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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen. They, of all others, are inclined to listen to his wild talk about the common ownership of land, having been virtually crowded out of the country of their forefathers. If any class of men is going to fight for George's land ideas, it is the Irish peasant class, who have not enough intelligence to know what fallacies are contained in the scheme. Our American workmen care but little about George's projects. George, not being a Catholic himself, entirely failed to understand the love which the Roman Catholic, good, bad, or indifferent, bears for his church. I now hear all around me denunciations of George from men who ten days ago were ready to talk in his favor, and even inclined to support him politically, notwithstanding the belief that the Roman Catholic Church is against him first and last. Then George had out insulted and defied what these men in their inmost hearts hold sacred. Were George now to call for thirty thousand names of persons who wished him to run for Mayor, he would have a very hard time getting them."

Now, in our opinion, Mr. Henry George has not made a mistake. We know he is a Protestant and of English birth, married to a Catholic wife, who is devoted to her church and has a private chapel in her house, as she has a right to have if her husband does not object, and where she prays to the Virgin Mary, as she has a right to pray if she thinks it will do her any good. Mr. George is the friend of Ireland and home rule, as he has the right to be, although we think him wrong. He holds certain peculiar and, as we think, very absurd views in relation to land and land taxation; nevertheless they are his views, and he has the same right to advocate them as we have to express ours. He has always been the friend of the Roman Catholic clergy, and he has always belonged to the party that used them, and that toadies to the Irish, and thinks they have the right to take part in politics; this Mr. George has the same right to do as the gooman had to kiss his cow. He pleases himself, and in the exercise of his high prerogative of American citizenship it has pleased him to play the Irish, and bid for their votes, and blamey them and their priests, and to be hand-in-glove with their politicians and their clergy. In this history he took to himself as a friend an American-Irish priest, Father McGlynn. This Father McGlynn was first an American and next a priest, and when it came to him to decide between parochial schools and the American common-school system, he favored the schools of his country. He entered, as he thought he had a right to do, the field of politics, and in that field, through the press and in public speeches, he gave utterance to his independent opinions; he exercised the privilege of free speech. It was an American privilege, and he had the right to exercise it, because he was not a slave to bigoted Rome. He had imbibed the political doctrines of Henry George, and agreed with him in his philosophy in reference to lands and rents; he was in harmony with his views upon all the questions now agitating Ireland, the native land of his parents; and when Henry George became a candidate for Mayor of New York, Father McGlynn worked with him and aided his cause. An earnest priest, devoted to his congregation, loyal to his church, holding with fidelity all the dogmas of his faith, he was pounced down upon by Bishop Corrigan, and commanded to silence; he was humiliated, and snubbed, and sat down upon by an Irish archbishop who had been placed over him; a man not his equal in learning or spiritual grace had, by the jesuitry of church politics, become his superior. He was ordered to silence, and he became silent; he was suspended from his administrations at the altar, and he made no complaint; he was summoned to Rome, and he said, "I have not offended Rome, and I will stay in America; Rome has silenced my tongue, has fettered my conscience, has deprived me of the liberty of holding my own views upon questions of education, land tenure, and the relations between labor and capital; I am an American citizen and I will not go to Rome." Henry George had the courage to stand by this his loyal, persecuted friend; he had the courage to beard this clerical tyrant, and write him and the American people a brave and manly letter, one disclosing no fear of ecclesiastical Rome, the burden of which is in denunciation of an audacious exercise of ecclesiastical power and its impudent and outrageous attempt to interfere in American politics. The quotation we make is from Mr. George's editorial in his own paper, the *Standard*, and this whole controversy proves that which the *Argonaut* has ever alleged. It has been our purpose to demonstrate that the Roman Church was a political machine, and that its purpose in American politics was hostile to republican government.

We know that it desires to elevate the church above the state, to rule the state by the church; we know that papacy in America is hostile to every American institution that is not subordinate to it; that it would undermine our free schools, and on their ruins build moneries; would have American youth taught from catechisms, and prayer-books; and church primers, the empty twaddle and incomprehensible bigotry of the dark ages, prayers, and Ave Marias, and old superstitions, instead of literature, science, and modern progress in the arts. It would roll back the centuries, and restore the ignorance, vassalage, and bondage of the Middle Ages, that it might riot in the abuse of priestly power. Such an incident as this of silencing a priest for interference in American politics is a significant one, for it will be observed that Father McGlynn is silenced not for the crime of taking part in politics, but for taking part on the wrong side—that is, the side which Rome does not favor:

"Never before in the history of our country," says Mr. Henry George, "has there been such a barefaced attempt to use the Catholic Church as a political machine—such an audacious exercise of ecclesiastical power to stifle political opinion and control political action. Yet this outrageous attempt to use the power of Rome in American politics has excited no remonstrance on the part of the press, dominated as the press is, for the most part, by influences which would gladly see the Catholic Church used to keep down any questionings of social injustice, and to prevent any political action on the part of workingmen. With few exceptions, the leading papers have manifested an evident satisfaction that an extinguisher, as they suppose, has been put upon the radical utterances of 'the Priest of the Poor,' and even journals ordinarily most sensitive to 'papal aggressions' have softly patted Archbishop Corrigan on the back as an enforcer of discipline and a savior of society. Even Mr. Pulitzer would be satisfied with the sending of the most eloquent and best beloved of New York pastors from the largest of metropolitan parishes to some obscure country station, where he could not prove a stumbling-block and an offense to New York rings. Dr. McGlynn does not owe his prominence to the attention excited by the efforts to punish him for his political opinions. Recognized by common consent as the ablest and strongest of Catholic priests in New York, public opinion pointed to him as the natural successor to the archbishopric of this diocese, and had it not been for his attitude on the school question he would doubtless long ere this have reached the archiepiscopal dignity, and perhaps the cardinalate; as it is, he was selected some nine years ago to go to Rome as the representative of the metropolitan diocese, carrying a Latin letter to the Pope. And as a mere parish priest, Dr. McGlynn has, by force of his learning, eloquence, and character, stood in the front rank of the great clergymen of the United States, and wielded an influence second to that of no man in the metropolis—an influence which sprung not merely from his ability, but in still greater degree from the love which his devotion has inspired among all who came in contact with him. If he has never forgotten that he was an American citizen, Dr. McGlynn has been first and all the time a priest—a minister to the deepest of human needs."

The active participation of a Roman Catholic priest in the ordinary party politics of the country may be open to question. The startling and ominous fact that stands out in this case is that the papal church can reach out from Rome, and, taking an American citizen by the throat, silence him; can say to him, "You shall not do this," or, "You shall refrain from doing that, or we will take from you your means of livelihood, we will humiliate and disgrace you, we will visit upon you the penalties and discipline of our church for the commission of an act which is not in violation of American law and which is not a breach of the spiritual jurisdiction of our church"—for, says Mr. George (and so it seems to us):

"There is and can be no pretense that Dr. McGlynn in taking part in politics has done anything inconsistent with his duty as a Catholic priest. He is not punished for taking part in politics, but for having taken a side in politics which Archbishop Corrigan does not like. The Catholic Church does not deny the propriety of the priest exercising all the functions of the citizen. But as a priest, Dr. McGlynn has never taken any part in politics. He has never interjected the discussion of a burning question into a sermon, as did the archbishop into his pastoral, and has never, in his character of a priest, presumed to offer political advice. What Dr. McGlynn is punished for is taking the side of the workingmen against the system of injustice and spoliation and the rotten rings which have made the government of New York a byword of corruption. In the last presidential election Dr. McGlynn made some vigorous speeches in behalf of the Democratic candidate without a word or thought of remonstrance. His sin is in taking a side in politics which was opposed to the rings that had the support of the Catholic hierarchy."

The interference of an individual in the politics of a country is one thing, and perhaps not a very serious affair on the part of a Roman Catholic priest, but the interference of the Church of Rome as an ecclesiastical organ in taking the

One of the comical side issues in the controversy between Henry George and Bishop Corrigan is the intervention of Eugene Kelley, a successful peasant-born Irishman, known to Californians because of membership in the banking firm of Donohoe, Kelley & Co., which has become rich in a small way by money-lending, and who is distinguished from the vulgar herd of money-lending rich men only by his association with Irish home rule politics, and who never gave a dollar of his accumulations to any human benevolence that was not Irish or Romanist. This man has refused an invitation to a banquet because he would not meet Henry George, who is his intellectual superior, as brains are always superior to vulgar wealth. Mr. Eugene Kelley thinks "Mr. Henry George has made a blunder." That we may not misrepresent Mr. Eugene Kelley, we will quote him:

"Henry George has made a blunder which might be expected of a Protestant who does not understand the true feeling of the Roman Catholic toward his church. George looks to the poor and down-trodden for an audience and support. These people he finds chiefly among

exercise of civil authority, and claiming the dominion of the world by virtue of its head being the viceregent of God, is quite another affair. When poor old, good old Archbishop Alemany once defeated our city charter because it interfered with his graveyard, we recollect being very indignant, but we should have been more indignant if, for this interference to protect his own property from what he thought a municipal outrage, or for the expression of his opinion against Denis Kearney's Sand-lot rebellion, he should have been deprived of his ecclesiastical office and revenues and snatched away to Rome by order of propaganda or pope. If Archbishop Riordan, in the exercise of his archiepiscopal power, would endeavor to suppress the participation of his Irish following in labor strikes and in the use of dynamite in the streets, and would tell his priests to refuse absolution to criminals who disobey the law and police officers who do not try to enforce the law, we would be very sorry indeed if his holiness Leo XIII. should for that offense degrade him from the high office which entitles him to be styled "my lord," and send him to Milpitas to be humbly designated as "Father Patrick," while in the discharge of his parochial duties. We hope we make our position distinctly understood when we admit the right of a resident parish priest to uphold the law and deny to a foreign hierarchy the right to interfere with our national institutions with the purpose of destroying constitutional government and overthrowing republican liberty in this our country, where alien priests have no right to open their clerical stink pots in warfare unless they are citizens and residents of the American Union. Mr. Eugene Kelley's sneers at "Irish peasants" as lacking intelligence enough to appreciate what he styles as "fallacies" of Mr. George, we leave to the latter gentleman when he shall find the opportunity to put this upstart Irish banker under his intellectual quartz-crushers. When Mr. Eugene Kelley uses the term "our" American workmen, he probably means the class that he and his confederates are inducing to divide earnings with—Irish Home Rule politicians. If Mr. Kelley would put forth as much exertion and secure as much money to aid his suffering, starving, striking fellow-countrymen as he does to aid the political adventurers and blatherskites who are conspiring against the law of England, he would have more right to criticize Mr. Henry George than we now accord him. We also venture to differ with Mr. Eugene Kelley in the opinion he expressed that George has made a mistake by his bold and resolute defense of his friend from the cowardly assault of the Roman propaganda. If Mr. Henry George is ambitious in American politics, he could have done nothing more politic than to throw the gage of battle at the foot of the altar of Rome—for, so sure as God lives and holds in his hands the destinies of nations, so surely he will not permit an ecclesiastical impostor who styles himself "Viceregent of God," "Vicar of Christ," "Holder of the Keys of Heaven," "Successor to Peter," and "Civil Ruler of the Earth by Divine Right," to stamp his Roman Church policy upon the free republic of America. There has been and there still exists in our country a political party that has held its authority and exercised its power by virtue of the Irish Catholic vote. There is a party forming that expressly declares its wish that the Pope's Irish should not join it. The contest is coming between this old Democratic and a new American party; perhaps Mr. Henry George has the wisdom to perceive that Americans have determined to rule America, and that intelligent non-Romanists of foreign birth have the grace, the wisdom, and the generosity to accord to the men of American birth a control in American politics without the insolent and offensive interference of the papal Irish. Perhaps he is ambitious to be Mayor of the city of New York, or a member of the United States Congress, or chief magistrate of the republic; and perhaps he is not such an unmitigated ass as not to know that it is of more importance to enjoy the favor of the American people than to have the friendship of his holiness the Pope, and all his priests, and all his small-brained, bigoted Irish bankers, and all the mob of ignorant laymen that vote at the dictation of a foreign ecclesiastical conspiracy. With Mr. Henry George's political opinions, or with his views upon land and land-ownership, we have very little in common; but when he undertakes to rebuke the insolence of Rome and break a lance with the papacy in defense of free opinions and free speech by an American citizen-priest and papist, Irish though he be, we welcome George as an ally, and, if he runs for the Presidency on such an issue, we shall not say we will not support him till we know who gets the Republican nomination for that high office.

The controversy between Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. McGlynn discloses the fact that the archbishop is acting under the direct and immediate dictation of Rome. This fact—viz., that the Church of Rome, at Rome, does intermeddle with the political affairs of the United States—is thus demonstrated. The *Argonaut* now for ten years has asserted this fact, and it has been continually denied by the papal politicians and newspaper organs. It is now officially, and beyond the possibility of further dispute, admitted that the papal octopus can reach from Rome to the city of New York, and, like Victor Hugo's devil-fish, seize, and strangle, and drag down from the strongest pulpit its most eloquent, most

popular, and hest-beloved pastor; not because he has taken part in politics, but because he has not taken part on the right side. This incident demonstrates that the local clergy direct, from their altars and their confessionals, and by exercise of their personal influence, the local politics of their parishes, while from Rome the great papal boss rules the whole business. It is an encouraging sign of American independence, this revolt of the parish of St. Stephen against its ecclesiastical superior, and against Rome itself. It evidences the influence of Americanism over Romanism; the growth of a spirit of independence against the insolence of a foreign power. It indicates that the second generation of Irish is determined to emancipate itself from allegiance to the civil power of Rome. It is another evidence that the Church of Rome will never be recognized as having civil authority in our republic. It aids to dissipate the fear of "church and state." We must not forget, also, that Dr. McGlynn has always opposed the establishment of parochial schools in hostility to our free public schools, and in this rebellion of St. Stephen's against the hierarchy we see the growth in this Irish-American generation of an Americanism that we may count upon as an ally of an American party, now in process of formation. Italy is to the young Irishman a foreign land. Jesuitry is the transplant of a foreign soil; and his holiness the Pope of Rome is simply Bishop of Rome. Infallibility goes by the board. Of course, this rebellion will be crushed, but as revolutions never go backward, good will come of it. The next wave will sweep with a broader stretch, a more towering crest, and more irresistible force. This is not Spain. This result of St. Stephen's is significant, and will bear fruit. The eloquent silence of Father McGlynn, the courageous denunciations of Henry George, the united determination of the members of the parish of St. Stephen, the outspoken demonstration of Roman Catholics at Cooper Institute (where the following resolution was passed without dissent), will exert a powerful influence upon the minds of intelligent and conscientious citizens who love the land of their birth and adoption, its laws and constitution, better than the insolence and pretensions of an alien church and a meddlesome priesthood. The following is the resolution passed at the Cooper Institute meeting:

As Catholics, loyal to our religion and its highest interests, we protest most emphatically against any attempt to extend ecclesiastical authority into the domain of politics, and, while cheerfully yielding full sphere of obedience to the authorities of the church in matters of religion, we emphatically deny the right of the Pope, the Propaganda, or archbishop to prescribe for American Catholics, lay or clerical, what economic opinions they shall express, or what line of political action they shall pursue or abstain from; and we denounce any attempt to inflict ecclesiastical penalties upon American citizens, lay or clerical, for political speech or action; the dragging of religion into politics is both scandalous to the church and dangerous to the principles of American freedom; and we further protest against Dr. McGlynn's summons to Rome to account for his political opinions and action as an attempt to establish a dangerous precedent—that an American citizen can be questioned in a foreign country for his course in American politics.

The resolution also pledged to Dr. McGlynn all the support in the power of the meeting, both moral and material.

Bismarck and the Reichstag.

Now that the eyes of the world are more than usually directed at the affairs of Germany, owing to the late political difficulty between the imperial government, as represented by Bismarck, and the national assembly, or Reichstag; and as a good deal of confusion seems to exist in the minds of those whose duty it is to keep the public informed about such matters—the information supplied through the ordinary channels of news either presupposing an acquaintance with the statistical and political history of Germany, or else muddling the public mind by the use of such terms as "Septennate" and "Triuminate," without any definite explanation as to whether these terms apply to the duration of individual military service, or of a bill regulating such service—we conceive that we shall be doing a kindness to the general public by clearing this muddle up, and, at the risk of devoting more space than we usually care to do to European matters, setting down in plain black and white what all this fuss is about; what Bismarck wants, and what the Reichstag wants; what is the relative strength of each in the political machine, and what the upshot of the whole is likely to be. In the first place, the bone of contention is not a new one. It was gnawed at and wrestled over by Bismarck and the Reichstag seven years ago with the same obstinacy as now, the Chancellor upon that occasion proving himself the better dog. The marrow of the dispute simply lies in whether what is known as the "Military Law of 1880"—which was then enacted to hold force from the 1st of April, 1881, to the 31st of March, 1883, and is accordingly in force, and continues so for more than a year to come—shall, upon its expiration, be reenacted for the same term or not. That the bill *per se* is not distasteful to the nation may be seen from the fact that the amendment to reenact it, for three years instead of seven, as formerly, was carried by a sufficient majority. The difference between the Government and the Reichstag is simply that the former wishes to give a more permanent settlement to a question which it conceives it better for the country should it not come up too often, and that the assembly does not wish to bind itself, or to give military credits for such a length of time as seven years, though quite willing to do so for three. The military bill in question was opposed and defended upon substantially the same grounds in 1880 as now. Its main features were (are) that it includes in proscription for active service several classes hitherto enrolled in the reserves, and that it increases the peace footing of the army to one per cent. of the whole population. It was defended in 1880 as now by Von Moltke, who then laid particular stress upon the military preparations of France and Russia, the German army on a peace footing then numbering 402,000, as against 407,000 for France and 800,000 for Russia. It was opposed upon the general ground that it laid fresh burdens upon an already overtaxed people, and on the parliamentary ground that it was not advisable to place the army beyond the control of Parliament by voting the military budget for such a long period ahead as seven years. It was, however, at that time carried, by a union of the Conservatives and National Liberals, by a vote of 186 to 128. The bill of 1880 was based upon the census of 1875, and involved an increase of 26,000 men upon a peace footing, of over 100,000 on a war one, and a permanent addition to the budget of more than 17,000,000 marks. These figures would, of course, be actually, though not relatively, enlarged at the present time. The professed uneasiness and alarm of newspaper correspondents and journals in general would argue considerable ignorance of the true nature of the question before

the German Government and Parliament, as it is hard to see why the natural political diversity of sentiment as to the expediency of reenacting for a somewhat lengthy term a bill which merely keeps up the old status of the German army should be construed into an extraordinary preparation for war. That Bismarck should have taken time by the forelock and introduced the measure more than a year before it was absolutely necessary to do so, merely goes to show that he knows the calibre of the body with which he has to deal, and is determined that they shall be educated to his way of thinking, if it takes all summer and more dissolutions to boot.

The thorn in Bismarck's side, ever since he began his policy of unification, has been that portion of the Reichstag which has uniformly, and as a unit, opposed all his measures upon principle—its own—except when a sop has been thrown in the way of church concession; to wit, the clerical party, commonly known as the Centre. It is in the hope of successfully contesting fourteen seats in South Germany, now filled by the church party, but formerly belonging to his staunch adherents, the National Liberals, together with other seats held by the Progressists, another anti-government party, that the Chancellor is now appealing to the people. This sagacious statesman saw at an early period of his political career that the German nation could not serve both the Emperor and the Pope, and he has certainly done more than any statesman of modern times to free his people from the deadly incubus of ecclesiastical control. Ever since the opening of the first national Reichstag, in 1871, his efforts have been directed to this end. The promulgation of the blasphemous dogma of infallibility by the wire-pullers of the Vatican, whose ascendancy overbore the better judgment of the amiable but pliable old man who then filled the papal chair, a movement which was manifestly made upon the principle that an increase of assumption should keep pace with a decrease of prestige, was the signal for Bismarck to open fire upon the batteries of superstition and ignorance. The German bishops had, it is true, at first rejected the monstrous psychological absurdity and crossed the Alps without voting—leaving but two, Riccio of Ajaccio, and Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Arkansas, with the courage to say *non placet* to the placets of the five hundred and forty-seven episcopal puppets who composed that memorable assembly; but they had been constrained later on, by threats or cajolery, to wheel into line among the complaisant six hundred, two-thirds of whom were Italians, a large number of them mainly dependant upon the Pope for a living, and all of whom would have gladly added a decree of immortality to the dogma of infallibility had they been called upon to do so. This complaisance, however, did not suit the ideas of the German Chancellor. On the 17th of June, 1872, the act was passed expelling the Jesuits, with their affiliated orders and congregations, from the German Empire, including Redemptorists, Lazarists, Priests of the Holy Ghost, and Societies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Nor did the "presumption" and "shamelessness," as the Pope characterized it, of the imperial government stop there. This step was followed by the enactment of the "May Laws" of 1873, one of which required, as a prerequisite to clerical office, a gymnasium and university education, while another established a royal court for the settlement of ecclesiastical questions. This, again, was supplemented, later on, by the imperial law of 1875, introducing obligatory civil marriage and registration, not omitting the provision that Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and members of religious orders could contract legal marriages, equally with other subjects, if they saw fit to do so; papal remonstrance to all which met the reply that the Emperor "rejects, as unevangelical, the ecclesiastical assumption that he could in any way regard the Pope as mediator in his relations with God."

These and similar acts all tended to prove that Bismarck and his imperial master, far from taking a trip to Canossa, were bent upon making the ecclesiastical policy of the empire thoroughly subservient to the civil. It is small wonder then that Windhorst, the leader of the clerical party, and Bismarck's bitter opponent for fifteen years, should array his forces against the recently defeated bill. While it might be going too far to suggest that Windhorst would play the part of traitor to his country, and willingly indorse a policy that might lead to putting it at the mercy of his enemies, it must be borne in mind that he was formerly the premier of Hanover, a kingdom now absorbed by Prussia, and that he is the declared adherent of that ecclesiastical power which could not conceal its chagrin at the startling rise of the great northern Protestant power in 1870, and which so far forgot its normal cunning as to incautiously declare that "a stone would yet fall which would shatter the head of this colossus." Better than all the Peter's pence for a hundred years to come, and more serviceable to the Roman Church in its present decadence, would be the disintegration and humiliation of the great German confederation. Though there is present outward amity between Bismarck and the Vatican, he can perhaps detect the mailed gauntlet beneath the silken glove. Rome has everything to gain and nothing to lose by a great European war at the present moment. Its pretensions to an attitude of authority, still accepted by millions of the masses of Europe, have been used as a convenience before this by warring princes desirous of retreating from an uncomfortable position without loss of dignity; but they have always had to pay a good, round price for the mediation. It will be interesting to watch the church's tactics in the coming struggle.

In city life the health of the house is in the pipes, and if anything is wrong in them, there is death in the cup. But many a woman hesitates to call in the plumber, lest, when he goes, his bill should take the house with it, pipes and all. If she feels in this way, and yet suspects a leak that may be letting in diphtheria and typhoid air on her family, let her buy a vial of oil of peppermint, a couple of ounces, and having appointed others to follow the course of the pipes through other parts of the house, let her go herself to the topmost basin of the topmost floor, close the door of the room before uncorking the vial, fill the basin there full of scalding water, into which her peppermint oil shall be poured, and then pull up the stopper and let the contents of the basin escape as usual. If the other people, who are following the course of the pipes, detect nowhere at the remaining basins, or along the walls, or at any exposed points, the odor of the peppermint oil, then she may be tolerably sure that there is no leak in the pipes. For where there is the most infinitesimal pin-hole of a leak the powerful aroma will force its way and he at once recognized, whereupon the plumber, regardless of expense, should be summoned without loss of time.

There is a curious custom practiced in northern China of using hot water every morning to wash the face and hands. Men, women, and children must have a basin of clean hot water when they get up, or before they eat their breakfast, in which to bathe feet and hands at least. Even heggars have hot water or use none at all. Seasons do not affect the custom. In summer, when one would think a cold bath would be grateful, hot water is used all the same. No one would insult his guest by offering cold water to wash in. The water is almost scalding hot, and the towel for wiping is first used as a wash-rag. City people use little cakes of soap, which removes dirt better than foreign soap. Country people are often too poor to buy it, or it is not convenient to get. Foreigners think this hot-water bathing weakens the eyes. Certainly no one can live in China without noticing the number of sore eyes which he sees.

A scientific German has taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was the red variety, and it was found to contain 99,000 hairs. Next comes the black, with 103,000 hairs to its credit. The brown has 109,000, and the blonde 140,000.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

It must be a great pleasure for the reader of this journal upon opening it to find an "Olla-podrida." It is in such marked contrast to the editorials—they are too intense, too earnest. The editor is endeavoring to reform the world; "Olla-podrida" desires only to amuse it. The editor would not amuse the world if he could; "Olla-podrida" would not reform it if he could. The editor is endeavoring to overthrow the venerable and ancient Church of Rome, depose the Pope, paralyze the arm of its civil power, while "Olla-podrida" looks upon the venerable pile of ancient superstitions with a sort of reverent awe almost akin to admiration. We saw a good-looking greenhorn—probably a Paddy from Cork—passing through Lone Mountain cemetery the other Sunday, making a straight break for the whisky-mill at the corner, crossing himself as he passed every cross, and there was one on every grave on either side his narrow pathway. He was doubtless praying for the souls of the departed, who, in the cheerful view of the church of his belief, were now expiating their sins in a place of modified torment, from which, unless they were prayed out by paid masses at the church altar, they would be passed along to the final torment, from which they could never be extricated, and he was on his way from the grave of some loved relation or friend to get a drink, treat a friend, buy a cigar, and take the cars for the ocean beach to spend a jolly Sunday. The editor is an over-sanguine man. He thinks he can uproot original sin, reform the Democratic party, and induce an Irish policeman to do his duty and arrest a labor-striker. As for us, we know that original sin has just as good a right to exist as early piety. It is as old; it has always been the opinion of the majority; its first parent was the devil, and the devil, in all controversies in which he has ever been engaged, has come out best, and if it should happen that there is no place of future punishment, no lake of burning brimstone, no place of gnashing of teeth, and all that sort of thing, it is not so clearly apparent that enlistment under the devil is not the most desirable service that anybody can engage in—that is, we mean anybody that is not a reformer. Nearly all the fun going on in the world is attributable to the devil; nearly all the nice fellows are soldiers in his army; all the nice girls are daughters of the regiment, attached to some arm of the service; all the ablest men in the world's history, nearly all renowned in song or story, nearly all who have distinguished themselves in art, science, or literature, have been the devoted and loyal servants of his majesty the devil. While this point will be keenly contested by some of our good, pious churchmen, we must insist that they shall not claim that all the good men who have enlisted under the banner of the church were quite at liberty to go where their inclinations directed, for, during those long periods when the church dispensed the honors and dignities of this life, when the fat things fell to its allotment, and when it punished all who did not agree with it by fire and faggot and the torture of boot and rack and thumb-screw, it is quite natural that irreligious men should profess adhesion to it through fear rather than love. We have never quite made up our mind whether, in the long conflict between the Pope and the devil, either came out conqueror, for we have never been able to comprehend exactly where the Pope began and the devil left off. Sometimes we have thought it possible that the whole church business was a neat device of his Satanic majesty to copper the turn. Writing of churches, our mind reverts to the Congregational Club. At the last meeting of this learned and erudite body the Great Ruler was congratulated upon his success in destroying six thousand dollars' worth of alcoholic stimulants by the blowing up of the schooner *Parallel*. If we were irreverent enough to attribute the destruction of the Cliff House, its borse-sheds, and cottage, as a special providence designed to remove a few packages of liquor, we should think it a great blunder to destroy a ship and cargo for the purpose of enabling the proprietors of a gin-palace to make a great Sunday harvest from sight-seers, by selling them drinks at double the usual price. Not one thousand dollars' worth of liquor was destroyed by the explosion, for brandy, gin, and whisky stored in barrels does not yield an easy victory even to giant-powder when fired at rocky cliffs and from a distance of two hundred yards. We think our reverend friends of the Congregational Club did not give this matter a careful consideration, or they would not have believed that the Good Master would have done this thing on a Sabbath morning, to draw the community from the Christian observance of the sacred day. Now that we think of it, a good many accidents are attributed to special providences, and a great many human blunders are charged where they do not properly belong. If, instead of allowing a disabled ship, loaded with powder, high explosives, nitro-glycerine, and kerosene oil, to pound itself on the rocks, it had been scuttled and sunk by the captain and crew before they paddled themselves safely from danger, this accident would have been avoided, and the Congregational Club could not have charged the Sabbath saturnalia that followed to Him who charged us to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." We are informed that at the next meeting of this funny club—a deal funnier than the Lime Kiln Club, under the presidency of Brudder Gardiner—the subject-matter for consideration is to be whether the election of George Hearst to the Senate of the United States was or was not, also, a special providence?—whether it was not an act of God?—and if it was not, then who did it? Some think it was the *Bulletin*, *Call*, or *Chronicle*; some think it was Christopher Buckley. We have no opinion of our own upon this subject. But, while considering the senatorial question, it just occurs to us there are a great many ways of electing a Senator of the United States more objectionable than choosing a man of wealth. The man who has accumulated his wealth honorably, and who expends it generously, is apt to possess some pretty substantial qualities, and just the kind that are essential to the legislator. If the person happens to have a head filled with common sense, he can get on very well in the Senate chamber. We have three States on this Pacific Coast of ours, and there are no three States in the American Union lying adjacent to each other that have six better Senators than California, Nevada, and Oregon. Leland Stanford, George Hearst, John P. Jones, William M. Stewart, Joseph N. Dolph, and John P. Mitchell are the peers of any six men in the Senate of the United States. If there is any

State in the Union where Senatorial elections have been open to criticism, where money has been used, and where rich men have been chosen, it is the State of Nevada, and yet there is no State better represented in the national councils to-day than Nevada. There are no better men in the Parliament of England than those who are compelled to expend the most money and make the hardest exertion for success. The States of the Union supposed to have been strongest in the character of their representatives in the national councils, and whose representatives are most honorably elected, are, perhaps, Massachusetts, Vermont, South Carolina, and Kentucky—we are speaking historically. Senators from New England and the Southern States have been chosen, as a rule, without the use of money, and yet we invite any correspondent to give us the names of any six senators in the Senate at the same time from any three States who are the equal of the senators in this article named. We seem to find less to regret in the election of rich men than in the fact that the money goes to such a set of miserable politicians as it does. There occurs to us only one mode of remedying this evil, and that is to sell the senatorial position to the highest bidder, having first required the candidate to undergo a civil service examination as to his qualifications for the performance of his duties. For instance, when the Legislature has a seat in the Senate of the United States to dispose of, it claims an auction at the State capital, and announce that the distinguished honor is for sale, open to all contestants who have been naturalized according to law, and let the money thus realized be paid into the State treasury. The spectacle would be a better one than is witnessed under the present method of proceeding. It is distressing to see the anxiety attending the election of a senator in this State; it is painful to see a score of Democratic plug-uglies who have a vote to sell compelled to cover up what they regard as a strictly commercial transaction under the guise of a caucus. In order that the winning party may not lose the assistance of any of its wealthier members, and they be not discouraged from contributing to the campaign fund, the successful bidder might be allowed a credit for money advanced by him to the State Central Committee of the winning party. To illustrate our proposition: Let us suppose that Mr. Hearst contributed say fifty thousand dollars to the Democratic State Central Committee, and Mr. Hellman of Los Angeles ten thousand, and Mr. Samuel Wilson five hundred; that Mr. Vrooman gave five hundred to the Republican cause, Mr. Estee, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Swift, all contributing their quota. The place is open to the highest bidder. Mr. Vrooman bids five hundred dollars, Mr. Wilson sees him and goes him better, and all the small ones on either side chip in. Then Mr. Hearst, having fifty thousand dollars in the pool, makes his first bid "fifty thousand dollars." Mr. Estee contemplates for how much his vineyards will sell; Mr. Hellman holds the balance-sheet of his bank in hand; Governor Stanford wants to purchase the seat for a friendly colleague, and has his private secretary in attendance; Sargent receives a telegram in cipher from Huntington; Mackay wants another Senator, and says "d—n the expense;" Fair chips in; Messrs. Flood, Crocker, Mills, Phelan, and Mrs. Hopkins look upon a seat in the United States Senate as a nice present for a son or a son-in-law, and the fun commences. When the thing is over, and a certified check passed up and the wine passed around, everybody is content, everybody happy, money in the treasury, taxes reduced. Under the present mode of choosing a Senator nobody is pleased, not even the *Bulletin*, *Call*, or *Chronicle*, for the event determines that they are false prophets and without political influence; all the contesting candidates are pronounced as lacking in statesmanship and all are disgruntled, unless it may be our friend Irish, who ran even with the best men who did not run at all, and Irish controls an organ; the legislators who got two thousand dollars each think they ought to have received more; those who received larger amounts are not satisfied, and even Uncle George counts his money and thinks the bauble not worth the trouble of getting it. The Eastern press may write as much as they please about "boodle," but all the same the three Pacific Coast States have a better delegation than Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio. Our men have not only more money, but they have more brains and a higher integrity than any State whose journals and pulpits are reading us moral lectures on political economy.

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet five inches, and few weigh over seventy-six pounds. They are marvelously swift of foot, and, as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, present a very strange appearance. Few travelers care to encounter any of the bellicose little people, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equaled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Fears are entertained that the supply of natural gas used so extensively in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and other towns of Western Pennsylvania, may fail. Some of the "pockets" have already given out.

Boulanger has forbidden the use of English steel pens in the military schools of France.

A Suggestion to the Academy of Sciences.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Please call the attention of "our Academy" to the great question which is now agitating the scientific world. It appears in the January 7th number of the *New York Science*:

"The system which Fechner deduced from the simple experiments of Weber has had the honor of exciting the criticism of nearly every eminent physiologist and physicist in Germany at one time or another during its brief career. Weber found that, if you could just distinguish four ounces from five ounces, you could change the ounces to pounds without causing any change in the recognizability of the difference between the two weights. From this, with the aid of some hypotheses, Fechner deduced the psycho-physical law that the sensation is proportional to the logarithm of the excitation. The system has been attacked on every side, and Fechner's last hope is that it will stand because the attackers can not agree upon the mode of destroying it. But a consensus is now forming on the mode of attack. Dr. Adolph Elsas, in a recent pamphlet, boldly upholds that the system is unscientific from the root."

Now there is being started an expedition for the relief of Emin Bey, can not our Academy of Sciences do something for the relief of Fechner?

SAN FRANCISCO, January 19, 1887.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Prehistoric Modernized.

In place of ornamental brooch
Of precious gems and metal's glint,
She wears an arrow-point of flint
At her fair throat.

A relic of the time lost past
Chance-brought to light of present days,
Of savage men and savage ways
And ruthlessness.

And as the olden owner sought
To draw within the hidden toil
Quick to the death, and quick despoil
Unwary man,

So now a present snare is spread;
A snare of bright-lit, laughing eyes,
Of downcast glance, of half-hushed sighs
And innocence.
—C. S. Williams.

Ballad of Dead Ladies.

Tell me where or in what land
Is Flora, the fair dame of Rome,
And Thias, and her kinswoman—
Where is Archipiada's home?
And Echo answering every sound
Rising where waters stand or flow,
Of beauty more than mortal-kind—
Nay, where is last year's snow?

Where is the most-wise Heloise,
For whom was maimed, and consecrate,
Monk Abelard at St. Denys,
His love laid on him such a fate—
And where moreover is the Queen
Who ordered Buridan to go
Cast in a sack to swim the Seine—
Nay, where is last year's snow?

Where is the lady lily-pale
Who chanted in the Siren's strain,
Bertha Greatfoot and Beatrix,
Alys and Ermenburg of Maine,
And Joan, the good maid of Lorraine,
In Rouen burned by the English foe?
Where are they all, O Maiden Queen?
Nay, where is last year's snow?

Prince, the week wherein they are
And the year seek not to know,
Lest this rhyme be all you gain,
"Nay, where is last year's snow?"

—Translated from the French of Francois Villon.

On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour.

(BALLAD.)

Chicken-skin, delicate, white
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vapors blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *Éil de Bouf* through.
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falaba, queue,
Cardinal, duke—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began—
Here was the sign and the cue—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weaving of plot and of plan?
But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!

—Austin Dobson.

On an Intaglio Head of Minerva.

The cunning hand that carved this face
A little helmeted Minerva—
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story;
Nameless and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some visconti dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have this carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A regular Nibelungen cloud of myths is growing up about the strange and saturnine figure of the solitary and moody Czar. Some of the personages whom he is circumstantially affirmed to have killed are good enough to come forward and deny that they are dead; but in all the Russian denials of the Reutern incident there are curious reservations and loopholes to confirm the suspicions that there is something queer. It is explained in Berlin now that, while the Czar did not shoot the German attaché, he did savagely assail and curse him, which fact has been magnified into homicide.

THE TALE OF KOSEM KESAMIM.

[One of our readers sends the following note, with a request for the publication of the tale accompanying it: "EDITOR ARGONAUT—I have transcribed for you this weird and mystic legend from a little-known and unfinished work by Bulwer, written years before he gave us 'Zanoni' and 'The Strange Story.' For beauty of language and imagery, I believe it to be almost unequalled, and unlike the tale of 'The Solitary' which I sent you, this one terminates exquisitely. H. F. C."]

Along the shores which for thirty centuries no human foot has trod—and upon plains where now not one stone stands upon another, telling even of decay—was once the city and the empire of the Wise Kings—for so termed by their neighbors were the monarchs that ruled this country. Generation after generation they had toiled to earn and preserve that name. Amid the gloom of mysterious temples, and the oracular learning of the star-read priests, the youth of each succeeding king was reared into a grave and brooding manhood. Their whole lives were mystery. Wrapped in the sepulchral grandeur of the imperial palace—seen rarely—like gods they sent forth, as from a cloud, the light of their dread but benign laws; the courses of their life were tracked not—but they were believed to possess the power over the seasons and elements, and to summon, at their will, the large-winged spirits that walk to and fro across the earth, governing, like dreams, with a vague and unpenetrated power, the destinies of nations and the ambition of kings.

There was born to this imperial race a son, to whom seer and king alike foretold a strange and preternatural destiny. His childhood itself was of a silent, stern, and contemplative nature. And his learning, even in his boyish youth, had ransacked all that the gray priests could teach him.

But the passions are interwoven deeply with the elements of thought, and real wisdom is only gained by the process of fierce emotion. Amid all the pursuits of his aspiring mind, the heart of the young prince burned with a thousand passions untold and unregulated.

Oh, beautiful, beyond the beauty of these sicklied and hoary times, was the beauty of woman in the young world! The glory of Eden had not yet departed from her face, and the lustre of unwearied nature glowed alike upon earth and earth's majestic daughters. Beauty is youth's idol, and in the breast of Gondorah—for so was the prince popularly called—his higher and mystic titles may not be revealed—the great passion, the great yearning, the great desire was for the lovely and the august, whatever their shape or mold. Not in woman only, but in all things, the beautiful made his worship; wherever he beheld it the image of the Deity was gazed on his adoring soul. But to him—or rather to *myself*—to me there was a fiercer and more absorbing passion than love or the idolatry of nature—THE DESIRE TO KNOW. My mind launched itself into the depth of things—I loved, step after step, to trace effect to its first cause. Reason was a chain from heaven to earth, and every link led me to aspire to the stars themselves. And the wisdom of my wise fathers was mine—I knew the secrets of the elements, and could charm them into slumber or arouse them to war. The mysteries of that dread chemistry that is now among the sciences that sleep, by which we can command the air and walk on its viewless paths; by which we can wake the thunder, and summon the cloud and rive the earth; the exercise of that high faculty, the imagining power, by which fancy itself creates what it wills, and which, trained and exercised, can wake the spectres of the dead and bring to the carnal eye the genii that walk the world; the watchful, straining, sleepless science, that can make a sage's volume of the stars; these were mine, and yet I murmured, I repined! What higher mysteries were yet left to learn! The acquisition of to-day was but the disappointment of the morrow, and the dispensation of my ambition was—to *desire*.

It was evening, and I went from the groves of the sacred temple to visit one whom I loved. The way spread over black and rugged masses of rock, amid which the wild shrub and dark weed sprang rife and verdant, for the waste as yet was eloquent of some great revulsion of the soil in the earlier epochs of the world, when change often trod the heels of time, and the earth was scarcely reconciled to the sameness of her calm career. And I stood beneath the tree where she was to meet me, and my heart leaped within me as I saw her footsteps bounding along; and she came with her sweet lips breathing the welcome of human love, and I laid my head on her bosom and was content.

And "Oh," said she, "art thou not proud of thy dawning fame? The seers speak of thee with wonder, and the priests bow their heads before thy name."

Then the passion of my soul broke forth, and I answered: "What is this petty power that I possess, and what the barren knowledge? The great arch secret of all I have toiled night after night to conquer, and I can not attain it. What is it to command even the dark spirits at war with heaven if we know not the nature of what we command? What I desire is not knowledge, but *the source* of knowledge. I wish that my eye should penetrate at once into the germ and cause of things; that when I look upon the outward beauty of the world my sight should pierce within, and see the mechanism that causes and generates the beauty working beneath. Enough of my art have I learned to know that there is a film over human eyes which prevents their penetrating beyond the surface; it is to remove that film, and dart into the essence, and survey the one great productive spirit of all things, that I labor and yearn in vain. All other knowledge is a cheat; this is the high prerogative which mocks at conjecture and equals us with a god."

Then Lyciah saw that I was moved, and she kissed me, and sang me the sweet songs that steeped my heart, as it were, in a bath of sweet herbs.

Midnight had crept over the earth as I returned homeward across that savage scene. Rock heaped upon rock bordered and broke upon the lonely valley that I crossed—and the moon was still and shining, as at this hour, when life is four thousand years nearer its doom. Then suddenly I saw moving before me, with a tremulous motion, a meteoric fire of an exceeding brightness. Ever as it moved above the seared and sterile soil, it soared and darted restlessly to and fro; and I thought, as it danced and quivered, that I heard it laugh from its burning centre with a wild and frantic joy. I fancied, as I gazed upon the fire, that in that shape revealed one of the children of the elementary genii; and, addressing

it in their language, I bade it assume a palpable form. But the fire darted on unheeding, save that now the laugh from amid the flame came all distinct and fearfully on my ear. Then my hair stood erect, and my veins curdled, and my knees knocked together, for I felt that the power was not of the world—nor of that which my ancestral knowledge of the powers of other worlds had yet pierced. My voice faltered, and thrice I strove to speak to the light—but in vain; and when at length I addressed it in the solemn adjuration by which the sternest of the fiends are bound, the fire sprang up from the soil—towering aloof and aloft—with a vivid but glorious lustre, bathing the whole atmosphere in its glare, quenching with an intenser ray the splendors of the moon, and losing its giant crest in the far invisible of heaven!

And a voice came forth, saying, "Thou callest upon inferior spirits; I am that which thou has pinned to behold—I am 'the living principle of the world!'"

I howed my face and covered it with my hands, and my voice left me; and when again I looked around, behold! the fire had shrunk from its momentary height, and was (now dwarfed and humble) creeping before me in its wavering and snake-like course. But fear was on me and I fled, and fast fled the fire by my side; and oft, but faint, from its ghastly heart came the laugh that thrilled the marrow of my bones. And the waste was past, and the giant temple of the one God rose before me. I rushed forward and fell breathless by its silent altar. And there sat the high priest, for night and day some one of the sacred host watched by the altar. And he was of great age, and human emotion had left his veins; but even he was struck with my fear, and gazed upon me with his rayless eyes, and made me be of cheer, for the place was holy. I looked around, and the fire was not visible, and I breathed freely; but I answered not the priest, for years had dulled him into stone, and when I arose his eyes followed me not. I gained the purple halls set apart for the king's son. And the pillars were of ivory inlaid with gold, and the gems and perfumes of the east gave light and fragrance to those wondrous courts; and the gorgeous banquet was spread, and music from unseen hands swelled along arch and aisle as I trod the royal hall. But, lo! by the throne, crouching beneath the purple canopy, I saw the laughing fire, and it seemed, lowly and paled, to implore protection. I paused and took the courtiers aside, and asked them to mark the flame; but they saw it not—it burned to my eye alone. Then knew I that it was indeed a spirit of that high race, which, even when they take visible form, are not visible save to the students of the dread science. And I trembled, but revered.

And the fire stayed by me night and day, and I grew accustomed to its light. But never, by charm or spell, could I draw further word from it; and it followed my steps with a silent and patient homage. And by degrees a vain and proud delight came over me, to think that I was so honored; and I looked upon the pale and changeable face of the fire as the face of a friend.

There was a man who had told years beyond the memory of the living—a renowned and famous seer—to whom, in times of dread and omen, our priests and monarchs themselves repaired for warning and advice. I sought his abode. The seer was not of our race—he came from the distant waters of the Nile, and the dark mysteries of Egypt had girded his youth. It was in this cavern that the seer held his glittering home—for lamp upon lamp then lighted up, from an unending naphtha, these dazzling spars—and the seamen of the vessels that crowded yonder bay beheld, far down the blue waters, the nightly blaze flickering along the wave, and reminding the reverent mariner of many an awful legend of the cavern home. And hither had often turned my young feet in my first boyhood, and from the shriveled lip of the old Egyptian had much of my loftiest learning been gleaned; for he loved me—and seeing with a prophet eye far down the great depths of time, he knew that I was fated to wild and fearful destinies, and a life surpassing the period of his own.

It was on that night, when the new moon scatters its rank and noxious influence over the foliage and life of earth, that I sought the Egyptian. The fire burned with a fiercer and redder light than its wont, as it played and darted by my side. And when, winding by the silver sands, I passed into the entrance of the cave, I saw the old man sitting on a stone. As I entered, the seer started from his seat in terror—his eyes rolled—his thin, gray hairs stood erect—a cold sweat broke from his brow—and the dread master stood before his pupil in agony and awe.

"Thou comest," muttered he, with white lips. "What is by thy side? Hast thou dared to seek knowledge with the soul of all horror—with the ghastly leper of—Avaunt! Bid the fiend begone!"

His voice seemed to leave the old man, and with a shriek he fell upon his face on the ground.

"Is it," said I, appalled by his terror; "is it the fire that haunts my steps at which thou tremblest? Behold, it is harmless as a dog; it burns not while it shines; if a fiend, it is a merry fiend, for I hear it laugh while I speak. But it is for this, dread sire, that I have sought thee. Canst thou tell me the nature of the spirit—for a spirit it surely is? Canst thou tell me its end and aim?"

I lifted the old man from the earth, and his kingly heart returned to him, and he took the wizard crown from the wall, and he placed it on his brows, for he was as a monarch among the things that are not of clay. And he said to the fire, "Approach!" and the fire glided to his knees. And he said: "Art thou the spirit of the element, and was thy cradle in the flint's heart?"

And a voice from the flame answered, "No."

And again the Egyptian trembled.

"What art thou, then?" said he.

And the fire answered, "Thy lord."

And the limbs of the Egyptian shook as with the grasp of death.

And he said, "Art thou a demon of *this* world?"

And the fire answered, "I am the life of this world—and am not of other worlds."

"I know thee—I fear thee—I acknowledge thee!" said the Egyptian; "and in thy soft lap shall this crowned head soon be laid."

And the fire laughed.

"But tell me," said I—for though my blood stood still, my soul was brave and stern—"tell me, O sire, what hast this thing with me?"

"It is the great ancestor of us all!" said the Egyptian, groaning.

"And knows it the secrets of the past?"

"The secrets of the past are locked within it."

"Can it teach me that which I pine to know? Can it teach me the essence of things—the nature of all I see? Can it raise the film from my human eyes?"

"Rash prince, he hushed!" cried the Egyptian, rising, and glaring upon me with his stony eye; "seek not to know that which will curse thee with the knowledge. Ask not a power that would turn life into a living grave. All the lore that man ever knew is mine; but *that* secret have I shunned, *that* power have I cast from me, as the shepherd casts the viper from his hand. Be still—he moderate—he wise. And bid me exorcise the spirit that accosts thee from the fire!"

"Can it teach me the arch mystery? When I gaze upon the herb or flower, can it gift my gaze with the power to pierce into the cause and workings of its life?"

"I can teach thee this," said the fire; and it rose higher, and burned fiercer, as it spake, till the lamps of naphtha paled before it.

"Then abide by me, O spirit!" said I; "and let us not be severed."

"Miserable boy," cried the Egyptian; "was this, then, the strange and preternatural doom which my art foresaw was to be thine, though it deciphered not its nature? Knowest thou that this fire—so clear—so pure—so beautiful—is—"

"Beware!" cried the voice from the fire; and the crest of the flame rose, as the crest of a serpent about to spring upon its prey.

"Thou awest me not," said the Egyptian, though the blood fled from his shriveled and tawny cheeks. "Thou art—"

"The living principle of the world," interrupted the voice. "And thine other name?" cried the Egyptian.

"Thy conqueror!" answered the voice; and straight, as the answer went forth, the Egyptian fell, blasted as by lightning, a corpse at my feet. The light of the fire played with a blue and tremulous lustre upon the carcass, and presently I beheld by that light that the corpse was already passed into decay, and the worm and the creeping thing twined in the very jaws and temples of the sage.

I sickened and gasped for breath. "Is this thy work, O fearful fiend?" said I, shuddering. And the fire, passing from the corpse, crept humbly at my feet, and its voice answered: "Whatever my power, it is thy slave."

"Was that death thy work?" repeated my quivering lips.

"Thou knowest," answered the fire, "that death is not the will of any power, save one. The death came from His will, and I but exulted over the blow."

I left the cavern. My art, subtle as it was, gave me no glimpse into the cause of the Egyptian's death. I looked upon the fire, as it crept along the herbage, with an inquisitive yet dreading eye. I felt an awe of the demon's power, and yet the proud transport I had known in the subjection of that power was increased, and I walked with a lofty step at the thought that I should have so magnificent a slave. But the words of the mysterious Egyptian still rang in my ears; still I shuddered and recoiled before his denunciation of the power and the secret I desired. And the voice of the fire now addressed me, as I passed along the starry solitude, with a persuasive and sweet tone: "Shrink not, young sage," it said, or rather sang, "from a power beyond that of which thy wisest ancestors ever dreamed; lose not thy valor at the driveling whispers of age. When did ever age approve what youth desires? Thou art formed for the destiny which belongs to royal hearts. The destiny courts thee; why dost thou play the laggard?"

"Knowledge," said I, musingly, "can never be productive of woe. If it be knowledge thou canst give me, I will not shrink. Lo, I accept thy gift."

The fire played cheerily to and fro. And from the midst of it there stepped forth a pale and shadowy form, of female shape and of exceeding beauty; her face was indeed of no living wanness, and the limbs were indistinct, and no roundness swelled from their vapory robes; but the features were lovely as a dream, and long yellow hair, glowing as sunlight, fell adown her neck. "Thou wouldst pierce," said she, "to the principle of the world. Thou wouldst that thine eye should penetrate into my fair and most mystic domain. But not yet; there is an ordeal to pass. To the whole knowledge thou must glide though the imperfect." Then the female kissed my eyes, and vanished, and with it vanished also the fire.

Oh, beautiful! Oh, wondrous! Oh, divine! A scale had fallen from my sight, and a marvelous glory was called forth upon the face of earth. I saw millions and millions of spirits shooting to and fro athwart the air—spirits that my magic had yet never descried—spirits of rainbow hues, and quivering with the joy that made their nature. Wherever I cast my gaze life upon life was visible. Every blade of grass swarmed with myriads invisible to the common eye, but performing, with mimic regularity, all the courses of the human race; every grain of dust, every drop of water was a universe, mapped into a thousand tribes, all fulfilling the great destinies of mortality—love, fear, hope, emulation, avarice, jealousy, war, death. My eyes had been touched with a glorious charm. And even in that, which to the casual eye would have been a mute, and solitary, and breathless hour, I was suddenly summoned into a dazzling atmosphere of life—every atom a world. And, bending my eyes below, I saw emerging from the tiny hollows of the earth those fantastic and elfin shapes that have been chiefly consecrated by our northern bards; forth they came, merrily, merrily, dancing in the smooth sheen of the silent heavens, and chasing the swift-winged creatures that scarcely the glass of science can give to the eye. If all around was life, it was the life of enchantment and harmony—a subtle, pervading element of delight. Speech left me for very joy, and I gazed, thrilled and breathless, around me—entered, as it were, into the inner temples of the great system of the universe.

I looked around for the fire—it was gone. I was alone amid this new and populous creation, and I stretched myself voluptuously beneath a tree, to sate my soul with wonder. As a poet's in the height of his delirium was my rapture; my veins were filled with poesy, which is the creative power, and the miracles before me were poesy, which is the enchanter's wand.

Days passed, and the bright demon which had so gifted me appeared not, nor yet did the spell cease; and every

hour, every moment, new marvels rose. I could not walk, I could not touch stone or herb, without coming into a new realm utterly different from those I had yet seen, but equally filled with life, so that there was never a want of novelty. And had I been doomed to pass my whole existence upon three feet of earth, I might have spent that existence in perpetual variety—in unsatisfied and eternally new research. But most of all, when I sought Lyciah I felt the full gift I possessed, for in conversing with her my senses penetrated to her heart, and I felt, as with a magnetic sympathy, moving through its transparent purity, the thoughts and emotions that were all my own.

By degrees I longed indeed to make her a sharer in my discovered realms, for I now slowly began to feel the weariness of a conqueror who reigns alone—none to share my power or partake of the magnificence in which I dwelt.

One day, even in the midst of angelic things that floated blissfully round me—so that I heard the low melodies they hymned as they wheeled aloft—one day this pining, this sense of solitude in life, of satiety in glory, came on me. And I said, "But this is a perfect state; why not enjoy the whole? Could I ascend to that high and empyrean knowledge, to which this is but a step, doubtless this dissatisfied sentiment would vanish; but discontent arises because there is something still to attain. Attain all, and discontent must cease. Bright spirit," cried I, aloud, "to whom I already owe so great a benefit, come to me now—why hast thou left me? Come and complete thy gifts! I see yet only the wonders of the secret portions of the earth. Touch mine eyes that I may see the cause of the wonders. I am surrounded with an air of life; let me pierce into the principle of that life. Bright spirit, minister to thy servant!" Then I heard the sweet voice that had spoken in the fire, but I saw not the fire itself, and the voice said unto me:

"Son of the wise kings, I am here!"

"I see thee not," said I. "Why hidest thou thy lustre?"

"Thou seest the half, and that very sight blinds thee to the whole. This redundancy and flow of life gushes from me as from its source. When the midcourse of the river is seen, who sees also its distant spring? In thee, not myself, is the cause that thou beholdest me not. I am as I was when I bowed my crest to thy feet, but thine eyes are not what then they were."

"Thou tellest me strange things, O demon!" said I. "For why, when admitted to a clearer sight of things, should my eyes be darkened alone when they turn to thee?"

"Does not all knowledge, save the one right knowledge, only lead men from the discovery of the primal causes. As imagination may soar aloft and find new worlds, yet lose the solid truth, so you may rise to the regions of a preternatural lore, yet recede darklier and darklier from the clue to nature herself."

I mused over the words of the spirit, but their sense seemed dim.

"Canst thou not appear to me in thine old wan and undulating brightness?" said I, after a pause.

"Not until thine eyes receive power to behold me."

"And when may I be worthy that power?"

"When thou art thoroughly dissatisfied with thy present gifts."

"Dread demon, I am so now!"

"Wilt thou pass from this pleasant state to a hazard—not knowing that which may ensue? Behold, all around thee is full of glory, and musical with joy! Wilt thou abandon that state for a dark and perilous unknown?"

"The unknown is the passion of him who aspires to know."

"Pause, for it is a dread alternative," said the invisible.

"My heart beats steadily. Come—mine be the penalty of the desire!"

"Thy wish is granted," said the spirit.

Then straightway a pang, quick, sharp, agonizing, shot through my heart. I felt the stream in my veins stand still, hardening into a congealed substance—my throat rattled; I struggled against the grasp of some iron power. A terrible sense of my own impotence seized me; my muscles refused my will; my voice fled. I was in the possession of some authority that had entered, and claimed, and usurped the citadel of my own self. Then came a creeping of the flesh—a deadly sensation of ice, and utter coldness; and lastly, a blackness, deep and solid as a mass of rock, fell over the whole earth. I had entered DEATH!

From this state I was roused by the voice of a demon: "Awake! Look forth! Thou hast thy desire! Abide the penalty!" The darkness broke from the earth; the ice thawed from my veins; once more my senses were my servants.

I looked, and, behold! I stood in the same spot—but how changed! The earth was one blue and sprawling mass of putridity; its rich verdure, its lofty trees, its sublime mountains, its glancing waters, had all been the deceit of my previous blindness; the very green of the grass and the trees was rottenness, and the leaves (not each leaf one and inanimate, as they seemed to the common eye) were composed of myriads of insects and puny reptiles, battered on the corruption from which they sprang. The waters swarmed with a leprous life—those beautiful shapes that I had seen in my late delusion were corrupt in their several parts, and from that corruption other creatures were generated, living upon them. Every breath of air was *not* air, a thin and healthful fluid, but a wave of animalculæ, poisonous and fetid (for the air is the arch corruptor—hence, all who breathe it die; it is the slow, sure venom of nature, pervading and rotting all things). The light of the heavens was the sickly, loathsome glare that streamed from the universal death in life. The tiniest thing that moved—you beheld the decay moving through its veins, and its corruption, unconscious to itself, engendered new tribes of life! The world was one dead carcass, from which everything the world bore took its being. There was not such a thing as beauty!—there was not such a thing as life that did not generate from its own corruption a loathsome life for others! I looked down upon myself, and saw that my very veins swarmed with a mote-like creation of shapes, springing into existence, and mocking the human destiny with the same career of love, life, and death. Methought it must be a spell that change of scene would change. I shut my eyes with a frantic horror, and I fled, fast, fast, but blinded; and ever, as I fled, a laugh rang in my ears.

I ascended a mountain, and looked down on the various

leprosy of earth. Sternly I forced myself to the task; sternly I inhaled the knowledge I had sought; sternly I drank in the horrible penalty I had dared.

"Demon," I cried; "appear, and receive my curse!"

"Lo! I am by thy side evermore," said the voice. Then I gazed, and behold! the fire was by my side; and I saw that it was the livid light that the jaws of rottenness emit; and in the midst of the light, which was as its shroud and garment, stood a giant shape, that was the shape of a corpse that had been for months buried. I gazed upon the demon with an appalled yet unquailing eye; and as I gazed, I recognized in those ghastly lineaments a resemblance to the female spirit that had granted me the first fatal gift. But exaggerated, enlarged, dead—beauty rotted into horror.

"I am that which thou didst ask to see face to face. I am the principle of life."

"Of life! Out, horrible mocker! hast thou no other name?"

"I have; and the other name is CORRUPTION!"

"Bright lamps of heavens," I cried, lifting my eyes in anguish from the loathly charnel of the universal earth; "and is this, which men call 'Nature'—is this the sole principle of the world?"

As I spoke, the huge form beneath my feet trembled; and over it there fell a fear. And lo! the heavens were lit up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth a voice, which rolled slowly over the face of the charnel earth, as the voice of thunder above the valley of the shepherd. "Such," said the voice, "is Nature, if thou acceptest Nature as the First Cause—such is the universe without a God!"

The South Wind.

When maples drip their arteries of sweet
That fires distill to amber honey; when
The swollen brook is noisy in the glen,
And robins, hopping o'er the brown earth, greet
The gentle dawn with song; when snows retreat
To fence and forest nook, and high again
The soft clouds sail the sunny heaven—then
The South Wind comes with hope and life replete.
It knows the grave of every flower that sleeps,
And wakes each little Lazarus. It dyes
The dawn a fairer purple than of Tyre,
And spills the cloudy cisterns of the skies.
It lifts the heart like verse, but how it sweeps
The chords of memory's pathetic lute!

—Franklin E. Denton.

Scientific people have just had a serious disappointment. When, one hundred years ago, Sir John Sloane, of London, was gathered to his fathers, he left directions in his will that a certain cupboard in his museum should not be opened for the space of a century. Ever since then the cupboard has attracted as much interest as that against which the late Mrs. Blue Beard was cautioned. Many have been the speculations as to its contents. The museum has already a chamber of horrors, which very few of the unprofessional public, and not a great many others, have had the opportunity of exploring, and it was thought that the mysterious cupboard must contain something wonderful. A few days ago the century came round, and in the presence of trustees and lawyers, the long-closed receptacle was opened. And what was found? No horrible examples, no curious mummies, no grinning skeletons, but simply a parcel of old letters and papers of no interest whatever to any one but him who placed them there. The disgust of the savants may be imagined, and the conclusion outsiders have arrived at is that the late Sir John was a bit of a practical joker.

The latest method of identifying prisoners, which has been introduced into France by M. Alphonse Bertillon, and which is now successfully practiced not only in the chief French prisons, but in Russia and Japan as well, is the exact measurement of the prisoner on his arrival at the jail. His waist, the length and width of his head, the left middle finger, the left foot, the outstretched arms, the three other fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the wrist, and the length and width of the ear are measured, and the color of the eyes and any particularities are noted down. A photograph is also immediately taken, and by these means the many mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided. The fact that during the two years since this mode has been in operation 826 habitual criminals who presented themselves under an assumed name have been identified in France, shows that M. Bertillon's method is superior to any other.

It is generally supposed that fat people have much more blood than others. On the contrary, they have less. The blood they have, moreover, is really poor, while the fat fills the space which is required even for the circulation of that. Fat people have then less vital energy than the thin, not possessing sufficient blood to bring every organ up to its full working power, and the fat hindering what blood there is from flowing freely enough to the organs, especially at the moment of action requiring it. Besides all this, the fat obstructs the play of the lungs, so that sufficient air cannot be inhaled to purify the blood; the natural and necessary combustion is thus so interfered with that the functions of the body are hindered. It follows that too much exertion should always be guarded against in people of large and fatty development, and too much should never be expected of them.

A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of three hundred and eighty-two feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained, the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of six hundred and twelve feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Boston version: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: it might not have been.—*Rambler*.

The law can not make a man moral, but it can make him dreadfully uncomfortable when he is immoral.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun*.

More pointed than politic: Wife—"You haven't been inside of a church since we were married—there!" Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire."—*Judge*.

Miss Boston (sweetly)—"I understand, Miss Chicago, that the helles of your city find large hoots the more preferable?" Miss Chicago (still sweeter)—"Yes; but we don't have to use mutilage on our garters."—*Puck*.

"What is a good test of a diamond?" asks a correspondent. About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what he will take it back for. If he will offer half as much as it costs, it is apt to be a genuine stone.—*New York Graphic*.

"Here, waiter; what kind of water is this?" said a guest at a country hotel down South. "Dat's spring watah, sah," replied the waiter, politely. "Oh, is it? Well, bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in."—*Washington Critic*.

Mrs. Ikstein—"Ron mit der doctor, kervick, Solomon; ter pahy ish swallowt a siller tollar!" Mr. I.—"Vos it dot von I lefd on der dable?" Mrs. I.—"Yes, dot vas id; hurry mit der doctor." Mr. I.—"Don'd ged oxided, Rajel, it vas gounderveid."—*Life*.

De Garmo—"And how do you stand on evolution, Miss Brewster? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?" Miss Brewster—"Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me, Mr. de Garmo, is where women came from."—*Columbia Spectator*.

"Oconomowoc," yelled the brakeman. "O'Connor may walk, may he!" exclaimed an Irishman at the other end of the car; "an' faith, if yez mane me, you'll have a foine time makin' O'Connor walk, whin he's paid five dollars for this bit o' pasteboard."—*St. Paul Herald*.

Prominent Actress—"You have no doubt read Miss D.'s article, 'Is the Stage Immoral?' Tell me your own opinion on the subject." Retired sister—"Really, I could not say; you know I have not been on the stage in some years, and it may have changed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A compositor in an adjoining State is supposed to have died a violent death the day before Christmas. The editor wrote, "Old Gifts in New Lights," and it appeared in print, "Old Girls in New Tights." The compositor is supposed to have mistaken the editorial for an article on the hallet.—*Norristown Herald*.

Employer (to commercial traveler)—"I would prefer, Mr. Sharpedge, that on your trips west, you stop, whenever possible, at the temperance hotels." Mr. Sharpedge (dubiously)—"I don't know about that." Employer—"Why not?" Mr. Sharpedge—"Because the whisky ain't fit to drink."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

An inebriated Newburger at an early hour in the morning was found by a policeman firing his revolver into the door of his residence, and when the officer demanded the meaning of his performance, explained: "Can't find the key-hole of this darned door, and I'm shootin' in a new one. Got to get this key in somehow."—*Middletown Mercury*.

She (to young poet)—"How much do you get for your poems, Charley?" Charley (with pride)—"From two to five dollars." She—"Well, isn't that very little, Charley? I see that Sir Walter Scott got ten thousand dollars for one of his." Charley—"Yes; but, you see, writing poetry isn't the business it used to be. There's too much competition."—*New York Sun*.

Woman (to tramp)—"You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner." Tramp (reproachfully)—"Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man." Woman—"Temptation?" Tramp—"Yes, madam. If I were to saw some wood the chances are I would carry off the saw. I'm an honest man now, and I want to stay so."—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter appears to have been unfortunate in choosing a title for his delightful romance in verse, "Liber Amoris." "What does that mean?" inquired a young woman of her feminine companion as she took up the poem at the bookstore the other day. "Oh, that's something about the free love question. Don't touch it!" was the reply. And they dropped the dainty volume!—*Boston Herald*.

Omaha Man—"Well, my dear, if we need new dinner-plates, I suppose we'll have to have them. What shall be the style?" Omaha Dame—"The latest, I believe, are square, but octagon are also fashionable." "Seems to me the octagon would be the prettier." "I think so, too; but get the square ones and then we can have both styles." "How so?" "They'll be octagon after they have been washed a few times."—*Omaha World*.

Papa (reading from daily paper)—"The report that Queen Victoria sent President Cleveland a Christmas turkey proves to be a canard." Now what does that mean, I want to know? Mama (languidly)—"Lucy, darling, tell papa what that means." Lucy (promptly)—"Canard, papa, is a French word meaning a duck; so it simply means, you see, that the Queen sent a Christmas duck to President Cleveland, you know." (Entire satisfaction in the family.)—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Ahtuh, I've been insulted, don't you know. Weal, downwight insulted." "You don't mean it, deah hoy." "Ya-as, weally. But I got w-weal good and even." "Tell me about it, chappie." "Why, you see, it was this way. I was just saying what I thought of v-vulgar men who w-worked, you know, and that g-gwea, b-bwuat Werkly called me a g-gweat stupid ass, just as plain." "How bowwihle! And what did you do?" "I just w-wang a chestnut bell at him with all my might."—*Merchant Traveler*.

GOURMANDS AND GALLANTS.

"Iris" discusses the Two Kinds of Men one Sees at a New York Ball.

Private house balls are going out. Popular taste runs more to Delmonico's gleaming parquet floor than to the finest ball-room in the finest house in the finest city in America. There are several reasons given for this sudden change in the fashionable mind. In the first place, the fashionable mind would not be the fashionable mind if it didn't change; then, too, the visiting list of a New York woman of the world is to-day too large to permit of her entertaining all her friends in her own house. She must either consent to one of two things—to ask only the young people, whose appearance would insure success for her ball, but who, after all, are nobody, or only ask the old magnates—those terrible, ponderous dowagers, with the family diamonds gleaming on their necks, who would sit around the walls, eat voraciously, and look well in to-morrow's *Evening Telegram*. In either case she would offend any number of bosom friends, and would pass several sleepless nights thinking of the possible nasty things they can say about her. Then, another consideration—few hostesses like to turn their houses upside down. If all the articles of virtue, so carefully arranged by a fashionable decorator, are shifted out of place, it will be as impossible to put them back again without the aid of the decorator, as it was to put Humpty Dumpty on the wall after his ugly cropper. How much easier and simpler to entertain your friends at dinners and receptions and do your dancing at Delmonico's, where everybody goes, where you feel that you can safely cut Mrs. Jones, be snubby to Mrs. Smith, and toady to Mrs. Robinson; where girls can indulge in that mysterious pleasure known among themselves as "sitting out," and can work their eyes in corners to their hearts' content and their companions' undoing; and where men can take potatoes pottle deep, till they grow either sleepy, or merry, or warlike, or lovesick, as the case may be. And herein lies another—and *entre nous*—the main objection to giving a ball in a private residence. The supper is the feature of such balls. People who hate dancing, eschew flirting, regard the pernicious corner habit as the forerunner of a social cataclysm, loathe talking, despise a *séance* on the stairs, go for supper. Give me the man who is not supper's slave!—supper, of course, covering all the flesh-pots, from an oyster cracker to a magnum of dry Cluot. To the women—young ones, I mean—it is a half-hour dedicated to gastronomic "two-sing"—a mongrel form of entertainment, which is neither eating nor two-sing, but a cross between both; to the men, after they have left their girls, it is a solemn ceremony, generally performed standing, the chief rite of which, as demonstrated by its votaries, is a continuous pledging in libations of champagne. These ought to be a harmless form of amusement. For what says the poet—presumably one who knew all about it—"Look not on the wine when it is red!" But there is no warning against the wine when it is yellow; hence, possibly, the popularity of champagne at a private ball.

There are two kinds of men who go to private balls—one who goes solely and only for supper, and one who goes for girls and supper. Of the two, the former is least often seen, but when once seen is never forgotten. He goes sleepily to the ball, shakes hands depressively with the hostess, takes a wearied turn with her daughter, talks a little with a scarred and stiff old campaigner of a dozen seasons, who—as sometimes happens to the female when falling into innocuous desuetude—has become high with age, and appeals to a taste equally sated in Wein, Weib, und Gesang. But hush—hark, a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! It is the opening of the supper-room door. He is suddenly transformed; his weariness falls from him as the scales fell from the eyes of Paul, and he flies supper-ward on the wings of fear, prompted by the horrible thought that some one may get ahead of him. There is a terrible jam in the doorway out of which issue wicked words, dull thuds, loud cries, and heavy falls, etc., etc., and from which the men emerge with their coats awry, their shirt-fronts undulating like the Thank-you-ma'ams on a toboggan slide. But the professional supper-out is used to this. He keeps a stiff upper lip, and passes over all obstacles like the car of Juggernaut. Once past that modern Symplegades—the door-way—he gets a choice spot at the table, say about midway between the fluids and the solids, with the bouillon within reaching distance, his toes touching a champagne pail, game in the horizon, and pâtés on a side-table behind him. Then comes the heat and burden of the evening. His work is cut out for him, and he doesn't shirk. He will see his grandmother's ghost to-night, but he banishes the thought. "One moment of perfect bliss is not too easily bought with death," says somebody or other, and certainly one good supper is not too dearly bought with a grandmother's ghost. Nobody, however, minds him much; society was broken in to him long ago. He is the inevitable canker in the rose. After a time he gets a certain prestige, a vague reputation—to the average mind there is something suggestive of brilliant depravity in a gourmand—and when he gets quite old, has a gouty toe, a beacon-light nose, and a penchant for the *débutantes*, he is regarded as quite a lion, and asked about to buds' dances and boys' supper-parties, to which he is supposed to impart an indescribably fascinating flavor, such as celery imparts to the canvas-backs.

But it is the second style of ball-man—if one may use such a term—which has shocked society a wee bit. People worry and talk about him, because they feel there is yet time to reclaim him. He doesn't care alone for eating. His idea of a private ball is a sort of Mohammed's Paradise—all pretty girls and choice dishes. He has a charming evening with the sweetest creature in the room, but when rumors of approaching supper circulate, he seats her in a corner, asks her what she will take, and, before he hears her answer, flies. It is not that he loves Rome less, but Caesar more. At the doorway he suffers a change a good deal like that recommended by Henry V. to his stalwart yeoman, before the battle of Harfleur—"Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage." His smile dies, his face grows stern, he clenches his fists, and enters the arena. In the doorway the survival of the fittest controls. Long experience has taught him just how to be fittest. He knows the precise moment when to crush the toes on his

right and the ribs on his left. He gets through much compressed and out of breath, but he gets through with his coat-tails in the place where fashion ordains they should remain. In the supper-room it is a scene of carnage. The weaker vessels lean against the wall, but the strong ones stand in a phalanx round the table. Like the Tuscan army, "those behind cry 'forward,' and those before cry 'back!'" and in the impetuous efforts of "those behind" to reach the table, "those before" get uncomfortably squeezed against its hospitable mahogany. Their situation is full of danger; tall men reach over their shoulders to "snatch a fearful joy" in the shape of a salad, a pâté, a game pie. Sometimes a cup of boiling bouillon is spilled inside their collars, a salad drips luxuriously on their shoulders, a trembling arm, bearing a glass of champagne over their heads, is joggled, and the contents emptied on their neatly brushed hair—a performance, by the way, which, with some young women, has been known to work wonders.

Apropos of the affection of the average supper-out for champagne, a story has been going the rounds which should interest all young men as a terrible example of "what might have been." Some weeks ago, one of the best known of the *jeunesse dorée* was leaving a very swell house after a large ball. It was a cold night, but he carried his overcoat on his arm. He gingerly walked down the stairs, but as he tripped across the marble hall he slipped and fell. Passing couples were attracted by the strange crash he made; a sound of broken glass heralded his downfall. Footmen ran, but the young man was too quick for them; he rose hurriedly, and passed out into the cold world, leaving on the marble the fragments of a magnum of Pommery Sec.

There is talk in high places of the approaching downfall of *Town Topics*. It is said that Paul Potter has retired, with several husbands and brothers bot on his trail and crying for gore. There are rumors of horsewhips and horse-pistols, and the town feels quite merry. For the past year society has been languishing with curiosity about the personal paragraphs which appeared under the heading of "The Saunterer." Some one once said that Labouchère's "Entre Nous" paragraphs in *Truth* were furnished by the haut, the beau, and the demi-monde; and the same idea has been suggested for the origin of "The Saunterer's" too extensive knowledge. Last summer some very smart individual started the idea that the much advertised Mrs. Potter was furnishing choice items *sub rosa*. There was a great row; a few terrorists feared a scandal. Mrs. Potter was at Tuxedo at the time, and that home of the rich idler was thrown into a terrible stew by the rumor, which, of course, was without foundation. When the sheet first appeared, and its character became known, Mrs. Paran Stevens resolved to be on the safe side. She said to her friends, "Now you'll see the way I'm going to manage this;" and sent in her name for two subscriptions. A week or two later a paragraph appeared, decidedly uncomplimentary to Mrs. Stevens's manners, and hinting that Mr. Stevens made his money in tobacco—evidently regarded by *Town Topics* as one of the seven deadly sins.

NEW YORK, January 11, 1887.

IRIS.

THE EVOLUTION OF EMPLOYEES.

We commend to our readers a careful consideration of the following argument upon the evolution of the laborer, as presented in what we deem a very interesting article, and the remedy proposed, which is simply by the enactment of proper laws to place the relation of employer and employee upon a contract basis. The condition of the laborer to-day, as contrasted with the earlier period, demonstrates his wonderful and rapid evolution from the inferior position accorded him in other times and in other countries. In America, at the present period, the laborer stands upon the most elevated plane of the law; he is clothed with the privilege of citizenship, which enables him to protect himself by the enactment of laws, for he is himself a legislator. He selects the judges who interpret the law, and his voice is more powerful than that of any other class in choosing the executive organization that has the enforcement of all law. Capital is at the mercy of legislators and judges, and within the line of policy that gives to capital a proper protection and just recognition of its rights, the laborers of this country command the position and are enabled to secure such legislation as will give them entire protection and security. Whenever laboring men shall possess themselves of the desire to pass just and salutary laws to guard their rights, and shall dispose themselves of the idea that their condition can be improved by resorting to force, and by the exercise of illegal methods, they will have taken the position where they can correct all the evils that now annoy them. If between the employees upon railroads and the owners of railroads, or between the employee and employer in any other industry, whether under individual or corporate management, there existed a formal legal contract which defined hours, compensation, and all the mutual obligations that are intelligently agreed upon with a penalty for their infraction by either party, the conflicts which are now occurring would be less likely to take place. The employee would not be permitted, from some caprice or in order to gain some advantage, to lock out his workmen, and workmen would not be permitted to leave their employer without notice, nor to boycott the industry which they had deserted, nor prevent other laborers from entering into the occupations made vacant by their "strike." Neither would be permitted to violate the contract into which they had mutually entered, and if either violated the law, the legal tribunal could enforce the contracts, or, by the exercise of authority within an equitable jurisdiction, make them conformable to any new conditions which might arise. This would place neither party at the mercy of the other; capital would not be able to tyrannize, and labor could not combine. Such an arrangement would restore the law, and make it the arbiter of all disputes between capital and labor, between employer and employee, and place the workman under theegis of the law. He is a villain, whether rich or poor, who seeks to violate the law, if with his fellow-citizens he is clothed with equal rights and equal power under the law.

The manual laborer of to-day occupies a position in the social and political system radically different from that of a few generations ago. In the United States, particularly, he stands in the market-place demanding equal liberty, equal rights, and equal voice with all others of

his country, no matter what may be their wealth or their ancestry. The transition seems to have been so sudden from his status of former times that one is somewhat startled in contemplating the change. The most surprised individual is the laborer himself. Although this present status is very modern, an investigation shows that the causes of it can be worked out on d-finite lines of progress, and the change becomes a natural and normal development from the former conditions of society and government. All countries except our own have contained a class of inhabitants of common blood and kin with the rest, which is unknown to our constitution and to our laws; a class of people which, in other countries, has been granted few privileges, often none, kept in ignorance, held as menials, slaves. This has been the working man of the past, and in many countries is the working man of to-day. Strange, it will appear to us, that in every country this class has constituted the majority of its inhabitants.

In the commonwealth of Moses the master took his servant unto the door-post, bored his ear through with an awl, whereupon the servant was bound to serve his master forever. In the heroic age of Greece the people were divided into three classes—nobles, common freemen, and slaves. All the republics of antiquity treated their hewers of wood and drawers of water, their builders of the temples, their manual laborers, but little better than beasts of burden. The pyramid of Cbeops was erected by generations of laborers. If they had struck for higher wages a few thousand of them would have been hamstringing as a salutary reminder of their position.

When William of Normandy assumed the throne of England, in the eleventh century, the lowest, or working classes, were called villeins. Burrill describes the villen to be "a feudal tenant of the lowest class, who held by base and uncertain services, and was employed in rustic labors of the most sordid kind—an agricultural bondsman of little better condition than a slave." To-day no such class exists in England or Great Britain; yet the form of government is theoretically the same as in the time of William the Conqueror.

There has been a gradual evolution from the villen of the eleventh century to the working man of to-day. The highest exponent of that evolution is what is known, particularly throughout the United States, as the employee. England still retains her class distinctions, and grants prerogatives and privileges to a lord that she would not to the butler of a lord. All barriers have not been swept away, as they have in the United States; yet we must look to the development of the common law of England, and what she is proud to call her constitution, for the chief causes of this evolution.

The common law of England comes to her from many sources. She adopted portions of other legal systems, modified and readjusted them. From the "Corpus Juris" of Justinian; from her Anglo-Saxon ancestors, fragments of whose codes are extant; from customs handed down to her by tradition; from the charters of her kings, including some antecedent to the Great Charter; from enactments of the legislature, and from decided cases, has the common law of England been derived. England became the crucible for the former customs, laws, and social usages of many countries.

A democratic tendency early showed itself from these complex elements of society, even though "the king was responsible only to God, and not to his people." As early as 1265 a parliament was summoned to meet in London, which, besides containing barons, ecclesiastics, and knights, also contained deputies from the boroughs—an order of men which, in former ages, had always been regarded "as too mean to enjoy a place in the national council. This period is commonly esteemed the epoch of the House of Commons in England. Thus were the seeds planted for the growth of freedom and education in a class of people which hitherto had been held in ignorance and servitude.

It is easy to trace in the several periods of English history, and in the growth of the common law, this gradual development of democratic principles, and broader and more general representation by the people, until to-day Great Britain is practically a democracy, with several degrees of caste, and retaining her heirlooms of princely prerogative and baronial privileges.

In the United States we all meet on a common level from the start. We hold as self-evident truths that all men are created equal, and that the government derives its powers from the consent of the governed. What an enormous advance—what a radical change from a few generations ago! We still have the manual laborers; the workers in the fields, in the streets, and in the mills are still with us, vastly in the majority, no longer the slaves and menials of olden time, but fully our equals in every privilege and in every immunity. Labor has become dignified by the invention of machinery and tools that require skilled manipulation, and the art of printing and the publication of newspapers have disseminated intelligence to some extent among the masses; yet this class of our inhabitants is still in the greater part uneducated and ignorant, and they are endeavoring to secure what they believe to be their rights, by coercion and force, and by the use of their numbers, by what are termed "strikes." I propose to show a method by which I believe the relations of the masses to their employment can be regulated with justice to all, strikes avoided, and the rights of the laboring classes preserved to them.

The relation of master and servant has practically disappeared from our statute-books, and that of employer and employee succeeded. The employee is the grand result of the democratic development of the English common law, and of our Declaration of Independence. The man who, to-day, digs a ditch, picks fruit, drives a car, cable dummy, or engine, is an employee. He is paid for his work by his employer.

The relation of employer and employee implies a contract of employment between the two. It is the terms of that contract of employment that must define and control their respective relations, and means must be taken to prevent the violation of those terms by either party, without suffering a proper penalty. This is especially necessary in the case of contracts of employment between corporations and large numbers of manual laborers.

A laborer goes to work with five hundred others, at two dollars a day. He signs no contract; he has a loose idea, or no idea at all, of the sacredness of his agreement. Some dissatisfied members imbue the others with the idea that they should get more. They combine, and stop work instant, and demand two dollars and a quarter. If it is a mill, no more flour is made; if it is a railroad, traffic is stopped; if it is an orchard, the fruit rots; if it is a coal mine, the fuel supply ceases. In any instance values are diminished, commerce, trade, and traffic impeded, and the whole community suffers. This is all radically and absolutely wrong. A strike is a crime against the State, and if the corporation, for fear of bankruptcy, accedes to the demand of the strikers, it does not make the strike lawful.

The Knights of Labor and other labor organizations are going to work in the wrong way. They are only bringing the hatred of capital down on their heads, and accomplishing little or nothing. Let them investigate the terms and conditions of the contract of employment that each of their members entered into. Let them look to it that the terms are fair and satisfactory before going to work under it. Let them seek to enlighten each member as to his exact status under his contract. Let them ask for appropriate legislation to enforce the strict letter of the contract on the part of the employer in penal damages, if necessary. On the other hand, the employer should be protected by appropriate legislation also. The faithful performance of the employee should be guaranteed during his term of employment; that is to say, if an employee goes to work at two dollars a day by agreement, for a certain time, however short or long, his dropping his work and refusing to continue unless for more, especially when this becomes the concerted action of a number, should be punished penal.

The business of large corporations is becoming more and more that of supplying necessities to communities. They conduct our produce and our manufactures, our mails and our moneys, from Florida to Maine, across the Atlantic to the Pacific. They supply our cities with water and with light. Employment in such corporations is in the nature of a public trust, and any act of employer or employee which retards or stops the wheels of such corporation, is criminal, and, if permitted, can work unmeasured devastation and ruin. It is the proper equipoise and adjustment of the relations between the employer and the employee, which only can be defined in their contract of employment, that will keep those wheels running smoothly. Let the terms of the contract of employment and the sacredness of the obligation be duly appreciated. Let a wholesome fear of the consequences of their violation be established, and a great step will have been taken toward the solution of the vexed problem of the relations between employer and employee.

JOSEPH D. REOING.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 15, 1887.

A BRACE OF LEGENDS.

Adapted from the Spanish of Manuel Payno.

The mining camp of Plateros is situated in the district of Fresnillo, in the State of Zacatecas, about a league distant from the town of Fresnillo. Its discovery, as related in tradition was as follows: Some silversmiths (*plateros*) were journeying toward Durango, carrying in a chest an image of Christ upon the cross, when they were overtaken by a heavy rain, and were obliged to pass the night upon one of the small hills near Fresnillo. The storm ceased, and the men, after disposing their sacred burden safely in the midst of their baggage, built a huge campfire, and, seated in a circle around it, supped upon their thick cakes of corn-flour and savory strips of jerked beef. It is to be supposed that, being friends all on the road, and with stomachs full, they would give free play to their tongues. In good truth, they discoursed of storms and tempests, of swollen rivers, of highway robbers, and all the dangers that menace those who travel. Then the talk turned upon themes of arithmetic and finance, and very naturally it resulted that the good fellows took stock of their exchequer, which proved to contain a joint capital of barely twenty dollars.

"If only the Lord would bestow upon us money," one of them exclaimed, in a tone of melancholy.

"Nothing is impossible to Him," replied another.

"I know that well enough; still, I don't see how we are to become rich."

"Oh, thou art a doubting Thomas. Everything comes easy to God. 'If to give thee God doth will, riches shall result from swill.'"

"But it must be asked for."

"Then let us ask now."

The silversmiths accordingly knelt before the chest that contained the holy image, and fervently recited a creed. Then, enwrapping themselves in their *sarapes*, they laid themselves down beside the fire, and doubtless slept. The next morning the wind had swept away the ashes where their campfire had blazed, and there, glistening in the first rays of the rising sun, was a bright and shining ingot of silver that the fire had smelted from the rock. The silversmiths, it may readily be believed, went no further with their image, but began straightway to work the mines, where they shortly erected a chapel to Our Lady of the Silversmiths, whence the mines are named.

I do not hold myself responsible for the truth of this narrative. I can only vouch for the fact that the mines and the chapel are in existence to day. One afternoon a friend invited me to visit that same mine, and we set out accordingly. Nothing could be sadder or lonelier than the situation; a dry gulch, with a few gray houses of adobe scattered at the foot of the low hills, and a horizon line of brown hills, bare of verdure—such is Plateros. It is, however, very rich, the leads of dense sulphates cropping out on the surface. As my knowledge of mining is of the slightest, I suggested to my companion that we should visit the church, whose architecture is fine, and its dimensions all too ample for the few of the faithful in the little town.

"Before we go into the church," remarked my companion, "I wish to relate to you a tradition."

"You have the word," I answered, "and that with all my heart. As the botanists go nosing about in search of unknown plants, and the mineralogists after veins of ore, so I shall get out of hearing mass by listening to a tradition."

"Once upon a time, then," my friend began, "a poor man came up the road, driving a small, lean donkey. This animal carried a little chest of pinchbeck rings, ear-rings, looking-glasses, and the like rubbish for sale among the rancheros. In short, this was a peddler. When he had arrived at a cliff in one of the hills, he unloaded the donkey and turned it loose to grass at will, while he sat down upon his pack-saddle. After a time another wayfarer appeared and came to sit down by the former. They talked a while, smoked their cigarettes, and then lay down peacefully to sleep, for these were brothers, traveling together, and partners in business. He who had driven the donkey fell asleep very shortly, but Francisco, the other, began to think that if he were master of his brother's money and goods he would have enough to support him, and would be subject to the command of none. This flame kindled in his mind was fanned by Satan, and he determined to carry out the idea. He observed his brother's respiration, and, satisfied that he slept soundly, Francisco arose, and on tiptoe, with his lips apart and his eyes wide and rolling, he lifted up a great, black stone, and holding it above his brother's head, let it fall. A dull crash told that the sleeper's head was crushed to atoms. After a moment a stream of blood crept from beneath the stone. No sooner did the murderer see that red current run, bathing the rocks, than, like another Cain, he began to rush frenzied from place to place, tearing his locks, and beating his head against the boulders. Finally, desperate, he turned to the chapel of Our Lady of the Silversmiths, and there he wept a very torrent of tears, calling on his Maker to show him mercy. [You see, the poor devil, notwithstanding the course of justice was not very prompt then on Mexican soil, feared to find himself uncomfortably well fitted by a halter.] Well, he wept and cried, striking his sinful head against the steps of the altar, and called upon the Lord to pardon and save him, accused criminal as he was. In the midst of his lamentations he felt a soft touch upon the shoulder, and turning his head:

"Oh, my brother!" he cried; "have pity! If thou art a shade, if thou hast come hither from another world, have pity and forgive me!"

"What kind of a trick do you call that," demanded the other, "to go away and leave the beast and load unwatched and me alone and sleeping?"

"My brother, I have killed thee!"

"Killed me! but I'm alive!" replied the murdered man, mechanically inspecting himself closely.

"None the less, I hurled a great stone upon your head, and saw your blood gush forth and your brains spattered around."

"The other passed his hands over his head, and, while he found no wound, he experienced a slight pain beneath the touch. 'But, my brother, explain this thing.'"

"Oh! I am a sinner, vile and accursed! But the Lord

has seen my repentance, and He has restored thee to life. Let us pray."

"The two brothers fell upon their knees, and prayed long and devoutly. Going later to the scene of the murder, they found there the stone still covered with fresh blood."

When his recital had reached this point, my friend said, seeing me open my eyes wide, "Come in, and you may see the stone." And on going in, in fact, I saw and touched, in one corner of the chapel, a great black boulder capable of demolishing not merely the head of a man, but of an elephant.

I hold myself responsible for the account of this miracle no more than of the other. It is a tradition which I relate to the reader as it was told to me. Y. H. ADDIS.

MEXICO, January 9, 1887.

VANITY FAIR.

There are four hundred and sixty-seven persons out of New York's one million who are "in society." You are incredulous? Well, let us figure up. To begin with, we must admit, for argument's sake, if not for a fact, that the Astor stratum is top in the social geology. Now, then, the Patriarchs' hall was danced last month. The utmost precaution had been taken to keep it exclusive. Criticism was made last season that several of these extra-sensitive occasions were demoralized by the presence of a few unaccustomed and unqualified guests. This time the lines were drawn with rigidity. The ball was given by fifty Patriarchs, all within the veil beyond peradventure. Even so firmly established a swell as Cornelius Vanderbilt was new to this sacred half-hundred, he having been elected this year. Each paid one hundred and fifty dollars to cover the expenses, and received an invitation for his immediate family, besides others for five persons whom he might choose as suitable. This method was calculated to secure exactitude in admitting only individuals "in society." The number was four hundred and sixty-seven, by careful counting, and of them all except forty-two were there. The Duke of Sutherland was left out. Not by accident, but intentionally. It was well enough known that he had arrived from England several days before. Every other titled Englishman in town was present, and Lord Fred Hamilton was particularly lionized, but no one of the fifty Patriarchs asked Sutherland to come. The reason was that he had berated and derided New York society. When there last spring he went to a wedding breakfast wearing a big checked business suit, such as a professional sport might have taken pride in at a horse-race, and, when his strange defiance of usage was commented on, he replied that anything was good enough for New York. The acutest of Anglomaniacs couldn't stand such an insult, and so the duke got no invitation—possibly for fear that he might appear in cowboy costume.

The latest Paris fashion plates are remarkable for the exceeding modesty of the evening costumes displayed upon them. Every one of these gorgeous garments covers the upper part of the shoulders completely, and although some are rather low in the centre of the back, the opening is very narrow. This may be a protest against *perfidie* Albion, which has adopted no such styles, but preserves the old court standard.

"Ah, madam, you will never make a fencer until you abandon those abominable heels." So saying, the polite fencing-master laid aside his mask, and pointed his foil, half scornfully, half sadly, at the little blocks which projected from a point near the middle of the soles of his pupil's slippers, and which had just tripped her up in a lunge. Even in her humiliating position—for she had completely lost her balance—the little actress whose fencing lesson was thus unseasonably interrupted presented an uncommonly pleasing picture. Her cheek was flushed and her eyes were bright with the exhilaration of the exercise; the violence of the last lunge and its disastrous result had set a few locks of golden hair free, and the close-fitting costume displayed a figure, every line of which told of health and harmonious muscular development. The costume was certainly one which would have gained the young woman applause on the stage. It consisted of a white flannel-jacket, double-breasted and padded across the chest to deaden the force of her assailant's thrusts. A short skirt, with blue and white stripes, reaching just to the knees, allowed the fullest freedom of movement. A pair of silk stockings, gloves with long gauntlets that protected the wrists, and the slippers with the offending heels completed the costume. The number of women who handle the foils is larger than is generally supposed. In New York, where fencing has become a popular amusement only within the last few years, fencing-masters find plenty of female pupils, although these are generally actresses. Actresses are credited—probably justly—with taking more care of their beauty than any other class of women. Now, women who are really careful of their beauty should not neglect their health, and no exercise is more healthful than fencing. It makes the carriage erect and graceful; it gives suppleness and elasticity to the muscles; it has the exhilaration that makes exercise palatable—in fact, if a woman prizes a clear skin and a well-rounded figure, a foil and mask will prove her most effective aids; and this the young women of the stage have not been slow to discover.

Regis Senac, who is the well-known fencing-master of the New York Athletic Club, said, the other day, that he never had so many applications from women who wanted to take lessons as he has had since Mrs. Langtry became his pupil. M. Senac is not her first master; she has taken lessons in London, and is now more expert in the use of the foil than a woman often becomes. A New York *Tribune* writer was allowed to be present at one of her lessons, not long ago. M. Senac comes to her house, in West Twenty-third Street, every morning while she is in town. He is due at ten o'clock. "And I," said Mrs. Langtry, "often don't rise until he is announced; for you can imagine that sometimes it is a struggle to get up for a lesson, after having worked hard the evening before. But I find that I am the better all day for the exercise; so I summon up my courage, and tumble into my costume." Mrs. Langtry's costume consists of a close-fitting waistcoat of white buckskin, large baggy trousers of white flannel that descend to the knee,

and white stockings. She is too experienced a fencer to think of indulging in any extravagances in the way of heels. The first half of the lesson was just over when the writer was admitted, the other morning. Mrs. Langtry had thrown a wrap over her shoulders, as a protection after the heat of exercise, while Senac was pacing the floor in all the glory of a black velvet costume. After a few minutes of rest, work was resumed, and the famous beauty rubbed resin on her soles, put on her mask, and fell into position, with the left arm gracefully extended—all as naturally as if she had been brought up in fencing-rooms. Her motions had none of the wildness and looseness which characterize the efforts of a beginner. Every manoeuvre was clean-cut and precise. The play of her foil was so small that, to use M. Senac's favorite simile, it could have been executed within the ring of a young girl. M. Senac is as proud as a peacock of his pupil. He gave her lessons in single-stick, as well, and an extremely pretty picture she makes, twirling her light cane about her head. She calls it the art of defending one's self with an umbrella. Senac wants her to give a public exhibition with the foils when she returns to New York. Mrs. Langtry does not absolutely refuse, but she says that if she gives an exhibition only ladies will be admitted.

It is reported from Washington that Mrs. Grover Cleveland went to the performance of a comic opera company the other night, and wore no hat or bonnet during the show. It is, perhaps, somewhat hastily assumed by some of our esteemed contemporaries (says the New York *Sun*) that her example will be generally followed, and that the ladies' high hat will no longer be allowed to interfere with the easements of sight of spectators at the play. But, however much the ladies of America may admire Mrs. Cleveland, it is entirely probable that they will consult their own sweet will on the subject of wearing hats and bonnets in the theatre. If they shall incline to merry's side, they will deserve the thanks of small men, if not of all men; but whatever they may decide will have to be accepted without murmuring.

Many people have been puzzled to understand why the diamonds worn in ear-rings by ladies nowadays maintain such a ceaseless quivering motion. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, or that she is even speechless and, therefore, exerting no muscle of face or feature. The ceaseless twinkle of the diamond goes on, enhancing greatly the flashing beauty of the gem. The secret is in the setting of the diamond, and the method is a patent device. The patentee is reaping a royalty of fifty dollars apiece from every manufacturing jeweler to whom he sells the privilege of using it. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework. On the under side of this band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is projecting pin pointed with rhodium, a metal which never wears out—somewhat like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamonds are put in position on the hoop, the rhodium point projects into the cup. The consequence is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a school-boy, the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing. The metal point never wears out.

There is a very sensible fashion started in New York, in which the debutantes in the social world are introduced by means of afternoon receptions, rather than by a great ball, which not only is trying to the flesh of these tenderlings, but to the spirit as well. In Philadelphia a series of dinners are given for the young lady who makes her entrance into the *beau monde*. It must be said, too, that this idea is not recommended by its good sense, for there should be the spice of wit and repartee to give a dinner the necessary "go," and no young girl of seventeen or eighteen is expected to be a brilliant conversationalist unless she be a second Margaret Fuller, or, better, a Mme. de Staël. The series of afternoon receptions is certainly the most humane way of putting these sweet young things through the ordeal of entering the portals of the undiscovered world.

The war on the low corsage has begun in the East. The New York *Herald* is prosecuting it vigorously. It remarks, in speaking of several notable society balls soon to occur, that "upon these occasions a number of young ladies will make their debut—that is to say, they will for the first time in their lives appear in low-necked dresses. It is related that one young girl wept bitterly the night of her debut, because the very low bodice her mother compelled her to wear offended her sense of modesty. Few young girls wear low waists by preference; a silly mother and a vulgar dressmaker are the real culprits. No jewel so becomes a girl as modesty. Spare your daughters, fond mothers; if ball-rooms are slave-markets, they are at least in Christendom." Then there is another feature which is even worse. Young men will talk; and when the young ladies are so arrayed—or disarrayed—you may be very certain, O mothers, that the physical points of your daughters will be discussed among these young men in much the same manner that they would discuss the good points of a horse.

Going a-bobbing in Albany, N. Y., has grown to be like going to war. The bob-sleds are growing bigger and bigger each year, the loads are growing heavier, the speed is waxing swifter, and the crowds of lookers-on, who are in equal danger with the coasters, are increasing in numbers. Just think of the bob "Brooklyn Bridge," which weighs two tons and seven hundred pounds. It is fifty-five feet long, and carries a crew of forty men or youths. It has been found to be less easily managed than the smaller bobs, and the length most favored now is that in the neighborhood of twenty feet. The "Atlanta" is twenty-three feet long, carries twenty-two passengers, and weighs eleven hundred pounds. Bobs of this sort cost hundreds of dollars, and are made as strong and tested as carefully as locomotives. Often they have a piano finish, carry nickel-plated steering wheels, and are appointed with nickel-plated steerers and brakemen's seats, upholstered with plush. They are the palace bobs of the city, and glitter like jewels.

MR. PULCIFER'S PHILANTHROPY.

PROLOGUE.—Percy Pulcifer, Esq., had well earned the reputation in San Francisco society of being a thoroughly good man. Indeed, to such an extent had this merit proceeded, that he was flippantly spoken of as "Purity Pulcifer." If a mother wanted to send a giddy daughter from San Francisco to Vassar, she would as soon have Pulcifer's escort as that of the foremost deacon of her church. He was never known to flirt, he preferred the society of old ladies to that of the young and attractive, he was a model in every way, was Percy Pulcifer. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness. He was the tramp's joy, and the beggar's delight. The right-hand pocket of his trousers was ever crammed with dimes for the importunate poor. He said no mendicant nay, and he would walk a mile bareheaded in a pouring rain to serve a friend. Up to the beginning of this year Percy was quoted as a model man. Mothers would fling him at the head of the dissipated son with a passionate wail of, "Oh, why do you not imitate Percy Pulcifer?" He is no longer quoted. The fair reputation of thirty years' irreproachable conduct has been tarnished. Now, if there be one vice more than another that Mr. Pulcifer detests, it is the vice of intemperance. For this reason he never goes into a saloon, and a little weak wine and water at table is the limit of his indulgence.

ACT I.

[Sabbath on Van Ness Avenue. PERCY PULCIFER discovered leaning on his umbrella.]

PULCIFER—It yet lacks half an hour of church time. How calm and exquisite this Sabbath morning! How chastening its influence. And yonder pealing bells fill me with devotional sentiment. I wish the young men of my set—the men of society—would pay more attention to religious matters. They are too reckless, too fond of the dissipation of wine and cards. They know not the calm content, the restful feelings that spring from a quiet and temperate life.

[Enter INEBRIATED DUDE.]

I. D.—Is that you, Percy, ole feller? How do, ole man? PERCY (aside)—Disgusting. Oh, what a shocking vice is intemperance! I say, Fred, you'd better go home. You are in—well, in a frightful condition, and if a policeman happens this way you will surely be arrested.

I. D.—D—n the police. Say, Percy, I love you, old man; always loved you! (*Lurches against Pulcifer and knocks him off the curbstone.*) Take me home, will you? (*Sings*)—

Take me 'ome, tek meome,
Where me littleones lie.

PERCY—Hush, hush! Great heavens, here is the Swellingtons' carriage! (*Makes an attempt to lift his hat, but it is knocked off by his hand by the inebriate.*)

MRS. SWELLINGTON (*to her daughter, MURIEL*)—How shocking, Muriel! There are Percy Pulcifer and Fred Balance just as drunk as they can be. I never would have believed that Mr. Pulcifer was a drinking man.

I. D.—Heads up, Pulcifer; heads up, I say. Why, you're drunk! You're dr—dr—drunk as an owl. Come 'ome, will you?

PERCY—Oh, horror! what shall I do? I cannot leave this unfortunate young man here. Come, Fred, come with me, and I'll take you to your hotel.

I. D. (*seizing his arm*)—Not till we 'ave 'nother drink, ole man. Come to this gr—grocery. Grocer's friend of mine. (*Sings*)—

My dear boys, my dear boys,
He's a pal of mine, he's a pal of mine.

PERCY—I suppose I must consent, just to keep him quiet. (*As they turn the corner sharply they bump against the three MENLOPARK girls and their mamma, returning from church.*)

FANNY MENLOPARK (*to MOTHER*)—There, mamma, there's ynur model Mr. Pulcifer. Beastly drunk, and crowding into a vile corner grocery for more liquor. Ha, ha! I always told you he was a hypocrite. Ugh! how I hate him.

ACT II.

[Scene—PERCY PULCIFER'S rooms.]

PERCY—What a fearful experience! I'll never, no matter who it is, attempt to take a drunken man home again. Let me endeavor to recollect the incidents of this terrible day. On Van Ness Avenue we met the Swellingtons; on Polk Street, the Menloparks; on Clay Street, the Sanmateos; on Leavenworth Street, the Milbraes; and that beat staggered so that I could not keep my balance. He-he, miserable pun. I kept my balance, or rather he kept me only too well.

[Enter CHARLEY ACEFUL.]

CHARLEY—Hello, Pulcy, old man, how do you feel? What a fellow you are, to be sure. Full as a tinker on Van Ness Avenue in broad daylight. Oh, my, Percy, this will never do. And you such a model young man, too.

PERCY—I assure you, Charles, you are altogether mistaken. I was taking Fred, Balance home.

CHARLEY—Taking Balance home! That is a good one. Taking you home, you mean. Why, man, you were, by all odds, the drunker of the two.

PERCY (*indignantly*)—Charles, you know I never drink. You know I never in my life have—

CHARLEY—Oh, come now, don't make matters worse by lying. Own up, Percy, that you were three sheets in the wind. Make a clean breast of it. It is a good man's case.

[Enter HARRY SEQUENCE.]

HARRY—Still alive, Pulcifer. Why, I expected to find you laid out in bed, with a ton of ice around your temples. Oh, you sly devil, what a deuce of a time you and Balance had on Sunday.

PERCY (*stiffly*)—Mr. Sequence, I met Mr. Balance in an inebriated condition, and I offered to take him home. I never drank, sir.

HARRY—To take him home, eh? Why, I saw you with my own eyes steer him into a corner grocery to have just one more and a tiger. "Is that Percy Pulcifer?" says my aunt. You know she has always entertained a high opinion of you. "Devil a doubt of it, ma'am," says I. "Why, he is drunk," says my aunt. "As the piper that played before Moses,

ma'am," says I. 'Twas no use denying it, Percy. You and Fred took in the whole sidewalk, you know. Look out for the lady. She has a pocketful of tracts on the evils of intemperance to hand to you when you next meet. Oh, you old drunk, how you have been playing us all these years!

PERCY (*distractedly*)—For heaven's sake, go, gentlemen, and leave me alone. My brain is on fire. Go, I beg of you. OMNES (*exunt, singing*)—

We took him up, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings and soda water.

ACT III.

[Scene—The Menlopark Drawing-room.]

MRS. MENLOPARK—The most disgusting spectacle I have ever witnessed, Mrs. Swellington. He was rushing into a corner-grocery, dragging that poor, dissipated Fred Balance with him. Balance was evidently anxious to get home, but Pulcifer would not let him, and insisted upon taking more liquor.

MRS. SWELLINGTON—When I saw him he was standing on the sidewalk endeavoring to pick up his hat, and Balance, who, though intoxicated, was not as far gone as Pulcifer, was trying to assist him. He had a wild, glassy stare; his necktie was disarranged, and I feared he would have fallen under our carriage-wheels.

MURIEL SWELLINGTON—I think he had a black eye, too, mamma. He looked as if he had been fighting.

FANNY MENLOPARK—Oh, mamma, when he ran into us, on the corner, his breath was fearful, and his clothes were all stained with drink. I always suspected that Mr. Pulcifer. I knew he used to drink on the sly.

MRS. SWELLINGTON—I heard that he insulted a colored laundress on his way home.

MRS. MENLOPARK—I was told that he struck a policeman, was arrested, and passed the night in the city prison.

MURIEL SWELLINGTON—Harry Sequence told me he broke two street-lamps on Van Ness Avenue.

MRS. SWELLINGTON—I shall send him no more cards.

MRS. MENLOPARK—I shall not be at home when he calls.

MURIEL SWELLINGTON—Beast.

FANNY MENLOPARK—Hypocrite.

MRS. SWELLINGTON—He is dead to us forever. Let him continue his career of vile dissipation until delirium tremens terminates his miserable existence.

[Curtain.]

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1887. DAN O'CONNELL.

It would seem that the bullet which put an end to Lincoln's life was not the first that had been fired at him with murderous intent. The following story is told by Mr. J. W. Nichols, one of the President's body-guard at the capital: "One night about the middle of August, 1864, I was doing sentinel duty at the large gate through which entrance was had to the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, where Mr. Lincoln spent much time in summer. About eleven o'clock I heard a rifle-shot in the direction of the city, and shortly afterward I heard approaching hoof-beats. In two or three minutes a horse came dashing up, and I recognized the belated President. The horse he rode was a very spirited one, and was Mr. Lincoln's favorite saddle-horse. As horse and rider approached the gate, I noticed that the President was bareheaded. As soon as I had assisted him in checking his steed, the President said to me: 'He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He got the bit in his teeth before I could draw the rein.' I then asked him where his hat was, and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off down at the foot of the hill, and that his horse had become scared and had jerked his hat off. I led the animal to the executive cottage and the President dismounted and entered. Thinking the affair rather strange, a corporal and I started off to investigate. When we reached the place whence the sound of the shot had come—a point where the driveway intersects with the main road—we found the President's hat. It was a plain silk hat, and upon examination we discovered a bullet-hole through the crown. We searched the locality thoroughly, but without avail. Next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet-hole. He made some humorous remark to the effect that it was made by some foolish marksman, and was not intended for him, but added that he wished nothing said about the matter."

General Boulanger's last investment of the people's money is an order for 200,000 shells loaded with melinite, which is a new explosive invented by two French officers, whereof the secret is jealously kept. Ether is said to figure largely in its manufacture, and it leaves other explosives far behind in the race, being, according to its inventors, ten times more powerful than nitro-glycerine, and any number of times more powerful than gunpowder. Near Bourges, 83,000 francs have been spent in erecting three specimens of the most invulnerable sort of defensive works, one being block asphalt and flint, measuring twelve metres at the base and three at the top. Shells filled with melinite are to go into these blocks and blow them to atoms, as evidence of their ability to destroy anything that exists in Germany. Another discovery yet to be proven is an explosive for use in ordinary firearms, which makes no smoke, and would be useful to sharpshooters.

In England the question of defense is more earnestly discussed than the means of attack, and a proposition has been made by Sir Henry Bessemer, which, if it proves feasible, may interest those in favor of Samuel Tilden's proposed coast defenses. The proposition is to cast steel forts in the lump, and right on the spot where they are wanted. It is to be done in this way: Mark out lines for your fort; erect brick walls, lined with fire-clay, of any height or thickness. Have your melting cupolas and Bessemer converters right alongside, and pour in your molten metal.

One of the best-known men of letters in this country, who, like many of his brothers, is often asked to "puff" his friends in the public press by inditing pleasant little paragraphs about them, has made a rule "never to write anything for a paper by private request." He never before knew what peace was.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A sentimental young lady sent Cluverius, the Virginia murderer, a floral design, bearing the words: "Heaven is Thine."

It is said that Mlle. MacMahon, the daughter of the French ex-President, who has just married the Comte de Fleunes, came very near being Empress of the French. The late Prince Imperial offered to marry her if her father would assist to restore him to the throne.

Respecting the Campbell case and the criticisms of General Buller's refusal to appear as co-respondent, it is now said that Buller offered an explanation which, though not made public, has proved satisfactory to the Prince of Wales and saved Buller from the danger of social ostracism.

News comes from Vienna that the empress will probably never again be able to indulge her passionate love for riding. Her stables at Vienna and Pesth are to be closed. She has not ridden since her trip to Gastein in August last, and the doctors give but little hope that she will ever mount again.

It is painful to observe the lapse from home teaching when the inducement to lapse is great. The Baroness Rothschild in Paris has announced a coming series of Sunday afternoon dances for young girls, and it is surprising to note the number of American girls who express their eager expectation of helping the baroness to break the Sabbath.

Referring to Mme. de Novikoff's insinuations against the honor and honesty of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, to the effect that he plundered the country and enriched himself, the *St. James Gazette* declares that the prince received the money that was voted him, and no more; that he spent in Bulgaria all he received in Bulgaria, and that he left that country as he entered it—a very poor man.

There is material for a century of children's books in the adventures of Ahmed Ben Ahmar, who was recently rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor for bravery as a lion-killer. In Algeria, in twenty-six years, he killed over two hundred lions. One lion is estimated to destroy ten thousand francs' worth of capital annually and to keep it up for ten years at least; so the lion-killer saved Algeria about twenty million francs.

Mr. Henry W. Grady can not be the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate next year, according to the *Chicago News*, because he is now only thirty-two years old, and therefore would in 1889 be under the required age to hold office; because his rebellion disabilities have not been removed; because he has never qualified as a citizen of this country, and because he is not a natural-born citizen of the United States. Valid objections, if true.

A sort of Pooh-Bah arrangement will exist when Governor Green, of New Jersey, notifies the House of his resignation. He will send word to the House that he has sent his resignation as a member of Congress to himself as Governor of New Jersey, and then as Governor Green he will notify the House of his own resignation as Congressman Green. Altogether, he will have to go through much red-tape to inform himself officially of his own resignation.

Dr. William Perry, of Exeter, N. H., celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday on December 20th. He is the sole survivor of the passengers on Robert Fulton's steamboat on its memorable trial trip down the Hudson River seventy-nine years ago, and is the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College. Though another member of the class of 1811 is still alive—William R. Sever, of Plymouth, Mass.—yet Dr. Perry is his senior by two years and a half. He can recall every incident of the famous trip down the Hudson.

One phrase of Gladstone's—where, in referring to the line about "insect in the warrens of the poor," he says it may be doubted if these have more to fear from a rigid investigation than other more spacious habitations—finds a swift commentary in the rumor of a London divorce scandal, involving fifteen co-respondents, some of whom are great figures in the land. It is a common statement that the respondent is Lady Brooke, the daughter and heiress of the extinct Viscount Maynard, and the wife since 1881 of Lord Brooke, in lieu of the Earl of Warwick, and one of the most beautiful women of Europe. The report is that there will be a washing of the soiled linen of the aristocracy compared with which the Campbell case is a mere bubble.

The reigning Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, is the thirty-fourth ruler of the Osman dynasty, and the twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople. He was born September 21, 1842, and is the second son of Abdul Medjid, having succeeded his deposed elder brother, Mourad V., in 1876. His eldest son, Mohammed Selim, is a lad of sixteen. Abdul Hamid is described by one who knows him as a small, spare man, with an olive complexion, and restless black eyes that are constantly wandering, as if in apprehension of some danger. He lives in constant fear of assassination, which is not strange, since a violent death seems the manifest destiny of the rulers of Turkey, and never quits his palace except to go to prayers, when he goes forth surrounded by an army of guards, carefully concealing from the public the name of the mosque to which he is going. The annual visit which he is obliged to pay to the Mosque of St. Sophia is regarded by him with great dread, and is made with every possible precaution. He is courteous in his bearing, and very polite to Americans.

Anna Judie's revival of "La Belle Hélène" reminds the *World* of London that the original "Belle Hélène" and unrivaled queen of Offenbachian opera bouffe, the beautiful Mlle. Hortense Schneider, is living at Passy with her son, who bears the title of Prince de Talleyrand, thanks to a curious bargain made by his mother years ago. Once upon a time Schneider fell in love with a fellow actor, and there was born to them a boy. Soon after this a young Talleyrand, age sixteen, came to court the beautiful Hortense. One day the youngster got into difficulties, and asked Schneider to lend him \$10,000. "Very good," replied Schneider; "service for service; recognize my child with the due legal formalities, and I will lend you the money." The documents were forthwith drawn up, and the boy was recognized by the young Talleyrand as his son. Naturally the family heard of the affair, and legal proceedings were instituted to nullify the act; but the tribunal could do nothing; the mother said the young man was father of the boy; the young man said he was the father. And so the actor's child became Prince de Talleyrand, and Prince de Talleyrand he remains—an unfortunate, epileptic, half idiot—the only crease in the rose-leaf bed on which Hortense Schneider, rich, amiable, and still charming, passes the evening of her life.

The Duke of Sutherland's party, which left New York city for Charleston last week, to embark in his new yacht, *Sans Peur*, for Southern waters, was composed of his grace Lord Ernest Hamilton, brother of Lady Lansdowne and of the Duke of Abercorn; Oswald Ames, an officer of the Life Guards and the brother of the Belgravia belle, Miss Flora Ames, who is also the tallest girl in London, standing six feet five inches in her stockings; a Mrs. Henry Blair, whom the play-bills would designate as a mystery, and a Miss Smith, a governess, whose charge, Mrs. Blair's only daughter, is wintering at Bellagio, on Lake Como. Last spring, at the inaugural ceremonies of the Panama Canal, the duke made the acquaintance of Mr. John Bigelow, who was at Colon at the time. Subsequently the duke came to New York in his yacht, and was present at the Bigelow-Tracy wedding, last May, in St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, attired in a deer-stalking hat, tweed suit, and heavy hunting-brogans. He was accompanied by a lady whose antecedents baffled the research of even the most ardent Anglomaniac. The lady whom no one knew anything about was Mrs. Henry Blair, a tall Scotchwoman. The ducal party was a great "go." They went everywhere they wanted to go, and nowhere did they not want to go; so making many ineffably happy, and others unspeakably miserable. Now it is discovered that Mrs. Blair is the relict of the late Henry Blair, whom his grace accidentally shot at his place, Trentham in Staffordshire, some five years ago. She is not received on the other side at all—old scandal, family skeleton, and that sort of thing. The rumor ran about the salons with all the celerity for which the fleet-footed lady is famed, and though the crest of the coronet was not diminished by the occurrence, to the future entertainments with which the Duke of Sutherland was honored Mrs. Henry Blair received no cards. Several well-known society people had been invited to join the duke on his yachting tour in Southern waters, but they all declined.

FRISKY MATRONS.

"Cockaigne" shows how the Campbell Case affects Married Belles.

By the verdict in the Colin Campbell divorce case, the "Friskies" have scored a big success. They can laugh and snap their fingers in the faces of the scowling dowagers more than ever. No more can they be frowned down as samples of feminine wickedness; no more can they be pointed at and avoided with loathing by people of clean lives and respectable, decent habits; they have been upheld by law.

I remember not long ago having a conversation on the subject of "Friskies" with the mother of two daughters—pretty, accomplished girls, with not a bad fortune either. It was before the Campbell case had been many days on trial:

"I hope they will make an example of this one," she said; "they have a chance now. But you can't trust men. Lady Colin is too pretty."

"It's a pity women can't serve on juries," I suggested.

"I wish that jury was made of twelve women instead of twelve men, and they wouldn't be long deciding," with a meaning nod and vindictive glitter in her eye.

"Without the delay of hearing evidence or anything," I said; "I have no doubt of it."

"Oh, yes; I know what you mean by that. All you men are alike. You all are in favor of the 'Friskies.' I don't wonder. But you would think differently if you were a mother with daughters to settle in life. You don't know what it is to us. The 'Friskies' monopolize the young men—and the old ones, too, for that matter—wherever we go. It's not the slightest use taking my girls anywhere. They get no partners. I wish the 'Friskies' could be put down by act of Parliament."

"But," said I, "suppose Parliament did make such a law, you'd have to try each one before a court of law to determine whether she was a 'Frisky' or not, before you could abolish her. Just fancy the difficulty."

"Not if the judges were women."

"True. But they're not, you see."

When I read the Campbell verdict, I thought of this conversation, and couldn't help agreeing with the old lady that "you can't trust men," and that "Lady Colin was too pretty." If ever a case was presented to a jury which called for some expression of condemnation against the laxity of married life in high places, as at present is the rule in English swell society, that case was the Colin Campbell divorce case. But it has made, instead, a great triumph, an exultant victory for the "Friskies." I believe the term "frisky," as used in English society, is one whose meaning is pretty generally understood in America. However, it will do no harm for me to attempt its definition. By "Frisky," in English—especially London—society, is meant a young married woman who goes about in society without her husband; dances, flirts, rides, drives, walks, etc., with every man she likes, and, by the peculiar advantages she possesses over unmarried girls, completely eclipses them at balls and every other entertainment where the attendance and attention of men are desirable. Her husband is the last person she thinks of. You seldom, if ever, see him. You know from her name being "Mrs." or "Lady George, or John" Something-or-other, that she must be married. But no other sign of the state of matrimony does she exhibit. She is generally—almost always, indeed—childless. She is intensely attractive and fascinating from the crown of her coquettishly poised head to the sole of her small and perfectly shod foot, and men go down before her like leaves in an October blast. Pretty and well-dressed, her manners, in their freedom from restraint, afford a damaging contrast to the enforced prudery and straight-lacedness of the mamma-watched maidens. There are dozens—yes, hundreds of "Friskies" in society. Mrs. Langtry was one before she lost caste by going on the stage. Mrs. Cornwallis West used to be one. She is now too passée to let her paint and powder hold their sway.

That Lady Colin has long been a notorious "Frisky," I should imagine was a fact about which there could be no dispute. She went about alone, danced, flirted, went to balls, and, as she says in her diary, "enjoyed herself hugely." In short, in society, she "paddled her own canoe." Now, this independent style of married life on the part of a "Frisky" is because the husband lets her follow it. He doesn't care. He could go with her if he likes, but he simply never likes. In such a case one can't perhaps blame the "Frisky" so much. Her husband doesn't mind. Why, then, should any one else? Besides, who knows that it is not the husband's indifference after the satiety of a few months' marital attention that drives her to seek appreciation and regard from other men? But Lady Colin Campbell hadn't this excuse on her side. Her husband couldn't go into society with her. He was a confirmed, chronic invalid, and instead of staying with him, as a kind, affectionate, tender, and attentive wife should, being a companion in his weary hours, she neglected him in the most shameful, unwomanly fashion, and passed her time gadding about here and there with men, such as the Duke of Marlborough and Captain Shaw. Knowing such a man as the Duke of Marlborough ought to be enough to blast any woman's reputation. He is a blackguard, who wouldn't waste his time on any woman except for one purpose. Yet she could walk with him in the streets, let him call upon her, see him alone when he called, stay at the same country-house with him, write to and receive notes and letters from him, unknown to her husband, and yet no harm was thought of it. And not only with this wife-beating scoundrel, this immoral English Turk, but with the gay and dashing Captain Shaw, with whom she was so intimate that he visited her alone, and made disparaging remarks about her husband's family to her without remonstrance. She could drive about alone in hansoms at night with a good-looking young doctor, visit his house for the purpose of procuring physic unobtainable at a chemist's shop, and go to a concert with him, on the return from which she could rest her head on his shoulder "because she felt ill."

She could do all this, and from the jury's verdict we must, forsooth, believe that it meant nothing at all. Luckily, one can still have one's opinions, notwithstanding the verdict of the jury in the case. Indeed, with the exception of those whose opinions and judgment are always based upon false sentiment, and swayed by mawkish sympathy, the verdict

may be said to be a surprise to everybody. It is a remarkable verdict; as unwholesome as it is distressingly inconsistent; as inexpressive of a real healthy tone of public morality as it is at variance with the accepted rules which are supposed to govern private life. But to any person who saw the jury, their verdict can bring no astonishment. It was my privilege to be one of the few who were allowed to view the physiognomy of those twelve men as a group, and I candidly say a more commonplace, ordinary, weak, wishy-washy dozen of men you couldn't find in all England. How such a set of men were ever selected, or allowed by the lawyers to sit in a case of such vast importance, was a marvel to me the moment I looked at them. If ever a dozen of men were intended by nature to be puppets in the hands of speech making, humbugging lawyers, those chaps were, and by their verdict they have irresistibly demonstrated the fact. It doesn't take more than half an eye to see that the verdict is the result of Sir Charles Russell's speech—he, through the adroitness of George Lewis, Lady Colin Campbell's solicitor, having had the closing speech. This, coupled with the judge's decidedly one-sided summing up in favor of "the lady," was quite enough to account for the contradictory conclusions these twelve Solons came to. The three weeks of trial which made the columns of the press unfit reading for the young and unsophisticated, and furnished nauseous food for the blunted palates of even the most vice-hardened, it was hoped would be productive of some benefit to society. The end justified the means. That is to say, society was willing to put up with the publication of the doings of "Butt's Filth Factory"—as the divorce court was called—day after day, if at the end of it all the jury by its verdict expressed their condemnation of that class of married women in high life with which English high society is at present cursed, and of which Lady Colin Campbell has long been known to be—as was clearly shown by witnesses on both sides—a bright and shining example.

Here was a chance to put down a "Frisky" by law, and it wasn't done. Here was an opportunity to show that when the mode of life, the habits, the customs, and the amusements of the "Frisky" were made known in a court of law, before an old gray-bearded judge and twelve English jurymen, a wholesome ebullition of detestation of such a kind of married life would exhibit itself in some way or another. But, oh, dear, no; not a bit of it. Never were people more mistaken. On the contrary, the "Frisky" has been affectionately chuckled under the chin by the judge, and soothingly patted on the back by twelve manly hands, and told to go on with her friskiness and frisk as much as she likes. As Englishmen, the gray-bearded judge and the twelve jurymen tell her they see no harm in a "Frisky." So far as they know, a "Frisky" is a charming person, with whose little ways they have no wish to interfere. You constantly hear—or used to hear—that it was only in high life that such people as "Friskies" were to be found; that they wouldn't be tolerated for a moment among the middle classes. After this verdict, I don't think that can be claimed any more. Had the jury been "gentlemen," and drawn from the upper circles, in which the "Friskies" abound, it would be different. You wouldn't catch them putting down a "Frisky." Why should they? But people would have said—Radicals, and society scoffers, and people like that—"Oh, of course, what can you expect? Shows the tone of high life," etc. But it *wasn't* a jury of "gentlemen." For the most part, if not entirely, I believe I am right in saying the jury were middle-class men—men who were supposed to know nothing from personal experience of "Friskies." Yet they don't see any harm in "Friskies" any more than would "gentlemen." Henceforth, therefore, we must regard the "Frisky" as a legitimate English institution, sanctioned by law and public sentiment as a fit and proper exponent of married womanly purity and decency in every sphere of English society. No more can the upper classes be blamed alone for her existence among them. The upper classes, by a sort of passive neglect, a lazy, indifferent tolerance, have permitted her to go on, and flaunt her unwholesome skirts in their faces. But the middle classes have, after weeks of deliberation, sanctioned and upheld her.

Of the men who took advantage of the Lord Colin's illness to visit his house, and bring, at the least, suspicion and reproach upon his wife, it is unnecessary to say a word. From a duke, a public official of the municipality, a physician, and an old army officer, one would have a right to expect more decent, more manly behavior. The whitewashing the jury has given them will not benefit them much. The evidence of the case is before the world, and, although judicially and technically it has been settled that they did no wrong, and that therefore Lord Colin Campbell can not be financially reimbursed for their disgraceful intimacies with his wife, the world can form its own judgment, and it will. It is doubtful if any of the parties will ever hold the same place in either public or private estimation that they did before this trial took place. In this I include Lord Colin himself. For though he may be considered an out and injured man, his conduct in marrying any woman under the circumstances in which he did lowers him to the level of an animal.

I have called the verdict inconsistent, and it is so in this: If the charge brought against Lord Colin was unfounded, how could the jury place any reliance upon the word of a woman who could aid in trumping up a falsehood? It is possible she did not know that Lady Miles was fabricating evidence. But is it likely? The wonder is that Lady Miles is not proceeded against for perjury. Were she a poor woman, and not a "lady," perhaps she would be.

LONDON, December 23, 1886.

COCKAIGNE.

A telegram from Rome says that arrangements have been made between the Vatican and the Prince of Monaco, by which the Holy See will be transferred to the latter's dominions in case the outbreak of war concerning Italy should endanger the freedom of the Pope. The telegram adds that a special clause pledges the abolition of gaming tables, an annual indemnity to be paid by the Holy See to the Prince. What portion of the church's revenues is to be devoted to replacing the profits of the gaming tables is not reported. If Monaco's gambling glory is to fade away, which is not likely, its last days are profitable. The profits of the bank have been fifteen millions of francs during the last six months.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Erskine once was prosecuting a stage-coach proprietor, in behalf of a gentleman who had suffered from an upset. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Erskine, in opening the case, "the plaintiff is Mr. Beverly, a respectable merchant of Liverpool, and the defendant is Mr. Urison, proprietor of the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane—a sign emblematic, I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his vehicles."

A three-pint dog to a five-quart muzzle of heavy wire was laboriously trudging along a New York street, recently, just after the rain, when he came to a small excavation. This he mistook for an ordinary puddle, and walked into it. The heavy muzzle carried his nose to the bottom, and only his tail remained visible. The spectacle of a dog's tail furiously lashing the water attracted the attention of a neighboring apple-woman. After satisfying herself that it was not the sea-serpent, she caught hold of it and set the dog on dry land, with the observation: "If yez had been a bob-tailed dog, where would yez be now?"

"S. H." writes to us as follows: "In your issue of the 13th instant 'Betsy B.'—always charming—has asserted her privilege as woman and unconsciously apologized herself out of an incorrect, but not infrequent, Latin plural. Your readers among the disciples of Themis will remember the anecdote of Rulus Choate, who was taken to task by a junior for two or three 'hiati' in his argument. The veteran took a pinch of snuff, flourished his bandana, and denied the soft impeachment. 'Sir,' said he, 'there could not possibly have been *hiati* in my argument. *Hiatus*, sir, is of the fourth declension.' God bless the women! They are always right—even if by accident."

The geosis of military titles is peculiar. But when once applied they stick, as many other adhesive matters will. Probably the following manner of acquiring the title of "major" will be new to many: An insurance company is bringing an action, in one of the Federal courts sitting in San Francisco, against one William Redeker. Plaintiff placed James (alias Major) Wells on the stand, to rebut certain testimony. "Are you a major?" asked Attorney Taylor. Witness admitted that he had registered as "Major Wells." The attorney asked: "Where did you get your title?" Witness displayed some reluctance in answering, but on being pressed, replied: "I never was in the army, but I was once drum-major in a brass band."

At the time when Count Julius Andrassy was Minister of Foreign Affairs, he strongly objected to holding long interviews with the ambassadors and envoys. One day the English ambassador was announced. Count Julius did not want to see him. "Tell the gentleman," he said to his valet, "that I am busy dressing." The English nobleman took his departure. The next day he met Count Andrassy in the street. The minister was now as amiable as could be; but the ambassador was the reverse of communicative. After a few trite observations, his lordship said: "My dear count, you hardly did the correct thing yesterday. You must be good enough to receive my visits, for I come to you not merely as Lord X—, but as the representative of the Queen of England." Count Andrassy replied: "My dear lord, just think; I could not receive the Queen in my shirt!" This explanation quite satisfied the offended Englishman.

Isaac Barnes, of Boston, had a wife who was a devoted Baptist. Now, the Baptists were about to build a chapel, and Mrs. Barnes was interested in procuring subscriptions to that end. She spoke to Mr. Barnes about it, and as he intimated a willingness to subscribe, she sent a collector to urge him further. The collector said he understood that Mr. Barnes was willing to subscribe. Mr. Barnes said he was. "I may as well say at once," said he, "that my subscription will be five thousand dollars." This fairly took the collector's breath away. "That is a splendid gift," he managed to say, after a while; "we shall be very deeply obliged." "Not at all," said Barnes; "but," he added, "there is a condition to the gift." "Oh," said the collector, "I'm sure any condition you might annex would be well received by our people." "I'm not so sure about that," said Barnes; "the condition is that all the people baptized in the new chapel shall be baptized in boiling hot water." "Good-morning," said the collector, as he put the subscription book in his pocket and walked off.

Lord O—, an English nobleman, was a very rough and imperious man, also quite deaf. He was riding along one day in a post-chaise, asleep, when he was stopped by a robber on horseback, who awoke him. "What do you want?" said Lord O—, angrily. "Money, my lord." "What money? Are you a robber? Are you the rascal who has just awoke me so suddenly?" "Come, be quick!" said the highwayman; "I have no time to lose; I must have your purse." "My purse!" exclaimed Lord O—; "indeed, you shall not have it. Really, you carry on a fine trade!" He pulled out his purse, which was full, and with his finger and thumb deliberately took out two guineas, which he gave to the robber. "There, that's enough for a scoundrel like you; I hope to see you hanged some of these days!" The robber was enraged at the indifference of Lord O—, who coolly put up his purse, still calling him a rascal and a scoundrel, and repeating that he hoped to see him hanged soon. The robber was so much awed by the other's manner that he did not venture to insist on his demand for the purse, though he had a pistol in his hand to enforce it, and Lord O—drove on.

When the late Rev. Dr. Kirkland was president of Harvard College Porter's famous hostelry in North Cambridge was a favorite resort for students. One of the chief attractions at Porter's was the "flip," a delectable compound of decidedly spirituous flavor, which acquired a characteristic "toe" by being heated with a hot iron. Of course, these practices did not escape the attention of President Kirkland, so he went up to the old hostelry and asked to see the landlady. Porter, who knew the president, was greatly disturbed, as he knew he should receive a severe rebuke. "Mr. Porter," said Dr. Kirkland, in a grave tone, "I understand my young men come up here and drink your flip." "Yes, sir," replied the tavern-keeper, in a troubled voice, "they do." "Let me have some of that flip," said the dignified president. Whereupon a mug of the beverage was brought out and was tasted by Dr. Kirkland. Then fixing a stern glance upon Porter, who almost trembled under it, the president said: "And my young men come out here and drink this stuff, do they?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the tavern-keeper. "Well," said Dr. Kirkland, draining the mug, "I should think they would."

A New York editor had a curious experience a number of years ago, when the Tweed ring and the corrupt judges, Barnard, Cardozo and McCunn, were being vigorously exposed. This editor was particularly savage upon Barnard, who was an exceedingly popular man among his own court officers, all of whom were of rough natures—dangerous men. One day Tweed sent a note to this editor, asking to see him, and on going to his office he was told by Tweed that there was a plan on foot to "sand-bag" him if he did not stop the exposures of Barnard. Tweed begged the editor to stop, then told him he had better look out for his life, and finally begged him to be cautious, because if any harm came to him the blame would fall upon his (Tweed's) head. "No harm can come to me after that," said the editor. "Why not?" asked Tweed. "Because as soon as I return to my office I shall write out the facts of your threats to have me assassinated—" "My threats!" exclaimed Tweed. "To have me assassinated by Barnard's men; and I shall place copies in the hands of law officers to be opened in case anything happens to me." And he not only did this, but sent a copy to Tweed. A few days later Tweed sent him word that he need not fear, and the editor found, whenever he went into Barnard's court, that his officers were particularly polite to him. One of these kept a road house, which Barnard's followers frequented, and here, too, the threatened editor always found himself fully protected.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to distinctly understand that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bret Harte's "The Millionaire" is in preparation at Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s.

A Boston firm will soon publish Colonel John S. Mosby's personal reminiscences of the late war.

A revised and enlarged edition of Doran's "Annals of the Stage" has been undertaken in England.

The January number of the *Southern Bivouac* presents an amusing but too sweeping protest against what the author calls the systematic whitewashing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

J. T. Scharf, the author of some minor historical hooks, and formerly an officer of the Confederate Navy, is engaged upon a history of that branch of the rebel service. The volume is to be fully illustrated, and will be sold by subscription.

A work the appearance of which will be looked forward to with great interest is the "Memoirs of Charles Reade," which will see the light simultaneously in England and the United States. The publishers on this side are Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

The *Athenaeum* publishes its usual yearly reviews of the literature of foreign countries. They are very elaborate and mostly well done. American literature used to be included in this series, but it appears that American literature no longer interests the *Athenaeum*.

Mr. John Payne's translation of Boccaccio's "Decameron" might be said to have become a scarce book before it was published. The entire issue has been disposed of before a single subscriber has received his copy. The translation was made, of course, for the Villon Society.

Saefar Masoch, the Austrian, or rather the Galician author, has been much fêted in Paris, doubtless because he professes in all his works such a determined hatred of the Germans. He is still a young man, handsome, elegant, and converses admirably in eight different languages.

Mount Desert is made the scene of a new romance, which Mr. A. A. Hayes has completed, and which is about to be published under the title of "The Jesuit's King." The story will picture social life at this fashionable watering-place as it appeared to the author last summer. A prologue to the tale will carry the reader back to 1613.

He who has a sense of humor will find some amusement in a comparison of the *Harper* article on "The Literary Movement in New York" and the paper on "Literary Log Rolling" in the last number of *The Forum*. The key-note of the latter may be found in the author's declaration that something must be done to "dam the flood of panegyric with which commonplace works are floated into circulation."

The *New York Journalist* says: "Mr. DeWitt Seligman's paper, *Epoch*, will shortly appear. Mr. John Ford is to be political editor; Mr. G. E. Montgomery, dramatic editor; and Mr. Cummings, of Toronto, managing editor. *Epoch* is to be a sort of Eastern prototype of the *Argonaut*. Fair, fearless, and brainy, if it is as good as its San Francisco contemporary, it ought to succeed. We hope it will."

Mrs. Olyphant has written for *Blackwood* another story in her supernatural series. It is entitled "The Land of Darkness," and she gives therein a new idea of hell. The punishments, the sufferings, the situation, are new; mechanical modes of torture are for the most part supplanted by acute mental anguish; individualities are preserved, and the voices which had characterized humanity are found playing more fiercely and freely in the doomed spiritual nature.

A literary man says: "I have surely discovered the author of 'The Breadwinners.' It is John Hay, as has been asserted. You remember the peculiar name of Ofitt in the book. Well, a man of that name appears in the early chapters of the life of Lincoln which Hay and Nicolay are publishing in the *Century*. I mentioned the coincidence to one of the assistant editors of the magazine, and he admitted, on being pressed hard, that John Hay wrote the much-talked-about novel."

A goodly number of American hooks have been translated into Scandinavian tongues during the year 1886. Among the authors thus honored we may mention: Louisa M. Alcott, Mark Twain, R. B. Anderson, United States Minister to Denmark, Henry George, Robert Ingersoll, E. P. Roe, Judge Tourgée, J. F. Cooper, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. No other country can make so good a showing in Scandinavia the past year. Only one Scandinavian work has been published in America during the year, viz., "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. George Brandes.

What is certain to be a delightful book is announced in London. This is a collection of enlarged and colored reproductions of Mr. Tenniel's beautiful drawings for "Alice in Wonderland." The work has been done under the superintendence of the artist, and it is entitled "The Nursery Alice." A discovery concerning the famous ballad of the Jaberwock which the writer of this note made recently may, perhaps, be new to some lovers of "Alice." It is to the effect that while many of the delightful and singular words of that ballad are of "port-manteau" origin, others—as "gimble," "whiffle," and "burble"—are archaic English, and much respected in their day.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in preparation, and will shortly publish, "A Tramp Trip—How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day," by Lee Meriwether, who traveled on foot over most of Continental Europe and gives his impressions of his decidedly unconventional tour; "Haifa, or, Life in Modern Palestine," by Laurence Olyphant; "Retrospections of America—1797-1811," by John Bernard, the author of "Retrospections of the Stage," edited from the manuscript by his daughter-in-law, with an introduction, notes, and index by Laurence Hutton and Brander Matthews—a book which ought to be pleasant reading; and an "Introduction to Psychological Theory," by Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University.

Over 25,000 sheets of "copy" are already prepared for the "Century Dictionary," and their preservation has been a serious problem. It is necessary to keep this large mass of manuscript in the printing-office for frequent consultation in regard to cross-references and the like. But if the manuscript were destroyed the loss would be irreparable, for death or other reasons might make it impossible to consult again some of the experts whose opinions were embodied. It was proposed to insure the "copy" for \$150,000, but the insurance money would not replace the loss. Finally photography was suggested, and the idea has been successfully carried out. Each sheet of "copy," which is of brown paper, is eight inches by twelve, and bears printed extracts with corrections, interlineations, and additions as well as written paragraphs. Each has been photographed and reduced to a size measuring only two inches by two. All the words upon the positives of this size can be read with a magnifying glass, for every detail is, of course, accurately reproduced. The reduction is for convenience in storage and handling. The negatives are preserved, and the entire 25,000 would hardly more than fill a large bureau drawer. These negatives can be enlarged to any size which may be convenient. Should the manuscript now come to grief, these negatives would furnish a ready means of reproducing it in a very short time, and the cost for the whole 25,000 will not exceed \$300. The idea was suggested to Mr. Fraser by a reminiscence of the photography and reduction of letters to be taken out of Paris by carrier-pigeons during the siege; but this is believed to be the first time that book manuscript has been treated in this manner.

New Publications.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," with an introduction by Professor Henry Morley, appears in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Britta," a Shetland romance, by George Temple, with illustrations by W. Lockhart Boyle, appears in Harper's Handy Series; and in the Franklin Square Library the latest version is "The Girl in the Brown Habit," a sporting novel, by Mrs. Edward Kennard. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; prices, 25 and 20 cents, respectively.

Mme. La Comtesse de Ségur's amusing and pretty story for children, "Les Malheurs de Sophie," appears in the Bibliothèque Choix. The story has too long been a favorite in England and America as well as in France to need praise here. The present edition is cheaply but well printed, and is adorned with five wood-cuts. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

"A fine old English gentleman all of the ancient school" was Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, to judge him by his "Reminiscences and Opinions," which has recently been published. For more than half a century—almost three-quarters, in fact, for the period he treats of is from 1813 to 1885—Doyle has been among the foremost Englishmen of his days. He has observed them shrewdly, and he describes them well, mingling with his genial but keen estimates of men and things a fund of new and well-told anecdotes from his college life, the bar, the Peninsular War, and Parliament. He would be a delightful old fellow to talk to, and he writes his memories of the past just as he would tell them. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

The "History of the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac," by General Francis A. Walker, who served as Assistant Adjutant-General of that corps from the autumn of 1862 to the beginning of 1865, is a truly valuable addition to the war literature which is so common just now. The original intention of the writer was to give merely narratives of battles and marches, but this has been extended to include much personal and statistical information. There is but little of what may be called "fine rhetoric" in the book. The statements are made with a clearness, a precision, and a directness which paint the scenes most vividly; and the tone is dignified and free from the magnifying of irrelevant details or self-laudation which are too often to be seen in these histories written by the men who make history. In fact, General Walker may almost be said to have erred on the other side in this latter respect, for he has made far too little mention of the part he played in these stirring scenes. There are a great many portraits scattered through the volume and a few maps, and there are five appendices—the commissioned officers killed or wounded in battle, names of officers of the Union Army mentioned, of Confederate officers mentioned, and names of places, etc. There is also an index, though in the appendices are given references to the pages. The book makes a handsome volume of over seven hundred pages, well printed and well bound. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$4.

British Columbia.

It is a very interesting subject which Mr. Bancroft has treated in his latest volume. British Columbia is a country which half a century ago was almost unknown; its commercial, mining, and agricultural possibilities were entirely unexploited, and to the outside world it was regarded only as a vast snow-bound waste, whence were obtained the beautiful furs which made life comfortable in winter. And to-day it is, it not a land flowing with milk and honey, at least a beautiful country, gifted by nature with fertile fields, rich mines, grand scenery, and a mild and salubrious climate. In the passing of those two-score years and ten it has been developed and made subservient to the welfare of a large and prosperous population. It has not yet attained to our highest present civilization, but its marvelous advance in these few short years is truly remarkable; and for that reason it presents an unique and very attractive field of study to the student. That Mr. Bancroft has made the most of his subject it is unnecessary to state. His research has been as extended and as careful as the most critical could wish, and his presentation of it is admirable in arrangement and manner.

Mr. Bancroft divides the history into six periods: First, the era of discovery and diplomatic disputes as to ownership of the territory; second, the coming of the fur-traders, the Northwest Company first and after them the Hudson Bay people, with the consequent colonization and colonial government at Vancouver Island; third, the period which preceded the gold excitement of 1858, and during which the Hudson Bay Company ruled Vancouver Island in the Queen's name and the mainland in their own; fourth, the era of two colonies and two governments, ending in the union of the two governments in 1866; fifth, the affairs of the consolidated colony before the confederation with Canada in 1871; and sixth, the subsequent events up to the present year. Of these periods, to the general reader the most interesting, because most curious, are the second and third. In the first we see the striking difference between the British mode of treating the aborigines and our own, and the Fraser River excitement of 1858 resembled in many ways that of California in 1849. The first chapter of the volume is devoted to a summary of the early voyages, much of which has been discussed in the earlier volumes—though they did not bring out so amusingly the manner in which Vancouver wandered through the shoals and inlets of Vancouver Island and its vicinity, and bestowed immortality on all his acquaintances by giving their names to the various little bays and promontories with which that coast abounds. The second chapter is also introductory, being a general view of the northwest coast as regards geographical position, climate, resources, and the condition of the few trappers who had strayed thus far in search of the valuable pelts which the Indians sold them.

"British Columbia in 1841," says Mr. Bancroft, "was a silent wilderness. The savages roamed unmolested through the forests and fields, with little knowledge of the white man save for a few little picketed inclosures appearing at intervals of two or three hundred miles where the trappers stopped to obtain supplies. And these trappers and voyageurs married aborigines and adopted many primitive customs. In 1832 there was not a single United States settler in all the 'Oregon Territory,' as it was then called, a vast tract, including all the country north of California, all the region drained by the River of the West as well as the seacoast. A few stragglers may have come in with the Oregon settlers, but the first important attempt at settlement was the founding of Fort Camosun in 1843 by a party of the Hudson Bay Company's men under James Douglas, who played a foremost part in the history of the country, succeeding Dr. McLaughlin as the fur-governor, being governor of Vancouver Island when it was a separate colony, the first Governor of British Columbia, and later knighted by the Queen. In 1845 the name Camosun was changed to Albert, in honor of the Prince Consort, and later in the same year to Victoria, under which name it has grown to be the prosperous city it now is. Its streets were laid out in 1852, and it grew slowly, the population amounting to less than three hundred at the end of the following year, although it had just received an accession of two hundred colonists. The gold-fever brought many new residents, though the city was not incorporated until 1867, when its population was about six thousand, one-half its present size.

Life at Fort Camosun was very monotonous, buying furs of the Indians being almost the sole duty and occupation of Douglas and the hundred or so white men under his command—though they had a sort of circulating library of books obtained in London, which were passed along from fort to fort throughout the Northwest. The natives were well treated as a rule, strict justice being shown them in all things. Their spiritual welfare was utterly unregarded; an Indian could have as many wives and as many gods as he chose, the moral supervision of the white men extending only to the material crimes of murder, stealing, and commercial dishonesty. This latter idea was so inculcated by precept that when the traders wished to teach the Indians to count the furs they sold the savages declared that the white men were honest and it was too much trouble to count. Still, the Indians were not all models of rectitude, and many were the tricks resorted to by the traders to pre-

vent stealing. The historian relates a Solomon-like device employed by one McKinlay to secure the return of some stolen tobacco:

He had but three pounds, and his loss was serious. Summoning all the Indians about the fort, he ordered each there present to place to his mouth the muzzle of his gun, and then blow in it. None who were innocent would be harmed, but the head of him who was guilty of the theft would be blown to atoms. Setting the example himself, the one nearest him blew into his gun, and the next, and so on, until all had done so except one man, who, when it came to his turn, hung his head, confessed his crime, and restored the stolen property.

And two amusing stories are given in the chapter on the Shuswap Conspiracy, showing the ingenuity and courage of John Tod, a daring Scotchman, whose native sharpness had been brought to a high state of perfection by his long contact with the Indians, but they are too long to be given here.

When Vancouver Island had been made a colony of Great Britain, in January, 1849, the Hudson Bay Company was compelled, by the provisions of the charter, to advertise for colonists. But it was not to the company's interest to have settlers come in and drive away the game from which it derived its revenue. So they advertised for colonists, it is true, but they demanded a pound an acre for land which was inferior to what cost less than a third of that sum in California; and they demanded that each purchaser of land bring either three families or six single men. And in this connection Mr. Bancroft's estimate of the Hudson Bay Company is worth quoting:

If it is better to keep the savages in their original state as long as possible, to preserve for them their forests and their game, to place in their hands the means of obtaining food with greater ease and safety; if it is better to keep back settlement, to keep out white men, and keep the domain only as a preserve for fur-bearing animals, and as a hunting-ground for savages, then the company has been a blessing. If it is better to send the natives more swiftly to destruction, to let in upon them the dogs of development, rapine, disease, and speedy extermination—in a word, to throw open more rapidly the land to settlement—then the monopolists have been a drawback.

The Hudson Bay Company remained virtually masters of Vancouver Island and the mainland, even after the appointment of Richard Blanshard as governor of the colony. He could do nothing, enforce no laws or regulations without the aid of Douglas and his traders, and after a two-years' struggle, he resigned and was succeeded by Douglas. Then it was discovered that the legislative body had been appointed by the crown instead of the people, and it was necessary to convene a legislature that should delegate their powers to the governor. Seven members were to be returned from a constituency of two hundred and fifty voters all told, and the property qualification was so high that there were scarcely enough men eligible to fill the quota; and when the elections were over, question was raised as to the eligibility of two of the members and the validity of a third's election. Finally the pompous little body managed to convene, and spent some few months in the interchange of fulsome flattery between the governor and the assembly, and, "after the performance of their important duties, which appear principally to have been provision for the payment of their own expenses, the first house of assembly lapsed into oblivion."

It was at this time that the gold deposits of the British Columbian rivers came into prominence, and (although gold in small quantities had been found as early as 1850) the Fraser River excitement began. There are many Californians who remember the commotion the news produced in this city; and in British Columbia the effect was almost as remarkable as in California in 1849. Thirty thousand people hastened up to Victoria, and notwithstanding the endeavors of the Company, pushed on to the placers. Many were driven back by disappointment, or lack of money or supplies, but the country was soon overrun with miners, some of whom saw the possibilities of the country and settled there. The result was the destruction of the Company's fur-trade—though they made the most of their commerce with the invaders—and they gradually lost power and sank into the past.

The two governments (of the mainland and of the island) were united in 1866, and no political changes took place until the confederation with Canada in 1872. The San Juan Island difficulty between the United States and England is discussed at considerable length in Chapter XXXI, but the subject is too intricate for more than a mere mention here, as is that also of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which the historian devotes two very interesting chapters. The three final chapters are devoted to the last ten years or so, and speak eloquently for the future prosperity of the State.

Taken as a whole, the volume is one of the most diversified and interesting of the series, and will be read with pleasure by the general reader as well as the scholar.

After Reading "Sir Percival"

When tears, when heavy tears of Heaven-sent sorrow
Bathe the lone pillow of the mourner's bed,
Who holds no hope of an immortal morrow
With his beloved dead;

If he but pray for faith—the fervent prayer
Shall like a vapor mount the inviolate blue,
To fall transfigured back on his despair
In drops of blessed dew.

Nor fail him ever, but a cloud unceasing
Of incense from his soul's hushed altar start,
And still return to rise with rich increasing,
A fountain from his heart—

Pure fount of peace that freshly overflowing
Through other lives with radiant love runs on,
Till they, too, reap in joy who wept in sorrow,
Long after he is gone.
—London Spectator.

Lord George Paget, writing of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, says: "One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself, and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor dumb brutes. They consequently made dashes at me, some advancing with me a considerable distance; at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeezing me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes, betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the horse I was riding, in contrast to these, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being."

When the Presiding Elder preached recently at Hermitage, Mo., he was annoyed at the sound of a small bell, which rang whenever he was particularly emphatic. At last he stopped in his sermon and said: "I once knew a man to ring a chestnut-bell in church and go to the penitentiary for it." Thereupon one of his listeners stepped to the pulpit, and moved a small hand-bell that had stood just under the edge of the big Bible, in such a position that when the elder banged the book the bell rang.

A pastor in Maryland preaching from the text, "Beware of covetousness," said: "Last Sunday night the collection in this house amounted to one dollar and eighty cents, and the dollar was thrown in by a Baptist brother from Richmond, Va., who happened to be here and did not know any better. The other six hundred of you dropped in the eighty cents."

Barber—"Bay-rum?" Customer (slightly intoxicated)—"Yesh, 'bout three fingersh."—Puck.

* History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume XXVII. British Columbia, 1792-1857. xxxi, 792. San Francisco: The History Company. 1887.



Mme. Henri Gréville is a very popular and prolific writer. One need not be astonished at almost any plot turning out to be hers, although translators and adapters do not always give her credit. In the beginning she was considered as rather a bread-and-butter sort of person, and her books were put unhesitatingly into the hands of the young without the ceremony of a preliminary reading. They will never do any one any harm even now. But when she wrote "Les Epreuves de Raissa," the most sanguine reader could scarcely have hoped to see the plot transferred to the stage. Mothers read it with a little gasp at the idea that they had voluntarily placed it in their daughters' hands. It is innocuous enough, so far as morality is concerned. No girl will ever learn any harm from it. But it deals with such things as are not spoken of in the family circle, even when we find them printed in flaming head-lines in the morning paper. Its interest was further enhanced by the fact that it was Russian and that it came out during the very height of the Russian fever.

There must be something very extraordinary about this barbarous old Russia. Travelers come and go, and find nothing strange there; or, if they do, they have nothing strange to tell, and it is not often that you find a traveler lacking in descriptions of the wonderful things he has seen. Perhaps some mystic rite in this mysterious Russia has sealed their lips. At all events, try any half-dozen of your acquaintances who have been to Russia—for all the world goes to Russia nowadays—and if you can get anything worth hearing out of any of them you are an accomplished cross-examiner. Yet, stay! There is one thing they will all tell you. Very few travelers go there in the dead of winter, but they will tell you that in the winter the thoughtful and humane Russians will rush up to you in the middle of the street and violently rub your nose with snow—without saying, "By your leave"—to prevent its freezing. Some few will tell you, also, that they have been to the fair at Nijni Novgorod. But they must all have been subjected to some indignity there which keeps them dumb concerning it, for they never tell you anything about what they saw there. But when the writers, the story-tellers, the playwrights go to Russia, what strata of strange things do they not find beneath its white crust! The absolute will of the Czar opens up a field of such boundless possibilities. Siberian banishment and nihilistic plots are such fruitful resources.

When Will Carleton dramatized Mme. Gréville's little novel, he changed the name of the heroine to Zitka, which, to any one outside of Russia, not only sounds more Russian, but is much easier to say than Raissa. Then he dashed in a little Nihilism to give it some gunpowder, and managed to get in an extra act by making the husband fail to recognize his wife, and fall in love with her as his nurse—an expedient which seems faintly reminiscent of something that has been tried in fiction before.

A great deal of sentiment has been expended on Will Carleton's play because it is his little daughter's heritage. But it sadly needs the remodeling hand of some one who knows more of the tricks of playwriting than he did. While it is always wise to assume some intelligence on the part of an audience, it is also necessary to assume some stupidity. The rush of action in the earlier part is far too rapid to permit those who are unfamiliar with the story to understand what in the world is going on. Diffuseness is sometimes a fault, but here there is a faulty lack of it.

One keeps thinking all the way through, what a wonderful play this might be, for the interest of it is very tense, if it were but finished, and rounded, and polished, and half of its possibilities used. What might they not give of splendor to the court scene, for the Russian court is said by the travelers who do not go there in winter, and who have not seen it, to be something rarely splendid. Fancy the scene if it really were the glittering ring it ought to be, with Russia's proudest and her best, in the dashing uniform of the imperial guard, grouped around the magnificent person of the Czar—and the Czars have always had the presence of mind to be big men—while the poor little girl Zitka points out her dastardly assailants among them. Each had resolved to declare himself the guilty man, for Gréville made these three officers a combination of chivalry with a strong dash of bestiality in them. Carleton preserved them thus in the play, and no one seemed to find anything strange in them. Perhaps just such a combination is sometimes found out of Russia.

It is needless to say there was none of this court splendor in the Bush Street Theatre last week. There was no glittering ring. The Czar was a tall, personable man enough, and, in a small way, an oasis in a desert of incompetency. But his court, not to put

too fine a point upon it, looked like an almshouse detachment.

Of the three officers, Mr. Gus Levick has a good profile, the carriage of a soldier, and is rather a good actor than not. His two companions acquitted themselves of some extraordinary comedy, and relapsed, when they felt themselves unobserved, into a kind of chumminess with the rank and file—which was an astounding condescension.

The second act was given up almost entirely to the marriage ceremony, according to the rites of the Greek Church. Here was an opportunity, indeed, for the ritual is solemn and simple, but picturesque. Some of the beautiful chants and litanies of the church could not have gone amiss even in a theatre. The fabled splendors of the Greek altar and the superb gold robes of the Greek priests were conspicuous by their absence. But the little ceremony, cheap and shabby as it was, made some attempt at realism, and was truly interesting.

It is the little things which reach to the eye that make the strongest appeal, after all.

During the height of the Patti-Geister war which waged so violently a few seasons ago, one of the drawing-room farces was settled by the intellectual remark of one lady present. "Oh, well!" cried this blossom of modern civilization, when the partisanship had almost reached the bitter stage, "what's the use of bothering about the singing? Patti always dresses so beautifully that it is a pleasure to hear her." Upon this principle Emma Abbott is the finest Leonora that ever sung in "Il Trovatore." Even Patti herself when she sings Leonora, a rôle of which she is fond, forgets her millinery and does not try to make herself look her best. So many large, spacious prima donnas sink it in a wide Tietjenesque sort of way, that now and then we all forget that Leonora was a young, lovely, and presumably well-dressed woman, who was passionately beloved by two most romantic figures, a troubadour and a plumed knight. She seems to have been brought up on the American plan, for there is never guardian or parent visible anywhere about, nor does it transpire that she is that most independent of all, a rich young widow—but we Americans don't bother about a little thing like that. When, therefore, Emma Abbott dressed herself quite as carefully as she did for Camille, and made herself look her very best for the dear old opera, it was the duty of the audience to recognize the compliment. She further accentuated the evening by singing the grand aria in the first part of the tower scene exceedingly well.

There is a fascination about "Il Trovatore" which few resist. We all know that we like it better than any of the old operas, but it is so universally mounted as a make-shift, it is so unfailingly put on when something goes wrong, it has so often been the bugbear of desperate subscribers to expensive seasons, that we involuntarily shrug our shoulders when it is announced. Yet we are always sorry when we stay away, and always glad when we hear it.

The truth is, its every note is so familiar to the singers that they sing it better than they do anything else. Every soprano is up in Leonora. All the baritones like the part of Il Conte di Luna, and they generally sing it pretty well, as Pruett does. And all the tenors adore the rôle of Manrico beyond all others. Little Montegriffo has introduced his *ut de poitrine* in "Di quella pira," and conquered his public with the virility and ring of his voice. It is a good voice—fresh, rich, and sweet—and he opens his mouth when he sings—which Signor Michelena does—but he is not yet a great artist in the use of it.

After all, how difficult it is to locate this Abbott company. The weightier the work they are given to do, the better they do it. After all, they belong in grand opera, for the moment they open their mouths to speak they are lost, one and all.

Judging from one of the rather neat verses sung by Mr. Walter Allen, as Ko-Ko, they consider that they are rather yielding a point of dignity in singing "The Mikado." The leader, Signor Tomasi, disavowed the use of a score, and leisurely swung his baton with an air of utter boredom. This is all very well in a great Italian leader, but when we missed all the pretty little tricks of orchestration, with which every one is familiar, and realized that they were not in possession of the original score at all, Signor Tomasi's vacant music-board looked like a bit of honesty.

It is curious how differently the different companies interpret this curious little travesty. The Carleton company took everything in it *au grand sérieux*, and as a burlesque it was as fine and impalpable as the fragrance of a violet. It is a much coarser affair in the Savoy Theatre in London, produced under the very eyes of Gilbert and Sullivan themselves. But they, like Shakespeare, wrote many things with more meanings in them than they knew of themselves, and by some strange chance two American companies have outdone their own in the delicacy of their own travesty.

The Abbott company make a wild, rollicking burlesque of it. They take all sorts of liberties with the tempo, and make a moan of the madrigal and a gallop of the Mikado's song—the song which Carleton so neatly saturated with Cockney flavor. Still, for all, they can not help but sing it well, and the second act at least goes off with excellent effect. Miss Annandale, who is a good actress and a good singer when she does not force a note, as she proved in Azucena, did not seem to be quite in her usual spirits

as Katisha. Mr. Walter Allen is not so Japanese as our own little Ko-Ko, but his performance is deliciously full of life and vigor, of gravity, athletics, versatility, and humor. One small Ko-Ko does not need much more. Mr. Broderick is sufficiently ponderous as Pooh Bah, and Miss Bertini takes all sorts of liberties with the score as Pitti Sing. She changes an air at her own pleasure, which is excessively bad taste, since Arthur Sullivan is indisputably a better musician than she. Emma Abbott is the friskiest of Yum-Yums, and Montegriffo sings Nanki-Poo very well and acts not at all.

The costumes faintly suggest something Japanese, but there is not a Japanese costume on the stage.

Still, if you can care for plain, ordinary fare, and have not that fine, epicurean sense of enjoyment which heightens your pleasure even as it points your distaste, it is not such a bad "Mikado."

And, outside "The Mikado," as all the regular patrons keep saying, it is the best value that is given for a dollar and a half. BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Georgia Cayvan will create the leading female rôle in Boucicault's new American play, when it is produced at Boston, next month.

"Jim the Penman" has been running for three months at the New York Madison Square Theatre, and its popularity shows no signs of abatement.

Emma Abbott is the only professional of any wealth who has not invested in a country home. She intends to buy one when she returns from Australia.

Charlie Reed and Alice Harrison will appear in the original version of "Tourists," at the Alcazar, next week. They will be supported by the Osbourne and Stockwell Company.

Charles Drew, once popular with the Alice Oates troupe, and later as the best of Ko-Kos, is in San Francisco, having been ordered here for his health, which has long been feeble.

Miss Isabel Morris has gone to Australia to act under Williams's management. Miss Kate Chester plays Damon to her Pythias, and accompanies her, taking little Daisy Chester along.

Verdi has invented a number of new instruments for the production of his great opera "Otello." Among others, there is one which is to give a demoniac shriek when Desdemona is smothered.

It is said that Dixey's "Adonis" Company is to cross the continent in eighty hours when they come out here in the spring. If they do, they will completely eclipse Jarrett & Palmer's famous flying trip.

Miss Lillian Olcott—she of "Théodora" and the Chicago account—has been offered "a leading position in the stock company of the famous Parisian theatre, Porte St. Martin." The flattering proposition was declined. So says the New York *World*.

People have been trying to make out Montegriffo's nationality. He looks a German from the collar-button down, like an Italian from the collar-button up, and speaks like one who had been born on foreign soil, but bred from childhood in Chicago.

"The Galley Slave" will open at the California Monday evening, January 31st, with a strong cast, including Rose Wood, E. J. Buckley, Charlotte Tittel, and others. It will be played one week only, and will be followed by "A Woman of the People."

The Baldwin Theatre will remain closed after tonight until the end of the month, when Clara Morris begins an engagement. After her come Bernhardt, Dixey and the entire "Adonis" Company, Augustin Daly's and A. M. Palmer's companies, and Edwin Booth.

Mr. Marcus Mayer having been sent for to Los Angeles to engineer the concert craze, has now returned to keep San Francisco in order, and to smooth the ruffled plumes of all those who were not able to secure end seats in the front row of the dress-circle on the string side.

Michelena, the second tenor of the Abbott troupe, is from Venezuela, a country better known in Europe than in North America. He was educated for the stage by his government, for it is the custom of all governments but ours to foster art as discovered in the talents of its children.

Pete Mack, a minstrel, who has been sued for a divorce by his wife, upon the ground of her attempted murder by suffocation, owned up to the court that he had tried the "Othello racket" upon her. The judge refused to hear an odd joke in court, and put the gentleman to some financial inconvenience.

Clara Morris is now en route to San Francisco and will arrive here the early part of next week. Her engagement commences at the Baldwin Monday evening, January 31st. "Article 47" will be the opening play. During the engagement will also be presented "Miss Moulton," "The New Magdalen," "Camille," etc.

Dumas and Georges Ohnet, the author of "Le Maître des Forges," have both written new plays which were recently produced in Paris. The first is "Francine," which the author declares is much like a play by Angier, "Paul Forester"; the second is called "Contesse Sarah," and hinges on the liaisons of a pretty but eccentric young Irish woman.

Fay Fimpleton, an opera bouffe actress of some merit, has made a hit in London, at the Gaiety, with a topical song called "I Like It." Miss Fimpleton is said to compose the verses of her own songs having quite a knack in that direction. A London paper complains that she is very loud and very American, but admits that she has a great deal of *chic*.

Emma Abbott is fond of lace, and has quite a number of very good specimens. She wears a very handsome little scarf as a head-dress in the "Carnival of Venice," and again in "Il Trovatore." She has also one of black Spanish, which almost pulled her wig off in the death scene, the other night, and made her much more uncomfortable than the poisoned ring did.

Scalchi, who has a heart as big and as warm as her big, warm voice, was much aggrieved several times last season when the warmth of her stage reception was greater than that of Patti. "I am very good

artist. I have good-a voice, and it is-a very kind," said the Scalchi, in her deep speaking-voice; "but," raising her eyes to heaven, with true Italian fervor, "it is-a one Patti."

They are preparing Patti's old rooms for her at the Palace Hotel. The apartment is a suite of nine rooms, and as Patti likes to drop into the same nook every time she comes to San Francisco, they make a point of trying to give them to her. They have been freshly done up, and the billiard-table and piano have been moved in. Upon the day of her arrival they will be a bower of flowers.

Emma Abbott gives a mixed bill at the Baldwin this evening. She sings a number of popular ballads, and the company give scenes from "The Bohemian Girl" and "Erminie"—from the latter the lullaby scene, which is so popular just now. When the Carleton Company come to the Bush Street next summer, by the way, they will probably sing "Erminie," as it has been added to their repertoire.

Sarah Bernhardt has arrived in Havana after playing in Panama, Aspinwall, and all sorts of unhealthy places without getting the faintest touch of malaria. She will come to us from the East, by way of New Orleans, instead of coming up by the Pacific, as was at first intended. This is a strategic move, as she is playing under the same management as Patti, and it is considered wise to keep a continent between the two stars. Sarah will be in San Francisco in May.

Leocoe, oow grown rich, and living, almost an invalid, in his Villa Angot (named for the opera which first gave him fame), at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, has composed a new opera, "Les Grenadiers de Moncorne." He is delighted with the music, but, he declares, have written a libretto which positively makes him blush. He says it will have to be rewritten for America and England.

Charlie Reed and Alice Harrison are rehearsing "The Tourists," to follow "Little Jack Sheppard." Charlie Reed's native adaptability is helping him in his line, and this brief and not fortunate season may prove to be merely an apprenticeship. The rehearsals of "The Tourists" are said to go off with rather more éclat than ever attended those of "Little Jack Sheppard," and everybody is beginning to be broken to burlesque harness.

Some man in Boston has discovered a memory-patent, by which he teaches people to memorize anything in an inconceivably short space of time. He transmits the secret for sixty dollars, and all the actors and singers in the country would do well to invest. Possibly they have it in the Emma Abbott Company, for, although they never have a prompt-box, no one, from Emma Abbott herself down to the obscurest chorus-singer, is ever known to be uncertain about a note, however small his or her talent. It is a virtue which should be widely copied.

The present concert tour will probably be Patti's farewell to America. Although the years have brought more notes to Patti's voice than they have taken—for she has not been subject to the laws of nature from the beginning of her wonderful life—she is growing more and more to love her ease, and richer and more richly able to afford it. Also, with the instinct of her Latin race, she hates the sea, and becomes more and more reluctant to cross it. Therefore garner her notes while ye may. As for Patti and Scalchi in "Semiramide," it takes generations to produce such a conjunction. And, in our day, we shall not hear it again.

A Chicago manager, following the idea which has long obtained in San Francisco, has reduced the scale of prices in his theatre for all ordinary entertainments. He says, truly enough, that the public are beginning to appreciate the folly of paying a dollar and a half for any entertainment that comes along, good, bad, or indifferent. When Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth, and stars of that ilk appear, he will raise his prices. When combinations come—for there is not a first-class combination traveling—he will reduce them. All the cheap theatres in San Francisco are crowded all the time, and make money hand-over-fist. So is our first-class theatre whenever the attraction is first-class. Only one first-class company, the Wyndham, has ever failed in San Francisco.

The second of the Authors' Matinées at the New York Madison Square Theatre—the first, it will be remembered, was devoted to Howells's new play—took place about a two weeks ago, Mr. Brander Matthews's "Margery's Lovers" being the play. It was, of course, admirably acted by such members of the Madison Square company as Flockton, Massen, E. M. Holland, Stoddart, and Miss Marie Burroughs and Mrs. Phillips, and was generally praised by the critics, though they found the usual faults of young dramatists—indirectness, prolixity, and occasional clumsy or improbable situations. As was to be expected, the dialogue was bright and witty, and it is probable that the play will be seen again when some slight alterations have been made. A comedy by Mr. Peter Robertson, of this city, will probably be the next produced at these Authors' Matinées.

The Grand Opera House has awakened from its long slumber, and has been renovated and spruced up to receive the crowds who are going there next Monday and Thursday nights for the Patti concert. The company consists, besides Mme. Patti, of Mme. Scalchi, contralto; Signor Albert Guille, tenor; Signor Antonio Galassi, baritone; Signor Franco Novaro, basso; and Arditi will be the conductor. Each of the programmes consists of two parts, a mixed concert programme, and a scene from an opera; and each member of the company will take part in each programme. The first concert, which takes place next Monday evening, will consist of a first part of eleven numbers, Mme. Patti singing "Ardon gl'incensi" from "Lucia," and "O luce di quest'anima" from "Linda di Chamounix;" Scalchi sings "Nobil Signor" from "Les Huguenots;" Novaro sings Adam's cantique, "Noël;" Guille, "Cielo e Mar" from "La Gioconda," and "M'appari" from "Marta;" Galassi, "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo," and "O casto fior" from Massenet's "Re di Labor;" Guille, Galassi, and Novaro, sing the "Troncar quei di" trio from "Guglielmo Tell;" and the orchestra gives the overture to "Zampa" and Bulzoni's minuet. In the second part, Patti, Scalchi, and Novaro give the second act of "Semiramide" in costume, singing Arsace's (Scalchi) cavatina, "Econci nline in Babilonia;" Semiramide's (Patti) aria, "Bel raggio;" the duet, "D'un tenero amore," between Arsace and Assur (Novaro); and the duo, "Serbami ognor," between Semiramide and Arsace. For Thursday the programme is as follows: Madame Patti sings "Ah!

for e Lui," from "Traviata," and Ardit's "Il Bacio." Sealchi sings "Voici ce que j'ai fait," from "Le Nozze di Figaro," the gavotte from Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," and the duo, "Si m'amor," from "Trovatore" with Signor Guille; Galassi has "Di Provenza" from "Traviata," and "Non più andrai" from "Figaro;" Guille has "La Gerusalemme" by Verdi, and the duo with Sealchi; Novaro sings "Qui sdegno" from "The Magic Flute;" and the orchestra plays the overture to Rossini's "La Gazza Lutra," and Paul Lacombe's "Andrè." The second part consists of the garden scene from "Faust," with the following cast: Faust, Signor Guille; Mefistofele, Signor Novaro; Siebel, Mme. Sealchi; Marta, Mlle. Ida Valera; and Margherita, Mme. Patti. The entire house has been sold for the season.

All of the press critics, except Sarcy, the dean and Nestor of them all, pitched into "Le Crocodile." His feuilleton does not appear till some time after the first night, and those who had committed themselves to an adverse opinion were astonished and shocked to find on the following Monday morning that the great man differed from them. This when all Paris remembered that he had been seen to yawn deliberately on the first night. M. Sardou himself saw him yawn, and was immediately seized with a constriction of the heart. He lay in the great critic after the play, and succeeded in cooing him that he had not been bored. "It was an illusion of your mind that you were bored," said the great playwright to the great critic; "but it was because by force of habit you took me seriously. When Jules Verne writes a play, you take him at his intention. I, too, have written an extravaganza, and wish to be taken at mine. You assume that I am addressing men and women; whereas, this time I have been writing for 'the children.' And so on through a long line of argument. M. Francisque Sarcy retracted his yawn, and came out the following Monday in *Le Temps* in favor of "Le Crocodile." The other critics feel that they have been side-tracked, and are furious. So, speaking for all, says one of them—Adolph Brissot—in *Les Annales*.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending January 22d.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Wednesday and Friday, "The Mikado." Cast as follows:

Mikado, William Prouette; Ko-Ko, Walter Allen; Nanki Poo, Agostine Montegriffo; Pooh Bah, William Broderick; Yum Yum, Emma Abbott; Pitti Sing, Nina Bertini; Katisha, Lizzie Annandale.

Monday night, "Lucretia Borgia." Tuesday, "Il Trovatore." Wednesday matinee, "Chimes of Normandy." Thursday, "Faust." Saturday matinee, "Martha." Saturday night, farewell bill. Cast by the Emma Abbott Opera Company.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Closed during the week.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Oshourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Little Jack Sheppard." Cast as follows:

Little Jack Sheppard, Alice Harrison; Jonathan Wild, Charlie Reed; Blueskin, L. R. Stockwell; Mendez, George Osborne; Sir Rowland Trenchard, H. Mordant; Thomas Darrell, Miss Carrie Godfrey; Mr. Wood, J. N. Long; Kneebone, Miss Annie Adams; Captain Cuff, Miss M. Smith; Winifred Wood, Miss Schutzberg; Mrs. Sheppard, Miss Fannie Young; Edgewood Bess, Miss Ida Aubrey; Poll Stanmore, Miss Helen Avery.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Nemesis." Cast as follows:

Galino, Harry Gates; Zidore de Tiloselle, Mamie Taylor; Roland de Roncevaux, Ramponneau, M. Cornell; Rosalie Ramponneau, Helen Dingem; M. Potiphar de Patoche, W. F. Rochester; Praline de Patoche, Hattie Moore; Aunt Turlurette, Ed. Stevens; Le-noume, Geo. Fortescue; Ballevernes, Geo. Harris; Perdrichon, Henry Moore; Toinette, Mattie Jameson; Justine, Carrie Pfeiffer; Touch-a-tout, Kate Marchi.

And, "The Goose with the Golden Egg." Cast as follows:

Turby, Ed. Stevens; Flickster, W. F. Rochester; Bonson, Harry Gates; Mrs. Turby, Mamie Taylor; Clara, Kate Marchi; Maid, Freddie Stockmeyer.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Zitza." Cast as follows:

Count Pierre Petrosky, Gustavus Levick; the Czar, J. B. Browne; Petroff, John Duff; Vladimir, Ralph Dorman; General Omeroff, Delancey Barclay; Doctor Marsoff, John Armstrong; Gribbo, F. O. Savage; Priest, Fred Howard; Lotokis, James Downing; Ocarel, Charles Adams; Ivanoff, J. V. Wilson; Ignatief, George Walker; Courier, E. A. Shelly; Attendant, F. C. Mason; Countess Petrosky, Miss Nellie Jones; Princess Sabine, Miss Victoria Reynolds; Mamie, Miss Addie Johnston; Zitka Marsoff, Miss Josie Batclacher.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS. Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, Madame Patti's concerts, Monday and Thursday evenings.

At the Alcazar, next week, Alice Harrison and Charlie Reed's company in "The Tourists."

At the Bush Street, next week, H. C. Miner's Company in "Zitza."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "Nemesis," and "The Goose with the Golden Egg."

At the Baldwin, next week, no announcement.

At the California, next week, no announcement.

The famous female gymnast, Zazel, who is known as the original human cannon-ball, for two years a feature of the Aquarium in London, and for a season with Barnum, and who retired two years ago to study, made her debut in comic opera at Harrisburg, Pa., a fortnight ago. She appeared as Regina in the "Princess of Trebizonde," and made a great hit. She has a strong mezzo-soprano voice, and sang her first act song while walking a tight wire over the heads of the audience. She was graceful, and seemed entirely at home.

Important.

The spring and summer styles for this season will be the finest ever exhibited in the world. Mr. Adolph Roos, of Roos Bros., the leading clothiers, left last Sunday for Europe and the largest Eastern manufacturers to select such styles that gave this house their world-renowned reputation. Until the arrival of their new goods they will offer great bargains. Call early. Roos Bros., 31, 33, 35, & 37 Kearny Street.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLOW.

[The differences existing in the Academy of Sciences, which culminated two weeks ago in the complete overthrow and annihilation of the Davidson administration, which has directed the course of the academy for the past fifteen years, have not healed. Indeed, surface appearances would indicate that the beginning has hardly been reached. . . . Several of the learned members do not speak as they pass by, and a stranger would not form a complimentary conclusion of the members of the academy should their mutual opinions of one another be collected and compared. The difficulties which have developed this chaos are of genuine geological origin. In fact, this dispute has been traced by certain less erudite members directly to the paleozoic age. Several years ago, when the so-called "Carson footprints" were discovered, scientists the world over were thrown into a fever heat of excitement. Dr. Harkness, from the academy, went up to Carson, and after a careful examination returned, and in the course of a learned report to the academy pronounced them the footprints of a mammoth man. Then Professor Davidson himself went up, and after another careful examination, and in another learned report to the academy, pronounced them the footprints of a plantigrade animal. From that moment it became too evident the academy would henceforth not be large enough comfortably to contain the two geologists. The members silently chose sides, and the war in science began. One evening, at a dignified council meeting, while the learned scientists were engrossed in a terrestrial discussion relative to the distribution of certain auriferous deposits in the academic treasury, it is reported that the exponent of the plantigrade theory and the exponent of the mammoth-man theory became heated, whereupon the latter observed, with some warmth, that the former did not know what he was talking about. The plantigrade leader, it is reported, retorted that the opinion of a man who could not distinguish the footprints of a human biped from a plantigrade quadruped would not bring ten cents on the dollar. Thereupon the disciple of the human biped theory, it is alleged by eye-witnesses, sprang to his feet, and, in language which might be construed as impolite as well as unscientific, declared that his brother scientist was "a — fool." The plantigrades hissed, and the human bipedists hissed back, and the council broke up in confusion. The flag of open war was thereupon raised. Last year Dr. Harkness was defeated for the office of Vice-President, while this year the human bipedists reaped a rich revenge by sweeping the entire plantigrade administration out of the back door. Such is the result of the discovery of the Carson footprints.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, January 19, 1887.]

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James. I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man, And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim, To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see Than the first six-months' proceedings of that same society, Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules, Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault; It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault; He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown; And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen; And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor.

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin.

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games, For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

A Roman correspondent notifies us of a most extraordinary restoration. Hannibal is at last revenged. Cardinal Lavigerie has laid before Pope Leo XIII. and the government of the French Republic a curious scheme for the "refoundation of Carthage." The Pope, as the representative of the Rome which destroyed that noblest of all her rivals, will thus make reparation, while France will have the glory of giving back to commerce that ancient trade capital of the Mediterranean. The cardinal indulges in the most glowing expectations of the failure of the third Carthage, when once founded, built, and inhabited. He can not forget that the second Carthage was the see of the ideal bishop, St. Cyprian, though he is presently silent about St. Cyprian's dispute with Pope Leo's predecessor, Stephen of Rome. Cardinal Lavigerie proposes that the new Carthage shall become the ecclesiastical centre of the Roman Catholic missionary propaganda in Africa.

Bayless W. Hanna, Minister to the Argentine Republic, is another of Secretary Bayard's monumental blunders who will not down. Mr. Hanna was recently invited to a diplomatic reception, and intended to be present; but being inappropriately dressed for the occasion, was politely excluded. He found relief in writing the ex-President a letter, which, for innate idiosyncy and elaborate architectural asininity, is doubtless unequalled. The *Indianapolis Journal* says that "Bayless is known as such a harmless old idiot that no person would think of holding him to a strict accountability for his acts or words." That appears to be what's the matter with Hanna.

The interesting assertion comes from Paris that in the past year the dogs there killed 1,700,000 rats. It is an undoubted fact that several millions of rats inhabit Paris.

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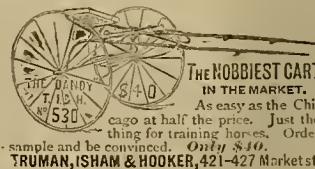
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Our readers will recall the time, some few months since, when the Marquis Tseng, Chinese ambassador, passed through our city on his way to Washington, and ultimately to England, for he was ambassador from China to Great Britain, Russia, and France. He received but scant courtesy from our Democratic Collector of the Port. He re-

ceived but scant courtesy from anybody, although the Marquis Tseng is undoubtedly a great man, a great statesman, and learned beyond the measure of most Americans, and representative of the greatest and oldest empire on the earth; a country vastly more populous and wealthy than ours, and should a time come when it is necessary to exhibit the abundance of its resources and the strength of its arms, it will teach America and the nations of Europe better manners than have for the last half century marked their intercourse with the government and people of China. The fact is that under the demoralizing influence of our intercourse with a vulgar and ignorant European immigration we did not know how to conduct ourselves when brought into the presence of the gentlemen composing the Asiatic embassy. We acted just as some of us are, and as all of us are rapidly becoming—viz., cowardly and unmannerly. So we stared at them as they passed through our streets, gazed at them through carriage windows, gathered in groups when they entered the court of the Palace Hotel; our newspapers wrote ignorantly and maliciously concerning them, made vulgar criticisms of their manners, dress, and deportment—in all of which things the Chinese are the superior of any nation of western civilization, for, the truth is, of all the honored and honorable men, men of title, wealth, or personal distinction who have visited us from distant lands, none are comparable in manners and deportment with the Chinese. Compare a titled and wealthy Englishman, in his manners, dress, deportment, and polish, with one of the same rank from Asia, and the difference is most marked. Had we and our officials the courage to rise above the fear of offending the ignorant and vulgar voting mob who infest us from European countries, we would have welcomed this ambassador of China and his suite, given him and them a banquet, paid them such attentions as are always due from officials to officials, from gentlemen to gentlemen, from residents to strangers, and made these distinguished strangers from another land feel that they were welcome to the hospitalities of a government and a civilization which, though younger than their own, would not be excelled in politeness. Like a band of ignorant barbarians we let them come and go, unnoticed except by the uncivil discourtesies in which brief authority disported itself, and the rude manner in which we satisfied our vulgar curiosity concerning them. The Marquis Tseng, having concluded his diplomatic mission to the European courts to which he was accredited, has written a most interesting essay for the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, expressing his views upon the past, the present, and the future of his native country, with some hints as to its prospective relations with the outside world. Not being able to obtain the magazine we rely upon an elaborate notice of it in the *London Times*, of December 29th. The Marquis Tseng is not only one of the most prominent and powerful of Chinese statesmen, but he is one of the youngest and most progressive. The very title of the magazine article expresses a comprehensive idea: "China: The Sleep and the Awakening." We of America had received the impression that China, with her vast and redundant population, her thronged and over-populous cities, her great wall, her exclusiveness, her policy of non-intercourse with other nations, was a hive of stored treasures, with a buzzing population of overflowing millions, incapable of resisting foreign aggression, and only capable of stinging to death the adventurous stranger who should invade her domains and be caught trespassing within her inclosures. We had known of the opium war with the English; we had some idea of a struggle for boundary and a province or two with Russia; we had heard of the burning and looting of the Summer Palace of her emperors by the French, and knew generally that she held a very loose rein over such countries as Japan, Korea, and other of her suzerainties; we knew, in a general way, that her people were emigrating to Burmah, India, and the islands of the adjacent seas; we experienced the migration to our own coast, to Australia, to Central and South America, and, though we knew that China possessed no efficient army, no navy, no coast defenses, and had no apparent desire to establish diplomatic intercourse with other countries, we looked upon her as an alarming and dangerous neighbor, because of a population which had been variously represented to us as from three to six hundred millions of hungry people embraced within a territory inca-

pable of further extension, cultivation, or development. Now comes the Marquis Tseng to inform us that China had only fallen asleep, and that she is now awakening from her slumbers to again put forth her energies in new exertions; that she looked abroad across Asian seas, and over the Asiatic world, saw no danger of aggression, and, having no hunger of conquest, simply went to sleep—"fell asleep in contemplation of her own greatness"; all nations in contact with her owned her sway; all people of whom she knew or cared sent annual presents in recognition of her greatness and the desirability of her friendship and protecting power. Then came the age of steam; curious visitors reached her shores, and they came, not bringing incense and offerings, but making exactions and demanding concessions; demanded the interchange of commerce, and sought the privilege of guiding and directing her lost souls, wandering in the forbidden paths of sin, into the narrow way that should lead them to eternal joy; claimed the right of thoroughfare through the empire, and acted like American squatters on a Spanish ranch. The English gained ports by treaty, in which they exercised exclusive jurisdiction, and enforced upon them their commerce; the Russians advanced in Kuldja, the French in Tonquin; the Koreans set up for themselves; China was finally aroused by the din of the storm that was raging around her, and Prince Kung, a wise and prudent statesman, opened his eyes calmly, and, without passion or excitement, took in the situation, and provided remedies for the protection of his country; then came Li Hung Chang, described by the Marquis Tseng as "the great Chinese statesman who is now in power, and who since 1860 has rendered incalculable service to his country"—the man whom General Grant styled the Bismarck of China. "It is not a moribund nation," says Tseng "that can quietly accept its reverses, and, gathering courage from them, set about throwing overboard the wreckage and make a fair wind of the retiring cyclone." Even the burning and looting of the Summer Palace was not too high a price to pay for the lesson. Admitting, then, the fact that China has awakened, and, like the giant, is refreshed by her long slumber, what is to be the result of it? We, who are her neighbors, and who have not treated her very kindly, are interested in this question, for it may make a difference to us when this great power shall arouse itself from its sleep and look out upon the world; shall enlist great armies, and, with its abundant millions of accumulated wealth, go forth to purchase arms of precision, armor-clad ships with great guns from Germany and England, make impregnable its forts for harbor and coast defenses, and send to our shores a navy equipped for offensive aggression. What would our Third Regiment, our Irish police, and our Democratic politicians, our trades-unions, our Knights of Labor, Governor Bartlett and his volunteer militia do?—what the General Government, with its old-fashioned Parrott guns, its broken gun-carriages, its absence of coast defenses, and little squads of inexperienced soldiers? We know what the writer would do—he would retreat overland, and, in order to get an early start, would accompany Judge Hager. Remembering the European invasion by the Tartars, under Genghis Khan, before China went to sleep, and recalling the fact that the government of China has for its ruling dynasty a Tartar family, and that a young king is just coming of age, we would advise our hoodlums of European descent to mend their manners, and stop throwing stones at the Chinese. Will there come with this awakening a cry for revenge? The Marquis answers this with an emphatic "No." He says "the Chinese are not aggressive," and that China is not over-populated, and is under no necessity to find an outlet abroad for her surplus population; that her recent emigration has grown out of desolation and ruin caused by the Taiping and Mohammedan rebellions; and that there are vast tracts in Mantchooria, Mongolia, and Eastern Turkestan which have never felt the touch of the husbandman; and that, for military reasons, it is now the policy of the government to encourage the distribution of its population from overburdened centres to those outlying districts. The establishment of manufacturing industries and the opening of mines will tend to absorb the population, and as the Imperial Government needs the presence of its population for its defense, it will not encourage emigration. Speaking of the French aggression in Tonquin, he says

"during the French war that unless the French succeeded the Chinese would grow so overbearing that it would be impossible to deal with them in the future. China did not yield an inch of her territory nor a farthing of indemnity, though both were demanded by France. She was proud with a just pride at the result of the contest, but it has not changed her bearing, or made her less conciliating." The policy of the Chinese government, the marquis thinks, will continue to be non-aggressive and friendly with all the powers on earth. The first and most important business which China has on hand is to build and equip a formidable fleet, one that will enable her to cope with first-class naval powers and to construct for herself a system of coast defenses that will enable her to resist attacks from foreign powers. After this, internal reforms—the building of railroads, the repair of her canal system, restoring her relations with vassal states. We quote from Marquis Tseng:

The general line of China's foreign policy is, for the immediate future, clearly traced out. It will be directed to extending and improving her relations with the Treaty Powers, to the amelioration of the condition of her subjects residing in foreign parts, to the placing on a less equivocal footing the position of her feudatories as regards the suzerain power, to the revision of the treaties in a sense more in accordance with the place which China holds as a great Asiatic power. The outrageous treatment to which Chinese subjects residing in some foreign countries have been subjected has been as disgraceful to the Government in whose jurisdiction it was perpetrated as to the Government whose indifference to the sufferings of its subjects residing abroad invited it. A commission has recently been appointed to visit and report on the condition of Chinese subjects in foreign countries, and it is hoped that this proof of the interest which the Imperial Government has commenced to take in the welfare of its foreign-going subjects will suffice to insure their receiving in the future the treatment which by the law of nations and the dictates of humanity is due from civilized nations to the stranger living within their gates.

One of the most significant expressions of this very remarkable paper is the declaration that looks to the reformation of existing European treaties, which have given to certain foreign governments—notably England—jurisdiction over Chinese territory. Upon this point he says:

In the alienation of sovereign dominion over that part of her territory comprised in the foreign settlements at the Treaty Ports, as well as in some other respects, China feels that the treaties impose on her a condition of things which, in order to avoid the evils which they have led to in other countries, will oblige her to denounce these treaties on the expiry of the present decennial period. China is not ignorant of the difficulties in which this action may involve her, but she is resolved to face them rather than have the certainty of some day having to encounter greater ones—evils similar to those which have led to the land of the fellah concerning nobody so little as the Khedive.

With these treaties and their reformation we have, as Americans, some concern. Most of our embarrassments in reference to Chinese immigration have arisen from the fact that the English control the port of Hongkong and other treaty ports. The fact is, American sympathy can not and ought not to be enlisted for England, Russia, or France in their encroachments upon Chinese soil. They have no business in China, and they have no better or other right to have cities, courts, harbors, navies, and standing police within Chinese territory than the Chinese to have similar establishments in England, France, or Russia. The writer from whom we quote concludes his review as follows:

The article is one deserving of careful study from students of foreign politics. The foreign policy of one of the three great powers in Asia, and indeed one of the great powers of the world, is, it will be seen, sketched out with a firm and bold hand. The tone is, as might be expected, one of great friendliness to the West and to Western ideas; but it is also the tone of a statesman who feels that his country has a position in the world to maintain, and that she has that within herself which enables her to maintain it. "We will study," the Marquis Tseng practically says, "to maintain and increase our good relations with other countries; but we will labor at our national defense until we feel able to meet the worst. We do not want our people to go abroad, but while they are abroad the strong hand of China must protect them. Our relations with our feudatories must be placed on such a footing that no one will dare to attack them without being prepared to brave our wrath; and, finally, our treaties must be revised in such a manner that there will be no fear of China ever falling into the evil state in which Egypt is now."

We may not anticipate any possibility of misunderstanding with this powerful and reviving empire; we may not anticipate an incursion of its barbarians, nor the building of monuments of skulls upon our soil, nor the invasion of its armies, nor the descent of its fleets upon our unprotected coasts, if we treat the Chinese who are rightfully among us in accordance with the laws of humanity and Christian civilization. We have no treaty ports within her borders, we have no colonial empire within the reach of her invading armies, and we have no such greed of commerce as to necessitate the enforcement of our trade upon unwilling nations by the artillery of invading fleets. As we understand, a satisfactory treaty has been arranged between China and our country, by Mr. Cleveland's administration, which entirely restricts the immigration of Chinese laborers to our coast, so that, if Mr. Collector Hager will, when the Marquis Tseng passes on his way homeward to China, apologize for his Democratic conduct, and our hoodlums will not undertake to regulate our relations with China, and our gentlemen will act as such and give the Asiatic ambassadors a good banquet, we have no doubt that friendly and peaceful relations may be maintained with the great Empire of the Middle Kingdom.

A gentleman inquired of us the other day whether our defense of Father McGlynn and Henry George was to be understood as approving the opinions of the latter gentleman. There are many points in the reasoning of Mr. Henry George that we do approve, and there are many of his conclusions that we do not approve. The land and labor theories and the political economy of Mr. George have not been in our mind at all in our recent discussion of the attitude of

Father McGlynn toward Bishop Corrigan and the Church of Rome. Henry George, an American politician, was running for Mayor of New York upon a political platform that, so far as we have been able to learn, contained no religious opinions, undertook to settle no spiritual issues, and with which the Archbishop of New York and the Church at Rome and the Pope had nothing in the world to do. It was a municipal election at the city of New York, in the United States of America, with which the Italian clergy had no more business to interfere than they had with the politics of Mars or the moon. In this contest Father McGlynn, also an American citizen, born in the city of New York, took sides with Mr. George, and presuming that he had a right to exercise his own opinions as to the municipal government of his native city, and presuming that he had the right to express those opinions, as an American citizen he undertook to do so, and for this he was silenced by the interference of the foreign hierarchy that has its seat of dominion at Rome. We do not inquire whether George is right or wrong, whether Dr. McGlynn is right or wrong; nor do we think that in this controversy it makes any difference; but we do declare, with an emphasis that would beard the devil in hell, that whether right or wrong in their political opinions and their political actions, it is brazen effrontery and colossal impudence for a set of red-legged Italian cardinals, those weaving spiders, catching flies at Rome, to have anything to say about it, and much less to have the brazen cheek to summon an American citizen to Rome to answer for political opinions expressed in America. The man who can not see this is blind, through awe of this foreign conspiracy that the ignorant and bigoted call religion. Henry George charges that between Bishop Corrigan and his kind in the Roman Catholic Church and Tammany Hall there is an unlawful intrigue, in the nature of a secret and criminal conspiracy, by means of which Tammany gets votes, and the Church steals from the treasury of New York and Albany money and property to carry on the religious industry. Mr. George says, in his paper of January 15th: "It is notorious that in New York the Catholic Church has for a long series of years been more or less allied with Tammany, and that this influence, for which a *quid pro quo* has been paid by grants of public property at nominal prices and lavish appropriations of public money, has been one of the sources of the strength of the rings in this city that have degraded the name of Democracy." This accusation directly charges that votes are sold to Tammany for the maintenance of dishonest political rings, by means of which Tammany could rob the city of New York and divide with Roman priests. Mr. George also charges that the Vicar-General issued a pronouncement against him, and allowed it to be distributed on Sunday at the church doors; that priests were permitted to speak against the workingman's party from their altars, and in some cases "the power of the confessional and the threat of the refusal of absolution were used against the party which opposed the Tammany ring." We believe all these things are true, and that the Church of Rome is a political conspiracy within our republic. We think we felt the touch of its hand in the last Presidential election; we think we see it preparing to mold our next National Republican Convention, to consummate its political designs; we think we are not mistaken when we declare there exists a determination so to subordinate our republican government to the dominion of the Church of Rome that it shall control its administration in civil affairs. We can not consent to permit this secret and malign power to wield its influence in our midst, because it derives its influence from sources other than American, and exercises its power to the prejudice of American institutions. We agree with Mr. Henry George in thinking that it is time that American priests should be released from the abuse of ecclesiastical authority which makes them political slaves. It was O'Connell, the great Irish liberator, who proclaimed: "*As much religion from Rome as you please, BUT NO POLITICS.*"

There passed through the Senate of the United States, on the 24th day of this month, a bill authorizing the President to protect and defend the rights of fishing vessels, American fishermen, American and other trading vessels, etc. This bill was introduced by Senator Edmunds of Vermont, amended by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, supported in speeches of ultra severity by Senators Frye of Maine and Ingalls of Kansas. It relates to the Canadian fishing question, and having passed the Senate with but one dissenting vote—Riddleberger of Virginia—may be taken as expressing the national indignation toward England for permitting its province of Canada to violate a treaty and to subject our fishing vessels to annoyance in Canadian waters. The speech of Senator Ingalls we reproduce. It is a remarkable indictment, and as it was delivered as a bid for the Presidential nomination by the Republican National Convention, it may be taken as Mr. Senator Ingalls's estimate of the opinion in which England is held in America, and his estimate of the popularity of a war with Great Britain:

Ingalls—That is this case. This trouble has got to be settled, so far as this bill is concerned, either by diplomacy or by blood. England has always been a ruffian, a coward, and a bully among the nations of the earth, insolent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble, and cringing and obsequious to the strong. Her history for centuries has been a

record of crime against the human race. In Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales, against the Roman Catholics, against the Boers of South Africa, against the Hindoos and Chinese—wherever there has been a feeble, weak, helpless nation—Great Britain has been there for the purpose of rapacity, plunder, and conquest. England bears no good will to this country. The ignominy of two defeats rankles, I dare say, in the breasts of Englishmen. When I say that Great Britain is not friendly to this country, I mean that the ruling classes are unfriendly to this country. Her course has been always one of wrong, insolence, and outrage. England cheated the South with false hopes of recognition, and injured the North by a violation of neutrality. I believe that there is no special reciprocity of good will on the part of America toward England. There are few Americans who do not regret Waterloo. There are few Americans who do not recognize the fact that the course of England toward this country has been one of insolence and suspicion and outrage from the beginning of our national existence. If I read this transaction aright, there is no purpose on the part of Great Britain to secure a peaceful solution or a pacific interpretation of the doubtful provisions of the treaty of 1818; but rather a deliberate purpose to foment irritation and discontent between Canada and the United States, so as to prevent pacification in the immediate future, which would be inevitable if both people were left to the operation of the natural laws of trade and society. I see very plainly what the purpose of Great Britain has been in the matter. She desires to render it impossible for free, friendly, reciprocal relations, political and otherwise, to exist between Canada and the United States.

Senator Ingalls does not desire a war between England and America. He knows, as does every Senator, that such a war would be calamitous to us; that we have no navy capable of coping with England on the seas, and no coast defenses to prevent the annihilation of our maritime cities and the destruction of our harbors. Senator Ingalls may feel that Kansas is without the reach of English guns, and Leavenworth, its capital city, beyond the danger of bombardment; hence we look for some motive for the Senator's evident willingness to permit this fleecy misunderstanding to grow into a war-cloud charged with infinite danger to both nations. We find this motive in his political ambition. We found the same cat hidden beneath the meal in President Cleveland's message. Mr. Frye, Mr. Evarts, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Hoar, and indeed every other member of the United States Senate, except Riddleberger, has this Presidential bee in his bonnet; and there is not a Senator living without the reach of English guns who would not imperil the peace of our republic, by inviting a war with England, if it would advance his chances for a Presidential nomination. A foreign war is always seemingly popular in a republican government, and it has been so since the time of Epaminondas. To declare war with England would be possible in this country, because out of a population of sixty millions, fifteen millions are of Irish birth and descent, all of whom hate the English, England, and Protestantism with the intensity of patriotism. Every Senator from the Northern States holds his office, or thinks he does, by the Irish vote. Nearly every paper in America, except the *Argonaut*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Puck*, *Cowles's paper* at Cleveland, and Henry George's new weekly, is afraid of the Roman Catholic Church and its worshippers, and tremble with anxious fear lest they shall be summoned to Rome to answer for their expression of political opinions. There are not six clergymen in all the Northern Protestant pulpits who would dare pray to God for the preservation of peace, and there is not a politician that lives north of Mason and Dixon's line who would have the courage to declare himself opposed to a war with England—not one of any prominence in either the Republican or Democratic party. All the same, there will not be any war; and if Senator Ingalls did not belong to that thin, dyspeptic, over-earnest class that never smile, he would not have made a speech so wanting in dignity, so lacking in statesmanship, and so blazing with demagoguery in every line. Outside the political Irish, there is no unkind feeling in America toward England, and there is not a property-owner or a business man in the country who does not know that a war between England and the United States would be utterly disastrous to us; that in such a war there would be for our country everything to lose and nothing to gain. The bill that has passed the Senate, giving the President authority to regulate the fishery question in Canadian waters, is good ammunition for him to use in the preliminary skirmish for the Presidential nomination.

The newspaper opposition to Mr. Hearst—and the opposition amounted to little more—was dishonest, unjust, and ungenerous. A constant cry went up from the press that Mr. Hearst was seeking to be made Senator, and that no one sought him. The first caucus vote, in which he got fifty-four out of the sixty-four votes, in itself was a refutation of the newspaper charges, but an analysis of the vote emphasizes this refutation. Mr. Hearst required only thirty-three votes in the caucus, he got fifty-four, and of that number thirty-seven came from the country. These votes from the country came to him unsought, immediately after the November elections, and came in such numbers—as the first vote showed—that he could have been nominated without the assistance of a single city vote, and still had four votes to spare. We are glad this is so, because it sets at rest forever the infamous "boodle" cry. Not even the papers which were hired to blackguard Mr. Hearst would dare to cry "boodle" in connection with such country members as Russell Heath of Monterey, Dr. Matthew of Tehama, Ben Langford of San Joaquin, Yell of Mendocino, Judge Venable of San Luis Obispo, "Uncle" John Matthews of San Benito, John Roth of Tulare, Judge Granger of Butte, Dr. Briceland of Shasta, Gruwell of Lake, and so on through the thirty-seven country members, four more than Mr. Hearst required for his nomi-

nation, all of whom were his active supporters, not from personal reasons, but because they said Mr. Hearst was the choice of the people of their party for the United States Senatorship. This must have been the fact—that he was the choice of the people of the Democratic party. Senator White, of Los Angeles, who opposed Mr. Hearst, acknowledged this, saying: "He must have been the people's choice, or else the opposition would not have been so overwhelmingly defeated." We speak of this because it is gratifying to our pride that the slanderous cries of "boodler" were shown by the events to have been newspaper lies, and nothing else. California has sent to the Senate the man whom the party having a majority in the Legislature wanted sent. While we, of course, would have preferred the election of a Republican, it is at least gratifying to know that the Democratic success resulted in the honest success of an honest man. It was alleged against Mr. Hearst by the newspaper cabal that his only qualifications for office were honesty and wealth. In view of some recent history, we are not prepared to say that these are not sufficient qualifications, but we believe he has others. Mr. Hearst to-day is engaged in the successful investment of a vast income. The revenues from his stock farms, his dairies, his wheat ranches, his mines, lumber flumes, mills, etc., are being used by him to develop the natural resources of the Pacific Coast—to improve land, open roads, prospect mines, stock great ranges, operate mills—and all this Mr. Hearst does successfully. The numerous readers of the *Argonaut* who are doing all this will probably bear witness that some intelligence is required, or else the revenues, instead of increasing, would disappear. Mr. Hearst has studied all the great questions involved in all these great interests. He has learned them thoroughly, because he has had to; and he could not have succeeded as he has otherwise. Is it not fair to assume, then, that this man may be an able and intelligent representative of California in the United States Senate?

Whenever Mr. Henry George undertakes to assert a fact, it may be accepted as true. There is no one more conscientious and reliable than he, and in all the controversies engaged in by him, no one has had occasion to suspect him of departing from the most exact and truthful statements. The *Argonaut* has never charged the Roman clergy with stealing from the ballot-box or tampering with ballots after they have been deposited in the electoral urn. What we charge is that they do interfere with our political affairs. And if a priest or preacher turns his hand to any devilry he is, as a rule, an immense success. In the second issue of the *Standard*, Mr. George says:

"It may be news to the general public, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that Archbishop Corrigan in the last election not only wanted to defeat a certain candidate, but also wanted to defeat the call for a Constitutional Convention; that letters from him were sent to priests, telling them to work against the convention, and that at a gathering where one of these priests endeavored to carry out this instruction a proposition was made to get hold of the bags containing the ballots in favor of the Constitutional Convention, and, by making away with them, to lessen the votes in its favor."

Mr. George, in speaking of the authority of the ecclesiastics to summon Father McGlynn to Rome, makes the following statement:

"There are two great divisions of Catholic clerics—priests—the regular and secular. The regular priests, Jesuits, Dominicans, etc., take a vow of unqualified obedience, while the secular priest, such as Dr. McGlynn is, vows simply to render obedience to the ordinary of his diocese in regard to purely ecclesiastical matters—nothing more. The fact that Dr. McGlynn studied at the College of the Propaganda does not, he holds, give the Cardinals of the Propaganda any more right to call him to Rome than the faculty of Yale or Amherst have to call there one of their graduates." Then he inquires:

"But where, then, does the Archbishop get the power to compel priests to keep silent when their political opinions differ from his own, and why is it said that Dr. McGlynn must either go to Rome to answer for his political opinions or be suspended? The reply is—and it is this which makes the question raised in Dr. McGlynn's case so important—that these powers have the very same origin as the power which has led to such abuses in our politics by counselling minor government employees to make political contributions or do political work."

The Congregation of the Propaganda in Rome denounces as the centre of the ecclesiastical tyranny which seeks "to coerce American priests as it has at various times sought to coerce the priests of Ireland. But in the case of Dr. McGlynn it is evident that Rome has simply been used—evidently at the instance or under the influence of the Tammany ring."

Blaine in New York.

"The leaders of the Irish Nationalists are striving to effect an alliance between the Blaine leaders in the Republican party and the organization they represent. Mr. Patrick Ford says that the importance of the Irish alliance may be inferred from the fact that in 1884 Mr. Blaine polled 210,230 more votes than the Congressional candidate of the Republican party, while Mr. Cleveland fell 67,651 votes behind the Congressional candidate of the Democratic party. The significance of this statement is apparent. Mr. Blaine polled 210,230 votes that were not cast for other Republican candidates. The Irish movement toward Blaine, which so nearly compensated the Republicans for the loss of the Mugwumps, is likely to be much more formidable in 1888, if Mr. Blaine is the Republican candidate. In point of numbers, it more than compensated Mr. Blaine in 1884 for Mugwump defection, but it did not throw votes where they would do the most good. A Republican majority of 80,000 in Pennsylvania did not compensate in the electoral college for the lack of 1,200 in New York."—*S. F. Call*.

After reading the above in the *Call*, an Oakland boy had a dream. He dreamed that the editor of the *Argonaut* sent Mr. Blaine a letter, asking him to accept the nomination of the American party. Mr. Blaine, as did Mr. Swift a short time ago, declined to have the support of Americans as "Americans," and (so the dream went on) spurned the advice, wanting the Irish vote. Does history repeat itself? The Oakland boys all want to know—you know.

X. Y. Z.

[Mr. Blaine has quite recently addressed a letter to Mr. Davitt, declining to attend an ovation given to him in the city of New York, Mr. Patrick Ford presiding. In this letter Blaine expresses his entire sympathy with the Irish home rule, anti-rent movement in Ireland, and is staking his chances for the Republican presidential nomination upon obtaining the support of the Roman Catholic Church and its following.—ED.]

Jules Verne is still lame from the shot which his crazy nephew lodged in his leg a few months ago.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

"Flaneur" chats about the French Ball, High Hats, and Sleighing.

It has been a carnival week in Central Park. All last season the designers of sleighs, cutters, Russian sleds, horse-toboggans, and all species of vehicles that move on steel runners were busy developing new ideas and grotesque fancies for the sleighing season. There was no snow to speak of, and hence the chance for an exhibition of their discoveries and achievements did not occur. Apparently they went on undismayed, and continued to solve ideas and develop them at a rate nobody outside of the circle of carriage-makers ever suspected. The result was a series of surprises when the snow fell heavily last week, packed down in good running order, and settled in a way that promised sleighing for many days to come. The most extraordinary things on runners flocked out of every side street and sped toward the park. In every sleigh there were one or two women, who sat bolt upright and stared aghast at the other sleighs. The novelty wore off after a day or two, and ever since there has been a carnival on the road that suggested a fairy spectacle. It would be an endless task to attempt to describe it. One of the most unique of the many odd creations passed me slowly at the main entrance to the park. It consisted of two low runners of solid wood, perhaps four feet long, and on them was what might have been a fragment of a big tea-box. It was cedar, very thin and delicately made, and perhaps three feet high fore and aft. It was cut down ruggedly on either side, to allow the occupant to enter. There were some odd Chinese or Egyptian hieroglyphics on the outside, and the wooden runners were polished so that they reflected on the snow like mirrors. In front, harnessed to a very high pole and running so far apart that the driver could easily see between them, was a magnificent pair of young bay thoroughbreds with glossy coats, eyes that rolled as their ears twitched, and delicate legs that barely touched the ground. They seemed to step on steel springs, and were as perfectly matched as any team I ever saw. The white harness shone well on them. The whole interior of the sleigh was lined with sable, and sitting on an ingeniously constructed seat in the queer little box was a gentleman in furs from the tip of his gloves to the peak of his hat. The seal-skin ulster which he wore crumpled up on the bottom of the sleigh, and all that could be seen of the man proper was a clear-cut and handsome face with dark eyes and a rosy color. This was Mr. Frederick Gebhardt, who was taking an airing quite alone and in apparent content, though the Lily, I believe, is as far away from here as Washington.

Directly behind the tea-box was a pair of prancing black horses with russet-leather harness, and big green plumes hanging from their martingales and springing aloft from the tiara of bells which surmounted their saddles. Far above them sat two monstrous negroes, who wore bear-skin shoulder furs, and the newest thing in the way of a coachman's hat—a huge hemisphere of fur. Imagine a ball of fur two feet in diameter, cut the ball in half, and jam the half over the head of your coachman, and you have a fair idea of it. It covers the ears, neck, and eyebrows, and leaves nothing but the chin, eyes, and nose exposed. The wearer looks like a savage giant. The two brawny negroes in front were matched by an additional pair of footmen, who occupied a similar seat in the rear of the vehicle. All but the driver had their arms folded, and big green plumes decorated their seats; between the fore and aft seats the sleigh fell to within about two feet of the ground, and here, reclining on a seat in seal-ropes and caps, were two pretty young girls of perhaps sixteen or eighteen years. Even the feet of their gigantic retainers were far above their heads. It was the most grotesque and striking sort of a turnout, but it attracted no attention in that throng of gay equipages.

After this caravan came a sleigh which was about as near an approach to the dog-cart as the sleigh can go. The runners were as frail as a spider's web in appearance, and the body of the sleigh did not begin below a height of five feet. One could look right under it without stooping. Perched at a giddy elevation was a box that resembled the general outlines of a Stanhope gig, except that it was pure white, overflowing with furs. On the seat was a member of the Knickerbocker Club with a single glass in his weak, little eye, and a big Russian cap on his head. He drove a sorrel and a black horse, tandem, with extraordinary skill, whirling in among the big vehicles, and pushing his leader's nose into the most dangerous of channels with great skill and courage.

The sleigh which followed was drawn by a pair of mettlesome little ponies gayly decorated with red pompons. The sleigh itself looked like a big shell, and within it reclined two beautiful women, who wore caps, gloves, and cape coats of a new fur, the name of which escapes me. It is a grayish fur, shot with brown bars and very pretty. The body of this sleigh was a work of art; it was polished, corrugated, and shaped so as to seem absolutely a real shell. Perched in a little rumble in the rear—also in the shape of a shell—was a small English groom, clad in sealskin. Two huge sealskin boots were fastened to the sleigh by silver braces, and he thrust his legs in these to keep them warm. The reins were carried up in the air and over a system of silver trestle-work to the horses' heads. There were fluttering plumes on the runners where they curved up in front, and the whole equipage looked as though it had been designed for the fairy queen of a Christmas pantomime.

Scarcely a cutter or sleigh of the old fashion was to be seen, while the variety in construction and absurd conceit was almost beyond belief. Nowhere in the world could such a scene be found as that in Central Park to-day. Our sleigh builders have long since gone beyond the wildest efforts of Russians themselves in inventing new forms and combinations.

It is the season of French balls, and the callow young man affects the Academy of Music in the early hours of the morning, and gazes with infinite contempt upon the happy and joyous contingent of bald-headed and elderly revelers who dance, and drink, and romp in an effort to bring youth back again. Curious things, these balls. The riff-raff of the town hobnobs with the swells; society men, who are pursued by hosts of beautiful women up-town, fight for the honor of leading some bedizened child of the gutters over the floor;

men of unquestioned respectability and position loll about boxes with women who are coarse and low, and thousands of people of all possible descriptions surge up and down through the corridors and bawl in the wine-room, wondering half of the time why they are there and why they don't go home. At the Harmonie Ball on Monday night, fight after fight occurred in the supper-room, and the whole auditorium of the Academy of Music was heated to such a pitch by the steam radiators that it looked like the hot-room of a Russian bath. Men and women mopped their dripping faces continually, and the least bit of a wrangle resulted almost instantly in a fight.

I fell to thinking of the rounders and men-about-town as I leaned over the edge of a box and saw them file past me in platoons. They go to pieces at a faster rate than any other set of men in the world. Many a head was gray that did not show a sign of age five years ago, and man after man passed by with a careless carriage and *blasé* face who had not passed thirty, but who looked and acted the man of fifty years. Some of the men who were turning gray when I was a boy, and who are perhaps now forty and forty-five years of age, are round-shouldered, bent, and querulous, their faces white and their heads bald and gray. They were admirably dressed, their manners easy and agreeable, and everybody knew them, but they were the oldest men in the world that night. The average man-about-town seems to go to pieces all at once. He is suave, well dressed, agreeable, and apparently healthy for a few years, and then suddenly he goes all to pot. It never changes his manner or his habit. It holds him up as an appalling example to younger men, but I doubt if it ever does any good.

The indifference of women to the rights of men is simply brutal—as regards hats. The prevailing style of head-gear for women grows more vaulting, slender, and abominable every day. There never has been a time in the history of millinery when the hats towered so high, though the Gaiety-boroughs of a few years ago probably used up more material. The very tall and slim hat is particularly affected by the woman with a fat and round face. I suppose everybody is familiar with the man whose face is of the general shape of a full moon, and who is firmly persuaded that he lengthens it and produces an oval and sinister aspect by wearing an extended and narrow chin whisker. In most instances the result is not unlike a flacid dish pan with a barbed wire handle. Fat women seem afflicted with the same delusion that holds so many of the men in its relentless grasp. The fatter the woman, the taller and narrower the hat, and the more assiduously she clings to it.

Daly's theatre is vastly affected by fashionable women, and last night most of them were fat. There was apparently a bitter and desperate rivalry to see which of them could wear the highest hat, but I have every reason to believe that the one who sat in front of me was the winner. Her head-gear rose as high as its construction would permit, and then on top of the main body of the hat there was a spray of wheat of the consistency and opaqueness of a whisk-broom. In the seat in front of her there was also a fat woman who had a grotesque hat, and as it towered to within a foot or two of the hat of the woman in front of me, she arose after the second act, folded her husband's heavy fur coat into a compact mass, and perched herself, with a muscular effort, on top of it. I expected to hear a protest from the gallery every minute, but the theatre-going man is evidently thoroughly subdued. The man who sat next to me was even more unfortunately placed than I was, and after bobbing about and struggling for two acts, we went to the rear of the house and stood up until the great scene between Petruchio and the Shrew had been played, and then wandered disconsolately home. There were, by actual count, six men of my acquaintance in Daly's last night who were forced to do precisely the same thing by the prevalence of the tall hats. From my seat it was impossible to see more than three or four feet of the stage on one side, and perhaps five feet on the other. When the actors were in the middle of the stage I could not see them by any possible muscular exertion.

One of the two men who sat directly in front of me was a well-known judge of the Supreme Court. He dodged around during the first act, in a vain effort to see something on the stage, and then, just before the curtain descended, he arose deliberately, put his overcoat on in full view of the audience, and said, in a voice that could be heard within a radius of twenty feet:

"It is astonishing what slaves women are to fashion. There is not a lady in front of me who is not thoroughly conscious that she is destroying the enjoyment of whoever is behind her, and spoiling in some measure the pleasure of a seeker for amusement. I have seen everybody play Petruchio, from Barry Sullivan to Edwin Booth, and I bought my seats here nearly two weeks ago, hoping to see this performance. I am only five rows from the stage, yet I am as completely shut out from it as though a block away. It is an outrage on propriety, decency, and good taste. The American man has a well-earned reputation for courtesy to women. It strikes me that it would be an admirable time for the American woman to try and share his honors."

After this little address he stumped up the aisle, mumbling hotly under his breath. Everything he said was distinctly beard by the women all around; but, though some of them flushed, there was not a movement of any sort. They passed it off with a quiet little smile in most cases. As a rule, their escorts were conscious, ill at ease, and much annoyed.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, January 22, 1887.

The Interstate Railroad Bill, which has not yet become a law by the signature of the President, provides for the appointment of five commissioners, three of whom, it is presumed, will be Democratic and two Republican, and one of whom, it is understood, will be chosen from the Pacific Coast and will be a Republican. In the event of the happening of all these contingencies, we hear the names of the Honorable John F. Swift, late candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, and the Honorable Willard Farwell, late Supervisor, mentioned. They are each of them men of marked ability, and would be eminently qualified for the duties they would be called upon to perform. We should be glad to see either or both of them designated to the position.

A WYOMING WEDDING.

Jim Mason dismounted at Burton's ranch, turned his pony into the corral, and strode heavily into the bunk-room. One of the riders of Burton's outfit said, "How!" and Jim gave him the same terse greeting.

"What's new over Crazy Creek way?" asked Long Pete. "Nuthin' much. Is the old man here? Mat wants him to send over a couple o' you bucks, to help swim them northern cattle 'cross the river. We're short-handed."

"Better see him after supper. Got his two gal daughters out here now, and they're feedin' in the new shanty. Them two dude cow-punchers eats with 'em, an' they take a sight o' time."

"I don't hold with women and dudes on a cow-ranch much," said Jim.

"Who does?" ejaculated Hairy Mike. "I'm goin' to quit Burton. The darned dudes make me sick. With college chaps comin' out here and swellin' roun', it ain't no place for a common waddy. I run cows in this country when the Injuns was runnin' us, an' I got no use fer fancy business. One o' the dudes he stacked up 'longside o' me on circle t'other day, an' he says, 'Fine mornin, Mike!' I says, 'Yes, it ain't; an' you'd better not monkey 'roun' me with yer cheap talk. I'm a six-shooter man from way back, I am; I eat snakes, an' I'm a wolf—you hear me howl?' That's how I throwed it into smarty."

"The dames is pretty slick dames," said Pete; "ole Burton reckons to marry the plug-tooth dude to one uv 'em. Seems his ole man owns a railroad East somewheres."

"Maybe so. Plug-tooth 'ull fool him up a trip," growled Mike. "He's a no 'count sort. Reckon his people sent him out here to keep whisky out uv him. Durn him—keepin' some good man out uv a job."

"Kin he ride?" asked Jim.

"Ride nuthin'. Burton give him a string o' plumb gentle horses. Sets 'n soldier-fashion."

"Well," said Pete, "the dames think he's nicer 'n a white-face yearlio'. He's sure gittin in his fine work with the pretty one—Helen, or whatever she calls herself. There's slush a hollerin'. Well, we kin rustle grub if we don't eat with the dudes."

After supper Jim went over to the gaudily painted house, and discharged his mission.

"Did you see the gals?" asked Mike, when he returned to the riders' cabin.

"Got a kind o' squint at 'em. Which one is it has the sort o' open mouth—short-lipped like? She's as slick-lookin' as any o' them actresses 't come to Cheyenne."

"Helen, that is. She's the won the jay is after. What is it he aosvers to? Scranton, ain't it, Shorty?"

A mao rather over six feet in height looks up from the raw-bide rope he is braiding, and rolls a cigarette before he replies.

"Sounds somethin' like that. Goin' back in the mornin', Jim?"

"Rut'er. We gathered a raft o' cattle over there—rode all our horses poor. I ain't had my boots off three nights a week. Pound my ear to-night, though, pretty solid."

"You may's well crawl into my dog's-nest," said Shorty. "I got a pretty fat bed, I have. That fellow the freighters hung give me three pair o' daisy blankets. I'll roll her out soon's I get this strand drawed. Outside's best, I reckon."

"You bet you. I don't hanker after sleepin' in-doors—not without it snows. That's why the city chaps look so rocky—don't let the wind blow through their whiskers nights."

"Wonder who'll git to go over to the river with you," said Mike. "Camped down by the bend?"

"Yes."

"Is the company givin' pretty good chuck this year?"

"Way up. Mac makes 'em. There ain't any more dried apples on the wag'n, but ole Greaser Smith is cookin' fer us, an' bis bread is the best round-up bakin' out. I bear them Horseshoe Y 3 men is gittin' condensed milk. Now, I call that civilizin' too much. Man can't drink straight coffee ought to quit singin' to the cows."

When the men were all in bed, and Shorty had thrown a boot at the candle stuck on the door-sill. Hairy Mike's raucous snore gave the signal for silence and rest.

At daylight next morning Jim Mason and two of the Burton riders started for the camp on the North Platte River. A few miles on the way, Jim discovered that he had left his cuert at Burton's, and told the other men he would lope back for it, and overtake them on the divide. Reaching the ranch, he searched the bunk-room for the cuert, and then went down to the barn to see if it lay where he had left bis saddle over night.

Crossing the corral toward the barn-door, he was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice within the building. Jim was not a carpet-knight, and would have left his cuert more willingly than faced one of Burton's daughters. As he stood hesitating, he heard a little cry of pain, and then a man's voice said, sharply: "Don't be a fool, Nelly." It was not old Burton who spoke; Jim was sure of that—it must be one of the "dudes"—and he listened. If any one was talking roughly to one of those girls—

"But you promised, Arthur; you promised!"

"Precisely. And I probably told you that you were an angel. Men will use figures of speech under certain circumstances. Be sensible, Nelly. I believe this is all nonsense; but if you want to make a run for it, I'll pay your fare East, and see that you're comfortable. But as for marrying you, I can't do it—not yet, at any rate. If you see fit to make a scandal, you'll be biting your nose off to spite your face, that's all. I'd be in a mess, certainly—but where would you be?"

"And if I went East?"

"If you let me manage it my own way, you'll be Mrs. Scranton a year from now, and nobody'll know the difference. What 's the use of all this crying?"

"Oh, Arthur—I am so wretched!"

Jim Mason left the corral and spurred after the men. He could not face the poor girl, and he dreaded making more trouble for her. But all the way to the mouth of Crazy Creek he was wondering what he could do.

"Say, Mac," said Jim Mason to the Half Circle Cross man that night, "I got to go to town. Wouldn't leave

when you're so rushed, only can't help it. I kin come out in a couple o' days."

Mac poked his pipe thoughtfully. "Well, be as quick as you kin. If the river don't go down, it's goin' to be a job swimming cows. Take one o' them extry horses—your string is kind o' worked down. If you see any men, I want two'r three—no tenderfeet."

Next night Jim was in Cheyenne. He went to the house of the Crazy Creek Cattle Company's general manager, and said: "Mr. Gray, I want to git a hundred dollars right off."

"Why, Jim, this is a new trick for you, coming to town in the middle of work, and wanting to play faro."

"I had to come in, Mr. Gray—and it ain't faro I want it for."

"I haven't got that much, but I'll see if my wife has. Can't you wait till the office is open in the morning?"

"I'd rather not; but I kin borrow it round town if you ain't got it."

Mr. Gray got the money, and told Jim to sign for it at the company's office next day.

"All right—an' you know I asked you to look after my back wages for me; there's about six hundred. I'd like that in the mornin'."

"Well, go slow with it, Jim. Mac is talking of going back East after this season, and we shall want you to take his place."

"I reckon I know the brands as well as most of 'em. But Mac is a nateral-born cow-man. That rheumatiz is a pesky thing, ain't it? A man can't last no longer than a snow-ball in hell, ridin' with that in him."

"Cattle looking well?"

"Fairish. Range is gettin' pretty crowded. Well, so long."

"Good-night, Jim."

From there he went down to Wes Moyer's. The proprietor of the Diamond Palace Saloon was watching a monte game, but assented to Jim's proposition to "have a bottle o' wine."

Over the champagne, Jim said: "Look here, Wes, I want a couple o' men to go out to Mac. Is there any good hands here?"

"Yes; there's Tex—he's broke already—and Heifer Jack; we'll about get *his* wages cleaned up to-night. He's playin' five-dollar chips."

"All right. Now I want you to put me onto a little racket, Wes, on the quiet. I want to run up agin' a busted preacher—a preacher that wants stuff pretty bad. Savvy?"

"I don't worry with that brand much. But most o' them bucks is pretty well fixed, Jim. Ther's that Noyes chap, though, bim as the Methodists fired out o' Denver—he's up to Dyer's Hotel, an' if he's busted he's sober. Round him up, any way."

"All right; I will. So long."

"See you agin' fore you hit the breeze?"

"I reckon."

"So long."

The Rev. Mr. Noyes proved to be reasonably sober, and accepted the stranger's invitation to drink with alacrity.

"You're a preacher, ain't you?" said Jim.

"I have that honor. I am glad I look like it. Malicious men have hinted that my presence was not too clerical. Mine, sir, has been a chequered career—monk, spiritualist, nigger minstrel, and canine surgeon."

"Not interruptin'—do you want a couple of twenties?" asked Jim, displaying the coins in question with ingenuous sagacity.

The Reverend Mr. Noyes abruptly deposited his tumbler on the bar, and answered, "I should smile!"

"Kin I dicker with you, straight?"

"Go ahead."

"First off, preacher, my name's Jim Mason, Half Circle Cross outfit. I don't make no six-shooter plays, and I don't set up to be no bad man from the Meteetsi country, but this is money I'm going to talk to you, an' if you ring in any funny business you'll cough through your ribs."

"Go ahead."

"Will you stop budgin' fer two or three days, and take a trip out Fort Laramie way with me! It's ten dollars a day, and ten extry for the wear o' your tools, Bible and sich."

"Go ahead."

"My sister an' her feller wants to git married. You're to meet 'em at an empty ranch an' bitch 'em."

"Shake."

"Only you see this feller be has a grudge agin' preachers. I reckon one o' 'em sinched him playin' monte or sometbin', an' I might have to bold him down, like, while you do the marryin', so be can't crawl your bump."

"I think we understand each other, Mr. Mason."

"All right. I'm goin' to sleep with you to-night, so's to know you ain't a drinkin', an' we want to start about half-past nine—I got to do a little somethin' here first."

"Don't you want to buy a wedding ring?"

"Yes, I reckon I do!"

"Sell you the ticket for one cheap. Uncle Jake's got it, down by the railroad."

"Fix that in the mornin'. Come to bed now. I ain't slep' in sheets fer a tarnation time. I'll git you a stiddy horse to ride out, preacher."

* * * * *

When the Rev. Mr. Noyes dismounted at Mountain Lion ranch next day, he was weary and bruised, but cheerful. "Quiet sort of place, this!" he remarked. "You mightn't think it, Mr. Mason, but I was once a hermit. I set up a cell about three miles out of San Francisco, and people used to drive out there with offerings. In the flush times, that was, and I've had as many as four boxes of cigars brought to me in one day."

"You wouldn't drive much uv a trade here," said Jim, grimly. "You see this cabin's on'y used when the outfit gits 'round here on the calf-gather, and wants the corrals to brand in. Used to keep a ranchman here to hinder fellers from burnin' the corrals for frin', but it's so out o' the way they don't do it now. I got the hotel folks to put up ten lunches in this sack—one uv 'em is fur the gal, but you kin tackle the balance. I'll git a fire in the stove for you, an' then I got to light out again. You jus' eat an' pound yer ear till I stir you up agin to mor'. Ef any body comes along, tell 'em you got smallpox an' run 'em off. Reckon you won't be bothered. Give me that flask out o' your coat fust—d yer think I wasn't

onto it? Well, ther aint 'nough there to git tight on, I guess. So long, preacher."

At midnight Jim reached Burton's ranch, turned his tired and hungry pony into the pasture, and picked his way into the bunk-room through the group of beds about the door. Hairy Mike, who was sleeping by the stove, rolled over and saluted him with: "You hack again? Stampede over there?"

"Stampede nuthin'. Where's them waddies' beds that went over with me?"

"In the corner where them bridles is hangin';" and Mike went to sleep again, while Jim unstrapped and rolled out a bed.

In the morning he waited about the corral until he saw Scranton, and then said: "Say, Plugtooth, was it you was wanting ter buy that black horse o' French Charley's—the one as he broke ter lep fences?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef you're kind o' slick about it, you kin git him fer fifty. French owes me some dust, an' I got to git it. He's over ter Mountain Lion with the horse now; if you kin, come right over, an' I'll git him to dicker. On'y he don't want none o' this Burton gang to know nuthin' 'bout it till the horse is sold. He owes the ole man some stuff, I believe."

Scranton's eyes glistened—the black horse was worth a hundred; and he hastily saddled a pony. They rode over to Mountain Lion together, Jim's horse beginning to need the spur toward the end of the journey. Entering the corral, they dismounted, and as Scranton was about to pull the knot out of his ladigo, Jim Mason tossed the loop of his riata over the "dude's" shoulders, drawing it up so that Scranton's arms were pinioned at his sides.

"Quit your foolin'!" said Scranton, surlily.

"It's your foolin'! I calculate to stop, Plugtooth," replied Jim, as he drew Scranton's pistol from his scabbard, and stuck it in his own belt. Then he wound the raw-hide rope round his hand, close up to the hoodoo, and led his captive into the log-house.

"Got some comp'ny for ye, preacher."

"Delighted!" said the Rev. Mr. Noyes. "As the *locum tenens* of the diocesan of Mountain Lion, I welcome you to its cloisters, my young friend."

"Are you one of the gang?" snarled Scranton. "So you've turned road agent, Jim Mason. Take the fifty and let me go—you're new at the business!"

Jim plucked open the stove door with his spurred heel, and thoughtfully spat in the fire.

"Violent language, my son!" exclaimed Noyes. "If you are sincerely curious as to the purpose of my presence here, I don't mind telling you that I am here to solemnize—a funeral, and that you are about the size of corpse required."

Jim looked up sharply, whistled a line of "Never Take the Horse-shoe from the Door," opened the stove door with the other heel, pursed up his mouth tentatively, hesitated, kicked the door in place again, and said:

"Ez to the fifty, I'll take it when I want it, Plugtooth. Ez to my havin' turned road-agent, I ain't so sure what I hev turned."

"Are you both crazy?"

"Oh, no, Plugtooth; we ain't been eatin' no loco. Look here, you're goin' to be left alone here with this gen'l'man, an' you're goin' to be tied up, which he ain't. Now, Plugtooth, I got a notion be's the sort o' ornery chap thet if you sass bim will knock the stuffin' out o' you—ez long ez yer tied up. An' if I was you, I'd be kinder perlite, I would."

Scranton swore savagely, and the Rev. Mr. Noyes expressed his reprobation of the practice of profanity.

"No use worryin' him, preacher," said Jim. "Now, I'm goin' to tie him down on thet bench, an' then I've got to quit you one while. Here's his pop, preacher, an' if he wriggles too much chuck a hunk o' wood at him, but don't shoot ef you can help it. And you kin talk to him about anythin' not too excitin'. Savvy?"

"Perfectly."

"An' water him ef be gets dry."

When Scranton had been carefully secured, Jim called Noyes to one side, and said:

"You don't want to try and square yourself with the dude, preacher. Never change sides in the middle uv a fight. Ef you do, I'll follow you plumb to hell but what I'll git you!"

"I quite believe it—you needn't worry about that."

"I don't worry much."

"When will you be back with the lady?"

"To-mor', I reckon. Don't say nothin' 'bout her to him. Jest kinder amuse him like—lies an' sich. So long, preacher."

Jim saddled the hired horse, and rode over to within two or three miles of Burton's, and then took the bridle off, hitched the *macartie* on his wrist, and wrapping himself in his oilskin "slicker" slept soundly through the night, while the horse cropped the grass within the scope of his tether. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, he rode down to the ranch. The men were all out on the range, and after getting a cup of coffee from the cook, Jim awaited developments. By and by Helen Burton went down to the corral, and he followed her. She said good-morning, absently enough, and Jim's heart failed him a little. But he pulled himself together.

"Miss Helen, you know that Scranton?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, he's over ter Mountain Lion, an' he wants ter know ef yer wouldn't like to ride over there with me?"

"Is he ill? Is—"

"Not 'zactly ill, but he's got a feller from town over there. I reckon he wants you to—well, I ain't sure, but seems to me he's a preacher! Anywise, he wants you to come and not to say nothin'. Will I catch up that little blue o' yours and clap your hull onto him?"

"Thank you, yes. Oh, it's a long way over. Can I get back?"

"Oh, that'll be all right."

Helen Burton's clever little blue pony gave the hired horse a stiff pull, and early in the afternoon they rode into the corral at Mountain Lion.

"Will you jist hold on here a minit?" said Jim, and entered the house, where he released Scranton.

"Now, Plugtooth, there's a dame comin' in here, an' the preacher is goin' to marry you. An' I'm goin' to look on through the window. Ef yer make a kick, or don't behave pretty to thet dame, you'll get them ears o' yours reamed out

with a forty-five. Savvy? I mean it, too, you little scoundrel. Git your fixin's ready, preacher, and tie 'em solid and quick."

When Jim brought Helen into the cabin, she ran toward Scranton, and was about to speak to him when the Rev. Mr. Noyes interposed.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, but for the moment we will consider this rude hut a place of worship. Here is the ring, Mr. Scranton."

In five minutes the ceremony was finished. The final injunctions which Mr. Noyes so unctuously delivered seemed to exasperate Scranton beyond all patience, and, turning to his bride, he said:

"I hope you're satisfied. If I don't"—Jim Mason's hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Excuse me, Mis' Scranton, but I want to speak to this gen'lman outside. Preacher, you an' the lady wait here."

He led Scranton to the side of the creek, where a few box-elders made a feeble effort to shade its cattle-trodden banks.

"I'll trouble you fer that fifty."

Scranton surrendered it.

"Well, so long," said Jim, and shot him through the head.

Helen, hearing the shot, tried to force her way out of the door, and had almost pushed by Noyes, when Jim entered, his face flecked with whitish clots, and checked her.

"There's nuthin' thar now. You'd better marry me, I reckon, Widder Scranton."

Helen stood in the doorway, white and dazed, while Noyes, in compliance with a look from Jim, married them.

"Here's your money, preacher; git back to town."

As Noyes left the cabin Helen fell heavily on the floor. Jim wet his hand in the bucket, and dabbed the water awkwardly on her head. When she recovered, he led her to the corral, and lifted her into her saddle.

"Now, Miss Helen, you ride to Pine Bluffs. You know the trail. There's money nough in this way to take you East; and then you write to Jim Mason, Crazy Creek Cattle Company, and lemme know wher' you are, so you'll git more. I'll see your ole man to-night, an' make it all right with him. When you want a divorce, you git it. So long, Miss Helen." January, 1887. H. R. HAXTON.

A few days ago Signor Bargnoni and Signor Piggoli—the one a doctor, the other a lawyer by profession—found themselves traveling together in the same compartment of the Turin-Bologna express. A conversation sprang up between them, which soon degenerated into a political discussion, and from hard words the parties came to blows. The exchange of blows was followed by an exchange of cards, and, the train reaching Bologna a few minutes later, the pair proceeded straightway to the barracks, put their case into the hands of two officers, who readily consented to act as seconds, and the little party, swelled by the addition of an army surgeon, adjourned to the riding-school, where the duel came off. In one hour from the outbreak of the quarrel in the railway carriage everything was over and finished, including the amputation of Dr. Bargnoni's right arm, which was incurably damaged.

The last *première* of the year in Paris has been the marionette show, at the Chat Noir, which is a curious literary and artistic café at Montmartre. A draughtsman and satirist of great talent, who signs "Caran d'Aché," and who has become well known in Paris by his clever contributions to the weekly *Figaro*, and to a number of comic newspapers, has composed a short comic history of the campaigns of Napoleon by means of *ombres chinoises*, admirably drawn in perspective and cut out of cardboard. The production is called "L'épopée," and some nights ago the dramatic critics and the élite of Paris were invited to the first performance, and at the same time to the inauguration of the new marionette theatre of the Chat Noir. The fact that the critics and other Parisian celebrities all responded to the invitation is a proof that the Chat Noir may be regarded as one of the curiosities of Paris.

Tourists who have loitered in the British Museum (says the *Critic*) may remember the bits of human hide collected from under the nail-heads of mediæval churches in Great Britain. In the days of "the making of England," the Danes and other sea rovers used to visit England for purposes not strictly scientific. When caught by the Christians these pagans and defilers of churches were flayed alive, and their hides nailed to the oaken church doors to warn off other marauders. Acting like tan-vats, the hollow-headed nail-heads have preserved underneath them relics of human cuticle and *cutis vera* long after the main portion of the victim had rotted or been torn off.

In a new book, not otherwise remarkable except as a pleasant record of the beauties of English scenery away from railways, entitled "On the Box Seat," is this epitaph, culled, says the author, vaguely enough, "in one of the eastern counties":

ALICE.
Who plucked this lovely flower?
The Master.
The gardener held his peace.

James Payn says: "I know of nothing so beautiful or more fitting than this on the grave of a child."

Paris has been startled by an extraordinary invasion of bicycles, tricycles, and four-wheelers. Her wooden pavements were supposed to be the only inducement to these self-moving tourists, until the proposed opening of a large emporium sent busybodies to inquire. A manufacturing company, scenting coming orders from Boulanger for dispatch bearers in the army, are engaged in popularizing their machines on a large scale, and have sent forth scouts on wheelers, whose numbers threaten destruction to tame and easy-going people.

Heathen gentlemen all over the world will hear with glee of the hitter complaints uttered by philanthropists in London. The philanthropists complain that only £500,000 a year are spent on the London hospitals, while £1,000,000 are voted to send vests to Borrioboola Gha.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Poet in the East.

The Poet came to the Land of the East,
When spring was in the air;
The Earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the Poet knew the Land of the East—
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams—
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
Beside the Western streams,
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
And the Sun sat on his throne;
The breath of gardens deep in balm
Was all about him blown,
And a brother to him was the princely Palm,
For he can not live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the Poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her tower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart—
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in minstrelsy;
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of love,
She is faithful still to me.

And further sang the Nightingale:
Your power not distant lies;
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmind window rise,
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-bars,
I saw the Sultana's eyes.

The Poet said: I will here abide,
In the Sun's unclouded door;
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Arcadian shore;
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more.

—Bayard Taylor.

The Guerdon.

Vedder, this legend if it had its due,
Would not be sung by me, but told by you
In colors such as Tintoretto knew.

Soothed by the fountain's drowsy murmuring—
Or was it by the west wind's indolent wing?
The grim court-poet fell asleep one day
In the lords' chamber, when chance brought that way
The Princess Margaret with a merry train
Of damozels and ladies—flippant, vain
Court-butterflies—midst whom fair Margaret
Swayed like a rathe and slender lily set
In rustling leaves, for all her drapery
Was green and gold, and lovely as could be.

Midway in hall the fountain rose and fell,
Filling a listless Naiad's outstretched shell
And weaving rainbows in the shifting light.
Upon the carved friezes, left and right,
Was pictured Pan asleep beside his reed.
In this place all things seemed asleep, indeed—
The hook-billed parrot on his pendant ring,
Sitting high-shouldered, half forgot to sing;
The wind scarce stirred the hangings at the door,
And from the silken arras evermore
Yawned drowsy dwarfs with satyr's face and hoof.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And like one slim gold pillar overthrown
The sunlight through a stained window shone,
And lay across the body of Alain.
You would have thought, perchance, the man was slain—
As if the checkered column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him, he lay dead to all.
The parrot's gray bead-eye as good as said,
Unclosing viciously, "The clown is dead."
A dragon-fly in narrowing circles neared,
And lit, secure, upon the dead man's beard,
Then spread its iris vans in quick dismay,
And into the blue summer sped away!

Little was his of outward grace to win
The eyes of maids, but white the soul within.
Misshaped, and hideous to look upon
Was this man, dreaming in the noontide sun,
With sunken eyes and winter-whitened hair,
And sallow cheeks deep-seamed with thought and care.
And so the laughing ladies of the court,
Coming upon him suddenly, stopped short,
And shrunk together with a nameless dread;
Some, but fear held them, would have turned and fled,
Seeing the uncouth figure lying there.
But Princess Margaret, with her heavy hair
From out its diamond fillet rippling down,
Slipped from the group, and, plucking back her gown
With white left hand, stole softly to his side—
The fair court-gossips staring, curious-eyed,
Half-mockingly. A little while she stood,
Finger on lip; then, with the agile blood
Climbing her cheek, and silken lashes wet—
She scarce knew what vague pity or regret
Wet them—she stooped, and for a moment's space
Her golden tresses touched the sleeper's face.
Then she stood straight, as lily on its stem,
But hearing her ladies titter, turned on them
Her great queen's eyes, grown black with scornful frown—
Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.
"Nay, not for love"—one rosy palm she laid
Softly against her bosom—"as I'm a maid!
Full well I know what cruel things you say
Of this and that, but hold your peace to-day.
I pray you think no evil thing of this.
Nay, not for love's sake did I give the kiss,
Not for his beauty who's nor fair nor young,
But for the songs which those mute lips have sung!"

That was a right brave princess—one, I hold,
Worthy to wear a crown of beaten gold.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tobogganing might be defined as an instantaneous sensation, followed by a long walk up-hill.—*New York World*.

Feline amenities: "Now, which of these two photographs of you may I have, dearest?—the beautiful one, or the one as I know you?"—*Punch*.

"I see that a lost symphony of Wagner's has been found at Dresden." "H'm. Indeed. What did they do to the man who found it?"—*Tid-Bits*.

It would never do to have women as managers of newspapers. You couldn't get them to give each other credit for anything.—*New Haven News*.

We notice in a newspaper some verses headed, "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—*Somerville Journal*.

Waiter (to country groom)—"Will you have French bread, sir?" Country Bride (to husband)—"Take American bread, John. French bread would be stale afore it gits here."—*New York Sun*.

How kind artists are to each other! "What do you think of the Colin Campbell case?" said one to a painter. "The perjury in it is horrible. Did you see that Frank Miles swore that he was an artist?"—*London Truth*.

Rural Landlord (to guest)—"By gum, mister, I forgot to tell ye last night that that winder don't shet down close, an' I see the snow's drifted in an' kivered yer clo'es up. I'll be up in a minute with a shovel, an' dig 'em out!"—*Puck*.

He—"At last, my dear Amelia, the happy moment has arrived when I can tell you how I love you." She—"For goodness sake, Mr. Tompkins, don't tell me here." He—"Why? There are no witnesses." She—"That's just it."—*Life*.

First Kentuckian—"I hear your brother's dead." Second Kentuckian—"Yes, he passed away very peacefully." First Kentuckian—"Natural death?" Second Kentuckian—"Yes." First Kentuckian—"I thought he was going to have 'em."—*New Haven News*.

"I understand that Billy Bliven has signed the pledge," remarked a Cincinnati man. "Yes," was the reply; "they caught the poor fellow when he was about half-seas over, and roped him into it. Billy'll do most anything when he's been drinking."—*Merchant Traveler*.

"Come in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you something to eat." "Thanky, mum; don't care if I do." "I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trials?" "Yis, mum; an' the wust of it wuz, I allus got convicted."—*Judge*.

Hostess (across table)—"By the way, bishop, I hear Sir Wormwood and Lady Scrubbs are in town, and Justice Tupper and his wife. I only wish I had known it before, for I would have asked them to-day to meet you!" Mental Chorus of Guests—"I wonder which of us would have been left out?"—*Punch*.

Going to the opera in Boston: "Ain't you going to take your fan with you, Araminta?" "No." "Well, I think you ought to." "What's the use? There is not too much heat in the house at this season." "But I should think you would want something to cover yourself with after you take off your cloak."—*Boston Courier*.

Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Allie, who instantly sets up a yell of despair: "Uncle Jack—" "What's the matter, Allie?" "Allie (weeping)—" "You've drank up my aquarium and swallowed my free pollywogs."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Valerie Villemer (Vassar, '87)—"But, auntie, all the researches of modern science convince us that evolution is the only theory to which we can attach any confidence." Amiable Aunt—"Well, my dear, if you won't disturb my ancestors in the Garden of Eden, I will promise not to feed peanuts to yours at the zoological garden."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Lottie Litewaitte—"Come, Mr. Ponsonby, let me read your palm. Ah, I see that the line of life is very long." Ponsonby—"Is it—aw—crossed?" Lottie—"A little—the trials of married life, I suppose." Ponsonby (decidedly)—"That can't be, you know, because I have sworn never to get married. What else?" Lottie (shortly)—"Nothing else."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Once was the time when the boss of the bull-fiddle in the theatre orchestra was the worst-hated man in the establishment, because of his facility in hiding the stage from the parquet; but the bass violator of other people's rights has long since sunk into insignificance before one greater and more accursed than he—the woman with the stupendous bonnet.—*Boston Transcript*.

Managing Mamma—"Of all things! So you have declined a sleigh-ride with young Mr. Richfellow, when you know he will go right off and invite your rival, Miss Pert." Wise Daughter—"Yes, ma, and I am just delighted to think that is just what he will do." "You must be crazy! What can be your object?" "I want him to see how horribly red her nose gets in cold weather."—*Tid-Bits*.

Daughter—"Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night." Mother—"Did you accept him, daughter?" Daughter—"Yes, mamma." Mother—"Has he any money, daughter?" Daughter—"Only eighteen hundred dollars a year, mamma." Mother—"Well, daughter, handle him carefully till spring. Possibly you can pick up something better during the winter."—*Washington Critic*.

Eastern Railway Superintendent—"Some delay up the road, I hear." Telegraph Operator—"Yes, two passenger trains going at the rate of sixty miles an hour came together at Cliff Crossing." "Cliff Crossing! There is a big embankment at that point." "Yes, both trains went over the precipice." "Well, it won't take long to get the track cleared, then. I was afraid it might be something serious."—*Omaha World*.

"GOOD FORM."

"Cockaigne" discusses its Visible Manifestations in England.

The expression "good form" is very constantly used and universally understood in good society in England. It is essentially an English expression, of English origin, and, strictly speaking, of English applicability.

It is all very well to say that good form is only another name for good manners and good breeding. It isn't. Good form has a meaning of its own quite distinct from what is suggested by good manners or good breeding. A man or woman may show marked evidence of good form in whatever they do, without being strictly well-mannered or well-bred. I don't mean that well-bred people don't show good form in their actions, for they do. But a man may know the rules of good form and yet be ill-bred. It is not common, I am bound to say, but it is possible. Now, one often hears and often reads of things called "good form" which are not so. I dare say the English actors and actresses who go to New York and other American cities have to answer for much of this. As a general thing English actors know very little of good form, what it really is, or its true meaning. How can they know? They never go into the society where "good form" in its genuineness abounds. As for actresses, their chances of knowing are less than those of the actors. If you want true, genuine, unadulterated *bad form*, you would find it in English actors and actresses.

What, then, is good form? Every English lady and gentleman who goes into society knows what it is, but it is not so easy of definition. I should say it was the knowledge and observance of all those established rules recognized in society for the regulation of action in every instance. Everybody of standing and importance knows and follows these rules. Not to know them would mean inferior station or birth; not to follow them, ignorance, eccentricity, or—*bad form*. The chief and controlling rule of good form, to which all other rules are, as it were, subsidiary and subordinate, is the order of precedence, of which I wrote in a recent letter. Not to know—to have, in fact, at one's finger's ends—all the degrees of rank, how to speak of, to, and formally address everybody from princes down to professional men, would, for a person in society, be very *bad form*. They would not know how to send guests in to dinner or supper. To make a mistake on such an occasion would not only be a lack of good form, but an offense of which ignorance (if pleaded) would aggravate the disgrace instead of condoning it. The fact is, no one should entertain without knowing these rules, or being coached by some one who does know them. But the coaching would have to be *sub rosa*. The necessity of being coached is evidence of *bad form*, without considering the extra degrees of employing a coach, and its being found out. Of course, within the prescribed limits of a letter it is quite out of the question to consider every imaginable instance where good form or the reverse can be shown. It will be as much as I can do to put down such instances, and the rules to be observed, as they occur to me.

To talk of or refer to one's money, possessions, rank, rich or noble relations, is, in England, awfully *bad form*, and stamps a person directly. For ladies to talk of dress is *bad form*. Ladies (real ladies) will tell you it is the sort of thing their maids do. An English lady will order a gown or bonnet from her dressmaker or milliner, and put it on when it comes home without worrying over it, and talking it over either before or after. The use of "fine" language in conversation is considered *bad form*. So is a strict adherence to the rules of grammar in speaking, but not in writing. You will hear an English lady or gentleman frequently say "It's *me*," and think nothing of it. But read a letter from him (especially one written in the third person) and you will find it a model of all that the devoutest worshiper of Lindley Murray could wish. Inconsistent, perhaps, but none the less true, as I am sure many Americans who know English high society will assure you. To say, "Yes, marquis," or "Yes, earl," instead of "Yes, or no, my lord," to a marquis or an earl would be very *bad form*. But in writing informally to either, you can begin, "My dear Marquis," or "My dear Earl." So, in addressing the envelope of a letter to a lord or a lady, you must put "The" on a line by itself before their name. Thus:

The
Earl of Hardwicke.

But on the visiting cards of these people the "The" is left out, and you have "Earl of Hardwicke." *Why* this is so, I am unable to explain. It is one of the "puzzles of the peerage," of which there are many. But both are correct, and therefore "good form."

In the matter of invitations, those to a ball or evening party are given in the name of the lady of the house only. Those to a dinner-party have the name of the husband as well. Thus, in the first instance, it is, "Lady or Mrs. So-and-So. At Home;" in the second, "Lord and Lady, or Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So request the pleasure (or honor) of Mr. So-and-So's company at dinner," etc. The pleasure of *your* company, without mentioning the guest's name, is considered *bad form*. Again, in speaking of people, peers below the rank of duke, whatever their title, are called "Lord So-and-so;" their wives "Lady So-and-so"—not the Marquis, Earl, Marchioness, Countess of So-and-so. To call the younger son of a peer "Lord So-and-so" (surname) without his Christian name, and his wife "Lady" (surname only) is awfully *bad form*. As, for example, calling Lord Randolph Churchill and his wife "Lord and Lady Churchill." In speaking to them and of them informally they are called "Lord Randolph" and "Lady Randolph." To emphasize the *Sir*, in a baronet's or knight's name, is *bad form*. Invitations should be answered with as little delay as possible. All invitations should be answered whether there is R. S. V. P. or not. R. S. V. P. is a hint quite unnecessary to people of good form. In England it is good form to advertise births, even among the highest people. It is *bad form* for young ladies to have crests stamped on their stationery. Monograms, too, are becoming vulgar, if they are not already so. The "good form" ending to a letter or note to a friend or acquaintance, is most commonly "Yours sincerely," or "Yours very sincerely," with "Believe me" (*not* "to be") before it. "Respectfully," would be execrable. No letter to a gentleman should be addressed "Mr." "John Smith, Esq." al-

ways. It is good form for gentlemen, the morning or day after a ball, to call and simply leave a card—not ask to be admitted. Gentlemen's visiting cards all have "Mr." before their names. The Continental custom of the name only is not good form in England. At a ball *galops* are just now in *bad form*. Reversing in the waltz is considered not good form—probably from sour grapes, as people in England can't reverse. They try to in the polka, however, as it is easier, and it is then good form! For a gentleman and lady to enter a ball-room, or drawing-room at a dinner-party, arm-in-arm, is awfully *bad form*. For men to wear gloves to a dinner-party, ditto.

As for dress, to alter the rules of morning and evening dress, and wear one style in the proper place of the other, is *bad form*. So, for a man to wear any other than a high hat in London. A short time ago a high hat with a jacket (sack coat) was thought abominable. Lately this rule has been broken through. But I don't think the fashion will last. No judge is called "Judge" except a county judge. Nor is a surgeon called "Doctor," but "Mr." A clergyman is never called the Rev. Mr. So-and-so; always the "Rev. George Jones." To say the "Rev. Mr. Jones" would be very *bad form*. Bishops are generally spoken of as the bishop of such-and-such a place; though frequently referred to as "Bishop Brown." In writing to a clergyman, the envelope should be addressed with "The" before "Rev." On their visiting cards this "The" is omitted. A large visiting card for a clergyman and a small one for a lady are both "*bad form*." Among servants, butlers, ladies' maids, housekeepers, grooms, and gardeners are spoken to and of by their surnames only. For a lady or gentleman to speak of a servant as "cook," "coachman," "butler," "groom," or "gardener," without the prefix "my," would be very *bad form*. It is not good form to speak of a married lady as "Mrs. Colonel, General, Judge, or Doctor So-and-so." In fact, it is about as *bad form* as can well be imagined. "Mrs. Bishop" is quite as *bad*. It is also *bad form* to speak of the family of a peer by the name of his title, unless, of course, the family name and title are the same—for example, to call the family of the Duke of Westminster "the Westminsters" or that of the Marquis of Salisbury "the Salisburys." The first should be "the Grosvenors;" the second, "the Cecilis." Loud talking is *bad form*. So is enthusiasm. Indeed, it is difficult to decide whether it is good form to be artificial or natural. Sometimes it is one, sometimes the other. It all depends.

The fact is that good form consists of so many *little* things, inconsistent with, and independent of each other in many cases, that, to be a complete master of it, one must move in the society in which it exists as a science, and *absorb* it as it were into his system. For any foreigner to come to England and expect to avoid a *faux-pas* of some sort every hour when he goes into society, would be almost impossible. His previous ideas of good breeding won't secure him against the pit-falls. To illustrate: "Shop" talking is commonly supposed to be ill-bred. But "shop" talking is freely indulged in, especially among army men. Not that army officers are by any means criterion to go by. Another thing: suppose a gentleman is walking with a lady, and she bows to a man whom her companion does not know. Her companion does not take off his hat in return to the other man's salute, as I have seen frequently done in America. So, if two men are walking together and meet a lady whom one of them knows, only the man who knows her raises his hat. Both customs may be "good form," but to my mind they are painfully ill-bred and ill-mannered. It is not good form for a husband and wife to have their names printed together on any visiting card. Nor is it for partners when not dancing at a ball to stand arm in arm. Slang is never good form, yet a good deal has lately crept in, and is used by the best people—especially racing and hunting slang. Everybody knows that a "monkey" as a racing bet means five hundred pounds, and a "pony" twenty-five, and use the terms accordingly. Just as a fall from one's horse out hunting is called "coming a cropper."

There are loads of other instances of good form, and *bad form* if I could only just now think of them. But these will suffice. As a general thing it will be found to be a collection of arbitrary, seemingly senseless rules; but there are many that have not only sense, but refinement, and nice feeling to recommend them. As, for example, a custom, which I at this moment recall. It is generally the usage in the country for the "poor" people (as the lower orders are called) to touch their hats to the gentry they may meet walking, riding, or driving in the roads and lanes. Every gentleman, be he a duke or plain "Mr.," always returns the salute and touches his hat back to the man of low degree. It would be the worst of *bad form* not to do so. In short, good form is the opposite of snobishness. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 31, 1886.

Curious devices are practiced by fashionable women (says Clara Belle) in order to whittle an assemblage down to the limits of their residences. Recognized "society" in New York includes more people than the biggest mansion will accommodate. But it is dangerous to pick and choose in sending out invitations. So it becomes necessary to fix arbitrary lists. For instance: Mrs. Arthur Dodge gave this week a ball to those only who were married, but had not been wedded more than ten years. In that way she gathered a company of a hundred husbands and wives. No maid or widow was invited. Mrs. Orme Wilson, an Astor daughter, is only five feet in height, and her cards are out for a party to which only women as short as she are eligible. Pretty soon we shall have red-haired receptions, blue-eyed dinners, and pugnosed soirées; but I warn experimenters that the project of an occasion with feet all No. 5 and larger would be a failure, no matter if the waltz music was by a band of angel harpists, and the supper was served on the Astor set of solid gold dishes.

By observing how far the sun has to sink beneath the horizon before the topmost summit of the air is cut off from its rays, Monsieur Bravais, some years ago, determined the greatest upward limit of twilight to be 378,000 feet, or nearly seventy-one miles above sea level. By observing the earth's shadow on the moon during eclipses, astronomers had inferred that the atmosphere must be sufficiently dense to produce twilight for at least 240,000 feet away from the earth's surface.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case. Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply: "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this: that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping; and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

It is told of a good-humored celebrity that when a man once stood before him and his friend in the theatre, completely shutting out all of the stage, instead of asking him to sit down, or in any way giving offense, he simply said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but when you see or hear anything particularly interesting on the stage, will you let us know, as we are entirely dependent on your kindness?" That was sufficient.

A good story is told of a prominent Albany business man, who is an Englishman by birth. His name begins with H, and every day he would go to the postoffice and ask if there was any mail for him. He always got the same reply, until one day he shoved his head through the delivery-window and yelled: "Man, what are you looking in the Hay-box for? My name begins with Haithch." He got his letters after that.

Not long since, it is related, Mr. Oscar Browning was at an "at home." Mr. Tennyson was also present. "Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Tennyson?" cried the young verse-writer, as he forced his way toward the Laureate; "I've had the pleasure of meeting you before." Then Mr. Tennyson, who counts the author of "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" one of his intimates: "I don't know you at all. I don't know who you are. But you're not Browning. I know Browning."

The English House of Commons was once debating the Civil List—the appropriations for the king and royal family—when Lord Evelyn Stuart, who was an officer of the Guards as well as a member of the House, came in, wearing a long mustache. At that time mustaches were worn only by soldiers, and very seldom even by them. "My lord," said one of the ministers to Lord Evelyn, "now that war is over, don't you think you had better put your mustache on the peace establishment?" "I do not know whether I shall do that," said Lord Evelyn; "but, meanwhile, I would advise you to put your tongue on the Civil List."

A gentleman, addressing a Sabbath-school in Newark, described a family in distress, and the disposition a little girl made of a half-dollar given to her. He offered twenty-five cents to any child who could guess correctly what she did with her half-dollar. A boy immediately piped up: "Bought a basket with it." "But how did you happen to guess that?" "Give me my quarter, please, sir." "Yes; but first tell me how you could have guessed that." "Give him a quarter if he guessed it right," said other boys in the rear of the room. "I was in Jersey City last Sunday, and heard you tell the same story," was the quick reply on receiving the quarter.

Colonel F. B. Stockbridge, who has just been elected United States Senator in Michigan, has one of the finest residences in the West. He is rather a hale and hearty man himself, and doesn't care much for the fashionable or the luxurious. However, just to please the bone folks, he spent a cool one hundred thousand dollars on the Kalamazoo mansion. Shortly after the completion of this splendid edifice he invited one of his old friends, a Michigan horseman, to inspect the premises. After looking at all the fine things this friend said: "Wa'al, Frank, you've got a mighty fine house here, and I reckon there's nothing more you want." "Yes," answered Stockbridge, "I suppose 'tis very recherché, but there's one thing that's lacking." "What's that?" asked the visitor. "A parrot," said Stockbridge. "A parrot!" cried the visitor; "now, what on earth do you want of a parrot, Frank?" "I'd like to have him set right up over the front door," said Stockbridge, "so that every time he saw me he'd flop his wings and holler: 'Here comes that d—d fool again?'"

Some years ago Judge Gray, of the Supreme Bench of Iowa, was called to Colorado by the death there of a relative, who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. On the way back with the body a transshipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets for Iowa City, and attended to the checking of the coffin-box in regular form. Then he retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest. At half-past four the next morning the porter roused him to dress, as Iowa City was but a few miles away. The judge had not slept well, and the early rising had not helped to put him in a good humor. He was feeling anything but cheerful when he stepped upon the platform at Iowa City, and, walking to the baggage office, found that the body of his relative was not there. "No body came this morning," said the agent. Judge Gray was furious. He was too full for utterance, and, without uttering one word, he walked to the telegraph office, seized a pen, dashed off a dispatch to the baggage agent at Council Bluffs, and thrust it through the window to the astonished operator. It was this: "Where in hell is my mother-in-law?"

Abraham Hayward's dinners were always sprightly affairs. At one of them Lord Lyndhurst mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached bookcases, the male authors in one and the female in another. James Smith said he supposed her reason was she did not wish to add to her library. Of another dinner, given about the same epoch, Hayward himself records that "some capital things were struck out, but wit is too evanescent for repetition. Sheridan was saying that he had been told that it was impossible to get a dinner at the Temple. 'What,' said Lord Lyndhurst, 'not at the chambers of the gastronome of the Quarterly?' (Hayward's then recent article on gastronomy and gastronomers had been read by everybody.) 'Who,' added Hook, 'has just given us a practical commentary on the article, illustrated by plates, and accompanied by cuts.' Lord Lyndhurst, who had to go to the Duke of Sussex's later, came to this dinner with gold-laced trousers, his dress-coat being left in the carriage. Theodore Hook gravely proposed that, to appear with all his glories, Lord Lyndhurst should reverse his position in his chair."

A Chicago man was in Milwaukee a few days ago and wanted to get home, but he didn't have a cent. It was too cold to steal a ride in a freight-car, so he determined to get into the best car on the train and trust to luck. As the train moved out he raised the window and shoved his head out, his silk hat, a somewhat battered one, being tilted back on his head for reasons which soon became obvious. Presently the conductor came in and passed down the aisle taking up tickets. Coming to the Chicago man he called out: "Ticket, please." The Chicago man continued to admire the scenery as if he had been born deaf. There was a moment of intense silence, and then the conductor's hand fell heavily on the Chicago man's shoulder. The jar was sufficient to topple the hat off into the snow, and after gazing at its retreating form for a half minute, the Chicago man drew in his head and glared at the conductor. "There, now you've done it!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "Didn't knock your hat off, did I?" asked the conductor. "That's what you did." "But your ticket wasn't in it?" "Well, it just was." The conductor hesitated for a moment and then said: "You'll have to pay anyhow. Rules of the road." "Well, I guess I won't," returned the Chicago man, "and I want you to run your darned train back and get my hat." "I can't do that—but I'll let you ride through to Chicago." "But my hat. I want indemnity for it." "Indemnity be blowed, you ought to keep your head in the car. I won't give you any indemnity, so what are you going to do about it?" "I'll report you to the superintendent," yelled the Chicago man. "Oh, that's a chestnut," said the conductor; "you go to sleep and I'll wake you at Chicago." The Chicago man made himself comfortable, and fell asleep; and when he woke up on reaching his destination, he found his head covered with a shiny new tile, inside which were the conductor's initials.

VANITY FAIR.

A big private ball in a private house (says the Philadelphia Press) is the sort of entertainment that most tries skill, patience, and purses. The cost of a ball given anywhere is, of course, very large, and even the smallest incidental is expensive. The hostess, having determined to give the ball in her own house, sends out say seven hundred invitations. She may expect, unless there is a great deal going on, about four hundred and fifty acceptances. That number will be her basis of calculation. Caterers and decorators will carry out her orders on whatever scale she may place them. As to the rest, it will be about as follows:

Cards and envelopes.....	\$ 30
Postage (the messenger is nearly done away with).....	14
Orchestra of eight performers.....	80
Oysters prepared in various ways.....	100
Chicken croquettes, salads, sweet-bread croquettes.....	300
Terrapin.....	250
Delicacies and ices.....	250
Twenty-four cases of champagne, at \$30 a case.....	720
Handling wines, \$3 a case.....	72
Apollinaris and red wines.....	100
Floral decorations—handsome, but not elaborate; what a decorator would call "medium".....	500
Fees to policemen, maids, charges for hauling and storing furniture and for laying crash.....	100

Total.....\$2,516

The caterer provides extra servants, the charge being included in his general estimate. The wear and tear of the house and damage to furniture are also to be considered. From the estimate laid down, it will be observed that while the entertainment would be handsome, it would not be strikingly or extraordinarily so. At least \$700 more would have to be laid out to make a special display. On the other hand, four hundred and fifty people at a ball in a private house are too many. Experience has shown that if the number is increased much above two hundred and fifty there will be discomfort. Estimating for the smaller number, a handsome ball could be given for about \$1,500, the saving being chiefly in viands and wines.

A dozen makes a very agreeable company at a dinner in a private house, and, as dining-rooms go, eighteen covers mean a large affair. Estimating for eighteen, the cost would be about as follows:

Four men-servants extra, at \$5.....	\$20
A head man to be in charge.....	10
Moderate menu, at \$5 a cover.....	90
Extra china and silver.....	10
Handling wines.....	5
Two quarts of sherry, at \$3.....	6
Four bottles of Sauterne, at \$2.50.....	10
One case of champagne.....	30
Four bottles of Burgundy, at \$3.....	12
Liqueurs.....	4
Cigars and cigarettes.....	6
Decorations.....	40

Total.....\$243

The menu would comprise oysters, one soup, one fish, an entrée, a roast, two vegetables, game, salad, and desserts. The floral decorations would, of course, be modest—a large centre-piece, some roses in vases, smilax, and, of course, corsage bouquets. If living plants for the decoration of the room should be required, they would, of course, add to the cost.

Afternoon teas are the most popular of all forms of entertaining, and they hold their popularity, despite the monotony that attends many of them, and the charge that men don't and won't go to them. The reason, of course, is simple. They are cheap, and enable people to discharge their social obligations at small expense. Three hundred people can easily be entertained at a tea for one hundred dollars. The menu, of course, will be tea, coffee, hot or frozen chocolate, and cake or biscuit. When the bours for the tea run over those usually devoted by fashion's consent to dinner, people naturally expect something more substantial—as, for example, salads, croquettes, and oysters, and that means an additional charge of about fifty cents for each person. A reception at night is much more expensive, for night entertaining usually means wine, and people are not always backward in expressing their discontent if they do not obtain it. Of course, the moment the corks begin to fly the cost piles up rapidly. What would be provided at a night reception would depend altogether on the generosity of the host and hostess. A good menu would be cold cuts, salads, croquettes, oysters, and bouillon, besides the wines. The cost would be about two dollars for each person for the viands alone. The wines would be extra. For a formal wedding-reception the same menu could be served. Wedding cake in boxes would also, however, be provided in addition, a cost of about six dollars a dozen. The floral decorations would be altogether a matter of taste, and would cost all the way from twenty-five to three hundred dollars, and the cost for stationery and postage would be from twenty-five to fifty dollars more.

"Last week" says the New York Star, "during the performance of 'Fidelio' at the Metropolitan Opera House, a woman's laugh, loud and boisterous, rang out at the most critical part of the opera, and wholly disconcerted two of the greatest artists in the world, who were at that time striving their utmost to please the New York public. It was at the climax of Beethoven's work—the moment when Leonora meets her husband, Florestan, in the depths of the prison where he is supposed to have been confined for years. Fraulein Brandt and Herr Niemann, both great actors as well as great singers, threw themselves into the situation with splendid enthusiasm, and the result was dramatically superb. At this critical point a sharp, shrill laugh resounded through the house, and so disconcerted the singers as to bring matters to a standstill and caused the conductor to stop the orchestra and begin over again. The indignation of the audience expressed itself first in vehement hissing, and finally in vigorous applause for the two singers, who were recalled again and again before the curtain at the end of the scene. This incident was but an exaggerated case of what goes on almost nightly in the first opera house of the new world. There is always chattering by people who know no better than to make others uncomfortable, and now and then we have some

ill-bred person who exceeds the large toleration of a long-suffering public. The fact that these disturbances come almost wholly from the occupants of the boxes makes the matter all the more disgraceful, for rich people can not prove unavoidable ignorance; they may not have learned good manners, but they have money enough to pay for lessons in deportment. And one of the first things they are likely to learn is consideration for the feelings of others." The Sun has this to say: "The young woman who interrupted the performance of Beethoven's 'Fidelio' by a derisive peal of laughter, did not, a lady who knows her says, intend to reflect on the singing or acting of Fraulein Brandt. The young woman was dressed in black, and had her back half turned toward the stage. She was seated in a box in the grand tier of the auditorium, and had been talking in a tone plainly audible to the singers. The derisive laugh was the young woman's criticism of or answer to a remark made by one of her companions. Fraulein Brandt is sure that the young woman who laughed was not laughing at her. Other people who were at the opera are sure that the young woman will not publicly laugh again very soon."

Nothing, perhaps, could emphasize more strongly the drift of things among young men in New York towards bachelorhood than the remarkable growth in late years of the bachelor apartment house system. Ten years ago, with the exception of the University building in East Washington Square, there was not a single big lodging-house of any standing given over exclusively to men. Now there are dozens of them of all grades and sizes, from the cozy three-story one down some side street, a trifle Bohemian, with single rooms and entire seclusion and comfort, to the tall, fashionable pile which fronts on some square or park or avenue, full of handsome suites and costly furnishings. The rich curtains and decorated walls, the polished brass and mirrors, the wealth of pictures in these parlors and lounging rooms, carry one back to the extravagances of the newest and most expensive college halls in Cambridge and New Haven. But here there is a more formal note of luxury, the finish and precision of a hardening bachelorhood, a solidity of personal comfort which the gay, changing college life misses. It would, in fact, be hard to find rooms more substantially comfortable than those in the best bachelor apartment houses. Light, warmth, airiness, beauty, quiet, independence—one can have all these at not too great expense and with almost no personal trouble. Add to these a serene and careless life, and one has the very ideal of bachelorhood. The Benedick, a handsome bachelors' apartment house, faces Washington Square, between Washington Place and West Fourth Street. The Benedick is certainly the best known of all these bachelors' apartment houses, and has the distinction of figuring thus on the stage at Daly's Theatre, as the Windsor does among hotels. The Benedick has some forty suites, most of them of two large rooms and a bathroom, scattered through six floors. All of the rooms are heated by steam, though there is an open grate in each study or parlor. The ceilings are high, and the walls are decorated after the orthodox frieze and dado fashion. Each man, of course, furnishes his own suite. There is an elevator and a double connection by tube and electric bell with the janitor's office. The halls are airy and pretty, and the whole house has a charmingly ordered look about it. The frontage on the square is narrow, of course, compared with that of the University, but the whole building has the benefit of the coolness in summer and the light in fall and winter. The top floor, which looks far across Macdougall Street, is used for artists' studios only. Rooms are taken by the year, and there is generally a sharp competition for vacant ones. The suites at the front of the building can be rented for \$650. Those on the corners at the back, two large rooms with closets and bathroom, cost \$460. Back hall rooms, with alcoves for bedroom and washstand, bring \$365. And some few still smaller suites, a single room, in fact, most of them, are rented for as little as \$275. If a grate fire is burned, it will cost probably \$20 a year extra. Gas is so cheap now that unless one stays in a great deal, light need not cost more than \$5 or \$6. A light breakfast is sent up and served hot in one's room, if he orders it. Shoes are blacked and errands are done, or cabs ordered from the office. But the cost of lodging proper 'ought not to go much beyond \$500 for each person in any case.

A lady who is in the less staid of Boston's fashionable circles, Mrs. X., was invited to luncheon on board the yacht of a young society man of ample means and elegant tastes. It is not impossible that Mrs. X. finds it contributes to her vogue with men of a certain calibre to have the reputation of being daring and unconventional, and at least it must be owned that even if four out of every five of the tales told of her are untrue, she would still have a formidable task of contradiction to accomplish before she could establish her claim to be regarded as a lady of unexceptionably good breeding. On the present occasion she chose to bring with her an uninvited guest in the shape of an English boor, who was dangling on her train; one of those superb specimens of complete and brutal ill-breeding of which it is the crowning pride of the British aristocracy to produce unrivaled examples. The owner received the stranger with politeness, for an American gentleman can be polite even to an English noble or a book agent, albeit he was not in his heart overjoyed at this unexpected addition to a carefully arranged party. Luncheon was served on deck, and among the delicacies offered the guests was chocolate. The beverage was contained in exquisite cups of Sevres belonging to a service just procured from abroad by the owner of the yacht, and in which he especially delighted. The Englishman took the chocolate offered him, tasted of it and made up a wry face. "It's nasty," he pronounced laconically; and without further comment he tossed it, cup and all, over the rail into the sea. Consternation and amazement were visible on every face, save that of Mrs. X. She evidently said to herself: "The Englishman is my friend, and he shall not lack protection in a place to which I brought him." With composure quite unruffled she in turn tasted of her own chocolate. "Yes," she said, "you are right. It is nasty." And with an energetic, yet seemingly half languid, movement she sent her cup to join its fellow at the bottom of Narragansett Bay. What the owner of the yacht felt has never been recorded, but it is noticed that he and Mrs. X. have never been on very good

terms since. The lady had her reward, however, for well doing. Her English friend—up to a time of certain painful occurrences which caused his somewhat precipitate disappearance from society—always spoke of her as "a gamey old girl," and surely the woman who attains to a distinction like this at the hands of a scion of the British nobility and gentry cannot feel that she has lived in vain. It was not the husband of Mrs. X., but of her friend Mrs. Y., who, in a state of alcoholic frankness, proclaimed at the club one evening that before reading the news he always looked the paper over in the morning, to see whether his wife was in for any scandal yet. It is to be feared that such a state of things can hardly be conducive to domestic bliss; but, after all, it is perhaps the part of wisdom not to scrutinize this particular circle too carefully.

The distinctive new feature in dress is a peculiar swish and sway of dresses worn at the balls in tip-top society. The movement of the draperies is in harmonic unison with the steps of the wearer, and she gains considerably in picturesqueness, because the outlines of her gown are constantly being altered, but are all the while instinct with life and individuality. The fabric seems to be, as never before, a part and parcel of her personality. It follows that a graceful belle, with a good style of carriage in walk and waltz, is increasingly charming. But how is it accomplished? This is it: The secret lies in what is called a seamed underskirt. The modish girl has not exactly put on trousers, nor yet donned the divided skirt of the dress reformers, but she has had a seam run into her petticoat for stylish occasions. This division of the garment into two sections is only for a short distance—at the knee level—and its effect is to make the dress conform to the gait of the girl. She has to modify, of course, the usual process of dropping the skirt over her head; but no matter for that, so long as the loveliness of contour is heightened. This is said to have been borrowed from Rosina Vokes, the actress. She was in New York last winter with her mild but polite company of British amateurs, and they captivated the fancy of swelldom. It was noticed that in her dancing she managed her long train with wondrous grace. This feat was at the time ascribed to skill alone. But now she is emulated. She went to a Fifth Avenue factor to get some new clothes made at the beginning of the present season. There she had to give away the secret. Thence it went out to favored customers, and now the belles are waltzing in seamed skirts.

When is it fashionable to live in New York? According to the social calendar, there is only one month in the year in which to be in town. By the first of May the rich and great have packed their bags, and gone to their country homes. It is the height of unfashion to return to New York until January, and then you must stay there but a few days, for January, February, and March must be spent in Washington. That leaves April for New York. Tuxedo has never been livelier than this winter, and it is such a well-guarded community that young unmarried ladies of wealth have rented houses there for the season on their own account, and keep old-maid's hall during the carnival. Tobogganning is the chief delight of Tuxedo. They have a toboggan slide there of over a mile long, which they are not more than sixty seconds in descending. The snow is kept covered with a thin coating of ice, and the toboggan fairly flies over this slippery crust until it reaches its journey's end. There the big sleds are in readiness to take the tobogganers up the hill again. The great bore of tobogganning heretofore has been climbing the hill, though it is really the most healthful part of the exercise. But it is very tiresome. Washington is desirable in the gay months solely, for social reasons. A man said, the other day, that he had just been having a glorious time in Washington; that he had from five to six invitations, all of which he accepted, for every day during his stay there. It was breakfast parties, and receptions, and Germans, and balls, right through the day and night. For anybody who likes this sort of thing, Washington is the place. And, again, it is the place for one who does not care so much for the whirl as for meeting interesting people.

The fashionable bonbon in Paris is usually named after some prominent personage or theatrical success. This winter, however, Paris has been so dull that no topical title is forthcoming, and the confectioners are obliged to fall back on Sardou's forthcoming play, and call their sweets "The Crocodile." Hostesses are getting rather weary of bonbons, and instead of the traditional satin or velvet bag or box, prefer some gift which can be utilized afterward, such as a "Braganza" lamp-shade in tulip form, called after the Crown Princess of Portugal, and an appropriate present to an Orleanist sympathizer; or an opera-bag which will hold the fan, opera-glasses, and bonbonnière when coming out of the theatre. Marguerites are the flower of the season, and are dotted all over portfolios, card-cases, purses, and glove-boxes, lady-birds also appearing in profusion.

The name of Redfern has become famous in the world of fashion, not only in Europe, but in this country, and the height of ambition with many ladies is to wear a Redfern suit. The success of this establishment is remarkable, the business in New York city alone requiring the space of two entire buildings, in which a large force is kept constantly employed designing, cutting, and manufacturing. At the London establishment of Redfern the royal family and nobility are regular and liberal patrons, which naturally makes the fashions of this house an authority, and they are quite considerably copied both in Europe and this country. The garments made by Redfern are from special designs of their own, and the purchaser can be certain that no duplicates will be made. The New York establishment is situated on Fifth Avenue, near Delmonico's, and extends through to Broadway. The rooms are fitted up in a most elegant manner, and with every comfort and convenience. It is the fashion centre of the metropolis, and is patronized by the leading families, not only of New York, but also from all the principal cities in the country. Something new and novel is always to be found among their drawings and designs. In response to numerous requests, Redfern has added a department for gentlemen tailoring in the Broadway building. The fitting of this room are of brass and oak, made from drawings by Mr. Ernest Redfern, the American representative, and cost over five thousand dollars.

NEW YORK BELLES.

"Iris" shows how they obtain their Name for Beauty.

Though it certainly has its advantages, yet on the whole, it is a bad thing to be a New Yorker—one grows so narrow. Your real New Yorker, though he pretends to be a cosmopolitan, in his heart of hearts looks down upon everything and everybody beyond the limits of Manhattan Island. He has the Parisian's idea of Paris—outside the red brick walls of his "dear, delightful, damned, distracting town" is a barren wilderness. New York to him has the best restaurants, the cleanest streets, the finest homes, the most charming people, the gayest balls, the most exquisite dinners, the best bred horses, and the prettiest women in America. No Andalusian mule is more obstinate than he on these, his pet hobbies. He will fight for them, till, like the man in that fossil chestnut, he is found sitting on the ground whispering their charms into the ear of his exhausted opponent. On the subject of the women, either a genuine appreciation of their good looks, or a jealous pride in everything his native city brings forth, makes him more than usually narrow. There is something dogmatically faithful in his devotion to their beauty, which, truth to tell, exists for the most part in his own imagination. He begrudges a compliment to any other woman. He turns up his nose at the soft, languid women of the Sunny South as ill-dressed; the burr in the terminal "r" of the Western girl offends his cultured ear, used to the soft sibilants of the Anglomaniac. He regards the spectacled Bostonian, with music-roll and a talent for the high mathematics, as only endurable when viewed through the medium of Messrs. James and Howells; her slightly nasal intonation sets his teeth on edge, her matter-of-fact glance chills him, after the laughing eyes he knows and loves. The girl of the Pacific Slope he finds too highly colored—like the fruit and landscape of her native State she is luxuriant to coarseness; but the New York girl, bright, well-dressed, self-possessed, will draw from him streams of eulogy as Moses drew the water from the rock.

Entre nous, New York women are not renowned for their beauty, and have no right to be. The score stands thus: For the most ideal form of beauty, the most perfect refinement of expression, the Baltimore woman ranks first; but the New Yorker finds them badly dressed, lazy, and sometimes stupid. For stateliness, and the truest modern realization of the old Greek type, Kentuckians come in a good second; but here again the New Yorker objects to a want of style, to unformed manners, to a general absence of sweetness and light. For exotic richness of coloring, noble outlines, and fine carriage, the Californian takes third place; but the New Yorker thinks her *genre* had; he finds her coloring, so flawless by nature, well-nigh ruined by art; she dresses with poor taste, wears high heels in the street, and her hair in a French twist; each in itself sufficient to damn her in his eyes forever.

His own women are to him faultless; in his admiration of their *esprit*, their butterfly wit, their pretty gowns, he overlooks their figures, pale complexions, and general appearance of constitutional delicacy. This latter, in truth, is the real drawback to their beauty. It is what the English said of them years ago, and it is still true. A New York girl begins to fade at twenty-two. From fifteen to seventeen she is occasionally wonderfully lovely. She has the frail, fine beauty of a tea-rose—the highly finished beauty which is only seen in great cities, and which is destroyed by the same atmosphere that gave it birth. One season of dancing, gaslight, and late hours blights the tea-rose. But she makes up for its loss by her brightness and her clothes. She is justly renowned for the most stylish manners and the best-made dresses of any woman in America. A stylish manner does not of necessity mean the best manner, but the manner which is most fashionable at the moment. There are fashions in manners as there are in clothes, and there the New York girl is sharp as a needle at seeing, and clever as a star actress at adopting. Some years ago that ugly fashion came in for excitable manners, when the girls talked so fast and gasped so you felt as if the whole female portion of the town spent its life in running to catch trains. In one week they all broke out in it. Not a girl who was anybody retained her old form of address. Since then the English manner has come in. The use of the broad "a" fell on them like a pestilence. Not an "a" was left to pursue the even tenor of its way unmolested. The word "lady" was pronounced bad form, and "woman" substituted; "gentlemen friends" was hoycotted, and "men that I know" took its place. In a prematurely short time the change was effected, and one could not but believe that it was the work of years. Now the languid manner is *chic*. The girls who gasped and nearly fell into spasms four years ago are half asleep to-day. You would not believe they were the same creatures. The quick turns of the head, the rapid gestures of the hand, all, all are gone into the limbo of the past, and a drowsy, magnificent languor reigns in their stead. This very quickness of the New York women at putting on or taking off a manner as they would a hat, is one of their salient points. They are clever enough to hide how clever they really are, which is not far short of genius. You never heard a New York woman accused of being a blue-stocking. Yet some of them know quite as much as their austere Boston sisters. But they are cool-headed; the desire to be remarkable never runs away with their common sense. They know as well as possible that there is nothing a man hates as much as a girl who can talk preadamite rocks, or give him points on the solar system. They know everything, and appear to know nothing, which is the highest form of female education to be achieved in the school of society. It is part of this very astuteness of theirs which has gained them their European reputation for good looks. There was once a French actress called Heilbrunn. She was not handsome, but she was determined that people should think she was. Being a woman of brain and determination, she accomplished this in the course of a year or two, and died some eight months ago in the odor of beauty. This is what New York girls do. They are not pretty, and they know it; but they make up their minds that the world shall accept them as beauties. They have a settled plan of action, give their minds up to it, and in a year are spoken of as "the pretty Miss So-and-so." I can vouch for this, for I have a case in print in my mind. In one year, a girl—a

helle and beauty now—turned from rather a plain little *débutante* into a very stunning-looking young woman. We who watched her evolution still see traces of the hack in the thoroughbred, but to strangers she is an epitome of American prettiness.

On the subject of artistic dressing there can be no question. There are no women in the world, except Parisians perhaps, who dress as New York women do. They have a talent for wearing clothes. From the belles and beauties of the opulent upper ten thousand to the shop-girls and curbstone loiterers, there is not a woman in Gotham who doesn't understand the art—an art as hopelessly lost in the sunny South as the art of tempering steel is in Damascus. Yet it is not so much the clothes as the way they wear them. Put one of their gowns on a Chicago girl, and you will see the difference. They have an air—a style—which is peculiar to themselves. It is their distinguishing characteristic, and stands them in better stead than would the Baltimorean's velvet eyes, or the Californian's hair "like coiled sunlight."

The inevitable result of this is that New Yorkers have become inordinately vain of their reputation as good dressers. It is an absorbing vanity, which has permeated both sexes, from Avenue A to Fifth Avenue. It has become a tradition of the city, and all the dwellers therein feel that it is their duty to uphold it. It is as strong with men as with women. No man is more absurdly afraid of making a guy of himself than a New Yorker. He would suffer absolute misery if he went to a party of some description and found his attire slightly different from that of the other men. His desire to uphold the reputation of his native town has made him the most self-conscious fellow in the world. Now, this is not an American characteristic. No Westerner—the American in his aboriginal state—was ever troubled with self-consciousness.

I once went to a dance in a town in Colorado, and saw a man in a Prince Albert coat and a pair of drab corduroy trousers. His perfect self-possession, his absolute unconcern at the peculiarities of his toilet, was a beautiful thing to see. Let us follow him to New York. He wears the form of head covering known in the West as a "Fédora"—a name the appropriateness of which I have always missed—his clothes are of cuts long past, his hair is brushed in a defunct fashion; probably when he removes the Fédora "what is known in the profession as a feathah" is visible on his crown. But at first he is as oblivious as of yore to his appearance. At first only—soon the blighting influences of the metropolis surround him, and he falls like the beautiful snow. When he begins to "take notice," he says with a reckless air, "If they don't like it they can do the other thing;" then gives the Fédora an additional cock over one ear and swaggers up Broadway, casting about him glances of vague defiance, and in his soul sore and angry with himself for feeling conscious of his deficiencies. For a brief space he "keeps himself unspotted from the world," clings to the lost cause of the Fédora with defiant determination, and goes to dances in a dress suit, which causes him exquisite embarrassment. But there are few men who have at once the qualities of a hero and a martyr. One day he steals out with a hang-dog air, and buys a hat. When he comes home he "looks the world in the face, for he fears not any man;" he has laid aside with the Fédora the reckless swagger, the defiant pose of the head, the quick side-glance at the passers-by to detect the dreaded sneer. The fatal plunge taken, his wardrobe is changed in a twinkling, and a year after his arrival in the metropolis sees him as fine a dandy as ever stared at passing women from a club window.

NEW YORK, January 18, 1887.

The London *Times* has not often of late distinguished itself by enterprise in getting news, but there is no doubt of its power to keep a bit of intelligence away from its rivals. Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, announced exclusively by "The Thunderer," is a late example. The young statesman drove into Printing-House Square, shortly after eleven o'clock at night, and asked to see the editor. He was lodged with him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time, lo! as Mr. Black says in his novels, a strange thing happened. As soon as Lord Randolph had been seen off the premises, an order was issued to lock every door, hack and front, and take the keys to the editor's room. Dispatches, as they arrived through the night, were taken in at a window in the court-yard. Not a soul, from the editor to the printer's devil, was permitted to leave the premises on any pretext whatever. For some hours mystery and consternation brooded over the establishment. The secret was till two o'clock in the morning locked in the breasts of the editor and two leader-writers. The paragraph announcing the resignation, and the articles commenting thereon, were written and held back to the last moment. But even then, the hour being one at which other papers had gone to press, the doors were still locked, and it was not till the paper had gone to press that the doors were unlocked.

"The Key Bureau" (late the London Latch-key Company) is a curious outcome of a high state of civilization. It professes, for the sum of one shilling per annum, virtually to guarantee subscribers from losing their keys. A tablet, to be affixed to them, is issued to each person, with the address of the company engraved on it and a statement that five shillings reward will be given on the key being brought to the office, when it is at once returned, free of charge, to the owner. It is an ingenious plan enough, but it would also be ingenious to keep on losing one's keys, and getting them conveyed to the bureau by some trusty messenger, who would afterward divide with us the five shillings. Among other really practical advantages of this institution, it is grimly suggested that in case of sudden death, the bureau would prove a most convenient channel of identification.

A fire in a remote village in the Province of Shan-Tung, China, has destroyed a collection of historic articles, presented through twenty-five centuries by the admirers of Confucius to his family. These descendants are the only Chinese family, save the imperial, where a title descends from father to son. They have ducal rank. The present duke is a direct lineal descendant of the philosopher. The collection was of fabulous value, representing gifts from many ancient dynasties, besides one from almost every modern one.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The health of the Czarevitch is seriously failing, but the Czar will send any one to Siberia who ventures to mention the fact to him.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year, and his congregation is one of the largest in the city of New York.

Prince Bismarck's criticism of Lord Randolph Churchill is that he has been "a two-penny Catiline." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says he is "a political Fihbertygibbet, whose mind is as nimble as a lively mouse in a windy barn, and who is the most reckless of political gamblers."

A long-forgotten portrait of Byron has been brought to light in Fiume, Hungary. It was painted at Venice, at 1816, by Natale Schiavoni, and represents the poet seated at a coffee-table, smoking, and wearing a high hat and voluminous cloak. His favorite dog stands beside him.

Queen Victoria has come to the relief of Lady Colio Campbell by asking one of the ladies of the royal household to arrange to meet her at dinner, and express the Queen's sympathy and her opinion that the result of the trial ought to be accepted as a complete vindication of Lady Colio.

Edmond About once, in speaking of Alboni, wrote that her singing was "like a nightingale piping out of a lump of suet." The adipsos and indignant prima donna sent him a goose-quill through the agency of a marquise. About, on receiving the pen, said, with his most charming smile: "I regret, sir, that Mme. Alboni should have plucked you for my sake."

Probably ex-Attorney-General Brewster had the strangest conceit of any man who ever came to Washington. He liked an open grate fire, but somehow he detested the color of coal. The contrast of the black coal and the red and blue flames was most distasteful to him; so his servant always had orders to splash the fuel with white-wash, which he kept on hand for the purpose.

The President was very much amused recently to receive a letter addressed "His Excellency Hon. Grover Cleveland, President," upon which was indorsed: "President, Pennsylvania. Not here at present; try Washington." It seems that there is a post-office somewhere in Pennsylvania named "President," to which the letter was first sent, to be transmitted thence to Washington with the quaint indorsement of the postmaster.

Mr. Parnell's power, says a London journal, is almost wholly due to his force of restraint. He has absolute control over his temper, and never "lets himself go." The leader of a race famed for jovial wit, passionate oratory, and reckless abandon, he never made a joke in his life; is a cold, unimpassioned calculator, who holds himself in reserve even with his intimates, and whose oratory has never been relieved by a single burst of passionate fervor. He is the mystery-man of modern politics.

Another incident of Moltke and Bismarck comes to hand. At Koniggratz, while the result was yet to doubt, the statesman approached the warrior, to ask him his opinion of the battle. He found him sitting silent on his black horse, and hesitated to disturb his meditations. Presently, without a word, he offered him his cigar-case. There were two cigars in it—one good, the other rather poor. The illustrious marshal, still silent, took it, inspected the contents, chose the better cigar, returned the poor one with the case, and remained as silent as before, while the statesman turned away, with his question unasked and unanswered.

A London newspaper declares that a Captain Maude, who died a week or two since, in the jubilee year of Victoria, was the grandson of a man who lived twelve years under Charles II. His grandfather, Sir Robert Maude, was born in 1673; his father, the first Lord Hawarden, in 1729, and he himself in 1798. Thus three generations have covered two hundred and thirteen years, or an average of seventy-one years to a generation, and have lived under ten sovereigns. The first Lord Hawarden, having been born as stated in 1729, married in 1777 for his third wife a young lady of eighteen, who lived to be ninety-two, and died in 1857. There were thus one hundred and twenty-two years between the birth of the husband and the death of the wife. Such a case is probably unique.

The clever Queen of Roumania is making herself more useful than the modern queen is generally apt to be. She has been accustomed for some time past to give lectures privately, in her palace, to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that the demands for admission to them grew inconvenient, so that the Queen thought of delivering her lectures in the high school, to all pupils who cared to attend. Before her majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination, to which the Queen submitted, and, the diploma having now been won, not granted by favor—her majesty will begin her lectures early in the new year at the high school for girls at Bucharest.

John Lawrence Sullivan, the hitter, is going to make a hook hearing his name as author. A contract binding him to this work is reposing snugly in a drawer at one of the publishing houses in New York city. The name will probably be "Memoirs, by John L. Sullivan." If it is not this it will probably be "Reminiscences." A portion of the publisher's duty under the contract will be to supply for Sullivan a competent amanuensis. John L. will talk to his amanuensis in his own free fashion about his life, his training, his encounters, his social successes, and particularly about the newspapers, against which he makes the terrible threat that he will call them by name! The peoman will then transfer John L.'s reminiscences, narrations, and opinions to paper in good English. It may be inferred that the amanuensis will be a very important factor in the construction of this literary work.

The *Daily News* is the only important English newspaper represented in Paris by a member of the softer sex. Mrs. Crawford was for many years during her husband's life the chief worker in the *Daily News* Paris correspondence. Night after night she might be seen ensconced in a snug corner of the Café Véron, under the special gas-branch provided for her use, sometimes with her lord and master, and sometimes alone. Her genial Celtic face shows a sound judgment, and gives evidences of a cynicism which is without cruelty. In times gone by she sometimes put a trifle too much sharp sauce into her weekly chronicles in *Truth*, but nowadays this reproach can no longer be made. Mrs. Crawford contributes to *Truth*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and the *New York Tribune*. Mrs. Crawford is, under ordinary circumstances, careless as to dress, but at a dinner-table her complexion and neck, of that dazzling rosy-white for which the women of the North are noted, added to her vivacity of manner, give her a charming appearance. She has the truly Parisian habit of not being shocked at trifles; she can cry, kiss, and laugh in a breath like a true Parisienne.

At the last meeting of the New York Board of Education Mrs. Mary Nash Agnew and Miss Grace Dodge took their seats in the board for the first time. The interest manifested on the occasion by the public was evidenced by the throng which filled the board-room long before four o'clock, the hour of meeting. Many well-known public-school teachers were present, and all the benches were filled, standing room even being at a discount. During the meeting the ladies were the only members of the board in whom the spectators took any interest. Miss Dodge is tall, probably five feet eight or ten inches in height, and has a handsome, well-proportioned, and graceful figure. She wears her thick, chestnut hair brushed smoothly back from her broad brow, and her fine, fresh-complexioned face shows both intellect and strength of will. She was dressed in a plain black tailor-made gown, and a small velvet bonnet of the same color. Her associate commissioner, Mrs. Agnew, is in every feature her complete opposite, being short and slight, with small, sweet blonde countenance, and a decided but extremely gentle expression. She was dressed in black, her garments being made after a quiet, elderly fashion, suited to her years. The ladies cast their first votes for the reelection of Mr. Simmons to the presidency, the clerk calling "Dodge" and "Agnew," and they answering, quietly but clearly, "Aye." One of the teachers, who was present during the meeting, said afterward: "The female teachers were not unanimous in their desire for this innovation. There were a few of them bitterly opposed to it."

THE SUN FESTIVALS.

"Parisina" describes the Latest Phase of Charity Fêtes in Paris.

One excuse for a fête is as good as another—and better, as M. Calino would say, if it be a charitable excuse. Except perhaps the Viennese, who are past-masters in the art, I suppose no people in the world are so clever and ingenious in putting up *fêtes de bienfaisance* as the Parisians, or finding pretexts for them. There are women of the world here who seem hardly to think of anything else. The Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, for example (not she of d'Erissac, who marries her daughter to-morrow to the Duc de Plaisance, but Duchesse Bisaccia), of whom I have had so much to tell you at various times, is a wonderful organizer of fancy fairs. When necessary, she is a stage-manager, cashier, stall-keeper, or decorative artist all rolled into one. Several other ladies in the Faubourg come very near her. The Duchesse de Magenta—once Présidente of the French Republic—is also the president of a variety of charitable institutions, and a most notable woman, capable of drawing up a code of regulations or building a hospital, as easily as she manages the marshal—poor, dear man.

We have had so many fêtes within the last few years in Paris, we have racked our brains so often for charitable ideas, that it seemed hard to discover anything new when it was first proposed that Paris should amuse herself a little for the poor Provençaux who had been ruined by the inundations. Yet so fertile in expedients are we here that the miracle was accomplished. A group of imaginative Southerners—men of letters, artists, actors, poets—hit upon the charming paradox of giving us a Fête du Soleil in December. We were all shivering beside the miserable grates, which they call fire-places here, when the delightful scheme was mooted. Visions of bright, blue skies and purple seas rose before us. "Les Fêtes du Soleil"—Sun festivals! It seemed to carry us away to the ruined amphitheatre of Arles and Nîmes; to transport us to the cosmopolitan Promenade des Anglais at Nice, and to the orange groves of Mentone. Our "Sun Festival," alas! was to be given in less romantic scenery. But, with a little imagination, could we not forget the iron and glass of the Palais de l'Industrie and the Hippodrome? At all events, the experiment was worth making.

A sunny programme was drawn up. We were to have the *félibres*, the *tambourinaires*, and the *Farandole*, and the *Tarasque*—the Tarasque itself, the famous iron and wooden monster, the marvel of all the Tartarins of Tarascon—and, above all, we were to have a bull-fight. It was only to be a sham bull-fight, without any real swords, or real banderillos, or actual bloodshed. It was only to be bull-baiting, not bull-slaughtering. I can't say I liked the idea myself, though lots of people—often good, worthy, God-fearing, kind-hearted souls enough—bad got into their heads that Paris would never be perfect until it had had one of these wonderful shows, forgetful of the fact that Paris is not Seville, not even Arles, and that a bull-fight here would lack the picturesqueness which is its saving clause, the infectious excitement which the Spanish spectators manifest on such occasions, and must and would have been an awful, miserable failure.

It was not on artistic grounds, however, that the authorities refused the necessary consent to what was to have been the "great attraction" of the fêtes. All the humanitarians, the anti-vivisectionists, the salvationists, the anarchists, the animal-protectionists—in a word, the "faddists"—went out of their minds at the thought of allowing a bull-fight at the Hippodrome. They called public meetings; they issued proclamations. Rochefort spent his wit and sarcasm on them in vain. They carried their point, and the authorities forbade the performance.

So the committee of management of these Sun Festivals had to cast about for something else to take its place. As Sardou's "Patrie," transformed into a *libretto*, with a score by Paladilhe (a composer whose fame has doubtless not traversed the Atlantic, since he is hardly known to the public even here), was to be given about this time, some one suggested that the dress-rehearsal should be made a paying affair, and the profits banded over to the houseless, inundated Provençaux. The subscribers to the opera were greatly flattered by the prospect of having to pay for the privilege of attending this dress-rehearsal. It was difficult to grumble very openly, but privately the innovation was taken in very bad part. One of the most cherished privileges of the subscribers has always been the right to attend dress-rehearsals gratis, and, above all, *en petit comité*. In practice, you know, the *petit comité* always meant five or six hundred people. The actors always smuggled their friends in; the journalists must be invited, of course; the ladies of the ballet insisted on their mothers and lovers being admitted. Sardou, who is always an innovator, had made up his mind while "Patrie" was in progress to have no regular dress-rehearsal at all—to shut every one out. But at last he gave way, and, with characteristic astuteness, vowed that Paris should pay for its curiosity, and pay well, too, "through the nose"; for seats which at ordinary times cost only fifteen francs were only to be got for one hundred, and the Inundation Fund made a grand haul. Poor Mgr. Guibert was no longer with us to fulminate against the mundane forms assumed by charity nowadays. To the luckless wretches at Avignon, Arles, or Tarascon it mattered not what motives prompted to generosity, so that money was sent to them quickly. The worst of the matter is, that in all these things the biggest subscription is but a drop in the ocean—a few francs, or even sous, in each man's hand!

No gala representation before royalty was ever more brilliant than this dress rehearsal. All the boxes had been let, many subscribers either keeping their own, or, if unable to attend, sending a check for a nice little sum and placing the box at the disposal of the committee. If Drumont had been there he would have gnashed his teeth and sworn that the opera was like the world, and that the Jews had all the best places. The Rothschild family alone paid for six boxes! The box opposite the one in which the President of the Republic sat was that of the Baron Alphonse; it was occupied by the fair Comtesse Cahors d'Anvers and two friends. Mlle. Hélène de Rothschild, the daughter and heiress of the late Baron Salomon, had her own box; so had the Baroness Nathaniel, and the Baroness Edmond. Three duchesses were absent from the pageant who would have been there if Lassalle

had not caught a cold and been too hoarse to sing, which at the eleventh hour caused the "rehearsal" to be put off for two days. They were the Duchesse d'Uzès—she of hunting celebrity; the Duchesse de Luynes—so lately returned from the United States; and the name of the third escapes my memory. Dampierre and Bonnelles are not more than a pleasant drive apart, and the three duchesses came up together on Tuesday to find the opera doors closed. For Thursday the Duchesse d'Uzès had invited a large party to dinner, and so she sent her box to some people in town. There were other duchesses, however, the cream of the nobility—Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and the Duchesse de Mouchy. Princesses, too, the Princesse de Ligne—a La Rochefoucauld—the Princesse d'Hessin. Also marchionesses—the Marquise de Beaufort, an *élégante* among *élégantes*; the Marquise de Galliffet, defying time as usual, and, wonderful to relate, without her crony the Princesse de Sagan, who is down south in the real laod of the sun. As for comtesses, they were thick as blackberries. A trio of them sat in one box, all in pink—three different shades of delicate *aurora*; there was also the Comtesse de Beaufort, a bride of a few weeks' standing; the Comtesse de Dufort, the Comtesse d'Harcourt, and many more than I have space to name. Mrs. Mackay came over from London on purpose, and, to grace the occasion, put on an exquisite blue silk *habit Directoire*, brocaded with silver, and a petticoat of white lace—we all know how rich the millionaire's wife is in lace, for the purchase of which she has a perfect passion. Last, but not least, there, too, was Mme. Adam—graceful, charming, full of talk as usual.

And the opera? I hear the reader inquiring. Well, yes, true enough, we had assembled to bear a grand opera for the first time, and yet there we were gazing through our glasses at the boxes and discussing the toilets behind the fans. The scenery, let me tell you, is something quite out of the common. The Duke d'Albe's banqueting hall, and the Town Hall of Brussels in the sixteenth century, by night—superb! We were to have been treated to an *auto da fé*, but it was sacrificed at the last moment as making the opera too long. There is a ballet, of course. And if you have not seen Mlle. Sabra executing that peculiar waltz step, I pity you. Krauss is fine, doubtless. I know she sings well, but her voice is not sympathetic to me. I preferred to listen to Lassalle's splendid baritone and Le Reszke's powerful bass. Besides, how rich their costumes! The drama of "Patrie" is one of Sardou's finest works, but it is not so well adapted to a *libretto*—a little too dramatic perhaps. I have left the music for the last—and, to tell you the truth, I think the less said about it the better. One of his critics call M. Paladilhe "honest." That is not very high praise, is it? Yet I think it describes the score very well. Honest, every-day music, nothing grand, nothing which clings to the memory in it, no melody to bring one's heart into one's mouth, no rich, symphonic effect to stir depths of emotional feeling. For my own part I prefer Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Massenet. But, then, perhaps that is my contrariness. Surely, if Rett and Gaillard considered it worth while to spend many thousands of dollars on getting it up exceptionally, they saw some exceptional beauties in it, with the probabilities of an ample money return in the near future. In the meantime a splendid harvest was reaped for the "inundated."

The evening I chose to go to the Fête du Soleil, at the Palais de l'Industrie, was dry and cold, yet not frosty. As I came up from the quays, beaten by the wind and with the sound of rushing water in my ears, the sight of the huge glass roof, aglow with light from within, was very comforting. Of course, one felt one was going to pretend all round. It was quite impossible that for a couple of francs we should be transported from the Champs-Élysées into la belle Provence, but we were quite ready to make believe. Why, here are the Arlésiennes, in their jaunty little black coifs, fribus crossed modestly over their bosoms—not quite so beautiful as they are reputed, perhaps, but with a velvety softness about the eyes and features more or less correct. Some are walking about two-and-two; others, ensconced within miniature kiosks, are selling programmes and pomegranates, *nougats*, and notions in sham jewelry; while others, costumed somewhat tawdrily, are bawling bouquets of St. Nemo violets and Nice rosebuds for the "inundated," sticking them, with a smile and an ogle, in the button-holes of the *copurchies*—who, by-the-by, have now exchanged their little great-coats for coachman's paretots with short capes. But this is neither here nor there. Beyond the kiosks, to the left, is what the organizers of the Sun Festival are pleased to call "a village." Here a small, one-storied tenement, with an outside staircase—if I mistake not, you may come across similar humble wayside places of refreshment in any town or village of France; there a mill-wheel is slowly churning the water of a miniature stream, on which many ducks of various sorts and kinds are disporting themselves in a most rakish fashion—for it is past ten o'clock, an hour when sophisticated fowl are safe at roost; and against the mill is a house with a veranda, also a bouse of public entertainment; a little farther off the high walls of a cardboard bastion frown down upon you; a couple of luckless wights, in the garb of the middle ages, looking fearfully bored, keep watch and guard on the ramparts—a poor place of defense, however, being commanded and topped by a pile of theatrical rocks.

The general effect of all this simile-stonework is rather lugubrious, and the crowd—for crowd there is—congregates on the other side of the nave around a platform hemmed in by May-poles. This, you must know, represents the famous Beaucaire Fair. A sturdy Southerner is here doing the Japanese trick, hurling knives, hatchets, and lighted torches at a wall, against which a woman is leaning with outstretched arms, while down below in the arena a party of gymnasts are emulating the Brothers O'mi. There is a windmill, too, hereabouts, and another whitewashed *guinguette*, several rows of shabby stalls, and a few booths and shows containing various fat ladies and learned dogs. It would be rank heresy to remember that we saw the same at Neuilly last summer, or to suppose that we shall meet them all again at the Gingerbread Fair at Easter. The crowd around the May-pole breaks up, the woman is released, and the flaring torches are put out. A gentleman is trolling out one of Mistral's songs in a piping tenor; he has little voice, and what he has is lost in the immensity of the building; we soon tire of him. We tire quite as soon of a second singer—a stentorian bass—and begin to wonder what we are to be treated to next. The "village" and the "fair" are exhausted. We have strained

our necks looking up at the arched roof so gay with flags. Some of the gaudy paper lanterns shaped like flower-pots, which bang in rows all around the verandas of the cardboard houses and festoon the stalls, are burning low, though the electric sun is still as bright and dazzling as ever up in the gallery. We are growing impatient for the "Farandole," and our curiosity with respect to the "Tarasque" has yet to be satisfied.

The Farandole and the Tarasque are the *clous* of the fête. Of course, you know that the Farandole is the national Provençal dance, and if you have read "Tartarin de Tarascon," you know that the Tarasque is a fearful, hideous monster that once laid waste the lands outside the walls of that city, and so frightened the inhabitants—who, in spite of their swagger, are brave only in words—that to this day they prefer to stay at home to braving dangers they wot not of. The monster is now pursued in effigy, having been killed by some daring Tarasconite. So runs the legend.

At last, the orchestra—which has been playing a selection from "Faust"—strikes up a merry dance tune, and there is a sudden tumult and rush toward one end of the nave. Here it comes! A huge round carcass with a dorsal fin is just visible above the crowd. It sweeps behind it a long green tail. The women scream and jump upon chairs. The creature is borne by a dozen mummers, and others—men and women both—come dancing to its train. Every now and then an unearthly roar proceeds from the monster. In and out, here and there, in zigzags, goes the unruly procession; and finally, when the Tarasque is set down in the midst of the nave, the whole party join hands, and commence a wild unearthly dance—faster, faster, until one grows quite giddy watching them.

The last scene of the festival is certainly the best, and as for the "Tarasque," it is an excellent, most delectable, and gruesome bogey.

PARIS, December 30, 1886.

It seems odd now, with tobogganing at such a height of popularity, to be told that less than two years ago there was scarcely a toboggan to be had at any of the great toy or sporting-goods houses in New York city. This year hundreds of slides have been put up in the towns and cities of the Middle States and New England. Thousands of toboggans are being made in New York and Boston, and thousands more have been imported from Canada, to meet the demand, which has grown almost to the dimensions of a "craze." The average toboggan is merely a lengthened sled without runners. It is a thin, flat running piece, about seven feet long and eighteen inches wide, made, as the case may be, of two parallel slats or of six or seven. These slats are held firmly together by main-stays, running across at every foot. At the front of the machine the slats are bent back again in a curve, giving the sled a sort of balance forward, and offering an oblique edge to the surface of snow. Two rails about four inches high run along the sides of the toboggan, and the curve in front gives some protection against the whirl of snow on a fast slide. The machine runs, of course, like a board, on the whole of its flat under surface. It is made of the lightest woods obtainable, and does not weigh, on the average, more than sixteen or eighteen pounds. The original Indian toboggan was simply one long, flat piece of wood, bent upward at the front. This was found to lack springiness and strength, and two narrower, parallel pieces were substituted for the one. As the sport developed in Canada, the running-piece was cut into three, four, and then half a dozen parts, bound together by cleats. These six-slat coasters offered much less friction surface to the snow, and were much faster consequently. The division into parts, too, gave a greater lateral resiliency, with a lighter and more even motion. The best toboggans now have seven slats, instead of six, and the under surface of the slat is no longer flat, but rounded, and three of the slats are a trifle thicker than the rest. The sled runs on fewer points, accordingly, and a still higher rate of speed is attained.

A French mechanic named Thimon, after serving his five years in the artillery, has taken a patent, under the patronage of Colonel de Bauge, for a new mitrailleuse. He claims for the weapon—and the first experiments have given weight to the assertions—that when the projectile strikes it takes fire, breaks the obstacle, then, continuing its course, throws out a certain number of balls in proportion to its size, and the same number is sent out at the same time backward and forward. In the final explosion it launches one hundred and twenty balls. If the explosion fails, the projectile can never be examined by an enemy. Any attempt would produce frightful slaughter. The inventor alone has the secret of safely handling and opening it.

The establishment of a bi-weekly swift train from London to Madrid in fifty-one hours—a gain of twelve—and from London to Lisbon in thirty-six hours—a gain of seventeen—has more importance than seems. It is the first tangible step toward the realization of the King of Portugal's dream to make Lisbon the Liverpool of the South, in which cables and steamer lines will later figure. The train will run from Lisbon to Calais without change of cars. The break of gauge on the French frontier is obviated by lifting the carriages by derricks upon new platforms with other wheels. Luggage is sealed to its destination.

The first page of a St. Paul newspaper was recently dotted with portraits of many men. The first line of the display heading that accompanied the pictures and reading matter read, in very large letters, "A Rogue's Gallery." Then followed the words, "always contains some pretty tough-looking physiognomies," and then, after some other striking lines, came the words in smaller type, "but this gallery is of a different character; the pictures represent the members of the Minnesota Legislature."

There were five hundred more marriages in New York city in 1886 than in 1885. Not less than 1590 widowers were married again, the number being 345 in excess of the widows. About 3000 of the brides were under twenty years of age. Only one man was married for the fourth time, and only one for the fifth time.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to distinctly understand that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Habberton's "Helen's Babies" has reached the two-hundredth edition.

Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, have in press a collection of "Spanish Idioms," with their English equivalents, embracing over ten thousand phrases.

The Century has never boomed as it has during the past six months. On Christmas day Mr. Roswell Smith gave away \$20,000 in presents in the office.

Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" is known in French as "Les Aventures de Huck Finn, l'ami de Tom Sawyer," and is published by Hennuyer, Paris.

The Atlantic Monthly for March will contain the first of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's papers describing his recent trip abroad, entitled "One Hundred Days in Europe."

The second number of Murray's Magazine will contain a copy of the last verses Lord Byron ever wrote. They were found among his papers after his death at Missolonghi, and have never before been published.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly publish, simultaneously with its publication in England, a new volume of poetry by Robert Browning, entitled, "Parleying with Certain People of Importance in their Day."

William Cushing, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has prepared a companion volume to his "Pseudonyms," called "Anonyms," comprising the titles of twenty thousand books and pamphlets, with the names of the authors.

Of "Appleton's American Cyclopaedia" 120,000 sets, aggregating 2,600,000 volumes, are said to have been sold. It is estimated that the public have paid for the various editions, including the annual supplements, nearly \$15,000,000.

Señor Caralla, a Madrid scholar, who has been for many years at work upon a rhymed version of the Bible, has just completed his task. The book contains two hundred and sixty thousand verses. It is said that Joaquin Miller is engaged in producing a similar work in English.

Another novel by F. Marion Crawford is to appear in the *Nouvelle Revue*, the proprietors of the *Atlantic* having declined to permit the simultaneous publication of "Paul Patoff." This story is entitled "Marzio's Crucifix," and it will be published in book form by the Macmillans.

An important addition has just been made to Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, consisting of a New Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary of nearly 12,000 personages, a New Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, noting and locating over 20,000 places, and 12,500 new words which have recently been added to the English language.

The plates of General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" have been entirely worn out by the one hundred and fifty-two thousand impressions that have been taken from them, and a new set is being cast with a fair prospect that as many more impressions will be taken from it. It is a singular thing that not more than fifteen hundred copies of the novel were sold during the year after its publication.

Frederick Warne, who publishes *Scribner's Magazine* in England, and who is rather a conservative man, has become quite excited over this new enterprise, and he is advertising it in true American spirit. He took forty thousand copies of the first issue, and they say that he has painted England yellow with posters, and that on the day of issue he hung a big banner across Fleet Street announcing the publication of the new magazine.

Some time ago a number of noblemen and gentlemen had a consultation with an experienced journalist on the subject of starting a new London daily "like the *Telegraph* and *Standard*." He went minutely into the cost, estimated that in ten years the paper would be established, add to the anxious inquiry, "What will the total cost amount to?" came the appalling answer, "About a quarter of a million of pounds." The paper has not been started.

Mr. Halkett Lord, the editor of the *Bookman*, in commenting upon an article on "So-called Americanisms" in the *St. James's Gazette*, of London, points out that "cute and cuteness" occur in Goldsmith; that *fall* (for autumn) is found in Massinger; that our use of the word *bug* is Tudor English; and that in *Wieland's* Bible the following sentence occurs: "At Lystra Barnabas and Paul rent their clothes and skipped out." The expression, "I got left," is used both in Shakespeare and in some of the old madrigal writers.

Mr. Henry Harland ("Sidney Luska") seems to have a penchant for Hebrew subjects. In his first novel, "As It Was Written," a Jewish fiddler murders his wife. The second, "Mrs. Peixada," and the third, "The Jewish Musician," also discusses Jewish types. Mr. Harland is about to publish another, entitled "The Yoke of the Torah." Considering Mr. Harland's fecundity in this direction, why not graft the Gaborau style upon the Jewish, and produce a Gallo-Hebrew-detective story—say "The Poisoned Matzo, or the Crime of Rosh-Hoshonab"?

William Black, the novelist, was the plaintiff in a libel suit tried in London two weeks ago. The defendant was John Dick, publisher of *Bow Bells*, a magazine which printed a biographical sketch of Mr. Black last November, in which the popular writer is said to have married for money, and to have refused assistance to an aunt who was in the poorhouse. He testified that his first wife was portionless; that his second, on the death of her father, would get but fifteen thousand dollars; and that he had never had an aunt. The jury gave him five hundred dollars damage.

David Christie Murray is in his fortieth year, and has been at work more than half his life as a writer. Mr. Murray, like Stevenson, Lang, and so many others of the novelists and poets of the day, is Scotch. He is a bit above middle height, with yellow hair, a still yellow beard, and blue eyes which look frankly, sharply at you through spectacles. By a dark chance, Mr. S. C. Reinhardt, the American artist who illustrated Murray's "First Person Singular," hit upon an absolute portrait of the author, whom he had never seen, in his first picture of the fiction writer who tells the story.

In a recent number of *Life* occur these very sensible remarks: "While the realists are calmly writing of the death of romanticism in literature, it curiously happens that the most successful recent works of fiction have been 'Vice Versa,' 'Mr. Isaacs,' 'Called Back,' 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' and 'King Solomon's Mines.' These are all wildly imaginative, and of the extreme type of the romantic school. They can not be called a high form of creative literature, but they are, nevertheless, a startling proof that the people who read are hungry for something more than the dry husks of realism."

A member of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate writes as follows: "I saw in your issue of the 8th instant a statement with regard to a story by James Russell Lowell, which I wish to correct. The statement originally appeared in a letter to the Boston *Herold* by Leander Richardson. There is not a word of truth in it. The story in question originally appeared in *Our Young Folks*, a publication now discontinued, of which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. hold the copyright. The story was copyrighted when it was first published. The story was bought by McClure, for his syndicate of newspapers, from Mr. Lowell's publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The price paid for it was one hundred

dollars. The papers were informed at the time that it was an old story. Mr. Lowell knew perfectly well that it was to be published, consented thereto, and received the pay for it."

When the *Century* magazine was started, in 1870, magazine advertising was anything but popular. Advertisers seemed to prefer almost any other means than the pages of a monthly magazine. Now there is no more popular medium to be found. A recent number of the *Century* had ninety-five pages of advertising in it. As no page is less than \$250 an issue, this one department is a large source of revenue to the magazine. For a long time the Harpers held out against taking advertisements in their magazine, and, even after they began to take miscellaneous advertisements, they would not take those of other publishers, or, if they did, they held their pages at such a price as made them impossible. But now they take publishers' advertisements as well as others, and they get all they want. *Scribner's Magazine* started in with an edition of one hundred thousand copies, and its pages were packed full of advertising. The public has got to reading advertisements, particularly in magazines, or wherever they are well displayed, almost as though they were reading matter.

Readers of Sir Francis Doyle's "Reminiscences," recently published, have probably noticed the mention on page 309 of a suppressed sermon. Speaking of certain monkish humorists in Italy who stick at nothing in their efforts to amuse the common people, Sir Francis says: "I had intended to reproduce a burlesque sermon recited to me by Henry Cbeney forty years ago, but competent persons interfered and told me it must really not be published. 'If it were published,' they said, 'it would shock many excellent people,' and therefore this wonderful piece of ecclesiastical oratory (and I may say I never met anything like it) has been suppressed." But while consenting to suppress the sermon, Sir Francis declared, as his own opinion, that it should be made known. Now it happened that the first proofs of this book sent from London to the American publishers, D. Appleton & Co., contained this sermon, but the American edition, having been printed from replicas of the English plates, appeared necessarily without it. But Mr. Bunce, the publishers' literary manager, having been much impressed with the unique and audacious character of the sermon, had saved the proofs containing it. Finding it was not to appear in the book, he cut it from these proofs, and pasted it on the fly-leaves at the end of a copy of the work, took it home, intending to preserve it as a literary curiosity. He afterward read it two or three times to groups of literary gentlemen at his house, who were all greatly entertained, and of Sir Francis's mind that it ought not to have been suppressed, being of great value as a reflex of phases of thought. Shortly after these readings, Mr. Bunce, chancing to take up the volume, found to his astonishment that the sermon was gone. Some one had cut out the fly-leaves on which it was pasted, and departed with it. If a book can not be safe from the pilferer and the mutilator in a private library, the times are indeed out of joint. It is possible now that the sermon will find its way into print, but in that case it will not be difficult to trace it to the guilty appropriator.—*Critic*.

The following paragraphs on "literary log-rolling" we find floating around, credited to *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. They are so good as to make us doubt the correctness of the credit: "The lives of the swarm of writers who to-day are and to-morrow disappear are of no more importance than the lives of physicians and lawyers, or, indeed, butchers, bakers, and grocers. Their exaggerated ideas of their own consequence, their pushing efforts for self-advancement, may be characteristic of an advertising age. But all this is not characteristic of an age which produces permanent literature. Nothing permanent can be written by one who is constantly posing before the public. There was a time when the doctor, lawyer, and clergyman were regarded as a sacred triad in New England, as superior to the rest of mankind. Something of a similar superstition concerning the writer still remains, and a vast multitude of men, women, and children, who have succeeded in passing a stray bit of prose or verse through the printing-press, seek to profit by it. Most of those who write to-day labor under the delusion that they are producing 'literature.' The great mass of contemporary writing has no more to do with literature than a grocer's bill. One can fancy Thackeray among us chuckling over this tremendous powwow about the 'New York literary movement,' the 'young Boston literary school,' the 'great American novel' of Smith, the 'immortal verse' and the domestic habits of Brown. There have always been exhibitions of egotism, there has always been nonsense talked and acted wherever authors have congregated; but to men whose work has become classic much may be forgiven. The opportunities for publicity to-day are greater than ever before, the self-display of 'literature' is more conspicuous; but how many 'classics' are we producing? Of the flood of current writers, how much will be held worthy of note even by historians, in fifty years? Plenty of clever work is being done, for almost every one is clever in this age, but nothing great. Why not be modest enough to acknowledge our littleness? There are writers who work quietly and sensibly. Their self-respect keeps them from noisily parading themselves and their personal affairs before the public. But the self-consequence of many of our writers and their eagerness for notice have become a stock jest even with newspaper humorists. The curse of the American literary work of the day is self-consciousness."

Rider Haggard's New Romance.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard—or the person who writes under that name, for it sounds like a pseudonym—is one of the best of the younger English novelists. He has been before the public little more than three years, and yet in that time he has won a place for himself in the front rank of imaginative writers. His "Which Head" was full of faults, from a critical standpoint, but it gave promise of better things to come; his next work, "King Solomon's Mines," more than justified that promise; it was a work of wonderful imagination. His latest tale, "She," a Story of Adventure, is a remarkable work; it has many excellent points, and, on the other hand, it is marked with glaring crudities, if not actual blunders. The story, in brief, is this: Leo Vincey, a young Englishman of the present day, goes to Africa in obedience to an injunction from an ancestor of the sixty-fifth generation, a Greek, who had fled from Egypt with a priestess of the royal blood into the interior of Africa, and had there been murdered by a beautiful woman who ruled the country; the wife had escaped to the north, and giving birth in Italy to a son (whom she called Vindex, the Avengee, whence Vincey), whom she enjoined to avenge his father's death. The descendants of Vindex had tried to reach the locality of the murder, but each had been unsuccessful and had left the task to his son, until it descended to Leo Vincey. He, in company with Holly, the narrator of the story, and an English servant, after incredible hardships, reaches the country described in the legend, and finds in its ruler, Ayesha, or She—who must be obeyed, the actual murderess of his ancestor, a woman of beauty as marvellous as any that can be which has grown more and more perfect for two thousand years and more. Vincey is an exact double of his ancestor, Kallikrates, for whom Ayesha has waited in loving hope for these twenty centuries, and he, of course, is enslaved by her marvelous charms. She leads him to a cavern, where he is to bathe in a living pillar of fire, the Eternal Spirit of Life, and be born again into immortality; but, to demonstrate its harmlessness, Ayesha for the second time braves the fire, and, by some principle of neutralization, her eternal youth is taken from her, and she shrivels up into a hideous hag, and dies. This is the gist of the tale, a piece of the wildest imagination, but one which could, in the hands of a more skillful writer, take on something of the semblance of probability. But Mr. Haggard frequently ruins his work by introducing details which are as unnecessary as they are impossible—such, for example, as the return of the cloak in the Cave of the Winds. The descriptions of the catacombs, of the ruined city of Kôr, of the dance of the Amhagger, of the Cave of the Winds, and the Spirit of Life, are remarkable for their power; but the interjection of the servant's commonplace, not to say vulgar, remarks, far from forming an artistic contrast, are entirely inharmonious. The language in which She discourses on metaphysics is so smooth and metrical that but little change would be needed to transform it into blank verse of no mean order. This is a literary virtue or a literary vice, according to one's taste. The ideas expressed in these conversations, however, are by no means on a level with the language. Holly is a queer fellow, but his personality is well preserved throughout, and Vincey is a strong-hearted, strong-limbed, and weak-headed young Englishman, lined to the life. The story is well worth the reading, notwithstanding its faults, and it is safe to predict a wide popularity for it. Published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

New Publications.

"A Child of the Revolution," a novel by the author of "The Atelier du Lys," with a half dozen illustrations by C. J. Standiland, R. I., has been published in the Handv Series, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"By Woman's Wit," by Mrs. Alexander, is one of those novels of English life in which this lady is so prolific. It will doubtless be read with avidity by the many young women who have been thrilled by the fourteen similar tales which preceded this from Mrs. Alexander's pen. Published in the Leisure Moment Series, by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 25 cents.

"My Lodger's Legacy; or, The History of a Recluse. Written by Himself," is the title of a story "compiled and arranged" by Robert W. Hume. It opens with a rehearsed version of an anecdote well known in the medical profession, which is boldly appropriated and made an important factor in the story. This we could overlook if the tale possessed any good claim to consideration. But it does not; it is overdrawn and puerile throughout. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

John A. Symonds has written an admirable work in "Sir Philip Sidney," which appears in Mr. John Morley's series of English Men of Letters. As a biography it is very interesting, following closely the varied life which the subject led, and incidentally showing the customs of his times; and as a critical estimate of Sidney's writings it is impartial and scholarly. This second function of the biographer occupies more space in the volume than the narrative of his life, which might be accounted a fault in another work, but it is not out of place in this series. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"The Mormon Puzzle, and How to Solve It," by the Rev. R. W. Beers, is a pamphlet grown to the dignity of a book, and contains an interesting exposition of the author's views upon this important subject. Mr. Beers declares that the Mormon families which travelers and temporary residents see are "show" families, and that there is a terrible amount of qualor and suffering among the polygamous families of the interior, whom he has studied (at second-hand, never having lived in Utah). His solution of the question is too lengthy to give here, even in condensed form, but we commend it to students of the Mormon question. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"An Unfortunate Woman" and "Ass'va," two of Tourguéneff's strongest short stories, have been translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni, forming the second volume of his translations from the Russian novelists. Both stories present in striking colors the terrible gap which exists in Russian society between the high and the low, and show how degrading that lack of contact and sympathy is to both. We see the petty official, the brutal *moujik*, the long-suffering peasant, and the sensual, vicious noble in the various phases of their hideousness. There is nothing pleasing about the stories; we are held fast by the vividness and horrible reality of the scenes and personages, but the sufferings excite pity, but no sympathy. There is much coarseness, too, which clashes harshly on our more civilized sensibilities. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Short History of Parliament," by B. C. Skottowe, M. A., is a well-conceived book, and, though the idea might have been better carried out, the work is one to be commended. It is intended to be a history of the British Parliament from its origin in the folk-moots and witenagemots of ancient Britain down to the present day; not merely showing the development of constitutional history for the student of political science, but providing instruction enlivened with anecdotes and curious lore for the general public. The author seems to have seated himself between these two stools, for he is a little too sketchy and "popular" for the specialist, and a little too pedantic for readers of the other class. Still, it is the only book on this subject which we can now recall, and as such is to be welcomed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Some Magazines.

Mr. Lowell has a five-page poem, "Credidimus Jovem Regnare," in the February *Atlantic*. In it he expresses the belief that the former days of faith were happier than these of speculation. John Greenleaf Whittier also contributes a poem entitled, "A Day," and William Winter one named "Perdita." The first part of an amusing story, called "The Lady from Maine," is by a new contributor, Lawrence Saxe. The serials, by Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and F. Marion Crawford, are continued. Mr. Fiske has a paper on "The Federal Convention." In "A Glance Backward," Susan Fenimore Cooper gives reminiscences of her father and his work. The reviews are devoted to Brooks Adams's "Emancipation of Massachusetts," and Lowell's "Democracy, and Other Addresses;" and Harriet Waters Preston considers recent volumes by Vernon Lee and W. S. Lilly.

The second (February) number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens with an article entitled "The Likenesses of Julius Caesar," by John C. Ropes. It is illustrated with eighteen portraits, reproductions of photographs from statues from the collection of the likenesses of Caesar owned by Mr. Ropes. One of these portraits forms a frontispiece for the number. "J. S. of Dale" begins a novelette, called "The Residuary Legatee." "Half a Curse" is a short story by Octave Thanet, the scene of which is laid in St. Augustine during the war. The second installment of ex-Minister Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" comes down to the close of the first siege. One of the artists, Mr. Thulstrup, was in Paris during the siege, and his drawings are from sketches and studies made at the time. "Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris," with their descriptions of life in Paris during the Revolution, are concluded. Professor J. R. Soley, of the oavy, writes forcibly on "Our Naval Policy." A short story, "The Ducharmes of the Baskatonage," is by a writer new to most magazine readers—Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott. Brander Matthews contributes an article on M. Coquelin, the great French actor, and Thomas Sergeant Perry closes the number with a short, critical paper on "Russian Novels." There are short poems by Charles H. Luder, Charles E. Markham, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

"The First Biennial Report of the California State Board of Forestry" is a surprise when one considers the perfunctory pamphlets usually put forth from our State printing-office. It is a volume of some two hundred and thirty pages, and contains—in addition to the reports of the board, the secretary, and the engineer—a number of valuable papers on forestry. Among them are, "Uses of Forests," "Forest Trees for Profit," "An Explanatory Catalogue of Forest Trees and Shrubs for Culture," "Efficiency of Redwood Logging," "Reproductive Capacity of the Redwood," "Standing Timber other than Redwood," "Causes of Forest Destruction," "Forest Fires," "Climatic Change," and many other articles. The volume is thoroughly indexed, and contains several maps showing the distribution of trees throughout the State. It would have added much to the value of these maps had they been colored; the various kinds of timber are indicated by somewhat awkward signs. The volume, as a whole, is a valuable one, and is worthy of a better binding than a paper one. The State Board of Forestry at present consists of Abbot Kinney, James V. Coleman, and A. Kellogg. The Secretary is Sands W. Formao, and Hubert Vischer is engineer.

L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have turned their attention of late to valentine cards, prepared in the same style as their Christmas cards. Among the designs for this year are a handsome flower-piece by Rivoire, a reproduction in strong colors from an oil painting; several dainty flowers in delicate tones, by Miss Fidelia Bridges, Miss Lisheth B. Comins, and Miss Lisheth B. Humphrey; fanciful designs by Mrs. O. E. Whitney and Mrs. Rose Mueller Sprague; and graceful and amusing figure-cards by Walter Satterlee and others—amusing, but cleverly so, and utterly unlike the hideous "comic" valentines which delight vulgar hearts. Some are printed on cards, square, round, and oddly shaped; others are printed on satin slips; and some of the prettiest are made into elaborate panels of padded or scented satin or silk. They are to be seen at all the art and book stores.

SOCIETY.

The Pope German.

A delightful german was given last Wednesday evening by the Misses Florence and Mary Pope, at their residence on Van Ness Avenue. The parlors and hall were canvassed for dancing, and in the front parlor were the chairs for the dancers arranged like a horseshoe. Each ladies' chair had a dainty little hand-painted card tied to it, bearing the name of the occupant. In the alcove between the two parlors the favors were arranged on large easels. Many of the favors were brought out from New York by the Misses Pope, and were very handsome. Those for the ladies comprised little tennis racquets, fancy bunches of artificial fruit, small lanterns, tiny locks, flags, archery bows, hand-painted silk scented handkerchief bags, etc. The gentlemen were favored with small arrows and swords, little keys, hunting horns, flags, bunches of fruit, birds, small straw hats filled with candy, and other souvenirs. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock to Ballenberg's music. Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., and Miss Mary Pope were the leaders, and they introduced several new and unique figures. After supper the guests indulged in waltzes and other round dances. The party was very successful in every way.

Those present were Misses Florence and Mary Pope, Miss Lulu Howard, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Chesman, Miss Miller, Miss Elliott, Miss Eva Carolan, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Talant, Miss Nina May, Miss Minnie Corbit, Miss Nellie Corbit, Miss Corbit, Miss Hooker, Miss May Elliott, Miss Nellie Corbit, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Durbrow, Miss Jennie Filkins, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Shafter Howard, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant Niblack, U. S. N., Lieutenant Thomas B. Mott, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Harry Houghton, Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. William B. Tubbs, Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Samuel E. Breen, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Alfred Redington, and Mr. Christian Froelich Jr.

The Presidio Hop.

The hop given at the Presidio last Tuesday evening, by the officers and ladies there, was particularly pleasant. Dancing was engaged in from eight o'clock until almost midnight, to the excellent music furnished by the First U. S. Artillery Band. The hoproom was tastefully decorated with the American flag, the regimental colors, and choice flowers. Refreshments were served from the buffet throughout the entire evening. It was announced that only one more hop would be held before Lent, and it will take place one week from next Tuesday evening. The committee in charge, comprising Captain J. W. Dillenback and Lieutenants Faison, Sturgis, and Bean, was untiring in its efforts to make the affair pleasurable in every way. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Voorbies, Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Deusen, Lieutenant and Mrs. E. S. Greble, Lieutenant and Mrs. Chase, Dr. and Mrs. Cochran, General and Mrs. Perry, Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. J. Mervyn Dehaue, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. John S. Hager, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. George W. Murphy, Miss Purdy of New York, Miss Mary Gibbs, and Mrs. Murphy. Miss Marie Voorbies, Miss Emeline Hager, Miss Corbit, Miss Aileen Ivers, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Ashe, Miss Shaw, Miss Margie Jones, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Andrus, Miss Cozens, Miss McKeever, Miss McCann, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Will Barnes, Mr. Albert Bowler, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Lee, Lieutenant Gilbert Cotton, Lieutenant Noble, Lieutenant Oyster, Lieutenant Mott, Lieutenant Winn, Captain McMurray, Captain John W. Dillenback, Captain J. M. K. Davis, Colonel Piper, Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, Lieutenant William H. Bean, Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis Jr., and many others.

The De la Montanya Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya and Miss Jennie de la Montanya gave their last reception previous to Lent on Tuesday evening, at their residence on Taylor Street. There were a large number of guests present. Dancing was enjoyed in the ball-room during the evening, and vocal selections were given by Mrs. Zeis-Dennis, Mr. Curragh, and others. Supper was served at midnight, after which more dances were enjoyed. A feature of the evening was the distribution of corsage-bouquets, boutonnières, and wishbones tied with various colored ribbons, by means of which partners were obtained for dances by those whose flowers or ribbons corresponded to the color they wore. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. David Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mrs. Charles F. Mullins, Miss Mamie Dunne, Miss Adele and Jennie Martel, Miss Grace Porter, Miss Lizzie Madison, Miss Treat, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Nettie Roman, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Madeline Lissak, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Hittell, Miss Emma Will, Miss K. T. Regan, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. James Dunphy, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Peter Dunne, Mr. W. Currier, Mr. Fred. Johnson, Mr. W. H. Pratt, Mr. Milton Heyneman, Mr. Curragh, Dr. John Nightingale, Signor Enrico Campobello, Captain Madison, Lieutenant Brant, Mr. Kell, Mr. A. Lissak, Mr. James de la Montanya Jr., and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean departed for New York this week. Mr. Dean will remain here for a while. Miss Minnie Deering has gone to Prescott, A. T., to visit friends. Miss Madeline Lissak contemplates an early visit to friends in Portland, Oregon. Miss Grace Bradley and the Misses Sallie and Nellie Stearns are going to Pasadena next week to sojourn at the Raymond for a month. Miss Mattie Peters is the guest of Miss May Fargo, at Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. David Monastis, of Portland, Oregon, who have been visiting Mrs. L. M. Starr at East Oakland, have returned home. Miss Blanche Hinds is with Captain and Mrs. Marshall, in San Diego. Miss Kate Felton received with Mrs. Leland Stanford at her last reception in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson are at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter. Mrs. Thomas Breeze is now occupying her former residence on Sufter Street. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Crocker will be here in March. Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre have returned from their Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan and Miss O'Sullivan will leave next month for New York, with the intention of proceeding to Europe later in the season. Viscount and Viscountess de la Lande and Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Dick will return to France and England respectively about the middle of February. General and Mrs. George Stoneman are in Los Angeles. Miss Mamie Wiseman, of Sacramento, is the guest of Mrs. J. Sheehan. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are traveling in England. Mrs. John C. Hays is visiting Mrs. John McMullin. Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth and the Misses Laura and Daisy Ainsworth were guests at the Palace Hotel during the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder came up from Redwood City last Monday. Mrs. William Kohl, of Menlo Park, was in the city a few days this week. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were at the Palace Hotel on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout came down from Marysville on Monday. Mr. Edward L. Eyre returned from New York city last Monday. Mrs. Chancellor Hartson, of Napa, is at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and Miss Lottie Gashwiler returned from Del Monte on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose Jr., of San Mateo, came to the city on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John D. Lamont is seriously ill at her residence, on Eddy Street.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and the Misses Tessie and Birdie Fair have been stopping at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Commander Glass, U. S. N., and her mother, Mrs. Johnson, have returned from the East, and are at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. S. C. Hastings, of Lakeport, is at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Jesse D. Carr returned from Sacramento on Thursday.

Mrs. F. O. Van Vranken is the guest of Miss Voell, in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Rising, of Virginia City, are at the Palace Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has issued cards for a german, which will be given at her residence, on Van Ness Avenue, on Thursday evening, February 3d.

Party calls were made on Tuesday evening at the residence of Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, and a very pleasant evening was passed by the many present.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie Filkins, of Marysville, to Mr. W. B. Tubbs, son of Mr. A. L. Tubbs, of this city.

Baron von Schroeder gave an elegant dinner party, on Wednesday evening, to a party of eighteen gentlemen, at his residence, on Harrison Street. Beautiful flowers graced the table, and a sumptuous menu was served.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave an enjoyable german last night, at B'nai B'rith Hall. It was termed the army and navy german, as most of the officers of the service here were present. The hall was neatly decorated with festoons of foliage and flags, and the ladies all wore becoming costumes. Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., led with Miss Corbit, and directed the cotillion very successfully. Ballenberg's band furnished the music, and a nice supper was served at midnight. But one more german will be given before Lent.

Army and Navy News.

Captain J. T. Kirkman, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant George N. Chase, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from Los Angeles.

Lieutenant B. S. Weaver, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now at Benicia Barracks.

Paymaster W. W. Barry, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was at the Occidental Hotel several days this week.

Lieutenant C. E. Sweeting, U. S. N., has been staying at the Palace Hotel this week.

Lieutenant F. S. Phelps, U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant W. A. Glassford, U. S. A. is inspecting the signal service at Los Angeles and Prescott, A. T.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his fourth soirée musicale of the second series, on Tuesday evening, at Irving Hall. This concert closed the present series, and it was regarded as a musical treat by the many who attended. The programme was as follows:

Concerto for two pianos.....Grieg
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mr. Clarke Reynolds.
Cavatina—"In questo semple".....Donizetti
Miss Ada Talcott Park.
Piano Solo—(a) Nocturne, (b) Berceuse, (c) Nocturne.....Chopin
turne.....Chopin
(d) Liszt Song, transcribed for piano. Mansfeldt
(e) Campanella (The Little Bell).....Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Violin Solo—Reverie.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Charles Goffie.
Concerto for two pianos.....Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mr. Clarke Reynolds.
Song—"Forget Me Not".....Suppe
Miss Ada Talcott Park.
Piano Solo—(a) Romanza, from "Tannhäuser," (b) Waldesrauchen (In the Forest).....Liszt
(c) Nocturne.....Chopin
(d) Rigoletto.....Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Duo—violin and piano, "William Tell," Osborne-De Beriot
Mr. Charles Goffie and Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Stewart Organ Concert.

Mr. H. J. Stewart gave his fourth organ concert on Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, to a large audience. He was assisted by Miss E. Beresford Joy, soprano, and Mr. C. Mathieu, violoncellist. The following excellent programme was rendered:

Overture—"Athalie".....Mendelssohn
Larghetto in D.....Mozart
Mr. C. Mathieu.
Air with variations.....Sporh
Vocal—"The Wanderer".....Schubert
Miss E. Beresford Joy.
Minuet.....Berthold Tours
Gavotte in D minor.....J. S. Bach
Cantilene.....Goltermann
Alla Hongroise.....Fischer
Mr. C. Mathieu.
Overture—"Guillaume Tell".....Rossini
Vocal—"Because of thee".....Berthold Tours
Operatic selection—"Faust".....Gounod

Haydn's "Creation" is to be sung by the Oratorio Society of San Francisco a week from next Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will direct, and the soloists will be Mrs. Mariner-Campbell, Miss Alvina Heuer, Mr. S. D. Mayer, Mr. W. C. Campbell, Mr. J. M. Pierce, Miss Carrie Millner, Mr. Hubert Fortescue, and Mr. R. S. Duncan.

A concert will be given at Irving Hall by Miss Mary E. Barnard, on Wednesday evening, February 10th. She will be assisted by Mrs. Henry Norton, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Emil Knell, Miss Amy Gell, Mr. E. D. Crandall, and Mr. William Schluter.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give a concert on Friday evening, February 4th, at Irving Hall.

"Our Orchestra" will give its next concert at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 15th.

Miss Annie Bacon will give a piano recital at Irving Hall, on Wednesday evening, February 9th.

The lecture of General Howard, on Friday evening last, drew a very appreciative and attentive, though not as large an audience as the committee hoped to see from their earnest efforts in behalf of three deserving charities, of which the "Willard Kindergarten," now held in the basement of Westminster Church, Fell Street (Miss Jennie Parker, teacher), is one. The ladies having the affair in charge are Miss L. A. Cayford, Mrs. J. E. Wolfe, Miss E. M. Doan, Mrs. J. M. Selfridge, and Mrs. R. R. Goddard, who will gratefully remember all who assisted by their presence or otherwise.

ART NOTES.

Brookes has just completed a picture of the two pretty children of Mr. Thomas Smith.

John Stanton is working on a cartoon and a small double screen showing marine and landscape scenes. He also has a portrait of Mr. George Nagle begun, in charcoal.

Joellin (who joined the army of Benedictus last week) recently completed two pictures. One is a fish piece, the other a study of yellow and russet Japanese chrysanthemums; the latter is on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. Several Crinaton sketches are among his late work, and he also has a scene in a Turkish harem, with a nude female figure reclining on a divan in an interior filled with rich tapestries and bric-a-brac. Mr. Joellin finds difficulty in securing good models for the nude.

Jules Tavernier is still in the Hawaiian Islands, but hopes to leave there for Australia.

Charles R. Peters is studying in Paris. Keith is painting a portrait of Mr. Thomas H. Buckingham, and has several impressionist pictures under way. These, for the most part, are scenes near Berkeley and in Sonoma County, comprising a variety of landscapes under peculiar cloud effects.

C. D. Robinson is passing the time previous to his departure for the Yosemite Valley in April, in filling his orders of last summer. He has a view of the valley under a glowing sunset, which Mrs. Charles McLaughlin has purchased; another of the valley at twilight, which Lord Pauley bought for \$1000. An order is also being filled for Colonel George Lemmon, of Washington, D. C. This is a view of the lower Yosemite fall. He also has an ideal picture of Central American ruins, displaying stone idols, monuments, sundials, etc., under an intense light. A large number of outdoor sketches of Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy, Bloody Canon, and some coast marines are also in his new studio, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

At Morris & Kennedy's, Julian Rix has a small moonlight sketch in black and white, Miss S. E. Bender has a study of yellow and white chrysanthemums, Miss Nellie Hopps has a village scene in Japan, and Oscar Kunath exhibits a portrait of a young girl.

The committee in charge of the ball which was to have been given soon by our local artists, in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, have postponed the event until later in the season, owing to the recent death of Mr. Virgil Williams, one of the directors.

Henry Alexander has completed his large Japanese picture, and is now engaged on a canvas showing two old men absorbed in a game of chess.

There are seventy-seven pupils in the California School of Design.

Percy Allen has taken a studio over the Clay Street Bank, and has been engaged recently on portrait work and Chinese sketches. He has also a sketch of some hay-barges on Mission Bay, a scene near Butchertown, and a still-life of some berries.

Rodriguez is about to begin a picture for the spring exhibition.

Miss Matilda Lotz is now established at Wore's old studio, 728 Montgomery Street. She is exhibiting there several of her European pictures, some sketches of animals, and a few landscapes. She has several out-of-door sketches in hand.

C. S. Newell and Albert Weinert, modelers, have a studio at 802 Montgomery Street, where many specimens of their skill in clay and plaster are exhibited. Newell has a clay model representing some pioneers crossing the mountains in early days, and a medallion bust of a young lady from life. Weinert has just completed a large pair of lions. He also has a small ideal model, in Indian clay, of a female figure.

CCCCXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, January 30, 1887.

Clam Soup.
Sweetbreads, with Green Peas.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms. Fried Potatoes.
Roast Ducks.
Indian Salad.
Apple Soufflé.
Fruits.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Six ounces of rice, one quart of milk, rind of half a lemon, sugar to taste, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of six, one and a half ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls apple marmalade. Boil the milk with the lemon-peel until the former is well flavored; then strain it, put in the rice, and let it gradually swell over a fire, adding sufficient water to sweeten it nicely. Then crush the rice to smooth pulp with the back of a wooden spoon; line the bottom and sides of a round cake-tin with it, and put it into the oven to set; turn it out of the tin dexterously, and be careful that the border of rice is whole in every part. Mix the marmalade with the beaten yolks of eggs and butter, and stir these over the fire until the mixture thickens. Take it off the fire, and add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; stir all together, and put into the rice border. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour, or until the soufflé rises very light. It should be watched and served instantly, or it will immediately fall after it is taken from the oven.

A somewhat singular coincidence occurred in a Pennsylvania town a few days since. Weeks ago, a widower and widow came to town, and, procuring the necessary license, were duly married. Shortly after they were again in town. The husband went to look after some business affairs, while his wife proceeded to do some shopping. Remembering that she had not yet paid the undertaker for services at her late husband's funeral, she called upon him and paid the bill. The business had scarcely been concluded when the husband put in an appearance, and proceeded to pay the undertaker for services at his late wife's funeral. Each party seemed somewhat surprised at meeting the other at that particular place, and on the same mournful business.

The National British Government has leased the Burmese ruby mines, which have just been occupied by troops, to Streeter, the jeweler of Bond Street, London, at a rental of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One of his representatives accompanies the troops. The question of the proprietorship of Burmese individuals will probably be raised in Parliament.

The diminished cost of production in metal work was illustrated recently by Dr. John Percy in an address to the British Iron and Steel Institute, by the statement that a gross of steel-pens, formerly costing \$35, might now be produced for eight cents. The cost of making gold chains has been reduced to an eighth of what it was.

There are 25,810, doctors in Great Britain, or one for every 1,350 inhabitants. In France the proportion is one for 1,400; in Austria, Germany, and Norway, one for every 1,500; in the United States, one for every 600; while in Russia there is only one for 6,226.

Of the forty-eight thousand votes cast in the recent election in Washington Territory, fifteen thousand were cast by women.

Fifty thousand tons of soot were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at \$204,000—as a fertilizer.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

Dollie.

She sports a witching gown
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye;
She's a flirt.
She displays a tiny glove
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe.
And she wears her hat a tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.
'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But another?
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.
With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief;
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that
In their grief.
It is shocking, I declare!
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose?
—S. M. Peck's "Cap and Bells."

An Inventory—with Comments.

Item: some hair—soft, golden brown.
She wears it as it were a crown.
Item: two eyes. They look at me,
Although there's little there to see.
Item: two lips. To sing, speak, kiss,
In none of these are they amiss.
Item: a smile. It flits away
Ere I see beauties can portray.
Item: two hands—so fair and fine.
Too fair, I fear, to mate with mine.
Item: two feet. To kick, in play,
The follies of the world away.
Item: her dress. Alas! we men
Can not describe beyond our ken.
Item: a voice. Its music struts
The heart-strings of her worshippers.
Each note those flower-like lips set free
A roselure's perfume seems to me.
Item: four words. My heart's consoled—
"I love you, too"—and all is told. —Puck.

A Lady's Hat.

Woven, plaited, shaped by Fashion's
Rigid and unbroken laws,
A lady's hat is like her passions,
Faith, and fancies—built on straws!
But, beautified with silk and lace,
Nature is o'erlaid by Art,
Just as her coquettish grace
Conceals from men the woman's heart.
Feathers curling white and gracious,
What sweet Virtue's emblem'd there?
Hath not Innocence, all precious,
Like those plumes, full need of care?
If you say that I am stupid,
Mad, perchance, as any batter,
Well, I'll laugh like nymph-caught Cupid,
And say, as he did—Baph! What matter!
—Belgravia.

A Gilded Youth's Pastoral.

Oh, tell me not of rural glades,
Of fresh, free air and sparkling rills,
And prate no more of sylvan shades,
Of seeming rivers, sun-kissed hills.
Go, humphs, take your fill of them,
While I 'mid peaceful pleasures stray,
Such as the tea at five p. m.
The german and the matinee.
Let others hunt the timid roe,
The bounding stag, the subtle hare,
Whist I in solitude will go
And stalk the oyster in his lair.
Let restless spirits hunt the snipe,
Of prairie chickens slay a host,
And still the plover's pensive pipe;
But give me calm and quail on toast.
Go, rhalds, toy with finny tribes
And think to take their lives no sin;
But give me to me, and spare your gibes,
The peaceful joys of terrapin.
From babbling brook and rippling rill,
Mad roysters, go drink; 'tis vain.
I only ask to drink my fill
Of frozen absinthe and champagne.
Let coarse young swains in folly stray
With rosy maids with hair a-curl;
I only ask a neat coupé
And supper with a ballet girl.
Ye madcap wights, who rise at dawn,
Insatiate to dig and delve,
I do not envy ye; but
I'll slumber till the hour of twelve.
Attune your pipes, attend your flocks,
And toast your flutes; if joy it brings,
I am content to have a box
When Adeline Patti sings.
With Chloe fair, and Phyllis sweet
Disport ye in your sylvan shrine;
An beirish with a fortune neat
Is much more in my simple line.

Go, breathe your incense-laden air
With fragrance of the clover blooms;
Its odors never can compare
With Monsieur Lubin's nice perfumes,
Go revel in thy rosebud coat,
Voluptuary sybarite.
A brown-stone front shall be my lot
Replete with simple, pure delight.
—Rambler.

Not His Wife's.

O dainty glove of pearl-hue,
With perfume faint as lily-dew,
Soft, as the petal of a rose:
What memory within me glows?
What glamour thrills me through and through?
What leads me to exclaim: "Eheu
Fugaces!" and hide thee from view,
Where none may trouble thy repose?
O dainty glove!
The old, old story, never new
Since Eden's time. For, entre nous,
If I thy secret must disclose,
Discovery might work me woes;
My wife wears a "45"—thou art a
O dainty glove!
—J. Cheever Goodrum

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Diary of a Quail-eater.

November 15.—My name is Robert White, and I am a professional quail-eater. At the request of the newspapers I have agreed to give you a brief biography of myself, and also follow it with a record of my thirty-round quail contest which opens at the rink to-day.

I was born and lived for sixteen years on a farm, where I attracted very little attention and had very few advantages. I am, therefore, what might be called a self-made quail-eater with a common-school education.

Nothing could better illustrate the ease with which a poor boy may rise to eminence almost unaided and alone than my own career. Ten years ago I was an unknown lad, living near Pontiac with my parents, and did not know the difference between a seditious powder and a rhomboid. To-day the telegraph will flash my name from ocean to ocean as this contest opens, and the eye of my aged mother will glisten with joy as she reads of my triumph next month.

I can hardly realize that only ten years ago I entered the city of Chicago poor, hungry, and unknown. Now I eat quail all the time. Quail is an old story to me, and people get me to write my name in their albums. Hotel clerks, who years ago told the porter to throw me out, now apologize because they have no game in the house, and ask if I would like the cook to send out for a quail or two.

I believe that many of our most prominent men, both in literature and the quail industry, began life on a farm. I had a son of my own, my first advice to him would be by all means to be born on a farm. Farm-life has nothing about it to woo a boy from the paths of industry. Industry on a farm is about the only relaxation I know of.

When I came to Chicago I was not accustomed to city ways, and so asked the clerks in the stores for what I wished to buy in a low, tremulous voice, and began with the word "please"; but I found that this only excited their mirth, and caused them to show me the goods that had been rescued from the great fire. Thus I dressed poorly, and the smell of fire was always on my garments. As I got more accustomed to the ways of clerks in large cities, I found that modesty and poverty were considered synonymous terms, if that is the correct word and properly spelled. No I became at last more haughty, and did not say "please" any more to any one while in the busy marts of men. I was then looked upon as an eccentric capitalist who had guessed right on pork.

I eschewed industry and watched carefully the methods of the metropolis. Now I do not toil any more, but win a luxurious livelihood with my rich, baritone appetite.

Wealthy people, who, ten years ago, would have passed me in a disdainful way, now come and bring their little ones to see me eat.

Possibly I might have remained in obscurity for the whole of my life, however, had not a wealthy lighting-rod maestro visited a restaurant one evening by the merest accident, where I was giving a little smothered-clam rehearsal for the amusement of my friends.

He saw that I had genius and a wide range of appetite if it could be properly cultivated. He asked me how I would like to come with him and become a quail-eater and wear fine clothes. I said I would like it very, very much. In less than six weeks I was engaged to eat thirty of those succulent birds in thirty days at Philadelphia.

I closed this contract in the presence of a full house, and in answer to an encore ate a plain broiled snipe from the lower walks of life. Inside of a year I had eaten quail in twenty of the principal cities of the United States and given several benefits in aid of orphans' homes, asylums, and charitable institutions.

But I must close, as I see my assistant approaching with a quail.

I have just returned from the first round, fresh and full of hope. So the contest is again fairly opened. I believe that one victory only sharpens the desire for others, and I enter this quail tournament with a more lofty resolve than ever before.

Nov. 16.—I have just polished the bones of my second quail, and am now combing my mustache with my fork as I write.

Nov. 17.—Ate third quail and wrote an autograph for a man who is on his way to New York to jump off the Brooklyn bridge. He showed me a pair of double leaved shoes that he intended to wear. "Two soles with but a single thought," I merrily retorted as he wrung my hand at parting.

Nov. 18.—Ate fourth quail and smoked cigarette. Held reception in the evening.

Nov. 19.—Ate a different quail to-day. Seemed to be larger than the others.

Nov. 20.—Ate sixth quail this morning in the presence of the janitor.

Nov. 21.—Still raining. Ate seventh quail in presence of a very hungry gentleman who had hay in his hair and said he was on his way to Niagara Falls, where he purposed walking across the rapids with a full-blown bladder on each foot. Gave him twenty-five cents to get bladders.

Nov. 22.—8th quail 81 [Laughter and cries of "Go on!"]

Nov. 23.—Ate "nother quail.

Nov. 24.—Just terminated another quail *ête-à-ête*.

Nov. 25.—Marked the eleventh tally on the door of my rink with a ten-penny nail.

Nov. 26.—Ate a twelfth quail. It was not cooked quite enough.

Nov. 27.—Inserted another quail into myself and had all the rest of the day to pick my teeth.

Nov. 28.—Ate fourteenth quail and formed the acquaintance of a young woman whose brother recently committed suicide by cutting himself in two with a limited passenger train. He was a single man up to the time of his death.

Nov. 29.—Am just half through with my great work. Wish I could finish out with liver. I am no epicure.

Nov. 30.—Ate sixteenth quail and thought it over during the afternoon.

Dec. 1.—Participated again in quail to-day. Tally seventeen.

Dec. 2.—Ate the eighteenth quail and almost wished I could "return it as not available."

Dec. 3.—Ate quail nineteen, but did not pick bones closely.

Dec. 4.—I to-day ate my twentieth quail and wrote my autograph for a young Englishman whose sister was once night superintendent of keyholes for Lady Colin Campbell.

Dec. 5.—Have eaten twenty-one of these little innocent birds. I do not think it right.

Dec. 6.—To-day I put off eating my twenty-second quail till toward evening. I was not hungry.

Dec. 7.—Several people came in to-day to see me

eat my twenty-third quail. The air here is very close. Wish I could get more exercise and have a more varied diet.

Dec. 8.—Quail No. 24 reluctantly met his doom to-day.

Dec. 9.—Ate more quail. People don't cook quail so well as they did before the war.

Dec. 10.—More people came in to-day to witness the great struggle.

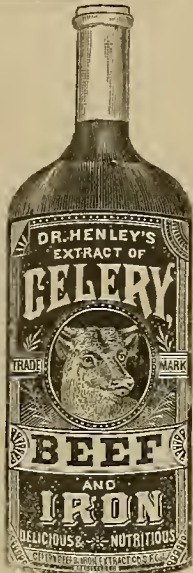
Dec. 11.—Ate my twenty-seventh bird in a perfumatory manner. Wish I could go home.

Dec. 12.—Did not rest well last night. Rose with the lark this morning, also with the quail. A rose by any other name—no better mind. I will soon be free once more. Dreamed last night that I dwelt in marble halls, and didn't have to eat quail. Ate number twenty-eight. It was a very large quail indeed.

Dec. 13.—To-morrow I will close my engagement. Wish I could get a job in a museum, eating glass.

Had quail for dinner.

Dec. 14.—My thirtieth quail was not a good one. It had become impatient over my delay, and had an injured air about it. Perhaps it was the only one in the family, and its parents had spoiled it. Wrote my autograph for a man who is going to give an eighty-day starvation exposition in New York. He was accompanied by a young woman who has a call to go over the dam at Niagara in a baking-powder-can. A person has to hustle these days in order to become eminent.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.



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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1887.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the year we added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory—both to the other publishers as well as ourselves—that we again increase the list for the year 1887. We now place before the public a list of TWELVE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. But, despite these low rates, there is not a periodical on this list which is not worth by itself alone the price we ask for it in conjunction with the *Argonaut*.

Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class. Among the magazines, let us take **THE CENTURY**. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, containing one hundred and sixty pages (or more), with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1870. In 1881 it took the name "The Century," and the name of the corporation which published it became "The Century Co." It has been called by the *New York Nation* "the best edited magazine in the world."

Another periodical which we have added to our list is the **INDEPENDENT**. It is a religious and family weekly, and the best published in the United States. Although religious, it is not denominational, but it is orthodox and evangelical in tone. The *Independent* is famous also for its minute reports of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies. The National Synods, Councils, and Congresses of all the evangelical churches of the United States are reported by the *Independent* in detail. And this is not done in such a way as to detract from the amount of ordinary reading matter; when the *Independent* has the proceedings of these deliberative bodies to report, its size sometimes runs from forty-eight to fifty-six pages.

Much interest has been caused in literary and publishing circles of late by the announcement of a new monthly, called **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the former publishers of the *Century*, then called *Scribner's*. The fact that such a firm was to undertake the enterprise proved that it would be a high-class magazine. And such is the competition among the leading magazines that the firm of Scribner's Sons determined to put the price as low as possible, while making the tone of the magazine as high as possible.

Among publications for the young, the **IDEAL MAGAZINE** is **ST. NICHOLAS**. It is so well known that all we need to say of it is to mention its name. It is a monthly, and contains one hundred and sixty pages (or more), with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1870. In 1881 it took the name "The Century," and the name of the corporation which published it became "The Century Co." It has been called by the *New York Nation* "the best edited magazine in the world."

Those of our readers who have taken **WIDE-AWAKE** during the year will not need to be requested to renew. It is still, as ever, the best of juvenile magazines.

A leading journal, not only pictorially, but editorially, is **HARPER'S WEEKLY**. It presents in graphic and valuable form the noteworthy events of the day, portraits of men of the time, reproductions of the works of celebrated artists, cartoons by eminent pictorial satirists, and humorous illustrations of the ludicrous as acts of social and political life. Besides the pictures, *Harper's Weekly* is full of good reading. It always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, with fine illustrations. Its short stories are bright and entertaining. Poems, sketches, and papers on important topics of current interest by the most popular writers, and columns of humorous and personal paragraphs, make it interesting to everybody. It is a thoroughly able, instructive, and entertaining journal for the household. Its general news is well selected, its editorials are judicious and vigorous, its stories are of high interest, its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations are as famous as they deserve to be.

Every family should subscribe for one of the great New York journals. The daily edition is not needed by those living out of New York, but the weekly edition of a paper of this kind is a necessity. It is the straight-out organ of their party—the **NEW YORK WORLD**. When the present proprietors took it, three years ago, the paper had a circulation of 16,000 copies. It now has 250,000, and the circulation is still increasing. It has seriously cut into the circulation of both the *Herald* and the *Sun*, principally the latter. The *Sun* during the last Presidential campaign supported Butler; the *World*, Cleveland; hence the Democratic triumph made the *World* the party organ in New York city. It has ably carried out its mission. It is the best Democratic paper published in New York city. It makes a specialty of the newspaper, illustrating so much in vogue now, and is about the only one of the New York dailies that has made a success of it—its artist, MacDougall, thoroughly understanding that kind of work. The *Weekly World* is a large eight-page paper, containing a mass of news, foreign correspondence, literary, art, society, and dramatic matter. Its chief editor is the well-known "Nym" (A. C. Wheeler), who has been a favorite in New York for many years. Lucy Hooper is its Paris correspondent, Julian Hawthorne the literary editor, Joseph Howard

a free-lance staff writer, and T. C. Crawford the Washington correspondent. The *World* has cable letters from Edmund Yates of the *London World* and Henry Labouchère of *Truth*. It is the "brightest daily paper in New York to-day."

All ladies who desire an illustrated journal of fashion, fiction, and domestic economy should subscribe for **HARPER'S BAZAR**. Its literary merits are of the highest order, comprising serial stories, poems, essays, etc., from the most distinguished writers of Europe and America. Its brilliant illustrations reproduce, from the original electro-types, simultaneous with their appearance abroad, the gems of the best London picture galleries, the Paris salon, and the great English pictorial journals, and its humorous cuts are on a par with those of *Life*. Its fashion plates, of the latest Paris and New York styles, accompanied by well-fitting patterns and clear descriptions, enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by making their own dresses or superintending their manufacture at home. Its articles on housekeeping and cookery are eminently practical and useful, and promote economy in the household. Much attention is paid to the popular feature of decorative art, and many exquisite embroidery designs are given from the best sources. Its papers on social etiquette are of the highest interest. No topic is neglected that could add of value to the family circle.

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Every one said either that it was lovely, charming, beautiful, delightful, gorgeous, splendid, and nice, or quite good. It only depended on who said it. Adjectives came out with opera-cloaks that had perforce been laid away a long time, and the little world of San Francisco went home satisfied.

Yet there had been a great deal of preliminary growling. There seems to exist a general impression in our goodly city that a dollar and a half is the maximum price that is to be paid for everything, from grand opera to minstrelsy. People always do get their seats before the eventful night, for there exists a very general prejudice against being left out of the whirlpool when something is going on, but they do a vast amount of grumbling, and talking, and sighing beforehand, over the pitiful little handful of money that is to give them so much pleasure.

They are people, too, who dress well, eat well, live in fine houses, and ride in carriages. The richest people, of course, think nothing about it. They buy their seats, and frequently, with hospitable thought, a seat for a friend or two besides. All their concern goes to secure the places they want. Poorer people put their heads together, consult ways and means, retrench a little here and a little there, enjoy their treat as a luxury for which they have strained a point, go to the opera, and have each evening the best time they ever had in their whole lives.

There are many people well known to us all, who have otherwise withdrawn from all the gayeties of life since some one of the many financial crises in our short little history, who always turn up at the opera. It is their one luxury, and though it has come about lately that we have had great singers at least once a year, these people turn up unfaithfully, generally in very excellent seats, and always radiant with enjoyment.

It is a lot of well-to-do people, who go everywhere, have everything, see everything, want everything, who complain that the prices are high for this greatest luxury of the age.

A Londoner thinks nothing of paying a guinea and a half for a seat at the opera, and it costs you twenty francs, to hear the most execrable singing that ever was shrieked, in the Grand Opera House of Paris. One must take one's francs out in architecture, orchestral music, and dancing. For the most lissome fairy that ever glided down the stage in brief tarlatan is Mlle. Mauri, but one closes one's ears months afterward to shut out the dreadful sound of the voices. This, of course, before Gabrielle Krause returned to sing in "La Patrie," which all Paris says is otherwise vilely sung.

In San Francisco we have had every great soprano who sings, excepting Lucca, and the age has not produced so many of them that they can not be counted upon the fingers of one hand. A great singer and a fine orchid are the two most expensive products of the modern day. We are not quite up in orchids yet, but we are in singers. And the people who can drink champagne for dinner occasionally should learn to pay cheerfully for their music, and without talking about the money it costs.

"Oh, I have heard Patti," say these prudent ones, as if Patti were a musical freak of some kind, to be heard only once, and the hearing were a species of moral obligation of which they had acquired themselves. The enjoyment of perfect music never seems to enter into their calculation. The maddening part of it all is that they address themselves to a lot of unfortunate creatures who could not go under any possibility; yet who would think it but a paltry five dollars paid to hear only the orchestra give that exquisite little gavotte of Ardit's, with such a daintiness and grace that its pretty little refrain has been running in every one's head ever since. Or to hear the new little tenor, dear little man, give us the pure tenor quality once more, to say nothing of the string of high C's, long enough to make a necklace, which he strews about him with the utmost liberality. Or to catch a little run in a bit of the floriture of "Ah fors e lui," which is one of the prettiest things La Patti does, or to thrill under the noble roll of Scalchi's great notes.

Yet it is the doom—if one may use so deep a word for so small a thing—of many a one who would thrill with ecstasy over any of the least of these things, to see the price-grumblers, unable to resist the contagion, secure the best of seats, purchase opera cloaks at two or three times the cost of the season tickets, engage hacks—it is another of the freaks of many of our rich economists not to possess the comfort of a night carriage—purchase a corsage-bouquet at heaven knows what price, and sally forth fully panopied. All of which is very right and very well done. It is the complaining of the price that is the odious part of it all.

Five dollars to hear Patti and Scalchi together!

Why, it is a bagatelle—a mere nothing. Don't we all know some one who paid fifty dollars to hear Jenny Lind, and who is glad to this day to think that he did it?

When the eventful time comes, it is true, every one turns out in full force, and our houses are as full as they can hold, and as gay, and pretty, and enthusiastic. Enthusiasm? Ah, yes! We will encore them all till they are ready to drop. But where are the rosy rains, and the showers of flowers of other cities? People go around telling you how madly they adore pretty Patti, and how she thrills them as Marguerite, and makes them weep in "Home, Sweet Home." But they never express themselves in a flower, which any singer—even Patti, who is so loaded with this world's gifts that one would not think a posey or two would make a difference—loves, when it comes spontaneously as a tribute to her song.

The two or three most beautiful pieces that went to Patti on Monday night were from personal friends, as all the world knew, and were sent in welcome to her. But she was in her sunniest mood, and sang "Ah fors e lui," one of her pet gems for all the world, instead of the Lucia number, and "Coming thro' the rye" for those people who are always going on about not knowing anything about opera, and caring only for simple ballads, and the "Echo Song," with its brilliant fireworks, for the school-girls, and "Home, Sweet Home," for everybody, because she thought they wanted it. She was never in better voice, and never sang it more affectingly.

In that very interesting sketch of M. Coquelin in *Scribner's* for February, the great actor is reported to have said—as Edwin Booth and many other great authorities say—"an actor, to move his audience, must himself remain unmoved." Patti generally weeps herself when she sings "Home, Sweet Home," but this time she shed no tear. As "Home, Sweet Home," is written in the very heart of the richness of her voice, and any one could see plainly that she was singing the very best that her great art would teach her, as honestly and conscientiously as a school-girl, the simplicity and honesty of it were very affecting. But no flower fell.

Nor were there any flowers for Scalchi when her great voice pealed out in the "Nobil Signor" from "The Huguenots," or when she sang the pretty "Mignon" gavotte for an encore most charmingly. Truth to tell, our townsmen and women must be a little bit stingy. Yet every one was satisfied and delighted with the concert itself. For when the curtain fell upon the great duet from "Semiramide," every one was loth to go, and half the people kept their seats in the vain hope that something more might take place.

In point of fact, these concerts are most ingeniously arranged to give satisfaction. Just as the atmosphere of the concert-room is beginning to assert itself in spite of all the marvels of this group of singers, the opera scene, with its costumes and accessories, restores every one to his element. The singers, notably Scalchi, seemed to settle themselves into their accustomed garments and surroundings with greater ease, and the warmth in the audience, which was dying, was restored to its full blaze.

It is so much more sympathetic than the old-time second part. It is so satisfactory to know in the first that we are only having a glimpse at these people as they appear in everyday life—a matter about which many people have a sharply whetted curiosity—and that, later, we shall see them in their accustomed places, though it be only for a single scene.

All amusement-lovers would prefer opera if they could have it. The great artists never paint their pictures without backgrounds. "Mais, quand on ne peut avoir ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a," and these are the very pink of concerts. For, would it not be rather difficult to place Signor Guille in opera? And yet what a rich, silver-sweet voice the man has! How sure he is of it—what strength it has! And when he braces himself for his big note, and curves his under-lip two or three inches to the westward to catch it, how pleasantly safe we feel that it will be big, and strong, and pure, and as long as he chooses to hold it. And did he not sing "M'appari," the darling of tenors, and "Di quella pira," the pride of tenors, twice over? And did he not sing the unfamiliar "La Gerusalemme" with most exquisite taste?

As for Galassi, what was the matter with the big baritone with the big voice? Perhaps "De Proenza," pretty as it is, is rather a tum-tum sort of tune for one of the few Italian singers who is at home in Wagner's most demanding music. And he is rather ponderous in style for the light music of "Le Nozze di Figaro." But he is a great singer none the less, and manages his rebelliously big voice when it is in best condition with great skill.

Signor Novara will be better introduced as *Mefistofele* than as *Assur*, and on the first night had not the advantage of his marked number for an introduction.

Somewhere in the minstrel past, which now is *passé*, there ran a little song usually devoted to the female impersonator. It was a silly little trifle, but there was a haunting strain in it, as there is to some music, and the day after people heard it they were apt to go merrily about their tasks, singing, quite irrelevantly perhaps,

"It was, after all,
The most beautiful ball,
The music, the dancing, and all were so fine."

The words are not Tennysonian, but that is the sort of mood people have been in since the first concert. BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Opera House was so cold on Monday night that every one in the concert troupe has a sore throat, and every one in "society" has a stiff neck.

Signor Guille is said to be a Frenchman. Notwithstanding the indisputable beauty of his voice, he has been found unavailable in opera, and the concert platform is his only field.

Madame Patti is suffering with a severe sore throat, brought about by the severe cold of the Opera House atmosphere on Monday night. The concert of Thursday, the 27th, was hence postponed to February 7th.

"Muldoon's Picnic" and "Cousin Joe" (an adaptation of "The Rough Diamond") are announced for next week at the Alcazar, with Charlie Reed, Alice Harrison, and the Osbourne & Stockwell Company in the cast.

Patti was presented, while in Mexico, with a most elegant black-lace fan, mounted on sticks of the most expensive amber-shell. The side pieces are exquisitely carved and set in diamonds, with the Mexican arms and various symbolic devices relating to the sister republic.

Miss Clara Morris will play Cora in "Article 47" on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, at the Baldwin next week; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings she plays the title-role in "Miss Moulton," and on Saturday night the theatre will be closed.

Mrs. Abbey, radiant in delicate beauty and sparkling with diamonds, was the cynosure of all eyes at the opera on Monday night. Mrs. Abbey has been upon the stage for a short time, and was, it is said, contemplating an operatic career, when the Napoleonic manager induced her to forswear the boards forever.

Mme. Patti is not the only member of her company who is a billiard-player. Little Guille is also very fond of the game, and, not having a private table at his apartment, he has to go down to the public billiard-rooms, where his excitement over his shots affords great amusement to the admiring crowd who throng around his table.

The members of the Abbey concert troupe will give a concert on Sunday evening, at popular prices—one dollar and a half for reserved seats—at which every member of the troupe but Patti will sing. These concerts were immensely popular in New York, where Scalchi and Guille alone were considered well worth going to hear.

Nicolini, since the wedding, last summer, is said to have lost the intensity of the lower air which distinguished him before that time, and to have subsided into a fat, placid, comfortable spouse, of the most old-fashioned description. He is fond of fishing, hunting, games, and the pleasures of the table, and quite reasonably fond of his wife.

The *Daily Report* has issued a little bound volume of the diagrams of the theatres, which is quite the neatest thing in its way that can be imagined, and certainly a most useful thing to the army of theatre-goers who are cranky about the location of their seats. It is in a form handsome enough to put upon the centre-table, for ready convenience.

There were four "first-nights" in London last week, the two of most importance being Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "Ruddy Gore"—which has been discussed at length in the cable dispatches—and Henry Arthur Jones's "Hard Hit," a melodrama, which is said to be the best thing produced in London since the same dramatist brought out his "Silver King."

Clara Morris has arrived safely and in comparatively good health from her overland journey. She has established herself at the Baldwin, and is taking a good rest, to make ready for her season. She is the greatest of American actresses, and will probably never come this way again. So that when she has become a tradition this engagement will assume a peculiar interest.

The Rose Wood Company opens the California Theatre this evening with Bartley Campbell's "The Galley Slave." The company consists of Miss Rose Wood, E. J. Buckley, E. J. Holden, and several others, and will probably remain as a stock company until May. "The Galley Slave" will be continued next week, and will be followed by "A Woman of the People" on the 7th of February.

Alice Harrison is said to have tucked away a very tidy fortune in the last five years. All that she has been able to save from doctors' bills, which have fallen upon her rather thickly in that time, has been invested in enterprises of cast-iron safety. This financial independence is the reputed cause of the fair Alice's indifference to the several offers of marriage with which she has been visited during the past year or two.

Patti does not like to sing in the great "Semiramide" duet at all, but it draws so invincibly that she is compelled to put it on the programme as a matter of business. Scalchi, on the contrary, is very fond of it, and is always pleased when it is a feature of the bill. Linda, Annetta, Rosina, and Violetta are Patti's favorite rôles. Rosina is also a favorite rôle with Scalchi, but she never gets an opportunity to sing it out of Italy.

Patti never eats candy. The delights of a caramel are sealed mysteries to her. So, too, are pies, cakes, puddings, gravies, rich sauces, salads, and champagne. She is never permitted to touch anything which will interfere with her digestion, her complexion, her figure, or her voice. She is bathed in distilled water of an exact temperature every morning, and anointed all over with some sort of sublimated unguent every night. She does not speak aloud the day she sings till supper-time, and all harassing care is withheld from her. People wonder at the secret of her perpetual youth. These are the secrets.

The clever interviewers who met the Patti party gave some very neat imitations of the Italian accent as presented by M. Nicolini. As it happens, M. Nicolini (*né* Nicolas) is not an Italian but a Frenchman, and never speaks Italian as a matter of choice. His accent in that language was the amusement of all Europe during his career as a great tenor. French is, and always has been, the household language of the Patti Nicolini ménage. Patti's musical ear makes her speak almost any language with great purity, even English, the most difficult language of all for a foreign tongue. English was the language of Patti's childhood and girlhood till her eighteenth year.

The Mexicans loaded the concert people with gifts of live animals and birds. Scalchi received, among other things, a pair of quail, one of which died from overfeeding and too much care. The other, which in her naive and imperfect English she calls "A very interesting beast," is to make the voyage to Turin, if it can, to join the rest of the menagerie, which is one of the delights of the Scalchi-Loli ménage. "My husband likes so much the big beast of strange countries," she says, pointing with pride to the top-knot of the quail.

Billy Emerson, who would have been an operatic tenor if he had begun his musical education soon enough, is a devoted admirer of the Italian opera, and always gives a high premium for choice seats during the season. He follows every note of the singing with keenest interest, but his main enthusiasm centres in the tenor, whom he always eyes with a certain wistfulness, as if to say, "It might have been"—for Emerson himself has a fine tenor voice, worn and misused with shouting negro melodies, but with the true quality in it still.

Mr. Abbey, finding it impossible to prolong the stay of his company in this city, has decided to give an extra matinee this (Saturday) afternoon, at the Grand Opera House, the programme consisting of a new concert programme and a repetition of the second act of "La Semiramide," and on Sunday evening a popular concert, at reduced rates, will be given by all the members of the company, except Madame Patti. At the regular concert next Tuesday, February 1st, the orchestra will play the overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and the coronation march from "Le Prophète;" Madame Patti will sing "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto," and the waltz song from Gounod's "Roméo e Juliette;" Madame Scalchi sings "Quando a te lieta" from "Faust," and Manzocchi's "I Pescatori" duet with Galassi; Novaro will give "Infelice" from "Faust;" Guille, the "Deserto in terra" from "Don Sebastian;" and Galassi sings "Oh de' verd' anni mei," by Verdi, Rottoli's *canto popolare* "La mia Bandiera," and the duo with Madame Scalchi. The second part will consist of the second act of "Martha," with Guille as Lionelo, Novaro as Plunkett, Madame Scalchi as Nancy, and Madame Patti as Enrichetta. For Thursday, the last concert, the first part has not yet been announced; the second will be the second act of "Linda di Chamounix," with Signor Romualdo Sapia as accompanist.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending January 29th.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Henry E. Abbey, Manager. Monday, concert programme and second act of "Semiramide"; Thursday, concert programme and garden scene from "Faust." By the members of the Patti Concert Company, including Mme. Adeline Patti, Mme. Scalchi, Signor Novara, Signor Guille, and Signor Galassi. Conductor, Signor Ardit.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "The Tourists." Cast as follows:

Miss Baby, Miss Gush, and Miss Emigrant, Miss Alice Harrison; Miss Isabella, Miss Eleanor Barry; Aunt Pamela, Miss Fanny Young; Marie and Miss Langtry, Miss Conchita; Luigi Contradini and Conductor, Charlie Reed; T. Henry Shum and The Trough, Frank Mordant; Sir Henry Cashmere and Louis, J. N. Long; Jacob Kraus and Porter, Will H. Bray; Charles Demille, Arthur Messner; Book Agent, Geo. H. Trader; Deaf Man, Thos. D. Bates; Hobbs, L. R. Stockwell.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Nemesis." Cast as follows:

Galino, Harry Gates; Zidore de Tiloselle, Mamie Taylor; Roland de Roncevaux, Ramponneau, M. Cornell; Rosalie Ramponneau, Helen Dingo; M. Potiphar de Patoche, W. F. Rochester; Praline de Patoche, Hattie Moore; Aunt Turletite, Ed. Stevens; Gre-nou, Geo. Fortescue; Baliverne, Geo. Harris; Perdrichon, Henry Moore; Toinette, Marie Jameson; Justine, Carrie Pfeiffer; Touch-a-tout, Kate March.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Zitza." Cast as follows:

Count Pierre Petrosky, Gustavus Levick; the Czai, J. B. Browne; Petroff, John Duff; Vladimir, Ralph Dorman; General Omeroff, Delancey Barclay; Doctor Marloff, John Armstrong; Gribbo, F. O. Savage; Priest, Fred Howard; Lotoski, James Downing; Ogaref, Charles Adams; Ivanoff, J. W. Wilson; Ignatief, George Walker; Courier, E. A. Shelly; Attendant, F. C. Mason; Countess Petrosky, Miss Nellie Jones; Princess Sabine, Miss Victoria Reynolds; Mamie, Miss Addie Johnston; Ziska Marloff, Miss Josie Batchelder.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Saturday night, "The Galley Slave." Cast by the Rose Wood Company.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Closed during the week.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy.—Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, Madame Patti's concerts, Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

At the Alcazar, next week, Alice Harrison and Charlie Reed's company in "Cousin Joe" and "Muldoon's Picnic."

At the Bush Street, next week, Herrmann, the Magician.

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Professor."

At the Baldwin, next week, Clara Morris in "Miss Moulton" and "Article 47."

At the California, next week, the Rose Wood Company in "The Galley Slave."

The President of the Berlin police call attention to the advantages accruing to police authorities everywhere by taking profile photographs of criminals which will distinctly show the left ear. He says that while the features of the face change in the course of time, the ear retains its shape forever; and furthermore, there are no two persons whose ears are identically formed.

A new revolver has been patented which is expected to be less liable to accidental discharge than any of its predecessors. Its main feature is a concealed hammer, inclosed in the lock frame, which can not be unintentionally manipulated, and the trigger is so arranged that it can not be pulled unless a safety lever in the rear of the lock frame is first pressed.

In France the *Journal Officiel* published statistics the other day which the *Temps* calls "really mournful," showing that in the Department of the Seine (that is Paris and its environs) alone there are 1,506 young men and 4,174 young women holding government certificates, seeking places as teachers of primary schools, for whom there is not only no employment, but no prospect of employment. There, however, the situation is somewhat worse than it is here, for Frenchwomen as well as Frenchmen are apt to suppose that if the government examines them, and gives them a diploma of fitness for any government place, it is bound to find them the place, or, in other words, that it owes them a living. Another danger in France is, that this annual crowd of candidates, after wearily and vainly waiting for some months, or some years, for government work, will finally join the ranks of those who are in France called, with a certain horror, the "*délaisés*"—that is, the somewhat educated people belonging to none of the regular callings or occupations, and living in a greater or less degree by their wits, and who, in the case of the men, in Paris, furnish a large contingent to the revolutionary or anarchical element in the population. The origin of the evil is much the same in Paris as in the United States. Whenever a girl at a primary school shows signs of more than ordinary aptitude in learning, the teacher and her parents and friends go to work to turn her mind away from all industrial occupations, and to mark her out for a scholastic career of some kind. The family makes extraordinary exertions to enable her to get a government diploma—or, as we should call it, send her to the Normal College—and thus probably to raise her a peg or two in the social scale. The *Temps* sounds the strongest note of warning touching this tendency in our modern society to rush into the cities in search of clerical or scholastic work, which women have begun to display in nearly as great a degree as men.—*Nation*.

There are often, at the Van Buren Street depot of the Rock Island and Lake Shore Railroads, in Chicago, five special railroad cars under the roof, and idle. There will be seen President John Newell's magnificent special car "Stella," and President R. R. Cable's still more magnificent private vehicle, "No. 603," and two or more other splendid private coaches, all drawn up in line long enough to make a good sized train. These special coaches come cheap at twenty thousand dollars apiece. The little Rock Island has two of them, the Lake Shore three, the Northwestern has three or four, the St. Paul four or five, the Illinois Central three, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy four, the Michigan Central three, the Grand Trunk four, and the Nickel-Plate two or three. In short, without enumerating roads, the brief way is to say that every road on the continent has a special railroad car for its president, a special car for its general manager, a special car usually for its general superintendent, oftentimes a special car for its chief engineer, and, as in cases of most of the trunk roads, a special car for its directors. These cars are built by Pullman. They have plate-glass windows from the roof to the floor, and are divided into one or two sleeping-rooms, a bath-room, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. They are as long as the ordinary Pullman coach, and cost from \$20,000 to \$30,000. One of the most elegant is that which belongs to the president of the Rock Island. Fine special cars are one of the extravagances of American railroads, and not a small extravagance either. Of the twenty or thirty Western and Northwestern roads, each one has from \$60,000 to \$100,000 invested in palace cars.

The greatest and most famous of all floating bridges was built by the Roman Emperor Caligula, in A. O. 39. An immense number of boats were anchored in the bays of Baie and Puteoli in two lines, in the form of a crescent, over three miles long. A flooring of planks was laid upon them and covered with earth. Houses were built upon it, and fresh water conveyed to them by pipes from the shore. When all was ready, the emperor, accompanied by his court and a throng of spectators, rode in solemn procession from one end of the bridge to the other. He was clothed in costly robes and adorned with gold and pearls, and wore Alexander's breastplate and a civic crown. At evening the whole bridge was illuminated with torches and lanterns, and Caligula boasted that he had "turned the night into day, as well as the sea into land." The whole court slept that night in the houses on the bridge. Next day there was another procession, in which Caligula rode in a triumphal chariot, followed by a train of other chariots. The insane emperor then made an oration in praise of his work, and wound up the festivities by ordering a large number of the spectators to be thrown into the sea.

An Indianapolis paper says: "The children's toy banks have thrown about five million pennies on the market. For the last months of 1886 pennies were so scarce as to command a slight premium in some large business centres. The scarcity was not altogether explainable by the fact that no particular new coinage had been recently run, and it was attributed to increasing brisk business, which was doubtless true. But if it be a fact that the little folks' savings all the year had gradually accumulated five millions of pennies, this must explain some of the scarcity."

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PUBLISHED TO-DAY,

The Overland Monthly for February.
The February issue of the *Overland Monthly* contains John H. Hittell's "Reminiscences of the Plains and Mines in '49-'50"; B. Mark's discussion of "The Riparian Decision in Interior California"; Leonard Kip's mining camp novel, "The Punta-Coost Colony," and a great variety of Pacific Coast stories, sketches, essays, poems, out-door studies, etc. Subscription, \$4.00 per year; single copies, 35 cents; sample copies sent for 25 cents. For sale by all news-dealers, and postmasters, our authorized agents.
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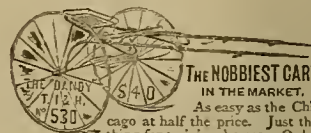


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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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We are not very seriously impressed with the possibility of any conflict between the United States and England growing out of the Canadian fisheries entanglement. The Dominion of Canada has certain local politics that hinges upon "saucy talk" by its small magnates, and they look to this kind of conduct as contributing to their importance at home. England, with an indifference to every right, is looking—always looking—about her to conciliate her colony with a view to maintain her trade connections with Canada, while in the United States Senate almost every man, certainly every politician, finds himself charged with demagoguery

the very muzzle, and most of the ambitious ones have found an opportunity to unload by firing at the English. It is always popular for the political Jingo to fire dynamite cartridge, if for no other purpose than to hear the explosion. This is now going on all over the world; they are at it in every capital of Europe. It is always popular for the ambitious politician in our country to explode himself at the English whenever the opportunity is presented. War hrvado is always popular in any country, at any time, and against any body, and it is especially and particularly popular at this time in America against the English, in order to please our Irish. What Mr. Ingalls said in the Senate the other day about the English government and the English people is largely true; they acted abominably during our civil war, and would willingly have seen our nation divided and destroyed, seen slavery made perpetual, in order that they might reap the commercial advantages of a divided nationality and an ever warring and discordant people. But, notwithstanding the presence of the Irish among us, and the recollection of unkind war memories, we recollect the fact that England has adjusted, apologized, and paid for the *Alabama's* piratical work, and what makes us more magnanimous, generous, and forgiving is the fact that the civil war did not divide our Union, and did demonstrate a national force that enables us to play the Jingo rôle whenever it shall become necessary for us to vindicate our national honor. We know that England has a great and powerful navy, and that we have none; but we also know that England finds full employment for her last sailor and her last ship in protecting her colonial empire, in maintaining her political equilibrium, and in defending her vast commerce. We know that we have more millions of people, and that they are ready to furnish us an invincible and innumerable army; that among our Southern and Northern millions the traditions and experience of a practical military training have not yet died out from a past generation, and are living and inspiring traditions of valor to the generations now on and coming on. England may bombard our coasts, but can never place a hostile foot upon our broad and compact possessions. We have more money and better credit than Great Britain, and in event of war can purchase ships from her own docks, and arms and munitions of war from her arsenals and armories to equip them. The very fact that war shall exist concerning our fisheries will provide us with sailors who have always been able to cope with England's tars, and will not hesitate to meet them again whenever England shall invite the conflict. There are no Americans doing business in Great Britain or her provinces; there are thousands of Englishmen owning property and following business pursuits in our country who, in event of war, would be compelled to take their coin and gripsacks and depart. England is impregnable on land, but she is indefensible in reference to her commerce; and the destruction of English commerce means bankruptcy and ruin to her rich and starvation to her poor. So that it is as necessary for her to keep within the rules of international law, and see to it that neither she nor her colonial dependencies violate treaties, as it is appropriate for our anti-English demagogues to keep a civil tongue in their heads. There is no sensible man of business and property in America or England who wants war, and it ought to be the duty of the business and property classes to see to it that the politicians of the two countries do not embroil them. There is nothing in all this business that two broad-minded and honest statesmen could not settle in after-dinner discussion. This little sensatino will be sufficient to arouse every contractor, and jobber, and speculator in America to lobby Congress, to talk and write for coast defenses, and for an increase of our navy. Every journal in America—except the *Argonaut*—will write long, lahorod, and meaoingless articles in this direction. The bond-holders, the national banks, the tariff advocates will all find in this war-cloud an excuse for avoiding the necessity of paying our public debt by expending our accumulations and our revenues in forts, navies, torpedo-boats, coast defenses, and in experimenting in improved guns and improved armor-ships in anticipation of a war that will not occur. There is no nation in Europe that wants war with the United States of America, and England least and last of all. When the United States entered upon

its civil war, the Northern States placed 2,018,227 men in the contest; the Southern figures we have not at hand, but the South put enough squadrons in the field to keep the North at bay and continue the struggle for four years. This was when our population was forty-five millions. We have now sixty millions of population, and we have a better national credit than any nation of earth. Our revenues and our resources are beyond those of any other people. The only question of national importance that now agitates our councils, is how to dispose of our national income. It would therefore be no superhuman strain for us to place an army of five millions of men in the field, equipped with the best batteries and siege-guns that Krupp could supply, and the most finished and precise arms that the best workshops of the world could turn out. With this army we would take Canada as easily as school-boys would take a summer hird's-nest. We would make British Columbia come down and deliver itself up, and while England was homharding our sea-coasts with her iron leviathans, we would turn loose upon her commerce such a fleet of pirates and privateers, with their letters of marque, and their swivel guns charged with dynamite cartridges, as would sting her great sea-monsters to madness, and light up every sea with the blaze of her burning ships. Of the 2,018,227 volunteer soldiers of the Northern States in our civil war, 1,623,267 were natives of the United States, 186,817 were Germans, 144,221 were Irish, 45,508 were English, 53,532 were British Americans, 48,410 were other foreigners, and 26,445 were not designated. Of the desertions which took place, seventy-two per cent. were of Irish birth; of German, sixteen per cent.; of miscellaneous, seven per cent.; and of American, five per cent. We introduce these figures here for two purposes—first, to show the national military strength and valor of our native-born, and to answer the agile lie that lies in ambush behind the hair on the teetb of every Irish politician's mouth, that "the Irish fought the battles of our civil war." That they drove baggage, and commissary, and quartermaster's, and ambulance wagons, curried horses, attended hospitals, and waited on officers, we admit; that they did five per cent. of our fighting, we deny. In event of war with England, we shall not deny to the Irish an opportunity to vindicate their fighting renown and satisfy their hate for the cruel Saxon by taking the front rank of hattle and being the first and most numerous to die for the land of their adoption. It is a curious fact, observable in all countries, that the class who will do the fighting, and suffer most in war, is the one most ready to whoop up the Jingo cry that results in armed conflict. War is irrational, wicked, and absurd; there ought to be no wars, and there need be none. They are usually instigated by politicians, and waged for dynasty, or boundary, or conquest, or ambition—things of which those who do the fighting have little knowledge and little interest. Wars waged in the interest of humanity are most infrequent. Our Revolution and our Civil War were rare exceptions. The American people want no war with any country, and in deoying ourselves coast defenses, a navy, and standing army, we are doing more good to the world than all the fleets and armies that now menace Europe, by demoonstrating that a great nation can maintain itself and uphold its honor by honest, and bonorable, and peaceful diplomacy. Let the United States pay the national debt, and if the revenue still continues to exceed its expenses, let it aid the States to pay their debts; then the municipal governments that are solvent and honest, to liquidate their obligations; make internal improvements throughout the land; make interior lakes and rivers navigable; build public edifices in every town for the accommodation of public business; build canals; reclaim swamps; dig artesian wells; turn rivers and impound waters for the irrigation of desert and harren lands; levee the Mississippi, and Missouri, and all streams that burst their bounds; protect and extend forest cultivation; purchase the railroads, telegraph lines, and ocean cables. There are a million projects upon which our government can profitably expend its accumulations before it is driven to the criminal, wasteful, wicked necessity of setting its people to kill other people in order to make contractors and other public thieves and speculators rich. Better keep the peace and reduce the hours of labor to eight. The wildest vagary of the most erratic socialist is better than war.

The *Argonaut* desires to notify the evangelical clergy—those Protestant preachers who desire to terrify Rome by roaring in asses' skins—that its columns can not be used for that purpose. We shall be glad to print any communication from any clergyman upon any question touching Rome's interference with our schools, our civil marriage system, our right to tax church property and its eleemosynary institutions, or kindred subjects—always provided they possess enough of merit to secure insertion in our journal, and provided the author has the courage to allow the use of his name; otherwise we have no time to be bothered in reading communications that the author is too cowardly or too politic to assume the authorship of. So far we have had little assistance from the pulpit. We need it; we invite it. But we won't have it skulking under an anonymous signature. We accept no communications on matters of religious opinion. We do not care what faith is indulged by any church or individual, nor what religious ceremony is performed, so long as it is within the law. For all we care, any person may cross himself in the holy water of the sacred white bull of India, or cause his children to be baptized in the waters of Spuyten Duyvil Creek; may scratch himself with a curry-comb, or perform any act of devotion which his conscience may approve or his confessor suggest; he may adopt any religious belief he pleases—but his political opinions must be indigenous to the soil, and of native growth.

Archbishop Riordan is endeavoring to explain away the pastoral letter signed by himself and his colleagues, by saying it was not intended to apply to other than those who profess the faith of Rome. The letter itself permits no such narrow interpretation. But, passing any technical criticism, we think the archbishop is wrong in endeavoring to draw after him the hole into which he has crawled. If marriage is a sacrament, and the religious ceremony is indispensable to its solemnization, then it follows that any other mode of celebration is void, and cohabitation after a void ceremony is criminal and adulterous. Our advice to the archbishop is to stand boldly up to his assertion. It may anger Protestants, and seem altogether absurd to that part of the community that has no respect for any religious ceremony, but to crawfish is both cowardly and illogical.

It is claimed by the French scientists that the phylloxera can not live in sandy soil nor in a location subject to overflooding by water. The vine in all European countries is being destroyed; the vine in California, upon all heavy soils and in non-irrigable localities, is suffering immensely. "Non-resistant" vines are not non-resistant, and there is not a vine-grower in California who is not profoundly anxious for the outcome of his experiment in vine-culture. In the valley of the San Joaquin, embracing parts of the counties of San Joaquin, Merced, Mono, Tulare, and Kern, the soil is sandy and capable of irrigation. These facts point to this as the best locality in the State of California for wine and raisins. The climate is especially well adapted to the vine; and while we would not depreciate any other locality, we have no hesitation in expressing our unqualified opinion that this section is better adapted than any other for successful vine-culture.

We hope our readers will not think we are riding our hobby to death if just for this once again we treat them to a double dose of the controversy between American Catholics under Father McGlynn and Roman Catholicity as practiced by Archbishop Corrigan, the Propaganda, and the Pope.

The *Argonaut* has endeavored to maintain that the Church of Rome and its foreign priests were doing that which they had no right to do—viz., interfering and meddling with political and party affairs in America. This has been so stoutly denied by papists on every side, so persistently and with such seeming earnestness resisted by men who would be good citizens if they were not good Romanists, that we have found it difficult to make much headway in this direction. Now, suddenly, and from an unexpected quarter, from the Roman Church itself, in the city of New York, there bursts forth an unexpected rebellion. A native-born American citizen, a Roman Catholic priest, one who had taken no other vows than obedience to his diocesan in matters of religious faith, entertaining certain opinions in reference to the ownership, use, and distribution of lands, undertook to express them at a public meeting, and in the formation of a political party for the election of mayor to side with the party holding those opinions. For expressing such opinions outside of his pulpit he is disciplined by direct interposition of the clerical authority of Rome, exercised through the Propaganda and by the final action of the Pope. Against the exercise of this authority Dr. McGlynn rebels, defies his church, ignores his bishop, and refuses to go to Rome. In this he is upheld by the unanimous opinion of his parishioners of St. Stephen's, the largest of the parishes of New York city, and by the almost universal opinion of the great sensible, thinking, working class of Roman Catholics in the city of New York, and the concurrence of every sensible American who does not acknowledge a higher allegiance to the Roman Church and Roman pontiff than he concedes to the institutions and laws of the United States of America. We are proud that the

Argonaut has been to such an extent vindicated, and we are glad that this vindication comes from intelligent American Roman Catholics; that it comes from Irishmen who have the sense to draw the line between politics and religion, and the patriotism to admit that Rome has no right to interfere in American politics. This rebellion gives the lie to that vicious jesuitry that persistently denied the fact as alleged by us, and that cowardly pusillanimity which rules both political parties, the Protestant clergy, and the American press.

Such Roman Catholics as Dr. McGlynn, who are born in America, who are educated at our public schools, and who love their country, who have sworn allegiance to it, and forsworn the authority of every other foreign potentate, have the courage to do that which politicians, preachers, and journalists have not dared to do—viz., to admit the truth. Even Bishop Corrigan had the mendacious audacity to declare, in his letter to George, that it was not the policy of the Church of Rome to endeavor to control the politics of any country, and that priests were not permitted to intermeddle in party affairs. Now this priest knows better than this. He knows, if he knows anything, that the history of Rome for a thousand years has been, in every land of the civilized earth, a struggle for temporal power, for political influence, and that to this end it has subordinated its spiritual authority. Bishop Corrigan knows that what its policy was ten centuries ago is its policy to-day; that what it has claimed for Spain or Italy it claims for England and America; whatever pretensions it ever put forth in any age or country, it maintains at the present time. We especially rejoice at this revolt against papal Rome, because it discloses that within that church in America there is an Americanism that, while it consents to receive its religion from Rome, revolts against having its politics from any other than an American source. Archbishop Corrigan knows—he must know if he is not an utter ignoramus—that the Church of Rome to-day controls the politics of Spain; that it is in active contest in France with the republican leaders; that it controls three and a half millions of people in Ireland; that it dominates the Province of Quebec in Canada absolutely; that election programmes are prepared, ballots arranged, and candidates nominated for the Parliament of Canada from the Bishop's palace and the houses of the clergy in Quebec, Ottawa, and Toronto; that the active politics of Belgium is a struggle over the school system, and the clericals are to-day in control of the government; that there is an active, powerful ultramontane party in Germany, and there has been a disagreement, reconciliation, and a final exchange of courtesies between Bismarck and the Pope. All these things are part of the active, everyday politics of the world, known to every well-informed person who keeps himself at all posted in political movements. Hence it offends us when a papist presumes upon his office to write everybody down an ass by assuming that we are ignorant of church intrigues. In order to demonstrate how earnest, how deep-seated, and wide-spread is this American feeling, we reproduce from the *Standard*, edited by Mr. Henry George, a somewhat lengthy account of this ecclesiastical revolt. It is good reading, and we commend it to those who think these papal Christians love one another, or that in their quarrel they are any more forgiving, or dignified, or merciful than we sinners.

Mr. Henry George giving the account of how Priest Donnelly took possession, and why the girls struck, and the priests got no dinner, and the church was without heat, and the new pastor had to shave himself in the kitchen, says:

Although the daily press have published many columns relating to the super-seding of Dr. McGlynn by Rev. Arthur Donnelly of St. Michael's Church, and Archbishop Corrigan's council on Saturday last, the full story has not been told, although the servants of the rectory have made no secret of the brutality of Father Donnelly's action, and the facts have been passing from mouth to mouth among the parishioners, exciting the utmost indignation. Nothing that could humiliate the priest and provoke the man seems to have been omitted in the vindictive persecution to which Dr. McGlynn has been subjected. The priest chosen by Archbishop Corrigan to take the place of the beloved pastor of St. Stephen's seems to have been selected for the coarse brutality of his character, and his conduct would seem to have been prompted by the desire to heap indignities upon the priest and provoke the people of St. Stephen's as much as possible. On Saturday morning last, while Dr. McGlynn was absent from the rectory, having had no notice that his successor had been appointed, a cab drove up to the rectory door and a stout priest, bearing a carpet-bag, alighted. The door was opened by Margaret Cregan, the housemaid. Her story is that she showed the visitor into the parlor, requesting his name. This he refused to give, telling the girl that she would learn it soon enough, and, marching out into the hall, he attempted to make an entrance into Dr. McGlynn's private room. This room during Dr. McGlynn's twenty years' occupancy of the rectory had been kept locked; but the girls of the house, hearing the report that some one would soon come to supersede the doctor, had in his absence fastened it on the inside with some string, making their exit through the sliding glass doors which open into the middle parlor. The girl told him that this was Dr. McGlynn's private room, and asked him to take a seat in the parlor. The strange priest commenced knocking hard on the glass doors; one of the younger curates, hearing the noise, came in, and, giving his name as Father Donnelly, stated that he had been appointed rector of St. Stephen's and had come to take possession. He then launched out with a tirade of abuse against Dr. McGlynn. This the young priest, shocked with the vulgarity, asked to be excused from hearing, as Dr. McGlynn was his personal friend, and turned away.

Finding that there was nobody in Dr. McGlynn's room, the archbishop's appointee, whom now nobody dared to resist, went round to the hall door and managed to push it open a little and remove the string, thus effecting an entrance. Dr. Curran had by this time come in from the church, where he had been saying mass, and was informed by Father Donnelly of his authority, and told by him that he (Father Donnelly) would take Dr. McGlynn's room for his own. Dr. Curran pointed out the fact, as evidenced by the papers and clothing lying around, that Dr. McGlynn had not vacated the room, and had had no notice that he was about to be dispossessed, and offered to give Father Donnelly his own room until Dr. McGlynn could remove his effects.

But this had no effect. The boor insisted that he should take Dr. McGlynn's room immediately. He began making a tour of the house, and, coming into the dining-room, insisted upon going into the kitchen. Dr. Curran told him that he himself had been in the house twelve years without having been in the kitchen, and he must ask Margaret. The girl, becoming thoroughly indignant, refused to show Father Donnelly into the kitchen, telling him it was not in readiness to be seen. But, nothing daunted, Archbishop Corrigan's councillor went in himself, and commenced making inquiries of the cook, what things had been bought and how they were paid for, and explaining for the servants' edification how he proposed to run the house, declaring that he would not pay any of the old bills.

After inspecting the place from garret to cellar in the same characteristic fashion, the new pastor of St. Stephen's went out, telling the servants he would

go and arrange for bringing his things, and would be back shortly to take up his abode as their master.

As soon as he left, one of the girls started off to try to find Dr. McGlynn, who returned to the rectory in Father Donnelly's absence, and went up stairs to consult Dr. Curran.

While Dr. McGlynn was thus engaged, Father Donnelly returned again. The door was opened for him by Margaret Cregan, who told him that Dr. McGlynn was now in, and was just then up-stairs with Dr. Curran. She opened the parlor door, and requested him to take a seat for a moment until she could run up-stairs and call Dr. McGlynn.

Instead of doing that, the new pastor walked straight for Dr. McGlynn's room. The girl remonstrated and tried to bar the way, telling him that Dr. McGlynn had just come in, and that he must not go into his private room, where all his books and papers were lying around, until she could call Dr. McGlynn. But Father Donnelly pushed by the girl, telling her that Dr. McGlynn had no authority there, and that this was his room, and not Dr. McGlynn's; and, springing in, sprawled himself in a chair in the midst of Dr. McGlynn's open letters and papers.

The girl was dumfounded by such conduct, and stood for a moment agast; for, as she phrases it, "He looked to me, sprawled there, like the very old devil himself," an onion which those who have seen Father Donnelly's forbidding face will appreciate. Recovering herself, the girl again impudently refused to move, and take a seat in the parlor until she could go up-stairs and call Dr. McGlynn. Finding that she could not move him, she went up-stairs and informed Dr. McGlynn and Dr. Curran that Father Donnelly was below in the bed-room. Dr. McGlynn told her to go down-stairs, to give Father Donnelly his compliments, and to ask him to take a seat in the parlor, and he would come down immediately and see him.

The girl went down with the message and gave it to Father Donnelly, but he still refused, telling her that this was his room, and that if Dr. McGlynn wanted him to go out of it he must come down himself and ask him. The girl repeated the message three times, but to no effect, and then went up-stairs and informed Dr. McGlynn, who was still in Dr. Curran's room, that Father Donnelly would not budge.

Mr. Smith, the accountant of the parish, who was in the rectory, was then called and sent down-stairs with a message to Father Donnelly, but with no more effect. The only response he could get to his repeated requests was that if Dr. McGlynn wanted him to leave that room, he would have to send a message in writing or come down-stairs and ask him personally. Mr. Smith went up-stairs again, and Dr. McGlynn wrote a note to Father Donnelly, stating to him that he had no notice of his coming, and that the room he was now in was his (Dr. McGlynn's) private room, and was filled with his papers and effects, and requesting Father Donnelly to vacate it until such time as he could remove his property from it.

Mr. Smith went down-stairs and read the letter to Father Donnelly, who was still making himself at home among Dr. McGlynn's papers. This having no effect, he read it again, and, finally losing patience, he yelled it at him for the third time. At this point, the priest, who had been waiting in the hall, came forward, utterly disconcerted by such boorishness on the part of his successor, Dr. McGlynn gave up the attempt; but Margaret Cregan, finding that Father Donnelly would not leave, let her preparations for dinner take care of themselves, and, marching into the room with Father Donnelly, took up a position where she could watch him.

It was now the turn of Archbishop Corrigan's councillor to ask, and then to command, the girl to depart, but this she utterly refused to do, telling him that she proposed to stay there as long as he did, in order to see that he did not touch any of Dr. McGlynn's books or papers.

Then the reverend intruder changed his tune, and began mocking the girl, asking her to be seated, and telling her what a good, nice girl she was to think so much of Dr. McGlynn, and advising her that, as her old priest had been deposed, she should go out into the streets and preach for him.

Then he began to wheedle her to go down stairs and get dinner ready for him, and, finding her obdurate, got up and closed the doors, thinking that the girl would leave rather than remain shut in with him. Finding that this had no effect, Father Donnelly went to Dr. McGlynn's bed, and started to take up some of Dr. McGlynn's open letters and papers that were carelessly thrown upon it. The girl shrieked that he should not touch her good master's papers, and, darting forward, removed them herself, whereupon Archbishop Corrigan's councillor stretched himself out upon the bed.

This state of things lasted until three o'clock, when Father Donnelly began to get very hungry, and finding that Maggie would not leave so long as he remained there, and would not bring him any food, went on a foraging expedition to the lower regions, where he managed to get something to eat from the cook, for no table was set in St. Stephen's on that day. She got another of the girls to watch Dr. McGlynn's room to see that Father Donnelly did not come back, went up stairs and told Dr. McGlynn that his room was at last vacant. Dr. McGlynn at once came down, and, taking possession of his own room, commenced to get his papers together and pack up his effects.

After satisfying his appetite, Father Donnelly went into the church, where his first act was to remove Dr. McGlynn's name from the confessional box. When which stood, an action which was witnessed by the engineer and his assistants, and when he came down into the boiler-room on his tour of inspection they immediately resigned. Coming back to the rectory, the indignant girls were on the watch for him, and refused to let him in. He went to the baptistry door, but they had locked that, too, being determined to keep him out until their beloved doctor could get his things together in peace. Failing to get in through any of the legitimate modes of ingress, Father Donnelly managed to make a flank movement, and work his way in through the kitchen, and, coming upstairs, went directly for Dr. McGlynn's room and attempted to open the door. Warned by previous experience, Dr. McGlynn had secured the door, and on Father Donnelly's demands for entrance, told him again that this was his private apartment, containing his papers and effects, and that, although he recognized his authority on the ground, he both requested and demanded a reasonable time in which to remove his personal property.

Failing to get into the room in this way, Father Donnelly marched into the middle parlor, the girls following him, and, throwing wide open the folding-doors which shut it off from Dr. McGlynn's room, marched in.

Dr. McGlynn, who was seated at the table getting his loose papers together, sprang to his feet in astonishment, and requested Father Donnelly to withdraw. Instead of doing so, Father Donnelly marched in and took a seat in the middle of the room. Dr. McGlynn expostulated, and then demanded that he should leave his private apartment until he should have had time to vacate it. Father Donnelly said he should do nothing of the kind; that it was now his room, not Dr. McGlynn's. The doctor remonstrated in the strongest terms, saying: "I tell you, sir, that this is my private apartment, that I have occupied for nearly twenty years; my bed-room, my study, my dining-room, my parlour, my papers, my clothes, which I have not had an opportunity to remove. Surely, sir, I have in common decency the right to occupy it, sacred from intrusion, for a reasonable time, in order that I may remove my effects. I ask you as a gentleman, I request you as a priest, and I demand as my legal right, that you leave this room."

But Donnelly remained obdurate, as though endeavoring to provoke Dr. McGlynn to offering personal violence, and said that he was now pastor of St. Stephen's, and that he had selected this room for his own, and that he would not leave it. Dr. McGlynn, indignant to the last degree, angrily demanded that Father Donnelly leave; and so the shameful scene went on, until not only all the curates in the house and the girls from down-stairs strooped into the parlor, but several workmen in the church came running in. The curates expostulated with their new superior in vain, and one of them started out to get a lawyer to talk to him.

As for the workmen, they asked Dr. McGlynn to say the word, and they would pitch the intruder into the street. They were quieted by Dr. McGlynn and Dr. Curran, who told them that there must be no personal violence. But Maggie Cregan, worked up to a hysterical point, called on one of the ladies of the congregation to bear witness to the fact that the church also, and, coming in with her, and they would "pitch the old rascal out of the room." The two women made their way between the curates and into the room, and would doubtless have attempted to carry out their threat; but Father Donnelly, seeing the determination in their eyes, got up and walked out himself, whereupon Dr. McGlynn shut the sliding doors, Archbishop Corrigan's councillor taking his position in front of them in the middle parlor.

"The curates, poor things," said one of the girls to our reporter, "are afraid as death of the archbishop, and didn't dare to open their mouths." But not so the girls; they locked the doors, and when the expressman came with Father Donnelly's things he could get no admittance, and finally was obliged to go through the kitchen, and when Father Donnelly finally went outside he was locked out, and, as he was going out, he was going into the church and demanding a key of one of the priests in the confessional.

In the meantime a locksmith, who had been sent for, came and put locks on Dr. McGlynn's doors, and Father Donnelly, through whose all but impervious hide the contempt and indignation of the servants seemed at last to pierce, made no further attempt to get in.

The following account of the further proceedings at the church is from the *New York Tribune*:

Mary Halligan, Dr. McGlynn's house-keeper, represented as a large, powerfully built woman, with a fiery look and a face expressive of determination, declared that she had been in the door of the church, and refused to yield them to anybody. In order to prevent a riot in the church, Father Donnelly sent for a locksmith and a police force to clear it. A crowd of women were at the time in the church, guarding Father McGlynn's confession-box. One of these was Maggie Cregan, who was formerly a waitress for Dr. McGlynn. Seeing the women, Father Donnelly, attired in his cassock and beretta, came forward and said in his blindest tones:

"My good ladies, will you not be good enough to leave the church? It is about to be locked up."

Maggie Cregan fired up and replied: "How dare you speak to me, you old hypocrite? You are a disgrace to the church."

Captain Ryan heard her retort and at once came to the front. "You must not talk in that style to Father Donnelly," he said. "You forget whom you are talking to, I think."

"No, I don't," she retorted, "I know him too well. He was the man who put my master out of his place. His name is Donnelly; I won't call him father. I know you, too, Captain Ryan; but neither you nor he can put me out of here, and if you touch any of these flowers you'll get yourself into trouble."

The captain was about to reply when Father Donnelly touched his arm and

they withdrew to the other side of the dimly lighted room. Maggie Cregan went up-stairs, where several other women were gathered. The conference between the priest and the officer lasted only a few moments, but as soon as it was over Captain Ryan summoned a dozen of his officers and ordered them to guard the doors, allow no one to get in, and clear out everybody by force if necessary. Officers Sullivan and Carroll walked to Dr. McGlynn's confession-box and told the women they must go. The women refused. While the police attempted to reason with them, down came Maggie Cregan and planted herself in front of the rest. She declared that she would not go out, that they could not put her out, that she would die for Dr. McGlynn, and dared them to touch her. The other women were equally firm. The captain told the men to carry out their orders, and they obeyed. One after another the faithful guards were carried out struggling and shrieking. Father Donnelly witnessed the scene unmoved. Maggie Cregan was the last one removed. She contested every foot of the way and when on the sidewalk tried to get in again; but every door was guarded by police. A look of relief came over the pale, thin face of Father Donnelly as the last woman disappeared out of the door.

In the meantime Mary Halligan had employed a locksmith to close up Father McGlynn's private room. When Father Donnelly saw him, he sent for a policeman, and without waiting the officer's arrival, he ordered the locksmith to stop work. This aroused the amazonian Mary.

"Look here, Father Donnelly, or Mr. Donnelly, or whatever your name is," she called out, in no moderate tones, "he won't stop, nor you won't make him either. This is Dr. McGlynn's private property, and all the police in New York won't prevent me from protecting it. You go ahead with your work, Mr. Bach."

The locksmith did not need her bidding; he seemed as much bent on putting on the lock as she was to have him. Father Donnelly again tried to stop him, but Mary delivered such a volley of epithets and abuse that he fairly quailed. The policeman attempted to shut her up by threatening her with arrest, but this only roused her more. She turned on the blue-coat, and, given though he was in two minutes looked toward the reporters in an appealing sort of way. At last he said something about putting her out.

"Oh, no," said Father Donnelly, hoping to quiet her; "let her stay; I have no objection."

"Stay! Objection!" she yelled. "Oh, you old rascal. Yes, I guess I will stay, and stay as long as I please. I'd like to see you put me out. Try it, either of you."

Neither of them evinced any disposition to accept her challenge, and after some further parleying, the lock was allowed to be put on, but Mary was told that she must clear everything out, herself included, within a week. She laughed, but made no further reply.

Up to the time of this writing Dr. McGlynn's successor has had a pretty hard time of it in St. Stephen's. The engineer having indignantly left, there was no heat either in the church or in the rectory all day Sunday, and even on Monday, when he had brought over his own fireman from St. Michael's, things were no better, for the new men, not understanding the heating apparatus, made such work of it that all the heat they could produce went up in the girls' room, and the new pastor had to toast his shins by the kitchen fire, and, as the girls describe it, "shave himself before the cook."

Dr. McGlynn slept in this old room for the last time on Saturday night, and, after attending early mass on Sunday morning in the church of which he has been for so many years the pastor, went up to his brother-in-law's house to recover from the strain and excitement. He has not been back since, but his effects have been removed, and Father Donnelly is now the occupant of his apartment, and "monarch of all he surveys" inside of St. Stephen's walls.

On the following Sunday the church was filled at all the masses, and a large number of strangers gave evidence of unusual interest. The regular services were held, but not in the regular manner. The place was cold, the engineer refusing to attend the furnace until Dr. McGlynn should be reinstated, and no collections were taken, because the collectors would not serve, thereby losing the church its accustomed revenue. The great choir, which, under the direction of Miss Agatha Munier, had long been noted for the excellence of its music, and had taken an important part in the services of St. Stephen's, was rendered weak by the absence nearly all of those members not bound by contract. When the time came for the commencement of high mass, when it was expected Father Donnelly would speak, every seat was filled, and men stood in bunches of twos and threes about the lower end of the edifice conversing in undertones. The great organ in the loft burst forth and filled the church with melody, which by degrees softened and finally died away. Then came a pause. No celebrant was to be seen at the altar. The priest, thinking that he was still to be expected, failed to follow, and he was compelled to give the responses also. It looked as if Father Donnelly did not intend to come, for he was not there in time to preach the sermon, and after a slight hesitation the celebrant took up an after part of the service. The little curtain then shot back and Father Donnelly, preceded by Father Boyle, a stranger priest, advanced. But Father Donnelly had not come to preach at this altar, he had come to see that the congregation sitting up often filled by the beloved Dr. McGlynn, and Father Boyle came forward to the chancel rail and preached, but made no reference to the subject uppermost in every mind. Nor did Father Donnelly announce himself as pastor; he did not even stay to hear the ending of the service, but disappeared during that portion of the mass observed with most solemnity, the elevation of the host.

Then followed the meeting of Catholic workmen at Clarendon Hall, and then the great meeting at Cooper's Institute, where, though the night was cold and stormy, great numbers gathered both inside and outside the hall—the galleries, aisles, and lobbies crowded, the platform filled with prominent Catholic laymen—presided over by Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin. David Healy, of the *Irish World*, was the orator. Among other things—

"Mr. Healy declared that he spoke as a Catholic, and had come to speak on the understanding that this was to be a meeting of Catholics, called to protest against the false position in which the Catholic religion has been placed before the American people by an unlawful exercise of arbitrary power. He saw, he said, that it was a Catholic meeting, 'composed of Catholic citizens of New York who dare exercise the right of suffrage with no responsibility except to their consciences and to their Creator.' 'There is,' he continued, 'no foreign tribunal that can tell Catholics to account for their performance of their duty as American citizens and sovereign wielders of the ballot, and in the exercise of these rights true Catholics acknowledge no higher authority than the constitution of our country.' This declaration was met by prolonged cheering and applause, and Mr. Healy called the attention of the representatives of the press to the fact that that such a declaration had been cheered, not hissed, by a Catholic audience."

The following resolutions, introduced by Mr. Michael Clark, secretary, were unanimously passed:

"As Catholics, loyal to our religion and in its highest interests, we protest most emphatically against any attempt to extend ecclesiastical authority into the sphere of politics, and while cheerfully yielding full obedience to the authorities of the church in matters of religion, we emphatically deny the right of pope, propaganda, or archbishop to prescribe for American Catholics, lay or cleric, what economic opinions they shall express, or what line of political action they shall pursue or abstain from; and we denounce any attempt to inflict ecclesiastical penalties upon an American citizen, lay or cleric, for political speech or action, as a dragging of religion into politics that is both scandalous to the church and dangerous to the principles of American freedom."

"We declare that the Catholic priest ought not and ought not to cease to be an American citizen, and should enjoy, unquestioned by ecclesiastical authority, the full rights of his citizenship, so long as he does not seek to intrude his opinions or politics into his priestly office. We protest against the suspension and deposition of Father McGlynn as a gross injustice and an unwarranted exercise of ecclesiastical authority; and we further protest against Dr. McGlynn's summons to Rome to account for his political opinions and action as an attempt to establish the dangerous precedent that an American citizen can be questioned in a foreign country for his course in American politics."

Each separate resolution was loudly applauded, and with the closing words declaring that American Catholics demanded political liberty for their priests, a long continued storm of applause broke forth. When it had subsided, Mr. Clark said: "I desire to add to these resolutions an expression of my own individual opinion, and it is this: With regard to the case in hand, on Saturday night, I hold the principle embodied in the ultimatum of Catholic Ireland fifty years ago, when it was sought to enlist papal influence on the side of England against the Irish national cause—the ultimatum formulated by O'Connell in his famous declaration: 'AS MUCH RELIGION AS YOU LIKE FROM ROME, BUT NO POLITICS.'" (Tremendous cheering, the whole audience rising, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and men their hats.)

After silence had been restored, the chairman asked all in the audience who favored the resolutions to rise. When one simultaneous movement the whole vast crowd sprang to their feet. The movement, so swift and unanimous, showed how intense was the feeling and how complete the sympathy.

Mr. James P. Archibald said:

Dr. McGlynn has been antagonized because of his advocacy of the public schools. It was in these schools that Dr. McGlynn had received his own early training, and if there was nothing else to recommend that system, the speaker would be proud of it because it had produced such a man. Since Dr. McGlynn took his stand in favor of the public schools many have become converted to his views; but there is one who has followed him like a sleuth-hound, ready to spring on him on any moment. That man, who saw his opportunity in the recent campaign, was Dr. Preston, the Vicar-General.

A. J. Steers, John McMakin, chairman of the United Labor Party, and James I. Gahan, editor of the *Catholic Her-*

ald, spoke. Mr. Gahan closed his very eloquent address by saying:

"Whatever the future may bring, I hope the day is far distant when an archbishop of New York will ever again be found justifying the assumption of the Know-Nothing, by demanding the intervention of Rome in an American political question. As a Catholic I protest against this action. As an American citizen I protest against it. And I want it distinctly understood that in the exercise of my sovereign rights as an American citizen, no body of men in Italy, however amiable and admirable they may be in their own place and sphere, have any more right to direct and govern my action than the dusky chief who has yet to be discovered by the explorer Stanley in the depths of the savage and dark continent." (Roars and shouts of laughter and applause.)

Mr. Gahan's speech was followed by one of those electric outbursts of applause that served as an outlet for the pent-up feelings of the audience.

At a meeting of the parishioners of St. Stephen's, it was resolved to withhold any further pecuniary support while the reverend Donnelly remained its pastor. Then follow interviews and statements—a whole page of them, from the most prominent and respectable of Irish-American Catholic citizens—all of them sustaining Dr. McGlynn, all of them denouncing Archbishop Corrigan, and all of them maintaining, without dissent or qualification, the doctrine—"AS MUCH RELIGION AS YOU LIKE FROM ROME, BUT NO POLITICS."

Meetings are being held in other towns and cities, upholding Dr. McGlynn in his determination NOT to go to Rome. Individuals and journalists all over the United States are expressing opinions. The action of Rome is denounced as "an ecclesiastical outrage." Dr. McGlynn is looked upon as a martyr.

The New York *Times* of the date of January 23, has a manly article in defense of Dr. McGlynn. It is entitled, "FACE TO FACE WITH ROME," and says, "It is a question 'whether the Catholic Church in America is to be Americanized and brought into harmony with the spirit of our institutions, or whether it is to Romanize those institutions.' We remember the time when the *Times* was edited by Henry J. Raymond, and its open letters to Cardinal McCloskey. We are glad to see one leading New York daily that has the courage to look papal Rome in the face. It ought to have been the paper that Horace Greeley founded."

OFFICE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, ASTORIA, Oregon, January 27, 1887.

EDITOR ARGONAUT.—Dear Sir: We are supporting a free reading-room in this place. Can you send us your valuable paper?

Yours respectfully, G. A. CHARNOCK, Gen. Sec. We can, for \$4 a year, payable in advance.—ED.

In the upper part of England's social pie, rumors of divorce play the rôle of war rumors in the society of nations. The Divorce Court corridors and the club smoking-rooms are full of them. The English newspapers are trembling between a desire to tell what they know and their respect for the very savage libel laws, and are full of dark hints involving almost any one of importance in the kingdom. Enough is positively known, however, to inspire a sincere disgust for the aristocracy, which calls upon the people to look up to it, and renders singularly appropriate to England a recent remark of the gifted Ouida, who has been in London for a while, pleasantly shocking society with smart sayings. "People of intellect," says this lady, "are above all law. Marriage is only suitable for the lower classes." Gossip, such as in America would disgrace the servants' hall, fills the air of drawing-rooms. One story, which may fill a court-room very soon, pictures a man looked up to by England's millions kneeling at the feet of a man whom he had wronged and begging forgiveness. Another has this same man's nineteen-year-old son involved in a disgraceful intrigue with the young wife of an old man who had been his friend. Still a third story, the property of to-day's *Vanity Fair*, claims special attention from the fact that eight co-respondents are to figure in the case. Another case, which would have particularly concerned Americans, has been compromised with the greatest difficulty. Lady Brooke, it is said, is to appear in court with no less than fourteen co-respondents, the number of these in fashionable cases being ever on the increase, like that of bridesmaids at weddings. It is *de rigueur* to count in the number the now almost professional co-respondent, the Duke of Marlborough, besides Sir Charles Dilke, and possibly a more august one. The Brooke case would have come on ere this had not the Campbells slipped in beforehand with prompt and successful alacrity. Lady Brooke, who was a Miss Maynard, is an extremely beautiful woman, and quite young. The example given by the clan of Argyll may not impossibly be followed by another and more illustrious couple belonging to the same family, and if the wrath of the Queen was deep at the first trial, it will be all the more bitter in proportion, as one of the parties is more closely allied with herself.—*London Correspondent of the New York Sun.*

Extracts from Boston papers: The West and South End Browning clubs meet on Tuesday nights. The clubs in the North and East End hold meetings on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.—A Browning Club was organized yesterday on Deer Island by a number of philanthropic ladies from the West End.—Twenty-nine new Browning clubs were organized on the Back Bay last week.—Mr. Arthur Pickering gave some delightful interpretations of Browning before Cambridge's sixteen Browning clubs on Friday.—Two of the drivers on the Metropolitan Car Line came to blows yesterday over a disputed interpretation of Browning. They spent the night in the cooler, but their fines were paid this morning by members of the Souful Insight Browning Club, from South Boston.—The newsboys of the city are organizing into Browning clubs, and they are to be joined by the Cash Girls' clubs.—*Puck.*

Lecocq's new opera, "Les Grenadiers de Mont Cornette," is the latest colossal failure in Paris. Not even the grace and vivacity of the charming Marguerite Ugaldé could save this work from swift and well-merited condemnation. It is a curious fact that not a single operetta has proved a success in Paris this season.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Lesson from the Suspension of McGlynn.

Father McGlynn supported the cause of Henry George very strongly. For this he was removed from his church, ordered to Rome, and a successor appointed in his place. This action of the archbishop met with such opposition on the part not only of the congregation, but of those participating in the ritual as well, that his successor deemed it inadvisable, if not indeed impossible, to proclaim his appointment at the time intended and announced. As far as appears, there was no personal objection to the successor; the opposition was based entirely on the popularity and regard in which Father McGlynn was held, and discontent at his removal for such cause. These facts, simple in themselves, point a lesson pregnant with meaning—a lesson dark, ominous, and foreboding to the Catholic Church, and cheering to those who regard the progress of that church as inimical to the best interests of our country. Going to the pith of the question, we here see that a devout Catholic congregation, on being called upon to decide whether it will follow the path of duty and obedience to the church's wish, or that of personal pleasure tinged somewhat by self-interest, chooses the latter, and accompanies its choice with open, clamorous opposition to the orders of the church. What does this portend? What is the necessary inference? First, it shows that the voice of the church is no longer omnipotent where it is met by the counteracting influence of self-interest or self-inclination; that the iron grasp in which it held even the most recalcitrant of its subjects is weakening; that the shackles with which it bound all those who believed, or even professed to believe, its tenets are being loosened; that the influences of our advancing civilization—broader and freer education, free speech, and free schools—are eating their way into the very heart of that institution which has always been the greatest obstacle in their path and resisted with all its strength their progress. It shows that that body which can cope with most involved problems of diplomacy or political science; which made kings, and made empires, and has created and overruled nations; which at one time controlled the balances of the world at whose voice all humanity was stilled or lashed into irresistible fury; that this body, we say, with all its subtlety, power and ability, its insight into the passions and weaknesses of men, and its means to effluatate its objects, can find no rule, punishment, or influence which will prevent the slow, sure, silent advance in intelligence of its own members, which is due to the progress of our civilization. The diffusion of knowledge and the individuality of opinion mean the downfall of the Roman Church. Both of these were indicated in the conduct of this congregation.

This is but an instance, it is true, in an almost unbroken history of submission, but it shows the signs of the times too clearly to permit of mistake as to its meaning here. The maxim that "straws tell which way the wind blows" well applies here. This little event, insignificant in itself, as surely as the cock on a weather-vane shows the direction of the wind, tells of the point in our civilization from which such a storm of intelligence and enlightenment will blow, that this hideous charnel-house, in whose environment lies smouldering some of our best, truest, and highest aspirations and feelings, will totter and fall. From this indication of individuality and independence of opinion, great results may be expected. The example of this congregation going unseathed and coming out safely, though guilty of disobedience to the church's wishes, will induce other congregations to do similarly when displeased with the action of the church. The day is not far when, once set on, its progress is rapid. It will come about in the course of time that the intelligence of Catholic congregations will be so great that the clergy will no longer be an imperial head whose decrees will be followed blindly and implicitly by a trusting and superstitious laity, but a body whose object will be to keep abreast of the times and meet the ever-fluctuating, mobile wishes of its subjects. Then, what will become of the doctrine of infallibility? The shackles which bound the child will not bind the man now that he realizes his strength. They must be loosened, so as no longer to clog free action, or they will be broken. For the purpose of this lesson it is immaterial that the congregation loses its object. It is sufficient for our purpose that there was open opposition to the church's actions. What points the lesson most sharply is the cause of McGlynn's removal. It was not for his action, but for the side he took in a political contest. In effect, then, the opposition was a resentment at the part taken by the church in politics; in a nutshell, it was a denial of the right of the church to take such part. The pet theory of the union of church and state has received a blow; a slight one, indeed, but cheering enough to those who realize the awful political power of the church and the selfish corrupt ends to which it is directed. This is the power most dangerous to our liberties, and its crafty, insidious, stealthy increase and use are the causes of deep alarm to the thoughtful students and earnest well-wishers of our government. To suppose that a Catholic congregation setting up its own opinion in the face of the church, and denying its political prerogatives, is as refreshing as the first glimpse of the oasis to the worn, famished traveler in the desert, or the manna to the wandering, starved children of Israel. The disintegration of the Catholic Church will be slow, almost imperceptible. Its ramifications have penetrated to almost every nook and corner of our civilization, our institutions, our customs. It will take generations, maybe centuries, to uproot it. But they will be sure to be uprooted, and this mighty fabric will fall, as sure as night follows the going down of the sun, because the tendency of human nature is to improve, and truth is eternal and can never be obliterated.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 27, 1887. INCONN.

The eight savings banks of San Francisco (says the *Real Estate Circular*) now have deposits amounting to \$57,586,742. The six commercial banks have assets amounting to \$40,096,299. The five foreign agencies have assets here of the value of \$18,809,427. These large sums combined make a grand total of \$116,492,459. Private banks like that of Parrott & Co., Sather & Co., and Borel & Co., Crocker, Woolworth & Co., and the national banks, are not included in the above statement. If they were added, they would add at least \$5,000,000 to the above exhibit, and at least \$5,000,000 more may be added for private capital, so that the banking and other capital here amounts to over \$126,000,000. If the city and State do not progress, it is not for want of ample capital. We doubt, indeed, that there is a city in the Union of like population that makes a showing of anything like such solid wealth. Estimating our present population at 275,000 (although we believe it is more than that), the banking capital here amounts to nearly \$500 for every man, woman, and child in the city. We feel certain, too, that there is not a city in the Union of like size where so many men have, within ten to twenty years, risen from poverty to competence or affluence.

The reading of the will of the late Pope Pius IX. was an occasion of disappointment to some of that pontiff's relatives. His paternal property did not amount to ten thousand dollars, and this might be called the only sure part of the inheritance, two-thirds of which fell to Girolamo, the eldest son of Ercole, and one-third to Christina, only daughter of Luigi. Donna Teresa Mastai, who was a lady of lively spirit, asked, when the reading terminated, whether there was anything more; and hearing from the Chancellor that there was nothing, she rose from her seat and said to her relations, in a marked ironical tone, "And now, gentlemen, we may go away." On descending the stairs of the Vatican, the same lady turned to her relations and said, "It seems a nice hoax, gentlemen, for all of us." And she added, turning to Count Augusti, "Really, it was unnecessary to make us come up here to listen to such a will."

An ingenious application of photography has been made at the Chancelade quarries, near Perigueux, where an accident occurred, caused by the caving of the walls. Five persons were imprisoned in the rocks, and no means were at hand to rescue them. To find out where they were, a shaft twelve inches in diameter was bored, and down this was slid a tube, near the end of which was a small photographic camera, surrounded by a battery of electric lights. The camera moved on a pivot, so that it could be moved up or down by pulling a cord. With this apparatus a number of good negatives were taken. The effects of the disaster were located, and pictures of the faces of two corpses were obtained, showing that it was useless to proceed further in the excavations.

Sixty Chicago girls organized a cooperative establishment for making men's clothing for wholesale dealers. They have a good plant for their establishment, and the promise of plenty of work.

OLD GRIDLEY'S GHOST.

The Strange Story of the Loss of the "Oro Fino."

"Why, Dunham, what's the matter? How your hand trembles! Are you sick?"

"No; not exactly."

"What ails you then? Speak out, man. Have you been seeing a ghost?"

"To tell the truth, Maggie, I do feel a little nervous this morning. I haven't made a trip these twenty years that I dreaded like this."

"Seen Old Gridley again?"

"Yes."

"Pshaw! I thought that was it. Haven't you seen him a dozen times before and nothing came of it?"

"This time he had his sextant."

All this was at the breakfast-table. Dunham was mate of the *Oro Fino*, making tri-monthly trips between Portland and San Francisco. He had sailed thirty years, been round the world twice, been captain about six years, but lost his ship and couldn't get another, and so was glad to be first mate of the *Oro Fino*.

Dunham had a habit of seeing ghosts, or, rather, a ghost, for he never saw but one; that was old Gridley. Gridley was mate of the vessel on which Dunham made his first trip as a ship-boy. That trip was Dunham's first, but Gridley's last. Gridley had a passion for beating ship's boys with a rope's end; he died in the act of beating Dunham with a rope's end. Gridley was taking an observation with the sextant, and, as the boy was passing him with a bucket and swab, a sudden lurch of the ship threw him against the mate. Gridley seized a rope's end, and was belaboring the boy soundly when a boom, providentially left loose, struck him and knocked him overboard. Ever since that, on numerous occasions, Dunham had seen Gridley's ghost—usually with a rope's end, but sometimes with a sextant. He had never been able to see any particular fatality portended by the vision with the rope's end. He had seen it a dozen times; and, on some occasions, his best luck had seemed to follow the apparition. Not so when the ghost with the sextant appeared. He had seen this only twice—once, the night before he fell from the foretop and broke his leg; the other time, the night before his ship was cast away.

Last night was the third time. He had waked up and found himself lying on his back. The room was perfectly dark; it was also perfectly still. Dunham could see nothing and could hear nothing. Nevertheless, he felt that something or somebody was in the room that ought to be out of it. He also felt a draught of cold air. Dunham was no stickler for ventilated apartments, and had carefully closed and locked the windows before retiring. The air could not come from the windows; neither could it come from the bed-room door, for that opened into the sitting-room just opposite to a window, and if the door had been open he could have seen the window. Despite his natural courage, Dunham was frightened. He raised himself on his elbow very cautiously. He looked about the room; he could see absolutely nothing. He reached over to where Maggie, his wife, slept—she was there. He moistened his finger in his mouth and held it up. He could then sensibly feel the draft of air coming from the foot of his bed. He got up and struck a light. Looking over his shoulder as he did so, he saw, at the foot of his bed, old Gridley. It would do no good to shout aloud—his wife would only laugh at him. He had often waked her up to look at the ghost, but she professed never to see it. It would do no good to go up to the apparition and try to seize it—he had often done this, and it only disappeared for an instant to reappear in another part of the room. So he left the lamp burning and got into bed with his eyes fixed on the figure.

This time Gridley had his sextant, and seemed busy bringing an imaginary sun down to an imaginary horizon. The operation completed, the figure turned to the bureau and seemed to be making the calculation. Then he turned to Dunham, and shook his head negatively, and dashed the sextant to the floor. A sudden crack startled the mate. He had turned the lampwick too high, and the chimney had cracked and fallen to the floor.

In the morning Dunham was a little nervous. However, having taken a cup or two of strong coffee, and if it must be confessed, a thimbleful of brandy, he felt more composed.

Joey Dunham, the mate's only child, a boy of ten years of age, almost always accompanied his father on his trips. This time Dunham proposed to leave him at home; but the boy seemed so disappointed that his father finally gave way, and they started together down to the wharf.

What a busy scene is the departure of an ocean steamer! Drays, buses, cabs, carriages, rattling and thundering on to the quay; mountains of luggage piled upon the wharf, or being lowered into the hold; stalwart Atlases staggering under the worlds of trunks which they have shouldered; mates, crews, porters, cabmen, passengers, boys, all shouting lustily in solo or chorus; the ship's engine blowing off steam with a deafening roar; timid ladies, making their first trip, being led trembling over the plank and up the stairway, and laid on the sofas in the cabin; old voyagers, with one leg over the rail, smoking their cigars—all conspire to make the scene one of rare excitement and confusion.

Joey was perfectly at home, and while his father was busy, stole up into the wheelhouse, which had incautiously been left unlocked. The wheelman, coming along soon after, met Joey stealing down the steps, looking scared and guilty.

Now the gun is fired. The bell rings. The hurry and confusion are increased tenfold. Hasty farewells are said; hasty kisses exchanged; handkerchiefs are brought into vigorous use. The throng of friends who have come only to say "good-bye" begin to pour over the plank to the wharf. The captain stands on the paddle-box. He stoops and pulls a handle; down in the depths of the monster tinkles a bell; in a second more the paddles dash the water into foam. The captain stoops and pulls the handle again; the paddles stop, but the ship has started enough to allow the cables to cast off. They are all cast off but the stern cable—that still holds; and the head of the great black monster swings slowly out into the current. Another pull at the handle, another splash of the paddles, and the stern cable is cast off. The gun sounds; she is loose! A cheer from the crowd on the wharf,

a cheer from the crowd on deck, and the ship has fairly turned down the stream and begun her voyage.

In an hour she was at the mouth of the Willamette, and struck the strong, full current of the Columbia. Having more sea-room now, she begins to use her strength. The flames roar through the flues; the engineer turns on a full head of steam; the clear, sweet water of the river, cut clean and neat by the prow, is dashed into snowy foam by the paddles, and sinks and rises in a swelling wave for half a mile to the stern. Fishing boats and Indian canoes glide past her like shuttles, and before you can fairly turn to look, are tossing and rocking on the swell many rods behind.

A black hull, supporting a cloud of dingy-white canvas, is seen ahead. It is the Hudson Bay Company's store-ship, bound for Vancouver. A flash, a cloud of white smoke, a heavy thud, and she has saluted the *Oro Fino*. A jar and a thunder-clap that startles the old ones, and sets the ladies to screaming, and the *Oro Fino* has saluted her. Three cheers from the stranger as the British flag runs up to the masthead, and three cheers as the stars and stripes curl and snap in the stiff breeze from our gaff. Now that she has passed, and the sun falls full on her canvas, she seems like a great bank of snow floating up the river.

Nearly everybody is tired of watching her, and many have gone into the cabins to avoid the wind which is growing chilly, and others are composing themselves in twos and threes about the deck, when a new and more thrilling episode calls them all to their feet again. Dunham and two men come tearing up the staircase to the quarter-deck. The bell tinkles, and the paddles stop.

"Man overboard!" is the cry. Every one rushes to the stern; every one scans the boiling current. "There, I see him!" cries one. "He's treading water!" cries another. Everybody can see him now; but by this time the tremendous momentum of the vessel has left him a little speck a quarter of a mile behind. It takes an age to lower the boat. Finally it is off—Dunham in the stern, and the sturdy sailors bending the ash dangerously. "Can he hold out?" "Oh, yes; can't you see him? He's treading water." "No, he's floating." "Anyhow, he keeps up bravely." "How slow the boat goes!" "Why don't they pull?" In fact, the boat was cutting the water like a frightened fish. Men on the ship involuntarily bent and strained, as though they could help in that way. The boat nears the floating object, now only a speck in the distance. A joyful murmur goes up from the ship. "He's saved!" "Oh, those strong men!" But Dunham sheers the boat around, and picks up only a hat and holds it high in the air. The owner had long since sunk. By the time the tired crew were taken on board and the vessel under headway, it was dark. They made Astoria by midnight, and lay to alongside the wharf.

The wind freshened during the night, and by morning a heavy gale, filled with salt spray, was driving in directly from the sea. The pilot reported that it would be impossible to cross the bar in such a blow. So they waited. Dunham's presentment of bad luck had been strengthened by the loss of the man from the ship, and he was more nervous and gloomy than when he left home. So he took his boy and went ashore. He went to the house of a friend and left Joey there, with orders to return to Portland by the first steamer that should go up. He also wrote a letter to his wife—a little longer than usual, almost two pages, and a little more affectionate than usual. He excused himself for writing by telling her that the bar was so bad they couldn't cross, and it was a little too dull to stay there doing nothing.

By ten o'clock the squall had abated, and by noon the pilot said he thought he could get over the bar by taking the north channel. While the firemen were getting up steam, Dunham ran over to his friend's house—it was only a few steps—and bade Joey good-bye, and told him to be a good boy and mind his mother, and gave him sundry other items of good advice which I fear the young scapegrace did not attend to closely, being engaged in the very amusing game of see-saw with the little girl of the house.

By three o'clock the ship was fairly under way again. By five, she was safely over the bar, and had put her pilot aboard a steamer which was waiting on the outside to enter. The captain, having been up all the previous night, went to his cabin and turned in for the night. The passengers were all either sea-sick or chilled by the cold wind, and had gone to their rooms and into the cabin. The wheelman, by orders from Dunham, made out Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and took his ranges from them and put the ship on her course. He had only time to do this when a fog rolled up, so dense that even the light on Cape Disappointment could scarcely be seen. Dunham assured himself that the ship was on the right course by going into the wheelhouse and looking for himself. Having done this, and knowing the coast perfectly, he felt pretty safe. He was a little confused and nervous, however, and so he went down to the cabin and overhauled his charts, and read the sailing directions just as though he had never made the trip before. He seemed to be all right. "Bring your vessel in range with Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and then put her about south by east." He had done this fifty times before, and had come out all right. To be sure that no mistake had been made, he climbed up to the wheelhouse, and quietly asked the man at the wheel how he had got his range. He answered promptly and satisfactorily. Everything was according to orders. So Dunham cursed his nervousness, and walked back to the smoke-stack.

The wind had gone down with the sun, but a heavy sea was running, and it was as dark as Tartarus. Dunham paced the deck for half an hour, then went below to get his cloak. Being chilly, he went up to the hurricane deck and sat with his back to the smoke-stack. Being nervous, he lit a cigar. Being careful, he walked forward to see how things were moving. He thought he heard a distant roar. He listened, and could hear nothing. He walked back to the smoke-stack. In ten minutes he came forward again. He thought he heard the roar of the surf. He called to the man at the wheel:

"Abbott!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How does she stand?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

That was all right; that was the course Dunham had put her on.

He went to the paddle-box and signaled the engine to stop.

Then he called a man and had the lead thrown. "Twenty-four. Plenty of water," thought Dunham, and started the engine. He then went to the captain's cabin and knocked. The captain did not hear the first time, and he knocked again.

"Who's there?"

"The mate."

The captain opened a port near the head of his berth, and asked him what the matter was. Dunham reported. The captain told him it was all right; that it was foggy, and the roar of the surf with such a sea on and no wind could be heard ten miles. Dunham rather thought so, too, and went away. During this parley, and while the mate stopped a few minutes to look after things below, the ship had made more than two miles headway. By the time Dunham got on deck again the roar of the surf was frightful. He fairly screamed at the helmsman:

"Abbott!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How's her head?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

Amazing! Dunham ran to the paddle-box and jerked a signal. The engine stopped. Then he rushed to the captain's door and called him out in the name of the gods. Both flew on deck. There was no mistake about it; there were the breakers not half a mile ahead, judging by the sound, thundering and boiling against the shore. Dunham had almost run the ship's head on shore, and that, too, when she was holding precisely the same course by compass that he had put her on fifty times before.

The captain roared: "What's her course?"

"Sou' by east, sir."

"Put her sou'west."

"Sou'west, sir," echoed the man at the wheel, and the wheel spun round and the chains rattled. The captain rushed to the signal-bell and started the engine, and got the ship under good steering headway. Scarcely had she started on her new course when a scraping sound was heard and felt—then bump, bump, bump, as though the ship had been lifted up and set down hard three times; then a crash and a sudden stop that sent the captain and mate on their faces, and brought the smoke-stacks crashing through the decks, and snapped off the topmasts like pipe-stems. The ship had struck a sunken rock, and began to fill at once.

Who got to shore, and how they got to shore, matters not. It is the same old story. The news spread on wings. Men came and dragged the swollen corpses of their friends out of the surf, or dug them out of the sand, or identified them in the shed, or paced the beach day after day, looking out on the remorseless sea that sullenly clung to its dead.

The captain and the wheelman, Abbott, went to Portland together—Dunham they never found—and there they talked over the strange affair and exhausted all their ingenuity in vain to account for the loss of the ship when on the right course on a still night. When the wrecking-tug was ready, they went out to the wreck. It still hung on the rocks. The bows were high out of water. The two men climbed up into the wheelhouse. They unscrewed the compass-box from its fastening and brought it on shore. There they opened it, and lifted up the card and needle, and there lay the little instrument of death—a broken knife-blade.

The handle and the rest of the blade were in little Joey Dunham's pocket. He had tried to pry out the glass, to see what made the card swing around so when he held his knife by it, and in doing so had broken the blade. He concealed his mischief and stole away.

The Bartholdi statue of Liberty is described as "towering to the skies above all known statues of the present and the past," and as "the Great Eastern of statues." A much higher statue exists, and has long existed, in Afghanistan. The little knowledge which has been obtained of this statue—or statues, for there are more than one—has been hitherto confined to a few Indian archaeologists; but we are now indebted to the Afghan Boundary Commission for much more complete information than we have yet received. These statues are on the principal road between Kabul and Balkh, at a locality known as Bamian. At that place the road passes through valleys, with high scarred cliffs of conglomerate. Probably about the early centuries of the Christian era the Buddhists excavated numerous caves, as monasteries for themselves, in the rock of these valleys; these excavations still exist, and can be counted by thousands. In addition to these, a number of statues were carved out of the solid rock; two, at least, are still standing, and the largest was measured with the theodolite, so that we now know the height within a few inches. The measurement gave it as one hundred and seventy-three feet high; that is, rather more by a few inches than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London, and nearly seventy feet higher than the New York figure. This figure of Buddha is the real Great Eastern of statues, and the celebrated Memnon statues of Egypt would not come up to the knees of this mighty *ikon*. At Bamian there is another figure of Buddha one hundred and twenty feet high. These are standing figures; there is also a sitting figure thirty feet high. There are the remains of two other figures, but they are in a ruinous condition, and one of them is estimated to have been about fifty or sixty feet high; these statues were, we know, originally either gilt or covered with metal. Hiouen Thsang, the Chinese pilgrim, passed the spot in the first half of the seventh century A. D., and from him we have a description of at least the two larger figures as they existed at that date. These statues have, of course, suffered by time. Armies have often passed by the road. Ghengis Khan's and Timur-lung's hosts did so, but they had only bows and arrows to throw at the idols. In later times, Mohammedan soldiers have passed with artillery, and in their hatred of "bhuts," or idols, they fired solid shot; but the idols have, thanks to their great size, stood this treatment very fairly, and in spite of it the true character of the figures, as well as the art style to which they belong, is still preserved.

Two hunters report that they have discovered an immense geyser of fire about one hundred miles west of Bismarck, Dak. They say that the flames rise directly from the earth to the height of one hundred feet, and that the snow is melted for a quarter of a mile around. This new wonder (if it exists) is located in what are called the Bad Lands.

BRITISH BREAKFASTS.

"Cockaigne" discusses them with an American Friend.

"If you were to drop 'Oh!' and 'Really?' out of the English language, the major part of the British aristocracy would be destitute of conversation."

Such was the remark an American friend made to me the other day. It is needless to say we were discussing the question referred to in a recent letter of mine to the *Argonaut*—viz., the alleged inferiority of American men to Englishmen in polish, refinement, social accomplishments, general information, and conversational powers. I had to laugh, it seemed so very true.

"I'm afraid I shall have to agree with you," I said; "I've often thought the same thing myself. And if you'd bar the interrogatives, 'Did you?' 'Were you?' 'Was it?' 'Did it?' 'Does it?' 'Is he?' etc., spoken with a labored emphasis on the first word, in reply to every remark or suggestion you make, nine-tenths of them would have to sit silent."

"Precisely. So they would. There's one other word, when I come to think of it, which we may leave out, too; it's 'Fancy!' Now, I think we've collared the swell's vocabulary. Deprive them of these words and the stereotyped interrogations you suggest, and so far as they were concerned, silence would reign supreme. It's a pity, isn't it?"

"Yes. Natural dullness of the 'hupper suckles,' I dare say."

"Not a bit of it. Naturally, the upper classes of England are by no means dull. Far from it. I'll tell you what it is: it's what they call 'good form.' By them it's thought bad form to use their own language fluently, to express their ideas freely. I don't know how long such nonsense has been their fad; long enough, apparently, to make them forget the use and application of the most ordinary words. They're never able to explain anything to you. I don't know how many times I've had a fellow end up something he was trying to tell me with, 'You know what I mean?' Of course, I'm not talking of scientific or literary men, or men who belong to the learned professions."

This American friend of mine, let me observe, is a man who has had every opportunity of judging. He has gone and goes into the best society. Of sufficient private means to travel comfortably and live abroad as long as he likes, he is one of the few Americans who can be said to be thoroughly competent to give an opinion about English society, either taken as a whole, or as to any of its ingredients. I have often thought what a splendid correspondent he would make for the American press. His happy mingling of an exact and correct knowledge of both American and English society would give his comments a value unpossessed by the ordinary "London Letter," as one reads it in the American papers. I asked him why he didn't correspond with some paper in the States.

"Your intimate knowledge of English customs, both town and country, gained by personal experience from the best sources, would make your letters worth reading; and as an American you would see many interesting and amusing peculiarities undiscernible to the English eye. Now, just imagine what a description you could give of an English country-house!"

"An English country-house! My dear sir, the subject has been written to ribbons already, by people who don't know anything really about it. The interior peculiarities of the domiciles of English snobs are too deeply rooted in the minds of the American reading public as the 'correct thing' to have me hope to impress anybody. I wouldn't be believed. It would be quite useless, I assure you. Not that I think I couldn't find some scenes of general interest worth publishing—scenes of English home life, during the stay of a house party. For example, the breakfast-table. Now, I don't suppose in all the varied scenes of country-house life, as I know it, there is one that combines so much that is queer, odd, absurd, and grotesque to the American eye; undimmed by the Anglomaniac's eye-glass. What strikes one is the utter absence of nature; the complete lack of spontaneity. Everything is studied. It is called an informal meal, because the servants don't wait at it; but its informalities are so regular and well defined that they have become rigid rules. These breakfasts are all alike. I've been present at dozens, in as many different houses, and one description will fit all; the same chill atmosphere of male gruffness and female rigidity permeates each. Now, it's a curious thing that the other day, I was thinking about this thing, and hastily scratched down some notes and impressions from recollection. I've got 'em in my pocket-book, and if you don't mind, I'll read them to you. I've put it down in the shape of a scene in a play. It has one virtue, if no more. It isn't long."

"Fire away," said I.

So be began:

SCENE.

Breakfast-room at Beaulieu Manor. High wainscot of old oak; walls papered in deep maroon; deep maroon damask window curtains, and maroon leather-seated chairs. Old oak fire-place; log fire in the grate; long breakfast-table, hissing urn and tea things at one end, four covered silver dishes at the other containing cutlets, sausages, poached eggs, and curried fowl. In the middle and up the sides, plates of hot rolls in napkins; a large dish of butter scrolls and bullets, a silver stand of boiled eggs, a glass dish of orange marmalade, and two racks of dry toast. On sideboard, cold ham, beef, game, and huge loaf of bread.

PEOPLE AT TABLE.

LADY BAR-DEXTER (the lady of the house) age 35, once pretty, now buxom, with that burnt-faced, diminishing-eyed look which the average high-born British matron (unless a "frisky") gets in a few years after marriage, and is not so much the result of annual maternity as the effect of an unlimited consumption of brown stout at luncheon and brown sherry at dinner.

THE HON. MRS. VILLIERS and MISS VILLIERS, mother and daughter. Mother, gray-haired, arched eyebrows, pale, thin, and icy; daughter, thoroughbred and shy.

LADY VIOLET CROPPER, a "frisky"; pretty, bold, cold-eyed, and horsey.

LORD HENRY NODDLE, her brother.
CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE, of the Queen's Own Bombardiers.

[Silence reigns. Enter, your humble servant—whom we will call MR. THOMPSON WITHAPEE, of Philadelphia. Both the men are reading their letters while they eat, the torn-open envelopes littering the table and adjoining plates.]

MEN—"Baw!" [which I interpret as "Good morning."]

WOMEN—"Ning!" [which I ditto].

[I seat myself in one of a half-dozen vacant places amid utter silence. After a pause:]

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"Tea, Mr. Withapee?"

I—"If you please."

[LADY B-D. pours out the tea, and I wait some minutes.]

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"Here is your tea, Mr. Withapee."

[I am separated from her ladyship by NODDLE and FITZRUBBISHE, but neither offers to pass the cups.] "Come and get it, please." [This I discover to be the custom. Every one gets up and goes for his own tea. I go for my tea. I go back to my seat and wonder how I shall get something to eat. While I sip my tea and puzzle about it:]

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"The Hammonds come to-morrow, Captain Fitzrubbishe."

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—"Oh! Do they?"

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"They can only stay two nights, though."

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—"Really. Can't they?"

[Enter LORD BASIL DUMPLINGE, age 25, in scarlet hunting-coat and top-boots.]

MEN—"Baw!"

WOMEN—"Ning."

[DUMPLINGE makes straight for the silver dishes, lifts the cover off each, and scrutinizes contents through eye-glass. Looks disappointed, but helps himself to a poached egg, and carries it to seat next me. Sits down and proceeds to open his letters, which are in a pile beside his plate. I take the tip, and go and help myself to a sausage.]

LORD BASIL DUMPLINGE [with eyes on letter]—"By Jove! I say"—[to LADY VIOLET CROPPER, to whom he hasn't before spoken.]

LADY VIOLET—"Hello!"

LORD BASIL—"Here's a lark. The Jones-Fieldings bave a meet at their shop next Tuesday."

LADY VIOLET—"Never!"

[LORD BASIL tears open another letter with his thumb.]

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE—"Really!"

LADY BAR-DEXTER (to MISS VILLIERS)—"There's to be a bunt-ball at Boskell next week."

MISS VILLIERS—"Is there?"

[Enter SIR JOHN BAR-DEXTER, a bearded man of 45, and a bluff manner, also in hunting "pink."]

MEN—"Baw!"

WOMEN—"Ning."

SIR JOHN (after helping himself in silence to some cold grouse from the sideboard)—"Look sharp, Dumplinge. Ha' pas' nine, and eight miles to Tombridge Tun."

LADY VIOLET—"Going to ride Vixie?"

LORD BASIL—"No fear."

[I have disposed of my sausage, and think I'll say something.]

I—"What a beautiful view there is from my room window, Lady Bar-Dexter."

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"Oh, is there?"

I—"It is the finest woodland bit of scenery I can remember."

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"Really. Is it?"

I—"Yes. It seemed like a reproduction of one of Wilkie's or Birket Foster's best landscapes."

LADY BAR-DEXTER—"Fancy!"

[The other men look up and regard me curiously through their eye glasses. LADY VIOLET winks openly at DUMPLINGE, who draws down the corners of his mouth. I feel sat upon, and subside.]

SIR JOHN—"Ought to have a rattling good run to-day. My tea, please."

[And so on for half an hour longer, while three or four more men come in, and I sit and listen.]

To show how a flood or over-supply of water will at certain times alarm the tree-climbing crayfish, a gentleman residing in Freeport, Illinois, says that not many months ago they had some very heavy rains, which greatly increased the volume of the little river running through the town. The water gradually rose until numbers of quite large trees were submerged, and the stream was almost twice its ordinary width. Such an unusual occurrence naturally attracted considerable attention, and a number of people visited the trees several times, and when the river was at the highest they presented a strange appearance from a little distance. Their trunks seemed to have changed color from the water up to the branches, and on closer inspection it was found that they were completely encased with crayfish, which covered every available space, crowding upward by hundreds, clinging to the bark and to each other, and in some places packed one upon another four or five deep. Every moment added to the throng, new ones emerging from the water, while those above crept out upon the branches and completely covered them, presenting a novel and interesting sight. These animals in many cases retained their positions for several days, and did not seem to be affected by their stay out of the water. The occasion, however, was taken advantage of by the people, who came with buckets and brooms, and swept them from the trees by hundreds, storing them for future use. The crayfish in certain portions of the western country is a pest to the agriculturist, and the work of these little creatures often greatly increases the labor and expense of breaking up land, especially after the burrows or mounds have stood for many years, the vegetation that has grown upon them often increasing their size to mammoth proportions.

At Milan recently a wedding ceremony took place which was so managed as to be a demonstration of the union sentiment prevailing among the Protestant churches in the north of Italy. The parties united belonged to the Free Church of Italy. The marriage service was held in the Waldensian Chapel. The officiating clergyman was the Wesleyan minister. Among those present were pastors representative of the various evangelical churches of Italy.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The beggar who asked for a crust, wasn't satisfied when he got it. He wanted the crust of the earth.—*Life*.

A fortune awaits that adept in palmistry who can accurately read his opponent's poker-hand.—*Boston Post*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Seldomhit, "I keep off the evil spirits now by wearing an omelet around my neck."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

It is a sad and a curious fact that a great many men have a much better notion of an ideal wife than an ideal husband.—*New Haven News*.

In the matter of the New England codfish, we do not want to fight; but, by jingo, if we do, we've got the—the way, what have we got?—*St. Louis Republican*.

We can account for some of the costumes at the opera only on the ground that the ladies think that when they go to the diva's they should dress as the divers do.—*Life*.

An East End grocer got a new pair of scales, and drew large crowds to his store by putting out a sign, reading: "Pretty girls given a weighb."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Mr. Stanley, the explorer, says that the greatest difficulty encountered in building railroads in Africa, is that the ostriches eat up the rails as fast as they are laid.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Ma, there's a hole in my rubber, and it's full of water." "Well, come here and let me cut another hole, so the water'll run out." Who says a woman doesn't reason?—*Boston Transcript*.

"There are fifty people in that house, and not one is on speaking terms with the others." "That's very singular. What is the cause?" "The principal cause is that they were all born dumb."—*Judge*.

Husband (to wife in full evening dress)—"I shouldn't think you would care to wear a costume as décolleté as that, my dear." Wife (confidently)—"Oh, I think there is no danger of taking cold."—*New York Sun*.

They were talking of the feminine sex, when Mme. B. exclaimed, "You men are right to accuse us. I know only two perfect women!" "And who is the other?" inquired her companion, gallantly.—*From the French*.

"Is he a young man of brains?" inquired an old gentleman respecting a swell youth. "Well, really," replied his daughter, "I have had no opportunity of judging. I never met him anywhere except in society."—*Washington Critic*.

Misinterpreted: Taffington—"How particularly well you look in that attitude, Miss Grace—a veritable odalisque. Miss Grace—"Thank you, Mr. Taffington, but I trust I do not look so old." (N. B.—She was thinking of an obelisk.)—*Rambler*.

Dashington—"I saw the most wonderful thing at the theatre last night. A Hindoo juggler raised a mango tree from nothing but the seed." Bilkins—"Pshaw! that's nothing, me boy. My wife raises Cain every night from less than that."—*Judge*.

Gotham Matron—"Why, Lydia, didn't you go to the cooking-school, as you intended?" Lydia—"Yes, ma, but there was no session; the lecturers is sick." Gotham Matron—"I am very sorry. What is the matter?" Lydia—"Dyspepsia."—*Tid-bits*.

"Why do you wear those green goggles?" said a gentleman to a bootblack, who was briskly engaged in shining up his shoes; "are your eyes weak?" "No, sir, not particularly weak; but the shine I put on the shoes hurts my eyes."—*Chicago Weekly*.

"I see," said Brown, "that they now say that beef tea is worthless as an article of food. But, for all that, it was the only thing that saved my life when I had the fever." Fogg—"Yes; but how does that prove that beef tea is not worthless?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Swell No. 1 (pretending to mistake for an usher a rival whom he sees standing in evening-dress at the cloak-room of the theatre)—"Ah! Have you a programme?" Swell No. 2 (equal to the occasion)—"Thanks, my man; got one from the other fellow."—*New York Tribune*.

A wit of the Century Club got off a joke the other night about the editor of the *Tribune* which is having a run in New York. Referring to the latter's new "palace" on Madison Avenue, he remarked: "By the bye, Reid has finally got a motto for his coat-of-arms. It is *Laus D. O.*"

Pittsburg Tramp—"Madam, if you'll fill me up with a good dinner I'll saw some wood. I'm willin' to work." Woman (shortly)—"You know very well we burn nothing but natural gas." Pittsburg Tramp—"Well, gimme suthin' to eat, an' I'll turn on the gas for you."—*Bazar*.

Oil Broker (to former customer)—"How d'ye do, Mr. Lamb? I'm glad to see you looking so well and prosperous." Mr. Lamb—"Yes, I've been on the right side of the market, now, for some months." Oil Broker—"What side have you been playing?" Mr. Lamb—"The outside."—*Puck*.

Deeper and deeper: De Trow—"How horribly that tenor is murdering his anthem, Miss Claymore." Miss Claymore—"That tenor is my brother Ethelbert, Mr. de Trow." De Trow (glancing at his hymnal and turning the leaves quickly)—"Why, how stupid of me; I thought he was singin' Mozart's 'Hallelujah.'" Miss Claymore (frigidly)—"He is."—*Tid-Bits*.

Agent (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—"I have got here"—Servant (who responds to the agent's ring)—"Excuse me, please; but we are in great trouble here to-day; the gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion." Agent—"Ha! Hurt much?" Servant—"Blown to atoms; only a grease spot left of him." Agent—"Ha! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."—*Charlestown (Mass.) prize*.

AN AMIABLE CONSPIRACY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

PAPA TOMPKINS, a retired grocer.
 RAYMOND DOUCHE, an editor.
 FIRST FRIEND, a literary man.
 SECOND FRIEND, ditto.
 THIRD FRIEND, ditto.
 MAMMA TOMPKINS, grocer's wife.
 ELAINE TOMPKINS, grocer's daughter (and a natural-born poetess).

ACT I.

[Scene—Breakfast-room in PAPA TOMPKINS'S house. PAPA TOMPKINS and MAMMA TOMPKINS discovered at table.]

PAPA TOMPKINS—I am not surprised, Jane, that Elaine is not yet down. When I returned from the club—hem—from the lodge last night, I saw gas burning in her room. Of course she was still writing that abominable stuff she calls inspired poetry.

MAMMA T.—Abominable stuff, indeed, Mr. Tompkins! I tell you the child is a genius, and she must be encouraged.

PAPA T.—Encouraged in what? Scribbling verses that are not worth ten cents a hushel; sitting up all night, destroying her health, and giving me no end of doctors' bills to pay. I am astonished that any woman of even ordinary sense would talk such nonsense. Genius, indeed? I wish it could be directed into some useful channel.

MAMMA T.—You are not worthy of such a daughter, Mr. Tompkins. But, hush! here she comes. Don't you wound her feelings by your coarseness.

[Enter ELAINE, pale and languid, with a roll of MSS. in her hand.]

MAMMA T.—Sit down, dear, and have some tea. I suppose you were working late last night (frowning at PAPA T.) Read us what you composed, my pet.

ELAINE—I am, indeed, fatigued, my dear parents. To give expression to the burning thoughts that consume my soul, I must draw largely upon the physical resources of my material being.

PAPA T.—The physical what? (Aside)—That girl is going plumb crazy.

ELAINE—I have almost finished the last four stanzas of my "Carols of a Canary," in addition to the revision of the first five hundred lines. I will read you an extract from the poem. (Reads)—

Why do I trill in my cage?
 Ah, why?
 Is it mirth, or lyrical rage?
 I sigh—
 And sob in my grief,
 For sweet Teoeriffe,
 For the flower, and the leaf
 I die, I die.

MAMMA T.—Beautiful, beautiful. I declare it brings the tears to my eyes. Poor bird, poor bird!

PAPA T. (aside).—Poor idiot! I can't stand this any longer. But, hold on. By gad, I see my way to a cure. Elaine, my daughter, those lines are, indeed, moving. We must have them published, even if we only get fifty dollars for them. Give them to me, and I will hand them to my friend, Raymond Douche, editor of the *Underland Weekly*.

ELAINE—Your proposition, my dear father, seems to me a judicious one. A fragment of the poem will excite the attention and expectation of the literary world. In a commercial sense it will serve to advertise the work when it appears in complete form.

PAPA T.—Of course it will. (Aside)—Her brain has softened. I must send her to Sausalito for the sea-bathing. (Taking MSS. from ELAINE)—This carol is complete, eh?

ELAINE—The carol is perfect, father. You might state to Mr. Douche that the poem will not be longer than four, or, at the most, six thousand lines, and I will give his publication the preference.

PAPA T.—That is real kind of you, dear; Douche is an old friend of mine, and I like to put him in the way of a good thing.

MAMMA T. (triumphantly).—I thought you would come to your senses at last, Mr. Tompkins. But now, pet, do try a tiny little chop, just to give you strength, my love. And a cup of weak tea, deary.

ACT II.

[Scene—The editorial room of the UNDERLAND WEEKLY. DOUCHE and PAPA TOMPKINS discovered.]

DOUCHE—An excellent plan, Tompkins, which does great credit to your ingenuity. Sit down and let me see the verses. (Reads the MSS.) Horrible—horrible! I never saw worse. Why the girl must be insane to perpetrate such an abomination. The *Underland* can hardly stand them, Tompkins.

PAPA T.—I'll make it half a dollar more a line. Come, now, I'm doing the square thing by you.

DOUCHE—Well, your terms are liberal. The "Carols" go. But I shall have to state next week that they were inserted by mistake while the editor was absent in the country.

PAPA T.—State anything you please next week. But I want to see them in this week's issue. In fact the more you abuse them next week, the better you will suit my purpose.

DOUCHE—Oh, I'll abuse them roundly, don't you fear. I'll have to, for the sake of my own reputation.

ACT III.

[The Tompkins residence—PAPA, MAMMA, and ELAINE TOMPKINS discovered in the drawing-room. Time—the evening of the day of publication of the UNDERLAND WEEKLY.]

MAMMA T.—Read me the first four lines again, my pet. I think they are just too sweet for anything.

ELAINE—Your admiration and praise, my dear mother, your unvarying appreciation of my soul-born verse, leads me to the conclusion that it is from you that I have largely drawn my poetical inspiration, although indeed the recently expressed approbation of my father is a proof that he is by no means indifferent to the pulsations of genius.

PAPA T. (aside).—Oh, Lord! what a breather. Her lungs are all right, anyhow.

ELAINE (reads)—

Why do I trill in my cage?
 Ah, why?
 Is it mirth, or lyrical rage?
 I sigh—

[Bell rings.]

PAPA T.—Excuse me, my pet, but I have asked three of my literary friends to meet you this evening; and I imagine they are at the door now.

ELAINE (excitedly).—Oh, dear papa, how good of you. And do they know that I am an authoress?

PAPA T.—Certainly not, my dear. You wished that to remain a secret, and so I have never breathed it to mortal, not even to Douche. He doesn't know "Heartsease," the author of the "Carols," from a side of sole-leather. (Aside)—The Lord forgive me for that whooper.

[Enter THREE FRIENDS. Introduced by TOMPKINS to MRS. T. and ELAINE.]

PAPA T.—Anything new in the literary world, gentlemen? Though we are not much of a literary family here, we like to hear occasionally from you brethren of the guild.

FIRST FRIEND.—With the exception of the new "Locksley Hall," and Rider Haggard's last story, I know of nothing worthy of mention.

SECOND F.—Of course you read a great deal, Miss Tompkins?

ELAINE—I am passionately fond of reading, sir. I consider that unless the mind is nourished and refreshed by literary food, it languishes, even as the body when deprived of its alimentary requirements.

THIRD F.—I quite agree with you, Miss Tompkins. By the way, we have a good joke on Douche—Raymond Douche, you know, the editor of the *Underland Weekly*. Some fellow has been playing a practical joke on poor Douche. I think I have a copy of to-day's paper with me. Oh, yes; here it is. Just listen to this, Miss Tompkins. (Reads)—

Why do I trill in my cage?
 Ah, why?

FIRST F.—Oh, spare us that halderdash.

SECOND F.—No, no, read it. It is the best joke of the season, ha, ha! "Carols of a Canary." It should have been called "Cackles of a Crank." And the *nom de plume*, too. "Heartsease," he, be! "Stomachache" or "Liverpad" would have been more in harmony with the brain-racking abomination of the doggerel.

ELAINE (aside).—O heaven! Am I dreaming? What fearful rihaldry is this?

PAPA T.—Come, come; I think you are too severe. I read the verses, and I thought them real pretty.

THIRD F.—My dear sir, with all due respect to your judgment, the author must be a howling imbecile. (Reads)—

And sob in my grief
 For sweet Teoeriffe.

Sob for a cell in Napa, I should say.

SECOND F.—Napa, indeed! The House of Correction would be the proper home for the perpetrator of such a diabolical hodge-podge.

FIRST F.—The House of Correction! Too good for him. He ought to be marooned on Red Rock with a cracker and a pitcher of water, to starve until he cursed his Maker and died.

ELAINE (hysterically).—Oh, my brain, my brain! Papa, mamma, I am dying. Oh, oh, oh! (Faints.)

MAMMA T. (furiously).—Begone, you fiends! You have slain my daughter! She is "Heartsease"! She is the authoress of the "Carols of a Canary." Tompkins, if you have the spirit of a man in you, kick those demons downstairs.

PAPA T. (calmly).—Give her a glass of water, my dear; she inherits hysterics from you. Gentlemen, pardon my wife's excitement. With your permission we will retire to the smoking-room. (To the conspirators)—I thank you, gentlemen, though you laid it on pretty thick. However, desperate cases require desperate remedies, and if the cure is not perfect, I may require your services again.

(Curtain.)

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1887. DAN O'CONNELL.

"The Memory of the Heart."

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
 We keep them in the memory of the brain;
 Names, things, and facts—whatever we knowledge call—
 There is the common ledger for them all;
 And images on this cold surface traced
 Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
 But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
 On which our friendship and our love to write;
 That these may never from the soul depart,
 We trust them to the memory of the heart.
 There is no dimming, no effacement there;
 Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
 Warm, golden letters are the tablet fair;
 Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

—Daniel Webster.

A clergyman writes to the *Boston Advertiser* that he recently preached in one of the oldest churches in the "old" city of London. As he entered the porch he was met by a rotund and dignified head, who led him to the vestry-room, and, pointing to two decanters, said: "Will you take sherry or port, sir?" The parson smiled at, not with the head, who then explained that about three hundred years ago a good woman of the parish, dying, left a certain sum for the purchase "of wine and sweetcakes for the clergy," and since that time wine and cakes have been regularly supplied at each service.

Mr. Benjamin Brett sues the Holborn Restaurant, in London, for having fed him a needle and thread in some spinach served at a Free Masons' dinner he attended. Great stress was laid on the fact that the needle was threaded. That was lucky for Mr. Brett, for, say the doctors, the thread acted as a rudder, and kept the needle in the way it should go, and prevented its cutting cross lots through his body. "It would always be safer," said a medical man, "if a needle must be swallowed, to have it carefully threaded first."

There are one hundred and seventy-two specimens of blind creatures known to science, including craw-fish, myriapods, etc. They are mostly white, either from lack of stimulus of the light, or from bleaching out of the skin. Some species have small eyes, and some have none.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The lovely "Creole Belle," whose portrait forms the frontispiece of *Harper's Magazine* for January, is said to be Miss Julia McQuaide, daughter of Mrs. John McQuaide, of New Orleans.

The only surviving near relative of Robert Burns—Miss Isabella Burns—is dead. She was eighty years of age, very active and intelligent, and resided at Bridge House Cottage, Ayr, surrounded by many survivors of her uocle. She received visitors up to the last few weeks of her life.

A politician recently said in Washington that Evarts was not elected by "boodle," but by public opinion. A few bright young men were paid fifteen dollars a day to go out among the country towns and "talk Evarts." Soon the country papers began to "talk Evarts," and before long public sentiment was too strong to be overcome.

Owing to Prince Bismarck's dislike of Roman characters in German books, the Statistical Office and other Prussian departments will henceforth print their publications in German letters—a step which will diminish their propagation abroad. Prince Bismarck says he loses one-third of his time while reading German in Roman characters.

The ashes of Rossini will be taken from Paris next week by the deputy, Mariotti, who has been commanded by the King of Italy to convey them to Florence, there to be buried in the Santa Croce. A subscription has been started to raise a monument to the illustrious composer, the king himself heading the list with five thousand francs (\$1,000).

Frank Lawler is the only man in Congress who refuses to see women who send their cards to him. Some time ago, it is said, the doorkeeper refused to go for Mr. Lawler because the latter had given orders that no cards from women be brought to him. Mr. Lawler says: "I am the only man who dares to do it. I was bored to death by women from all over the country."

Mrs. Mackay paid two hundred and forty dollars for a box at the representation of "La Patrie," for the benefit of the flood sufferers, and went from London to Paris to attend it. When she got there, her doctor prohibited her wearing a low-cut dress, so she ordered, and had completed in twenty-four hours, a splendid Directory costume of blue velvet and satin and lace.

Emperor William of Germany recently made a joke, for the first time in his life. On the eightieth anniversary of his entry into the army, one of his doctors tried to prevent him from going to the open window to return the salutation of the assemblage outside. His majesty replied: "I must go. It is noon, and Baedeker's guide says that I am always visible at the window at this hour."

The German Emperor now obeys the directions of his physicians more than ever before. For the first time since childhood he has taken to sleeping in a warm room, and he takes food, generally beef tea, eggs, and wine or coffee and ingslasing, every two hours during the day. He has almost entirely given up the dishes he used to be so fond of, such as lobsters, crawfish, veal stewed with cloves and cinamon, and sponge-cake soaked in rum.

The Czar of Russia is physically one of the strongest men in Russia. When he was Czarowitz he one day took a gold ruble in his hands and by main strength twisted it into a corkscrew. Throwing the mutilated coin at the Prefect of Police, he said: "If you open one of my letters in the future, I will treat you as I have this coin." The incident was the outcome of an order on the part of the Czar that all letters should be opened by the police.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is now in Washington, owns very large tracts of land in this country, aggregating, it is said, 425,000 acres. His possessions in Great Britain cover 1,358,545 acres, yielding an income of \$708,335. He also has \$1,500,000 invested in a Scotch railroad. He is the owner of Dunrobin Castle, Loch Inver House, House of Tongue, Tarbet House, and Castle Leod, all in Scotland, and Stafford House, Trentham Hall, Lilleshall Hall, and Chielden, in England.

Queen Victoria is much displeased with Lord Randolph Churchill's conduct in omitting to inform her of his resignation before publishing it to the world. What makes the omission seem the more marked, is the fact that the resignation itself was written on Windsor Castle paper, and, therefore, presumably while Lord Randolph was staying at the Castle as the guest of the Queen. She is reported to have said that she had never in her life been treated with so great a disregard, except by Mr. Gladstone.

General Pleasanton says that during his career he has been in one hundred and five different engagements, and has never been wounded. At Brandy Station a certain Confederate sharpshooter was ordered to pick him off. He got within four hundred yards of the General, took careful aim, and shot a member of the staff off the left. He fired again, and killed a mao on the right. Then he crawled up nearer, and waited till Pleasanton was perfectly stationary. He fired and again missed his target. The sharpshooter then gave up in despair, declaring that he had never before failed to hit after three shots. A few days ago he sent his compliments to General Pleasanton.

Lord Stamford, who succeeded to the earldom a few years ago on the death of the late Lord Stamford and Warrington, has long been resident in South Africa. He inhabits a wigwam of corrugated iron at Wynberg, and has a stone-built bungalow on the seashore at Muzenberg. He married a black wife, and has by her a dusky daughter, Lady Mary Grey, who, when she arrives at years of discretion, will be, no doubt, a unique if not welcome addition to the ranks of the "upper ten thousand" at home. Let us hope that his lordship will have a son by the Hottentot countess. It would make a nice change in the House of Lords, where, of course, he would sit as one of the hereditary legislators.

Harper's Weekly says: "Mr. Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco, iron-founder and ship-builder of the Pacific Coast, began life as a mechanical draughtsman in the Union Iron Works, of which he is now manager and chief owner. Like James Nasmyth, he devoted his evenings to perfecting himself in mechanics, and he is regarded as one of the best mechanical engineers on the coast. In connection with Senator Fair and William H. Patten, he designed all the hoisting, milling, and refining machinery used in the Comstock Mines—the heaviest machinery of its kind in the world. Mr. Scott recently obtained the contract to build one of the new cruisers for our navy."

The ex-Empress Eugénie has in person communicated her approval of the marriage of Princess Letitia to Prince Roland Bonaparte, and has signified her intention of settling a dowry on the young lady, and of presenting her with all her jewelry. But the course of what may be presumed to be true love nevertheless does not run smooth, although it is true that the paternal Plon-Plon is quite willing that his daughter should wed the son of his despised cousin Pierre and of the milliner Clemence Ruffin. King Humbert remains obstinately opposed to the match, his repugnance being caused chiefly by the circumstance that Prince Roland's income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year is derived from the profits of the Monte Carlo gaming tables; and he was penniless until he married Marie Blanc, who died in 1882, leaving behind her an infant daughter, who is one of the wealthiest children in Europe.

The following passage occurs in the Hayward correspondence, in a letter from Mrs. Norton: "I had been relating some anecdote about Nicolini or Manzoni to Mme. de Sismondi, which she requested me to repeat to the Countess Guiccioli, and directly afterward I found myself seated by the side of a lively, coquetish-looking woman, with handsome, expressive features, gold-tinted hair a little inclining to auburn, a complexion of dazzling fairness, and what no one will, I am sure, deny to her, the plumpest, firmest, and whitest of busts. The English who met her at the public table there did not seem to be so much struck with her, and complained of boldness and affectation. But great allowance must be made for her singular position in society, which may well prevent her feeling quite at ease among Englishwomen; and it is hard to condemn the manners of a foreigner for not according with a purely conventional standard of ours."

VANITY FAIR.

The advocates of the plastic style of dress of flowing lines and clinging draperies are unwilling to believe that we are threatened with a return to hoop-skirts, but such is actually the fact. Not only is this foreshadowed by the rapidly growing dimensions of the bustle, but also by the cut of the skirt itself, which is now rarely gored, except in the skeleton upon which is superimposed the full plaited or gathered upper skirt and draperies. The skirts of women have always been variable in their shapes and dimensions. Even when in the classic periods there were no waists or separate bodices—when the long, loose garment of the home-keeping, indoor-living sex of the past hung in loose folds from neck or bosom to the toes, or was only slightly girdled by the zone or cestus, which fell where nature intended it to fall, a little below the swelling lines of the bosom—the amount of fullness in the garment varied greatly, as is shown by the statuary of the Greeks and Romans. But in those days, and during the long period known as the middle ages, the devices of the hoop, farthingale, bustle, or tournure, were unknown. Ever since the renaissance of art, which began in the sixteenth century, skirts have been growing in volume, with regular or irregular decadence, at intervals, only to be revived in another form sooner or later.

In 1864, the year in which the modern hoop reached its culmination, who could have imagined it would in a little less than fifteen years be gradually contracted, and finally thrown aside, with not even the hint of a crinoline or bustle to remind the fashionable woman of that day what she might expect in another ten or fifteen years? Even in 1881-82, when the pouffe and bouffant drapery at the back near the line of the waist began to assert itself, none but a student of the history and traditions of dress would have ventured to predict that it would have reached its present proportions. Now the lovers of the plastic period, the devotees of the æsthetic school, may wring their hands in despair. The bustle has become crinoline, and crinoline threatens to encircle the whole of the female form divine, below the waist-line, at least, and, sooner or later, to become the hoop in one or another form.

John Gibson Lockhart, in his "Letters of Peter to his Kinsfolk," has left us data regarding the omnipotence and universality of Paris fashions in his day, the decline of the farthingale, and the change from the styles of the Bourbons to that of the republic of France. He describes pretty accurately the fashions which prevailed in Paris in 1798. He writes: "There is perhaps nothing prettier than the outline of a woman's back, but now every woman looks as if her clothes were hung about her neck as by a peg; and then the true Spartan exposure of the leg, which is now in fashion, is, in my judgment, the most unwise thing in the world, for any person can tell well enough from the shape of the foot and ankle whether the limb be or be not handsome, and what more would the ladies have?" Peter concludes finally: "This exposure is to the evident detriment of the majority, for I have never been in a place where there were not more limbs that would gain by being concealed than being exposed." He winds up his letter to Aunt Jane with this grave information: "The best pair of legs in Cardigan are Mrs. P—'s. As for Miss J— D—'s, I think they are frightful."

Spartan exposures of the leg in France were not confined to the period of the revolution, nor in Scotland to the days when "Peter Morris" wrote. During the reign of the hell-hoop, say from 1863 to 1867, it is well known that few women could enter a room or get in or out of a carriage, stage, or railway car without making an exposure of their legs to the garter line or higher. The slightest pressure against the hoop on one side, or before or behind, threw it up in the opposite direction, and it required very adroit management to sit down on a chair or carriage seat without tilting the hoop-skirt up in front so as to give a view of the shins to the knees. Mme. Demorest did her utmost to correct the faults and abuses of this style of skirt—to make it longer, less expansive, and more pliant—but too many American women clung to the manner in which it was commonly worn in Europe—very short, very large, and covered with dress skirts reaching only to the top of the boot. The consequence may be better imagined than described. Many people will doubtless remember the crusade waged against the hoop and its exposure of the legs, preached in the *Freeman's Journal*, the organ of the late Mr. James A. McMaster. Mr. McMaster even went so far as to assert that padded calves were as common among women in 1866-7, as they were upon the stage or in the days when men wore knee-breeches and silken hose.

The abuse of this fashion led to its abandonment, and when it began to decline in popular favor it expired quickly. The abuse of any style will soon destroy its peculiarity. When the clinging draperies and gored skirts began to be worn they were beautiful, but soon the "pull-back" style rendered this truly artistic fashion at once ridiculous and immodest in its exposure of the outlines of the figure. By 1883 there was a settled revolt in the feminine mind against the plastic style of dress, and hence we have the full skirts and huge bustles of 1887. Viewed from the front the dress of women at the present time is not bad. It is true the hats and coiffures are rather high, the waists too long and too small, but the skirt, save in the side view, is as near perfection as we can ever hope to have it.

To return to some of the fashions in skirts which have prevailed during the last fifty years. The skirt gradually enlarged after 1819, when Peter Morris was so much shocked at the exposures made by it, until 1829. While sleeves had grown to *gigots*, or mutton legs of enormous size, the waists were lengthened and handed with stiff ribbon belts over two and sometimes three inches in width, while the skirts, distended with crinoline, horse-hair cloth, or millinet, not hoops or stiffly starched petticoats, were shortened to an immodest degree. So short had the dresses of fashionable women grown by the end of the year 1833, that it became necessary

for women to encase their ankles in trimmed and embroidered pantalettes, while their skirts falling over and extended by crinoline, reached only to within three inches of the instep. Boots were rarely worn in those days, never in full-dress, and then they were only what we would call half-boots nowadays. Slippers without heels were worn in the street in all kinds of weather, and these were only tied with crossed ribbons over the instep, the feet and legs being encased in thin silk or cotton stockings, frequently "clocked" (open worked). If Mr. Lockhart was still an observer and critic of women's dress at that time, he must have been as much shocked at the exposure of their limbs in 1833 as he had been in 1819, though it was made in another manner. Next spring a return to simplicity is promised to us, but how many times has that promise been made to us? In fact, we do not want simplicity. We do not care to have nature unadorned. When in Paris, Mme. Tallien and Mme. Beauharnais (she was not the Empress Josephine then) wore Greek gowns of transparent material, slit to the knee, and silk stockings, knit with toes, and sandals strapped on their feet in place of slippers, they thought they had revived simplicity in dress. They had only accomplished immodesty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A novel custom still prevails among ladies in some parts of England which will commend itself to maidens. It is said that she who puts on a silk knit garter on the first day of the year and wears it continuously will certainly marry during the year. It is said that the mother of a young lady, being very much pleased with the silken garter worn by a young lady for this purpose, proposes to knit a "fellow" for it; but the young lady declined, saying she had sufficient confidence in the bewitching circlet, and preferred the natural coming of the "fellow."

One of the features of recent social gatherings in Washington has been the presence of uninvited guests. At a number of recent receptions the throng of people who have stormed the houses without invitations has been large. Several ladies have spoken of the unusual number of strangers who have used their houses as free-lunch stations during reception hours. At the White House diplomatic reception the crowd was excessive, owing to the fact that many people went there without any invitation. The invitations which were sent out included ladies of the families of those invited. This part of the invitation was construed with great liberality by some of the invited guests. One public man brought with him eleven ladies. At one of Mrs. Whitney's card receptions, she noticed a group of strangers, supposed ladies, accompanied by a male personage, go up the stairs to the dressing-room. Mrs. Whitney prepared to greet them on their return, as they were among the last of the arrivals. But when these strangers descended, they rushed through to the ball-room, avoiding Mrs. Whitney, and concealing themselves as soon as possible in the general crowd, showing that they were not invited guests. Up to that time they had not been suspected, and if they had had the effrontery to go through the regular form of presenting themselves to the hostess of the evening, they would doubtless have passed unsuspected. The only way that people can really protect themselves in Washington against the uninvited people who are constantly pressing in upon the parties given at public officials' houses, would be to request those who come unbidden to go away. A few examples of this sort would soon put an end to it. This punishment has rarely been employed. Once Sir Edward Thornton requested two young men, who came to a ball given at the Legation without invitations, to go away. But Sir Edward in this particular case asked the young men first if there was any one present who could vouch for them; as there was not, he asked them in a quiet way to depart.

The children in the neighborhood of the New York Knickerbocker Club who play on the sidewalks believe a story that has been told them by some jocular servant, to the effect that there are "stuffed dudes" displayed in the windows of the club, from the fact that the members of the club who sit in the windows and gaze on the passing pageant of youth and beauty appear to be inanimate. No reasoning can dissuade the children from this idea, and one member has promised to take his little girl into the club some morning, so that she can see for herself that there is no truth in the story.

No hats or bonnets are worn by the ladies in the orchestra, parquet, and dress-circle seats of the respectable London theatres. Any foreign lady who, ignorant of the English customs and usages on the subject, arrives at the theatre wearing either hat or bonnet, is courteously but firmly requested by the attendants to leave her obnoxious head-gear in the cloak-room, and sooner than give way on the subject the manager prefers to return the money and eject the persons who decline to conform to the custom. Bonnets and hats are worn only at the music-halls and similar low resorts, principally frequented by ladies of the class who throng the Burlington Arcade at five o'clock. In Paris the ladies invariably wear bonnets and hats, generally of a somewhat extravagant shape, specially made for the purpose, at all of the theatres except at the Grand Opera. At the latter no ladies are admitted to the orchestra or parquet seats, and the only places at the disposal of the dames who can not afford to pay for a box are the limited number of seats in a small kind of balcony circle. But few respectable Parisians occupy these places, which are mostly tenanted by the *demi-monde* and strangers, both of which class occasionally display the most startling things in the way of loud hats. In the third and fourth tiers of the upper boxes bonnets are also occasionally to be seen. At Vienna and Berlin, hats and bonnets are worn at all the theatres. No rule exists on the subject, and the only place where they are not seen is in the boxes of the Grand Opera and Burg Theatre. Theatre hats for ladies at Vienna and Berlin are even more enormous and extravagant in shape than at Paris.

The drawings of Sayer and Gillray show the Directory dress for men and women, as seen at balls, and routs, and in the open air in England. Gillray published a caricature in 1796 called, "High Change in Pond Street; or, la Politesse du Grand Monde," in which the gentlemen are shown elbowing the ladies into the gutter. Then it was that women of

fashion attended public and private assemblies wearing muslin turbans bound round their heads, surmounted with immensely tall nodding plumes, and décolleté to an extent that would not be tolerated at the present day. What was intended for the waist appeared under the arms, the single garment being made of a material so slight as to expose every undulation of the figure; and this indelicate fashion continued down to the winter of the year 1800, when the severity of the weather compelled the ladies to adopt a more seemly style of clothing. As for the fops, they sported a hat such as we see worn on the operatic stage by Swiss peasants, a striped tailed coat, an immense muffler round the neck, a pair of breeches haggard about the hips and tight at the thigh and knee, finishing off with a bunch of colored ribbons and streamers, striped stockings, and theatrical brigand boots. The conical head-gear might be changed at will for a folding cocked hat, worn with the peaks falling downward sideways over the ears.

Concerning the high hats, Mrs. John Sherwood writes in the *World*: This is a great question, whether or not we can go to the theatre without our bonnets? In England we should be forced to do so; there is no help for it. I shall never forget my despair and anger when first obliged to take off my bonnet in an English theatre, and the forlorn feeling with which I passed my hand over my hair, to see if it would "do." Then the bonnets of the period were very small, with little caprices of gauze and ribbon (an excuse to hold a rose on the head); they were also exquisitely becoming, and they necessitated the hair being worn simply. To face a London audience with a head not dressed seemed impossible. Of course, when anything unusual happens to one's dress, the poignant pin-pricks of self-love make one painfully conscious. It was only a grave voice beside me, from one who cared more to see the play than for my bonnet, which calmed me by remarking, with great good sense (and some acrimony), that the audience had "come to see the play and not me." So I gave the poor little bonnet into the hands of the rusty, fussy old woman usher, who immediately straightened up into a duchess, and remarked, "One shilling, madam." So I had to pay a shilling for the privilege of being bereft of my bonnet. I, of course, learned afterward to go to the theatre bonnetless, and have often wondered since that the proprietors of such beautiful theatres as Wallack's, Daly's, the Madison Square, and the Lyceum did not in America exercise this tyranny. For it is the manager, and the manager alone, who can bring this about. If all the managers would decide and publish their decision that no lady would be admitted with a bonnet, everybody would go to the theatres, of course, without a bonnet. It has, of course, the effect of making an audience far more ornamental; but then it is very inconvenient, no doubt, in this country, where half the people go to the theatre in street-cars and stages, and where women have a shyness about appearing in these vehicles bonnetless.

"I notice," said a lady the other day, "that some fool has invented a collapsing hat for ladies to wear at public entertainments. He might have saved himself his pains. Women wear high hats simply because they are the fashion. Beauty or ugliness, comfort or convenience has nothing to do with the question. The collapsing hat is not fashionable, and that settles it. I don't know where our fashions come from, or who sets them, but I know we don't. American women have nothing to do but kindly follow; and I tell you now, in all seriousness, that all the talk in newspapers and the indignation of the public has not done a particle of good. The high hats will go when the fashion changes, and not a day before."

Worth has committed the fault, not to be forgiven by a woman, of duplicating hall dresses for two leading society women at the capital. It all came out at the British Legation ball last week, and the little scene was a funny one. The first of the two to enter the hall-room was a lady from Philadelphia, the daughter of a millionaire in Congress. Her dress elicited general admiration, and the remark, "No doubt of that being a Worth dress," went in a little huzz around the room. A few moments later a New York woman appeared in a dress of the same lovely maize color, the exact material, and fashioned as much like the other dress as two peas. They met, and there were looks—it need not be said they were looks of astonishment, disappointment, and polite chagrin. They saw the explanation in the duplicated gowns, and no words were necessary. But women usually find words necessary if only to relieve their feelings. "I hope—you haven't a—pink—one—too?" gasped the New York woman, faintly, seized with the horrible foreboding that Worth might be wicked enough to duplicate pink as well as yellow. "Oh—I—have," replied the Philadelphia woman, in tones equally faint and despairing. When they had sufficiently recovered to talk it over calmly, the truth was told, and they knew the pink dresses were also duplicates. Fortunately, as a third party said, "They are both awfully rich, and can afford to throw away the dresses if they choose." But they are very angry.

A magnificent set of diamond ornaments has lately caused quite a flutter among the Berlin ladies. It has been made by the celebrated court jeweler, Leonhard, for the Empress of Japan, to whom it will be shortly forwarded, and consists of six hundred diamonds, all being mounted *à jour*, and forming a *rivière*, bracelet, and brooch, the latter of which is crowned by nine splendid solitaires, the centre one weighing twenty karats, and being worth £1,000. In the *rivière* are one hundred and fifty large diamonds, and numerous small ones, which have cost great trouble and expense to procure of equal color and brilliancy. The whole set is valued at about £15,000. Formerly it was not the custom to wear diamonds at the Japanese Court, pearls alone being allowed; but the Empress has decided to lead the way in introducing European fashions.

A three-wheeled cah has been introduced into London. Its chief advantages, combined with the stability of a three or four-wheeled vehicle, is the ease with which it can be entered, especially by ladies, who can keep their dresses clear of the wheel—a feat not always accomplishable with ordinary "four-wheelers."

WINTER IN NEW YORK.

"Iris" writes about the Delights of Tobogganing and the new Operas.

People have at last had an opportunity of satisfying their craving for some real winter sports. Peeps at a Canadian winter, as viewed through the medium of the Montreal Carnival, have fired New Yorkers—always on the lookout for a new sensation—with the desire to go and do likewise. Winter sports have suddenly become the fashion. Where girls were wont to spend the afternoons in easy chairs, toasting their toes before a wood fire and crunching bonbons, they now spend them tobogganing at the Country Club or Tuxedo. Skating, erstwhile a lost art, is rising like a phoenix from its ashes. Sleighting is vastly popular; an inch of snow has hardly fallen, when out comes every sleigh and cutter in town, and the avenue is a sight worth going to see. But one can not have everything. Though money may be forthcoming with which to import a sleigh from Russia, horses and grooms from England, furs from St. Petersburg and the Prybsoffs, snow from Canada is not a purchasable commodity. Until the last two weeks the most bewitching skating-dresses, the most wonderful furs—silver-fox, sables, and the fashionable mole-skin—the most alluring forms taken by the blanket-coat when placed in the hands of a French modiste, have lain away in drawers with not the vestige of an excuse to wear them. But the new year opened well—a drenching rain-storm, a howling snow-storm, and then a frost, a nipping frost, that spread a glassy veil over lake and pond, and, like the head of Medusa, turned the soft, white roads into stone, on which the horses' hoofs rang together with the sleigh-bells on the still, keen air.

Never was cold snap made so much of. There have been sleighing parties all over the country; there have been skating parties at all the suburbs, and on all the Park lakes. The ponds have been a sight worth going a journey to see. The crisp, biting air: the fierce exhilaration of the long, swift swing; the rapid forward dash, and then the curving slide, lend a color to the duldest eyes. Every kind of skater is on exhibition, from the little pink-nosed school-boy—with a striped "bonnet rouge" pulled down over his ears, a big hickory stick in his hands, which he holds perpendicularly and swings with each stroke, as, with drooped head, he takes a clumsy, staggering roll, then places his feet together, and, snuffing in a luxurious ecstasy, takes a long, flying slide—to the proficient, in pea-jacket and seal-skin cap, who, with folded arms and an air of lofty indifference, skims over the glassy, gray ice-surface, in which his tremulous reflection slips, like a colored shadow, after him, the ice ringing answer to the ring of the steel, his body now leaning far outward, now lazily righting itself; now with uplifted foot and whole length swaying in a rich, languid curve, rocking in the "Dutch roll" or the mysteries of the figure "8."

But the favorite sport of the winter—the sport *par excellence* of the season—is tobogganing. Its novelty, coupled with the suggestion of danger which it always suggests, pleases the American, whose craving for excitement is as deep as Othello's craving for revenge. The slide at Tuxedo is the finest in the country, and worthy to rank with any in Canada. It is at its best at night. Then its whole length is lit with hanging lanterns, and at the summit are two great bonfires, which throw a lurid glare down the polished, icy path. The toboggan—made of thin strips of willow, which curl up into a sort of roll in front—has a seating capacity for from five to six. Two or three, however, is the average load. In the front sits the lady, her feet tucked under the wooden roll, her skirts completely hidden under a blanket coat, a worsted sash knotted round her waist, and a toque, with long, nodding tassel, on her head. Behind her sits a man, who generally clings to her in an agony of fright; and last comes the steerer, who, on a rough or new slide, steers with a piece of wood in each hand. On the carefully constructed slides, such as those of Tuxedo and Pelham, his office is a sinecure. The starter—his office is quite important—sees that they are all properly arranged, that they sit straight on the toboggan, that the lady's clothes are carefully gathered up, as a loose end of cloth under the sleigh might result in an ugly accident, and that the toboggan in front is safely at the bottom of the chute. This ascertained, he puts his hands on the steerer's shoulders, gives a push, and away they go.

For the first moment all sensation deserts you. You vaguely feel that you are falling through space. Then, when things clear a little, you are leaping along the shining path of ice, which flashes before you, and then seems to dart under the toboggan like a silver ribbon; a great wind roars in your ears, snow and ice-spray blind your eyes; the lanterns whiz past in the frenzy of your speed, like one long, unbroken line of lights. The toboggan strains and quivers under you like a live thing. You come to a "Thank-you-ma'am," and like a terrified horse, it groans, trembles, and springs into the air, then strikes the ice with a crackling slap, and shoots onward in the teeth of a hurricane, the silver ribbon flashing like a streak of lightning under the front of the toboggan, the ice dust flying back into your face. The next thing you know you suddenly stop; a voice cries, "Hurry up, here's a toboggan close behind." Men awaiting at the bottom of the slide pull you out, jerk your toboggan aside, and flying down the white line of the chute, clearing the last "Thank-you-ma'am" at a bound, whizzing up beside you with a whirlwind of ice spray, and a great gasp of held breath, comes the next toboggan.

The musical and fashionable worlds have not yet done telling of the two new operas so far produced at the Metropolitan—"Tristan and Isolde" and "Merlin." "Tristan and Isolde" was a revelation. Since Gounod's "Faust" was first produced in New York no love-music has made such a sensation. It killed one woman. She was a Wagner enthusiast. After the performance she came home, said to her mother, "I have heard the greatest music in the world," went to bed, and died. The furor over "Tristan" had hardly abated when "Merlin," Goldmark's new opera, produced for the first time last November, in Vienna, was billed. It scored a great success—perhaps not as brilliant as that of "Tristan," but still a positive success. It has, in common with all German operas, a romantic and artistic story, on which the music fits as the varnished sheath of the water-lily fits its folded petals. There is no straining together of dramatic incidents, irrespectively of plot, common sense, and artistic fitness—pegs on

which to hang a series of silvery melodies—but a well-rounded and harmonious whole. The composer suffers, as most German operatic composers will suffer for some time to come, from an overdose of Wagner. His imitations of his great predecessor, though perhaps unconscious, are nevertheless close. He aims at what one might call, for want of a better term, the musical onomatopoeia which characterizes all the works of the master, where the music, chameleon-like, takes on the varying colors of the story, where emotions of the hero and heroine are vocalized in finely shaded and fluctuating harmonies. "Merlin" has a picturesque plot. It is entirely different from all the other stories of the Enchanter, though old friends from the Morte d'Arthur people the tale. Most of us have made Merlin's acquaintance through the medium of the Laureate in the fay-peopled dells of the forest of Bréceliande. Here we see him, old and somewhat foolish—a hoary sage with a maximum of wisdom and a minimum of common sense—in the toils of Vivian. Vivian is beautiful, but bad. She lures the sage—clings round him in an exceedingly forward manner; and in one supremely acrobatic movement,

"Whith toward him, slid up his knee and sat;
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet," etc., etc.

Hollow feet was the *coup de grace* to Vivian's claims to respectability. Hollow legs we have heard of with blushes, but when you come to hollow feet the case must be hopeless. But in the opera both Vivian and Merlin are young, beautiful, good, and unfortunate. Merlin is also an enchanter. Some time before, the devil, wishing to beget a race of mortals so supremely and exquisitely wicked that by letting them loose upon earth they would destroy all human goodness, took to wife the purest mortal maiden that could be found, hoping that such a remarkable union would have remarkable results. It did. But as the devil might have foreseen, Merlin—the result—was not precisely what he had anticipated. In vulgar parlance, his Satanic Majesty was "left." For Merlin inherited the all-seeing wisdom of his father, together with the perfect and spotless character of his mother; thereby upsetting endless calculations, frustrating his father at every point. The power of his enchantments for assisting the king in the good cause are stronger than those of his sire. Nothing will diminish this power unless he should become infatuated with some mortal woman, in which case his enchantments would be useless, and he would at last be in a position to realize his father's fondest expectations. On the endeavors of the powers of evil to gain this end, and their ultimate frustration, the plot of the opera turns.

The part of Merlin was taken by Herr Alvary, who is not only an extremely handsome young man, with a rich and tender tenor voice, but one of the cleverest dressers I have ever seen on the stage. His costumes, besides being singularly effective and picturesque, are accurate to the smallest detail. His Faust might have stepped from a canvas of Kaulbach, his Assad was an apotheosized reproduction of the figures of warriors on an Egyptian obelisk; his Minnesinger, from his flowing flaxen curls to his slashed and pointed shoes, was a living realization of the old German form of the early troubadours. But his Merlin is perhaps the most artistic of all. His dress is a judicious mingling of the priest and the seer. His under-garment—one of those long-skirted, long-sleeved, shirt-like gowns, by tradition always monopolized by Lobengrins—is of pale blue, embroidered round the hem with silver. Over this, hanging loose from his throat to his feet, and more like the chasuble of a Catholic priest than anything else, is a piece of straight, white cloth, absolutely plain, and open up the sides, so that as he moves it swings out, and one sees the blue gown beneath. Over his shoulders is a mantle, also of white cloth, which trains on the ground, and is embroidered up one side in cabalistic signs. His hair falls over his shoulders in yellow curls, and he has a pointed yellow beard. His resemblance to some of the early German heads of Christ is striking. In his employment is a demon—whom, I vaguely think, is a relative of his on his father's side—and whom, through his enchantments, he has enslaved. The demon—taken by Herr Fischer—represents the powers of evil, and though enslaved by Merlin, lives but to destroy him. Herr Fischer is too substantial for a thoroughly successful devil, it being a tradition that consistent depravity is not conducive to avoidpoups, but he makes up for his natural deficiencies by an extremely demoniac costume, a fiendish little hat decorated with horns on his head, and long, bat-like wings depending from his arms. His soul is bent on leading Merlin astray. He suddenly has a bright idea. He will try the efficacy of female charms. He calls to his aid Moyan le Fay, the sorceress, who promises to help him, and to furnish him in as short a time as possible with a suitable young lady.

The meeting between Merlin and the young lady—Vivian—is, to my thinking the scene of the opera. The troops are returning from the campaign which, through Merlin's effort, has been successful. First comes the mob; then an archaic form of the early Druid, aged men in classic white robes, carrying harps and chanting of the victory; then men, women, boys, and soldiers carrying the victorious banners of "the Dragon of the Great Pendragon ship." Knights followed with cross hilted swords, and the Pendragon spreading its wings on their helmets, wounded men, arms and trophies, women strewing flowers, and, lastly, King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round. The king—Herr Robinson in his King Solomon wig—calls for a song of victory from Merlin, who appears at this moment harp in hand. Lightly touching his harp, the seer celebrates the fight and the valor of his comrades in a pean of rejoicing—to my thinking, one of the gems of the opera. A holy joy throbs in the notes; with upraised eyes and flying fingers, his voice soars higher, higher in a prophetic ecstasy. Suddenly, in the midst of a verse he stops. A high, clear voice, caroling a fierce "Hallalee! Hallalee!" bursts in on his song, and Vivian—Frau Lehmann—appears on the rocks above. She is dressed as a huntress, and, as she comes leaping down, springing from rock to rock, her huntress maidens following her, her bow and arrow clasped in her hand, she continues shrilling her wild hunting song—its thrilling "Hallalee! Hallalee!" echoing through the house. The company is naturally transfixed. But Merlin, who has heretofore been impervious even to the charms of Guinevere is "struck all of a heap." Ditto Vivian. They stand glaring at each other, their hands pressed to their hearts. King Arthur and Guinevere delicately look the other way. But the mob stares with all their

eyes, after the fashion of stage mobs. Merlin, however, feels that he is weakening, and fights against the tender passion. After listening to what really amounts to a love confession from Vivian, he takes up his harp, and with the most execrable manners begins to play. But the harp is a magic one given him by his mother. It is warranted not to play after the first blush has been brushed off his spotless character. This critical moment has now arrived, for the harp-strings remain mute. Whereupon, enraged and terrified, he reviles Vivian, and tells her to begone. She, in her turn, repulsed and scorned, flies into a passion, tears in fragments the wreath she has brought to crown him with, flings the pieces at his feet, and once more bursting forth into her barbaric song, leaps up the rocks, followed by her maidens.

In this scene and the love-scene in the second act, both Herr Alvary and Frau Lehmann are at their best. Historically and vocally, they are superb. The ballet in the second act is one of the prettiest they have had at the Metropolitan. Some of the dancers are dressed as roses, others as marguerites; others again, in pale-blue and silver fringes, look like spirits of the mist. In the midst the Queen of the Mermaids appears in a shell drawn by dolphins. She is surrounded by mermaids in green frocks, who go through gestures somewhat like modified forms of dumb-bell exercises. The dolphins, unfortunately, balked before the car reached the landing-place, and several of the heavier mermaids had to take to their native element, which somewhat impaired the Queen's triumphal entry. When she finally did reach *terra firma*, she stepped out and imparted *esprit* to the ballet by pivoting on one toe, her arms above her head, and her lips parted in a seductive smile.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1887.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Fairy's Gift.

"Take short views."—*Sydney Smith.*

The Fays that to my christening came
(For come they did, my nurses taught me),
They did not bring me wealth or fame,
'Tis very little that they brought me.
But one, the crossiest of the crew,
The ugly old one, uninvited,
Said, "I shall be avenged on you,
My child; you shall grow up short-sighted!"
With magic juices did she lave
Mine eyes, and wrought her wicked pleasure.
Well, of all gifts the Fairies gave,
Hers is the present that I treasure.

The bore whom others fear and flee,
I do not fear, I do not flee him;
I pass him calm as calm can be;
I do not cut—I do not see him.
And with my feeble eyes and dim,
Where you see patchy fields and fences,
For me the mists of Turner swim—
My "azure distance" soon commences.
Nay, as I blink about the streets
Of this befogged and murky city,
Why, almost every girl one meets
Seems preternaturally pretty.

"Try spectacles," one's friends intone;
"You'll see the world correctly through them."
But I have visions of my own
And not for worlds would I undo them!

—*Andrew Lang in February Harper's.*

The River of Rest.

A beautiful stream is the River of Rest;
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold.
A tall mast crosses a star in the west,
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand,
He knows you well, he will steer you true,
And far, so far from all ills upon land,
From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue;
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—
Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you east, or journey you west,
Unwilling or willing, sure-footed or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

—*Joaquin Miller in February Century.*

Sonnet.

[ON BEING INTRODUCED TO ROBERT BROWNING.]

I knew thee first as one may know the fame
Of some apostle, as a man may know
The mid-day sun far shining o'er the snow.
I hailed thee chief of singers! I became
Vassal of thine, and warm'd me at the flame
Of thy pure thought—my spirit all aglow
With dreams of peace, and pomp, and lyric show,
And all the splendors, Browning, of thy name!

But now, a man reveal'd, a man of men,
I see thy face, I clasp thee by the hand,
And, though the Muses in thy presence stand,
There's room for me to loiter in thy ken.
O lordly soul! O wizard of the pen!
What news from God? What word from Fairyland?

—*Eric Mackay in the Independent.*

Souvenir de Jeunesse.

When Sibyl kept her tryst with me, the harvest moon was rounded,
In evening hush through pathways lush with fern we reached the glade;
The rippling river soft and low with fairy splashes sounded,
The silver poplar rustled as we sat within its shade.

"And why," she whispered, "evermore should lovers meet to sunder?
Where stars arise in other skies let other lips than mine
Their sorrows hiss, and other hearts at love's delaying wonder.
O stay!"—and soon her tearful eyes were each a pearly shrine.

I soothed her fears and stayed her tears, her hands to mine enfolding,
And then we cared no more for aught save this one hour we had;
Upwelled that dreamful selfish tide of young Love's rapture, holding
The fair round world itself in pledge to make us still more glad.

For us the night was musical, for us the meadows shining;
The summer air was odorous that we might breathe and love;
Sweet Nature throbb'd for us alone—her mother-soul divining
No fonder pair that fleeting hour her zephyrs sighed above.
Amid the nodding rushes the heron drank his tippie,
The night-hawk's cry and whir anigh a deeper stillness made,
A thousand little starlings danced upon the river's ripple,
And the silver poplar rustled as we kissed within its shade.

—*Edmund Clarence Steadman in February Century.*

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

At the Metropolitan Church, in the city of Washington, on Thanksgiving day, there was delivered, by the Rev. John P. Newman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so bold and eloquent an American sermon that we have encroached upon our space to print lengthened extracts from it. The whole sermon fills a twenty-page pamphlet, of which we here print twelve pages. It is one of our regrets that our space is so limited that we can not find room for the many eloquent and brilliant productions of the current literature of the day, especially that of which we would make a specialty. Perhaps we are egotistical in thinking that the *Argonaut* is doing something toward arousing the spirit of Americanism in the American pulpit, and that the time is this side of the millennium when our politicians and public men will have the courage to speak and act from motives of patriotism and not through fear of the Church of Rome and the votes of the Pope's Irish:

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

I have set thee on high above all the nations of the earth.—*Deut. xxxiii, 1.*

To-day peace reigns throughout our vast domain. No foreign foe invades our shores. How superior our condition by way of contrast with our neighbors on this side of the globe. In contrast with Central and South America, the home of turbulence and misrule, where ignorance, combined with a perverted Christianity, has darkened and enslaved where the wheels of industry have been impeded and the march to a higher civilization obstructed—how bold the contrast between these two sections of our continent—a contrast that must be suggestive to every thoughtful mind, and awaken the question whether this is due to what some call the fortuitous of national life, or whether it is the result of a genius of government that is sublime and a religion that is divine. And if we turn our eyes over the great deep to the most favored nations beyond the Atlantic, the contrast inspires grateful emotions, and we are equally led to contemplate the causes which have brought about a condition so favorable to us. The most venerable nations in Europe—countries that have lived through more than a millennium—are to-day shaken by internal disturbance. Those institutions which have come down from the hoary past, which have been considered preëminent in the affections and faith of mankind, now topple to their fall. No government in Europe is in a state of peaceful security. Alarm dwells in the palace. Fear, like a bloody phantom, haunts the throne, and the vast nations of Europe, with all their agriculture, and commerce, and manufacture, and all their majesty of law and ordinances of religion, are maintained in a questionable peace by no less than three millions of men armed to the teeth; while in this country, so vast in its domain, so complicated in its population, from North to South, from East to West, preserved in peace, not by standing armies or floating navies, but by a moral sense, a quickened conscience, the guardian of our homes, our altars, and our nation.

We have been accustomed to such phenomenal crops that it almost goes without saying that the past year has been phenomenal in its agricultural productions. Indeed, there has been a wealth in the soil, a wealth in the mines, a wealth in the seas, which awakens astonishment and admiration in the minds of those beyond the deep—for it is a statistical fact that our agricultural products for the year just closing is not less than three and a half thousand millions of dollars in valuation. How difficult to appreciate the fact! One thousand seven hundred million bushels of corn, valued at five hundred and eighty millions of dollars; four hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat, valued at three hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars; six and a half million bales of cotton, estimated in valuation at two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. And including all the other agricultural products, the statistician of the Government estimates the value at three and a half thousand millions of dollars. And this is but a repetition of other years. No! It exceeds other years! It is a great fact that one and a half millions of square miles of cultivated land in this country now subject to the plow could feed a thousand millions of persons, and then we could have five thousand millions of bushels of grain for exportation.

In ten years, from 1870 to 1880, we produced over seven hundred millions of dollars of precious metals, and the last year the valuation is estimated at seventy-five millions in gold and silver; and rising above these colossal and phenomenal figures, our great manufacturing people during the past year have produced not less than five thousand millions of dollars in valuation. The mind staggers in the presence of these tremendous facts.

Then our national wealth is as phenomenal as are the annual products of soil, and mine, and skill, and commerce. In 1880 our national wealth was estimated at forty-four thousand millions of dollars, which would buy all Russia, Turkey, Italy, South Africa, and South America—possessions inhabited by no less than one hundred and seventy-seven millions of people. This enormous national wealth exceeds the wealth of Great Britain by two hundred and seventy-six millions of dollars. England's wealth is the growth of centuries, while our wealth, at the most, can be said to be the growth of one century. Nay, the fact is that most of ours has been created within the last twenty years. In 1860 our national wealth was estimated at sixteen thousand millions of dollars. But from 1860 to 1880 our wealth increased twenty-eight thousand millions of dollars—ten thousand millions more than the entire wealth of the empire of Russia. From 1870 to 1880, ten years, the increase was twenty thousand millions. This is without a parallel.

We should remember that our location is everything to us as a national power of intelligence and wealth, and that this location is in the wake of national prosperity and greatness. It may have escaped your notice that around this globe is a narrow zone, between the thirtieth and sixtieth parallels of north latitude, and within that narrow zone is our home. Within that belt of power have existed all the great nations of the past, and in it exist all the great nations of the present. What is there in this charmed circle, in this favored zone, that brings national power? We may contract this zone by ten degrees, and the same thing is true. It is true that north of this zone there have been nations of wealth, of luxury, and of influence. South of this zone are Egypt, and Arabia, and India, and other nations that have lived in splendor. But the peoples that have given direction to the thought of mankind, that have created the philosophy for the race, that have given jurisprudence, and history, and oratory, and poetry, and art, and science, and government to mankind, have been crowded, as it were, within this zone of supremacy, within this magical belt of national prosperity. Examine your globe, and there is Greece, that gave letters to the world; Rome, that gave jurisprudence to mankind; Palestine, that gave religion to our race. And to-day there is Germany, that gave a Luther to the church and a Gutenberg to science; and there is England, swaying her mighty sceptre over land and sea. Our location is within this wake of power—within this magical zone. Surely there must be a destiny foretold by this great fact, and it is but wise for us as intelligent freemen on this national day to consider the significance of the prophecy. Our national home is not amid the polar snows of northern Russia, nor the burning sands of Central Africa, but sweeping over the lovely regions of the temperate zone, it lies too far south to be bound in perpetual chains of frost, and too far north to sink under the enervating influences of a tropical sun.

And, my countrymen, it is equally significant that we stand above all nations in our origin. We started where other nations left off. Unrivaled for luxury and oriental splendor, the Assyrians sprang from a band of hunters. Grand in her pyramids, and obelisks, and sphinxes, Egypt rose from that race despised by mankind. Great in her jurisprudence, giving law to the world, the Romans came from a band of freebooters on the seven hills, that have been made immortal by martial genius; and that very nation, whose poets were copy, whose orators we seek to imitate, whose artistic genius is the pride of the race, came from barbarians, cannibals; and that proud nation beyond the sea, that sways her sceptre over land and ocean, sprang from painted barbarians—for such were the aborigines of proud Albion's isle when Cæsar invaded those shores.

We sometimes deprecate the cosmopolitan character of our population. It is a fact, however, that the best blood of the old world came to us until within ten years—not the decrepit, not the maimed, not the

aged; for over fifty per cent. of those who came here were between fifteen and thirty, and have grown up to be honorable citizens in the composition of our constitutional society. They came not as paupers. Many of them came, each bringing seventy dollars, some one hundred and eighty dollars, and in the aggregate they brought millions of dollars.

There has been, however, a change, a manifest change, in the character of those from foreign shores within the last decade. The time was when we welcomed everybody that might immigrate to this country; when we threw our gates wide open; when in our Fourth of July orations we proclaimed this to be the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the down-trodden. But in the process of time this great opportunity afforded the nations of the old world came to be abused, and to-day is the largest source of our national danger. We are now bound to call a halt all along the line of immigration; to say to those peoples of the old world that this is not a new Africa, nor a new Ireland, nor a new Germany, nor a new Italy, nor a new England, nor a new Russia; that this is not a brothel for the Mormon, a fetich for the negro, a country for the ticket-of-leave-men; not a place for the criminals and paupers of Europe; but this country is for man—man in his intelligence, man in his morality, man in his love of liberty—man, whosoever he is, whence-soever he cometh.

The time has come for us to call a halt all along the line, and if we do not close the gates we should place them ajar. We should do two things: First, declare that this country is for Americans. It is not for Germans, nor for Irishmen, nor for Englishmen, nor for Spaniards, nor for the Chinese, nor for the Japanese, but it is for Americans. I am not to-day reviving the Know-Nothing cry, for I am glad to say that I am not a know-nothing in any sense. Nor am I reviving what may be called the old Native American cry, for we have out-lived that. But I am simply declaring that America is for Typical Americans. In other words, that we are determined by all that is honorable in law, by all that is energetic in religion, by all that is dear to our altars and our fides, that this country shall not become un-American.

Let us to-day proclaim to the world that he is an American, whether native-born or foreign-born, who accepts seven great ideas which shall differentiate him from all other people on the face of the globe. I am bound to say, and you will agree with me, that in proportion there are as many intelligent foreigners (that is, foreign-born) in this congregation, in our city and in our country, who are in full accord with this utterance as there are of those to the manor born. In other words, could I call the roll, I would find as many intelligent foreigners who came here, not for selfishness, but for liberty and for America's sake, who would be in accord with me in declaring that America is for the Typical American. They minister to the sick as learned physicians. They plead in all our courts of justice. They are the eloquent exponents of divine truth. They are in our halls of legislation. They beautify private life in all the immunities and refinements thereof. They have added to the wealth of the nation.

It was a bold venture for the fathers of this Republic to declare personal liberty foremost, without regard to birth or education or civilization. This has elevated our nation above all nations. It was sublime courage for those grand men to declare that our civil and political rights are not grants from superiors to inferiors, but that they flow out of the order and constitution of nature. It is this, my countrymen, that differentiates us, that distinguishes us from Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and Russians. What are the two great declarations of which England is proud? Take the *Magna Charta Libertatum*. The historians say that this is the bulwark of English freedom. Yes, Englishmen, you do right to so esteem it. But then you should remember that the *Magna Charta Libertatum* was a concession from King John—a concession from a superior to inferiors, and the men who wrung that concession from that English king did not esteem themselves his equal, but permitted themselves to be treated as inferiors. Then take what is known in English parliamentary history as a Petition of Rights. It secured a concession from King Charles I.—a superior to inferiors. But our fathers said we are the superiors. We recognize no superior but God; we declare a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. We ask not for a *Magna Charta Libertatum*. We offer no petition of rights. Jefferson made our declaration of rights and the fathers signed it, saying, "We are born free and equal, created in the image of God; our political rights are inalienable, inseparable from our birth. That declaration turned the corner of political history. It astounded all Europe. It sent a chill through royal blood. It caused a paleness to come over kings and queens; yet it was a declaration which oncoming generations approved, and oncoming centuries will applaud, because born of truth, justice, and liberty.

The naturalized American must renounce all allegiance to foreign prince, or potentate, or government; in so doing he must reject the assumed superiority of any human grantor and assert the superiority of the individual citizen in whom inhere these rights.

The true American stands forever on duty—a soldier of the republic in the disguise of a citizen, the custodian of the republic's life. Out of such a citizenship comes the moral sentiment which in its aggregation is public opinion, which is mightier than standing armies and floating navies.

A third attribute is the individuality of the citizen, out of which comes the collective man, our national life. We have exalted the individual; the American citizen is a republic of one. Whether we have fifty millions, or ten millions, or a million, whatever may be the ratio of our population, the government recognizes the individuality of the citizen as paramount. As God is the centre of the universe, and Christ the centre of the church, so the citizen is the centre of this government. All its laws, all its administrations, all its soldiers in the army, all its guns in the navy are for the protection of the American citizen. Wherever he wanders, whether in Africa, or Europe, or Asia, or Germany, or Ireland, or Cuba, or Mexico, the American citizen must and shall be protected. It is difficult for men coming from Europe, where men are contemplated in masses, to realize the potency of individuality; but it underlies our free institutions.

Fourthly, he is an American, whether native-born or foreign-born, who accepts the bold venture of the fathers to segregate public education from the teachings of the church. It was a bold move in political science. There is no authority under the Constitution of the United States, there should be no authority in the constitution of any State, there should be no authority in the municipality of any part of the country, to impose religious instruction upon the childhood of America. You and I may tremble in the presence of this tremendous fact, this daring project in the science of statecraft, but then you must remember that, according to the organic law of our country, we know no class but citizens, we know no obligation but protection, no duty but the welfare of the people. In all the nations abroad there is the combination of secular and religious instruction. Arithmetic, geometry, geography, physiology must be taught under the sanctions of religion. But in this country public education is separated from sectarian religious teaching. We may pause in the presence of such a fact. We know that intelligence is almost a boundless power. Intelligence has produced as much evil as it has good; the greatest monsters who have damned humanity have been men of the highest possible culture, and the men who in this country are sowing the seed of discord are men of sublime intellects and polished education. And therefore the founders of the republic recognized the duty of the individual citizen to add home instruction, instruction in the church, instruction in the Sunday-school, to sanctify this intelligence. Whenever they expounded constitutional law, or spoke in behalf of the perpetuity of our institutions, they never failed to give preëminence to private virtue and public morality; nor did they hesitate to say that this virtue in private life and this morality in the public society must flow out of that religion which we esteem divine.

Those great men ventured on another and a desperate mission, the segregation of state from church. In the nations of the old world these are allied. The Czar is the head of the church. Victoria is the head of the church. The King of Germany is the head of the church. The Hapsburg, of Austria, is the head of the church. The Sultan is the head of the church. But here we have no earthly head of the church. To the individual Christian, Christ is the head of the church. This is fundamental in our government. Here we have "a free church in a free country." Christianity had been supported by thrones in the old world. Religion had been enforced by armies and navies. The great cathedrals, and what are called the church livings, had been maintained by a tax imposed upon people who did not believe the creed taught, and did not observe the forms of worship practiced. In our organic law it is stated that Congress shall not legislate on the subject of religion. Religion shall be free. Here the Mohammedan may rear

his mosque and read his Koran. Here the Brahmin may rear his pagoda and read his Shaster. All religionists may come and worship here, but their worship shall not infringe upon the worship of others nor work injury to the body politic. The Typical American should set his face against all seeming alliance of church and state. We say to the Holy Father, live in peace. Stay in Rome. Live on the banks of the Tiber. If you come here, you must be an American citizen, rejecting your doctrine of temporal power. You may come and be naturalized and be a voter, but we can have no temporal popes here. So we say to our countrymen that come from dear old Ireland—the best country in the world to emigrate from—to the Italian, to the Spaniard, to the German: You may belong to the church of the spiritual pontiff, but you must renounce all allegiance to temporal pontiffs. I hold that, under our laws of naturalization, it is the duty of every cardinal, every archbishop, every bishop, and every priest, every monk, Franciscan, or Jesuit, to solemnly renounce before God and the holy angels, all political allegiance to the Pope as a temporal prince, who to-day is seeking to re-establish diplomatic relations with England and other European nations in recognition of his temporal sovereignty.

I do not exaggerate the danger when I remind you that there are great movements among the peoples of the earth, as never before. Remember that the population of Europe has increased twenty-seven millions from 1870 to 1880, and at this rate of increase Europe can send to us two millions of immigrants a year for the next hundred years. Our foreign-born population is said to be seven millions, and their children of the first generation would make fifteen millions. In 1882 immigration reached the enormous figure of eight hundred thousand, and at the present rate of immigration it is said there will be in the year 1900, fourteen years from now, nineteen millions of persons of foreign birth, and with their children of the first generation there will be forty-three millions in this land of foreign-born. Now the question, and a serious one, is, Who are those that come? I have said some are noble, some are true, some are easily transformed into the Typical American. But then we are to remember that most of the foreigners who come here are twelve times as much disposed to crime as are the native stock.

Our population of foreign extraction is sadly conspicuous in our criminal records. This element constituted, in 1870, twenty per cent. of the population of New England, and furnished seventy-five per cent. of the crime. The Howard Society of London reports that seventy-four per cent. of the Irish discharged convicts have come to the United States. I hold in my hand the annual rum bill of this country for the last year. It is nine hundred millions of dollars! I ask myself, Who drinks this rum? Native Americans? Some! Some drink a good deal. But let us see the danger that comes to us from inebriety among our foreign population.

The wholesale dealers in liquor are estimated at sixty-five per cent. foreign-born, and the brewers seventy-five per cent.

Then there is another danger—the tendency of emigrant colonization. I suppose it is known to you that New Mexico is in the hands of foreigners—in the hands of the Catholic Church. It is also a fact of Congressional record that 20,557,000 acres of land are in the possession of twenty-nine alien corporations and individuals, an area greater than the whole of Ireland. I would have no part of this country subject to any church. I would have no foreign language taught in the public schools to the exclusion of or in preference to the English language. I would have no laws published in a foreign language, whether for the French of Louisiana or the Germans of Cincinnati. I would utter my solemn protest, and that in the hearing of all politicians, especially those men who want to be Presidents and can not be Presidents, and those who hope to be ere long—I would utter my solemn protest to day against what is known as the "Irish vote" and the "German vote." We do not want any "foreign vote." Down with the politician who would seek an "Irish vote" or "German vote." All we want here is an American vote. I would not vote for any man for President who would stoop so low as to bid for the German vote or the Irish vote. The other safeguard is an extension of the time required for naturalization. Some say make the term twenty-one years. What is the term now? Five years. I read from "Revised Statutes," section 2165 and 2174, that a person applying for citizenship must be a resident of the United States at least five years, and one year within the State or Territory wherein the application is made, and that during that term (I wish I had all the judges here to-day) and that during that term he is to give satisfactory assurance to the court that he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same. "A man of good moral character!" What a sublime utterance, and how indefinite! I would be glad to know what judge takes the pains, when a hundred of these foreigners apply, just on the eve of the election, that they may qualify themselves to vote, what judge inquires whether they are men of good moral character? Yet such is the provision of the law of the land. We have assumed the authority to limit suffrage. We say that women shall not vote, which is a great mistake. You are not up to that. My wife is as competent to vote as I. On all moral questions, especially the temperance question, I would trust the women ten times before I would the men. It is an abuse of the very genius of our government to proscribe the Chinese. We say the negro may vote because his skin is black. We say the Dutchman, the Irishman, the Italian may vote, because his skin ought to be white, but the Chinese can not vote because his skin is yellow. The word "white" is used in the statute of limitation. We say to the young American who graduates with the highest honors at eighteen, you must wait three years longer before you can stand with the Irishman with his brogans and the Teuton with his lager and vote for the rulers of your native land. I would have the term of naturalization extended, some say till the foreigner has been here twenty-one years. Extend the term to ten years, fifteen years. Say to all persons who come to this country from foreign lands, that after 1890 they shall remain here fifteen years to become indoctrinated in our free institutions, learn the seven attributes of the American citizen, and then be prepared to love America for America's sake.

Thus protected, we can look forward to a glorious future, and the eye of prophecy can sweep the horizon of a deathless hope. Look forward to the time when our place among nations shall be the empire of the world; when England, and Germany, and France shall refer their international questions to us for adjudication, which otherwise would be adjusted on the field of carnage; when we shall dictate to the world by moral suasion what shall be the rights of citizens and what shall be the duty of the government over them.

The proud position of my country looms up before me. England may plant commercial colonies around the globe, and so may Germany, and so may France, but let it be the mission of this country to plant colonies of moral ideas wherever the sun shines, and transform the political sentiments of the world until all men shall be recognized as created free and equal by the Father Almighty. Let this be our proud position. Then it shall never be said that the ocean was dug for America's grave, that the winds were woken for her winding sheet, that the mountains were reared for her tombstone. But rather we shall live on, and gifted with immortal youth, America shall ascend the mountain-tops of the oncoming centuries with the old flag in her hand, symbol of universal liberty, the light of whose stars shall blend their radiance with the dawn of the millennium.

Miss Anna Ballard, well known among journalists in New York city as the only female member of the Press Club, writes from Colombo, Ceylon, that the Salvation Army has attacked the island, but that the soldiers are regarded there with little favor. The natives haven't the least idea what they are up to, and think that their peculiar antics and goings-on are only amusing illustrations of the peculiarities of the English people.

An English gentleman has secured the service of thirteen clever boys, drawn from all ranks of society. These are now being educated in a most peculiar manner for work among the poor of the east of London. The boys are taught whist, billiards, fencing, gymnastics, and secrets of skilled labor, the dignity of which is impressed upon them, with the necessity of helping others less fortunate than themselves.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to distinctly understand that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The volume by Bret Harte which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately will contain two stories—"A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready," and "The Devil's Ford."

The statement that Mr. Gladstone received twelve hundred and fifty dollars for his *Nineteenth Century* article on Lord Tennyson's new "Locksley Hall" is declared to be without foundation.

The complete title of Robert Browning's new book is not remarkable for brevity. It runs thus: "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day: to wit, Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Rubb Dodginton, Francis Turini, Gerard de Lairese, and Charles Avison. Introduced by a Dialogue between Apollo and the Fates; concluded by another between John Fust and his Friends."

At the close of the Christmas season Roberts Brothers had sold forty-five thousand copies of "Jo's Boys," Miss Alcott's story. The popularity of the book gave an impetus to Alcott's other works. Within ten days two thousand copies of "Little Women" were called for. The bookseller says the house "found itself better off for keeping out of the great holiday gift-book competition of 1886, in which there were so few prizes gained and such great fortunes hazarded."

Ex-Minister Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and the Commune of Paris," which have begun to appear in *Scribner's Magazine*, have reached the French capital and excited the editors of *Figaro*, who declare "Mr. Washburne shows little sympathy for us," meaning the French people in general. It is intimated that there are French politicians who have set to work with vigor to look over Mr. Washburne's ministerial record while living in Paris during the siege.

Mr. S. S. McClure, one of the syndicate men of New York, has devised the most ingenious method of securing stories from young and ambitious writers. In a recent circular to them he requests "as complete information as possible regarding their literary career, and such other facts of their lives as may be of interest to their readers." Can anything be more seductive to the above-mentioned young and ambitious authors than the exhibition of curiosity regarding their "literary careers" and "other important facts of their lives"?

Edward Payson Jackson, the author of the much-talked-of novel, "A Demigod," has been for the last ten years instructor in science and the classics in the Boston Latin School. He was born in Erzeroum, Turkey, where his parents were American missionaries. He was a member of the Class of '63 of Amherst College, and was known among his fellow-students by the sobriquet of "The Count." He was the poet of his college class, but his only considerable literary achievement before the writing of "A Demigod" was the preparation of a mathematical geography.

"Sarracinesca" is Marion Crawford's last novel, not yet printed on this side of the Atlantic. It has made an immense sensation in European aristocratic circles, where its heroine, the Duchess of Astrodente, is said to be well known. In Rome the novel has given much satisfaction to the admirers of that subtle old genius, Cardinal Antonelli—so much so that a very charming old countess of the ancient régime had a gold medal made, with the inscription, "To Miss Marion Crawford." The old lady fancied that Marion was a corruption of Marianne, and this unique gift lay in the postoffice for several weeks until the mistake was discovered, and Francis Marion claimed his property.

The first number of Mr. De Witt J. Seligman's new weekly paper, the *Epoch*, will appear on the 11th of February. It is announced that "an important feature of the paper will be the publication of signed articles on the subjects of current interest by men of eminence and special knowledge, and that its treatment of public questions will combine the freshness of daily journalism with the thoroughness of the monthly magazine article." An occasional short story, review of books, letters from European capitals, and short essays of a critical and descriptive character, are among the other promised features. The publication office of the *Epoch* will be at No. 36 Union Square. The *Boston Gazette* says: "Mr. Seligman is going to enjoy the luxury of a paper of his own; and he will find it an expensive luxury unless the paper pays. There is nothing that can swallow more money in a given time than an unremunerative journalistic enterprise."

Among the statistics of new publications in England for the past year are these: Number of new books published, 3,984. and of new editions, 1,226—a total of 5,210, a falling off of more than 400 from the publications of the year 1885; which were 5,640 in number. An analytical table of the books is divided into fourteen classes, and the numbers of each are as follows: Theology, including sermons, 752; educational, 572; juvenile works and tales, 445; novels, 669; law and kindred subjects, 33; political and social economy, trade, and commerce, 246; art, science, and illustrated works, 178; voyages and travels, 221; history and biography, 350; poetry and the drama, 93; year books and serials, 294; medicine and surgery, 171; belles-lettres, essays, and monographs, 479; and miscellaneous, 407. January was the weakest of all the months of the year, producing only 205 books. The number rose, with considerable variations, to 445, or more than double in June, fell continuously to 258 in September, and then rose with a bound to 602 and 642 in October and November, and finally reached its highest limit—852—in December.

Mr. Henry Norman writes from London to the New York papers: "My own contribution to the annual which I have the honor of editing for Mr. T. Fisher Unwin (republished in America by D. Appleton & Co.), and which appears this year with the title 'The Witching Time', has neither plot nor point. And one reason for this—I will not presume to say the only one—is that the Messrs. Appleton inadvertently sent the volume to press before receiving the last pages of proof from England. My feelings on discovering that the last three pages of 'Two of a Kind,' in which lay whatever point, or dénouement, or climax the story possesses, were missing in the American version, can be imagined only with difficulty. I do not mean that Messrs. Appleton are in fault, for no doubt the error is due to the lateness of proofs from this side; but I hasten to make this explanation to escape the verdict which readers of 'The Witching Time' must certainly have passed on me. 'Never mind,' said my genial friend Osgood, when I met him in Fleet Street, and confided my distress to his sympathetic ear, 'in future you will be classed with Howells and James.' But even this consolatory *bon mot*, clever as it is, is not sufficient to keep me silent on the subject."

New Books.

"Devon Boys: A Tale of the North Shore," by George Manville Fenn, has been published with illustrations in the Franklin Square Library, by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The Christian Year," by Rev. John Kettle, with a short critical and biographical preface by Professor Henry Morley, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"A Question of Identity" is the latest story published in the No. 100 Series. There are two sisters, twins, so exactly alike in all things that they can only be recognized by the difference in their dress: they

are the daughters of a Jewish father, an actor, with whom they lived up to their fifteenth year, strutting from place to place as his engagements necessitated; and a mother descended from a long line of English Methodist parsons. One of them, presumably Rachel, marries a staid, respectable, commonplace young New Englander, who is doing business in London, but she runs away after three months of married life, because he is opposed to her going to the theatre and indulging in like frivolities. Her sister disappears at the same time, there is a simulated suicide, and the young New Englander is in a terrible state of uncertainty as to whom he married, and whether that person is dead or alive. The idea is skillfully used, and as the author's style is good, the result is a very readable light novel. Published by Roberts Brothers, New York; for sale by Waldteufel; price, 50c.

After the cheaply bound and printed stories which the publishers have been pouring on us in the past few years, it is an absolute luxury to encounter such a volume as Charles Dudley Warner's "Their Pilgrimage." The story (more or less well known through its publication in *Harper's*) is a clever series of sketches, with just enough plot to sustain the reader's interest from month to month; but in the manner of telling lies the charm. Mr. Warner is a delightful writer; he sees things in an amusing light, and pictures them with such consummate skill that the reader is deceived into believing that it is himself who discovered these hidden peculiarities. His language, too, is pure and forcible. But the style in which the book is given to the public is the noticeable thing. The cover is marbled boards with leather backs—quiet and luxurious; the paper is heavy and creamy, with wide margins and gilt tops; the type is large and clear; and the illustrations, scattered all through the book, are diminished reproductions of Reinhardt's designs for *Harper's*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Christine, the Model; or, Studies in Love," is the title the translator has given to Emile Zola's latest novel, "L'Œuvre," in its English form. It is a title which suggests the most erotic and immoral realism that Zola could write—and it is hard to put a limit to his ability in that direction—but the contents of the book are by no means of such a character as this title would imply. In the first place, Christine is not a model, strictly speaking, for she has posed only for her husband; and she is not the roué of the sub-title implies, for—though her marriage to Claude did not take place as early as a strict moralist might desire—her love for the artist is constant and pure. And still another objection to this title is the fact that Christine is not the central figure of the story. The work has three claims to interest: Christine's love for Claude and her jealousy of the art which robs her of his love, the exposition it gives of Zola's ideas on the "naturalist" school of writers of which he is the head, and finally the author's virtual acknowledgment that his dream is unattainable. There are many fine passages in the book; we can not help admiring the enthusiasm of these young artists and writers who will found a new school and revolutionize art, but we can not help thinking them fools, and pitying their folly. Sandoz, we take it, is Zola himself—the description of his external and internal characteristics tallies with that of Zola, and Sandoz's desolation at the failure of the dreams of their youth is very like that which Zola must have experienced before he could write this book—an acknowledgment of defeat in cherished aims, of failure in his life-work. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

The latest volume of the Fine Art Library, edited by John C. L. Sparkes is "Engraving," by the Vicomte Henri Delaborde, translated from the French by R. A. M. Stevenson. The book is one of much erudition, following the history of engraving from its origin in the rude cuts from which playing cards were made long ago, to the wonderful blocks and plates of the present time. The innovations and improvements of style are each duly described, and the outgrowths of the art are touched upon lightly—etching, of course, being treated at length. The text is further explained by a large number of faithful reproductions of the famous engravings of famous artists, which follow chronologically the development of the art in the various countries in which it has attained to any degree of perfection. France, being the author's native country, is naturally treated at greatest length; a chapter has been added, giving an account of the rise and progress of the British school of engraving, written at the instance of the translator by William Walker, who has also contributed a chronological table of the better known English engravers; but America is restricted to the three last pages in the book. Of them Mr. Walker says: "In delicacy of work and elaboration of detail, American artists now stand first among wood-engravers; but they attempt too much with the means at their command . . . effect is lost, and notwithstanding the excellence of the workmanship, the result becomes monotonous and wearisome to the satiated eye. In etching, also, America takes high rank. This is complimentary in a sort of backhanded way, but it does not quite excuse the ignoring of the great number of American engravers who have become prominent in the art world in the past few years. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

In *Harper's* for February W. D. Howells begins a new serial entitled "April Hopes." One of the most interesting articles in the number is "Moose-Hunting," by Henry P. Wells; illustrated by A. B. Frost and J. C. Beard. A very effective frontispiece, "Moose-Hunting by Jack-light," goes with this article. "The Acadian Land," by Charles Dudley Warner, has eighteen illustrations, by W. H. Gibson and A. Kappes. The second paper on "The Navies of the Continent" takes up the Italian, Russian, German, Austrian, and Turkish navies; it is copiously illustrated. The second article on "Campaigning with the Cossacks," by Frank D. Millet, is equal to the first in interest; these papers are remarkably bright and original. "The Wish," from "The Mistress," by Abraham Cowley, is illustrated by E. A. Abbey and A. Parsons. "Leonard Arundel's Recovery" is a short story by Grant Allen. Among the poems are, "The Fairy's Gift," by Andrew Lang; "Love's Going," by Charles W. Coleman Jr.; "Song," by Ronald C. Macfie; "An Empty Nest," by Mary A. Barr; and "Love's Night-watch," by John Muir. In the "Easy Chair," George William Curtis discusses "The American Opera again the Field," "Why Domestic Service is Distasteful to American Women," and other topics. In the "Editor's Study," Mr. Howells writes on "Miss Woolson's Short Stories," "Poverty Grass," Miss Jewett's "A White Heron, and Other Stories," "Short Stories by European Writers," "American Examples," "Russian Short Stories," Blackmore's and Kathleen O'Meara's serial are continued. The number is an excellent one.

The February, or "Midwinter" number of the *Century* begins with "A Midwinter Resort: Nassau in the Bahamas," by William C. Church, with several graphic illustrations by Winslow Homer. "The Stars," by Professor S. P. Langley, accompanied by delicate illustrations of star spectra and astronomical photographs. "Part of an Old Story," the hitherto unpublished conclusion of an old romance of Love and Alchemy, by James Lane Allen, has a very handsome full-page illustration by Blum. The illustrations to the Lincoln history this month include portraits of four Presidents, of David Davis, Robert C. Winthrop, Joshua R. Giddings, and of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous Methodist preacher who ran against Lincoln when the latter was elected to Congress. Some of the reproductions of old daguerotypes, by the way, are rather ludicrous. The present installment relates to "Lincoln in Congress and in Law." The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations, the second of Edward Atkinson's papers, discusses the real meaning of national armaments and taxes. "Spirity Ann" is an illustrated story of the moonshiners, by Mat. Crim. "Edward Thompson Taylor," by Rev. C. A. Bartol, is a study of the sailor-preacher, accompanied by a full-page portrait. Also, "Father Taylor and Oratory," by Walt Whitman, who ranks the preacher as "the one essentially perfect orator" he has heard. "Recent Art Discoveries in Rome," an illustrated archaeological paper by the director of the new Museo Urbano, is extremely interesting. "The Bailing of Jefferson Davis," when accused of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, is a chapter of "inside history," compiled by George Parsons Lathrop. "Lee's Invasion of Maryland" is discussed by General Longstreet, with illustrations, including a portrait of the Confederate leader. The poems are by Edmund C. Stedman, Robert Burns Wilson, Joaquin Miller, and others.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The following anecdote of Lincoln is well-vouched for, as apocrypha generally are: Lincoln met one day on the court-house steps a young lawyer who had lost a case—his only one—and looked very disconsolate. "What has become of your case?" Lincoln asked. "Gone to h—," was the gloomy response. "Well, don't give it up," Lincoln rejoined, cheerfully; "you can try it again *there*."

Robin Allen, who is an observant young Tennessean, was standing at the rear door of a Pullman coach the other day, when a duds young man with an impressive watch-chain came up, and, taking out his watch, secreted it under his coat and began winding it up. The winding had continued perhaps a minute, when Robin, looking up suddenly, exclaimed: "Oh, you needn't try to hide it; it's a Waterbury; I know the wind!"

One day a merchant, who had done some missionary work in the slums of Chicago, was talking to Mr. Elder, late publisher of *Literary Life*, on the subject of success in life. He did not pronounce his words very clearly as he said to Elder, "A man who has health, and strength, and God on his side, is sure to succeed." "Those are my sentiments to a T," said Elder, slapping his thigh; "a man with health, and strength, and gall on his side is sure to succeed every time!" This is the key-note of Elder's notoriety, the one word "gall."

Senator Dawes does not pose as a humorist, but his wit is keen at times. During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island member of Congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Mr. Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island—a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes; "if we should steal your whole State it would only be petty larceny, and a justice of the peace would have jurisdiction."

The story has just leaked out—perhaps not for the first time—of how the estrangement between the late A. T. Stewart and Mr. Travers arose. Mr. Stewart was presiding at a large banquet given by the merchants of New York, and Mr. Travers was a guest at the farther end of the table. When the coffee was brought on, Mr. Stewart rapped violently on the table to secure the attention of the company; but Mr. Travers chose to give the signal another meaning, and the instant there was silence, he piped out from his end of the table: "Ca-ash!" The effect was electrical to every one but Mr. Stewart.

One day Roddy's cavalry was about to go into battle, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The men were drawn up to count from right to left. Of course, every fourth man felt jolly, and this is the way the count went on: "One." "Two." "Three." "Bully!" "One." "Two." "Three." "Bully!" etc. General Roddy heard every fourth man call out "Bully." His face flushed. When all had called off, he said: "Numbers 1, 2, and bully will go into the fight as dismounted cavalry. No 3 will hold the horses." There were a good many sick "bullies" that day.

It is a curious fact that Dumas said little or nothing about his origin. His grandmother was a negro slave, his father a mulatto, and the only anecdote connected with Dumas and the African blood in his veins, was one where it was represented that some impertinent fellow asked him if his father was a mulatto, and he replied, "Yes." "And your father's mother?" continued Master Impertinence. "A full blooded negress," was the reply. "And her ancestor?" followed the persistent inquirer. "A monkey," thundered Lord Dumas, "and I furthermore inform you that my ancestors began where yours ended!"

It was before the Garmoyne turmoil, at the Savoy Theatre. Pretty Miss Fortescue had been noticed by the aesthetic set, and the paternal dust was forgotten in the French polish which a really good education had given the young beauty. She came down to rehearsal with some airs; and small as the part was she played in "Iolanthe," there was no doubt in her mind that all the success of the play depended upon her individual attraction. Alfred Cellier's brother Frank was at the piano, and when the fair Fortescue came in at a wrong moment and was hustled off by young Cellier, she rather indignantly cried: "That was my cue, Mr. Cellier!" "No, my dear, that was the *piano forte's* cue."

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, is not a safe man to interrupt. During the tariff debate in 1882, he exhibited in the course of a speech in favor of protection specimens of various American manufactures which have been fostered by this policy. Among them was a beautiful vase, richly ornamented. While Mr. Kelley was expatiating on its beauty as he held it up to the view of the house, Mr. Springer looked over at it and asked, in a contemptuous tone, "What is that thing?" The question and the manner of it raised a big laugh on the Democratic side. As soon as it had subsided, Mr. Kelley said: "In Pennsylvania it is a vase. In Illinois I suppose it would be a cuspidor." Then the Republicans laughed.

When General Taylor was running for President, it is a tradition that a planter once wrote to him: "I have worked hard and been frugal all my life, and the results of my industry have mainly taken the form of slaves, of whom I own about a hundred. Before I vote for President, I want to be sure that the candidate I support will not so act as to divest me of my property." To which the general, with a dexterity that would have done credit to a diplomatist, and would have proved exceedingly useful to Mr. Clay, responded: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that I, too, have been all my life industrious and frugal, and that the fruits thereof are mainly invested in slaves, of whom I own three hundred. Yours, etc."

When Dr. Chalmers became minister to Kilmany, in the north of Fife, he used to get his supplies from Anstruther. On one occasion—so the story runs—he sent a written order for a sack of corn to a Mr. Thomson there. The corn never came, and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next time he was in Anstruther, he called on Mr. Thomson for an explanation. It was soon given. The merchant had been unable to decipher the minister's hieroglyphics, and had put the note in his desk until Mr. Chalmers should call. "Not make out my writing!" exclaimed Chalmers, indignantly; "show it to me." He read a few words, but then he stuck, completely baffled. He was, however, equal to the occasion. With a pawkly smile, he returned the letter to the merchant, saying: "But the letter was addressed to you, Mr. Thomson; it is your business to read it, not mine."

Justin Butterfield—who defeated Abraham Lincoln in 1849 for the Commission of the General Land Office, and thereby probably made him a great man instead of a bureaucrat—had a great reputation for ready wit, and was suspected of deep learning. On one occasion he appeared before Judge Pope to ask the discharge of the famous Mormon Prophet Joe Smith, who was in custody, surrounded by his church dignitaries. Bowing profoundly to the court and the ladies who thronged the hall, he said: "I appear before you under solemn and peculiar circumstances. I am to address the Pope, surrounded by angels, in the presence of the holy apostles, in behalf of the Prophet of the Lord." Lincoln once said of Butterfield that he was one of the few Whigs in Illinois who approved the Mexican war. His reason, frankly given, was that he had lost an office in New York by opposing the war of 1812. "Henceforth," he said, with cynical vehemence, "I am for war, pestilence, and famine." He was once defending the Shawneetown Bank, and advocating the extension of its charter; an opposing lawyer contended that this would be creating a new bank. Butterfield brought a smile from the court, and a laugh from the bar, by asking "whether when the Lord lengthened the life of Hezekiah, he made a new man, or whether it was the same old Hezekiah?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Paradox.

A paradox, it seems, I know,
But 'tis a truth sublime—
A man may get down very low,
Yet have a high old time.

—Omaha World.

Baby B.

Oh, Baby, Baby Battenberg,
The Queen has said to me
That I must take my truce pen
And write an ode to thee.

You little roly poly thing!
You bald and toothless wight!
Dost think a man can look on thee
And then a poem write?

I've quit that sort of thing, and wish
Your grandma'd let me be,
Whate'er the public thinks of you,
It's owed enough to me.

—The Disheartened Laureate, quoted by the Buffalo Express.

Her Question.

Dear Jack, you've often said to me,
In speech that doth imply
Love's poetry, that I'm inclined
To "apple of your eye."
If I intoxicate you, then,
As you insist, alack!
Am I to understand it's cause,
I am your apple, Jack?

—Yonkers Gazette.

A Victim of Idiocy.

In days not old, when nights were cold,
And Jack Frost held his sway,
A Dodo bold, with wings of gold,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
My love is wondrous fair,
With lots of cash to spare,
And tho' it's cold, 'tis swell I'm told
No overcoat to wear.

So I'll be bold, and tho' it's cold,
No overcoat I'll wear.
So this brave wight, in clothing tight,
Went forward to the fray;
He danced all night, but ere 'twas light
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay-hay-hay,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay.
His little chest was sore,
With mustard plasters raw.
But ere he died, he faintly cried—
"I've kept the swart I swore;
A swell am I, you bet your eye,
No overcoat I wore."

—Life.

They Grow Better.

"Oh, beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight."
So John G. Saxe wrote years ago,
And John G. Saxe was right.

Quite beautiful are little girls,
And pleasing to the view;
Their rosy cheeks and clustering curls
I like to see—don't you?

Yes, beautiful are little girls,
And yet the dullest prig
Will willingly agree with me,
They're prettier when they're big.

—Somerville Journal.

Turning the Tables.

Ah, husband, do not scold your wife
And make her poor heart ache,
Because she can't build pies like those
Your mother used to bake—

That is unless you're quite prepared
To see the whole thing through,
And buy her seal-skin sacque just as
Her father used to do.

—Merchant Traveler.

Good People.

Who ashes on this sidewalk throws,
Will always have more friends than foes.

Who doffs her bonnet at the play,
Will meet with blessings every day.

Who his wife's letters promptly mails,
Needs not to tell factitious tales.

—Boston Courier.

The Other One.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with never-sliding speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in a pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a comical never-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it isn't that tick-kicks—
The one that stands gets tired!"

—Unknown Exchange.

Lacrime Rerum.

I awaited his coming a year,
And I thought, "When he comes he'll propose."
I practiced his favorite songs,
I brought out my prettiest clothes—
A love of a gown, made by Worth—
Tender blue, with a touch of pale rose.
For hours I polished my nails;
I read up both poems and prose.
But, alas! when the fatal day came,
I'd a bolt on the end of my nose.

—Life.

Declined with Thanks.

Of all sad words for MSS. unsalable,
The saddest are these: "Not available."
—Detroit Free Press.

It must be admitted to be more sad,
To be frankly told: "It's very bad."
—New York World.

An Improved Quotation.

Home they brought her warrior dead,
'Midst the foemen slain with spears;
'Don't let it worry, marm, am,' they said,
Soon she dried her tears.

—Puck.

The Children.

Stuff the school-children; fill up the heads of them;
Send them all, lesson-full, home to the beds of them;
Blackboard and exercise, problem and question,
Bother their young brains and spoil their digestion;
Stuff them with 'ologies, all they can smatter at;
Fill them with 'ometries, all they can batter at;
Crowd them with 'onomies, all they can chatter at;
When they're through with the labor and show of it,
What do they care for it?—what do they know of it?

—New York Sun.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

North Carolina.

North Carolina is generally mountainous in its geographical department, and on the map which I perused as a student the State was of a dark-blue color. Greatly to my surprise, however, on arriving here I found North Carolina to be red. The soil, such as it is, has the same roseate hue as the adult brick of commerce, and continues in that condition constantly.

The farms generally are not large in size, and are divided into three classes—viz., the Mansard farm, the Gothic farm, and the dormer farm. A good Gothic farm, near town, will bring from \$25 to \$100 per acre, including large wall-pockets to hold farming implements at night, so that they will not drop out of the Gothic farms into the dormer farms below.

I do not say that these mountain farms are steep. I simply state that the water readily runs off when applied to them.

Tobacco is the great staple here. It is mostly of the smoking variety, though on the bottom-lands a very hardy dwarf plug tobacco grows easily, and during a long season planters may readily grow the large tropical plug tobacco.

It is a rare sight to pass along the country road and see the navy plug tobacco of North Carolina rising to its full height in the glorious autumn sun, while through the waving boughs, the nut-brown or seal-brown plug tobacco of trade, with its glittering little tin tag near the stem, may be readily distinguished.

Fine-cut tobacco also grows here to a great height. Everything that goes to make lie worth living may be found in the wildest profusion. Whisky is so plenty here that intemperance is not a mark of distinction.

Corn whisky, whether made beneath the broad glare of the noonday sun or by the moonlight process, is within the reach of all. It is so plenty that I do not care for it, and I know that an Iowa man could put in a winter here that would be memorable throughout his life.

I am pleased to state that there has not been a circular printed or sent out from here during the past ten years that did not state in the most emphatic terms that this is a very healthy country. People who have enjoyed good health while here have gone North in several instances, only to return in a deceased condition, from drowning or some other miasmatic influence.

When I first came here I was dissatisfied. I yearned for something that I did not find. It was not scenery or climate, for each of these was a common occurrence; but I soon got acquainted, and in less than two weeks I had been addressed two times as "Colonel." I now enjoy the South very much.

Fruits of all kinds grow here, and are used for eating purposes almost exclusively. The apple, the peach, the Hubbard squash, the grape, the octoroon, the quince, the pecan, the persimmon, and the opussum grow here. Figs do not mature in this latitude.

This is a great country for lung diseases. People with fractional lungs come here from every quarter of the globe. There are so many people here with lung diseases that a man who is simply bald-headed does not at once obtain recognition.

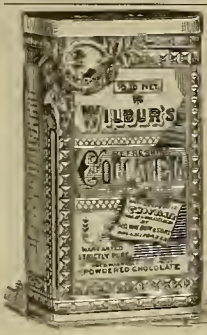
The water is very good for drinking purposes, and I have always heard it highly spoken of.

The weather is sometimes variable, and then again for a little while it will be very uniform. One day you will see me playing lawn-tennis in a jaunty suit of flannel, which shows to great advantage my easy movements and heaving chest, and on the following day you may find me coiled around a red-hot stove, waiting till the clouds roll by.

But it is said to be good for lung troubles, and many people who came here years ago to die have been revived and relieved. There is no question about that. But you will find that the houses built here for rent or sale are made to admit the bulk of God's free air, and no questions asked. If you want to see a robust climate come in under the floor and lash the carpet into angry billows a foot high, come here and hire a perforated house. Yours in good faith.

COLONEL BILL NYE.

—Boston Globe.



The Finest
POWDERED
CHOCOLATE

Anti dyspeptic,
Refreshing,
Invigorating.
ALBERT MAU & CO.
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P. H. Russell,
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A CLERGYMAN'S CURE.

The REV. S. J. GHARAH, Presiding Elder of the U. B. Church at New Haven, W. Va., writes that he had been a sufferer from Erysipelas for twenty years, when he was advised to try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as a remedy for it. He did so, obtained relief before he had used half of the first bottle, continued taking it, and, when he had used three bottles, found himself "completely cured of the tormenting disease." This was after he had, unavailingly, tried many other remedies, and had the treatment of some leading physicians.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Is the most perfect blood-purifier known to medicinal science. It purifies blood corrupted by Hereditary Scrofula, poisoned by Mercury, or tainted by the sequelae of Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, and other Contagious Diseases; Extirpates from the blood the germs of disease implanted by excesses in living, and by disorder of the digestive functions; Invigorates the system, enriches impoverished blood, re-establishes the harmonious working of all the machinery of life; and Cures all maladies resultant from vitiation of the blood, the most fruitful cause of disease.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists. Price \$1;
six bottles for \$5.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST
FOR 1887.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the year we added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory—both to the other publishers as well as ourselves—that we again increase the list for the year 1887. We now place before the public a list of TWELVE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. But, despite these low rates, there is not a periodical on this list which is not worth by itself alone the price we ask for it in conjunction with the *Argonaut*.

Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class. Among the magazines, let us take **THE CENTURY**. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, containing one hundred and sixty pages (or more), with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1870. In 1881 it took the name "The Century," and the name of the corporation which published it became "The Century Co." It has been called by the *New York Nation* "the best edited magazine in the world."

Another periodical which we have added to our list is the **INDEPENDENT**. It is a religious and family weekly, and the best published in the United States. Although religious, it is not denominational, but it is orthodox and evangelical in tone. The *Independent* is famous also for its minute reports of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies. The National Synods, Councils, and Congresses of all the evangelical churches of the United States are reported by the *Independent* in detail. And this is not done in such a way as to detract from the amount of ordinary reading matter, when the *Independent* has the proceedings of these deliberative bodies to report, its size sometimes runs from forty-eight to fifty-six pages.

Much interest has been caused in literary and publishing circles of late by the announcement of a new monthly, called **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the former proprietors of the *Century*, and called *Scribner's*. The fact that such a firm was to undertake the enterprise proved that it would be a high-class magazine. And such is the competition among the leading magazines that the firm of Scribner's Sons determined to put the price as low as possible, while making the tone of the magazine as high as possible.

Among publications for the young, the **IDEAL MAGAZINE** is **ST. NICHOLAS**. It is so well known that all we need to say of it is to mention its name.

Magazines come and magazines go, but **HARPER'S MONTHLY** is ever with us. It always maintains its standard of excellence, never falling below a high and noble level in its reports, but steadily forges ahead. This is Volume 74, and it does not resemble Volume 1 in anything but the cover, and some of us are so much attached to that, that we would not readily see it changed.

Those of our readers who have taken **WIDE-AWAKE** during the year will not need to be requested to renew. It is still, as ever, the best of juvenile magazines.

A leading journal, not only pictorially, but editorially, is **HARPER'S WEEKLY**. It presents, in graphic and faithful pictures, the noteworthy events of the day, portraits of men of the time, reproductions of the works of celebrated artists, cartoons by eminent pictorial satirists, and humorous illustrations of the ludicrous as acts of social and political life. Besides the pictures, *Harper's Weekly* is full of good reading. It always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, with fine illustrations. Its short stories are bright and entertaining. Poems, sketches, and papers on important topics of current interest by the most popular writers, and columns of humorous and personal paragraphs, make it interesting to everybody. It is a thoroughly able, instructive, and entertaining journal for the household. Its general news is well selected, its editorials are judicious and vigorous, its stories are of high interest, its moral tone is exceptional, and its illustrations are as famous as its editorial contents.

Every family should subscribe for one of the great New York journals. The daily edition is not needed by those living out of New York, but the weekly edition of a daily is. All Democrats should subscribe for the straight-out organ of their party—the **NEW YORK WORLD**. This paper is one of the wonders of metropolitan journalism. When the present proprietors took it, three years ago, the paper had a circulation of 16,000 copies. It now has 250,000, and the circulation is still increasing. It has seriously cut it to the circulation of both the *Herald* and the *Sun*, principally the latter. The *Sun* during the last Presidential campaign supported Butler; the *World*, Cleveland; hence the Democratic triumph made the *World* the party organ in New York city. It has ably carried out its mission. It is the best Democratic paper published in New York city. It makes a specialty of the newspaper illustrating so much in vogue now, and is about the only one of the New York dailies that has made a success of it—its artist, Leslie Duggall, thoroughly understanding that kind of work. The *Weekly World* is a large eight-page paper, containing a mass of news, foreign correspondence, literary, art, society, and dramatic matter. Its critic is the well known "Nym Crynkle" (A. C. Wheeler), who has been a favorite in New York for many years. Lucy Hooper is its Paris correspondent, Julian Hawthorne the literary editor, Joseph Howard

a free-lance staff writer, and T. C. Crawford the Washington correspondent. The *World* has cable letters from Edmund Yates of the *London World* and Henry Labouchere of *Truth*. It is the brightest daily paper in New York to-day.

All ladies who desire an illustrated journal of fashion, fiction, and domestic economy should subscribe for **HARPER'S BAZAR**. Its literary merits are of the highest order, comprising serial stories, poems, essays, etc., from the most distinguished writers of Europe and America. Its brilliant illustrations reproduce, from the original electro-types, simultaneous with their appearance abroad, the gems of the best London picture galleries, the Paris salon, and the great English pictorial journals, and its humorous cuts are on a par with those of *Life*. Its fashion plates, of the latest Paris and New York styles, accompanied by well-fitting patterns and clear descriptions, enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by making their own dresses or superintending their manufacture at home. Its articles on housekeeping and cookery are eminently practical and useful, and promote economy in the household. Much attention is paid to the popular feature of decorative art, and many exquisite embroidery designs are given from the best sources. Its papers on social etiquette are of the highest interest. No topic is neglected that could be of value to the family circle.

Every Republican should subscribe for the organ of the party—the **NEW YORK TRIBUNE**. This excellent Republican newspaper is national in its aims and thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times, and a good Republican in any part of the country can hardly afford to be without it in addition to his own country paper. Its war stories, editorials, and special features are all of the best order of journalism. The Republicans of the country can not but be struck with one fact, that in every campaign with a national significance, and in every part of the country, one of their best allies is the *New York Tribune*. Its fighting, especially for the last two years, has been of a superior order. It was the first to expose the Pan-Electric scandal, and in the canvass for Congress, in which the public victories of 1886 have chiefly been won, it has been the *Tribune* which has laid out the successful line of battle. The *Tribune* is a faithful newspaper, a element of strength to the Republican party, and worthy of its great circulation. As a general newspaper for the family, and especially for the farmer, it has no superior. The *Weekly Tribune* contains the best selection of news, literary matter, and art and dramatic criticism of any Republican paper published in New York city. It is famous for its book reviews, and Mr. William Winter, the best-known critic in the United States, presides over its dramatic columns. Most of its literary matter is copyrighted, and can be seen in no other journal. Its writers are experts in their own fields of political economy, business, politics, criticism, general literature, etc. The *Weekly Tribune* is, without exception, the best Republican paper published in New York city.

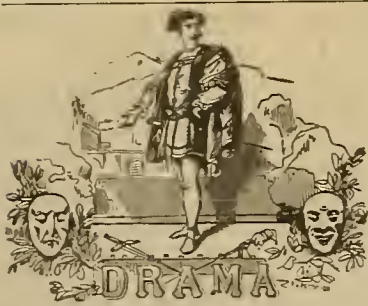
Those who prefer a periodical for the juveniles coming more frequently than once a month can do better than to subscribe for **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. It is a sixteen-page illustrated weekly for girls and boys. Every line is subjected to rigid editorial scrutiny, in order that the paper shall contain nothing harmful, and that it shall be an effective agency for the mental, moral, and physical education of its readers. Its stories have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, without anything pernicious. Its articles on scientific subjects, travel, and the facts of life are by writers whose names insure accuracy and value. Its historical stories, biographical tales, etc., present attractively the most inspiring incidents in history and in the early lives of notable men and women; in every number appear stirring poems, amusing rhymes, and ingenious puzzles, and occasionally articles on embroidery and other forms of needlework. Papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes have their place, while pictures of a conspicuously high order of excellence lavishly illustrate its pages. It contains the best literary and artistic work anywhere to be purchased. There is nothing cheap about it, but its price is very low. We have been extremely desirous of adding to our clubbing list an Art Publication. What has hitherto deterred us has been the extremely high price of most of the Art Journals—ranging as they do from *Les Lettres et les Arts* at \$72 a year down to lower but still high-priced journals, such as *The Portfolio* at \$30 a year. At last we have made arrangements with **THE MAGAZINE OF ART**. It is, although the lowest in price of all the Art publications, is a journal of a very high order of merit. When we state that it is published by Cassell & Co., one of the oldest and wealthiest publishing houses in London, it will be readily understood that such a house could not afford to send out poor work over its imprimatur. For the coming year they will give, as a frontispiece with each number, an etching, steel engraving, or photograph. The publishers have added a series of representative full-page pictures reproduced in the highest style of wood-engraving. The subjects for these engravings will be carefully selected from the principal art galleries at home and abroad, the editor being guided both by the intrinsic beauty and the representative character of the pictures, while the assistance of the best American, English, German, and French engravers will be enlisted in the cutting of the wood blocks. In Volume XV there are over six hundred illustrations, of which seventy are full-page pictures. Among them are etchings, engravings, after pictures by Madrazo, Jean Paul Laurens, Burne Jones, Delacroix, Verestchagin, Botticelli, Boughton, and many others. No reader of the *Argonaut* will ever regret subscribing for the *Magazine of Art*. It is a first-class publication, and more than worth alone the price at which we offer the two publications.

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$6 50
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	5 50
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5 10
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	5 50
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	5 75
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine, for One Year, by Mail.....	6 00
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The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican), for One Year, by Mail.....	4 00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic), for One Year, by Mail.....	4 00
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail.....	5 00
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake, One Year, by Mail.....	5 00

Postmasters and other agents will understand that these rates are clubbing rates, and for subscribers only. We can allow no commissions on these rates.

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco. In that city the *Argonaut* is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.



Clara Morris belongs to the emotional wave which swept over the field of letters a dozen years ago. She has gone on emoting in the same rôles during all that time, for Lady Macbeth was the one experiment which Clara Morris seems ever to have made outside the purely emotional, and the consequence is a natural hardening. Her dominant genius is naturally hard. It has not suffered any molding of its peculiar forms from the beginning. When she sprang full panoplied from Cleveland an emotional genius, she had precisely the same faults that she has to-day. A surer touch has come with the years, but she is not a greater actress than she was. The old-fashioned poet sings—

There's not a joy the world can give
But what it takes away,

and the years are like that. If they have added anything to the strength of her art, they have robbed her of such softness as it possessed.

It is simply horrible to think what her Cora in "Article 47" has become. The beautiful creole, as Belot mildly puts it—tor Belot, like many good Americans, does not seem to know very well what a creole is—has lost everything which could account for George Duhamel's infatuation, and nothing remains but this fearful madwoman, whose gibbering madness is so real that, with poor old Lear, we almost feel it to be catching.

It is a long time since Clara Morris daringly elected, notwithstanding her blonde skin and light blue eyes, to play Cora as a negress—a quadroon. The beautiful quadroons and octoroons of New Orleans are so much a part of the history of the old town, that it came about quite naturally that an imaginative Frenchman should make a romance of one of them. But the Grandissimes and their friends down there, who boycotted Cable and drove him out of his Southern home, though he knew to a point the last delicate shade of difference in all the various races of Louisiana, never took offense at Belot for calling his beautiful negress a creole, and they are rather fond of "Article 47."

The play itself has been much reconstructed in these seven years. The tedious trial scene has been cut out, a little explanatory act has been put in, to tell the fate of George Duhamel, and the last act has been given over almost entirely to Cora. Cora dies at the end of it, as any human being would be likely to do whose body was not made of iron and whose nerves of steel. Those people whose enjoyment has hitherto been marred by the fact that a sick woman was playing to them can after this feel wholly reassured. Clara Morris has often been called a mere shell, a frail tenement which held together just sufficiently to be a lamp for the flame of her genius to burn in. On Monday night, in "Miss Multon," when she turned pale, and gasped, and sickened, and did other little things to indicate that the governess was not in good health, it was all so realistically done that many of us had an uneasy sensation that it was Clara Morris, and not Miss Multon, who was ill, and we expected momentarily to have the curtain rung down, and the announcement made that, owing to the fatigues of the overland journey, Miss Morris had broken down, and could not continue the performance.

It is not right that an actress's personality should intrude upon the public. How can any one with a rational enjoyment of the stage care a fig what the people are like out of their robes and pigments? They can not but be less interesting, for upon the boards they not only have every accessory of costume and *entourage*, but the very words they speak are put into their mouths from the brains of others. Yet this curious hunger for personal news of the players has laid bare every smallest detail of their lives, till nothing of the pleasantness of mystery is left to us concerning any one of them.

As for Clara Morris, bulletins of her health—or rather, unhealth—have so long filled the newspapers of the United States, that it is a matter of wonder they have not destroyed her career. There is nothing so beautiful, so attractive, as a sweet, wholesome woman, fragrant with health. But the bulletins have led us to watch Clara Morris with a positive dread that she will go to pieces at any moment before our very eyes, and her bodily frailty can not help but be the uppermost thought in everybody's mind. When she has gasped as Miss Multon, or coughed as Camille, or shrieked as Cora, every one has had an involuntary tightening of the heart lest the tragic moment has come.

But let us fret no more forever. If Clara Morris ever had anything the matter with her, she must be well over it; for, if the three stoutest, strongest, healthiest women in the audience could have been released on Wednesday night, not one of them could

have gone through the physical strain and mental wear of the last act of "Article 47." It has been prolonged inartistically—this not because it is not horribly like a mad woman, but because it passes the climax of the audience's feelings. It is much better that the play should end here and as it does, with the death of Cora, for it is a relief to know that the repulsive creature is dead; but the awful scene is too trying. It does not reach the fountain of tears. It is only a revel in the horrible.

Any one who has once caught the first glimpse of Rembrandt's "Anatomy" through the open door in the gallery of the Hague never quite forgets the shock of it. Not all the beautiful yellows and browns that come afterward, all the wonderful portraits—not even the dear, motherly old Dutch lady in Amsterdam, a kind, wrinkled old soul, who seems to be giving you a placid welcome to her little, wet, flat country—ever quite reconcile you to that dead, dead body, and the circle of interested doctors who are undisturbed by your entrance.

So, too, Clara Morris may do as beautiful things as she likes in "The New Magdalen," which is a pretty trifle compared to this, or "Alix," if she ever returns to that sad little story, or in "Camille," which, time-worn as it is, is still her very own; but she will never be able quite to shake off the shock to those who waited through the mumblings and shrieks of her madness during that horrible three-quarters of an hour.

It must be an appetite for the horrible which makes any one select "Miss Multon" rather than its familiar progenitor, "East Lynne." Generally, a story which passes through French alchemy is improved, but this, in its homely English form, was far more dramatic. "Miss Multon" is all climax, and, however acute or blunt our feelings in these matters, no one likes to be keyed up to concert pitch all the time. Clara Morris is so thoroughly a mistress of the art of storming people out of their every-day armor of placidity, that she ought to be willing to give us a few little pleasant dashes now and then. The Frenchmen have strained a point to make the first act of "Miss Multon" agreeable, and have evolved an impossible old maid and a still more improbable doctor, who do call up a faint smile. But neither they nor the impossible children have really anything to do with the play.

It was much better in the old way to come upon the home of Isabel when she was young, and beautiful, and verdant—when Sir Francis Levison was there to do the mischief, and pretty little Barbara Hare unconsciously made her jealous. It was much more dramatic to see her wandering home to the old place, disfigured and disguised—much more natural that the despairing mother should have torn off her gray hair and made herself known to her dying boy. The Lady Isabel is a rash, impetuous creature, whom one could pity. Miss Multon is a morbid, selfish sufferer, for whom it is next to impossible to have any real sympathy. One weeps, of course, unless one is made of flint; but it is as much for the mother being accused out of the mouth of her innocent children, as for the wonderful play of that mother.

"Miss Multon" is, in effect, a very poor play. It is badly constructed dramatically, and in the way of clap-trap sentiment it has every fault of the French, without one of their virtues. Clara Morris can only have given it its place in her repertoire because of its ceaseless moan of misery; but though she plays upon us most skillfully, one likes, even with Clara Morris, to breathe a little between the weeps.

Indeed, we should all be swamped in tears were it not for the concerts to which we can turn in our lighter moments. People go mad in opera sometimes, even as Cora does in "Article 47." But one does not go home from an operatic performance mad with the shivers, for they go mad in a nice, sane, comfortable sort of way. The prima rarely does anything more desperate to indicate her condition than to keep her eye fixed unalterably on the main chandelier while she sings her chief aria. Also, she lets down her back hair if she has a good natural cascade of it; but there is no nightmare in this sort of thing. And in the concerts they considerably leave out even the mad scenes, for Linda has not yet lost her wits in the first act, and Marguerite in her daisy garden is still unharmed. They continue to be as delightful as ever. Little Guille is still the pet of the public, and has introduced us to a falsetto in his "Ave Maria" which is quite of the first water, and as admirable in its way as his high C. Furthermore, he develops with each note the admirable method of his singing, and we shall doubtless have "Salve Dimora" on Monday night.

Patti is liberal with her ballads, and has been captivating the Scotchmen with their own songs. Her "Kolin Adair" was a perfect little pearl, it was so limpid, and simple, and pretty. Scotch songs have such an awkward way of requiring a voice with a patent extension register to sing them, and no one can sing "It was a mile from Edinboro' town" like Patti. She sang "Oh, luce de quest'anima" as if she were rather tired of it, but the applause of "Robin Adair" restored her humor. Patti loves spontaneous applause—the kind that people can not help. Why will they not give her more of it?

The two strangers had rather a hard time of it trying to be comic in cold blood—all the more as Italian humor is a dead letter in this new day. But Scalchi came just after, and there is a magnetic something in

her presence as well as her voice, and when her great organ-ones softened into the embroidery of the pretty aria from "La Cenerentola"—an opera which every one sings in Italy and no one sings out of it—we quite escaped from the little shadow of Italian merriment and became our enthusiastic selves once more, and ready to send little Guille up to the seventh heaven with happiness.

What is the matter with Galassi? What has become of the great voice that used to peel through the house like a glory? The smoothness of it is gone, too, and he sings "Il tempesto del me-he-he-he-ho-ho-cor" with as many he-he's and ho-ho's as the worst baritone of them all.

As for Arditi, he has such a bouquet of dainty little minuets and gavottes that it is hard to choose from them, and the way they are playing the overtures is something to dream of. BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clara Morris has received more flowers than any actress who has been here for seven years.

On Sunday evening, February 13th, "The World" will be produced at the California Theatre.

"The New Magdalen," with Miss Morris as Mercy Merrick, will be played all next week at the Baldwin.

The Standard Theatre will be opened next Monday evening by Professor McKanlass, in a musical entertainment.

An elaborate production of "Faust" will be given at the Baldwin Monday evening, February 21st. The cast will be headed by Mr. Lewis Morrison.

"A Woman of the People," with Rose Wood, E. J. Buckley, Charlotte Tittell, and the Rose Wood Company, will be produced at the California Sunday evening.

"The Professor," as given at the Tivoli, is not "The Professor" of Madison Square and London. It is filled with musical numbers and college songs to give the vocal ability of the company a chance.

Next Tuesday evening "Jaguarine," the swordswoman who appeared at the California Theatre during the Rankin régime, will have a mounted sword encounter with Sergeant Owen Davis, at the Pavilion.

Herrmann gives pretty much the same bill at the Bush Street Theatre next week. In fact, he has been giving pretty much the same bill for a number of years. With the exception of the "Vanishing Lady" act, Herrmann's bill is rather chestnutty.

"A Woman of the People," a melodrama by D'Ennery, who has constructed more plays than any living French dramatic carpenter, will be given at the California Theatre next week. It was first produced in this city several years ago, by Rose Eyttinger.

Clara Morris, who is of a very frugal turn of mind, has a beautiful place on the Hudson, called Riverdale, and has saved enough money to live very elegantly upon her income during the old age which apparently awaits her after a life of invalidism.

Audran's new comic opera, "Indiana," has been produced in Philadelphia, and has enjoyed a successful run of three weeks at the Star Theatre in New York. The plot is interesting, though decidedly French, and the music is generally pretty and catching.

The glasses of brown stuff which are set around the stage in all convenient places, for Clara Morris, are not morphine punch, as many wild imaginers have suspected, but plain cold tea. As the great actress takes about a half a teaspoonful at a draught, it can not be very sustaining, and may be set down as a mannerism.

The Sunday concert was so excellent a concert and so excellent an affair that it is proposed to give another to-morrow (Sunday) night. Owing to the detention of the troupe for the fourth concert this has been made possible. Every one was in best voice and spirits last Sunday night, particularly Scalchi, who had an ovation.

The orchestra was removed from the Baldwin on Monday night to make room for extra chairs. This device, which came in with the Neilson furor, was not justified during the present engagement, although Miss Morris is crowding the house. The waits are so long that more cheerfulness is needed than the occasional bum-hum of the drum at long intervals, which was all that was heard of the music from behind the curtain.

Joseph R. Grismer and his wife, Miss Phoebe Davis, are in town again after a tour of the Northern States, which has lasted since their appearance at the Grand Opera House in "The Field of Honor," several months ago. They will commence a four-weeks' engagement at the Alcazar next week in Mr. Grismer's version of "Monte Cristo." During the engagement "Miss," "Called Back," and "A Hoop of Gold" will be presented.

Mr. Henry Miller, who had all sorts of pleasant things said of him when he came to San Francisco last summer, has not yet had much opportunity to do anything but stand around and permit Miss Morris to act. The changes of bill, both in "The New Magdalen" and "Camille," will permit him to do a little on his own account, less spasmodic and jerky, it is to be hoped, than the unobtrusive parts he has been furnished with thus far.

The waits between Clara Morris's acts have now assumed a length which is abnormal. On Monday there was a wait of thirty-five minutes, and on Wednesday night a wait of forty minutes. New Yorkers are quite patient about this sort of thing, as the foyer has gradually become an institution there; but San Francisco will not put up with it, unless they are allowed to see the picnic that is going on in the dressing-room. That would draw of itself.

Little Guille, who has had all sorts of pronouncements rung upon his name, is much astonished that any one should call it anything but "Ghee"—[hard, with that faint, fleeting, far-away liquid sound on the end of the word which Little calls "I mouille"]. He does not speak much English, finds it a very curious language, and is much astonished to find it so generally spoken in North America. What will his impressions be after he has crossed the continent and finds English still going on around him for several thousands of miles?

Although Guille is the man to whom Giannini himself said that he took off his hat, the worshippers in the Giannini camp are in great distress lest our dear clumsy Roman singer is being dethroned. It is useless to try to console them with the inevitable comparisons between *tenori robusti* and *tenori leggeri*. Their invariable reply is, "Tenori fiddlesticks! Giannini is the greatest singer in the world." This species of argument is irrefutable.

The American Opera Company is in a terrible pickle with the law-suits which are raining in on it from all sides. Miss Pinney, a soprano, wants \$7,500 for breach of contract; an ex-stage director wants two weeks' back salary; six choristers sue for salary; three Italian coryphées, discharged as "incompetent," demand \$500 each, and a Cincinnati man wants to recover \$12,000 on a draft which he cashed for Manager Locke on Mrs. Thurber's personal guaranty, but which has been protested.

Willie Edouin produced a new version of "Le Bonheur Conjugal" in London a fortnight ago. It is compared very favorably with Daly's version—"Love in Harness"—some people saying that Alice Atherton, as the wife, gives a more animated and engaging characterization of the part than Ada Rehan in New York. The critic of the *Times* says she excels Mme. Magnier, who created the part in Paris. Miss Olga Brandon, also, is ranked above Mlle. Dardaud, who took the part at the Gymnase.

"Verdi's new opera, "Otello," on which he has been at work for a year, is to be produced at Milan in a few days, but so strict is the secrecy preserved as regards both hook and music, that the prying correspondents have only been able to discover that the former follows Shakespeare's version very closely, while the music is as far as possible from the Wagnerian school. It is also said that a serenade in the opening act is to be accompanied by four rows of old Italian guitars with metallic strings.

Robert Eberle, one of the best of stage managers, and one of the most popular men in his profession, will take a benefit on Saturday evening, February 19th. Maggie Moore Williamson will come out of her retirement upon that occasion and give a farce with songs and dances, and the Morris company will give something in her line. Every one would go to see Maggie Moore once more, even if Mr. Eberle himself had not established an immense clientèle in fashionable amateur circles—a clientèle which is very glad of this occasion to testify practically a recognition of his services.

Many people are under the impression that Coquelin is studying English for his American engagement. Like all true Parisians, he speaks the French language only. He knows no other, would no other know. He has already been offered numerous engagements to give his monologues in New York drawing-rooms. Many Americans are familiar with these from having heard them in Mrs. Mackay's salons in Paris. Mrs. Mackay also had Coquelin and several sociétaires of the Comédie-Française at her house in London last summer, to give monologues and recitations. And as this form of entertainment is exceedingly popular across the water, it bids fair to come to the New York side with Coquelin.

"The Taming of the Shrew" as given by Mr. Daly in New York is one of the most elaborate revivals of a Shakespearean play ever inaugurated in this age of careful stage production. Mr. Daly has not taken Garrick's farcical version of Shakespeare's comedy, but has studied the original and adapted it to modern requirements in much the same manner that he does his adaptations from the German. He retains the quaint "induction," which has not been given in the past century and a half, and has not cut the play so outrageously as did Garrick, merely welding together the disjointed scenes. So careful is Mr. Daly, that at the very last rehearsal—which was called after the evening performance and lasted until four o'clock in the morning—he changed the cast of a "page," and gave it to a gentleman in the company, because in Shakespeare's day men played women's parts in England, though women acted at the same period in Italy. The costumes of the "induction" are those of England in the sixteenth century, while those of the players in the play proper closely follow the gaudier Italian models. The furniture is, much of it, genuine old Florentine ware of the period of the play, and the gold furniture of the second act is from a Florentine palace, and formerly belonged to King Bomba.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending February 5th.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Henry E. Abbey, Manager. Tuesday, concert programme and second act of "Martha"; Thursday, concert programme and second act of "Linda di Chamounix." By the members of the Patti Concert Company, including Mme. Adeline Patti, Mme. Scalchi, Signor Novara, Signor Guille, and Signor Galassi. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

THE ALCARAZ.—Wallenrod, Osborne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Cousin Joe." Cast as follows:

Margery, Miss Alice Harrison; Cousin Joe, L. R. Stockwell; Lord Plato, Emile Collins; Sir William Evergreen, J. N. Long; Captain Augustus Blenheim, Arthur Branscombe; Tom, George Trader; Lady Plato, Miss Annie Adams; Lucy, Miss Fanny Bowman.

And "Muldoon's Picnic." Cast as follows:

Dennis Mulenahy, Charlie Reed; Michael Muldoon, Frank Mordaunt; Tom O'Brien, L. R. Stockwell; Charley Lovelace, J. N. Long; Rev. Mr. Brown, Arthur Branscombe; Messenger, George Trader; Mrs. Muldoon, Mrs. Annie Adams; Ella Muldoon, Miss Ida Aubrey; Jennie Muldoon, Miss Ruby Illidge; Kitty, Miss Alice Harrison.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Professor." Cast as follows:

Arthur Hinsdale, J. O. Barrows; Mrs. Elliott, Miss Mamie Taylor; Daisy Brown, Miss Helene Dineon; Henry Marston, Henry Norman; Estelle, Miss Hamie Moore; Grace Gray, Miss Kate March; Mr. Tompkins, W. F. Rochester; Gustavus, Al. K. Feeley; Moses Brown, M. Cornell; Mr. Beauregard, Ed. Stevens; Annie Timms, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer; Susy Sundown, Miss Lottie Valton; Fred Bangs, Harry Gates; Jack Topley, Arthur Messer; Mollie Merry, Miss Lottie Selden; Dottie Pinnie, Miss Tilly Valera; Thomas, Henry Moore.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: Conjuring, etc., by Herrmann and wife.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Galley Slave." Cast as follows:

Sidney Norcott, E. J. Buckley; Baron Le Bois, E. J. Holden; Oliver Oliphant, Scott Cooper; Franklin Pitts, Logan Paul; Napier, Jules Madero; Carol, Tulle Marshall;

Cicely Blaine, Miss Charlotte Tittel; Phoebe Gray, Miss Kittie Belmont; Psyche Gray, Miss Helen Mason; Little Dolores, Master Harry Belmont; Francesca Remini, Miss Rose Wood.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday matinee, "Miss Multon." Cast as follows:

Maurice de Latour, Henry Miller; Victor Mazmer, Ogden Stevens; Potain, Rowland Buckstone; Dr. Combes, H. B. Phillips; Dr. Osborne, Joseph Brennan; Gravesend, John Elliott; Clerk, William Arnold; Porter, Charles Johnson; Paul, Victor Willing; Butler, Edward St. John; General D'Arne, J. C. Myanard; Cora, Clara Morris.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, "Article 47." Cast as follows:

George Duhamel, Henry Miller; Victor Mazmer, Ogden Stevens; Potain, Rowland Buckstone; Dr. Combes, H. B. Phillips; Dr. Osborne, Joseph Brennan; Gravesend, John Elliott; Clerk, William Arnold; Porter, Charles Johnson; Paul, Victor Willing; Butler, Edward St. John; General D'Arne, J. C. Myanard; Cora, Clara Morris.

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At the Bush Street, next week, Herrmann, the Magician.

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Professor."

At the Baldwin, next week, Clara Morris in "The New Magdalen."

At the California, next week, the Rose Wood Company in "A Woman of the People."

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Another lucky man was Fred. R. Brown, a shoemaker, living on Ritch Street. To a reporter he stated that he had very frequently bought coupons in The Louisiana State Lottery, but had never won a dollar. He had almost given up in despair, when he bought one-tenth of ticket No. 92,507, which drew one-tenth of the third capital prize of \$20,000. During the holiday week he had received the money, and he rejoiced that he had persisted in his efforts until success came to him.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Jan. 5.*

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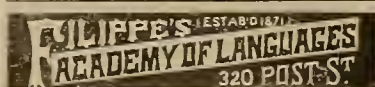
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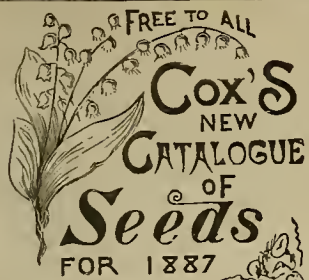


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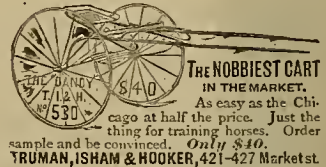


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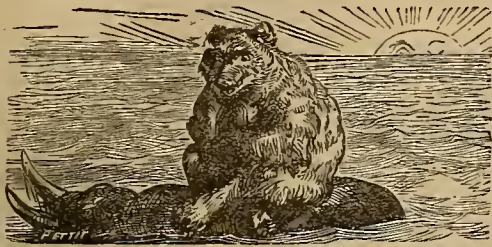
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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A munificent and all-wise power creates two kinds of persons. One he endows with brains and the faculty of making money, to the other he gives strength of muscle and the ability to labor. Organize these two forces into government, and this is civilization. Both are created with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and this is organized society as under the Constitution and laws of the republic in which we live. That they shall live in harmony and peace, and together operate their combined forces, is the end and purpose of all government. The order and well-fare of society depend upon the friendly coöperation of these two classes of society. Each has obligations and duties to perform; each has burdens to bear. These forces are at war all over the world, and they threaten to disturb and destroy the world's repose. Belonging to both these classes are numbers of men and women with depraved appetites and vicious propensities; criminal idlers who become unfortunates; who, from circumstances beyond their control, become, through ill-health and accident, paupers and dependents. The laws of civilization, society, and religion not only justify, but require, marriage and the family relation. The family is

the foundation upon which the whole structure of society, government, and civilization reposes. The man, the wife, the children, must eat, and drink, and be clothed, and all must be educated. Hence, it follows that all who are not vicious, not criminal, not profligate, not idle—all who are willing to work—must have work to do, and for that labor must find compensation which will supply their necessary wants and the indispensable comforts of life, such as food, clothing, habitation, and education. They must not be so overworked that their laboring faculties may be impaired. It is indispensable that they shall have rest and recreation sufficient to maintain themselves in health. If sick, they must have medicine, medical advice, and care. The man or woman in health, of good habits, and willing to work, must have employment, and, if for causes beyond their control they can not find it for themselves, it is the duty of organized society to find it for them; to see that they are not oppressed, or imposed upon, or cheated of their wage. It is the duty of organized society to see to it that the working class is not tempted to the use of alcoholic drink, or inveigled into gambling, fraudulent speculation, or profligacy, and that the courts throw over them the full protection of the law when oppressed by power or unjustly assaulted by capital. Strikes, unlawful combinations, and acts of violence, are unjustifiable and indefensible; they produce no good, and, if continued, nothing but evil can result. The boycott is cowardly and un-American. Trade combinations, Knights of Labor, workmen's organizations, for any other purpose, or having for their object any other end, than for the enactment of better laws, are unnecessary—for in a republican government, where the man of muscle and the man of millions are in equality before the law, the ballot-box, the legislature, and the courts afford a remedy for all evils. For the execution of reforms under the law, the constabulary and the *posse comitatus* come directly from the labor class, and when called upon by lawful authority are authorized to carry into effect the reforms which have been constitutionally enacted. The right of the majority to rule may not be lost sight of in a republican form of government, and, although the Constitution and the law recognize the inviolability of personal property and individual rights, it is never safe to depend upon their assertion in other than a humane and generous way. When personal and property prerogatives must be maintained by force—even under the law—they are of but little worth. The unalterable fact is that capital and labor are by all natural laws and by all human conditions compelled to work together as friends or enemies; as friends they are to each other allies, each contributing to the protection of the rights and privileges of the other. Without labor, coin can not lift itself from its vaults and walk abroad. Without money, labor is paralyzed and starves. All these are platitudes, known and recognized by everybody. This world can not go on except under the government of law, and the moment that capital and labor agree to disassociate themselves, and in the place of friendly adjustment of differences allow violence to hold sway, the world has returned to chaos, barbarism, misrule, poverty, dissolution, and death. Only reasonable, humane, and just laws can be enforced. It is better to live under unjust law than fall into anarchy. The worst enemy which labor has encountered is the specious, silver-tongued liar, who advises the labor class to forego its privileges at the ballot-box and resort to force and violence to secure its just rights. When the orators of violence and anarchy advise the class that has nothing to take up arms to compel the class that has something to divide, they simply challenge an army superior in numbers, armed under the law to acts of desperate valor in defense of what they have lawfully acquired and what they have an undoubted right to peacefully possess. The Astor millions, in lands and houses, are as rightfully the property of one family as is the milch goat of the Irish house-wife for the support of a starving child. There can be no law passed to limit the accumulations of enterprise or the profits of corporations which will not affect the savings of laborious industry. The corporation is but an artificial person, and its life may be limited to three score years and ten—more or less. At its death it may have no authority other than to divide and distribute its accumulations. As our fathers have provided that there shall be no laws of entail or primogeniture to maintain great

estates, similar limitations may be placed upon corporate powers. There can be no division of property which shall place the idle and the vicious, upon the recurrence of a jubilee, upon the same level with the industrious and provident until profligate idlers outnumber the toilsome workers. They must outnumber them ten to one before vice and crime can throw its gauntlet at the feet of honest, toilsome, temperate, and iron-muscled industry. All the labor riots which have taken place are but the teasings of terrier-dogs at the tail of a nobler game which has so far disdained to turn upon them in its wrath. Smashing car-windows, spitting in the faces of women, exploding dynamite under the seats of innocent passengers, boycotting bakeries kept by widow women, refusing to handle coal when poor families are suffering, arresting the nation's transportation by railroad strikes, refusing to permit Americans to fill labor positions abandoned by aliens, the pounding of unarmed workmen caught in dark streets by gangs of armed cowards, and all kindred exhibitions of ill-mannered brutality by foreign miscreants, only serve to injure honest workmen, only tend to destroy labor rights, and are only calculated to defer the time when honest capital and honest labor can establish between themselves honorable relations.

The speech delivered by Prince Bismarck in the German Reichstag, on the 11th of January, was so important, and so challenged the attention of civilization by defining the position of Germany to the other states of Europe, and delivered as it was at such an interesting period of European history, that we feel at liberty to quote largely from it for the purpose of illustrating not only the political attitude of Germany, but in order, as well, to exhibit the striking qualities of this marvelous man and wonderful statesman. The attitude of Germany is so important and so peculiar, and Prince Bismarck so holds in his governing hands the reins that direct and control the rampant fractious steeds which are dragging the chariots of all the governments of Europe, that anything which he may say at so important a period, and under circumstances so serious, is worthy of attention. German politics, of a foreign or domestic character, does not often demand from us a serious criticism. Burdening our columns with so much of Irish politics, both foreign and domestic, it is a pleasure to turn now and then to the political affairs of an empire and a people that are in marked and peculiar contrast with Ireland and the Irish—a contrast as marked and peculiar as is that between the falling snow and whitened hills around us as we write, and the monotonous brown of our dull landscape. Germany is to-day the great power of Europe, and next to the English empire is the most important factor in the politics of the world; Bismarck holds to it the relation of creator, for out of the chaotic material of discordant states he spoke into existence this great and splendid Protestant empire of a free people, and gave to it a ranking power among the nations of civilization to-day excelled by none, and with a future that challenges the attention of observant mankind. His achievements are so recent that they seem to be and are a part of modern history which men of middle life have seen enacted. It was but yesterday that the writer, taking his quiet dinner at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, at Versailles, saw King Frederick William of Prussia, Generals Von Moltke and Von Roon, and Prince Bismarck, plainly dressed, surrounded with attendant generals and staff officers blazing in the splendid uniforms of their rank and station, dining at the table d'hôte. A Louis d'or had induced a complaisant servitor to admit us to the great dining-hall of the hotel, where at our leisure we could see and study these men, then holding in their hands not only the fate of France, but behind that the destiny of their native land; for even then we thought we could see that the unification of the German States into a great German Empire, and the crowning of the Prussian King with an imperial diadem, were the great accomplishments that interpreted the events of the period. Prince Frederick Charles, with his two hundred thousand German soldiers, was drawing his lines about the fortress of Metz, in which the old Imperial Guard of France, with its three marshals, its sixty generals, its six thousand officers, the chivalry of the French army, and a gallant soldiery impatient of restraint, were betrayed to a shameful and cowardly surrender by the German

of Bazaine. Von der Tann, the fighting Bavarian captain, was wasting his forty thousand men under the impetuous valor of the brave, undisciplined peasant boys of the Valley of the Loire. The fiery Gambetta was eating his heart at the capital he had improvised at Tours after his perilous balloon flight from beleaguered Paris; guns from the forts that envied the old capital were helming their fires upon German squadrons that envied them; Paris, suffering, starving, was so invested that nothing could enter, and from it only carrier-doves could depart, hearing their messages of despair. Within hearing of the roar of artillery, with messengers coming and going, these four men chatted and drank their wine, and ate with hearty relish their appetizing dinner. Paris threw open its gates, and surrendered to the want of bread. France, betrayed by the incapacity of its Emperor, the incompetency of its military preparations, the treason of its officials, yielded, and laid down its arms, vanquished, and in sullen despair surrendered, and the victorious German army entered its capital in triumph. France paid its indemnity in milliards, yielded its provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The Germans, carrying with them the loot of war, the glory of conquest, returned home, and celebrated their triumph under the lindens, with Berlin ablaze in its rejoicings. In that surging mob of excited citizens the writer followed Bismarck, who threaded his way through the thronged streets, with a lady on either arm, observing the brilliant illumination that his diplomacy had earned for the capital of his native land. All this was less than twenty years ago. France, not forgetting her humiliation, her lost provinces, her invaded capital, has become a republic. The Emperor is dead; his son is dead; the Bourbon and Orleans heirs, expectant of a vacant throne, are banished; France, with a new army, new arms, new and better military organization, dreams of revenging the humiliation of her defeat. In the songs of her cafés, in oratory at her banquets, in the prose and poetry of her literature, in speeches at her hustings, and in the columns of all her journals, there is breathed the spirit of revenge. It is heard in the drum-beat of her camps and the trumpet-calls of every military evolution; it throbs in the pulse of bourgeois and peasant; it stirs the hearts of all patriotic citizens and soldiers. This spirit is strengthening the army, is building fortresses along the frontier, and is massing its forces; the embodiment of war has assumed the shape of "Boulangier," and casts its shadow across the Rhine.

Prince Bismarck, by consent of the German Emperor, advising with General Von Moltke, introduces a bill to the Reichstag asking that the German army be strengthened by the addition of forty thousand soldiers, and that the existing law giving to the government certain military powers be extended seven years. In the advocacy of this measure, Prince Bismarck made an impressive and earnest speech. He represented all that was best and all that was most patriotic of the German people. He spoke for the Emperor and the Empire. He followed General Von Moltke, who demanded this additional force as necessary for the defense of Germany. To those who may read the brief extracts we give from this remarkable address, we commend them to observe the tone of frankness that is observable in every line pronounced before the Reichstag, with the threat that unless the bill was passed the Reichstag would be dissolved by imperial proclamation and the question of strengthening the military arm of Germany he referred to the German people, which threat was promptly executed when the combined opposition of Ultramontanes, Socialists, and sulking deputies from Alsace-Lorraine, under the leadership of Herr Winhorst, himself representing the religion and politics of Rome, succeeded in defeating the government; we commend our readers to observe with what bitterness this distinguished statesman sneers at and ridicules the German press for its "blubbery sentimentalism" in demanding the interference of Germany in the affairs of Bulgaria; his clear, frank, and truthful statement of the condition of German and French affairs; his unreserved declaration that Germany had no reason for and no intention to attack France; his generous admission that the French are a brave and warlike people, with skilled generals, over whom Germany had obtained but an accidental triumph. This speech is a marked departure from the fashionable diplomacy of modern times, which uses words to ambush intentions; it is an open and unreserved exposition of the motives that prompt this powerful German Empire in its present attitude toward all the European powers, and especially toward France, from whom alone it anticipates war. It will have the effect, we think, to preserve the peace of Europe and to make it very unlikely that France will declare war against Germany, for if she does, Prince Bismarck declares that the result shall be to so punish, cripple, and subjugate France that she shall not again for thirty years be able to lift her hand again in war, or her head among the great powers of Europe. If such speeches as this were more often made in the public councils of European states, wars would be more infrequent. War broods are hatched in secret conclaves, and brought forth from dark and hidden councils:

The policy of the Emperor [said Prince Bismarck] has been for sixteen years peace, and it is so now. It is true that his majesty has been compelled to wage

two great wars, but these wars were the inherited, historical results of preceding centuries. You will not deny that the Gordian knot under which lay the national right of the Germans—the right as a great nation to live and to breathe—could only be cut by the sword, and that the French war was only the completion of the military struggles by virtue of which German unity and the national life of the Germans were created. From these wars it is impossible to infer a desire for fighting. We have no warlike needs. But, gentlemen, we have been able to preserve peace for sixteen years. We have recognized it as our duty to conciliate as much as possible those states with which we had been at war, and with Austria we have been entirely successful.

The relationship in which we stand to Austria is more certain and trustful than was ever the case in the time of the German Confederation, in spite of all written treaties, or earlier, in the time of the Holy Roman Empire, now that we have settled all the questions which for centuries had been causes of dispute between us, with mutual trust and good will. But reconciliation with Austria was not the only end of our pacific policy. We have to remember that the friendship of the three great eastern powers of Europe, although it may have had many vexatious results for public opinion in other states, has secured peace to Europe for over thirty years—an epoch which has given rise to the prosperity, economic progress, and scientific, technical, and commercial development of Europe.

I do not know whether it will be possible to secure again so long a period of peace, though our endeavors are sincerely exerted in that direction; but, first of all, we need a strong army—an army strong enough to secure our own independence without any ally. In regard to the effect of the former friendship of the three great eastern powers, we have not merely considered it our duty to become reconciled with our old antagonist, but also to reestablish the friendship between the last empire of the East and the first empire of the West. It was a matter of difficulty, for our friendship with Russia suffered no interruption during our wars, and to-day it is placed beyond doubt. We anticipate from Russia neither attack nor hostile policy.

We live in the same friendly relationship with Russia as under the late Emperor, and this relationship will not be disturbed on our side. What interest we are for seeking disputes with Russia? I challenge any one to show me any. Mere bragadocio can not possibly cause us to seek a quarrel with a neighbor who does not attack us. German governments and German political views are not susceptible to such a barbaric instinct. For our part, I repeat, we shall not disturb the peace with Russia; and I do not believe that we shall be attacked by Russia. Nor do I believe that Russia seeks alliances for the purpose of attacking us in association with others, or that advantage would be taken of the difficulties which we might have elsewhere, in order that we might be attacked with ease.

The Emperor Alexander III. has the courage of his convictions, and if he contemplated unfriendly relations with Germany, he is the first who would say so, and let it be understood. Every one can repose confidence in him who has had the honor of coming in contact with him. The views of our proposals which have been drawn from the presumption that we should have to meet a coalition of France and Russia, I, for my part, do not recognize; and our strength must not be calculated with regard to such a contingency.

We shall have no disputes with Russia unless we go to Bulgaria to seek them.

Referring then to the sympathetic agitation carried on by the German press in favor of Bulgaria and its ruler, at the time of the latter's deposition—an agitation, according to the Chancellor, which even went the length of demanding the interference of Germany in the East—the Prince ridiculed such an idea, saying that he ought to have been arraigned for high treason had he complied with the counsel of such insane fools. All the blubbery and sentimental declamation of the German press at that time forcibly reminded him of the player in "Hamlet" who shed real tears for the fate of Hecuba.

For what is Bulgaria to us? It is a matter of perfect indifference to us who rules in Bulgaria, or what becomes of it altogether.

Ever since the French war, too, it has been our sincere and constant endeavor to make France become reconciled to us, but I know not whether we have been so successful there as in the East. In any case, the present situation in the East alone would never have induced us to come before you with a measure such as this.

The question how we shall stand in the future with France I am not so sure about. I do not feel called upon to go through all the European states—I speak not at all of Italy and England, as there is no reason why they should not both always cherish for us, and we for them, the greatest good will. . . . But as for France:

Has this epoch of frontier struggles with the French nation now been definitively closed, or has it not? I can only express my conviction that it has not. . . . We have on our part done everything to make the French forget the past. France has had our support and countenance with respect to all her wishes, save that which might apply to a more or less extended slice of the Rhine frontier; but neither in Alsace nor further down could we grant such a wish.

For our part, we have not only no reason for attacking France, but also most certainly no intention of doing so. The idea of waging a war because it might appear inevitable, and threatened to be unfavorable to us later on, has ever been far from me, and I have always fought against it. Thus, for example, it was in 1867, when I resisted the attempt to make a *cassez-tout* with France out of the Luxemburg question, though I was then told that this country was inevitable. Our plans have better success in 1870 than they could have had in 1867, but we might have been spared the war altogether had the Emperor died sooner.

. . . If the French were to remain at peace with us until we attacked them, then peace would be assured forever. What should we want of France? More land, forsooth! I must honestly say that in 1871 I was for the linguistic frontier and against the taking of Metz; but I was overruled by the military authorities, who argued that in the next war this fortress would be equal to one hundred thousand men, and I then gave in.

And now, gentlemen, you are confronted again with the same question, whether in the event of war with France, within the next seven years, you wish to be weaker by another 100,000 men or not. For this number of extra men would be made soldiers in about seven years, by an annual recruiting levy of 16,000, and it would be all the same whether you said to the French, "Do, quit, and we will give you Metz," or you refuse the reinforcement we demand of you. . . . Meanwhile those in France who wish to fight with us aim at keeping up "le feu sacré de la revanche." Their task was thus defined by Gambetta: "Ne parlez jamais de la guerre, mais pensez-y toujours"; and that is still the nature of the situation in France. There they only speak of their fear of being attacked by Germany. But this apprehension is unreal, and whoever expresses it in France knows that he is uttering an untruth. We should not be a bit afraid. Nevertheless, this perpetual fanning of the "feu sacré" seems to me in the highest degree perilous. I have firm confidence in the peaceful sentiments of the present French government. MM. Goblet and Florentin are not the men who wish to fight us, intending as they do to live honestly with us. It was the same, too, with the previous governments of Freycinet or Ferry. All these gentlemen were friendly.

This trust of mine in the peaceful sentiments of the French government and of a large portion of the French people can not impress me so much with a sense of security as to make me say we have no longer to fear a French war. I am convinced that we have to fear a war from an attack by France, but whether in ten days or ten years, that is a question I cannot decide, depending as it does on the duration of the government for the time being in France. When the last government—that of M. de Freycinet—was forced to resign, I had no inkling of the fact twenty-four hours previously? I, at least, had not, and I think that I was pretty well informed. And did any one here for a whole fortnight know who was to come to the helm of affairs in France? . . . Any day there may possibly arise a French Government whose whole policy aims at living from the "feu sacré" which is now so carefully cherished under the ashes.

On this subject no peaceful speeches and assurances can wholly put my mind at ease, just as little as would a parliamentary promise from you to make the utmost sacrifices in blood and treasure when the day of actual danger is at hand. These are words with which I can do nothing. Words are not soldiers, nor speeches battalions; and when we have the foe among us, and repeat these promises to him, he will only laugh at us. I mean of course the political snit which for three centuries has been proceeding between us and France is not yet concluded, and that we must be prepared to see it resumed by France. We are at present in possession of the object in dispute, if I may so term Alsace. We have no reason to fight about it; but that France is not striving for its reconquest can be maintained by no one who at all troubles himself about the French press. Has there ever been a French ministry which has dared publicly and unreservedly to say: "We abandon the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine; we will not go to war about it. We accept the situation of the Frankfurt Peace, just as we accepted that of the Paris Peace of 1815, and we do not intend to go to war on account of Alsace." Has there been in France a ministry which dared to say that? No; and why not? There is usually no lack of courage on the part of the French. There has been no ministry, because the public opinion of France is against such a declaration, because it is like a seller of bullets who stands up to the explosion point, when an unskillful movement serves to blow the valve into the air—in other words, to bring about war.

The probability of a French attack on us, which does not exist to-day, will arise upon the accession to power of another government than the present, if France has any reason to believe that she can overcome us.

If the French thought that their army was more numerous than that of Germany, their artillery more efficient, or their armament more effective, the resolution to go to war might be taken, for as soon as they believed themselves able to win, they would begin war. This is my firm and irreversible conviction, based upon long experience in politics. I have no fear of Germany being worsted, but you must allow for the possibility. Those who pretended that the army needed no strengthening were civilians; but generals, and officers who had been in contact with French soldiers, were of a very different opinion. It would not do to under-estimate the strength of France.

France is a great and powerful country, as powerful as we. France has a war-

like people and a brave people, and at all times has possessed skillful generals. It is an accident that the French have succumbed to us. You under-estimate the French in a most mistaken way, and it would be vanity to say that France might at once be regarded as beaten if she were opposed to us. The fact of our having once beaten France is no guarantee, that we shall do so again, and we must therefore strengthen this guarantee now that, in the opinion of our competent military authorities, it is insufficient. And if it were insufficient, and if over the victorious foe stood in Berlin, as we were once in Paris, and if we were forced to accept his peace conditions, what would these conditions be, think you? I do not speak of the money question, although in this respect the French would not deal with us so gently as we did with them, for so moderate a conqueror as the Christian German no longer exists in the world. We should find ourselves face to face with the same French under whose yoke we suffered from 1607 to 1813, and who held us almost to death—*à la guillotine à blanc*, as they say themselves. . . . But the money would be the least of it. For the French would take care that the German Empire remained no longer so strong as it is now. Beginning with the Rhine frontier, they would deprive us of as much of the Rhine as they could. Not contenting themselves with Alsace-Lorraine, they would demand an *alterum tantum* downstream. And not satisfied with this, they would, above all things, insist on the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Hanover. . . . Moreover, we would doubtless have to cede Schleswig to Denmark. To impose upon us cumbersome conditions in regard to Poland they would find difficult, as long as they were not in accord with Russia—and France, in my opinion, is still far from enjoying this agreement. But I will not further pursue this line of possibilities, but will only ask you if you deem them to be exaggerated. . . . But if we were attacked anew by France, and moderate conditions which we never under any circumstances could be left in peace, we should also similarly act if we again came to enter Paris as victors. We should endeavor to make it impossible for France to attack again for thirty years, and to secure ourselves completely against France for at least a generation. In comparison with the war of 1869, or I know not what other year, the war of 1870 would be as mere child's play in its effects on France, so that on one side as on the other there would be the same endeavor—namely, *de signer à blanc*.

If further evidence were needed that his Holiness of Rome meddles in the politics of nations, it is found in the dispatches from Germany, conveying the intelligence that he has entered into a concordat with Prince Bismarck to affect the election of members to the new Reichstag, the old one having recently been dissolved by imperial decree, because of its refusal to arm the government with increased military power, or to extend the septennate law:

MUNICH, February 4.—Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, in answer to an inquiry made by Baron Frankenstein through the Papal Nuncio here as to whether the Curia regarded the existence of the Centre party as superfluous, in which case the baron declared that many members of the party would resign, informs Baron Frankenstein that the Pope acknowledges the services of the members of the Centre party and urges them to continue and complete the removal of exceptional ecclesiastical laws affecting the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, and to ameliorate the position of German Catholics. The Pope, the cardinal further says, admits to the Centre party liberty of action in non-ecclesiastical matters, but says that the septennate question embraces religious and moral considerations which justify him in expressing the opinion that he may expect from the Centre party conciliatory action toward the measure on account of its beneficial effect in the final revision of the May laws, and he hopes in this case to work through the Centre party to maintain peace. In addition to this, Cardinal Jacobini says that the Pope desires to meet the views of Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, and thereby induce the German empire to improve the position of the papacy. The Pope asks that all members of the Centre party throughout Germany be notified of the views of the Holy See.

Let us adapt this dispatch so that it will relate to American politics, and see how it will read:

WASHINGTON, February 4.—Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, in answer to an inquiry made by Samuel Randall through the Papal Nuncio here as to whether the Curia regarded the existence of the Democratic party as superfluous, in which case many members of the party would resign, informs Mr. Randall that the Pope acknowledges the services of the members of the Democratic party, and urges them to continue and complete the removal of exceptional ecclesiastical laws affecting the Roman Catholic Church in America, and to ameliorate the position of the Pope's Irish in American politics. The Pope, the cardinal further says, admits to the Democratic party liberty of action in non-ecclesiastical matters, but says that the tariff question for the protection of American industries embraces religious and moral considerations which justify his Holiness the Pope in expressing the opinion that he may expect from the Democratic party conciliatory action toward the measure on account of its beneficial effect in the final revision of the laws concerning the free, non-sectarian school system, and he hopes in this case to work through the Democratic party to maintain peace. In addition to this, Cardinal Jacobini says the Pope desires to meet the views of President Cleveland and Daniel Manning, his Secretary of the Treasury, and thereby induce the powerful American Republic to "improve the position of the papacy." The Pope asks that the Democratic party throughout America be notified of the views of the Holy See.

The *Argonaut* is asserting, and endeavoring to prove, that papal Rome is secretly intriguing in American politics. The more jesuitical and dishonest members of the papal institution take issue with us and declare that the allegation is untrue. We rejoin that it is a fair presumption that if the hierarchy of Rome interferes with and endeavors to control the politics of European states, it will, and does, intermeddle in American politics; if the Pope pushes his nose into the political affairs of Protestant Germany, he will do the same thing in Protestant America. We print the above dispatch as proof conclusive and convincing beyond the denial of any honest mind, that the Pope is using the Romanist members of the Reichstag to control German politics, as he is using Romanists in our Congress and the Roman Catholic vote in our national affairs, to direct American politics to the advancement of the interests of the papal church, or, to use his own words, "thereby to induce the powerful German Empire"—American Republic—"to improve the position of the papacy." To "improve the position of the papacy in Germany" means that Catholic bishops and the Roman Church be independent of the German government; that the church be given control over public education and the marriage relation; that the clergy be supported by the state, and that there be a union of church and state. It means in America a union of church and state; division of public school moneys, exemption of church property from taxation, unlimited robbery of the State treasury in support of Catholic charities, and an eventual and ultimate ecclesiastical dominion over the affairs of the Republic and their subordination to the foreign dominion of the ecclesiastical hierarchy which holds its slippery seat upon the last of the seven hills of Rome. The danger of intruding the politics of Rome to America is appreciated by all intelligent Roman Catholics who love their country. This danger has been aroused in Catholic circles by the summoning of Father McGlynn to Rome. It has created a revolution in the city

of New York, which is the beginning of a revolution that may be compared in importance to that of Germany in the time of Luther, and to that of England in the time of Henry VIII. To Romanize America would more seriously affect the world's civilization than to have permitted a continuance of the sale of indulgences in Germany, or to have allowed Pope Clement VII. to control the royal lust of England's king. The rebellion of American Catholics under Father McGlynn and Henry George, recently inaugurated in the city of New York, is a significant and tremendous event, fraught with the most important consequences to the future of free republican government in America, demonstrating as it does the existence of a splendid patriotism which lifts the Republic high above the narrow bigotry of intolerant creeds, and makes it independent of any ecclesiastical power; secures freedom of conscience and worship, freedom of thought and speech, liberty of the press, and supremacy of the law.

The terrible incident at the Grand Opera House on the last night of the Patti concerts was, by the miscarriage of its diabolical author, a fortunate escape from a great horror. Had the man Hedges possessed skill equal to his criminal purpose, he would have carried death and wounds to the audience, followed by a panic and conflagration that would have resulted in the destruction of hundred of our citizens. That this bungling monster did not succeed, and only injured himself, should be not only a matter of deep gratitude, but its lesson should be the immediate passage of laws making the possession of explosives a criminal offense. That this explosion did not result in panic and disorder is attributable to the cool, courageous character of the audience; to the fact that the hursting of the bomb occurred at a moment when the ladies were fully occupied in the recall of the diva, and to the additional fact that Madame Patti, with her large experience of the stage, had the wisdom to engage the attention of her audience by singing "Home, Sweet Home," and thus diverting the minds of the female portion of her auditors from the contemplation of the incident. Fortunately, some gentleman, at the moment of the hursting of the infernal machine, suggested, in a voice loud enough to be generally heard, that it was nothing but a Chinese fire-cracker thrown from the gallery to the stage. The detailed account of this terrible attempt to destroy human life will be found in all our daily papers. Enough is already known to determine the fact that it was a carefully matured and deliberately planned attempt of an old and eccentric Socialist to destroy people who had the good fortune to be well dressed and comfortably enough provided to enjoy an evening of music with Patti. This aged criminal, living in filth and squalor, personally unclean and covered with vermin, had so far saturated himself with the dangerous doctrines of these times out of joint, that he was willing to risk the danger of personal injury if he could involve happier people in a common destruction. It would have been a more satisfactory result if this most criminal septuagenarian had been blown to pieces with his own petard, so that we might be spared the shame of seeing the law prostituted by some scheming adventurer of an attorney, who will volunteer for his defense and delay his punishment till every vicious socialist can rally for his rescue. As the punishment of his crime is not death, we may be spared the exhibition of the sympathy he would receive from maudlin preachers and sentimental women over his deserved strangulation by hemp. This crime is so deliberate, so inexcusable, so wanton, that we find in our heart no emotion of pity for the criminal. As the press has now, we hope, exhausted the sensation by display type, and expressed enough of horror over the event, we wish it would turn its attention to a calm analysis of the causes which lead to such criminal acts. So long as editors shall through greed, and politicians for the applause of the mob, and the pulpit through cowardice, and the business community for gain, encourage the violation of law, and so long as judges dependent upon the popular vote for their election shall refuse to enforce the punishment of all crimes for the violation of law, so long shall we continue to go on from bad to worse. This deplorable incident will not have occurred in vain if it shall incite our community to the formation of a society in aid of the law and for the preservation of order. Every interest has a union in its defense—from the highest profession to the meanest guild of trades—except property, order, law, civilization, and self-protection. For aggressions, conspiracies, and insolence of labor, and the outrages perpetrated in its name, there are a thousand societies; for the protection of life, liberty, and property there is but the law, and that has so fallen into contempt that it is no longer feared, and no longer answers the purpose for which it was called into existence. These things will and must change, but not till every man with a clean shirt has been sufficiently kicked and cudged to arouse him to a courageous maintenance of his rights under the law. Perhaps it will not come in this community till some crowning and villainous outrage has been successfully perpetrated.

The attitude of Father McGlynn is still defiant of Rome. The parishioners of St. Stephen's still uphold their priest in his daring attitude toward the church which pretends to be

of divine authority, and its head which claims to be the vicergerent of God on earth. Leading journalists, leading politicians, and leading Irish-Americans of the most pronounced devotion to Rome as their spiritual head, deny the duty of American Catholics, priests or laymen, to take their politics from the Papal See. Even Michael Davitt, in his New York discourse—while as a matter of discipline and policy advising Dr. McGlynn to go to Rome—ridicules Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, and justifies the position taken by Americans, Catholic or Protestant, that Rome, neither by Pope, cardinal, or propaganda, has any right to suppress free speech in America, or in any way meddle with American politics. It is all very well for Protestant journals to utter the cowardly sentiment of the *Christian Union*—viz., that "no explanation possible can reconcile Dr. McGlynn's course with that absolute submission to one's superiors which is fundamental to the unity and power of the Roman hierarchy." We are not endeavoring to reconcile Dr. McGlynn's course to the superior pretensions of Rome, nor to preserve undisturbed "the unity and power of the Roman hierarchy." Those who support Dr. McGlynn are not defending him or his principles in reference to land, nor Henry George and his vagaries, nor are they attacking the religion of Rome; they declare this: "Dr. McGlynn has the right, as an American citizen, to be wrong; to express absurd political opinions; to act, and vote, and think, and speak, other than upon religious questions, without being subject to the insolent interference of the ecclesiastical authority of Rome." Simply this and nothing more. The fight which Rome—with all its power, its splendid organization, its wealth, prestige, and political influence—is making against this one poor American priest, is a losing one. A hundred Romes on seven thousand hills can not successfully contend against this one American priest, because the priest is right and Rome is wrong; because this is not the fourteenth but the nineteenth century; not the middle age of darkness, bigotry, and superstition, but the age of law, liberty, freedom of conscience, free press, free schools, and free speech; an age in which Italy, England, Austria, and Germany are under constitutional governments, when France is a Republic, and America, with its sixty millions of free people, is a guarantee to posterity that Rome shall not much longer exercise usurped and abused civil authority on this earth.

It is, we think, a matter of congratulation that between the citizens of San Francisco and the Spring Valley Water Company there have been established the most friendly and harmonious relations, and that we are for the future likely to be spared the acrimonious annual contest that used to spring up between the supervisors of the county and the directors of the company. Personal complaints are now rarely heard, the *Evening Bulletin* seems satisfied, and in political circles the water company has ceased to be a factor. All this delights the *Argonaut*, for as we have always taken sides with the company, it is pleasant to know that the company has justified our advocacy and that the war is ended. The statement for the year 1886, issued by the directors of the Spring Valley, shows that its receipts for the year have been \$1,286,114.86. Its operating expenses, interest, and taxes have been \$644,212.66. The stockholders have received in dividends six per cent., and \$652,575.02 have been expended in the purchase of land and in improvements in the way of distribution. The stock, bond, and liability account on the first of January, 1887, was \$15,598,000. The present number of consumers is 26,983, and the daily consumption of water is now 16,920,000 gallons, requiring over 6,000,000,000 gallons of water for the annual supply. These figures give our readers some idea of the vastness of an organization upon which we depend for our most indispensable necessity, and all of our industries for the water supply requisite to their existence. In truth, the health and comfort of our citizens, the protection of our property from fires, hinge largely upon an unstinted supply of pure, fresh water. We know of no city where the water is so pure, and of few where it is equally abundant. In a land where for seven months there are no rains, and for three additional months only occasional showers, the catchment, storage, and distribution of water are important matters. We are glad to be able to congratulate our citizens on the water outlook, and to believe that from this time forth there will exist between our officials and the Spring Valley Water Company only the most friendly relations.

The French crown jewels will be sold from May 5th to 10th. Nothing will go very high except the diamonds, for which large orders at almost unlimited rates have already been given. The Comtesse de Paris and Mrs. Mackay, it is rumored, will be the most prominent bidders. People buy precious stones when everything else fails. At the Heilbronn sale recently, at the Hôtel Drouot, large profits were made on the marvelous diamonds of the deceased singer. The famous *rivière* belonging to her was sold at a third advance on the original price.

The average step of a man, according to Dr. Gilles de la Tourette, is twenty-five inches; of a woman, twenty inches. The reach with the right foot is usually a little longer than with the left. In walking, men's feet are separated laterally about four and one-half inches, and women's about five inches.

COMMUNICATIONS.

France and Germany.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Although thirty years a resident and citizen of this country, it is natural that a man born in Germany and educated in that country should take an interest in the affairs of his native country. It was a pleasure to me, therefore, to find an American paper, the *Argonaut*, taking a sensible view in regard to the affairs of Germany, as it is really unpleasant to a German citizen of America to see how little interest the Americans take in the affairs of that country. I have watched with great interest your course against the interference of the Catholic Church in our political affairs; but, knowing the American people as well as I do, I am afraid you will be disappointed, because the Americans are too much interested in other affairs to pay attention to this question. Thirty years ago, when I was a resident of your State, I often stated that no country in the world needed a Martin Luther so badly as this country. My American neighbors smiled, and said because Germany had trouble with the Catholic Church, that such could never happen here, as this was a free country. My argument was that, because it was free, therefore the Church of Rome had a splendid chance to get a foothold here, and whenever they do get a hold they will be able to do more mischief than they ever did in Europe, as we have many cowardly politicians who will rather help them, if by so doing they can get the Catholic vote, than to oppose them.

If a struggle comes, and it will come one day when you and I are gone, the old Anglo-American element will need the help of the German-American, and this will be a natural alliance, as there is very little difference between the Saxon and the German, both belonging to the same family, both Protestants, both opposed to clerical tyranny. It is proper, therefore, for an American journalist, and will be highly beneficial to the country, if the papers, more especially the *Argonaut*, would pay more attention to the Germans and their affairs. I do not mean that they should be flattered, as they are too sensible people to care for this, but it is of great importance that they should in all matters be in close alliance and harmony with the old English element of this country, as every sensible man can see that this country will have to settle questions which will disturb the country from coast to coast. If Americans do not understand the strife and struggle in Europe, or pay no attention to it, it is a wonder that the Catholic question in the United States is of no importance to them? Looking at it from this standpoint, it is well that the *Argonaut* should inform its readers what happens in Europe. There is a lesson for us if we wish to learn it, and it is a pity to see that most American papers are ignorant of the real cause of the strife between Germany and France. We hear it as a rule from Americans that, although Germany was right in 1870, the taking of Alsace and Lorraine was all wrong, and that this is the cause of the hostile feelings of France against Germany.

Does not this show an ignorance on the part of Americans, in regard to the history of those countries? Has not France interfered in German affairs from the moment Luther nailed up his celebrated document on the door of a Saxon church? Did they not make it what they called their manifest destiny, to divide Germany on one side and Italy on the other, in order that France might rule, and from the days of Richelieu and Mazarin to Thiers and Gambetta follow this design? Did they not send their army under Turenne and Condé into Germany to help the Protestant at a time when they killed the Protestant in France? And does not history plainly prove to us that when the German Protestant, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, undertook to build up a Protestant empire in Alsace and on the Rhine, that a French Jesuit, sent by Mazarin to Bernard's camp, poisoned this German hero, his army was disbanded, and France soon was in possession of this ancient German border country? Is it not well that Americans should know the reason why Germany took the country, and will defend it as long as she has a man to do so, because she can not afford to give France a position where she can at any moment interfere in the quarrels which may arise between German states? No American can understand this question, unless he is familiar with the history of the Reformation, and it seems to me he can not understand his own country unless he knows the history of England, Germany, and Holland, from the Reformation to this day.

Take the matter in a nutshell, and you find that the Catholic Church sided with Austria against Prussia, the Protestant giant which grew up from the Reformation to unite finally the German people. In every struggle France took a hand, although it was none of her business. She sent her troops against the great Elector of Brandenburg, she sent her troops against Frederick the Great, she mustered her troops with Catholic Bavaria in the time of Marlborough, and Napoleon finally robbed Germany of all her Rhenish provinces. In 1875, Germany demanded her old provinces back again, but did not succeed through the jealousy of Russia, and the indifference of England. Now, in our times, when France threw down again the gauntlet to the Germans, can Americans wonder that the German, when victorious, and in possession of his old border country, dear to him, shall try to keep it, as history plainly teaches him that he can not leave a treacherous neighbor in possession of Strasbourg, Metz, and the very keys to the German house, where they at any moment can throw their troops over the Rhine, and divide the North German Protestant from his South German Catholic brother? And this, and this alone, is the reason why Germany kept this country. Rest assured that the Catholic Church, although opposed to the republican form of government in France, will side with that country in a struggle with Germany, for they know that they have nothing to hope from the Teuton, but much from the Gaul.

France, with all her great statesmen and free-thinkers, is a splendid pilot for Rome. Germany never will be a vassal of her old Roman enemy, and it is well for Americans to side with a Protestant power, which with all its present faults is bound to follow the old path of the Saxon. Germany will be a republic whenever the people are ripe for this form of government, and it would be a misfortune for the German people if they should follow the example of France, and become the prey of parties, and every German understanding the past history of his country is willing to assist a liberal monarchy until the people will be able to govern themselves, and until all great European questions are settled. As long as they have such hostile neighbors as Russia and France, it is idle to talk of a republic, and Americans who sympathize with France because she is a republic forget that the republic of Germany is only skin-deep among Frenchmen, and that nobody in Europe would be astonished to see her again ruled by an Orleans, or a Bonaparte, or a Danton.

I hope the *Argonaut* will pay attention to this question; it will be of interest to all intelligent Americans; it will be of great benefit, and a fair treatment of the German by his American brother will be of more value to us hereafter than the friendship of France. Apropos: Where was our French ally in 1861, when we needed friends? Is it not the case of German regiments, brigades, and divisions, but never heard much of Frenchmen in those days. Blood is thicker than water. Americans are Saxons and should side with Germans.

The United States is now exactly in the position Prussia was in former times. Prussia gave the Jesuits shelter when Catholic governments drove them away. They behaved nicely when they were weak, and small in numbers. Prussia gave the Catholics the same rights as the Protestants, although the country and government are Protestant. Now, look at Winthorst, the leader of the Catholics. They are in parliament Catholics, and not Germans. Even a powerful man like Bismarck was compelled to move the May Laws which were framed against this church in order that young Catholic priests should become Germans first, instead of being educated in a foreign country and remain forever strangers in their native land, obeying only the Pope, and fighting the German government whenever the Pope is at odds with Rome.

It may be that American Catholics may be different from others, but I have my doubts about this, when I notice that pure American families, I mean of English stock, like the Shermans and Blaines, are going over to the Catholic church. This country is going to have its trouble, and again I say, the German element should be brought in close alliance with the Anglo-Saxon, for the good of the country.

Truly yours,

SAXON.

The Roman Church and Republics.

The *Argonaut* has more than once intimated its belief that the Roman Catholic Church, as a political institution, had no friendship for republics or republican government. We see this to-day in its hostility to the French republic and its warm and active sympathy with the royalist party in its struggle to regain power in France. This gallant republic is beset by enemies without and within. With heroic courage she has, Roman Catholic as is her population, secularized her public schools in defiance of papal authority, and declared that priesthood was one thing to church affairs, and priestly interference with popular education quite another, and should no longer be tolerated. It may be set down as the settled policy of "the institution" if it can not rule a government it will overthrow it at the very first opportunity. A case in point, and coming right straight to us, is that of the recognition by the papal power of the rebel government, at a time when our nation was struggling for existence and torn to its very centre. One might have thought that in remembrance of the perfect and magnificent liberty allowed all rebel followers in this great nation by the overwhelming Protestant majority, that that church would have refrained from giving all her moral support to our deadly enemies when we were almost in the throes of dissolution. But no; here was an opportunity to strike a blow at a free Protestant nation, and aid to dismember her, to build up a rival, the corner-stone of whose government was human slavery, and concerning whose President Pius IX. prayed "that He might give us His grace and the light of His presence and conjoin you with perfect love with myself." This remarkable document, whose existence has again and again been denied, has just been found among the archives of the defunct Confederacy at the capital, and bears date Rome, December 3, 1863. The allusion to the fealty expected of the new "Excellency," which was no less than "perfect love with myself," is neatly put as the consideration for the papal influence and blessing. The outcome of the Rebellion is an illustration of the use of the benevolent influence of the papacy in increasing the influence of popular education is going on in Chili, Mexico, and Canada. It is a desperate struggle, for unless Rome can bind and hold the consciences of men, she is nothing. Before a generous, comprehensive, true education, bigotry and superstition vanish, and her power over enlightened minds is gone forever. Hence the desperate nature of this contest and the superhuman efforts to supersede our free education with the parochial and convent schools. Republicanism and liberty must not perish.

OAKLAND, February 3, 1887.

SENTINEL.

Locomotives now run in Jerusalem, and the shrill steam heard in the streets once trod by King David.

MY REMORSE.

A Tale told by an Uncle.

"I think you might look after Will a little, as you promised. Mamie came to see me to-day. She has just come from your dreadful city, and she tells me he is thoroughly entangled with a Mrs. Robert Vinton, and that the whole town is ringing with it."

Thus my sister's letter from New York, about the family's favorite nephew, a quiet, precocious boy of twenty, who had been tranquilly studying law here for a year past, needing, as I supposed, no looking after from any one.

Our family of seven boys and girls all grew up and, save myself, married, but none enriched the world with descendants except my brother Albert, Will's father, and he, having perpetuated the name, promptly died, like a moth, which he further resembled in his inextinguishable passion for candle-light.

We six remaining Fannings were pretty well distributed through the Union, and watched over Will as education, business, or pleasure took him from city to city—those uncles and aunts at the greatest distance from the boy's abiding place always being the most vigilant in "digging up" facts about him, and most strenuous in inciting the nearest presiding relative to do his or her duty by him.

While I recognized the usual course of things in my sister Minerva's letter, I thought her language uncommonly vigorous. My dreadful city indeed! I should like to know what made it mine any more than Will's own, and wherein it was more dreadful than her city, renowned Gotham. But I was resigned to hearing that the town was ringing with scandal, even about my own nephew, of which I was in perfect ignorance.

Some imperfection of fate always keeps me from hearing any good racy story about my friends until it is as moss-grown as a carp in a grand ducal pond. I have mastered Cleopatra's flirtation with Antony; I now feel that there is no longer a doubt that all was not as it should have been between Guinevere and Lancelot; but as for the present—my lovely neighbor next door may be entertaining angels unaware, and my window may "give" upon the balcony where she strolls whole days with the youth of her affections unknown to her papa, yet when the elopement takes place I am ready to give my evidence that she never could have seen the man until the ceremony, while the people living miles away know accurately every visit he has paid and most of the details of their conversation. My circle of friends may have sat in judgment on some woman and condemned her to ostracism without benefit of clergy, yet I never hear of her downfall till years afterward, when a smile or shrug brings forth my horror-stricken inquiry; the usual response, "Didn't you know that?" follows, and then the story, awful in circumstantiality. I wish to be *au courant*; it is not from any superiority of intellect, or devotion to business, but from pure, consistent ill-luck that I am always the last to hear "all about it."

Therefore when my sister wrote that the town was ringing with an affair of Will's, I never thought of doubting it, but set about deflecting a portion of the tintinnabulation my way. I asked a man who knows everything, something about the Vintons.

"I suppose Bob Vinton was about the fastest man here, at one time, not to be unfair to the rest," said the man who knows everything. "Clergyman's son you know. People wouldn't receive him—had as that. He married somebody, just a girl, very much in love; people thought it was a good sign, and relaxed towards him a little; but they'll never climb very high, I fancy. Mrs. Bob's a clever woman; writes things, I believe. No; no children; no, not very pretty. Yes; I've been there once or twice; easy enough to know her. I'll take you there."

Easy to know her! Will's entanglement wouldn't last long, then, I argued, in my intellectual wisdom. I felt that it was so easy to know her that in fact I knew her already.

The man who knows everything made my wish to be received known to Mrs. Vinton. She consented to receive me, and I went to call.

Big room, pretty well filled with people. In decoration, the hostess's sky was not high, but it was burning, like a desert sky; the note was struck not of luxury, but of luxuriousness in the nature that combined the colors, chose the pictures, and ordered the furniture. It was rather an educated imagination, too, as far as it went. There was an attempt to carry out an idea. What idea was it?

As my romantic self grappled with the question, my worldly self said: "What a capital room to flirt in." My romantic self caught the remark, and grappled with the question no more.

Mrs. Vinton addressed me in the most carefully cultivated voice I ever heard. It was remarkably sweet, but it warned a man that it might be an unusual woman who cared to speak like that. I wondered how she'd say "Please pass the butter," to her Robert, at breakfast.

We read so much about tawny, fulvid, and leopard-like females, that I hesitate to say how like the *genus felis* she was. Her smile expressed a personal pleasure in being warm and comfortable more than conventional civility or genuine amiability, and her eyes, which were rather peculiar, always kept, beneath their human changes of expression, an uninterrupted look of cold watchfulness and ferocity.

I didn't like her circle at all. The guests were just the people to be found round a woman whom it is easy to know, but she shone incomparably superior to them all, and was worthy of better acquaintances.

Her husband came in a moment—a handsome but wasted-looking man, prematurely old, horribly bored. They had both evidently reached such complete comprehension of each other that the laugh of the two augurs when they met alone must have been a gurgling of trustfulness compared with that the Vintons might have indulged in under like circumstances, if the humor of the situation ever could have triumphed over its weariness.

Poor Will, in his youthful infatuation, was better to look at, his face spiritualized by the wear and tear of his love affair. At least, there was illusion, exaltation. I was half glad he could feel so deeply even while I pondered what I could do to break the charm—the terrible charm of the unattainable. For while overmastering respect was not my

chief inspiration from Mrs. Vinton and her drawing-room, still I was deeply convinced that she would always be unattainable for Will. She accepted his adoration, and would play with him and torture him till the poor boy's heart would come out from her paws a very scratched and faint heart indeed. He was in full fever of excited interest. The woman couldn't stir a finger but he moved a little in his chair to see if he was wanted. If the smallest inconvenience or opposition occurred to her, his delicate dark eye-brows puckered to a frown.

I felt quite a dramatic interest about the first time I should hear her speak to him. Of course, she knew I was there to spy out the land, of course she knew I would not approve, and of course she regarded me with the cool contempt that a woman who knows the world would feel for the anxious ruminator of a lover in Will's position. I felt that she knew I was waiting to hear them speak, and that she was putting off addressing Will in order to tantalize me, even while she was mentally saying to me, "Be patient, I will show him to you just as mad as you hope that he is not." What she said to him was:

"Will, in my scrap-book!"

He was by her side, like a spirit, the hook in his hand. He wasn't holding it when she spoke; it had to be got out of a drawer; the conversation had not been about it, but about some fugitive poem that she had preserved in it. He arrived with it as if he had come up through a trap-door at her side at a cue.

He was a little conscious under my observation. The muscles under his eyes—the most tell-tale part of the face—stirred a little, but the next minute he was utterly under the spell of the wonderful smile of thanks she gave him—a smile with all the tenderness and abandonment of a caress. I thought she would simply not dare to smile so at a man, and this thought in turn suggested a plan for the deliverance of Will from her clutches—a plan which unfortunately brought about the circumstances that have induced me to call this story my remorse, though, with Will's rescue at stake, I can not see that I could have done differently.

The plan was the old, old one of bringing this blasé and merciless woman, in her turn, under a spell as strong as the one she was exercising over Will. Of course, the man would have to be as experienced and as pitiless as she was, and I thought I knew such a one. If her own interest was aroused by a man clever enough to appeal to her, she would find far more excitement in the pursuit of the new sensation than in cultivating Will's illusion. If there was a man in the world fitted by the perversion of a brilliant and subtle mind to this curious modern *métier* of rousing, tantalizing, and dominating a clever, passionate, unscrupulous woman, with Eve's own curiosity about what might remain unexperienced by her in the scale of feeling, my friend Everett Alexander was that man.

Will and I left the place together. His first remark when we were in the street was unexpected, and made in a cool, matter-of-fact tone: "She's in a pretty tough crowd, isn't she?"

"She's pretty tough herself—underneath a very thin veneer," said I, tartly.

He laughed softly.

"Poor little woman! You would be down upon her, of course; in the nature of things you couldn't help it; but some time or other the pathos of it all will strike you as it has me time and time again."

Pathos! Was Will a child of the century after all, self-contemplative to the point of calling his own hopeless love pathetic? My worldly self smiled complacently, but my more romantic self felt rather dashed. But I had mistaken him.

"Of course," he went on after a little, "the relations of husbands and wives are scarcely to be guessed from the outside appearances, but that's a pretty clear case. He leaves her alone constantly; if he ever was fond of her, it's an old story now; he never could appeal but to one side of her nature, a woman's craving for affection, and such affection as his—" Will stopped a moment and then went on: "It's a queer fancy, but, do you know, by Jove, when I'm with that woman and most interested in her, and striving the best to comprehend her, and, by Jove, when she's kindest to me, I seem to see her poor little soul standing way off alone somewhere, sobbing and saying, 'You don't understand; you're not coming near. I'm so lonely, I'm so unhappy; won't you please try to understand?'"

"Rubbish!" said I. "She has her home and her husband. Why doesn't she make them do, like other women?"

"Yes, it is rubbish," said Will, with that exasperating lover's smile. "I suppose the wise, and prudent, and balanced really have no needs, no wishes, no thoughts beyond what their immediate God-appointed circle can respond to, or beyond the power of their own will to annihilate, if their musings get unruly; but the poor, unwise, imprudent people, what are they going to do, brought suddenly right up standing before certain facts which enlighten and purify their whole absurd natures; which make the crooked places, oh, so straight, and the things which were hard to hear just mere plain sailing, and the words which were tiresome to hear a delicious suggestion of other words which they have heard; which make slights fall off them harmless; which wake up thoughts that are almost wise and ambitious, that are almost prudent? Before these facts, which are indeed but one fact—Love! Thank God that made it—what do you think the unbalanced are going to do? Sink down into the old commonplace fog after bathing in such glory? No, mine uncle; they say, like the apostles at the transfiguration, 'It is good for us to be here.'"

"I seem to recall that the sacred historian qualifies the remark with the addition, 'Not knowing what he said,' I could not forbear throwing in."

Will gave his sweet-tempered laugh.

"Ah, truly, but I know what I am going to say now. Just by the light of this experience, which is—well, unspeakable." He caught his breath like a girl. "I know one thing, and from your point of view it is a good thing—she doesn't care an atom for me and never will." He choked a little and paused, while I, feeling sorry for him, was also silent, revolving in some wonder this phenomenon of emotional insight in a boy full of healthy self-esteem, in love for the first time, and coming of stock by no means faint-hearted in pursuit. He continued: "Placed as she is, with uncongenial people

and without a ray of unselfish affection to warm her shivering little heart at, she might care for somebody, but she doesn't. I'll tell you what, though, if she ever should care for any one, a man that satisfied her mind and her imagination, it would be like a great, beautiful, white dawn to her. If she could feel for any one what I feel to-night, as I stroll along by your side, and coolly pick to pieces these delicate things we're talking about, I could almost—almost—stand by and look on and be happy in her happiness, for then she would be happy."

"Prepare thy soul, young Azim," I quoted, mentally, "for I am going to try to make her happy, then." Aloud I said:

"My dear Will, I wish you could hear yourself with my ears, tranquilly wishing for the ruin of the woman you think you love."

"Ruin? Who's ruined? Am I ruined?" he reiterated, brusquely.

"You have not promised, by all that humanity has condescended to hold sacred, that you would dedicate your life to one person. She has."

"Haven't I, though?" he cried, laughing a little.

"You're a child," said I, laughing too.

"Ah," said Will, putting both his hands on my shoulders, "of such is the kingdom of heaven. I believe it to-night."

* * * * *

I thought the world of Everett Alexander—I believe that is the received phrase for friendship with a dash of enthusiasm in it. First, because he was such a masterpiece of selfishness, and I am secretly enamored of masterpieces; and second, because he was a gentleman who made his companionship soothing. We were mentally akin by a liking for the same kind of reading, and certain turns of wording in writing always impressed us in the same way. This chance sympathy was not as satisfactory to him as it was to me, because his life was manifold and mine was simple. He lived in the world, and I lived in books. I had known him for years, and it was apparent, even to my limited worldly wisdom, that he was a man whose favorite audience would always be women, or one woman at a time. He was always steadily the fashion—not that supple fool whom no tea-party is complete without; but that enviable individual whose answer to a card of invitation is waited for with anxiety, that delicious "detrimental" who always has six or seven of the clever girls and women of society vowed to his *culte*, and to whose brains and civilization his attentions give *cachet*. But, of course, he was that—

"Man who loved all womankind,
And never married none,"

of the "Bab Ballads," and the lovely creatures that, year after year, he daintily bewitched and yet neither compromised nor was compromised by, said of him: "He is that rarest of all beings, a man *friend*." I'm afraid he was not after the American ideal, for when he left me, after one of his monologues, I was always imbued with the conviction that life is nothing but a spectacle, and that we elevate ourselves most when we attend to its shifting scenes neither as critic nor actor, but exclusively as a cultured and catholic observer. I confess that Everett had not all the courage of these opinions, and sometimes came to me sad even to death, in fact exceedingly unhappy, with a corroding discontent that was bad to see. At such times I would say to myself, "He has been on the stage." The next time I saw him he would be smiling and witty, with sparkle in his long, blue eyes, and eagerness in the turn of his head, when I would say to myself, "He is back among the audience."

Of him, more than most men, it was true that his life was "a train of moods like colored beads strung on the iron wire of temperament," and I have to remark that the iron wire was exceedingly cold, while some of the beads were quite fiery in their tints—misleadingly so.

He was very reserved, with compensating lapses into the wildest candor, like most reserved people, and he pursued any new thing that was in his line of appreciation with the avidity of the Scriptural Athenian.

One day I said to him:

"Do you know Mrs. Robert Vinton?"

"Yes, I know her," he answered, with his most enigmatical expression.

"She seems to be the reigning sensation just now," I pursued. "Isn't it odd that one can live for years in the same town with a woman and never hear of her, and then at a given hour suddenly hear of no one else? I own I felt a great deal of interest about meeting Mrs. Vinton when I found my friends talking of nothing besides. I was disappointed in her, though."

"Why?" Everett vouchsafed.

"Because she is discoverably false. That a 'demnition fascinator' should be false is perfect. No one is more willing than I to concede that it is even part of her charm to a morbid and perverse generation seeking for a sign of the trail of a serpent, but that her falseness should appear on the surface, to the first glance of an eye prepared to admire, takes away from her finish, as it were."

"Do you think she's false?" he asked, with the odd smile of emotional curiosity that he wore sometimes.

"Yes," said I, "I think she is—false in the sense of shame. No woman can be a regular man-eater and remain absolutely true in her mental and moral vision. Continually affecting to feel either more or less than she does feel, in order to control her conquests, she has finally put her own emotional thermometer out of kelter. She herself doesn't know whom she cares for."

Slowly Everett took the bait, surely the hunter's instinct kindled in him, logically he burst forth into a warm protest for the sex.

"I think the cool way that we march women to our set-up standard, and then stone them to death if they don't reach it, is as barbarous as it is grotesque," he exclaimed. "What would become of us if they had us in a glass box, as we have them, and were as merciless as we are?"

"Wait till your favorite nephew is in the toils, and see how merciful you will be," said I, smiling.

"It is an interesting speculation how much initiative the woman takes in a case like that—since you have spoken of it," he added, gravely. "As for one's relations, it all depends on the way you look at the experience. I should regard it as education for a boy. Mrs. Vinton is a woman of

the world, and a bright woman. If our first loves are at liberty to be wooed outright we are always trying to marry them, and then there is an excitement in the home government, and for cause.

"Everett, you are a worldling," said I, laughing.

"I wish I were," he answered, sadly. "I wish I were half as wise for myself as I could be for some one else. I would give anything for a complete set of nickel-plated convictions; a code—*édition de luxe*, allegorical illustrations by Vedder; principles—patent combination with interest attachment; an aim—with indestructible magnetic attraction. I haven't one of them, and desultory reading and love of the beautiful don't seem to be quite their interchangeable substitutes. I'm too stupid to be happy in my reason alone, and too spoiled by civilization to find contentment in mere sun, and sleep, and digestion. Solution of problem: Go and bore your friends with egoistic prosing. Good-night."

I wondered if what I had said about Mrs. Vinton had stimulated his fancy to the point of tempting him to compete for that prize—a blasée woman's preference. In a week or two I knew it had from the little scraps of gossip that floated to me.

He was very discreet in his flirtations, if that word could be used for his analytic studies in emotional insanity; but both he and Mrs. Vinton were conspicuous, and were gossiped about, chiefly by her friends. For even as young women are blind to the charms of babies until they themselves are mothers, so ladies who are themselves admired keep a close, not to say enlightened, eye upon their attractive sisters.

I had a better barometer than chance rumor in poor Will. He was worn to a shadow, and haggard, and ill. The plot had thickened so that I never ventured to speak Mrs. Vinton's name to him now, although I saw him oftener than I ever had done, and at hours that showed he had sought his inamorate, and played uncomfortable third until he could not endure it. Alexander I never saw at all. Finally Will was taken dangerously ill—fever, delirium, and exhaustion.

I took some quiet rooms for us both, and nursed him to the best of my knowledge and the doctor's direction. Mrs. Vinton called two or three times to inquire for him, and Alexander sent flowers and books, which latter I read with the greatest pleasure, I am sure, but poor Will had finished his reading for some time.

He didn't die. We pulled him through, and by the time he was convalescent I had almost forgotten Mrs. Vinton's interesting existence.

The doctor remarked, "We must get him out of this," meaning out of San Francisco; so I telegraphed to Minerva about Will's illness, recovery, and need of change, inquiring her views on the south of France. She telegraphed back one of those exquisite word-pictures with retained "ands" and "thats" which characterize her "collect" dispatches, and it was arranged that she should take him through the south of Europe.

Life looks sweeter when one comes near losing it, and Will was longing to get his strength back again, like a sane young man, and offered no objections to the plan.

One lovely afternoon I accompanied him across the bay, saw him bestowed in his section, with his ticket in his pocket, his tonic within easy reach, and literature like "She Loved Him Madly" at hand for mental papulism, and retired to San Francisco with great inward calm.

On the boat I saw a faultlessly dressed man, whom I recognized by a slight stirring of my heart, even before he turned, as Everett Alexander. I suppressed all expression of pleasure as the guileless instrument of fate approached me, and manifested that the lens of the blackest head was the mood-medium through which he was viewing the world, and the iron wire was frigid to zero. I gave him a cold nod, but he sat down by me, and after a perceptible silence, vouchsafed:

"I'm going away."

"Are you? Gone long?" I asked.

"All my life, I hope. I'm going to India first."

A facetious observation about the liver occurred to me, but I didn't make it. Silence again, and then he said:

"I start to-morrow."

Isabella's "To-morrow? oh, that's sudden!" occurred to me, but I didn't quote it. His face was like a thunder-cloud. His beautiful head was as expressive as most people's faces. When he was happy it was like the *lockiges Haupt* of the Meleager; when he was savage it was like the modern prize-fighter's. I don't know that I ever noticed any other skull as plastic.

"You beauty!" I said, suddenly; more to myself than to him, as a sea-gull swept near to the ferry in a singularly happy effect of light. He followed my look.

"I hate sea-gulls," he said, cordially.

The boat touched the wharf; we walked out among the crowd, shoulder to shoulder, shook hands and said good-bye on a car-step; he with his thoughts in India, doubtless—I with mine full of enthusiastic affection that the sight of him never failed to inspire in me, and full, too, of words of friendliest godspeed for his long journey, that if he had been in another mood, I should have poured out even chokingly.

"The two men are eliminated," I said to myself; "one sick bodily, the other psychically. Remains the woman. *Cherche la femme*."

Accordingly, I went to see Mrs. Vinton one evening a week after Alexander's departure. She had asked me to repeat my visit, civilly enough; but I had not done so till now. She was alone, and received me with impenetrable sweetness. I couldn't but think of Will's face and Everett's, and scanned hers closely; but there were no ravages—the outline of her cheek was as perfect, her eyes as lovingly ferocious. But when we began to talk I saw where the change came in. She was bitter and feverish and cynical, though with no vulgar abruptness in these harsh qualities. She let fall little acid drops of wit upon a subject, with a playful little smile, and the subject curled up and died. I wish I could have written down what she said; it would have lasted a prudent talker a lifetime, and still made him famous. Her claws were unsheathed, and though she spared me, she spared nothing else in heaven or earth. I have never been more entertained. At last our conversation turned upon dreams—waking dreams—and I expressed a skepticism about them, saying that much as poets talked about their dreams, if you could detect their mental processes at times when they believed themselves

dreaming, it would appear that they were trying to find rhyme words, or pressing a thought into metre, or else waking dreaming was the heaviness of the faculties during digestion.

She was lying back in a low chair, having evidently talked herself out, and allowing me to talk only because she was busy thinking. Who was it said:

"In female Shakespeares, Desdemonas shine,
And the Othellos 'seriously incline.'"

She came out of her reverie and said, incisively:

"The dreams that come to us awake are just as much outside of our lives, just as incongruous and just as far beyond our control, as those we have asleep. I have just had a waking dream. Shall I tell it to you?"

She was in an intense nervous state; her eyes fairly glowed. I was possessed with the wish to stroke her hair—I know it would have given out sparks. Under such conditions it would have been highly venturesome to tell her I did not care to hear her dream. I begged that she would so far kindly favor me as to impart it.

"You know I used to write when I was young," she began, "and people used to praise what I wrote. Youth is credulous, and I had the belief that it was so that I was to distinguish myself. In my dream this dead old ambition was satisfied. I had written a volume of poems, a 'song-cycclus.' It had been published a few days and the reading world was in a fever about it. I was famous. I seemed to be making a long journey, from my publishers', where I learned the furor my book was making, to my home, where I arrived in the evening, in the midst of a fiery sunset over tamed, rounded hills with long, calm slopes. My home was a huge, luxurious, lonely place; there was a beautifully appointed meal prepared for me. I seemed to be living alone, in a great wood-finished, vaulted dining-room. The figures on the stained-glass windows showed black; there were branches and branches of candles on the table. A great many serious servants busied themselves about me, and the silence was almost grateful. I felt almost as if I had forgotten how to speak. At last the servants all went away, and I sat alone thinking. I was soberly happy, for I was to die—the whole thing was over. Mind, it is a dream. It was fate that I was to die; it simply *was so*, and I knew it, and it seemed a seriously good thing. As I sat there, the curtains at the side of the room were pushed aside and a man came in. He was the man I loved—in my dream. You know dreams are strange, and while it is my waking belief that men love a woman, while women only love love, in my dream, I say, I loved this man—the man himself, without any care whether he loved me or not—and it was like the happiness of a newly acquired faculty, this consciousness that I could love and did. I'm going to put it in a book some time—I think it would take. There had never been a word of love spoken between us, but he had seen my poems, and something in them made him come to me; and he knew I was to die, and something in that knowledge made him remorseful. I have to put into a great many words what was all one flash of consciousness in the dream. He came and knelt down by me, and his eyes asked me to forgive him, yet he did not speak a word of amends, or of the possibility of any change that could be in the future; he accepted it as fixed. With my eyes I forgave him—I told you we have new faculties in dreams. We rose and walked to a raised seat in the windows that showed black, and he let fall over them a thick, dull curtain that had been looped back; then he sat down on some cushions at my feet, and then we spoke. I suppose you think that then I dreamed out a warm scene mosaicked from numberless French novels; but believe me, no. I wish from my heart it had been so, to vulgarize the thing and bring it back to earth. But not a caress would my fancy give me; the only happiness was that he went slowly and comprehendingly through all the times that we had spent together, and made all the crooked places straight, explained every misunderstanding, repented of every bitter word that pride had ever prompted. And then that pride was at an end, and we were being as true before each other as out of dreams we can not be, we found that pride had been answerable for so much. As the moment drew near when he was to leave me, the anguish of that and my lost life was so sweet that the very god of perversity could not have devised a dearer, deeper pang; and by the intensity with which I felt that his nearness would not have been such happiness unless the parting was at hand, I knew that my dream was nearly over and I was coming back to reality. It is long, dull endurance of pain that quells us; the very height of agony is bliss at the supreme moment. Is it not so? He left me; I watched his lordly form as he walked down the long room. At the door he turned and howed his head in farewell. I looped back the curtain, opened the window, lay down on the dais, took note of the fact that it was dawn, and was just dying to quick music of a choir of early birds, when you said something about digestion, and I thought that might be accountable for the morbidity of my dream. What do you think I ought to take?—somebody's bitters, or less black coffee?"

"It's not quite fair, Mrs. Vinton, to change the note in that way, before I have a chance to express myself about the dream," I deprecated; "but as you evidently did so intentionally, I can only acquiesce. I may thank you, though, and I do."

"She is too cool a hand, too modern, too selfish to commit suicide," I found myself saying earnestly to myself as I walked home, and, for some reason, woke up at intervals in the night, giving myself good, common sense reasons why Mrs. Vinton should not kill herself.

A week or two after, I met a pretty woman, whom I like, coming out of a bank.

"I've just heard bad news," she said, seriously; "Mrs. Vinton is dead."

"Dead?" said I, shaking like a leaf; "how could she die? I saw her less than a fortnight ago perfectly radiant with health."

"Well, she's dead," repeated my pretty friend; "died of heart disease, at five o'clock this morning. The maid found her sitting at the library window, and spoke to her, and discovered that she was dead. They say that Mr. Vinton had not come in, and she was probably there all night."

I have remarked how late everything is in coming to my willing ears—years afterwards, literally years, for it was just

after Will and Mamie were married, and she waited for him four years, Mrs. Vinton's name was casually mentioned, and a lady said:

"Her death was so wretched, too."

"Heart trouble is generally painless at the end, at least," said I.

"Heart trouble!" echoed the lady, scornfully. "Chloral! She was always taking it for neuralgia, and she took too much one fine night."

When we were alone I said, in a horror-stricken whisper:

"Was there ever any—any suspicion?"

"Well, where have you been living?" burst out my merry little friend, in her healthy every-day voice. "The question whether Mrs. Vinton did or didn't kill herself was debated from one end of this town to the other, but for my part I simply don't believe that she did, though Bob Vinton's performances were enough to drive any woman desperate."

"A—what ever became of Everett Alexander? He used to admire Mrs. Vinton," said I.

"I should think he did; she fairly drove him out of town. He was the most hopelessly done for of all her victims, except your nephew."

"Hush—sh! Wild-oats! He's a married man."

"Well, so is Everett. He married a Russian lady in Paris last year."

ANNIE LAKE TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1887.

My Lady's Eyes.

"Tu pupila es azul, y cuando ríes,
Su claridad suave me recuerda
El trémulo fulgor de la mañana
Que en el mar se refleja."

Your eyes are blue, and when you smile
Their sweet light seems to me
The tremulous light of morning skies
Reflected on the sea.

Your eyes are blue, and when you weep
Upon your lashes wet
The tears as lightly lie as dew
Upon the violet.

And when within their azure depths
A thought on wings of light
Springs forth, I see a wandering star
'Mid clouds of falling night.

—From the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer.

General Boulanger is a great friend of the painter Jehan Georges Vibert. Indeed, in their private life during the past two years there has been a curious parallelism, which is, of course, no secret in Paris. Jehan Georges Vibert has long been and still is the adorer, the Romeo, of Mlle. Lloyd of the Comédie-Française, while General Boulanger has become the adorer of Mlle. Reichemberg, likewise of the Comédie-Française. Now imagine how delightful it was for the lovers, and what nice supper-parties they used to have in the beautiful house in the Rue de Boulogne which Jehan Georges has furnished with multifarious treasures, and paid with American dollars, for America has been an El Dorado to the painter of cardinals. However, things reached such a pitch that Mme. Vibert left her husband, and Mme. la Générale Boulanger obtained flagrant testimony against her husband. Happily, General and Mme. Boulanger made up their difference, and a *modus vivendi* has been arrived at. As for M. and Mme. Vibert, they have not yet concluded an agreement. The first separation was painful; the chief point in dispute was who should have the cook, for their cook was a great artist, and a veritable Vatel. Finally, Mme. Vibert won the cook, and scored one point. Meanwhile Romeo Vibert installed Mlle. Lloyd in the house adjoining his own in the Rue de Boulogne, and, being too heavy and too poorly a man to scale balconies or to climb silken ladders, he had a door of communication opened in the party-wall of the two houses. Thereupon Mme. Vibert, seeing a good chance, set the men of law to work, and organized a police raid. But Jehan Georges got wind of the plan, and in hot haste he sent for bricklayers and plasterers, and there was toiling and moiling all night long, and in the morning when the police came the door of communication had disappeared. Aided, however, by a plan, and by minute indications, the police removed a Renaissance buffet, pulled aside a piece of tapestry, and beheld the wet plaster and new masonry. This discovery of the door was sufficient to constitute evidence of crime under the conjugal roof, and Mme. Vibert instituted at once a suit for a legal separation.

The marionette show at the "Chat Noir"—Caran d'Aché's apotheosis of Napoleon I., and the grand army obtained by means of *ombres chinoises* or shadow projections—is really a wonderful performance, and it is a most curious sight to see there, on Fridays, when Rodolph Salis invites his illustrious contemporaries to pass the evening at his fantastic inn, a whole host of literary and artistic Parisians applauding and crying enthusiastically, and yet skeptically, "Vive l'Empereur!" This cry has no special signification, and in a few months they will cry with equal enthusiasm, "Vive le Roi!" for Caran d'Aché's next contribution to the theatre of the "Chat Noir" will be the battle of Fontenoy, likewise represented by means of *ombres chinoises*. The clever artist's idea is to depict in cardboard silhouettes all the great victories of French arms from the time of Vercingetorix up to the present day; and, when he has a considerable series ready, he will travel with his inanimate company consisting of fifty or one hundred thousand silhouettes of soldiers in cardboard; and, under the patronage of General Boulanger, Minister of War, he will give shadow representations of the victories of France in all the barracks of the country in order "to stimulate the patriotism of the army." The idea is most original.

The rush of Boston women for the unreserved seats at the symphony rehearsals is almost equal to the struggles which used to take place at the philharmonic rehearsals in the New York Academy of Music. Overshoes, gloves, fragments of dress trimmings, and small parcels are always found lying in the lobbies after the crowd has passed; and the other day a lady returned anxiously to the door-keeper, asking if he had seen anything of a shopping-bag, only the handle of which remained with her.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Cockaigne" discusses its Animus toward Lord Randolph Churchill.

Whatever followers Churchill may have among other members of the Conservative party, and however others may feel disposed either to make allowances for him, or to suspend their opinions of his apparently precipitate action in leaving the Tory Cabinet at so critical a juncture, until after he has had an opportunity of explanation, there is one thing pretty certain: the army, to a man, is down on Lord Randolph. Two years ago there wasn't a more popular man in the Conservative party. And particularly was he the pet and favorite of the army. I happened to be in one of the large garrison towns on the night of the election of its parliamentary member, and heard the successful member (a Conservative and ex-army officer) make his speech of thanks upon the announcement of the poll, at the head of which was his name. It was to a crowd standing ankle-deep in slushy November mud in the street that the quondam veteran of many a home barrack square parade shouted out his harangue of thanks and party "bounce," while he stood bare-headed in the window of the Tory headquarters. Great was the hallooing and cheering at everything he said, and loud were the groans for the other side. But the time when a great yell of enthusiastic delight went up was when the speaker, in giving the result of some of the election returns constantly coming in, said: "And from Paddington comes the glorious intelligence that he, who has had the dauntless pluck to cross swords with the great John Bright within the sacred precincts of his own devoted Birmingham, that young and rising statesman, Lord Ran"—

The speaker got no further than that. His voice was drowned in the vocal storm of hilarious shouts and screams. Hats were thrown up into the air, handkerchiefs were waved, and it was some minutes before quiet and order could be restored.

That was in November, 1885. Do you suppose you would hear such a thing now? Not where there were any "army" people, certainly.

At first glance it would appear from this that the army is more loyal than any other body or "set" of the Queen's subjects. That is to say, granting that Toryism is patriotism—a question which it is unnecessary to discuss. But I'm afraid, if any one attributes pure, unadulterated, unselfish loyalty to the British army as the only motive which guides, directs, and controls its motive in detesting Lord Randolph Churchill to-day, when it loved him but yesterday, why, the person who does that must know very little about the British army, that's all. The British army historically is one thing; when spoken of in the present tense, quite another. The difference partakes a good deal of the character of poetry and prose, of romance and reality. I don't in the least wish to detract an iota from the fame of the many gallant deeds with which the British army is credited by patriotic historians. I only wish to suggest that (whatever it may have been in the old days which ended with the Crimean war) it is not an army of heroes, whose only object in entering the service is to fight for their Queen and country; whose only moving spring of daily life is self-abnegation and unalloyed fealty. Like the established church, whose existence as a government establishment was threatened a couple of years ago, the army has become a means of livelihood for sons whose fathers and mothers don't know what to do with them. As one of the chief "gentleman-like" professions, it is infested (and is daily becoming more so) with young, beardless boys who are unfit for any of the real work, mental or physical, which any of the learned professions would demand of its members. As in the church, so in the army, whole families of brothers are comfortably lodged therein. It is no uncommon thing for three brothers to be in the army, and a very common thing for two. I know of one case where of nine brothers five are now in the army, and the other four preparing to enter. There is no limit practically to the number of one family who may enter the army. I am speaking, of course, in this letter, solely of officers.

It is generally an expensive matter, it is true, for parents to put one son in the army, let alone several. But once it is accomplished, and the commission obtained, it is looked upon as a settlement for life, and to that end the preliminary expenses of tutors and "crammers" are regarded in the light of but an investment. Not that the pay of a lieutenant is bait enough to tempt. It varies from five shillings and three pence per day in the infantry (the lowest pay in the army), to seven shillings and eight pence in the Horse Artillery (the highest). But a man doesn't always remain a lieutenant. He will one day, perhaps, become a Lieutenant-General, and get one thousand eight hundred pounds (or, about nine thousand dollars) a year. That is something to look forward to. Then there are the pensions bestowed by government with a lavish hand upon officers whose only recommendation consists in a few years' service at sham-fights, and in garrison town barracks, staff appointments *galore*, got through a little interest, and no end of sinecure offices connected with the different military departments. It is true enough that few, if any, officers are able to live upon their pay. What with mess expenses, wine bills, band subscriptions, and regimental entertaining, an officer would soon get deeply in debt if he hadn't private means, or a fair allowance from his father or mother, who, in the majority of instances, have to pinch and scrape their own slender income to provide it. Some young men do manage to live on their pay. I know two brothers, who are in one of the best regiments in the army, who have never taken a farthing from their widowed mother to "swagger" on. On the contrary, they constantly send her small drafts saved from the "pay" that other young swells consider insufficient for their own wants. It is really a crying evil, if it be true, that officers can not live on the pay that government allows them, that either the expenses of mess, band, and entertaining should not be put down by the authorities, or else that the pay be not increased to a sum sufficient to meet them. But, be this as it may, the fact remains, that the army does not want for officers, whatever it may do for men, and that it is looked upon by the nobility, gentry, and the snobs who imitate them, as the great field of refined labor for their sons.

The nobility, gentry, and the snobs who imitate them, are, in the main, Conservatives. The army and its maintenance

is, therefore, a strictly Conservative measure. The greatness of the empire, her strength to cope with foreign powers, and the need of both a great army and navy to these ends, is the watchword to catch the national ear. But the army as a place for their sons is the real cat in the meal. Put that down, curtail it in any way, and so far are they robbed of a "nice" occupation for their boys. And so far, also, are the blank cartridge, parade, and pipe-clay colonels and majors, who pass their time at clubs and lawn-tennis. Now, it isn't a matter of superhuman effort of sight to see the connection between the army's outcry at Lord Randolph Churchill, and his resignation from Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. The motive for that resignation was his dissent from his colleagues on the question of an increased expenditure for the army. Ergo, it is evident that Lord Randolph Churchill is no friend of the army. If he won't help to keep it up, even though at the expense of a tax-ridden people, already overburdened with the maintenance of many other needless "ornaments," the next thing he'll do will be to go in for putting it down. It's but a step from negative non-increase to positive curtailment. So argue the army men, who, in Lord Randolph's move, fear their own destruction, and that of the chances of the rising generation to gain, not distinction on foreign battle-fields, but a respectable, mess-eating, lawn-tennis-playing, barrack-living existence at home.

I am not a very great admirer of Lord Randolph Churchill. He has been too flash-in-the-pan, and too utterly inconsistent, both in words and acts. But I believe that there is no man—no statesman, for I suppose we must twist the word and call him one—in England to-day who so thoroughly makes himself acquainted with, deeply studies, and fully understands every subject with which he is called upon at any time to deal. He knows as well as any one the rot there is at the bottom of all the blatant jingoism that cries out for an expensive army. He knows what the army really is in England, and that the money expended every year in paying and pensioning a lot of idle gentlemen with about as much military genius as jelly-fish, could be better used in some peaceful home channel for the benefit of the country at large, or else not taken out of the people's pockets at all. Because he sees this, has the courage of his opinions, and does not care whether he offends the army from England's German Field-Marshal, the Duke of Cambridge, down to the last gazetted lieutenant, or not. He is hated and despised from Aldershot to Shorncliffe, from the Horse Guards to Woolwich. Two months ago he was loved, honored, and revered. No man has done more, no man has done so much, for (I won't say Conservatism, but) the Conservative party. He is their best, readiest, keenest, and most adroit debater. He is the only man of whom Gladstone is afraid. He is the only one who can force the grand old man into showing his vexation. It is impossible to estimate the loss he will be as the party's leader in the House of Commons. In view of this it is incomprehensible that some effort was not made by Lord Salisbury to win him back. One stops in wonder at the ingratitude of the thing. On every other question of national importance Lord Salisbury and he were of one mind. Upon the great question, so great that it justified (in his own estimation) Lord Salisbury in seeking an alliance with Lord Hartington, the question of the Union, no one could be stronger, clearer, and sounder than Lord Randolph Churchill. On the one question of national economy did he differ from the others. Had it been one of economy affecting some weaker voting power than the army, perhaps Lord Salisbury would have seen his way to agreeing with his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Had the army been Liberal or Radical, it is not impossible that Lord Salisbury wouldn't have cared. I always like to "give the devil his due," and though, as I say, I have never cared overmuch for Lord Randolph Churchill, I can't help admiring his utter indifference to army popularity, his disregard of the fact of the Conservative tone of the service, and his desire (for once, if never before) to live up to the promises of economy in public affairs, made by the Conservative party before the last election.

LONDON, January 21, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

The fact has been satisfactorily established, by various scientific researches, that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mont Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape—invisible to the eye—on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.

Apocryphal anecdotes about the brains of King James II. of England, and the heart of Louis XIV. of France, the fate of Prince Talleyrand's heart was almost as strange. The doctors who embalmed him found, on completing the job, that they had omitted to replace the revered and princely heart. There was no time to re-open the body, so one of the doctors slipped the heart into his handkerchief, put it in his pocket, and on his way home quietly dropped it down one of the sewers.

Miss Julia A. Malcolm, a teacher in New Haven, has made a strike. Ten years ago Thomas F. Clarke, in a joking way, made her a present of a deed of certain lands in Colorado, which, at the time, were considered worthless by the owner. Miss Malcolm accepted it in the same spirit. Since then a lead mine of great richness has been discovered, and a syndicate offers \$250,000 for it. She has decided to resign her position as teacher in the Webster School.

Recent observations are said to indicate the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer, in latitude 39 degrees 25 minutes north, longitude 9 degrees 54 minutes west, the water was found to measure thirteen hundred fathoms under the bow and eight hundred fathoms under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the ocean bottom.

The new City and County Clerk of this city has erected the following sign: "Lady applicants for positions will please weep in the ante-room, as the clerk suffers greatly from damp feet."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John L. Sullivan says he has never read one of Howell's novels. When he has fully recovered his strength he should put himself in training and try one.

Mr. Blowitz has lately paid much attention to the discovery of the brains of James II., and Mr. Labouchère thinks it might be a graceful act to present the relic to Mr. Blowitz, "who is not too strong in that line."

When Mr. Joseph Jefferson was camping out, last summer, one of his mates asked him to recite a certain scene from "Rip Van Winkle"; but the actor declined, saying that he could not repeat any long passage from his parts away from the theatre.

General Spinner, whose pleasing pot-hooks graced so many million greenbacks, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary at Jacksonville, Florida, a few days ago. He is still able to decipher his unique autograph without the aid of spectacles.

Lord Colin Campbell's library will be sold by auction at once at Edinburgh. The books are mainly Scotch, and the proceeds will not go far toward paying the cost of his recent suit. The bill banded in amounts to thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, and this, unless paid, will land Lord Colin in the Bankruptcy Court.

It is now just about a quarter of a century since Bismarck uttered the most famous of all his historic phrases. "It was in a Budget debate, in which he was beaten by an adverse vote. "It is not," he said, "by speechifying and the votes of majorities that the great questions of the age are to be settled; but by blood and iron."

Since Mrs. John Bigelow has made it understood that she intended to stand by Mrs. Leslie, who is a beautiful and hard-working woman, people have begun to praise the lady who refused to become a marquise (even of Leuville), and who in Paris had the chance of entering—with her millions—the sacred circle of the Rochejaquequins.

Edwin M. Stanton was at one time an apprentice in the printing office of John M. Laird, the veteran Greensburg editor, who died last week. Mr. Laird, although a native of Westmoreland County, conducted a newspaper at Somerset, Ohio, for three years, and then removed to Steubenville, where Stanton learned his trade under him.

Further search into the affairs of Joseph Perry, the so-called Philadelphia miser, who was recently frozen to death, leaving an estate of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, shows that he was not a miser in the ordinary sense of the word, but a rich man whose depraved tastes led him to live a life of debauchery in a bad neighborhood.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley testifies that the late Dr. Livingstone was a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages during his residence in Africa, and that he himself, during three and a half years in that hot land, did not drink ten tablespoonfuls of spirituous liquors, and was nine months in the wildest part of equatorial Africa without a symptom of disease.

The Mayor of Milan, apropos of the quarrel about the statue of Napoleon III. in that city, has received from Prince Napoleon this dispatch: "I thank you for the eloquent and patriotic discourse you have delivered. As a Frenchman, as Napoleon [modest for Plon-Plon], I acknowledge it. History will register your words and the two peoples remember it."

Referring to the death of William Stuart, Henry Labouchère says in *Truth*: "He had a seaside home at New London. I remember staying with him there. The company was eclectic. Among others, there was a bishop and a burlesque actress who used to bathe together—it is the custom for ladies and gentlemen to bathe together in America—every morning."

Mrs. Joan C. Pinkerton, who died in Chicago last week, was the widow of the late Allan Pinkerton. Mrs. Pinkerton was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, more than sixty-five years ago. She married Allan Pinkerton in Glasgow in 1842. Two sons, William A. and Robert, the present managers of the detective agency bearing their father's name, survive their parents.

Mr. Patrick Rooney, the Milesian comedian, created a sensation in a Cincinnati hotel the other evening. Screams were heard issuing from palatial apartments, and on investigation, Mr. Rooney explained that he was simply disciplining his wife and daughter after returning from a late and somewhat convivial supper. He seemed astonished at the idea that there was anything irregular in his pastime.

An old-time curious custom recently occurred at the Court of Berlin. Every year the salters of Halle are entitled to present to the king and heir-apparent their vows for the new year. On the third of January at 3 p. m. the salters called on his majesty and "Unser Fritz," with the traditional presents, which consisted of six sausages, a salted tart, and twenty-five hard-boiled eggs cooked in salted water. These traditional comestibles were served up at the table of the Emperor.

Dr. Gerster, the brother of the celebrated prima donna, is making a collection of instantaneous photographs of difficult surgical operations, for the benefit of students. Each photograph is taken under his personal direction, and intended to show them precisely the best method of placing the patient, arranging the auxiliaries, and bolding the instruments. It is important for them, he says, to know the most approved way of managing the simplest detail, even to the hanging of a towel.

According to the latest gossip inventor, who poses as "Count Paul Vasil," Pope Leo XIII. is a great money market speculator and has invested largely in Italian loans and British consols. He is not avaricious, however, but gives more freely, perhaps, than any of his predecessors, and he lives very plainly. The dowry he gave to his favorite nephew, the bandone Camille Pecci, was scarcely twenty thousand dollars and his presents to the bride were poor and cheap. He gives large subsidies to the newspapers that support his policy.

The Shah of Persia's first visit to Europe tended, for the time, to civilize him, but before a year had expired he wanted to execute his Prime Minister. The king now, as a rule, returns salutes; before his visit to Europe he did not. He now looks with pleasure at the pictures in the illustrated journals. When he last crossed the Caspian, he slept on the floor of the ladies' cabin, under the table, and on the table he put his boots. Once it was a pleasure to the "Asylum of the Universe" to fill a boat, on one of the large tanks of his numerous country palaces, with the grandees of his kingdom, clad in gala costume, and to go into fits of laughter as the boat sank, and the pillars of the empire crawled out, muddy, wet, and bedraggled. They say that on the last visit of the king of kings to Europe, when tasting and sucking a stick of asparagus, as he sat between two royal ladies at the dinner-table, he offered the half-devoured butt to the more august of the two, with the idea that she would enjoy the pleasure he had experienced, saying, with innocent enjoyment, "Ba, ba! I love good it is!" That the Asylum of the Universe is still susceptible of improvement in manner becomes painfully evident.

M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, whose recent announcement of a Russo-German alliance against France and Austria has been attracting the notice of all Europe, is a remarkable individual. In personal appearance he is a mere globe of obesity. From pole to pole, or rather from poll to sole, he measures about five feet three inches, with an equatorial abdominal diameter of something like four feet six inches. His age is apparently in the neighborhood of fifty. His oral English is very imperfect. He constantly drops into French by way of refuge from the intricacies of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and is apparently more familiar with German than with either. He is by birth a Pole. Though he writes English more fluently than he speaks it, most of his matter is "corrected for style" by a competent subordinate. All his manuscript, even to notes of invitation and reply, is turned off upon an American type-writer. He lives in a small *entresol*, or first light flat, of which the only other occupants besides the servants are his wife and a very fat poodle, decrepit with age. Consumed with inordinate vanity is M. de Blowitz, no possible flattery upon his secret power as a mover of states and empires being too gross for his ears. His value is estimated by the *Times* upon a pecuniary basis of twelve thousand dollars annually, with a coupé at his disposal and a liberal allowance for expenses.

VANITY FAIR.

In Washington there were three young ladies who, by virtue of the official positions of their fathers, had the assurance of always having partners themselves for the cotillions, if there were men enough to go round, who, because of the scarcity of the masculine article in Washington, especially of the dancing kind, determined a few winters ago to "hoycott" all the girls not in their own clique who came to the city as visitors; and this is the way they managed it: A modest, attractive girl was visiting a Senator's wife, but knew very few gentlemen in Washington, for the Senator's wife with whom she was had not lived there long, and it so chanced that in a certain German the young lady knew but three men besides her own partner. The trio who had formed the league against visitors knew this fact, and being themselves well acquainted with most of the gentlemen dancing that night, including the three the young stranger knew, they determined among themselves to regularly "take out" those three, whenever the stranger was on the floor, before she could do so, in order to prevent her, as she was too modest to "take out" any but an acquaintance, from having any one with whom she could dance except her own partner. In pursuance of this amiable conspiracy the three girls actually succeeded in causing the young lady to be left stranded in the middle of the ball-room, looking hopelessly at the strange faces of the men who were seated, while the three men she knew were kept by the three girls who had planned this discomfiture for her, for no other reason than a desire to see her neglected, as a contrast to their own belittlement, and to discourage her and other visitors to the city from "poaching upon their preserves" by dividing with them the few young men in society. There is a selfish and malicious part, too, which young men also take in the German, and for purposes of their own—sometimes spite, sometimes to curry favor with certain of the girls—conspire together to make belles of some, and to slight others equally deserving. It is very easy for a "ring"—and such exist in social as well as political circles—to carry out their purposes in a German, especially if the leader of the dance be one of the clique which has decided to make the occasion a pleasure or a punishment to some of those present, for the leader of a German is a great autocrat while he holds sway.

There is said to be a movement on foot in Chicago for the restoration of knee-breeches (remarks the New York Post), and a number of men are exchanging pledges to wear them. Whether such a movement can succeed is doubtful, but there is no question that the opinion is spreading through the civilized world that the introduction of trousers at the beginning of the present century was a mistake, and that the advantages they were at first supposed to possess over knee-breeches have proved illusory. These advantages were the saving of trouble in the matter of buttoning at the knee, and the deliverance from criticism of persons with ill-made legs, or, in other words, the diffusion of equality in the matter of legs. The trousers have, however, revealed another sort of inequality still more odious—inequality in wealth. No article of clothing more distinctly reveals the condition of a man's purse than the trousers. The fraying at the lower edge of the leg, which is sure to come with much wear, is generally taken as a sign of very narrow means, and the bagging at the knee, which is also inevitable, besides producing a fouler appearance, like that of a horse which is "gone" in the forelegs, is a sign that a man has only one or two pairs. It is assumed by the world generally that nobody would wear trousers bagged at the knee, with all the term implies, if he could afford the number of changes necessary to prevent this phenomenon. In fact, almost the only marked difference remaining in our day between the clothes of a man of fortune and leisure and those of a toiler of moderate means, lies in the straightness and smoothness which mark the trousers-legs of the former. His wardrobe always contains a great many pairs. At any theatre, too, the make-up of a poor teacher or literary man, or poor devil of any kind, includes invariably a pair of baggy trousers. And though last not least, the condition of the trousers in muddy weather is something which it is painful to dwell on. The conversion of an inch or two of the bottom into a wet and filthy band is only preventable by turning them up, and we all know how this looks. An effort has recently been made to meet the struggles of men of few trousers to escape the bagging at the knee, by an invention of a machine called "the trousers stretcher," which is literally a metal rack on which offending trousers are stretched over night, and the deformity effaced by a powerful tension in the direction of their length. It may, therefore, be said that on the whole the knee-breeches were the more democratic of the two. They undergo no degeneration in wear, except what comes from the actual destruction of the cloth. They reveal nothing as to the condition of a man's wardrobe until they reach their last stage. They always look neat and tidy, and do not come in contact with the mud, leaving that to be encountered by a boot or stocking which can be readily changed. But they are in summer a hot garment, owing to their fitting so closely round the knee—a defect, however, which is perhaps compensated by the possibility, without damage to appearance, of making them very loose. They are, too, now making a gallant effort to regain their old supremacy and oust the trousers. They have made conquests of most of the sporting men and athletes, and have made considerable gains in the Continental armies. The Turks, who abandoned them under Mahmoud the Reformer, for the (on them) hideous trousers, have gone back to the breeches. Some faint attempts have been made to introduce them again into evening dress, but these have failed, owing in part to the light and frivolous character of those who have made them. If undertaken in a serious spirit by any of the crowned heads, or by great warriors and statesmen, or in this country by great railroad men or stock operators, the enterprise would probably succeed.

The greater number of the suffering sewing-women of the large cities find themselves at the work they have rather by accident than by choice. The thought of going into domestic service, moreover, does not occur to them. Many of them once belonged to a station of society which makes such a course something as unusual and foreign as going to sea would be. They have been mistresses themselves, it

may be; to reverse things so far as to become maids does not cross their minds. What, when all is said, are the conditions of domestic service, that the suffering sewing-women of our large cities should have any reason to look askance at it, and prefer their poverty? In a large number of houses where servants are kept at all there are two, and often more, and where but one is kept, there the mother or aunt or daughter, or all three, perform quite the equivalent of a second girl's duty, and sometimes go beyond it. Where there is but one servant kept, too, she is apt to be on a very different footing with the family than a servant is where she has a companion with her in the kitchen. For, not having another to consort with, she is thrown with the progress of the work more or less into the companionship of the family, and is, therefore, not liable to much sensation of loneliness, especially if there are children in the household. Where there are two or more servants they make a society for themselves. In the houses of our country towns, where dinner takes place in the middle of the day and tea at six, it is the general custom to allow the girls to dispose of their evenings as they please, and practically the maid has every evening, either to go out or to remain in the house and receive her friends. In addition to this, in these homes the maid has permission to go to early mass every Sunday, and she has the whole afternoon on every other Sunday surely, and often part of the morning. She is also allowed one other afternoon in the week in which to go about her own affairs and pleasures. In the homes of the large cities a somewhat different state of affairs prevails, on account of the necessarily late dinners. But, even with this, every cook and every housemaid in the city has one free week-day evening to go out, and one to see friends, and a good part of every other Sunday. It would be impossible for her to have more and to do her work. If all women who have their living to earn were as comfortable as the greater number of our cooks and housemaids are, it would be a very happy world indeed for working-women.

Concerning the masquerade balls of New York, a writer has this to say in the Providence Journal: New York is now in the season of the "French balls," a name given to a round of two or three gallant French assemblies and two or three assemblies of the demi-monde of both sexes. These balls are not what they are put up to be. They are not first-class opportunities for indulging in wickedness. All the vice there is in them is made to order, hired, and exhibited like a stage performance. In order to understand these curious balls let us study one from its inception. The company getting it up is formed either out of a club, or an especial syndicate of speculators, who are backed by liquor dealers, agents of foreign wines or American whiskies, and cigar manufacturers. Either that, or they go into the scheme to sell out the bar and restaurant privileges for enough money to insure a handsome profit before a cent is expended. Next the Academy of Music is rented, and the date advertised. After this the town is flooded with tickets. These are always notable works of art, showy pictures of a can-can or a merry group of reckless maskers. The pictures are either suggestive or downright vicious. When the night arrives the parquet is boarded over. French and other flags, and shields bearing comic pictures, and stands of flowers, and perhaps a fountain of scented water, have given that great theatre a ball-room appearance. Bands are scattered about on the stage and in the galleries. A lot of hired maskers form a procession, and the other maskers fall in behind. These other maskers are women of evil lives and young college students, bar-tenders, boyish debauchees, and silly countrymen. The adult New Yorker never appears except in evening dress, and insists that his female friend shall go in regular ball-room attire. He never dances, and he does not permit her to do so, as a rule. There are some comic stage performances and a ballet or two, and then the ball begins. But it languishes. The public sits around in the boxes looking on, or in the gallery seats, drinking. The dancers are few, and men are sent around to urge people to dance, lest the thing be a flat failure. Countrymen are promised partners, and the college boys and gilded striplings are only too eager to join the others, never suspecting that these others are hired for from \$2 to \$50 for the night, according to what sort of dancing they have to do. You notice that the men about town from the Hoffman House bar-room and the clubs are not present. Wait until between midnight and one o'clock, and you will see them. At that time the great theatre becomes packed by a host of men in evening dress. Their idea has been to keep away until the crowd is half tipsy. Suddenly a quadrille or waltz breaks up, and everybody rushes to the middle of the floor, where, in the hollow of a circle half a dozen rows deep, a man and a woman are dancing a can-can. Both seem slightly tipsy and wholly reckless. She thrashes the air with her skirts, never letting go of them, but raising and swaying and tossing them madly while she pirouettes, and sometimes kicks above her head. He dances in exact time with her. The crowd breaks and runs to another place where a tall man is dancing with a young girl in a balloon-like dress of bright scarlet. At times he catches both her hands and vaults her over both his shoulders. Perhaps she ends her performance with a somersault. It is sometimes done. "Who is he? Who is she?" the voices cry. "Why, he's a broker, and she's a clerk in a Broadway candy-store," the whisper runs. Bah! this is a commercial vice, rented by the night; this man is a professional athlete and dancer, and the woman is his companion or partner in business—a ballet-dancer, or circus rider, or athlete. Every now and then there is a genuine bit of delirium. Some young woman full of wine rushes upon the waxed floor, and, grasping her skirts, begins a can-can. But, see; an orderly puts his hands on her shoulders and marches her off the floor. If she does not behave after that, she will be marched out into the street. There must be nothing genuine. It might not be governable; nobody knows what might happen if people were allowed to misbehave for nothing. But hired misbehavior is another thing. It is only suggestive after all. The hired skirts only indulge in certain limited vagaries. Watch as long as you will, the hired dancers will not overstep a certain bound. Once in a while, however, a very gratuitous female volunteer will prance around for some minutes before any orderly stops her. It is such accidents that keep the thing alive.

Paper was first made from rags in the fourteenth century.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Tin-Tun-Ling, the famous Chinese adventurer, who died a few weeks ago, was in Paris during the siege. One day, as he was passing along the street, two heroes whose military costume consisted of a dingy red stripe down their black trousers, said in his hearing: "Bah! That Chinese would be doing better if he were in Pekin just now." "And you, gentlemen, if you were in Berlin," he replied, simply, and passed on.

Talking of preachers having fine voices, a minister once said: "They tell a grand story on Brother S—. He was detailed to do a little missionary work among the negroes. When the time was up he was re-appointed. One of the class-leaders of the darkey church came to him and said, 'Brother S—, we's glad dey done sent you back to preach to us.' 'Why so?' queried the minister, 'Kase de culled folks all lack you. Dey say you got de mo'nfulles' voice.'"

Once, while Dr. Archibald A. Hodge was professor in a theological seminary, he asked a student for a definition of eternity. The student need not have been ashamed to confess his inability to answer that question, but, after some hesitation, he replied that he used to know the definition, but had forgotten it. "Well, well!" exclaimed Dr. Hodge, bringing his hand down forcibly on the table; "what a calamity! The only man in the universe who ever knew what eternity is has forgotten."

Two attorneys once fought a duel, and one of them shot away the other's coat-tail. "If your antagonist," said the good shot's second, "had been a client, you would have hit his pocket." The remark created a general laugh, under the influence of which the antagonists shook hands and made up. Two men, engaged in "satisfying honor," were so nervous that each shot wide of his antagonist. One of the seconds suggested that, honor being satisfied, the duelists should shake hands. "That is wholly unnecessary," replied the other second; "their hands have been shaking this half-hour."

On one occasion, an extremely hot day, Dr. Waddy, of the British Wesleyan Conference, was preaching in a chapel to a small congregation, which, in spite of an excellent sermon, showed a general disposition to go to sleep. The doctor, perceiving that all but three or four were in a somnolent condition, conceived the idea of gradually increasing the length of his pauses, of speaking in a perfect monotone, and lowering the pitch, until finally every individual in the congregation was sound asleep. He then took his hat and quietly departed. When they awoke, they found the preacher gone.

Disraeli once said he had received a letter from Stanley (afterward Lord Derby) to this effect: "My dear Disraeli—I write to you in confidence to tell you that I have been offered and have refused the Colonial Office. As it is due to Lord Palmerston to keep his offer secret, I have told nobody of it but yourself and my father, and I beg you not to mention it to anybody." On receiving this he said he began to concoct an answer in his mind of rather a sentimental kind, and conveying his approbation of the course he had taken, but before he put pen to paper he got the Times with Stanley's letter to Sir—, which was tantamount to a disclosure of the whole thing, on which he wrote instead: "Dear Stanley—I thank you for your letter, but I had already received your confidential communication through the Times."

The late Marco Minghetti, the Italian statesman, was the recipient of many decorations and collars for his diplomatic services; but, like Mr. Gladstone, he never would accept a title. He was fond of society, and with the assistance of his wife, Donna Laura, had established quite a literary and political salon in Rome. One evening he visited at a house where he was not known to the servants, and the lackey inquired whom he should announce. "Marco Minghetti," he replied. The French footman thought that the Italian word, "Marco," signified "Marquis" and accordingly, in his most sonorous tones, called out, "M. le Marquis Minghetti." Minghetti could not repress a smile, and approaching the mistress of the house he said: "Your man has given me a title to which I have no right, madame. Marquis for Marco is a *quis pro quo*."

William J. Florence, in his younger days, was a great speechmaker. On the least provocation he would rush before the curtain, and hurl expressions of gratitude, and promises of a speedy return at the backs of the retreating audience. One evening, when he was doing one-night stands on the New England circuit, a few injudicious auditors were bold enough to applaud at the fall of the curtain on the last act. Florence darted from behind, and howled to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "or fellow townsmen, as I may call you, I thank you. Though you may not be acquainted with the fact, it was in this old town of New Haven that I lived as a boy. Under the shade of the college elms, and by the side of the old court-house, I spent the happiest days of my life. I see many familiar faces before me to-night who were boys with me then. I have met with some approbation in my life, but nowhere is it more sweet, and more dear, than in this my native town. To-day as I walked the streets"—At this point, a gentleman in front whispered in a very loud voice, "Mr. Florence, this isn't New Haven; it's Hartford."

A negro waiter in one of the towns of New York lately became insane, rushed through the streets one evening, and assaulted two or three persons whom he met, beating them brutally with a club. On a lonely road in the suburbs he met a young girl returning home. With a frantic yell, he struck her on the shoulder, and caused a roll of music which she carried to fall out of her hand. He then grappled with her. She understood the situation with a glance, and fixing her eye on him, said in a quiet tone of command, "Pick up that music!" The madman dropped instantly into the servant, and stooped to grope in the mud for the roll, when she made her escape. A similar instance of presence of mind was given in a report of one of the state boards of charity. A visitor to an insane asylum, while in the observatory, was approached by a quiet-looking gentleman, who joined him in conversation until they reached the edge of the gallery. Beneath them was a sheer descent of sixty feet. The stranger, a powerful man, threw his arm about him, crying, "Come! We will jump down, and see which will reach the ground first." "Certainly," promptly said his victim; "but—stay a minute. Anybody can jump down. Let us go below and jump up." The whimsical idea pleased the madman's brain. He hurried, laughing, down the stairs.

While Stuttering Travers was waiting recently at the Union Club, New York, a wag put on his seakins coat and swaggered up and down the reading-room. Mr. Travers caught him in the act and said at once that it was a new illustration of the fable of the ass who put on the lion's skin. "It seems to me you stutter more in New York than you did in Baltimore," said a very intimate friend, who had known him during his residence in the latter city. "Perhaps it is because New York is so much the higher place," said Travers. Riding in the ears with General Collis, in 1887, during the trunk-line troubles, when the meeting of Vanderbilt, Gould, Roberts, Garrett, and others, at Saratoga, was hoped to result in an end of the war of rates, on the prospect. "Yes," said Travers, "Gould and Vanderbilt took a drink together, and the boys put the prices up." "I wonder what they drank?" said General Collis, musingly. "I guess Vanderbilt took taffy in his and Gould had to take water," said Travers. When he was asked to subscribe to the stock of the First National Bank of New York, which was one of the youngest of those institutions, "I'll go in," said Travers. "By d-d-don't you call it the Last National b-h-bank?"

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

"Parisina" discusses Three Brilliant Weddings in the Haut Monde.

If there is one thing more than another that delights my fair countrywomen, it is a fashionable wedding. You will say, it is natural to the feminine heart to feel sympathy with love and marriage. But this does not exactly describe the sensation of La Parisienne. That artificial product of modern civilization hardly takes the love into consideration at all; she looks upon the affair from a very different standpoint from the American and the Englishwoman, who will watch the course of true love with the greatest interest, and live her own past-and-gone love story over again during the period—if she has grown out of such follies; and if she is young, and has not yet had her day, she is equally interested trying to imagine how she should feel if it were she, and comparing the bridegroom-elect to the Prince Charming of her own imaginings, who, of course, is coming in due time to claim her.

I don't think La Parisienne thinks much about the bridegroom at all, except as a necessary accessory. And Prince Charming's rent-roll is the most important point about him, for he must be rich—this goes without saying—generous moreover in the matter of the *corbeille*, and have a handle to his name. For the rest, if he is under thirty-five, not bald, sufficiently good-looking, and agreeable, this is all—more, indeed than is often required of him. A man with such a list of attributes is sure to get himself a wife. When he marries no one expects him to be absurdly in love with his wife, and if he does by some freak of fancy happen to be so, things are not made particularly pleasant for him. Little time is given to the pleasant period of courtship, which is short, and so filled up with shopping, and visiting, and law business, and hemmed round even more with conventionalities, that it loses all its ideality. Put yourself, young, ardent, American lover, in the place of the French suitor—and think of it! How would you like never to have the girl to whom you have engaged yourself alone for a minute? What, not a single private interview? No sweet moments of expansion when the final "yes" is murmured? Oh, dear, no. Mamma is there, of course, doubtless papa also, and your future wife sweeps you a pretty courtesy, and you kiss her hand; and afterward you may—if luck is on your side—get her out of ear-shot for a few seconds, now and then, or by some happy concatenation of events steal one kiss when no one is looking. Under these circumstances, of course, the *fiancé*, if he is seriously smitten, hurries on the wedding as fast as he can, feeling very like a fish out of water, as if he had been caught and done for.

There is some improvement in such matters, however, of late years. The girl's consent is asked, not merely as a matter of form, though she is not taught to think that love is by any means a necessity—hardly desirable, or proper, before marriage. A few weeks are allowed for the young people to get acquainted (O Cupid! fancy marrying a man with whom you are not acquainted.) It is not as it used to be a hundred years ago—or less. There is an interesting account of the marriage of a young patrician in a book which has just appeared—"Histoire d'une Grande Dame du 18^{me} Siècle." Princess Hélène Massalska was the heiress of one of the greatest names and the biggest fortunes in Poland, and it "was arranged" that she should be united to Prince Charles de Ligne. Like many young ladies of quality in those days, she had been entirely brought up at the convent of L'Abbaye aux Bois, and the first interview took place in the convent parlor. The young princess wore the habit of the order—the rules were very strict—but this did not deter the Prince from seeing that she was pretty; while she, on her part, though affecting to keep her eyes modestly cast upon the ground, saw enough to be able to describe her future husband to her companions—"he is fair, tall; he is like his mother, who was very beautiful; he has a very distinguished air; but is too serious and too German looking." As usual, Prince Charles was less interesting than the touseau, the corbeille, and the diamonds. The dreams of the future princess were filled with anxiety about certain jewels—heirlooms—a pair of wonderful ear-rings to wear with a court dress, which she was in mortal dread might be left behind at Brussels. Having no relations in Paris, Princess Hélène was married in the chapel of the convent, but the betrothal took place at Versailles and his most sacred majesty signed the contract. An uncle of the bride, the Bishop of Vilna, presented his niece with a touseau worth a hundred thousand crowns, and the corbeille was filled with the richest lace—manufactured purposely at Brussels and Mechlin—and the most beautiful jewels, besides the princely diamonds which had so excited the imagination of the foolish little bride. History is silent on the important subject of the bride's dress, but the bridegroom's tailor's bill is quoted: "item, one blue silk spangled coat; one white vest embroidered with silver and diamonds; one set of diamond buttons; seven yards of white silk." Thus attired, the Prince who was "fair, tall," and so much "like his mother," must have presented a very magnificent appearance. But what seemed to have touched the bride most, was his thoughtful kindness to one of her retainers—Bathilde Tontevaire—the nurse who had brought her up, and whom she insisted should be near her person during the ceremony. The poor woman was so much upset by this condescension that she had forgotten to put a rosette in her cap, and as she stood trembling in a corner, the Prince walked up to her and placed in her hand his wedding gift—a pension of six hundred livres. "I thanked him," writes the bride afterward, "with a smile and a pressure of the hand—the first I had given him." After the ceremony, the happy pair repaired to the Château de Belœil for the honeymoon, and their arrival was the signal for a succession of gorgeous fêtes, at the conclusion of which the park and grounds were lit up *à giorno*. Princess Hélène in her childlike delight exclaimed as she leaned on her husband's arm, "This is not night—it is a silver day!"

Curiously enough, this Prince Charles de Ligne was the great-grand-uncle of that Prince Charles who was married the other day in such pomp at the Madeleine to Mlle. Diane de Cosse Brissac—one of the three grand weddings about which I was going to tell you when my pen ran away with me.

The house of Ligne has not gone down as so many princely

houses have. The present representatives are almost as rich as their ancestors who figured at Versailles among the courtiers of Louis XVI. Mlle. Diane's corbeille had in it rare lace and glittering diamonds, pearls of the purest water, satin dresses embroidered with silver, a blue damask trimmed with ostrich plumes, a superb mantle edged with Russian sable, and all that heart could desire. The Château de Belœil still belongs to them, and many another gorgeous habitation, besides a dainty little town mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain. It is true the blood of the bride is not quite so pure a blue as that of Princess Hélène Massalska, her great-grand-aunt; but what will you? It is hardly a mesalliance nowadays to be allied to a plebeian family owning a mansion in the Place Vendôme, with a picture gallery hung with the works of the old masters, and the plebeian grand-parents are on the mother's side only; the bride's father was the Marquis de Cosse Brissac, and she was led to the altar by her paternal grandfather, the duke. Who cares that his maternal grandfather was a sugar-refiner? And plain M. Say married his daughters into the nobility. One of them is the Princesse Amédée de Broglie (the Broglies are comparatively poor, and the lady's dowry was a desideratum), the other, after being Marquise de Brissac became Vicomtesse de Tredern. This second marriage was by no means a happy one. All Paris, a few months ago, was talking about it. For some years the two had lived apart, but every now and then the viscount paid his wife a visit, and on the last occasion some very bitter words were exchanged; on his departure the poor lady was found in a fainting condition with some ugly bruises on her head and knees. The viscount maintains that his wife had thrown herself against him, and then fallen; she declared he pushed her down. The affair went before the courts, and finally he was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, and a legal separation was obtained—the children being confided to the care of the mother.

No mention or notice was taken of the viscount with respect to this marriage. After all, the bride was no daughter of his. His two little girls acted as bridesmaids to their stepsister, exquisitely dressed in Pompadour costumes, and his wife followed her daughter into the church leaning on the arm of her son, a Brissac, not a Tredern. She is one of those wonderful Parisiennes who keep their good looks indefinitely, and will be one of that lovely bevy of *jeunes grand-mères* when the time comes. On this occasion she wore a beautiful robe of violet velvet exquisitely embroidered with silver; her sister, the Princesse de Broglie, having chosen gray velvet worked with gold on a foundation of white satin—half mourning for a lately deceased grandmother on the plebeian side—Mme. Way.

Diane de Brissac is a blonde like her mother, and the world attributes to her every grace and virtue. She certainly made a very handsome bride in her white satin dress richly trimmed with white lace. The church was filled to suffocation. All the world was there in spite of the snow and the cold; dukes and marquises were thick as blackberries, and the sugar-refining element kept modestly in the background, like poor old Bathilde Tontevaire, whom a chance phrase in a new book has brought out of the shadows of the past.

But I said there had been three weddings, and this is only one of them.

Hélène de la Rochefoucauld, fourth daughter of M. de la Rochefoucauld, Duc d'Estissac, may boast of better blood than even Diane de Cosse Brissac. The wedding, however, was a tame affair in comparison. Not but that the bridegroom was every inch a gentleman—no other than Louis de Maillé, Duc de Plaisance—a pleasant, kindly-looking man, and, really, I fancied for once, a French bridegroom very much in love with his newly-made wife. As they sallied forth from the sacristy, he was bending down to whisper something, at which she smiled, and so nearly forgot to turn and bow to the altar—a fearful breach of decorum. Soft white silk had she chosen for her wedding gown, and from her head—entirely enveloping the train—was a marvelous white lace veil, which has been worn in turn by each of the La Rochefoucauld girls on her wedding day—the Comtesse de Mérode, the Comtesse Werner de Mérode, and the Comtesse de Kerjoly—three fresh young matrons, all gracing the wedding procession.

For the general public, for the world that does not confine its interests within the narrow compass of the narrow faubourg, both these events were insignificant compared to the occasion on which Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta and ex-President of the French republic, gave away his only daughter at the altar to the young Comte Charles de Piennes. Every one knows that the marshal is of gentle birth, descended from a Scotch-Irish family and ennobled in France. A younger son, it is true, almost a soldier of fortune, having won each step at the point of his sword—the first at the Malakoff "*j'y suis, j'y reste*"; the leader of a victorious army at Magenta; one of the wounded heroes at Sedan. Since he quitted the Elysée, he has lived so quietly and been seen so little that his appearance, the other day, on the steps of Sainte-Clothilde was almost like a resurrection. "Vive le Maréchal!" cried some one in the crowd, and the cry was echoed on this side and that of the big place. I should not be surprised if the veteran did not feel more nervous than when storming the Russian stronghold—the emotions, you see, of a début, and this was the first time he appeared in the character of father at a daughter's marriage.

Marie de MacMahon is the youngest of four. When her father and mother were reigning over the republic she was in the school-room. Two of her brothers, after passing through the military school of St. Cyr, entered the army about that time, and the youngest of them is now at Tonking, and was therefore absent from the family gathering. The third has a weak intellect, and can follow no profession. It was as natural that the marshal's sons should take to the same career as their father as that this daughter should marry a military man. Charles de Piennes is a lieutenant in a regiment of hussars. Backed by so distinguished a father-in-law, promotion will come early, and he will slide more easily than most from lieutenant to captain, and from captain to major. Yesterday his new alliance opened wide to him the door of the Jockey Club. In the meantime he is a very dashing young subaltern, and might have caught any girl's fancy. The hussar uniform, in the first place, is a most becoming one—pale blue with white facings, and a jaunty plume of cock's feathers on the front of the shako. Although the regiment is quartered at Dinan, most of his

brother officers came up to attend the wedding, and among them the colonel was conspicuous—a tall man, with silvery hair, and a complexion that looked as if it had been powder-puffed for the occasion. The De Piennes nobility is of somewhat recent date. The family name of Hallevin duhs them Norman gentry. His father, the marquis, was equerry to the Empress Eugénie and member of the Corps Législatif; hence their leanings are imperial, as those of the marshal have been always understood to be, though belonging, in a way, to the aristocracy of the faubourg, and living the simple, secluded life of the French nobility not overburdened with riches. The marshal has a nice family mansion in the Rue Belle-chasse, a garden behind full of old trees, where the sparrows congregate, and now and then a family of gray doves, emigrants from the Tuileries gardens yonder. There are horses in the stables and lackeys in the ante-chambers—servants who have grown old in the service—but no modern excess of luxury and *récherché*. Everything is comfortable and well-ordered, for the Maréchal Duchesse de Magenta is a notable manager, and commanded the quasi-regal household at the Elysée equally well. Her daughter has grown up under her own eye, and favors her mother, who is short and stout, has dark-brown hair, a good-natured, intelligent expression, with small features and the remnant of a fine complexion. Her shoulders are her good point.

Marie de MacMahon is still in slim girlhood, and her complexion of the strawberries and cream order. She made a sweet little bride, and impressed every one agreeably as she walked up the nave of the church by the side of the soldierly figure which towered above her—as some people consider the men of a family should tower over their women folk. Next her came, in due order, the bridegroom, with the marquis—his mother—in lilac velvet and white lace; the Marquis de Piennes, escorting Madame la Maréchale, radiant in blue; the Comtesse de Castries—a near relation of the duchesse—and the Maréchal's nephew, the Marquis de MacMahon, head of his house; the once lovely Comtesse de Beaumont—the bride's aunt—in silver gray, and the Marquis d'Harcourt; and finally, Lieutenant Patrice de MacMahon and his kinswoman the marchioness. At this moment there was hardly standing room in the church, much less chairs for every one. Those who were fortunate enough to get seats were hidden by their standing neighbors, and it was next to impossible to get a glimpse of the altar and to know exactly how far they had got with the service. But here comes the gaudy Suisse with his huge halberd and a pair of children with the plate. Pieces fall in a silver shower; then crash goes the organ, and the bell tinkles, and heads are bent in prayer. When Handel's cantata strikes up there is a sudden rush to the front, and we know the bridal procession is filing into the sacristy.

There was a reception at the MacMahon mansion after the ceremony, with standing lunch as usual. The marshal looked a little tired, and rather emotional; his wife, having more control over her feelings, smiled on every one, though doubtless her mother's heart was aching.

Later in the afternoon the happy pair started for Normandy, to spend the short honeymoon (regimental duties claim Lieutenant de Piennes at Dinan at the end of ten days) in a château, part of the dowry of the Marquise de Piennes, and which is now settled by contract on the young people. When in town they will live in the paternal mansion, where a special suite of apartments has been prepared for them, the windows of which look over the garden where the sparrows and doves build their nests.

PARIS, January 14, 1887.

PARISINA.

Ye Valentyne.

In ys daintie Envelope
Slumbereth my fondest Hope
Folded in softe Lace,
Ef its Eyne shal onlie ope
To thy Face.

Thenne its Lips shal sofly say
"Ys is Valentyne, His daye,
Whenne ye prettie Mayde
Lispeth 'Aye' or lispeth 'Nay'—
All afrajd."

Let it no Lyne by you be penned.
I shall knowe ye word you send
Whenne agayne we meet
[Love's Beginning or Love's End,]
On ye Street.

If thy Hearte my love wolde try,
Prithe speake nott passing by—
Prithe never speake!
I can read ye downcast Eye
And Blush-Cheeke.

So Valentyne,
Go Valentyne,
Bidd ys Sweet Girl to be Mine!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

The economical catalogue-maker who set down the titles of two books as "Mill on the Floss," ditto "Political Economy," reminds the Boston *Transcript* of a woman whose scrap-book is carefully indexed in this fashion: "Patti, Adelina. Ditto Oyster." And this reminds the Buffalo *Courier* of the index-maker who based the entry: "Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind," upon a statement in the text that "Mr. Justice Best had a great mind to commit the witness."

There were a hundred and ninety-five new streets and one new square added to London in the year, making an addition of about thirty-three miles and a half to the public thoroughfares. This was less than usual, as it was a bad year for builders. The above figures refer to the Metropolitan police district, which has a radius fifteen miles from Charing Cross. The strength of the police force is between 13,000 and 14,000.

They have a toboggan slide at Bismarck, Dakota, where they say that the steel-shod toboggans acquire a velocity of three miles a minute.

BEAUTY AT THE BALL.

"Iris" describes the Charity Ball, and Mrs. Garrett's Dance in Baltimore.

For the first time in ten years the Charity Ball has been a success—so far, that is, as "society" is concerned. Once upon a time, in the early stages of its evolution, it was quite a swell affair, patronized by the Beekmans, and Astors, and Livingstons, and conducted under the patrician eye of such veterans as Arthur Leary, and perhaps, in its very early days, the much-loved author of the story of the pig's ears. It was kept strictly under the thumb of numerous great ones; fine ladies with Roman profiles, whose noses were too high for a preconceived if erroneous type of beauty, and stately gentlemen, with "Vans" before their surnames, honored it with their presence, and lifted it into the thinner air-currents of society. But with the march of time a change came over the spirit of its dream. Insidious and deadly as a fourteenth century Florentine pest, came the omnipresent common herd. That delicate aroma of exclusiveness which had at first characterized it vanished like cobwebs on the grass. The great ones viewed the inroads of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker with cold horror, and silently withdrew into corners. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker didn't mind a bit. As a rule, they can oftener lay their hands on a ten-dollar bill than the pure, ungrafted, old-blue "nob." Meat, bread, and light are essential to life, whereas a nob is merely an ornamental outcome of "the effete civilization of the East." That consciousness of a plurality of ten-dollar bills gave "the vulgar element" much self-confidence. They squeezed in with a skill which would have recommended them to a master mind.

The small end of the wedge inserted, they began to force an entrance. They first came alone, then they went back for wives and daughters, whom Miladi from Fifth Avenue glared ferociously at through her silver lorgnette. People began to drop off. In solemn pow-wows, in scented boudoirs, and club windows, it was currently reported that the days of the Charity were over—"the Van Spoondydikes were not there last time, you know; and Tillie Van Sittart, who'd go to Seringapatam to dance with a man of sixty, says she isn't going this year," etc., etc. Where once "our set" kicked their patrician heels, and languidly swayed to a waltz of Strauss, where high-bred looking girls and long-legged young men murmured softly in the backs of boxes, or behind "floral decorations," where the gray dowagers stepped a quadrille with an *arrière pensée* of the minuet in their stately courtesies, the fashionable tailor took his wife, the brokers blossomed en masse, and a few rich actors made the fronts of the boxes interesting. The devotees of the "soft nothing" style of converse found themselves quite cut out by unknown fakirs of the same mysterious sect, who knew how to do it quite as thoroughly and persistently, and of whom the girls were fresh and pretty, and wore gorgeous gowns, and diamonds representing a good-sized fortune. Gradually "good people" fell away; especially that very highest upper ten thousand—those same stubborn old folks who stuck to the Academy, cloudy with traditions of ancestral greatness, and sat resolutely through the vocal gymnastics of Linda, and the death shrieks of Violetta, when, in their proud old souls, they thirsted for the ponderous harmonies of Wagner. Then, of course, their clients followed; a place that is not good enough for a Livingston isn't generally good enough for a Brown, Jones, or Robinson. There was a general movement, and the once glorious Charity Ball became a stamping ground for Mr. and Mrs. Nobody and their numerous family connections. A few still stuck to the ship, but they felt like ghosts at a banquet, and came home early, depressed and homesick. All, all were gone, the old familiar faces. The young men who crowded in the doorway, after the gregarious habits of young men at a dance, had never known the esoteric delight of possessing a grandfather; the young girls who whirled their pale draperies over the polished floor, with the fitful fire of diamonds at their throats, and bouquets galore dangling by their sides, had never experienced that peculiar thrill which only comes with the words, "My great grandfather, who signed the Declaration." Total oblivion—social oblivion—yawned dimly for the Charity. Its future was heavy with clouds. It might fall into innocuous desuetude, it might emulate the merry Arion, or it might even, in the fullness of time, become a twin of the deeply delirious Prospect—so conjectured the retired aristocrats, who looked on coldly at the yearly gambol at the Metropolitan.

But this year they have awakened. Like Mrs. Dombey, it is time they "made an effort." If one specimen first-water patrician would go and take her daughter, any quantity would follow her example. For a moment they trembled on the verge. They exhibited the same tremulous indecision which marks the congregations of churches in Western frontier camps. If Mrs. Jones would go, of course Mrs. Smith would go and take the girls; and if Mrs. Smith would go, Mrs. Brown would be only too charmed to follow her lead, and take dear little Sukie, though she was only a bud. The daring one this year was Mrs. Astor. When the fiat went forth that she was going; that the Astor diamonds, with their attendant detective (whom people are just as anxious to see as the diamonds), were to be aired before the motley throng which yearly crowds the auditorium of the Metropolitan, there was a great social movement. Orders for new ball-dresses flooded in on the dressmakers, who for a week or two viewed life through the delicate medium of palely tinted tulle; the family diamonds, which saw the light only in the rarefied atmosphere of the opera-house on a Lehmann night or a Delmonico ball, were lifted from their violet velvet cushions, and clasped about white throats, heretofore, when viewed by the general public, sternly guarded by an outwork of stiff linen collar. Brothers, husbands, and fathers, who had been habitués of the Charity for years, but always enjoyed that pleasure *solus*, went off in the carriage with their bemuffled women-kind, and found it hard to reconcile themselves to the situation. Of course, all the nobodies started from the burrows to see the "nobs." With the Astor diamonds flashing in one box, and Mrs. Hicks-Lord scintillating like a calcium light in another, the Opera House draws better than it does on a night when Lehmann and Niemann portray the light loves of Tristan and Isolde. Besides the married women, there were a quantity of young girls present, which shows, past doubt, that the effort to bring

the city's biggest ball back into favor is a determined one. When a young girl goes to a ball in New York it is the highest approval society can give. The two Misses Draper were there, among other young women—one of whom, the youngest, is one of New York's greatest beauties. Last spring, when the enterprising Mr. Le Grand Cannon gave his magnificent tableaux in the Metropolitan, for which he picked the choice flowers from the ranks of New York beauty, Miss Draper was chosen to personate the dark, witch-maiden, Medea. As she has a purely classic and somewhat stern cast of features—cold eyes with a jewel-like glitter, Roman nose, and thin, curving mouth, with a poise of head and line of throat which might have been cast from the Milo Venus—she was a fine living realization of the beautiful sorceress who flashes with a lurid brilliancy through so many of the old Greek myths.

People had hardly made up their extra sleep after the Charity, when Mrs. Robert Garrett's ball at Baltimore loomed up in the horizon. As Mrs. Garrett has a house like a Venetian palace, with a ball-room paneled in white marble, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, library, and reception rooms by the score, and as she herself is an ideal hostess, blonde, and massive, and beautiful as the heroine of Frithioff's Saga, rumors of her ball lured from their cozy nests any number of New York beauties, who perhaps, deep in their hearts, wanted to break a lance with the deep-eyed dames of Baltimore. Down they came like the Assyrian on the drowsy calm of the old Southern city. Rumor, who though a lady given to drawing the long bow, is not apt to speak without some foundation of truth, says that they returned victorious, with the sons of Southern chivalry sighing in their wake. They were all choice specimens—pretty, clever, charming, rich. There were the two Misses Hecksher, for example, whose crisp conversation and prowess in the hunting field is proverbial—they took the Baltimoreans completely by surprise. The type of beauty and the mode of life in the two cities are so extraordinarily different. While the rose-and-white girls of Baltimore, dream and "dorm" by a fire of logs, an ivory finger in the pages of a yellow-backed novel, a pair of silk-stockinged feet in a pair of velvet slippers toasting cozily on a foot-stool, a shimmering robe, loose and flowing, falling in graceful folds about the loveliest figure in the world, her sister of the Empire State is away—let us say—at a meet of the Meadow Brook hunt. On her broad flanked, satin-skinned English bunter, she sits still as a statue, her figure clasped by a habit that fits smooth and tight as the best fitting gloves from Paris, a high collar circling her long, slender throat, a shiny beaver on her tightly braided hair. Then, as the hunt, to the deep-mouthed, melodious baying of the pack, and the "Tally-ho's!" that ring clear and loud on the damp air, trails out across the level country, she dashes ahead with a deep pink in her cheeks, and steadfast, gleaming eyes. As her hunter thunders forward across the flat, gray meadows, under the piled-up clouds of a low gray, sky, the damp wind tears at her taut skirts and gleaming hair, but what cares she?—with a long, steady swing, sitting her horse with any man in the hunt, away and away she dashes, close on the heels of the hounds, who, with noses down and tails up, straggle out in a white line across the sombre fields.

Last week I was witness to a harrowing scene—a lone, lost man, a foreigner I think, who, by some unfortunate mischance, had strayed into one of the big shops on Fourteenth Street. Only a New Yorker can realize the fell horror of his situation. In other cities men similarly placed get a good deal hustled and a good deal stared at, of course, but in New York such an experience is absolute agony. It dampens a man's ardor and freezes his young blood, so much is evidently expected of him in a flirtatious line by the lovelorn saleslady. To a grave man, a man who labors under a strong sense of responsibility and duty, his inefficiency to satisfy these expectations has a saddening and depressing effect. He hates Fourteenth Street. Dante's nine-circled hell has no more potent terrors for him than those long counters and the ever-multiplying line of ever-smiling salesladies. He dashes through with downcast eyes and bang-dog air. Like the good St. Anthony, he does not "dare to look," not from a fear of being tempted from the straight and narrow path of gravity, but from that crushing sense of his own utter inability to cope successfully with all of them. Best give up at once, without a struggle, than tamely throw up the sponge after the first round. There are few men—from the gray old grandpa to the tender boy—who can acquit themselves gracefully under such an exhaustive demand for smiles. It is easy enough to scatter a few meaning smirks among a certain number of anxious salesladies hungrily waiting for them—there is something about their expressions, as they stand on guard, which always reminds me of the way a dog licks his chops when he's waiting for bones—but to smile at them all, why, Solomon in all his glory, who, the proud possessor of six hundred charmers, must have been an adept at all forms of tender dalliance, would have been put to it to get through with it creditably. During the first few moments, before the novelty of the situation has worn off, the man thinks it great fun. But a change comes rapidly. That air of "Man the Destroyer," which sat so lightly on him when he first entered, before he escapes has changed to an air of man the destroyed. He is gay at first. He comes, he sees, and he prepares to conquer. He saunters down the aisle with a slight swagger, swinging his cane and cocking his hat and his head at an angle which past experience has shown to be "all out of drawing but awfully fetching." He throws glances broadcast, evidently convinced that he is breaking the record. Meanwhile, like the mysterious power that heralds the cyclone, his proximity is communicated to the farthest aisles, and all along the line tremulous anticipation flutters the doves. But soon the pleasure palls. His own smile, at first seductive and killing as the glance of Kate Kearney, grows strained. The demand for it is greater than he can supply. The line of smirkers grow apace, the cry is still they come. With the wild look of a hunted animal in his eyes, he turns and flies. No power on earth will ever induce him to enter that store again.

NEW YORK, February 2, 1887.

M. Robert Mitchell, in the *Paris Pays*, has a very simple scheme for the pacification of the world. France, and Germany have only to make friends, break up the British empire, divide the spoils, and live happy ever afterward.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wheeling the Battenberg baby in its carriage is to be added to the duties of the English Prime Minister.—*Puck*.

"Don't you have a hard life of it?" asked a sympathetic woman of a tramp. "Only when we eat, ma'am."—*Tid-Bits*.

"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.—*Judge*.

A Baltimore paper says "the President don't like Mrs. Cleveland's pets." Well, Mrs. Cleveland do.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

O'Brien—"Phat the divil be yez doing under the horse's feet, enny way?" Mulligan—"Drive on, yer fool; I want to find out if me loife is insured in a reliable company."—*Life*.

Young Man (in coffee and cake saloon)—"Ham and beans, waiter, and have the ham lean, and sliced thin, and the beans nicely browned on top." Waiter (at the top of his voice)—"Ham and."

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call, good night or good evening? Never tell a lie, young man, say good morning.—*St. Paul Herald*.

An inventor at Stuttgart is said to have perfected a machine for deadening the sound of a piano. It will not be a success. The only sure way to keep a piano quiet is to deaden the pianist.—*Utica Observer*.

"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Laura, with a startled air, "you surely don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry him?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

A Belleville (Ill.) servant-girl went to sleep one afternoon and did not wake up until forty hours later. When she awoke she was naturally much incensed to find that she had been defrauded of two evenings out.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Maud, dear, you know that I am getting a very small salary at present, but would you be content to live for a little while on 'bread and cheese and kisses'?" "Yes, darling; but you know that I don't like bread and cheese."—*Tid-Bits*.

It has been asserted that Poe wrote his blood-curdling story of "The Black Cat" while under the influence of delirium tremens. This may or may not be, but we have always believed that when he wrote his famous crow poem, he was a raven maniac.—*Life*.

Some fellow has invented a machine to tell how many hours a man sleeps. The contrivance was secretly placed on a New York policeman, the other night, and the next morning it was discovered that he had slept ten hours out of six.—*Norristown Herald*.

Young Lawyer (to client)—"They can't hang you for a murder you didn't commit." Client—"That's the judge's sentence: 'To be hanged by the neck until I am dead.'" Young Lawyer (thoughtfully)—"All right; you just go ahead and let 'em hang you, and I'll make 'em sweat for it."

The debutantes, this winter, are called "debbies," for short, and those who debuted long ago and never got any farther are called "tabbies." The young women who have debuted, and haven't got over it by securing a matrimonial attachment, are called "tarriers," because they tarry.—*Boston Post*.

An exchange says: "Fanny Ellsler danced forty years ago before New England deacons in skirts which reached below the knees." The deacons evinced good taste, any way, in wearing their skirts below the knee. It is not stated how far down Fanny's skirts reached on that occasion.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mr. Mushroom—"I don't see why it is that my gas bills are so much larger than last winter." Little Willie—"Why, sister's engagement is on now, and it was off last winter." Angie—"I guess you don't know Charlie and me. If his calling here affected the gas bills at all, it made 'em less."—*Chicago Rambler*.

Wife (head out of second-story window)—"Is that you, John Smith?" Husband (at front-door)—"Yesh, m'dear." Wife—"Well, say chrysanthemum, or you don't get into this house to-night." Husband (heroically)—"Ch-chran-sythemum, m'dear." Wife (banging down the window)—"Good night."—*New York Sun*.

A woman was seated in a cutter in front of a store on Monroe Avenue the other day when the horse began to kick, and a pedestrian caught him by the bridle and observed: "Seems as if he was frightened at something." "Perhaps he is," replied the woman, as she tumbled out, "but I always thought the front end of a horse got scared first."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A youthful traveler on the Baltimore and Ohio road was curious to know the meaning of certain sign-posts along the track. "Conductor," asked he, "what does W. and R. mean?" "Why, ring and whistle." There was silence for some time, when the young man observed: "I can see well enough how W. stands for wring, but I'm blessed if I can see how R. stands for whistle."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"I say, Dumley," remarked Robinson, with some indignation, "I hear that you have reported about that I owe you money." "You have owed me twenty dollars for several years." "That may be, but I don't owe you anything now. That twenty-dollar debt became outlawed the first of the year. You ought not to spread damaging reports about a man," concluded the still indignant Robinson.—*Life*.

Alonso—"Dearest Edith, candor compels me, on the eve of our wedding, to confess that I am a"—Edith (in consternation)—"Not a married man!" Alonso—"No; but a somnambulist." Edith—"And is that all, dearest? That should not separate us. Why, papa was brought up an old-fashioned Methodist, and mamma has always been a close-communion Baptist, and they've got along very well together."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A CALIFORNIAN INQUISITION.

The force of our objection to printing anonymous communications in matters of religious controversy, and especially when personal matters come under discussion, will be appreciated by those who peruse the following letters from Rev. J. B. Warren and Rev. J. F. Cherry. Here we have under our very noses a condition of things that indicates want of charity, lack of humanity, absence of intelligence, and such a want of patriotism, common sense, and common decency on the part of a Pope's Portuguese priest and his congregation as we, at least, had no conception of. We are for the first time advised of the existence of a journal published in San Francisco, the *Vos Portugesa*, which must be a truthful representation of the kind issued in the Azores during the reign of Dom Pedro, showing the ignorance of the fourteenth century, and all the religious bigotry of the age of Torquemada. The *Argonaut* does not shirk the responsibility of any utterance it knows to be true, but it does not recognize the right of the pulpit to fight behind its breast-works. If there is any profession that ought to fight in the open and without the fear of consequences, it is those men who have consecrated themselves to God to fight his battles for truth and the right. If they suffer here, and are hounded and persecuted, their reward is in another world; they are destined to the enjoyment of mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, while the newspaper folk are liable to have the heavenly gates shut in their faces, and themselves directed to the house of entertainment across the gulf, where the fire is not quenched. Hence, so far as the *Argonaut* is concerned, we say to the pulpit, if we are to fight as allies, "toe the chalk," and don't skedaddle when the enemy opens fire; don't send us for publication anything unless over your own signatures. From any other person than a preacher—any other class than the clergy—we will give welcome and publication to anonymous letters, but no preacher shall climb the heavenly ramparts and sneak up to the new Jerusalem behind our backs and under the cover of the *Argonaut*, if we can help it.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: One would hardly suppose that the spirit of the Romish Inquisition could cross the Atlantic, and seek a home in free America in the nineteenth century. And when any one testifies that he hears its growls, he is met with incredulity, and even with the charge of bigotry. Nevertheless, the Romish hierarchy is changeless in its spirit of persecution, and in its policy of keeping its constituents in ignorance as the only way of retaining its fearful power over them. It has been very bad in San Leandro for some time, but things have come to such a pass that people generally should know it. Many Portuguese are very indignant, and some of the most intelligent of them have this week asked how long Protestants are going to allow such things to go unnoticed.

Rev. J. F. Cherry has been employed by the Presbytery of San José to read and preach the gospel, in their own language, to the Portuguese from whom the priests withhold the word of God. He has been threatened with violence, denounced by the priests, and held up as an immigrant from the dominions of Pluto. But he has gone bravely on risking his life to teach them the truth, not at all frightened at the anathemas hurled against him; and many Portuguese in and around San Leandro listen to him attentively, and greatly profit by his teaching.

Finding that, under the papal régime, very few of the Portuguese have been allowed any educational advantages beyond reciting the Romish catechism, counting their beads, and contributing liberally of their hard-earned means, a Protestant young lady opened an evening school, in which Portuguese young men can learn to read and write.

Behold the outcome! Last week the Portuguese priest went to see some of those who attend the class, and ordered them to abandon it. One young man, who works in a store, was told that if he attended again, he (the priest) would divert trade from the store where the young man is employed; and all were told that if they did not at once leave the class they would be "proclaimed" in the church on the following Sunday. And this threat was carried out last Sunday (January 23d) in the Romish Church. The young lady and her family were there and then publicly designated as "trash," denounced as keeping "the devil's school," and teaching "the doctrines of hell," and as trying to make the Portuguese give up religion; and all were warned not to have anything more to do with them on pain of priestly wrath. To their credit, be it said, the young men continue to attend the class, trying to learn to read and write.

It is amazing that such things should go on in this free country, and in the light of free schools and Protestant Christianity; yet so it is. And this is not one-tenth of the tyranny which is positively known to have been practiced here in the past twelve months, all of which can be made known, and fully substantiated, if necessary; and will be, if the priests dare to deny it!

As long as they can keep their people ignorant they can domineer over them, and grind them to the dust; therefore, their fear of ordinary light and knowledge is second only to their fear of the light of Divine truth, and their settled policy always has been, and now is, to keep them in ignorance. This is often considered one of "the slanders spread by Protestants;" but that it is true, witness the following extract from the *Dublin Review*, the leading organ of Roman Catholics in Great Britain:

"We are far from meaning that ignorance is the Catholic youth's best preservative against intellectual danger, but it is a very powerful one nevertheless, and those who deny this are but inventing a theory in the very teeth of manifest facts. A Catholic destitute of intellectual tastes, whether in a higher or lower rank, may, probably enough, be tempted to idleness, frivolity, gambling, sensuality, but in none out the very rarest cases will be tempted to that which (in the Catholic view) is an immeasurably greater calamity than any of these, or all put together—viz., deliberate doubt of his religion. It is simply undeniable, we say, that the absence of higher education is a powerful preservative against apostasy, and those who watch over souls will reasonably refuse to have a part in withdrawing that preservative."

Now, here we have it from a leading Roman Catholic authority. In plain English it is this: "Idleness, frivolity, gambling, sensuality . . . or all put together," are not near so bad as "apostasy." Apostasy, from what? Not from God, or from Christianity, surely, but from the Romish Church. It is better for men to bow to Rome, even if they are idle, frivolous, gambling, and sensual, than to be industrious and virtuous, and doubt her teachings. The only way to keep them faithful to Rome is to keep them in ignorance, and all Romish priests are called upon to refuse to take part in removing this ignorance, which is the hope of the church! Education, even of the highest, will never, of itself, lead a person to doubt Christianity, but it generally leads one to doubt the claims of the Romish Church; hence, the bitter antagonism of the latter to the education of the people, and, hence, their open hostility to the public schools, which they wish either to abolish or control, and their hatred of the free preaching of the word of God. It would puzzle the most acute Romish casuist to tell us how a person can remain loyal to religion, and still practice idleness, frivolity, gambling, and sensuality; yet in the above extract the doctrine is boldly taught that such a sinful life is far preferable to having Roman Catholic youths apostatize from their "religion."

It is time this arrogant, vicious teaching and dreadful tyranny in enlightened Christian communities should be exposed and stopped.

J. B. WARREN, Pastor Presbyterian Church.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I give you the following facts to use as you may see fit. More are available if needed. The following is a correct translation of a letter which appeared in the *Vos Portugesa* of San Francisco, December 16, 1886:

"PROTESTANTISM.

"EDITOR OF THE VOS PORTUGESA: I ask you the favor of printing in your paper the following suggestions on the religion entitled 'Pro-

testantism,' à vol d'oiseau. I have resolved to describe the impudence and boldness that a Portuguese Protestant minister (shameful to tell!), with a Portuguese doctor, too, [exhibits] in walking the streets of San Leandro distributing his reformed Bible and his poisonous tracts; a renegade from his country and from the religion of his country, who has been reduced by money, sold himself to a strange and heretical people, and together with them [tries] to change the most precious gift to our souls, the belief of our forefathers, and with sweet expressions to the poor Portuguese to delude and seduce them to a belief altogether contrary to [that which is] the pride and glory of our nation, and which is the true religion taught by Jesus and by the church in all ages.

"My heart is breaking with grief that a Portuguese (not worthy of the name!) should leave the faith that he received in baptism, and treat with ignorance and contempt the sacraments, mass, veneration of images—in one word, the most important doctrines which have been taught by Jesus and his apostles. My heart is breaking the more that some of the Portuguese with their families, having by ignorance or had faith closed their eyes to the voice of the church (sic) to hear a man, an enemy of our belief and of our nation; and now these miserable Portuguese, who see one Protestant giving them his hand and sweetly telling them what they wish to hear contrary to the Catholic faith, rub their hands with enthusiasm, wink their eyes, and with their mouths open with wonder, stand immovable in the contemplation of their reformed idol, and exclaim, in tones of victory, 'Now we have heaven in this town!' It is sad, extremely sad.

"The man, having some knowledge of the lords [i. e., ministers of the Presbyterian Church] has formed the charitable idea of building a Portuguese Protestant church in San Leandro. But he will not, he will not. The Portuguese of San Leandro are almost all Catholic, and [except] those miserable that are not, and will not permit or suffer a Bible-peddler, covered with hypocrisy, together with a doctor, to soil the name of Portuguese. England has tried to Protestantize the Portuguese, that she might secretly rob Portugal. And who knows [but] that she will one day extend her tremendous claw to destroy us? But she has been unsuccessful. Portugal was born by the Cross, and must die embracing it. Some time ago an English Protestant journal said that the Bible Society was going to send a Portuguese minister to California to civilize the Portuguese of the State. Here the fellow is already. We are civilized for [have enough of] the English civilization, ministered by some dunce, an ignorant rebel of your nation. We are intelligent enough to understand the nonsense of his religion of a thousand sentences.

"Leave the people in peace! Remember, that when the people are disquieted and desperate, they will take hold of the most convincing argument, and apply it without ceremony to the region of this individual's spine. . . . (Signed) A CATHOLIC."

Since this time they have published six more letters, all of which are of about the same character. In one of them the San Leandro people were advised to fire on him. They also resort to their usual tactics; they have threatened me with mob violence; they slander the members of my family in the most outrageous manner, and they have tried in all ways to drive us from the place. In this they will not succeed.

Several families of Portuguese, ragged and starving, have been cared for by Protestants, the priests utterly neglecting them. The following is an interesting case in point (not the only one): Last year, a poor family of Portuguese came here from Honolulu, in a starving condition, and all of them sick. No priest or papist went to see or help them. Protestants discovered their condition, and went to their rescue, furnishing them with cooking utensils, food, clothing, etc., aided by a nominal Roman Catholic, but one ostracized by the Church, because he belongs to a "secret society." One of the children died. The father called on the priest to bury the child. The priest demanded five dollars; the father told him he had not a cent. He was told to go and collect it from the neighbors. He replied that he was a stranger. The priest told him, when he brought the money he would attend to the matter. Protestants found the poor creature in great trouble. One of them (an undertaker) told him he would furnish a coffin free of charge, have a grave dug in the public cemetery, that I would conduct the funeral service, and the body would be interred free. The coffin was sent to the house, and the child prepared and put in it. Before the time appointed for the funeral, the priest heard of the arrangements. Accompanied by another priest, he hastened to the house, pronounced anathemas on the afflicted father, threatened excommunication if he allowed those "Atheists, Infidels, and Heretics" to re-enter the house, and affirmed that the child would be eternally lost if buried by such persons. The wretched father, only a little time in this country, and not able to speak English, cringed before the priestly bully. The latter took the child from the coffin, laid it on the table, sent the coffin back, and deposited it at the door of the store of the Christian undertaker, and procured another coffin, and buried the child in his own "holy ground."

Several days after, the undertaker called to see if the poor creatures were provided for by his zealous priests, but found them utterly destitute, not one of the priests or "Sisters" having taken any notice of them. Again the "Atheists, Infidels, and Heretics" provided for their wants, and continued to do so. Two months since the burial, the priest called to see if any bibles had been left, in order that he might burn them. Otherwise his interest in them has ceased. This family now have nothing to do with priests, and the father regularly attends Protestant services. To these facts there are several witnesses of the very highest character.

J. F. CHERRY,
Home Missionary to the Portuguese.

It has been observed that Mrs. Cleveland never wears much jewelry, and rarely, if ever, ear-rings. It is true that a diametrically opposite course is followed by certain fashionable ladies, both maids and matrons, in Washington, as to the wearing of jewelry, some eschewing it altogether, or wearing very few and small ornaments at a time, when others in their own set have brooches, necklaces, pins, and aigrettes wherever such can be stuck upon bust, neck, or hair. Mme. Bonaparte is one of the first-mentioned class. At the diplomatic reception given by the President and Mrs. Cleveland the middle of January, she had no ornaments at all on her neck or throat, which were bare, a small, old-fashioned diamond brooch fastened the front of her corsage, and a small bracelet set with diamonds was on each arm, and a small ornament of diamonds on her head. Mrs. Cleveland's only jewels that night were the diamond necklace and pendant which were her husband's wedding gift, and a diamond crescent in her hair. Miss Mattie Mitchell, the daughter of the Senator from Oregon, wears no jewels, and carries no flowers except when bouquets are given her as favors in a German, or at lunch and dinner parties. As to the wearing of jewels, on the other hand, Mme. Itajuba, the Brazilian minister's wife, Mme. Reuterskiold, wife of the minister from Norway and Sweden, Mrs. Helyar, whose husband is a secretary of the British Legation, Senator Stanford's wife and Mrs. Patten, of California, wear always at evening parties a variety of very choice ornaments. Mrs. Helyar had numerous strands of pearls about her throat and neck that evening, and diamond pendants and other ornaments also. On one occasion she had eleven different styles of diamond brooches on the front of her low corsage.

A photographer once took a photograph of a child that was seemingly in good health, and with a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye. It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded them without solicitation. The "*Argonaut*" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to distinctly understand that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new magazine is to be started in New Orleans, to be national in its character, differing in that respect from other literary ventures of the same class in the South.

A new and cheap edition of the "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette," by Madame Campan, is about to be brought out by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, in conjunction with the London publishers. The edition for this country, however, will have a number of steel portraits, while the London edition has but one.

Charles Scribner's Sons have nearly ready the third volume of their "Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting," leaving only one volume more to come. Five hundred copies only of the edition are printed. All but fifty copies of the first volumes have been disposed of already, and the price has been advanced from \$700 to \$750 a set.

"Towards the Gulf," a novel, published by the Harpers anonymously a few months ago, in which the matter of miscegenation is delicately and artistically handled, is the work of Mrs. Alice Morris Buckner, widow of Captain Richard L. Buckner, a recently deceased cotton merchant of New Orleans. She has another volume nearly ready for the press.

Several years ago Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons made an effort to introduce Count Tolstoi to American readers through "The Cossacks," a translation by Eugene Schuyler; but the enterprise proving such a flat failure, the publishers decided not to bring out any other of the novelist's works. The plates of the book were laid away until the recent revival of Russian literature in this country caused them to find a purchaser in Mr. Gottsberger, who will shortly bring out an edition of this work.

There is just now being issued in England, and being imported to this country, by Scribner & Welford, a volume entitled "Verdi, an Anecdotic History of His Life and Works," by Authur Pougin. This, the first biography of this master yet attempted, while necessarily unfinished, is full of details of his life. The author is, of course, a warm admirer of Verdi, but no one could fail to be interested in his account of the difficulties met and finally overcome in securing a musical career, and in the history of the composition and productions of his several masterpieces.

Within the past eighteen months Cassell & Company began the publication of a series of American novels, with the avowed intention of developing new authors. The initial novel of their series was "Trajan," by Henry F. Keenan. This story was immediately followed by others. Among them, "The Bar Sinister," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth; "As It Was Written" and "Mrs. Penada," by Sydney Luska; "As Common Mortals," published anonymously, and "The Magic of a Voice," by Annie Russell Macfarlane. This year, Cassell & Company inaugurate their series of American novels with "The Common Chord," by H. K. Elliott. It is called "A Story of the Ninth Ward," which is known among New Yorkers who know their New York, as "The American Ward."

The *Critic's* "Lounge" was recently discussing Craddock with Oliver Bell Bunce, the Messrs. Appleton's reader. "Charles Egbert Craddock," said Mr. Bunce, "wrote stories for Appleton's Journal when it was a weekly. I can not tell you just the year when her stories appeared, but I can tell you that the *Journal* ceased publication in that form in 1876. At that time we had two of her stories among the matter left over. One was recently published in the *Christian Union*, the other appeared in Appleton's Summer Book in 1880. Here it is," and he took down a dusty copy of the "Summer Book" for 1880 from a shelf. There, sure enough, was a story of the Tennessee Mountains, called "Taking the Blue Ribbon at a Country Fair," and signed "Charles E. Craddock." No one paid much attention to her stories then; and what is stranger still, Charles Egbert Craddock was even then a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Bunce thought, until the recent disclosure, that the author was a man, and he says that her letters concerning her manuscripts gave this impression even more decidedly than the stories themselves. So Miss Murfree was writing nearly ten years before she made any stir in the world of letters. One of Mr. Cable's best stories, "Posson Jones," appeared in the pages of Appleton's *Journal* in 1876.

New Books.

"A New Relation," a novel by Christabel R. Coleridge, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"Wanderings in North America," by Charles Waterton, with an introduction by Dr. Norman Moore, is the latest issue of the National Library, published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend's new book, "Katy of Catocin," is called by the author "a national romance," but it hardly justifies this high assumption. It has to do with the most stirring events our country has seen since its birth, introduces many historical personages and events, and describes them with the vividness almost of reality; but as a romance it is weak. Katy of Catocin and her lover, who is her superior in station and education if in no other respects, are dragged into the narrative neck and crop, merely to give coherence and continuity to the detached scenes which the author wishes to describe. There are occasional fine passages, but these are in the historical, not the imaginative scenes, and the book is marred by that excessive prolixity which characterizes all of "Gath's" work. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by John N. Philan.

One of the most exquisite pieces of bookmaking, on the part of the publisher, as well as of the author, is the translated edition of Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin on the Alps." It is copied exactly from the French edition; the paper is of the same fine quality; the text is printed in the same clear type with the same wide margins, and the same dainty illustrations, by Rossi, Aranda, Myrbach, Montanard, and de Beaumont are to be found on almost every page. The translation, by Henry Frith, is in excellent English, and so exact that the two books may be compared almost line for line. The story is a continuation of the delightful "Tartarin de Tarascon," and in it the President of the Alpine Club, fearing he should lose his prestige, in the club, and, perhaps, be succeeded in the presidency by his intriguing rival, Costecalde, determines to achieve some tremendous feat of mountain climbing which shall restore him to his old position in the club and utterly crush his rival. He starts for the Rigi-Kulm—after weeks of training spent in walking around the town of Tarascon, at a tremendous pace, and practicing balancing on the edge of the little circular parapet which surrounds the fountain in his garden; equipped with alpenstock, heavy boots, coils of rope, and the various accoutrements of a mountain climber. On reaching the lower Alps he is inexpressibly shocked to find that a railroad carries throngs of the most ordinary tourists right up to the great hotel, "with all the modern conveniences, including a telephone," at the summit. He is so disgusted, in fact, that he performs the arduous journey on foot, experiencing a new thrill of disappointment at each grasping trinket-vender or wandering photographer on the route. But we will not destroy the reader's pleasure by anticipating him with even a mention of the amusing adventures and surprises with which this blustering, worldly-innocent old Provençal, Tartarin, meets at every turn; it is enough to say that the story is a shining example of true French humor, without the faintest tinge of that salacity which in Anglo-Saxon eyes defiles so many French books. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

ANGER PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter melted, two eggs well beaten, four tablespoonfuls orange marmalade. Stir all together; boil in a buttered mold two hours. Serve with sauce.

A landscape two hundred and fifty years of oil by Salvator Rosa, is on exhibition at Boree, salesroom, 19 Montgomery Street, and will be sold next Wednesday morning.



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VALENTINE VERSE

A Hymn to Bishop Valentine.

The day, the only day returns,
The true *redde letter* day returns,
When summer time in winter burns;
When a February dawn
Is opened by two sleeves in lawn
Fairer than Aurora's fingers,
And a burst of all her tresses,
And a shower of *billet-doux*,
Tingeing cheeks with rosy hues,
And over all a face divine,
Face good-natured, face most fine,
Face most anti-saturnine,
Even thine, yea, even thine,
Saint of sweethearts, Valentine !
Thou' he's dawning ! See he comes,
With the jewels on his thumbs
Glancing as a ruby ray
(For he's sun and all to-day),
See his lily sleeves ! and now
See the mitre on his brow !
See his truly pastoral crook
And beneath his arm a book
(Some sweet tome of *De Arte Amandi*) !
And his hair, 'twixt saint and *dandy*,
Lovelylocks touching either cheek,
And black, though with a silver streak,
As though for age both young and old,
And his look, 'twixt meek and bold,
Bowing round on either side,
Sun-like tipped and ear-bayed,
And lifting still to bless the land,
His very gentlemanly hand.

Hail ! oh, hail ! and thrice again
Hail, thou clerk of sweetest pen !
Constatibale of clericalism !
Exquisite bishop !—not at all
Like Bishop Bonner; no, nor Hall,
That gibing priest; nor Atterbury,
Although he was ingenious, very,
And wrote the verses on the " Fan " ;
But then he swore—reverend man !
Like good old Bishop Berkeley,
Equally benign and clerically
Very like Rundle, Shipley, Hoadley,
And all the genial of the godly ;
Like De Sales, and like De Paul ;
But most, I really think of all
Like Bishop Mant, whose sweet theology
And whose verse are so genial,
And like a proper rubric star,
Hath given us a new " Calendar,"
So full of flowers and birdly talking,
'Tis like an Eden bower to walk in.
Such another Sae is thine,
O thou Bishop Valentine ;
Such another, but as good a one,
To that, as Eden to a fig ;
For all the world's thy diocese,
And all the towns and all the trees,
And all the barns and villages :
The whole rising generation
Is thy loving congregation ;
Thy visible index of the nation ;
Tithes cause thee no reprobation,
Dean and chapters no vexation,
Heresy's no spoliation.
Begged is thy participation ;
No one wishes thee translation,
Except for some sweet explanation.
All decrees thy consecration !
Thy Rectification !

Canonization !
All cry out, with heart prostration,
Sweet's thy text-elucidation,
Sweet, oh, sweet's thy visitation,
And Paradise thy confirmation.

Lines Suggested by the Fourteenth of February

Darkness succeeds to twilight ;
Through lattice and through skylight
The stars, no doubt, if one looked out,
Might he observed to shine ;
And sitting by the embers,
I elevate my members
On a stray chair, and then and there
Commence a Valentine,
Yea ! by Saint Valentine,
Emma shall not be minus
What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is,
Expect to pay no doubt ;
Emma, the fair, the stately,
Whom I beheld so lately
Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath
Which told that she was " out."
Wherefore fly to her, swallow,
And mention that I'd " follow,"
And " pipe and trill," et cetera, till
I died, had I but wings ;
To the North's the way to tender,
The South an old offender ;
And hint, in fact, with well-known tact,
All kinds of pretty things.
Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abhor my dinner,
Though I do try and absorb some viand
Each day for food, I eat merely ;
And ask her, when all's ended,
And I am found extended,
With vest blood-spotted and cut carotid,
To think on Hers sincerely.

—Charles Stuart Catberley.

Valentine in Form of Ballade.

The soft wind from the south land sped,
 He set his strength to blow,
 From forests where Adonis bled,
 And lily flowers a row;
 He crossed the straits like streams that flow,
 As though the dark sea were wine,
 To my true love to whisper low,
 To be your Valentine.
 The Spring half-raised her snowy head,
 Besprang with dew and daisy,
 "To sing an April day," she said,
 To lands of wintry woe."
 He came—the winter's overthrow—
 With showers that sing and shine,
 Pied daisies round your path to strow,

There sands of Egypt, swart and red,
'Neath suns Egyptian glow,
In places of the princely dead,
By the Nile's overflow,
The swallow preened her wings to go,
And for the North did pine,
And fain would hrieve the frost, her foe,
To be your Valentine.

ENVOY.
Spring, Swallow, South Wind, even so,
Their various voice combine ;
But that they crave on *me* bestow,
To be our Volantines.

To be our valentine. —*Andrew Lang.*

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the year we added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory—both to the other publishers as well as ourselves—that we again increase the list for the year 1887. We now place before the public a list of TWELVE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. But, despite these low rates, there is not a periodical on this list which is not worth by itself alone the price we ask for it in conjunc-

Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class. Among the magazines, let us take **THE CENTURY**. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, containing one hundred and sixty pages (or more), with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a large circulation, sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1870. In 1881 it took the name of *The Century Company's Magazine*. It was published in England because "The Century Co." It has been called by the *New York Nation* "the best edited magazine in the world."

Another periodical which we have added to our list is the **INDEPENDENT**. It is a religious and family weekly, and the best published in the United States. Although religious, it is not denominational, but it is orthodox and evangelical in tone. The *Independent* is famous also for its minute reports of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies. The National Synods, Councils, and Congresses of all the evangelical churches of the United States are reported by the *Independent*. And this is not done in such a way as to detract from the amount of ordinary reading matter; when the *Independent* has the proceedings of these deliberative bodies to report, its size sometimes runs from forty-eight to sixty-six pages.

Much interest has been caused in literary and publishing circles of late by the announcement of a new monthly, called **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the former publishers of the *Century*, then called *Scribner's*. The fact that such a firm was to undertake the enterprise proved that it would be a high-class magazine. And such is the competition among the leading magazines that the firm of Scribner's Sons determined to put the price as low as possible, while making the tone of the magazine as high as possible.

Among publications for the young, the IDEAL MAGAZINE is **ST. NICHOLAS**. It is so well known that all we need

Magazines come and magazines go, but **HARPER'S MONTHLY** is ever with us. It always maintains its standard of excellence, never falls below it, does not indulge in spurts, but steadily forges ahead. This is Volume 74, and it does not resemble Volume 1 in anything but the cover, and some of us are so much attached to that, that we would

Those of our readers who have taken **WIDE-AWAKE** during the year will not need to be requested to renew. It is still, as ever, the best of juvenile magazines.

A leading journal, not only pictorially, but editorially, is **HARPER'S WEEKLY**. It presents, in graphic and faithful pictures, the noteworthy events of the day, portraits of the great men of the day, the works of celebrated artists, cartoons by eminent pictorial satirists, and humorous illustrations of the ludicrous as acts of social and political life. Besides the pictures, *Harper's Weekly* is full of good reading. It always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, with fine illustrations. Its short stories are bright and entertaining. Poems, sketches, and papers on important topics of current interest are also included. It is a journal that everybody should read by the most popular writers, and collections of the best and most interesting papers of the day, and of the best of the world. It is a thoroughly able, instructive, and entertaining journal for the household. Its general news is well selected, its editorials are judicious and vigorous, its stories are of high interest, its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations are as famous as they deserve to be.

Every family should subscribe for one of the great New York journals, the *NEW YORK WORLD*, the largest of the living newspapers in New York, but the weekly edition of a daily is. All Democrats should subscribe for the straight-out organ of their party—the *NEW YORK WORLD*. The paper is one of the wonders of metropolitan journalism. It contains the news of the world, and the news of the city. It has a circulation of 16,000 copies. It now has 250,000, and the circulation is still increasing. It has seriously cut into the circulation of both the *Herald* and the *Sun*, principally the latter. The *Sun* during the last Presidential campaign was the only paper that was able to give the Democratic triumph made the *World* the party organ in New York city. It has ably carried out its mission. It is the best Democratic paper published in New York city. It makes a specialty of the newspaper illustration. It has been the champion of the Democratic party in New York dailies that has made a success of it—its art. MacDougal, thoroughly understanding that kind of work. The *Weekly World* is a large eight-page paper, containing a mass of news, foreign correspondence, literary, art, science, and general news. It is the only paper in New York City. Crymble* (A. C. Wheeler), who has been a favorite in New York for many years. Lucy Hooper is its Paris correspondent, Julian Hawthorne the literary editor, Joseph Howard

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Every Republican should subscribe for the organ of the party—**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE**. This excellent Republican newspaper is national in its aims and thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times, and a good Republican in any part of the country can hardly afford to be without it in addition to his own county paper. Its war record, its stand against the enemies of the Union, its order of journalism. The Republicans of the country cannot but be struck with one fact, that in every campaign with a national significance, and in every part of the country, one of their best allies is the *New York Tribune*. Its fighting, especially for the last two years, has been of a superior order, for it was the first to expose the Pan-Electric fraud, to carry the campaign against the Tammany public victories of 1886 have chiefly been won, it has been the *Tribune* which has laid out the successful line of battle. The *Tribune* is a faithful newspaper, an element of strength to the Republican party, and worthy of its great circulation. As a general newspaper for the family, and especially for the young man, it is without a peer. It contains the best selection of news, literary matter, and dramatic criticism of any Republican paper published in New York city. It is famous for its book reviews, and Mr. William Winter, the best-known critic in the United States, presides over its dramatic columns. Most of its literary matter is copyrighted, and can be seen in no other place. Its editorial matter is of the highest quality, its literary economy, business, politics, criticism, general literature, etc. The *Weekly Tribune* is, without exception, the best Republican paper published in New York city.

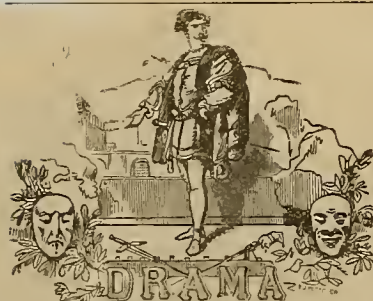
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"The New Magdalen," which once struck us as being a rather serious sort of play, seems now a light and airy trifle as compared with the overweighing gloom of Miss Clara Morris's repertoire last week. But it is an immense relief to see Clara Morris something like her old self, and with an occasional flicker of the old smile which used to light up her face so wonderfully.

All the actresses have liked "The New Magdalen" from the day the first installment of the new story appeared in *Harper's Magazine* on this side of the water. It was all so terse, so sharp, so clear, so dramatic, that it was almost ready for the theatre without any dramatizing, and every one knew that it would be a play immediately. Mercy seemed rather a sharply drawn person in the book, too, but there have been as many different Mercys since as there have been women to play it.

But whatever she be, heroine and declamatory, or tearful and emotional, the sympathy of the house always goes with her, and every one wishes, with a little rising wave of anger, that the hard and uninteresting real Miss Rosebery had either been disposed of by the German shell, or that she would not have the impertinence to interfere with the comfortably disposed ménage of Lady Janet Roy. And if this curious sympathy follows all the others, how does it not cleave to Clara Morris, who knows the trick of the fountain of tears. Her audiences almost feel when she makes her final confession that it would be a graceful thing in Miss Rosebery to be moved, too, and cheerfully yield to Mercy Merrick the place she has filled so handsomely.

There is not much comfort in going to the play unless one has this sympathy for the heroine. It is true she is rarely in the right except in melodrama. And in melodrama the heroine is not often an actress. She is generally an interesting creature, with a great deal of hair and a soft voice. But she is an objective person, around and upon whom all sorts of incidents accumulate. The others do the acting, and she the suffering, only to be rescued at last by the hero, when the heroine "can no more." It will be observed that they always "can no more" in melodrama.

In the emotional drama, the heroine is generally in reality a pretty hard case. But an audience must love her as a man loves a bad woman. When a man loves a good woman there is always just a little dash of reverence in him. There is always, too, a disposition to bide the worst of himself from her—a noble impulse in him, perhaps, but one which generally results in small deceptions. Nor will he endure the slightest flaw in his model. If she step an instant from the pedestal where he has placed her, to get a little every-day breath, his wrath knows no bounds; but if a man love a bad woman, he swallows all her faults at a gulp, and then never allows either himself or any other to see them afterward.

We theatre-goers go on loving a lot of heroines very much like this, for we all are always in love with Mercy Merrick, impostor, cheat, Magdalen, and all that she is. Somehow it seems a difficult thing to make a heroine of a good woman. It takes genius to do it, and yet it was done within these weeks last past. For just now all Paris is in love with the sweetest of women, one Francine, whom Alexandre Dumas has just introduced them to at the Théâtre Français. The critics vie with each other in praise of her. Not one of them can keep the gush from his pen's point. This charming, this amiable, this lovely, this high-tempered, this serious Francine, they say. Serious seems such a funny little word to praise a woman with; yet as they almost all use it, it must be a rare charm in a woman in that gay, volatile nation.

The motif of the play is the old gist of Alexandre Dumas's idea—the right of the woman to do whatever the man may do, and the non-existence of the unpardonable sin. Yet, after all, his drama, his comedy, what you will, was so light, so clear, so fresh, so airy, yet so terse and so vigorous, and his Francine was indeed so lovely, that he made an honest woman of her in despite of his theories, and this to the intense relief, strangely enough, of all Paris.

The plot of "Francillon" is perhaps *un peu risqué*, as all plays by Dumas are. The first scene is given entirely to Francine and her husband, and the conversation is of a purely domestic turn. M. de Riverolles is going out to the opera ball, and his wife entrusts him to sacrifice himself to her for the evening, and remain at home. It is a homely and domestic scene enough, one which takes place in hundreds of homes nightly, in London, in Paris, in San Francisco. First she pleads, and very prettily; then she coaxes, and prettily, too; then she begs to go with him, and then she gets angry. Do you know the picture? And lastly, poor little woman, she delivers herself of

that worn little threat which good women have been using time out of mind, and never putting into practice, and had women put into practice yet never threaten.

"Then listen to me," cries Francine, solemnly, exasperated at last by the imperturbable good-humor which M. de Riverolles, and all men, can maintain when it suits their point to do so. "Then listen to me, and let there be no misunderstanding between us. I love you fondly, passionately. I adore our child. I am an honest woman, and have but one thought—to continue to be so. But as I hold marriage to be a mutual engagement wherein we both swore fidelity; and as I am a faithful wife, and have given you nothing to reproach me for but my duty, I give you my word of honor that if ever I learn that you have been untrue to me, within the hour after I have made myself certain of the truth I shall take a lover. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"And charming teeth you have, my dear," says the husband, gives her good-bye, good-naturedly, and goes to his hall.

Ooe could not think that a man could make a play of vital interest out of a little speech like this; such as poor, angry, half-jealous women are making every day in the world. But when a moment after Francine disguised herself thoroughly, and went out into the night after her recalcitrant husband, it is written that all Paris held its breath, and said, "What will she do? What will she dare to do?" Suffice it to say, that she led M. Riverolles a pretty dance, and that even the "tout Paris des premières" gasped and held their breath for three mortal hours, and pondered, and hoped against hope, and threw up its bat with delight, for that they had all fallen in love with Dumas's last heroine. They loved her for the sweetness of her womanhood, for the warmth of her mother-love, for the fondness of her wife-love, for the depth of her daring, for the fine temper of her spirit, for her ineffable charm, this lovely, serious Francine.

The unkindness of fate developed the power of Clara Morris at just the moment when the stage was swarming—if one may use the word—with the female villain, and in the strength of her art she forgot its sweetness. And yet in Lady Macbeth, she was the first actress for generations to draw out the tenderness of the Scottish queen's nature. So strong, so new, so intelligent was her Lady Macbeth, that brief as her season was in this part, it passed into a tradition, and she has colored and softened the part in the hands of every actress who has played it since.

Yet, singularly enough, Clara Morris, like Patti, has never really created a rôle. No opera has ever been written for Patti; no play has ever been written for Clara Morris. She has had what is called the American creation of half a dozen of them, but her successes have all been after the French. There is no objection to this, for no one but a Frenchman can write a play suited to Clara Morris's genius; but when one sees her softened ever so little in Mercy Merrick, who can help wishing that the sun had fallen with a little broader slant on her side of the way?

Patti has been singing ten operas for twenty-five years, confining herself almost exclusively to seven of them, and not one of these rôles has she created. Yet, when she lifts her bird-like voice in all its marvelous purity, who cares a fig who sang it before her, or who may sing it after? She has almost dropped "Lucia" altogether these ten years last past, but when she gave it to us in faréwell on Friday night, what with her pretty little girlish figure, her mignon Italian face, and the long rivière of her beautiful notes in the famous rondo, how like she must have looked to the little girl—known then as "the American songstress"—who sang "Lucia" to the Londoners in the year of our Lord fifty-nine, and electrified them out of their aristocratic calm.

There was worse then electricity in the air on Wednesday night.

The clergymen say—good, honest men that they are, they love to scare us into heaven with their statistics—that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world. Perhaps our little jail does hold more unpunished murderers than bars hold elsewhere. But cowardice is in worse taste than murder, and the last fortnight has developed enough of that to stain the city irretrievably.

Snow-balling—which in all the world else is a sport, a good-natured pastime—is, in our city, a torment in the hands of a lot of bullies and cowards who throw their missiles at the defenseless, and never by any chance aim at any one who can hit back. And now it has come to pass that our gallery gods, with a poignant sense of humor, go to the opera with cans of nitro-glycerine and dynamite bombs in their pockets and insults upon their tongues. It has come to a pretty pass when an artist like Mme. Scacchi is compelled to front a brutal gathering like the gallery of Wednesday night, and that we gave farewell to her noble voice in silence and in shame while a noisy rabble insulted her over our heads.

But, as evil is always mixed with good, it fired the Patti to her best endeavor, and in all her career of triumph she has never sung that beautiful first act of "Traviata" more brilliantly, more beautifully, with warmer inspiration.

A *riuederci*, pretty Patti! You have left us a charming souvenir to make us want you back again. And *à riuederci*, noble Scacchi! You shall receive such a welcome next time from lusty throats as will make you forget our craven moan.

And *au revoir* for little Guille. You wrecked yourself upon the reef in your own high C when you were straining your poor little veins to bursting, just to please us, who will be unkind enough to remember anything but the molten silver in your throat, but come back and sing to us again, as soon as may be.

And *à bientôt*, Arditi. You are a delicious old emotional humbug, with your pantomime across the footlights, but you are the master of the baton for all that.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Carleton Company will come to the Bush Street Theatre after the Herrmanns, with "Nanon" and "Erminie."

"The World" will be produced at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening by the Rose Wood Company.

Archie Gunter, the playwright, has recently completed the libretto of a comic opera, for which Edgar S. Kelley is composing the music.

Next week will be the last of Miss Morris's engagement at the Baldwin. On February 21st an elaborate production of "Faust" will be given.

Patti introduced the opera of "Martha" in her repertoire for the first time two years ago, during the Mapleson season at the Academy of Music. It is now one of her principal and favorite rôles.

Miss Alice Bacon, a most charming mistress of expression as well as technique—something rather unusual in these technical days—gave a most delightful piano recital at Irving Hall, on Thursday evening.

Clara Morris was one of Daly's first discoveries in the days of his first empire. So, too, were Jeffreys-Lewis, Sara Jewett, and half a dozen others, who would have jettisoned themselves by remaining under his wing.

Patti says that Guille's voice will not last him two years. She says that he has no business to sing the best he can, except upon extraordinary occasions. There is oothoo that uses up a voice like conscientiousness.

Jaguarine, who has the face of a frank, handsome boy, and the waist of a young Hercules, came off with flying colors in the mounted combat, but she is much more beautiful, graceful, and interesting in the ordinary fencio match.

Grismer's "Monte Cristo" has been drawing such good houses during the week that the management of the Alcazar has decided to retain it for another week. "M'iss" is thus put off until the evening of the 21st of the month.

At the hundredth performance of "Jim the Penman" in New York, last Monday night, Manager Palmer departed from his usual custom, and "celebrated" the event by decorating his theatre with flowers, and presenting as souvenirs play-bills printed on satin.

Patti's Marguerite dress, which caused so much remark, is an almost exact copy of one worn by Ellen Terry in Irving's wonderful "Faust" production in London. The only difference is that Patti's costume glistens with spangles or heads, while Terry's is entirely subdued.

Grace Hawthorne bids fair to be a big personage in the London dramatic world. The *Saturday Review* speaks of her as "one of the best actresses America has sent us in many years"; and her lease of Wilson Barrett's theatre is regarded as a masterpiece in the managerial way.

Mr. A. M. Palmer will shortly send "Jim the Penman" to San Francisco for a long run. "Jim" will be very welcome, but we are not only very fond of Mr. Palmer's company in this city, we like a repertoire exceedingly well, and we should be more than glad to see the Penman accompanied.

At Mr. Robert Eberle's benefit, Saturday evening, February 10th, Maggie Moore will appear in "The Fool of the Family," introducing songs and dances. The Clara Morris company will present Gilbert's "Engaged," and Charley Reed gives his specialties. The sale of seats commences Monday, February 14th.

Ben Teal, under whose direction Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" was produced at the Madison Square in New York, is going to London to perform the same offices for its production across the water. When he returns he will set about the stage management of a spectacular melodrama of his own, which is soon to be seen in New York.

Lester Wallack and Theodore Moss have two ingenious advertisements for "Harbor Lights," which is now being played at Wallack's Theatre. Over the balcony at the entrance are three electric lights in red, white, and blue globes, and from the top of the theatre a miniature light-house flashes its colored rays up and down Broadway.

It transpires that Patti's self-possession during the explosion at the Opera House was due to the fact that she took it for a personal compliment, and thought it was a gun fired in her honor, and that when she playfully requested the gallery not to shoot her in their enthusiasm, she was much nearer destruction than she knew till afterward.

Miss Clara Morris will play "Camille" next Monday and Wednesday nights, and at the Saturday matinee, and on Friday night she plays "Miss Multon." Tuesday and Thursday nights the company will give Gilbert's "Engaged." The management states that "Miss Morris is always too worn out after 'Camille' to play on the following night."

On Sunday evening, at the California Theatre, Augustin Harris's and Henry Pettit's successful drama, "The World," will be revived, with cast including E. J. Buckley, W. H. Thompson, E. J. Holden, Geo. Staley, Scott Cooper, Tully Marshall, M. Foster, Eleanor Barry, Helen Mason, and others, with the stage under the direction of Robert M. Eberle.

Every one of the opera troupe departed this city accompanied by a new small dog and a bird. The dogs were of many breeds—English pug, Japanese pug, and Chihuahua pug—but every one had a parrot. It was the manager's great pacificator. When any one got obstreperous, as singers will, he presented him or her with one of a stock of parrots, brought secretly from Mexico. Abbey is a great manager.

R. H. Mansfield, of Baron Chevalier memory, has dramatized "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He has invented for the production a stage illusion for the metamorphosis, which is said to be a most blood-curdling thing, and something to bring this terrible allegory through the eye as Stevenson has brought it through the mind of the reader. Mansfield is coming to San Francisco, although his arrangements are not yet made.

Henry Jones seems to have dropped from the firmament of star dramatists as quickly as he rose through the assistance of Henry Hermao, with whom he wrote "The Silver King." "A Noble Vagabond" fell flat a short time ago, and now his "Hard Hit," notwithstanding the newspaper boom it at first received, is acknowledged to be a dead failure. The management of the Haymarket are trying to arrange with Sir Charles Young, the author of "Jim the Penman," for something to replace "Hard Hit."

America is beginning to overrun dramatic London almost as badly as dramatic London is overrunning New York. Mary Anderson begins an extensive engagement at the Lyceum Theatre in a few weeks, and Grace Hawthorne has leased two other of the leading theatres of the West End. The irrepressible Hawthorne tried to get the Lyceum, but the British element asserted itself against the grasping reach of the American, and she is obliged to be satisfied with two of them.

Last Wednesday evening Nat Goodwin and his entire company left New York by special train immediately after the evening performance at the Bijou, arrived in Boston in time for breakfast Thursday morning, and at half-past ten appeared at the Boston Theatre in "Turned Up"; at one in the afternoon they started on their return journey, and reached New York at seven o'clock, in time for the evening performance at the Bijou. Presently we shall hear of Mr. Goodwin's appearing in London and San Francisco at one and the same time.

Hypercritics who are objecting to Guille's falsetto are reminded that he sings in the French school, that it is taught in the Conservatory as religiously as the chest C, that a smooth one is quite as beautiful in its way judged from a French standard, that the French composers are very fond of it, that Gounod himself likes it in a sacred song especially well, that he probably recommends it in the "Salve Dimora," and that in the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, Guille takes the falsetto, whether you like it or not, with most beautiful effect.

Some wag advised Nicolini to shoot a Welsh rabbit while he was in San Francisco, as it was a game which abounded here. Patti, who eats little and knows nothing of epicurean dishes, was delighted at the idea, said that her husband shot as well as she sang, that she loved to go shooting with him, and that she would help him to hunt the new game which, though Welsh, she was sure had never been seen around Craig-y-Nos. When the Welsh rabbit was finally brought to bay before them their trained French stomachs revolted, and they were unable to take deadly aim.

Harrigan's new play, "McNooney's Visit"—a success, as all his Irish-American plays are—made the fourteenth new play by an American author which has been produced in New York since last September. The list includes "Held by the Enemy," by Gillette; Howell's "Foregone Conclusion," Matthews's "Margery's Lovers," DeMille and Barnard's "The Main Line," Bronson Howard's "Met by Chance," Clay Greene's "Wall Street Bandit," and "Our Rich Cousin," "The Woman Hater," "Caught in a Corner," "The Old Homestead," "The Minute Men of '76," and Harrigan's "The O'Regans."

Mrs. Langtry has been playing an engagement in Philadelphia of two weeks. Allowing five hundred dollars a week for expenses—that being about the rate at which the Lily lives, without extras—she put \$17,250 away in the bank for future emergencies. The country critics all say she knows nothing of acting; the city critics all say she has learned a great deal. The men all say she is beautiful, but cold; the women all say that she is an awful example, but dresses divinely. Meanwhile Langtry, who is the most luxurious of women, and loves money not for itself but for what it brings, readily accepts their duets for any reason, and invests them in first mortgages.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending February 12th.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Henry E. Abbey, Manager. Sunday evening, grand popular concert. Monday, concert programme and act third of "Faust"; Wednesday, concert programme, first act of "La Traviata" and third act of "Lucia di Lammermoor." By the members of the Patti Concert Company, including Mme. Adeline Patti, Mme. Scacchi, Signor Novara, Signor Guille, and Signor Galassi. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: "The New Magdalen." Cast as follows:

Rev. Julian Gray, Henry Miller; Horace Holmroft, Ogden Stevens; Surgeon Wetzel, H. B. Phillips; Surgeon Surville, Jos. Brennan; Captain Arnault, Geo. F. Bird; Mercy Merrick, Miss Clara Morris; Grace Roseberry, Miss Emily Seward; Lady Janet Roy, Miss Kate Denin-Wilson.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Monte Cristo." Cast as follows:

Edmond Dantes and Monte Cristo, Mr. J. R. Grismer; Norrie, Geo. Osbourne; Caderousse, Mr. J. R. Stockwell; Villefort, E. L. Davenport; Danglars, Frank Mordant; Fernande, A. R. Brenning; Albert de Morcerf, George Webster; Old Dantes, H. P. Wyman; M. Morel, Harry Davenport; Governor of Prison, Emil Collins; Abbé Farrar, W. C. Den; Guardsman, Harry Russell; Mercedes, Miss Phoebe Davies; Corconte, Miss Annie Adams; Mlle. Danglars, Miss Maude Adams.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Bill: "A Woman of the People." Cast as follows:

Bertrand, E. J. Buckley; Remy, Logan Paul; Dr. Appiani, Franc Reinau; Henri de Bessieres, E. J. Holden; Dr. Le Blanc, Scott Cooper; Keeper, Tully Marshall; Pierre, Jules Madero; Grosmeine, James Ashcroft; Guillaume, Richard Smith; Adelaide, Miss Charlotte Tittel; Cotherine, Miss Kittie Belmour; Charlotte, Miss Helen Mason; Marguerite, Miss Josie Richard; Marie, Miss Rose Wood.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Professor." Cast as follows:

Arthur Hinsdale, J. O. Barrows; Mrs. Elliott, Miss Mamie Tinsley; Daisy Brown, Miss Helene Digeon; Henry Marston, Henry Norman; Eselle, Miss Hattie Moore; Grace Gray, Miss Kate Marchi; Mr. Tompkins, W. F. Rochester; Gustavus, Al. K. Feeley; Moses Holden, M.

Cornell; Mr. Beauregard, Ed. Stevens; Annie Timms, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer; Susy Sundown, Miss Lottie Walton; Fred Bangs, Harry Gates; Jack Topley, Arthur Messmer; Mollie Merry, Miss Lottie Selden; Dottie Pinnie, Miss Tilly Valera; Thomas, Henry Moore.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: Conjuring, etc., by Herrmann and wife.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy.—Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

At the Alcazar, next week, the Grismer-Davies company in "Monte Cristo."

At the Bush Street, next week, Herrmann, the Magician.

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Professor."

At the Baldwin, next week, Clara Morris in "Camille" and "Miss Merton."

At the California, next week, the Rose Wood Company in "The World."

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

"I see that a naval officer predicts the immediate destruction of Washington in case of a war with Great Britain," said a prominent army officer recently. "Undoubtedly the capital and all our coast ports would be at the mercy of the enemy in such an event," he continued, "but that isn't where England would strike us first. She would choose our weakest points—perhaps not the weakest, for all our points are equally defenseless, but the most accessible. The Canadian border is the part of the country which needs looking after in case of war, for one can see with half an eye where the first blow would be struck. The big cities on the lakes would first receive their attention, for there is nothing to prevent English gunboats from swarming through Lake Ontario and effecting complete disaster and ruin. According to the treaty of 1817 each country is allowed but one vessel on Lake Ontario, and we have only the harmless old *Michigan* in those waters. The British have none, but they have complete control of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, at least as far as Kingston, and they possess just one hundred and eleven gunboats that can navigate it. The St. Lawrence and the Welland Canal afford ample opportunity for reaching the lakes. To be sure, there are numerous rapids, so that to-day a vessel drawing twelve feet can pass through, and by the opening of navigation this will be increased to fourteen feet. Forty-eight hours after the declaration of war it would be too late for us to make a move. The big British iron-clads would take possession of the entrance to the St. Lawrence, and keep us away, while their light gunboats would swarm into the lakes; and, as I said, they have 111 that could get there. Don't you know that the British keep a number of these vessels in the vicinity of Bermuda to be handy in case of necessity? When the fisheries troubles first arose six of these vessels were ordered up to New Brunswick. The reason assigned was a needed change of climate for the squadron, but upon looking through the register, I learned that five of these vessels were of the proper draught to navigate the St. Lawrence. We can't do anything to afford the protection without money. We might be able to get vessels to the lake by way of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, if we had a canal of the requisite depth from La Salle to Chicago; or we might get there if the Erie Canal should be made navigable. But there are always ifs in the way, and these the British would not have to contend with. Everything is in readiness for them to go right to work effectively."

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THE STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company of New York, which we printed this week, is a remarkable showing. Over thirteen millions of dollars were paid out to policy-holders, and the cash assets at the beginning of this year amount to \$114,000,000. The Mutual is the wealthiest, the most successful, and the safest insurance company in the United States, and issues every desirable form of policy at the lowest possible rates.

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RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1886.

ASSETS,

\$114,181,963.24

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1886.....	120,952	\$368,981,441 36	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.....	129,927	\$403,869,202 88
Risks Assumed.....	18,673	\$6,832,718 92	Risks Terminated.....	9,698	\$3,004,957 40
	139,625	\$425,814,160 28		139,625	\$425,814,160 28

Dr.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$99,865,644 11	By paid to Policy Holders:	
" Premiums.....	15,634,720 66	Endowments and Purchased	
" Interest and Rents.....	5,502,456 01	Insurances.....	\$4,928,729 61
		Dividends and Annuities ..	2,727,454 13
		Decedent Lives	5,492,920 00
			\$13,129,103 74
		" Other Disbursements:	
		Commissions and Commu-	
		tations.....	\$1,733,632 83
		Taxes.....	277,169 85
		Expenses.....	1,091,613 01
			3,101,416 59
		" Premiums on Stocks and Bonds purchased	52,566 14
		" Balance to new account.....	104,719,734 31
	\$121,002,820 78		\$121,002,820 78

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.

To Reserve for policies in force and for risks terminated.....	\$108,460,120 25	By bonds secured by mortgages on real estate.....	\$50,118,949 66
" Premiums received in advance.....	78,274 84	" United States and other Bonds.....	42,071,641 00
" Surplus at four per cent.....	5,643,568 15	" Loans on Collaterals.....	6,172,917 25
		" Real Estate.....	10,591,266 32
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	2,306,203 08
		" Interest accrued.....	1,166,870 65
		" Premiums deferred and in transit.....	1,565,117 28
		" Sundries.....	188,978 00
	\$114,181,963 24		\$114,181,963 24

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
From the surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

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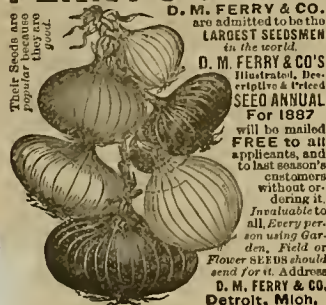
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VOL. XX. No. 8

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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A friend laughed at us, the other day, and said we reminded him of Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," who could never keep the head of King Charles I. out of his memorial. We admit that we have a hobby—it is the Pope and the Pope's Irish. It is difficult to keep our pen from running in the direction of this topic. We say—not in apology, but in explanation of this peculiarity—that we have to do it from the simple fact that no other journal on this side of the continent (and only one or two on the other) has the courage to give us aid in this direction; so the theme affords us pleasure in a double sense—it enables us to resent the hostile aggressions of a dangerous church and the immeasurable cowardice of a press that lacks the courage to call its soul its own. Specialties are the tendency of the age. The lawyer or the physician who gives his mind to the trial of one set of

cases or the cure of one kind of disease becomes more skillful and proficient than does the professional man who scatters himself. Most men of brains confine themselves to the consideration of one line of thought. We have scientists, theologians, great reformers, political economists; some are of great military genius; some diplomatists of rare skill; some mathematicians of profound knowledge; some are astronomers, whose heads are ever among the heavenly bodies; some there are who write only romance or poetry; the great architect, or musician, or painter is not expected to excel in other arts or divide his time in the endeavor to accomplish results in another direction. Then why may we not be indulged in setting our lance in rest and riding tilt against the windmill of Rome? It does us a great deal of good, and if it does no harm to the infallible head of the institution against which the gates of hell are destined never to prevail, then nobody is injured. If the Church of Rome is an evil of dangerous magnitude, and is, as we believe, an enemy of republican government, then it is just barely possible that we may be the mouse that shall cut the thread that unravels the net that gives freedom to the lion; it is just within the line of possibility that we may be the cackling goose that warns the republic of the danger that threatens it. It is, after all, the men of one idea that move the world; and who shall say that, in our poor, humble way, we may not drop an expression here, cast a thought there, and lodge an idea elsewhere that may not produce results? Reverently we suggest that Christ was but the son of a carpenter; Peter was but a fisherman; Luther was but an humble priest who started a revolution that Rome has been compelled to exert all its genius and put forth all its power to resist. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and out from the mouth of babes and fools there does sometimes come a wisdom that confounds the wise. King David was but small of stature, and his sling and stone were not formidable weapons of war, but the nerve to send the pebble direct slew the giant. Bruce had the courage to ride forth before the battle of Bannockburn and accept the challenge of England's steel clad champion, and with one stroke of his battle-axe cleaved a head that inspired with valor his hosts and gave the prestige of victory to the opening battle. We think there is a coming struggle between this old death's-head-and-bloody-bones of Rome and the civilization of the age; we think this decrepit and toothless monster is lying at the door of its cave for one more grapple, one last death-struggle with free thought before the world is fully and fairly emancipated from the fear in which superstition, bigotry, and ignorance have chained it. The world has given us Luther, and the Reformation that emancipated Germany and planted in the very heart of Europe a great Protestant empire. The world has had its great English reformation, of which America is only one of its fruits; and yet to-day, in Germany and England, we see those splendid powers still struggling in the political toils which the black spider of Rome has woven from his Pontificate across the Tiber. We do not underrate a power which, from its prison in the Vatican—without a gun, or ship, or soldier, or recognition of civil authority—can so complicate the politics and diplomacy of the governments of the world as to play them against each other. On the 21st of this month, the great German Empire will be shaken in the throes of a contest into which it was plunged by the Clerical party in its Reichstag, which refused to the party of the Empire soldiers to defend its borders against the attack of France. In France, it nerves the strength of arm to paralyze the force of a republican organization, and thus whispers these two great people into a death-struggle for a supremacy which may inure to the advantage of Rome. All political paths, however tortuous or intricate in the politics of empire, lead to Rome. The church beyond the Tiber has not in England forgotten the conflict of the sixteenth century, and, through its priests, prelates, and laymen, promotes an Irish rebellion that makes life and property insecure, and, in place of order and law, plunges the realm into disorder. The English Parliament, embodying the wisdom of nine centuries, stands confused, irresolute, uncertain what to do. Across its pathway of progress stands the menacing form of a church, that is only dangerous because England is too sentimental and generous to crush and destroy it, although it has the right to so destroy, because it is used as a political power to resist the laws and

undermine the authority of the constitution and queen. This contest we do not fear—so little do we fear it, that we hope it may come in our day; we think the world is fully prepared for the struggle, and, if it is not ready, it is getting ready. Every invention that comes from the brain of man; every added steam-engine that thunders across the earth, or plows the sea, or is harnessed to do man's bidding; every discovery in science that lets light into a dark place; every human mind emancipated by liberal thought; every step of progress in the pathway of learning, and every advancement along the great highway of man's intellectual development makes this conflict easier, and surer of victory. We see the grand army of Rome undergoing the process of disbandment and disintegration. It no longer sits enthroned at Rome as a civil power; it no longer directs armies and navies through the conscience-fear of kings; it has no longer a hold upon the diseased imaginings of the human mind; the fires of its eternal hell and the discipline of its intermediate tortures have faded into meaningless ecclesiastical threats, at which the peasant laughs; across the graveyard of its ghastly superstitions the innocent, timid village maiden no longer tiptoes in pop-eyed fear. The old ecclesiastical humbug has exploded; gone its marvelous and deceptive tricks; gone its miracles, its superstitions, its gigantic and fraudulent pretensions. All that is left of it is all that it ever had the right to enjoy, and that is its faith, its dogmas, its religious beliefs, its ceremonials, its vestments, its pictures, its altars and cathedrals, and these it will need for only a little longer, for in a little while, the school-house aiding, the printing-press doing its duty, the brains, the courage, and the conscience of mankind at work, the world will laugh that it has so long been the dupe of an imposition that rested solely upon the ignorance, cowardice, and superstition of the human mind

The GREAT labor strike—which began with the coal-handlers in Jersey City, and rapidly extended to freight-handlers along the wharves of New York city, to longshoremen and grain-handlers, railroad workers, steamship hands, and other laborers, numbered at one time nearly forty thousand men, and extended to divers employments in sympathy, swelling the total vastly and affecting interests far beyond the localities directly interested in the strike—has broken down. Tens of thousands of innocent workers have suffered for want of employment, while as to women, children, and dependents, the measure of their suffering has been incalculable. The thoughtless and unreflecting stupidity of coal-handlers who strike for some paltry percentage of wages that does not begin to express the amount wasted in alcoholic drink, smote themselves, their families, and the poor labor class a hard and useless blow. Did not every intelligent man know that in the winter time, when thousands of industrious workers find themselves deprived of employment, it was no time to experiment in the direction of abandoning their work and wages? If one could separate the honest workingman from the plotting political knave who lives upon him; if adventurous idlers who never work and live by the wicked exercise of their criminal wits, could be segregated from the ranks of labor and set apart by themselves, the extent of their suffering would be the measure of every honest man's delight. It is the misfortune of nearly all labor strikes that the penalties fall upon the innocent and inoffensive. In the railroad strike which is just being brought to a disastrous result in this city, a large number of drivers and gripmen gave unwilling assent to a programme that deprived them of constant and remunerative employment. In New York and San Francisco these men are asking that their offenses be condoned and they be reinstated in employments which they deliberately forfeited and criminally abandoned. It would be more than a mistake—it would be a crime, and of all crimes it would be the most inexcusable—to take back these strikers because it would be a wrong to the men who took their places. It would be ingratitude to the new men who had the courage to risk dynamite, violence, insult, and mob outrage in helping the companies out of their embarrassing position when they were abandoned, and without notice, by their former employees. All labor classes, laborers, knights of labor, and labor organizations, must be taught the lesson that they are never above the law, and never above punishment for disobedience of the law. Individuals other than

workingmen have rights, property has rights, society has rights, rich men and corporations have rights, and no men or class of men can become poor enough to challenge their enforcement. We are sorry for the poor oupes who allowed themselves to become brain-fuddled by the sophistical and false reasoning of the tongue-talkers and jaw-workers who beguiled them to abandon labor that paid them well. We are sorry for those of them engaged in endeavoring to regain their lost ground by the mendicant omnibus line, but we are more sorry for the poor horses, strained and starving, in drawing the old mud-wagons for the delectation of an idle mob that has no money to ride. Whenever a class of honest laborers feels itself unjustly oppressed, it is our advice that it submit its grievance to an intelligent public opinion, for we feel assured that no organization, or corporation, or individual has wealth, or power, or courage enough to refuse to reform abuses from which honest labor unjustly suffers.

As the 17th of March approaches, the agitation concerning the celebration of Saint Patrick's Day begins. The same old political dead-beats are endeavoring to get themselves positions on horseback or in open barouches, for the purpose of displaying themselves to those of their countrymen who are compelled to foot it over the cobble-stones. The Saint Patrick parade has become long since a contemptible exhibition, which every Irish gentleman and respectable laborer wishes was dispensed with. There is not one out of an hundred of the young Irish-Americans who can be induced to take any part in this absurd and altogether ridiculous display of tatterdemalions. If some of the money expended to continue a political campaign in Ireland could be laid out in new uniforms for the Ancient Order of Hibernians and for cleaning the old scarfs and banners, there might be organized such a parade as was had in the earlier times. The old dray-horses might be given a day of rest, and our cavalry mounted on less sorry-looking Rosinantes. It is not appropriate to celebrate the day of a saint with a military display and civic procession with a whisky riot at the end. If there ever was a Saint Patrick, and if he was a saint and an Irishman, and if he ever lived in Ireland and was a holy man, and if he converted the Irish from being Druids to being Romanists, and if it is proper to celebrate the day on which he was born or the day on which he died, then let it be done in a church before the altar. Let masses be said for the repose of his soul, unless it is certain that he has found rest, and let the celebration of Saint Patrick's Day take place in a Christian church in a decent manner, and let the Irish politicians be no longer permitted to play this most respectable dead saint—if he ever lived—for a political pawn on the Democratic chess-board. It has been an open secret all these later years, that the reverend clergy of the Roman Catholic Church of San Francisco have been opposed to a street parade on Saint Patrick's Day, and that they have been engaged in the performance of an enforced duty when they have consented to take part in it. We are glad to learn that Archbishop Riordan and the Rev. Father Prendergast have made and are making an effort to keep this ancient old burr chestnut out of the streets and off horseback, and confine it within the walls of the church. This parade has fallen into such contempt that two years ago less than four hundred persons took part in it, and of these, one hundred were urchins of the parochial schools less than fifteen years of age. Last year an effort was made to bring delegations from Stockton, Sacramento, Benicia, and Alameda, and there were less than one thousand people, all told—police, mounted marshals, officials in carriages, draymen on horseback, and hod-carriers and ancient Hibernians on foot. Of all shabby, sorry parades, that of Saint Patrick's Day is the worst, and in the opinion of the *Argonaut* it should be done away with. We are glad to be in accord with the Archbishop and his reverend clergy in the abatement of this annual nuisance. It is a shame and a reproach to all sensible people who love Ireland, and those who, except for the foolish things that are done by foolish Irishmen, would be proud on all proper occasions to admit that they were born in their native land.

The Constitution of the State of California expressly and in terms prohibits lotteries and gift enterprises, and makes it the duty of the Legislature to enact laws to prohibit them. The Legislature has defined what lotteries are, and has declared it to be a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment for any person to engage in them, or aid or assist them by printing, or writing, or advertising. Therefore the man or woman who sells, or buys, or in any manner contributes to the promotion of a lottery scheme, commits a crime against the law, and is liable to fine and imprisonment for the commission of the offense. And yet this law is a dead letter upon our statute-book. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended in this State for tickets of the Havana and Louisiana lotteries. Women and men in all classes of society purchase into these swindling and unlawful schemes, and there goes from our State a steady stream of money of which weak and silly persons are defrauded. California is a most excellent field for this kind of enterprise, because as a rule we are all gamblers. We came here originally as a gambling venture; the first industry we exploited

upon arrival was around the gambling table. We have made a betting proposition of every conceivable circumstance, from risking our money on horse-racing to taking a chance upon the shot-loaded frog of Calaveras, and there is nobody who lives, or has ever lived, in this State who is not willing to gamble if the opportunity comes to him in attractive shape. Our soil and climate are so uncertain and variable that agriculture and farming are, of all games of chance, the most uncertain. "If it rains, I win; if it is dry, I lose," says the farmer, and he plows and plants with the full realization of the uncertainty of his calling. Mining is, and has ever been, more hazardous. Legitimate mining is as risky as the Stock Board, and grain-growing as perilous as operations at the Produce Exchange. Our Mercantile Library was galvanized into life by a lottery scheme, and if there has ever been a church fair or Sunday-school entertainment without a grab-bag, or dice-box, or lottery, we have never heard of it. Every newspaper in the city advertises lottery drawings. The *Call* and *Chronicle* are just now in lively competition over the prize announcement, and the *Call*, with that fearless enterprise which characterizes all its business operations, has distanced its rival with 44,298 daily circulation, by causing the prize-list of the Louisiana Lottery to be telegraphed from the city of New Orleans. Scarcely a week passes that some individual charity does not make its appeal for the sale of tickets for some article to be raffled for. Even holy Mother Church goes regularly into the business, and from church and convent, smug-faced monk and meek-eyed sister, comes the petition for alms. The last effort in this direction comes to us from Ballyjamesduff, Ireland, in aid of a convent school for the poor "Clares," which begging and illegal effort is under the immediate patronage of the Lord Bishop of Kilmore, the most reverend Dr. Bernard Finegan. It is announced to be a "Grand Bazar and Drawing of Prizes." The series of tickets held by us, sent gratuitously and in part for this first-class notice, is numbered 979,902, so we presume that one million of tickets were issued at 25 cents each. Prizes to the extent of \$2,500 are offered. The first is an Irish harp, valued at £100; next, an oil painting of the Madonna, at £50; a silver tea-set at the same valuation; a painting of the Annunciation, £50; a Limerick lace alb, for £20; and then for lesser prizes a case of claret and sherry, cuckoo clock, Scotch sheep, illuminated lives of saints, box of cigars, two fat sheep, case of Hennessy's brandy, seven-year-old port, fat lamb, box of fine cigars, and portrait of Pope Leo XIII, with a prayer-hook, the "gift of a titled lady." The following letter from the good Bishop Finegan accompanies the tickets:

CULLIES HOUSE, CAVAN, June 28, 1886.

It is with much pleasure that the first charity I have to recommend to the faithful at home and abroad, since I became bishop, is that of the Convent of Ballyjamesduff. The community, one of the most excellent in Ireland, and worthy of the holy times of St. Bridget, has contracted a heavy debt in the erection of a convent and schools. With confidence they appeal to the never-failing generosity of the children of St. Patrick at home and abroad, to those who love the old land, its faith and religious institutions so dearly. All who contribute will have merit for providing a home for the spouses of Christ, will participate in the graces given to them, and will partake of the reward of the saintly lives led by them, and will have prayers said and masses offered for their spiritual and temporal welfare on earth, and to the end of time for their eternal repose and everlasting happiness.

† BERNARD FINEGAN, Bishop of Kilmore.

Then the good Sister Mary Patrick McEamrney writes us the following confidential note, which we publish that all may know where to send the money:

J. M. F. C.

CONVENT OF POOR CLARES, Ballyjamesduff, Virginia, Ireland.

MY DEAR SIR: Our reverend bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Finegan, knowing the heavy burden of debt that presses upon us, advocates our cause with the charitable in the accompanying letter. Your response to that appeal in disposing of these tickets among your friends will never be forgotten by us. We undertook a heavy debt for the sake of two hundred poor children, erecting for them a school wherein we can educate and prepare them for the many dangers they must meet at home and in foreign lands. Sixteen times each year the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for you in perpetuity.

By a special vow we devote our lives to the gratuitous care and instruction of poor female children, especially orphans. The more destitute we feed and clothe. Our Holy Father the Pope has given his apostolic benediction to all who aid our work.

I remain yours respectfully in J. and M.,

SISTER MARY PATRICK MCEAMRNEY.

We would suggest that our Legislature now in session introduce an amendment to the Constitution, and when secured, pass a law authorizing a California lottery, so that we may keep our money at home. We do not think lotteries immoral, or in any wise objectionable; if mining, farming, city libraries, church fairs, and sacred convents for the care of orphan girls are to be promoted by lotteries, if they are sanctioned by the commercial community, the preachers, and the successors of the apostles, why not legalize them, and throw the benefits to be derived to the whole community? It does not seem quite fair to permit the reverend clergy of Ireland, the ladies of Ballyjamesduff, and the Lord Bishop of Kilmore to pursue this illegal game of chance, while the *Argonaut* is risking its property and periling the liberty of its editor by advertising it. We close this writing by the serious reflection, either the laws against lotteries should be enforced or repealed. It is always demoralizing

to permit a criminal law to be openly evaded as in this case; it brings the administration of justice into contempt.

The arrest of Stites and Dean, charged with being dynamiters and engaged in the recent explosions along the lines of the Sutter and Geary Street roads, is, we hope, the beginning of the exposition of this strike conspiracy. Stites was found with a dynamite bomb in his possession, going out in the dark of early morning for its use; he ran from the police, throwing away the bomb in his effort to escape; he is a man of questionable character and of bad associates; all these facts are, we think, conclusive of his guilt. The fact that he is a Sutter Street striker, a member of their secret organization, that he was found with tickets for their entertainment, and the further and more significant fact that the strikers are shielding him under the theory that the whole business is a police conspiracy to throw odium over their cause, convinces us that the railroad strikers are responsible for, if not cognizant of, this whole dynamite infamy. When Hodges, the Opera House fiend, was asked if he knew Stites and Dean, he replied that he did not know them, "or any other dynamiters." It raises a curious train of thought why this man, swathed in cotton, blinded by burns, associating with nobody and conversing with nobody, should have associated Stites and Dean with dynamite. It is inexplicable upon any other hypothesis than that there is an existing dynamite conspiracy for the destruction of life and property in San Francisco. When we reflect that Judge Toohy discharged Barry from trial for want of probable cause, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, with the character of proof elicited in that case, we pause and wonder what are the ramifications of this plot to murder and destroy. When we consider how little the police have done or attempted to do to arrest or expose the villainies of this labor insurrection, our wonder is still more increased. We shall watch, and so will the community, every phase in the further development of this class of crimes. The judges, the law authorities, and the police are advised that intelligent and determined people are watching them to see whether they are really endeavoring to detect and punish these criminals, or whether they are conniving at their escape. It is our opinion that there is a vast deal of unexposed villainy in official circles. The manner of Stites's arrest by the police puzzles us beyond measure. We assume that the chief was fully advised by some informer just what Stites was doing and was going to do, just what material he had in his possession, and just how, where, and when he was going to use it, but why he was prevented by arrest from proceeding to a sufficient length to demonstrate a criminal purpose, we do not understand. It seems to have been a most stupid blunder. As the case now stands, what offense has Stites committed? He had dynamite in his possession, and was doubtless intending to plant it somewhere for a criminal purpose. Why, with eight policemen, was he not permitted to lay it upon the railroad track at an hour when no cars were running and the street had no passers-by, that the police might have had some demonstrable proof of criminal intent? Stites may thank the police for an obtrusive blunder that prevented him from the perpetration of an act which the law can punish.

We print elsewhere, Governor Stanford's speech in the Senate of the United States in support of a bill introduced by him to aid wage-workers by a legalized scheme of co-operation. This scheme for the association and organization of individual workers who have not the aid of capital to enable them to carry out the larger industrial operations, has been for many years a favorite idea of the Senator, suggested, doubtless, and strengthened by his personal experiences in carrying to successful completion the great enterprise of a trans-continental road. At the time this road was projected by himself and his associates, it was regarded as a gigantic enterprise, one that would have embarrassed the strongest government to assume, and which there was no available personal fortune in this country strong enough to undertake. Yet by the association of five gentlemen of moderate fortunes, aided to a limited extent by the loan of government credit—which has been to the last dollar of obligation promptly and honorably met—and by the donation of public lands that were comparatively worthless at the time of their concession and made valuable by the enterprise they were given to aid, the great work was entered upon and pressed to a speedy completion. It was at the time one of the greatest undertakings that had been conceived, and its successful completion is an illustration of what may be accomplished by brains and organization without the use of great capital. This calm, deliberative, and well-reasoned argument in favor of labor organization is characteristic of Governor Stanford, and proves that, in the enjoyment of his great wealth, he has not lost sympathy with the working-class of which he was and still continues to be one. We can not help contrasting this thoughtful and well-considered speech in behalf of honorable and conscientious labor, with the hasty, impassioned, demagogic appeals of Ingalls, Nye, and others, upon the Fishery question—undisguised bids for the political support and party aid of red-mouthed haters of England. We do not know whether the Senator is a candidate for the Presi-

dential nomination, and if he is, we do not know whether such a speech as the one delivered by him is as well calculated to meet popular countenance as the more ingenious and artful attempts of shallow partisans to commend themselves to popular favor by pandering to popular prejudice. It would be well if our Knights of Labor, strikers, labor agitators and other philosophers engaged in working out this great social problem would for a little, turn their attention from violence and enforced distribution of wealth accumulated by others, to an organized, intelligent, and peaceful endeavor to acquire honestly something for themselves. To this class we especially commend a careful perusal of Governor Stanford's speech.

When a new legislature convenes, and has passed its organization and the election of its officers, then at once goes up from the public press and from the throat of public clamor the assertion that it is the very worst legislative body that has ever before convened. The one now in session at Sacramento has been subjected to this ordeal in a more than usually emphatic form. We think nearly all the daily papers have united to impress the public with the idea that more than the usual number of villains had gathered at the capital to rob and plunder the people. The first and most iniquitous measure was the Insurance bill, which, when passed to a successful result, was to have been followed with no end of "cinch" bills and plundering schemes. The Insurance bill, if it was a bad one—and we are not quite sure that it was—has been defeated, and so we may hope that all questionable legislation will in like manner be disposed of. We have more confidence in the integrity of the Legislature than our associates in the daily use of type. The members of this Legislature, especially of the Senate, and especially those representing rural constituencies, are, for the most part, intelligent and honorable men. It is their interest to watch closely what is going on; as a rule, they are suspicious of the delegations from San Francisco, and they have the right to be, for as a rule our delegations are composed of unprincipled and dishonest politicians, who have secured their places by fraudulent practices. Their "holding out" in the election of George Hearst for Senator of the United States defined the character and status of the San Francisco delegation. The people of this State have a further assurance of healthful legislation by reason of the fact that Washington Bartlett is Governor of the State, and is armed with the power of the veto, a power which he is very much disposed to exercise, and which he can not be coaxed or intimidated from exercising where he thinks it necessary to defeat dishonest legislation. Governor Bartlett is not only an honest man, but he is studious, painstaking, and industrious, with a knowledge of public affairs and a stubborn, good-natured obstinacy that make it easy for him to resist threats, blandishments, and temptations that would beset younger and more ambitious politicians. So we think we may hope to pass the session without any serious mistakes, and with good rains get through the season, and escape the danger that is always imminent when any legislature is in existence.

Now begins to go up a howl of indignation and wail of anguish in favor of those deeply-wronged and suffering Irish patriots, Dillon and O'Brien. They are being persecuted by the English Government, juries are being packed, the judges are prejudiced, the law Lords in the House of Peers are being secured, and these unhappy innocents are being oppressed. These men are law-breakers, and have been in a long-continued attitude of defiance toward the Government; now that they are likely to receive their justly deserved punishment at the hands of the law, they squeal, and all the sympathizing Irish patriots squeal in sympathy with them. Why should not organized government conspire to defeat and punish criminals, who conspire to disturb it and set the law at defiance? Why may not decent, well-behaved, and respectable society pack juries to put an end to murders and conspiracies, an end to treason and rebellion? Is not this one of the cases where the ends of justice justify the means of retribution?

Well worthy of consideration at the present moment, when all the world is upon the tenterhooks of expectation as to what will turn up next upon the eastern continents in the way of social and political developments, is the illogical manner in which certain nations and races regard the existing condition of affairs from a governmental standpoint. All the world is aware that the object of France in going to war—if she goes to war—with Germany, is to regain the prestige and the provinces she lost in 1871; and, in the event of success, to play tit for tat by extending her boundary to the Rhine, by the annexation of the Prussian Rhine provinces, Luxembourg, and possibly Belgium. The fact, nevertheless, remains that France has neither a historical nor an ethnological right to the disputed territory of Alsace-Lorraine, but merely a right based upon two hundred years of peaceful and undisputed possession; for, though its original occupants were Celts and Franks, the population of this territory—from the time that it passed to the German Emperor Otto, in the tenth century, till it was ceded to France in 1648, at the treaty of Münster—was mainly Teutonic, and it is so yet, if race characteristics and names go for anything—in short, it is only French by education and use. The delicate question then arises, What length of possession confers upon a government the right to control a territory which has passed under such control by conquest or cession? And if two hundred years' possession gives France such right of domain over Alsace-Lorraine, and forms a justifiable ground for going to war for its recovery, why should not nearly seven hundred years of conquest confer a similar right upon England in the case of Ireland? If the sauce is applicable to

the Alsatian goose, why is it not equally so to the Irish gander? Why is it that Ireland alone, of all the oppressed nationalities on earth, falls in for such a general share of effusive sympathy? History tells us that this unfortunate island was wholly subdued in 1210, by the descendants of those same Normans who, only one hundred and fifty years before, reduced England to subjection; and yet we hear no sympathy expressed for the oppressed Saxons and Danes who had certainly a prior right of possession in the latter island. And if it is urged that there came blending in England between the dominant and subjugated races which never took place in Ireland, the counter-argument is in order that the commonest names in agitation against the English government, or indeed any form of government—the Cogans, the Mogans, the Dorseys, the Courcys, the Clancys, the Delaneys, the Fitzgeralds, the Parnells, and scores of patronymics more—are Norman, pure and simple. It is education and not tradition—and Catholic education at that—which has transformed the sturdy Teutons of Elsass-Lothringen into the excitable Frenchmen of Alsace-Lorraine, and which has made the Norman-Irish who, rather than the original Celt, constitute the bone and sinew of the race, into the ignorant, bigoted, society-and-government-subverting classes, which form the back-bone of labor-strikes, conspiracies and riots, wherever they are found. There is a remedy for this, and it is a patent and plain one. It is composed of three factors—the government, the rising generation, and the schools.

Our neighbors in Japan are passing through some notable phases in social evolution. They seem determined to omit no detail requisite to keep pace with the genius of Western civilization. The latest news in this direction, from the island empire is, that the Mikado has established an Order, on the plan of the ancient order of chivalry, wherewith to decorate the leading daimios and others whom he may delight to honor. It is called the Order of the Chrysanthemum, and the brother of the Mikado is commissioned to carry the emblem in person to England, and confer it upon the Prince of Wales. And speaking of "Orders," it is interesting to note through what phases of evolution the idea that originated them has passed, till it has at last reached its present stage of mere complimentary significance, entailing neither responsibility nor duty. It is not difficult to understand that the fact of a body of knights carrying in a *mêlée* an emblem of a certain character affixed to their armor would have the effect of preserving their ranks better than the crests upon their helmets or the blazonry upon their shields. Now, however, no such purpose can be subserved, and the famous military orders of the Golden Fleece, of Spain and Austria, the Garter of England, the Knights Templars of Jerusalem, the White Eagle of Poland, and other great martial badges of the mediaeval world, have come, in the process of social evolution to be conferred rarely upon mere military pre-eminence; their significance of course, lying in the halo which the illustrious personages who once bore them have shed over them, and in the discrimination with which they are conferred. It is most probable, therefore, that in due course of evolution, considering that the bestowal of these ancient and honorable badges now mainly represents the swapping of gewgaws between crowned heads, they will find themselves on the same plane as the illustrious order of St. Charles of Morocco, King Kamehameha of the Sandwich Islands, and the Chrysanthemum of Japan, and real merit will worry along without them.

STANFORD ON CO-OPERATION.

Senator Stanford delivered a short speech on February 16th in the Senate on his bill to promote co-operation among laboring men, or wage-workers of every kind. The speech did not elaborate the idea, but sketched it only. The following are his remarks on the subject, which were listened to with marked attention by the Senate:

MR. PRESIDENT: The bill which I have introduced (Senate bill No. 3022) provides for the association and organization of individuals, with or without capital. It gives no exclusive privileges, and is intended only to aid the natural right of association. In a large sense civilization itself rests and advances on the great principles of co-operation. The industries, the thoughts, the great ideas which produce vast and beneficial results, find their full development in association. Thus the discoveries in art and in science are distributed or availed of, and they inure to the benefit of the whole community—often to the whole civilized world. So the organization of individuals for a common purpose gives the strength, the capacity, of the ablest in the association. The weakest, and the one of the least capacity, is brought up in advantages to the level of the best. The result of this association is to bring the individuals of the association closer to the entire fruit of their united industries. With a greater intelligence, and with a better understanding of the principles of co-operation, the adoption of them in practice will in time, I imagine, cause most of the industries of the country to be carried on by these co-operative associations. The co-operation of individuals in kindred pursuits would have the effect of furnishing, from their variety of labor, continuous employment. Thus a combination of men could even do farming—rendering for hire their services to the farmers—and might find that continuity of labor so important to the laborer and conducive to the maximum power of production which arises from constant employment.

A country's prosperity must always mainly depend upon its power of production. This is to be brought about by the most intelligent application of labor. Abundant illustrations might be given to show that the value of the labor of an individual, like the wealth of the country, will depend upon the power of production. The most notable example of this is to be found in the production of wheat in Egypt, in India, and in America. Wheat is raised in all these countries to compete in the same market—England. The compensation to the laborer on the banks of the Nile is a red radish and in India about five cents a day. In my own State, California, the harvester receives \$2 per day, forty times as much as his competitor receives in India. Now, these comparatively high wages could not be paid except upon a comparatively large production. The man in California receives forty times as much for a day's labor as a man in India, or the wages of one man in California equal those of forty men in India, and yet he competes successfully, because he avails himself of the genius of inventors—cuts and thrashes and puts into a sack a hundred pounds of wheat for one and a-half cents. And so in every other field of labor, the compensation will always be in proportion to the production. The earth yields abundantly, through labor, to supply the wants of mankind. Her yield of supplies for the necessities, the comforts, the elegancies, and the splendors of life are only measured by the amount of intelligent labor that is applied to the cultivation of the soil, to the working of mines, of quarries, and of forests and their products; and if there is want among the provident and industrious, it must be for the lack of intelligent direction and application of labor. How far these wants may be supplied by legislation is a problem, but I believe much aid may be given.

In the history of nations want of the commonest necessities has been the rule. Hitherto governments have been founded in force and maintained in force, and the principal thought has been to increase the force or so to organize it as to preserve the Government. Hence the large standing armies of Europe to-day. The theory of our Government is that it was instituted for the benefit of the people and their inalienable rights, which are superior to constitutions and laws, securing the individual in his rights of liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness, even to the extent of commanding the support of every other citizen in the whole country. These great principles, securing the freedom and the rights of the individual, insure to us forever a free Government, so long as the intelligence of the people is adequate in appreciating the principles upon which their Government is founded. Hence we need no great standing armies to overawe and menace the people, and our time and thoughts can be directed to their general development and to improvement in their condition.

It is in the hope of strengthening and developing the intelligence and the productive power of the individual without capital, or with but little, that I have introduced this bill, believing it to be one great step toward attaining the highest possibility of abundance of the necessities and comforts of life for every industrious and provident individual. I believe that co-operation will bring out the highest capacities of those engaged in it. It will impart to each individual the stimulus of knowing that he or she may enjoy the full fruits of his or her skill and energy in their calling. In those countries where there is the most intelligence there is the greatest use made of labor-aiding machinery, and where this labor-aiding is used most, as in our own country, there the compensation of the laborer is the largest. Even in Europe those countries that make the most use of labor-aiding machinery have the best compensation for their labor.

Occasionally there is evidence of apprehension that labor-aiding machinery may deprive the laborer of the demand for his services, but any apprehension of that kind must readily disappear with the reflection that the wants of humanity are as boundless as the intelligence and capacity to conceive. With the ignorance of the Digger Indian there are few wants. There is no intelligence to conceive, and the demand for the labor supply of others is of the most limited kind. The more intelligent a people the greater their wants, and with those increased wants the greater the demand for labor, and in the universality of labor the greater the capacity of individuals and communities to make exchange of their productions. I have the hope and the faith that the principles of our Government, of our great bill of rights as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, will yet pervade the whole civilized world. And as these ideas are adopted, and as they expand into the control of governments, so will disappear great standing armies. Non-producers will be changed into fruitful producers, adding to the comforts and happiness of humanity. Then the principal attention of the governments will be directed toward developing the arts of peace, and making humanity more happy.

In proposing the passage of a law of this kind, there is in it only an extension to persons without capital of the provisions that have existed heretofore in the laws provided for the association of those with capital. There is no invasion of the principles of association which have happily done so much in the development of the resources of our country, and proved such a stimulus to its industry. The principle of co-operation of individuals is a most democratic one. It enables the requisite combination of numbers and capital to engage in and develop every enterprise of promise, however large. It is an absolute protection of the people against the possible monopoly of the few, and renders an offensive monopoly and a burdensome one impossible. The only possible monopoly with these laws in existence is one of beneficence, and to the extent that the wants and conditions of the people can be better supplied than by any other means. So far only can there be a monopoly in our country under these laws of co-operation. One of the great advantages of association of this kind is that, in case of disagreement, death, or failure of individuals, the organization goes on, and in this respect it is freed from the disadvantages of an ordinary partnership. Besides, whatever the diverse capacities of the different individuals are, they may be united to make up a great whole of strength and of large capacity.

One of the difficulties in the employment of women arises from their domestic duties, but co-operation would provide for a general utilization of their capacities and permit the prosecution of their business without harm, because of the temporary incapacity of the individual to prosecute her calling; and if this co-operation shall relieve them of the temporary incapacity arising from the duties incident to motherhood, then their capacity for production may be utilized to the greatest extent. Very many of the industries would be open to and managed as well by women in their co-operative capacity as by men. The moral influences of co-operation are very great. All in the organization are interested in the welfare and good conduct of every other member. All the good influences of the whole are brought to bear in favor of the individual, and all the individual members unite to make the whole most powerful for the accomplishment of good results.

The French society of Volapük, an association of people who believe that they can create a universal commercial language, recently held a banquet in Paris, and many Russian apostles of the same crusade against the present orthography and grammar were the guests. At the dessert the president drank to the health of the future language, which was rather a singular proceeding, and mentioned the device of the society, which is, "One humanity, one language," or in Volapük, "Menad bal, puk bal." The perpetration of orthographic horrors which may be expected when this new language has won sway may be gathered from this extract from the bill of fare at the dinner: "Sirloin steak, with potatoes," appears as "xomalit ko patats."

One of the newest things in New York is a stenographer and type writer, who pays rent for a place in the reading-rooms, and does work for the patrons of the hotels. The merchant from afar can dictate his letters just as he does at home for a small fee. The idea is proving to be quite popular.

A MAN WHO GREW YOUNG AGAIN.

The Startling Results brought about by Transfusion of Blood.

I happened to drop in the other day at the office of a friend of mine, a physician and surgeon of high reputation, with whom I am intimate, to indulge in a social chat of a quarter of an hour or so, as I often do, if he is not busy, during which he is accustomed to tell me of anything new there may happen to be at that time in therapeutical science. On the occasion in question I found my friend with something of a preoccupied air, and thinking it likely that he did not wish to be disturbed at the moment, I was about to walk out, remarking, "I see you are busy, and will look in some other time," when he called me back.

"No," he said, "I am glad you have come. I have just received a letter from an old friend, which recalls one of the strangest experiences of my life, and one of the strangest, if not the most so, in the annals of surgery. You are not in a hurry? Sit down there, and I will tell you about it, as I am sure it will interest you."

"I don't think I ever told you," went on the doctor, as I took a chair, "about a remarkable surgical operation I once performed in the matter of transfusion of blood. You are aware, possibly, of the pathology of the operation, and, perhaps, in what cases and to what extent it is considered admissible in ordinary practice; as, for instance, cases of debility arising from hemorrhage or other causes. You perhaps also know that a good deal has been done in demonstrating the benefits accruing from this operation; experiment showing that the transfusion of the blood of some even of the lower animals, such as calves, into the veins of man has been attended with no ill effects, but, on the contrary, has been productive of marked benefit; the difference in quality of the corpuscles, and other molecular constituents of the blood, having seemingly thrown no obstacle in the way of assimilation."

I signified my assent, and the doctor proceeded.

It is, of course, [he continued] very easy to understand why animals should be used in these experiments more frequently than man. They are much more easily obtainable, for one reason. It is not always possible to secure good human subjects who will be willing to part with a portion of their blood for a consideration. But it is not this point particularly that I wish to dwell upon, either, but rather upon the method in which transfusion is usually carried on—that is to say, by the use of artificial tubing to connect the vein of the person supplying the blood with that of the person receiving it; the fluid being forced through such connecting tube by a syringe or some other device. Such methods I have always considered clumsy and unsatisfactory, being liable to cause coagulation of the fluid *in transitu* through exposure to the air, and for other reasons which I need not go into. I had, furthermore, been always on the look-out for an opportunity to test the practicability and benefit of a method of applying this process, which I conceived would obviate every difficulty at present besetting it. That opportunity at last arrived, and though I have hitherto forbore speaking about it, the letter which I have just received, and will presently read to you, has recalled the matter forcibly to my mind. So, if you have half an hour to spare, I will tell you about it.

Some months ago I was introduced to an English gentleman of wealth and family, who was then making San Francisco his headquarters, as I afterwards learned, with the expectation of meeting his son, who had set out about a year before to make the tour of the world by the Eastern route. The father being, as I said, a man of ample means, conceived the idea, several months ago, of meeting his son at this point, whence they could travel homeward in company. The young man, it seems, being of an inquiring turn of mind, had been making many detours and spending more time upon the trip than was originally intended, and thus it came about that the elder Mr. Wycherly, his father, was making a correspondingly longer stay in San Francisco than he had proposed. Community of tastes in one or two particulars threw us much together, and one day it was arranged that we should make a duck-shooting expedition to some convenient quarter; Mr. Wycherly being, like most Englishmen of means, passionately fond of sport, and I, as you know, rather a devoted follower of Nimrod myself. Tomales Bay was the locality selected in which to exhibit our prowess, and thither accordingly one fine morning we went with the intention of taking a three days' holiday, as I could just then leave my practice comfortably in the hands of my assistant. We carried with us the usual sporting outfit in charge of one man, and taking the North Coast road, made our headquarters at Tomales, where we were within easy distance of the water. Tomales Bay is, as perhaps you know, the paradise of duck-hunters in its season. I do not mean, however, to become enthusiastic over it at present, as that is not what I have to talk about. Suffice it to say that our first day's sport was good, Wycherly proving himself a crack shot and a wary one, while I was surprised to find myself in as good trim as I was, considering the innocuous desuetude, as regards game, into which I had fallen of late. Things, however, were not destined to go on with their primary smoothness, as our second day's venture proved. Just as we were in the act of pushing off shore—I was already in the boat and had hold of the bow oar, while Wycherly and the man were on the bank shoving off—a deplorable accident happened. Just as the bottom slid free, Wycherly made a spring, and as luck would have it, either forgetting where the guns were or miscalculating his leap, landed just where his left foot caught somewhere about the locks of one of them, thus letting it off and pouring the whole charge of shot into his right leg. He instantly fell backward upon the stern seat, while the man, who was just then on the point of springing after him, seeing what was the matter, turned his energies to dragging the boat back to land instead. In a moment I was at the wounded man's side, and, with the help of our attendant, at length got him safely laid upon the beach. Unluckily, I had left my pocket case of instruments at the hotel when I changed my coat that morning, and so was handicapped from the start, so to speak, but I very soon had my friend's right trouser-leg, from the bottom of which, blood was welling copiously, ripped with my pocket knife and then I saw what damage had been done. From the

position of the wound and the spouting of the blood it was easy to see that the posterior tibial artery had been severed, and that if prompt measures were not taken, my friend would very soon bleed to death; so, as a temporary measure, and indeed the only thing that could be done in the case, I made the ordinary tourniquet from my handkerchief and a bit of stick, and succeeded in partially stopping the hemorrhage. The next thing to be done was to convey the wounded man where he could be attended to. We were more than a mile from our quarters, and I scoured the country in every direction with my eyes, in the hope of seeing some wagon or other conveyance by which he could be safely and expeditiously carried. There was nothing in sight on the land side—not so much as a house, even—and only one or two boats upon the bay, which were too far off to be of any service. Something had to be done at once, as there was no telling how long such a tourniquet as I had made would hold, so I conceived the idea of making some sort of a stretcher from the oars, which we did by binding the four of them together with braces cut from the boat's painter—a rough contrivance, you will say, but it served the occasion, for Wycherly had fainted away, and we could not have carried him at all without some appliance of the sort.

Well, in a few minutes we had our stretcher ready, and setting him on it as comfortably as we could, we each took our end of the primitive affair, holding on to the outer pair of oars, and began our march homeward. Our progress, as you can imagine, was slow, as Wycherly, though not a heavy man, weighed somewhere about a hundred and sixty pounds, while the oars were something; and the man who had hold of the blade ends of the outer pair, having very considerably left the handles to his employer, was much worried by the sharp edges, as I could very well see, though he bore it with stoical fortitude. It is to be hoped that the extra *douceur* he got for the day's work, accompanied by a valuable prescription of my own, proved an indemnifying salve for sore hands.

We struck across the rolling pasture land to the east of the bay, trudging along with our unconscious burden, the man ahead and myself in the rear, so as to keep a watchful eye upon my friend, and had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile or so when I observed, with anxiety, that the uneasy locomotion to which the body was subjected was beginning to tell upon the bandages of the wounded leg, though I had bolstered it up as well as I could with what spare coats we had. Just as I was considering the advisability of setting the stretcher down, to examine the matter more closely, we suddenly came in sight of a farm-house, some fifty yards off, now for the first time seen from the top of the rising ground we were then crossing. It was one of those dairy ranches common in Marin and other pasturing counties, being simply a collection of corrals, with some frame buildings devoted to dairying purposes and the accommodation of the dairyman and his help. The main building, however, which I had no difficulty in assigning to the family mansion, was spacious, trim, and substantial; and the neat, well kept air of the corrals and outbuildings, with their simple background of undulating, green pastures, stretching far as the eye could reach, formed a pleasing picture of Arcadian calm, very delightful at any time, but more particularly so at that moment to a man in my position with a dead weight of two hundred pounds upon his hands, and the distressing feeling that the weight might become dead in more senses than one, unless a haven of rest was speedily reached. At the same time my fellow-martyr in front cast an inquiring glance over his left shoulder, with a nod at the house, which I answered with its correlative of assent, and so we directed our steps to the front door.

Before getting there, I had mentally resolved to take no denial on the part of the inmates should they seem disposed to refuse shelter to the wounded man; for my experience had made me aware that the dictates of humanity are frequently overborne by those of interest, or expedience, or fear of trouble, or what not; and I determined to use all my diplomacy and knowledge of human nature to meet any opposition by the arguments best calculated to overcome it—in short, if avarice could be touched where humanity was obdurate, there should be no lack of golden persuasives. My fears, however, turned out to be groundless, as our reception was all that could be desired. The two girls who came to the door at our knock, started back with a cry of alarm, as was natural, at seeing us, which quickly brought a stout, motherly-looking female, who was at first similarly affected; but this speedily turned to sympathy when they learned the true state of the case and what was required of them. Before we had done talking, an open-faced, middle-aged man—whom I readily divined to be the master of the place—joined the group, and the necessary permission was granted to take the wounded man, who was just beginning to regain consciousness, inside, where a comfortable apartment was placed at our disposal. Nor was it a bit too soon, for the system of compression I had been obliged to use proved too weak for the great iliac artery, to which the tourniquet had been applied, and just as we laid Wycherly on a couch, the torrent of which I had been apprehensive burst forth again, to the consternation of the good people of the house. I was now, however, in a much better position to act than on the beach by the boat, and was able to establish compression at the severed point, as well as higher up the leg, and by the time the man—whom I had dispatched on horseback for my instruments immediately on our arrival—returned, I had the case well under control. Suffice it to say, that in a very short time afterward the wounded man was doing as well as could be expected, the only cause of alarm now being the extreme weakness incident to the great loss of blood he had experienced and the risk of secondary hemorrhage.

It was while watching by Wycherly's bedside—it was early morning when the accident occurred—that I evolved the plot which forms the gist of my story, and before noon I had my scheme matured. The sick man had so far recovered consciousness that I was able to administer stimulants, but I felt convinced that unless drastic measures were taken, the chances were against his eventually rallying from so great a drain upon the life-fountains of his system; for when a man gets to be five and forty, as I knew Wycherly to be, no matter how robust his constitution, he does not possess the recuperative powers of a man fifteen years his junior. I therefore determined to try *transfusion*, and *transfusion* it should be. To tell the truth, I rather congratulated myself, from a professional point of view, that chance had thrown in my

way such a splendid opportunity for demonstrating the superiority of my pet theory. I also determined that no transfusion of the blood of any vulgar animal would suffice in this case, but that, by hook or by crook, I would secure the youngest and richest human blood procurable, to flow in the place of what my friend Wycherly had lost. My intuition told me that on fat pasture lands like these, breathing the pure air of an exhilarating climate, living upon the most substantial of fare, perfectly assimilated by healthful out door exercise, there must be vigorous specimens of manhood among the numerous henchmen whom our dairyman employed. It was then with feelings akin to those of a hunter who stalks down the staliest buck of a herd after he has marked him for his own, that I eagerly watched for the advent of the help at the time of the noon-day meal, and critically scrutinized the physical points of each, as singly, or in groups, they passed beneath the window where I stood. Nor was I disappointed. Among the dozen or two of heads that passed by, I saw two whom I instinctively singled out as those who must serve my turn, and minister to my friend's welfare by supplying from the stream of their lives to supplement and replenish his. Fine, strong, clear-skinned, strapping lads of some twenty summers they were, evidently of Teutonic origin, perhaps a trifle slow and heavy in their movements, but upon one point there was no doubt; it did not require a second glance at their ruddy cheeks to assure one less knowing than a surgeon, on such matters, that they possessed a practically unlimited store, so far as my purpose was concerned, of the pure life-fluid of which I was in quest. But as I revolved the matter in my mind, I soon saw that there would be immense difficulties in the way of getting either of these lads—for one was enough—to lend himself to my scheme. Innuent as the operation really was, and if any thing, rather beneficial than otherwise to persons of a plethoric habit and redundancy of blood, like these Teutonic youths, I was fain to admit to myself that dairymen are not usually adepts in surgery, and that I should encounter a probable barrier of prejudice and opposition at the bare mention of such a thing as having their veins opened and blood taken from their bodies. Then I weighed the possibilities of securing their acquiescence by a concealment of the true nature of the operation, and again by tempting their cupidity by what would certainly seem to them an extraordinary recompense for their services; and again, by bringing the authority of their employer to bear—a most potent argument with the German race. Finally, I decided to try all three, and as there was no time to lose, I at once sought out Mr. Gudehus, the owner of the ranch, and set my plans and wishes plainly and unreservedly before him. He at first seemed puzzled and averse to the proposition. They were brothers, he said, relatives of his own, and two of the best hands he had. He did not like the idea of letting them do anything by which they might come to harm, and besides, he must look at the loss to his business as well as their own. I pled him with arguments about Wycherly's financial position, as well as my own reputation; I staked my honor as a physician that no harm should befall the young men, and finally put the *coup de grace* to his scruples, by bringing out two hundred dollars, all the money Wycherly and I had with us, which I placed in his hands to be given to the young men if they would consent to undergo a short and almost painless operation for the relief of the sick man above; an operation, I urged, which while it might keep them a day or two from work afterwards, would bring them as much as two months' wages. Mr. Gudehus at last consented to speak to the lads about it, and presently came back to say that they agreed to the terms, provided it did not entail much pain. Luckily I had some cocaine with me and succeeded in so anesthetizing the surface portion of the arm about the region of the median vein, that they did not even feel the incision when I opened it, which I did first of one and then of the other; accomplishing a satisfactory transfusion into Wycherly's arm at the same spot, despite the fact that I had to improvise an apparatus out of a syringe and some tubing which I found in my case. My point, however, was gained. I had succeeded in saving my friend's life for the moment, at least; I had also sent the two youths away in high spirits at having earned two months' wages in a couple of hours and with the admonition not to do any more work till I saw them again.

My patient slept fairly, and woke in the morning past any temporary danger, though still exceedingly weak. I had telegraphed down to San Francisco the preceding afternoon, and received, by the first train, such instruments and appliances as I had ordered to be sent me. Consequently, when I again called upon my German youths, during the course of the afternoon, I was enabled to conduct the operation of transfusion to my complete satisfaction. Healthy reparatory inflammation had also set in about the divided artery, and everything was progressing as nicely as possible. Such of the shot as had lodged in the tissues of the limb I did not think it advisable to disturb for the present. By the third morning things looked still better. The transfusion system was working admirably, and I was beginning to look forward to a speedy recovery, when the very thing I most dreaded happened. I had left the room for a few minutes with my patient resting comfortably, but the attendant whom I summoned to take my place had failed to respond, and, on my return, what was my horror to see that the ligature had burst, the bed-clothes were drenched with blood, and the deadly pallor on my friend's unconscious face, with the weak and intermittent jets of blood from the re-opened artery, told me too plainly that he was already almost past human aid. Hastily applying a styptic and compress, I again tied up the blood-vessel, meantime shouting lustily for Fritz and Wilhelm, who happened to be near by, and came running in with some other members of the family. I knew that not only speedy measures must be taken, but that these measures must also be such as to insure their effectiveness. It was highly questionable whether there was sufficient blood left in the sick man to preserve the valvular action of the heart and the circulatory system, even with what was added by the ordinary slow and clumsy process of transfusion; in which, as you know, there are drawbacks in the matter of the coagulation of the fluid in its passage through the tubing connecting the veins of supply and receipt, and other matters which I need not here go into. In great emergencies ideas are vivid and thought quick. Before Fritz and Wilhelm had bared their arms my plan was laid. I recollected having seen that morning the carcass of a newly-killed calf hanging up in the

slaughter shed. I bade some one run and fetch me that part of the offal of the animal which contains the heart and neighboring organs. When these arrived, finding them still warm, I selected a blood-vessel somewhat larger than those I was about to cut, and speedily had four pieces of about an inch in length ready for use. I then led Fritz to the left-hand side of the bed, and at once severed the cephalic branch of the median vein of his right arm at the elbow. Raising the left arm of the unconscious and dying man from the bed, I made Fritz sit down so as to bring them nearly to a level, and cut the same vein at the same place. Though, as you know, this vein lies close beneath the surface of the skin, and is, therefore, easily handled, it required some delicate manipulation to effect my purpose, which was to connect the lower extremity of Fritz's vein with the upper of Wycherly's, and vice versa. To do this I slipped the cut pieces of the calf's blood-vessel over the cut extremities of Wycherly's vein, and then worked away until I got the corresponding ends of Fritz's vein inserted into the other ends of the calf's vein, which, as you will see, served precisely the same purpose as the joint used in connecting two pieces of metal pipe, having, as before, anesthetized the parts with cocaine so as to prevent him from wincing and spoiling the operation. After completing the connection, with very little loss of blood on the part of Fritz—Wycherly had none to lose—I brought the arms of both men close together, locking them at the elbows, and bandaging them tightly in that position, so as to obviate any risk of breaking the connection by either voluntary or involuntary movement. Then I took Wilhelm around to the right side of the bed, and connected his left arm in the same manner with Wycherly's right. You will, of course, see what would be the result of this. A complete and perfect connection had now been formed with the circulatory organs of the men—they formed, in fact, one circulatory system. At every pulse-beat of the two youths at Wycherly's side, blood was injected into his veins, finding its way to his heart, thence through the brachial arteries back to the extremities of his arms, and on its return passage through his ulnar veins, being transfused in turn into the vessels of Fritz and Wilhelm.

Some physiologists assert that it takes but four minutes for the blood to pulsate through a complete circuit of the system, from the heart to the extremities and back again to the heart. Be this as it may, no perceptible effect was noticeable upon Wycherly for half an hour. It is true he was being supplied with the life-giving fluid from two sources, but they were by no means abundant ones, and besides out of thirty odd pounds of blood which a healthy man possesses, I am afraid to say how much he had lost. In the case of the youths, however, it was different. A critical observer would have detected a very appreciable diminution in the rosy color of their faces, and in order that they might not themselves become alarmed at any feeling of weakness, which, robust and full-blooded as they were, I knew that they could not help experiencing from the sudden and unusual drain upon their systems, I ordered some bottles of the best wine the establishment afforded to be brought, and administered it to them freely, at the same time diverting their thoughts as much as possible from the solemn complexion of the matter in hand. This, of course, had the equally desirable effect of increasing the rapidity of the circulation, and promoting the desired end. Meantime I busied myself again with my patient's artery, taking every precaution against a recurrence of the disastrous and well nigh fatal hemorrhage of the morning. By the time I had got through, I noticed with intense pleasure that the color was returning to Wycherly's cheeks; his face, at least, was losing that deadly pallor which characterized it half an hour before, and presently he opened his eyes and looked inquiringly around. It was evident that his life was saved, and that the measures I had employed had been the means of doing it. About half an hour afterwards Fritz and Wilhelm became restive, said that it was nearly dinner time, and asked when they might go. I explained to them that to move from the position they were in, much less to have the bandages taken from their arms would entail the death of the sick man; that their meals would be brought to them there, and that they would even have to sleep just where they were; also that I could not tell exactly how long this condition of things would last, but that while it did they would get twenty dollars a day apiece for their services after that day, for which they would get a hundred dollars apiece. The sight of the gold which I counted to each of them—having received a supply that morning from Wycherly's bankers—and which he pocketed with his available hand, removed the last trace of discontent. The youths had evidently made up their minds that the profitable nature of their present occupation counterbalanced its inconveniences.

From that day on Wycherly's recovery was steady and rapid. Within a week his appetite returned, his wounded leg was out of danger of the recurrence of hemorrhage, and had it not been that I did not judge it safe for him to use the limb yet, he was strong enough to have been up and about. Meantime though, Fritz and Wilhelm chafed at the restraint which bound them to a most uncomfortable position, the golden twenty which I paid them promptly each day, kept them in fairly good humor. Besides, a sort of mutual *rapprochement* had been established between Wycherly and his fellow-prisoners. He was a capital story-teller and kept them in good humor during the day, while at night he insisted that it was much more comfortable for all concerned to enjoy a comfortable repose together, to which end two additional wings were added to the bed. Several more days elapsed, until one morning I considered it safe for the invalid to rise from his bed and take out-door exercise. You no doubt wonder why, if my friend was so far recovered as to admit of this, I did not at once sever the connection which bound him to the two young Germans. It was partly because, upon removing the bandages from the arms on the day previous, I had discovered that not only had the veins grown together at the severed points, but that the edges of the skin round the incisions through which the veins protruded had also met and adhered with a healthy granulation; and I was loth to spoil an experiment at a most interesting stage, more especially as none of the parties thereto objected. It was partly, too, from some observations I had made which suggested a peculiar train of thought. Was it fancy, I asked myself, or was it fact that Wycherly was becoming structurally and organically affected by the new blood which was now circulating through his system? Could the mere transfusion of ordinary blood into his veins have given the fresh-

ness of look, the elasticity and buoyancy of spirits which were now his, to a man who, scarcely two weeks before, had been upon the bed of death? And could it be possible, on the other hand, that I detected a somewhat older look in the German lads who formed part and parcel of this curious physical trinity? It was with a view to observe more closely and thoroughly both the surgical and physical aspect of the case that I decided to preserve the *status quo* for a time at any rate; a course I had no difficulty in pursuing, as Wycherly confided implicitly in my judgment, and the German youths were plastic and complaisant.

Up to this time, at my friend's request, I forbore to send any intimation to his friends at home regarding the serious accident that had befallen him, as he feared to cause them unnecessary alarm. Now, however, he requested me to write them a full account of the matter, and also of his rapid convalescence. There were, he told me, only three members of his household proper, now that himself and son were absent, and all of these were ladies, namely, his aged mother, his sister, and a young lady, a distant relative, who was betrothed to his son. Before this letter was dispatched the China mail brought news from his son, who it seemed had by that time got to Japan, and who wrote to say that he found that country so interesting that he did not propose to leave it for a month to come, so that his father need not expect him before that time. Wycherly said, laughing, that, as matters stood, the delay in this instance was perhaps just as well; but told me to put a postscript to that effect in the letter I was writing to his folks, for the benefit of the young man's sweetheart, Miss Tremaine; adding that though she would no doubt feel disappointed at the news, as the wedding had been fixed for his return from his tour, it was only right that she should be kept informed of her lover's movements.

From this time on, a most remarkable physiological change began to take place in the three beings who were so curiously linked together by their circulatory system. There was now no doubt in my mind that my first surmise was correct. The trio were evidently fast becoming assimilated in physical features and conditions. *Wycherly was indeed growing younger while his companions were growing proportionately older.* Once I was able to grasp and recognize this dominant fact, I found myself wondering not so much at the fact *per se*, as at the rapidity with which the change was being accomplished. I could only account for this last feature of the strange metamorphosis by remembering that the blood now coursing in the veins of this strange partnership was, in the first instance, almost wholly that of the young Germans, as Wycherly's vessels were well nigh drained at the commencement of the trial. He, therefore, took a fresh start, so to speak, in life with a large capital of new blood, and since then he had only been contributing one-third of the supply to the common stock or partnership circulation. Accordingly only one-third of the common blood was being assimilated by old organs, while two-thirds were being assimilated by young and robust ones. In addition to this, Wycherly's assimilative organs were being fed, and their waste carried off, by blood which was day by day becoming younger as the process went on. It was, therefore, impossible to escape the mathematical conclusion that Wycherly would grow younger with a rapidity in inverse ratio to the time during which the process was carried on; while at the same time Fritz and Wilhelm would grow older, till a stable equilibrium in the physical condition of the trio was reached. In other words Wycherly would grow young twice as fast as Fritz and Wilhelm would grow old; and the rate of this rejuvenescence would be just twice as great before the point of equilibrium was reached as it had been when the process began. It required, therefore, merely the simplest computation to perceive that if Wycherly's age was forty-five at the commencement of the process, while Fritz's and Wilhelm's were twenty respectively, the formula would stand thus: $45 + 20 + 20 \div 3 = 28\frac{2}{3}$; and as Wycherly had certainly grown more than five years younger, while the German youths already looked at least four-and-twenty apiece, I confidently looked forward to the time, and that at no distant date, when I should have the satisfaction of seeing before me three robust young men of twenty-eight; at which time there would no longer be any occasion to maintain their enforced union, and I should again have to subject the trio to another surgical operation. I further calculated that the state of equilibrium in age would be reached in about a month from then, so that by the time my friend's son arrived from Japan, there would be but the slight disparity between twenty-three and twenty-eight in their respective ages.

It must not be supposed, however, that my operations were allowed to progress without notice or remark on the part of outsiders. It already began to be whispered about the ranch that Fritz and Wilhelm were beginning to look old, though they themselves stoutly denied it, declaring that they never felt better or stronger in their lives; and why should they not, considering that they were living comfortably upon the best of diet, and gradually advancing to the strongest and bardiest period of a young man's life? With Wycherly, however, it was different. He had not yet begun to grasp the true scope of what was going on, and feeling in such perfect health and spirits as he did, he could not help asking me why I continued an apparently needless operation for such a length of time. I dared not explain the true state of the case to him in so many words, as that would have simply been to expose the whole matter to Fritz and Wilhelm, who understood English well, and were not devoid of a certain kind of intelligence. So I hit upon the expedient of putting my answer in writing, and handing it to him in the form of a letter, stating just what was then taking place in his system, and expressing the hope that he would see the experiment through, both upon the broad plane of scientific research and the personal one of the physical benefit accruing to himself. I did not, however, go into particulars as to the extent of the change I anticipated; for that, after all, was merely theory as yet, and I did not care to peril my chances by referring to what, to some men, might have seemed objectionable from a moral or religious standpoint. I therefore merely stipulated that he would consent to continue the experiment for three weeks from date, or the day before the arrival of the China steamer bringing his son was due. This he finally agreed to, and there being no demur on the part of the young dairymen, the thing was settled.

I was not disappointed in my expectations. The process of equalization went on just as I had laid it out. Day by day Wycherly got brighter looking, more vigorous, and more

buoyant, while Fritz and Wilhelm walked with perhaps a slight loss of elasticity, and gained a trifle in facial gravity. The ranch people had now begun to look with indifference upon the, at first, curious spectacle of three men walking inseparably, arm-in-arm, with odd-looking coats upon them—for the women folks had been called upon to extemporize something in the shape of capotes to cover the shoulders, and some sort of comforters for the pinioned arms of the trio—but now, as I say, owing to long use, and the assurance that the eccentricity of the wealthy Englishman and his San Francisco doctor would not last beyond a certain day, as I had purposely caused to be given forth, little fresh interest was taken in the matter.

Two days before the Japanese steamer was due I decided that the limit of equalization had been reached, and prepared to cut my long-linked trio of patriots loose from each other and give them their freedom once more. I carefully separated the skin of the arms, which had grown together, till the veins were once more exposed. I do not say that I was surprised to find that the coats of the joined veins had so completely grown to the joint of vascular membrane I had used to connect them that I was obliged to sever this latter in every case, after which the operation of re-connecting the vessels in their pristine positions was one of very ordinary surgery. In a very few moments the arms of all were bandaged up, and each member of the trio once more an independent circulating medium for his own blood. The altered appearance of Wycherly, though in the highest degree striking to me who had known him as he was prior to the accident, excited no surprise among the dairy people who had first seen him in a death-like swoon, and who attributed his altered looks solely to returning health. As for the young men who had become prematurely matured through keeping company with an invalid, no one thought anything of it and no one pitied them, as they had been paid liberally for their loss of vitality. Wycherly, however, upon his return to the city, sent each of them a check for an amount which amply represented the earnings of the eight years of life which they had lost—for I supposed, and suppose yet, that they actually did so. We then returned in company to the city—where, by the way, you must remember I had been a daily visitor for the last six weeks, merely spending an occasional night with my patient—we, that is I and the young English gentleman in the ill-fitting clothes, in whom not even his most intimate friend would longer recognize the somewhat sedate, middle aged country squire who had accompanied me to Tomales Bay on a duck-shooting expedition some two months before, and who had suddenly been called home on important business. A fashionable tailor was next called in, who soon fitted out young Mr. Wycherly in the most approved fashion, at twenty-four hours' notice, after which he engaged quarters at one of our best hotels. It was arranged that we should meet next morning, and go together to the China steamer; which we accordingly did, getting to the wharf just as she tied up.

"Do you think he will recognize you?" I asked, jokingly, as my friend stepped eagerly aboard.

"Never fear," he replied. "If there is any doubt about the matter I can easily refresh his memory," and together we walked to the cabin.

"Is Mr. Wycherly on board—Mr. Stephen Wycherly?" asked my friend of one of the stewards whom we met at the entrance. "If so, please conduct me to his state-room, or tell me where I am likely to find him."

"Mr. Wycherly?" replied the man, starting; "why—oh, yes, I remember. Please to wait, sir, till I call one of the officers, or the purser," and he darted off.

Presently we observed one of the officers coming forward, conversing with the steward who had just left us. As he came up to us he bowed gravely, and said:

"I grieve to tell you, gentlemen, that Mr. Wycherly died on the passage here, and was hurried at sea. If you will accompany me to the surgeon's cabin he will supply you with all the particulars," and he led the way aft.

Sorrowfully I followed the grief-stricken parent, whose bowed head and unsteady step showed the violence of the blow.

"I am speaking to Mr. Wycherly's brother, I presume," said the surgeon, after the officer had explained the motive of our coming, turning to my companion. "The resemblance is so striking that I do not think that I can be mistaken, though I should say you were slightly his senior."

"His father," returned my friend simply.

"His father!" repeated the surgeon in a tone of surprise; then, immediately making amends for his breach of politeness, "Excuse me; if you will come inside, I will show you my books."

It turned out that poor Stephen, my friend's son—his own name, also—had been taken down with dysentery on the sixth day after from Yokohama, and had never rallied from the attack. His effects were handed over to the father, and in a very different and sadder spirit than we had entered half an hour before, did we leave the ship.

"Did you remark?" I said to my friend next day, as he sat in my office—just where you are sitting now—he had recovered somewhat, and was more disposed to accept the inevitable, "did you remark the surgeon's expression of incredulity when you said you were the father of the Mr. Wycherly who died on the passage? It may turn out yet that you will have trouble in establishing your identity. I can, of course, vouch for it, but it has just struck me that my testimony would stand alone—it would be unsupported by any third party, as no third party has been witness to what has transpired since your departure from this city, a middle-aged man, till your return to it, a young one. And then is it likely that my story would gain undisputed credence, seeing that it is as yet altogether unparalleled in the annals of science? I have serious misgivings about it should it ever be put to the test in a court of law."

"Make yourself easy on that point," returned Wycherly, with something of heat in his tone. "As for the people here, it does not matter to me what they think, and, as to my friends at home, is it reasonable to suppose that they would fail to recognize one who is thoroughly conversant with each detail of our family affairs? You need have no apprehension on that score."

"I hope it may turn out as you say," I remarked dubiously, and not without a qualm of conscience regarding the part I had played in bringing about a consummation which looked as unfavorable from one standpoint as it did favorable from another.

Just then my servant entered with a card. I started on reading it, and handed it to Wycherly.

"Miss Gertrude Tremaine!" he ejaculated, in surprise. "But how—how—"

"The lady has come to inquire regarding Mr. Wycherly—Mr. Stephen Wycherly," said the boy, "and wants to know where he can be seen. She is outside in the ante-room."

"Show her in said I," and immediately a tall, handsome brunette, with delicate features and graceful figure, appeared in the doorway.

She looked first at one and then at the other, as if undecided how to act, then advanced to where Wycherly was sitting too bewildered to speak, and took him by the hand.

"Why, Stephen," she said, "don't you know me? But I didn't expect to find you here. I thought I should find papa here. They told me I should get news of him here at the place I used to direct all my letters to."

"Why, Gertrude," returned Wycherly, regarding her with embarrassment, "don't you know me? Don't you know Stephen's father?"

"What does this mean, sir?" she said drawing herself up with offended dignity and withdrawing her hands from his. "Do you think it is seemly to joke in the presence of strangers, and with one who has come six thousand miles to meet you? But do not flatter yourself it was to see you, sir, that I came. I came at the express desire of your grandmother and aunt to see that your father was being properly taken care of after the late terrible accident. Oh, Stephen," she continued, in a somewhat softened tone, "please tell me where he is so that I can go to him at once. They are so very anxious about him at home."

"But, Gertrude, I am old Stephen Wycherly, you came to see," said my friend looking her sheepishly in the face.

"You!" she cried with a ripple of silvery laughter, as if now entering into and enjoying the joke, "you! I suppose you think that having made the tour of the world gives you the right to assume age. And now I come to think of it perhaps it does, for you do certainly look five years older than when you left us a year ago, if that is anything in your favor."

I had been studying all this time how to extricate my friend from his dilemma. I now came to his rescue. I scarcely yet see how I could descend, or lend myself, to such duplicity, but really, since matters had gone so far, and my friend's original identity was so far lost that an intelligent lady should mistake him for his own son to whom she was engaged, and scouted the idea of his being himself as preposterous, I felt that the only course to pursue was to accept, like diplomatic governments of the present day, the existing condition of affairs in their neighbors' territories. So rising and looking at my watch, I said in a fatherly sort of way:

"You young people can get along very well without me, I think. I have an engagement to attend to which will take me at least half an hour; so I am sure you will excuse me." And, taking my hat, I walked out.

When I returned, half an hour later, they were gone, and merely a note from Wycherly remained on the table, saying that he would communicate with me shortly. From that day to this I heard nothing of him till I received this letter, which I shall now read you. It runs thus:

WYCHWOOD HALL, Norfolk, Christmas, 1886.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: Forgive my abrupt departure from San Francisco on the occasion you well remember, as also my continued silence. You are no doubt wondering how matters have turned out with me, and as I think it is only due to one who, whatever difficulties he may have been the means of subsequently getting me into, I can never forget saved my life, I now propose to give a full account of all the happenings since I saw you last. First of all, Gertrude—the lady who sent her card into your office that morning as "Miss Gertrude Tremaine"—and now my wife—made a terrible noise, after you so considerately and, I will add, pusillanimously left (she is looking over my shoulder now and has made me put in that last adjective), because I persisted in telling her I was old instead of young Mr. Wycherly. Even when I took her down to the China steamer and got the corroboration of the surgeon, together with the certificate of poor Stephen's death, she declared it was all a base plot on my part, and that the surgeon was in collusion with me, and that all I wanted was to get rid of her, and that it was a shame to act so to a poor girl in a strange land. At last I got her somewhat quieted down, and so that she would listen to reasonable talk. By little and little, and by dint of exhibiting several trinkets and personal articles which she knew me constantly to wear, as well as by explaining, as well as I could, that the treatment I had received, after the accident she read about in your letter, had produced the extraordinary change in my appearance, she subsided into an apparent acquiescence with what I told her. Then arming myself with captain's, and surgeon's, and ship company's certificates of my son's death, sworn to before notary publics and all that—for I was now beginning to have my eyes opened as to the necessity of having documents to establish my own identity, and prove that I was not my own son—we took passage for Europe. Now, you may call it what you please, you may attribute it to the transference, or to the arts and wiles of Gertrude, but certain it is that before we were half over the Atlantic I was head over heels in love. Nor was it a one-sided affair either, and by the time we reached home we were engaged.

You may think this somewhat sharp practice, but then you must remember an old codger like you of five-and-forty doesn't act in such a lively way as we young bucks of eight-and-twenty. How I dreaded going home! When we got into the carriage which was waiting for us at the railway station, the footman while touching his hat, "hoped that I had left my father well, and that he had quite recovered from his accident." The same thing was repeated at the Hall. My mother wept over the return of her grandson, and my sister fell upon the neck of her nephew. Even with all the documents I had brought with me, with all the protestations I could make, with all the incontestable proofs afforded by a knowledge of circumstances which it was impossible in the nature of things that my son could have known; even after all this, I doubt if conviction is a settled matter in their minds yet. As for the servants, and the people on the estate, there never was the least doubt upon their part. The young master had come home, and the old master had met with an accident while shooting in America, of which he had died. It was as clear as crystal to their simple minds, and any one who hinted otherwise would have been pitted as a fool or a madman. When two months afterward Gertrude and I were married at the village church, I am satisfied that nine-tenths of the people present believed that the Stephen Wycherly who signed the register was son to the man who stood before them. And what is the use of setting people, who have no interest in the matter, right upon the question? It would only be befogging their intellects, and darkening their ideas with a subject which they could neither grasp nor comprehend. So I have determined to remain Stephen Wycherly, junior, since they will have it so. Gertrude joins me in kind wishes, and asks me to refer again to the *skulking and cowardly* manner in which you left me in the lurch that morning in your office. I shall see you in California shortly, but no more gunshot accidents for at least twenty years yet. Your friend, STEPHEN WYCHERLY.

P. S.—I enclose two checks for £100 each for Fritz and Wilhelm.

"There!" said the doctor, as he finished reading; "what do you think of that for a *dénouement* to my transfusion operation?"

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1887.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ode to Tobacco.

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bid'st them away, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseated;
Sweet when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fuses
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbors;
Jones—who I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

—Charles S. Calverley.

"Latakia."

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I draw my sofa on the rug
Before the ancient chimney-place.
Upon the painted tiles are mosques
And minarets, and here and there
A blind muezzin lifts his hands
And calls the faithful unto prayer.
Folded in idle, twilight dreams,
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing
As if within its ruddy core
It held the happy heart of Spring.
Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay;
I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke,
And watch them rise and float away.

11.

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go—
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem at a single blow.

And now and then a lingering cloud
Takes gracious form at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

O Love, if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow,
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"My Cigarette."

My cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that far beyond
To-day can conjure up to-morrow.
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending,
And ah! meseems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I at her side heatified.

To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet,
The white smoke from her red lips curling.
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purring!
Ah, dainty girl, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I, too, would burn if I might earn
Upon her lips so soft a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain-drop on my window plashes;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but the ashes.

—C. F. Lummis.

"Venus in Meerschmum."

Not Memnon huge, across Egyptian sands,
Watching the awful centuries as they roll—
Not vastness only may amaze the soul
That ponders on the power of human hands.
So when I study on my sea-foam bowl
(Fragrant with years of incense through and through),
Brown Venus with her ocean retinue
Of carved dolphins in a mimic shoal—
Her beauty haunts my fancies and my rhymes,
Until, bemused, I marvel many times
What fameless man was he whose artist brain
And tireless cunning wrought the wonder, yet
Beyond the prosy fact I never get—
I bought it of a wandering Jew in Spain.

—H. S. Cornwell.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A blind man in Iowa can tell the color of a ret-hot stove simply by touching it.—*Puck's Annual*.

The real name of Confucius was Keing-fu tse. He adopted the *nom de plume* simply to Confucius.—*Puck's Annual*.

A pair of strong, big lungs will often win a reputation for statesmanship in spite of serious cerebral deficiencies.—*Washington Republican*.

The rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose to-day.—*Boston Manufacturers' Gazette*.

A Parisian recently sent a bath-tub to a gentleman in Naples as a present, and received a note a day or two after, asking when the oars were coming.—*Puck's Annual*.

"Waiter, is this an old or a new herring that you have brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"I have a theory about the dead languages," remarked a Brown University freshman. "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."—*Providence Telegram*.

A Chicago detective wrote to a client: "I have found time to drop you a line." The client replied that he was glad he had found something, as he was getting a little discouraged.—*Puck's Annual*.

Returns from the class of '86 come in occasionally. One member is on the stage and another lately heard from who was a prominent society man is working for \$2 a week in a broker's office.—*Harvard Crimson*.

A scientific journal tells "How to Preserve Stove-Pipe." We should think preserved stove pipe would be a hollow mockery. It must require a large amount of sugar and much boiling to make it palatable.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mr. Wrinks—"That's queer. A New Jersey bride went sleigh-riding and was nearly frozen to death." Mrs. Wrinks—"Alone?" "No, she was with her husband." "O yes, of course. It was after they were married."—*Omaha World*.

Mrs. Parvenue—(indicating a painting of the Madonna): "Whose picture is that, sir?" Dealer—"Raphael's, madam." Mrs. Parvenue—(surprised): "Are you sure? I have always supposed that Raphael was a man."—*Life*.

"My friend, my friend!" exclaimed a minister to a young man who was indulging in profanity, "you should not let your choler rise." "It isn't my collar," retorted the reprobate, "it's my necktie."—*Burlington Free Press*.

According to a morning contemporary, "four horses, an express-wagon, and large number of chickens perished in the flames" last night. The heart-rending cries of the express-wagon must have brought tears to the eyes of everybody.—*Puck's Annual*.

Old Gentleman (walking very carefully)—"Hallo, bub! This fine snow sort of covers up the ice so that you can't see it, doesn't it?" Small Boy (holding on to the fence)—"You're right, old man; but you feel it just as much when you slip down."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Mrs. Grudge—"What do you suppose possessed Mrs. Brown to tell me your mother kept a boarding-house, Mrs. Parvenue?" Sally Parvenue (who is precocious)—"Perhaps it was the same reason that made her tell mamma that your father drove a hack."—*Life*.

"Orlando, I didn't see you with Miss Brown at the concert last night." "No, Percy; I'm not calling on her any more. I can't until she retracts what she said the other week." "Ah—what did she say?" "Well, she said I needn't call any more."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Dead silence in the parlor. Half lights. More silence. Dim lights. Increase of silence. Female voice speaks, breaking quiet: "Oh, Jack, you haven't shaved to-day." More silence in the parlor, accompanied by gradually decreasing quiet in the sitting-room.—*Burdette*.

Tom—"Is that Miss Jennings, to whom I saw you talking wealthy?—that is to say, has she anything in her own right?" Harry—"No, I don't think she has; but she is a nice young lady, and her father is quite well-to-do." Tom—"Oh, I understand. You believe in taking her at her pa value."—*Boston Budget*.

Charming young, but not too young, hostess—"Why, Major, you are not going so soon?" Major (who prides himself on being one of those fine, old-school fellows who can say a neat thing without knowing it, egad)—"Soon? 'Gad, madam, it may seem soon to you, but it seems to me I have been here a lifetime."—*Burdette*.

"The lies these confounded newspapers publish about me," said an angry politician, "are enough to make a man sick." "You ought not to complain," was the reply. "Not complain because they publish lies about me?" "No; certainly not. What if they published truths about you?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

His wife ought to know: Mrs. H.—"Great heavens, Crans-ton! Don't deny it; I saw you kiss her!" Mr. H. (stiffly)—"You are mistaken. She kissed me." Mrs. H.—"But why did you let her?" Mr. H.—"I couldn't be rude to a lady." Mrs. H.—"But why did she want to kiss you?" Mr. H.—"I can't imagine. You ought to know."—*Life*.

Miss Chillingly—"So, Mr. Robinson, you kept a diary for four whole years, and then gave it up?" Mr. Featherstone Robinson—"Ya-as. And it's really quite interesting to look it over, and see what a fool I was then." Miss Chillingly—"It's a pity you gave it up. Only think! In ten years you might read it over, and see what a fool you are now!"—*Life*.

Chicago Editor (to reporter)—"In your report of the fire, you refer to the building as having been 'gutted.' Reporter—"Yes, sir." Chicago Editor—"Well, 'gutted' might do for Cincinnati or St. Louis, but culture and refinement have got this city by the throat, young man, and our magnificent fire-proof buildings are no longer gutted; they are disemboweled."—*Life*.

VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Langtry thus gives her views on the hat question in a private letter: "England is, I believe, the only country in which evening dress is worn by ladies at the theatre. I do not think it is worn there from choice, but because bonnets are not allowed in the better portions of the house. The Princess of Wales habitually wears a simple black dress slightly open at the neck, and, as every one else follows suit, and colored dresses are considered in bad taste, I do not think the appearance of the house or the ladies is benefited thereby. On the contrary, I was much struck by the smart appearance of the American theatres on my first visit, and went home raving about the American women in their pretty theatre bonnets and corsage bouquets. There is a craze among the London women of the upper ten for music-hall entertainments just now, which are packed nightly, and I believe it is mainly because they are allowed to wear bonnets, and are thus able to come and go and dine at restaurants with greater freedom and less trouble and preparation. I have heard the question seriously mooted among London managers lately as to the propriety of relaxing their rule, and permitting ladies to retain their hats. I am sure it would be a great boon to the community, and a vast profit to the theatre. The tall hats now in vogue certainly are an obstruction, but the great *modiste* of Paris, Mme. Virot, assures us she intends to reduce them, not in price, unfortunately, but in height. My experience in milliners' bills has taught me that the smaller the bonnet is the larger the price. Be comforted, good men; there is a fortune left."

The word adopted by society for Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts' recent ball was "gorgeous." The house itself is superb. The rooms rambled about like the guests, of all sizes, colors, heights, and nationalities. Every one was there. But the sensation of the evening was "The Woman in Black." John Draper is said to have found her first, but he wouldn't keep her, and gave her away to all his friends. She sat on a divan attended by a youth. Nobody knew her, but a steady stream of sightseers circled round where she posed. The waist of her gown consisted of a few jet beads. One woman said she could count as many as thirty-eight. There were no shoulder-straps whatever; she was a private in undress uniform.

A magnificent wedding-breakfast took place in Philadelphia the other day, on the occasion of the marriage of the son of a wealthy haberdasher. The breakfast was served in the rear drawing-room in the residence of the bride's parents. The room itself was beautifully decorated. The bride was very fond of La France roses, and told the decorator that she wished to feel that on her marriage morn she should walk on the beautiful flowers of that variety. The decorator did his best to please her. The roses were everywhere. An immense fan-like design formed of them hung between two windows at the head of the table. They were placed in vases all round the rooms and on tables, stands, and brackets in the adjoining apartments and hallways. The only exception was the mantelpiece, which was completely hidden in bride roses. The breakfast table was covered with hundreds of La France buds, scarcely space enough being left for the plates and glasses. On these again, corsage bouquets of orchids were laid for the bridesmaids. The cost of the breakfast and the decorations was more than two thousand dollars, and, be it observed, the breakfast was a strictly family one, all the guests with the exception of some of the ushers and bridesmaids being relatives. A night or two before the wedding the groom gave a dinner to his ushers that cost nearly a thousand dollars, though there were only ten guests present. The dinner took place at the Hotel Bellevue, an extremely fashionable establishment that Philadelphians rate several degrees above Delmonico's. It was served in what was called "an autumn bower," in the big banquet-room. A pavilion inclosed in trellis-work was erected in the middle of the room, and charmingly adorned with autumn leaves, flowers, and fruits. Two hundred pounds of grapes hung from the roof in great clusters, so arranged as to imitate nature perfectly. In the bower the table was spread, and the guests seated. All the room outside was filled with plants and foliage. Great limbs of trees were deftly arranged against the walls, and here and there a bronze statue glimmered faintly among the leaves. The body of the room was filled in with chrysanthemums, a long zigzag walk lightly strewn with gayly tinted autumn leaves leading in among them. Service was by candle-light altogether, the effect being extremely picturesque, the red shades of the candles contrasting charmingly with the deep green background. As a finishing touch, an orchestra of strings played behind a screen of palms, and was completely invisible to the guests.

One flaw may be detected in the "realism" of the new comedy by Dumas. He sends Comte Lucien de Riverolles to the Opera ball, and to the Maison Dorée afterward for supper. His plot hinges, indeed, on this brace of incidents, but they are none the less a glaring anachronism. The "piping time" is long since past when a *blasi* clubman like Francillon's husband would dream of showing himself there, and fair wearers of the golden girdle, like Rose Michon, also shun the vulgarity and dullness that now rule the roast at the Opera ball. It consists of a crowd of scantily dressed women, solemnly-clad men, and parti-colored dominoes. The scene may be familiar, but its first impression is always pleasant. The spectacle of three or four hundred couples, sporting the most diversified costumes, cutting the wildest antics in the parody of a quadrille, and capering over the immense floor to the music of an admirable band is perhaps as kaleidoscopic as ever. After a quarter of an hour, however, you turn into the lobbies and the illusion vanishes. Black swallow-tails, crowned with tall hats, move about meditatively among equally meditative dominoes; the former may be in quest of *bonnes fortunes*, but the latter are evidently bent on business. It is this feature that has completely changed the Opera balls from what they were. Whether the house is too roomy, its couloirs too wide, its foyer too brilliant, French *repatee* seems to have lost its elegant point, and vulgar chaff has taken its place. During an hour spent in the midst of a group of viveurs of all ages

on pleasure bent, one hears little but trite jokes and hackneyed *mots*, while a very decided tendency to take offense at the most innocent pleasantry makes itself felt. In fact, with the exception of the dancers, many of whom are paid to be merry gaiety may be said to be absent, and the fun of a Paris Opera ball threatens soon to become as extinct as the mastodon. Its glacial period has set in.

"It was a strange entertainment," says the New York *World*, "that was enjoyed by a select party in a summer mansion on Long Island last week. There was music, dancing, prize-fighting, and a battle between game chancellors. The affair was the outcome of an after-dinner wager made at Delmonico's two weeks ago. A well-known banker bet one thousand dollars that he would give the most novel entertainment ever enjoyed by a party, and his offer was promptly accepted by a merchant whose name is prominent in club and political circles. The next day the wager was made good by a money deposit, and the banker at once made arrangements for the fête. The result was that a fist fight and cock-fight were arranged. The party consisted of men known in business, club, and political circles, and each member of the coterie was accompanied by a lady friend. The latter were not apprised of the nature of the entertainment arranged, and when they assembled in the great parlors of the country residence of the banker, they were in evening dress, ready for dancing and supper. A collation was served in the dining-rooms at eight o'clock, and while the party ate, the musicians played popular airs. After the light lunch and wine an adjournment was made to the parlor and there dancing was indulged in. At nine o'clock the host of the evening addressed his guests with: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you surprise No. 1.' The banker led the way to an upper floor. There a ring had been erected and the party took seats outside the ropes. The ladies asked: 'What is this for?' The host, however, smiled, and, at a given signal, a gray-haired colored servant opened a door and two muscular youths made their appearance. They wore fancy colored trunks, and were stripped above the waist, their torsos showing the results of careful training. They entered the ring and their seconds followed them. They fought with two-ounce gloves and the mill was very exciting. At first the female spectators were alarmed at the fierce onslaughts, but as the battle progressed they showed sympathy for one or the other of the gladiators, and boxes of gloves and other knick-knacks in which the feminine heart delights were wagered on the result. The fair admirers of the men encouraged the pugilists by words and signs, and some gathered at the corners during the intervals between rounds and urged their favorite to better and renewed efforts in the round to come. The men fought with a will from the start and sought to annihilate each other in order to gain plaudits from the most strange assembly. The discharge of blows was fast and furious. They battled with desperate energy, and the cries of the on-lookers made the affair most exciting. The fighting in the third round was of the hurricane order and the excitement was high. The men pounded each other in terrific style and some of the spectators were begging the referee to end the affair. The women, too, besought the official to separate the men, but he heeded them not. The affair was becoming most desperate when the fourth round settled it. Hurriedly the two-score spectators left the arena and sought the parlor, with its more congenial atmosphere, now fragrant with the odor of wine and the strains of a lively waltz. The festivities were again in full blast when the host again called a halt and caused his guests to assemble around a pit which had been constructed where the prize-ring had been. Then two well-known cockers pitted two game-birds all 'heeled' and cut out ready for a battle to the death. The betting was heavy, the ladies not caring so much for the lives of the game-birds as for the bruises of the pugilists." If all this is true, which is doubtful, New York society is in a bad way.

Evidently Mme. Henry Greville was not favorably impressed, during her stay in America, with the American school-girl. In her new American story, "Frankley's Marriage," the scene of which is laid to a great extent in Boston, she has this passage: "On the benches in the class-room, in the streets, on the way home, boys are always at their side. The girls often go in groups, chattering and giggling, carrying a little bag full of books, their blonde or brown hair hanging about their shoulders protruding from under a little red knitted hood—which is perfectly hideous, by the way, and which makes them look like poorly dressed boys. Continually visiting each other, at all hours of the day, meeting for lunch, for study, and for pleasure, ever on the go, seldom at rest; they breakfast with their street things on, thus preparing themselves for the life of the average American lady, who puts on her bonnet at eight in the morning, and does not take it off again until dinner-time. Of course, these girls can not endure these long, solitary days when illness of any kind renders the head too heavy for work. A friend may run in for an instant, but she is immediately called off by some engagement; this moment of sunshine shed by the fresh, smiling companion, makes the hours that follow still darker."

A lady from the South who is visiting Boston, complains of the little deference which young gentlemen of the North pay young ladies. She says that they lack the gentle breeding of Southern cavaliers. The lady also says that North if a lady is seen twice with the same gentleman, she is straightway reported as "engaged" by industrious gossips. In her home, in Georgia, she asserts, a gentleman may escort a lady to any number of private parties or places of public amusement, without being considered anything more than a friend.

The jewels of the late Vicomtesse de la Pelouse—better known to the world as Mlle. Marie Heilbronn—are about to be sold to the highest bidders at the Hôtel Drouot. Rivieres of diamonds which flashed only a little while since upon the neck of a diva of the lyric stage are about to run through the dirty fingers of the auctioneer's assistant, as he holds them up to view before the crowd. One portion of the public will be eager to buy with the hope of selling again at a large profit, and the other portion will be eager to feed their insatiable curiosity, which has become a morbid passion. These

diamonds and pearls will not look any different from those exhibited to the vulgar view in the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, but they will possess a much greater interest for the spectator, because they belonged to Marie Heilbronn, and especially because most of them are supposed to have a mysterious history. Of this history, however, the public can know nothing. The secret of each rivière and bracelet and jeweled ornament for the hair is buried with the former owner. One might as well question the Sphinx as expect these haubles to reveal anything that will satisfy the burning curiosity of those who, while they are sufficiently prudent to keep within the fence of respectability themselves, are always stretching their necks through the bars, and straining their eyes to watch the sheep that have strayed.

It is curious how French grandes, who have really no advantage to win by glaring publicity, court it. One sees this most, perhaps, in their weddings. Everything the bride receives from her family or friends is exhibited. There are exhibitions of her trousseau at the warerooms of the different trades-people who have furnished it. Everything is on view, no matter how it may be named or to what use it is destined, and the public are apprised through the journals in advertisements, paid for at the rate of twenty-five francs a line, where the things are on exhibition. Every one gather around the tables and shallow and elegantly ribboned baskets in which the intimate looking clothing is laid out. The demimonde never fails to visit a show of this kind. English *lingères* have not the astonishing skill in gathering up body linen in which there is nothing but a very small allowance of cambric, and a very large allowance of fine valenciennes. You see it all in the costly trousseau. It used to be the thing for brides of high lineage to have quaker-like underclothing, but under the full blaze of journalism it has gone out, and is now thought old-fashioned and no credit to anybody. The grand exhibition is at the *matinée de contrat*, to which only relatives, acquaintances, and the press are invited.

A correspondent writes from Russia, as follows: "St. Petersburg is very gay at present and rejoicing in a winter of almost unprecedented mildness. The temperature is only just below freezing point, and furs are almost a superfluity. It would, however, be hard to abstain from displaying the costly fur coat, the result of many summer months' economy among the well-dressed throng in the Nevskiy. Such weather they say, has not been known for a hundred years. Carriages are hardly to be seen, and the droshkies have all been converted into sleighs which slide smoothly and noiselessly along. The electric light, reflected from the snow-covered ground, gives a wonderful brilliancy to the scene at night. I passed the Grand Duke Vladimir, Commandant of the Garde Impériale, strolling down the quay of the palaces this afternoon in full uniform, politely returning the salutes of both the Guard officers and of the droshky drivers. Shortly afterwards the Empress drove past in her sleigh, drawn by a pair of magnificent black trotters. The opera and the Russian, French, and German theatres are in full swing just now, so that all tastes and means can be accommodated, from the opera, where Mlle. Virginie Zucchi takes the chief rôle in 'Esmeralda,' to the comic songs and dancing at the Fontanka. Among the festivities which are to mark the public rejoicings at the presence of the Imperial family in St. Petersburg the state ball, soon to be held at the Winter Palace, will be exceptionally grand. All who have been presented to the Czar will have the honor of an invitation, and over five hundred will attend."

In France, the original idea of substituting some fair damsels for the negroes, who, in our land, and for a consideration, sandwich themselves between two posters, and perform the functions of an ambulating signboard, was based on the Salvation Army. A Frenchman, observing the quaint charm of some of the young damsels in their odd gowns and poke bonnets, who offered tracts to an unbelieving public on a street corner of Paris, conceived the idea of utilizing feminine loveliness as an advertising medium for new costumes. The name and the address of the modiste who creates the work of art are introduced tastefully in some portion of the garment, and the advertiser, who is naturally chosen for her aptitude in displaying this *chef d'œuvre* to the best advantage, promenades to and fro on a frequented street, so that all who walk may read. There is nothing grotesque in the introduction of the advertisement, so that as the costume is not impaired in its elegance, it is perhaps the most effectual method of advertising discovered in modern times. For it seems that the Roman Hippodrome had its well-filled bench of advertisers in the shape of girls who were clad in the last fashion of peplums and trailing skirts, to be studied and admired by the excellent Roman matron, who in this way was informed exactly where to shop on the following morning. Fashionable and witty women in Athens performed the same rôle for compatriots of their own sex—not gratuitously, of course, but receiving proper compensation from the Grecian modiste, who thus brought her wares before the public. A well-known house in Paris kept on hand two or three distinct shades of hair on the part of the young women who were employed to try on bonnets for customers. There was the Titian shade of red for a mauve bonnet, and raven tresses for pink and blue.

Miss Maud Howe, the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, will be married to Mr. John Elliot on Monday, in Boston. Miss Howe has furnished more than one model for artistic work, and visitors to the Centennial will recall Porter's exquisite portrait of a young girl in a red Gainsborough hat—which now belongs to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, as well as the beautiful portrait in evening dress which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition. A year after Miss Howe gained many laurels abroad as an American beauty, and it was hinted that George Eliot made her the model for Gwendolyn in "Daniel Deronda." Later traces of her personality have been found in the heroine of "Dr. Claudius," a novel by her cousin, F. Marion Crawford, and in "A Politician's Daughter," Myra Sawyer Hamlin's novel of last summer. In going to Rome as a bride, Miss Howe will revisit scenes of earlier social triumphs, where, as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Terry, the fair American excited much admiration in 1878.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

"Cockaigne discusses some of the Many Projects for its Celebration.

Every one just now is talking about the Queen's Jubilee in real, downright earnest. It is true that, during the past year, a good deal of talk, as well in private as in the newspapers, went on upon the same subject. But the talk hardly ever got beyond suggestions, and gave that horde of idle scribblers, who are ever ready to write to the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Daily News* on every conceivable subject, whether of interest or not, and on the slightest provocation, an opportunity to air their views as to the most proper way to celebrate the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. It would be impossible to recapitulate the many suggestions made, or to convey at all an adequate idea of the diversity of opinion as to what was thought would be the only complete and satisfactory way of marking as a red letter day the 20th of June, 1887. A fair conception of the homogeneous variety of ideas on the subject can be gathered if we were to say that the suggestions ranged from the establishment at the seaside of a "Home for Aged Army Officers," to the formation of a "Society for the Propagation of the Knowledge of Sanscrit among the Zulus." Of course, they weren't really quite so bad as that. One man wanted the Queen herself to do the jubilee-ing, and, to that end, for her to visit every town of importance in England during the year. It wasn't such an astounding proposition, after all. But it seemed to be thought so.

The neglect of the Queen in visiting her dominions is notorious. It is true she went to Liverpool a few months ago for a three days' visit, and opened an exhibition there; but where else has she gone (except Edinburgh) in the memory of the present generation? It can't be (as people will tell you) that she can't stand the fatigue; for her all-night journeys from the Isle of Wight to the middle of Scotland, from Osborne to Balmoral, and back again, without stop on either journey, show that she can stand fatigue when she wants to. I suppose it didn't require a giant intellect to fathom the real motive of the visit to Liverpool. "Liverpool is so very loyal; don't you know," the Tories will tell you; "out of nine members it returned seven Conservatives at the last election." One hasn't to grope very far in the meal without touching the fur of the cat. But, all the same, it's rather hard on other towns with Liberal sentiments. I don't suppose in these advanced days, where the advancement in an intelligent conception and estimate of the realities of life is most observable among the trade middle classes, that the people of the towns really care for a visit from their sovereign beyond the benefit it would be to the local trade. At all events, I don't think in these times of continuous agricultural and trade depression, the shopkeepers and tradesmen would care for a royal visit if it took anything out of their pockets, instead of putting something in. The visit of the Queen to a town means a season of enthusiastic hilarity and excitement, in which much money is spent by the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood, and the well-to-do of the town. The town gets advertised freely by accounts in the London dailies, and by illustrations in the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic*, and people who had either never heard of the place, or had forgotten it from long non-reference to its existence, awake to a realization of the fact that there is such a place in England. In short, a "Queen's visit" is a sort of English Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday rolled into one. It would be hard to say what towns of the great and glorious kingdom over which she reigns, and the people of whom are now asked to take part in her "jubilee," her most gracious majesty has visited within the last half of her last century's reign. Not many, I'm afraid. It is curious to note some of the reasons given for this neglect. There is Winchester, for instance. For over twenty years the Queen has not set her royal foot within the ancient walls of that grand old town, which was the capital of Britain before London, which possesses one of the finest cathedrals in the kingdom, and which is said to have in its antique castle the original Round Table of Arthur and his knights. Now, why, do you suppose? Because the dean of the cathedral dared to write a letter, mildly remonstrating with the marriage of the Prince of Wales in Lent! So one is told, at all events.

But the jubilee is upon us, and all the suggestions which have taken tangible shape have taken it in the form of subscription books, cards, and papers. It is a pound here, ten pounds there, a hundred pounds in this place, five shillings in that; sixpence for this thing and a penny for that. One lives with one's hand in one's pocket. Every imaginable thing is to be founded, built, established, or completed in commemoration of the fifty years' reign. It is easy to see how the patriotism and loyalty of the English people are thus abused. Advantage is taken of their loyal enthusiasm to foist upon them many things that they would not otherwise entertain. No one can refuse to subscribe, don't you see, without being called disloyal. The fear of that stares them in the face and wrings bank-note or check from, in many cases, a none too full pocket, or a nearly over-drawn bank account. It is, of course, natural for people to wish to push forward some pet scheme, some long-hugged foible or long-ridden hobby, beneficial to no one but a select few, and to shut the public mouth against refusal to help by doing it in the name of and for the honor of the Queen. It is natural, but it isn't honest. I think I am safe in saying that nine-tenths of the things being subscribed for as a memorial of the jubilee year, in different localities throughout the kingdom, would not have received pence where now are pounds, were they not covered by the protecting wing of "loyalty to our queen."

Now, among the many absurdities of this sort which the people of England would at any other time have turned a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to, is the establishment of what is called a "clergy-house" in London—a club-house, in short, for well-fed bishops and idle clergymen to lounge away their time in. It is notorious how the luxurious lives the English bishops lead. What with their enormous incomes, their palaces, their carriages, their coachmen and footmen, their titles, and their seats in the House of Lords, one would think they had enough, without wanting a new inducement to waste hours which should be devoted to their profession—I won't say their religion. Religion as a money-getting, social-advantage-improving, enriching profession I have never taken any

stock in, and I never shall. I'll go as far as to admit that in these days bishops and clergy must have some support. They are entitled to fair pay in proportion to the work they do, just as in any other profession or business; but that, because they take religion as a profession, and follow it as a livelihood, they should be enabled to live in luxury and ease, bowed and cringed to, "my-lorded," and flattered, and given the means (which comes out of the pockets of people who work) to become puffed up, proud, and arrogant, is what I never shall agree to. The English bishops have already the Athenæum Club. They nearly all belong to that. It is true the entrance fee is thirty guineas, and the annual subscription eight. But English bishops can afford that easily enough. I don't at all wish to convey the idea that the bishops are not good men, for of course they are; but it is a respectable sort of goodness; a holding-alool sort of goodness, that is individually good because the person is kept secure in comfort and ease above the heads of nine-tenths of the rest of the community, and has no temptation or inducement to be bad.

I think the bishops could well do without a clergy-house in London. And so with the clergy. The house, it is claimed, will be of use to clergymen from country parishes when visiting London. But clergymen from country parishes have little or no business at all in London. There is plenty of work for them to do in their parishes without wishing to leave them for pleasure trips to the metropolis, made doubly attractive by having a clerical rendezvous provided for them at which to gather together and talk. I have no doubt the institution will be an eminently respectable place of resort, and a source of much comfort to the resident or itinerant bishops, priests or deacons. But is it necessary? In these days of out-of-work starvation among the masses, who have bodies and souls as well as the clergy, is it right to devote a penny away from the poor and needy, the naked and hungry thousands who daily clamour for food, shelter and clothing? None can shut their eyes to the pitiful condition of the London poor, and least of all the clergy. Therefore, I say, a thousand soup-kitchens scattered over London, or a hundred barns with sleeping bunks, would be more beneficial—and certainly so from a clergyman's standpoint—than one comfortable resort for the clergy themselves. The one is needed, the other is not. At least one should be provided for before the other. As long as there remains a roofless, starving, ill-clad man, woman or child in London, the bishops and clergy shouldn't have a club, or a resort in the nature of one. Yet thousands of pounds have been already subscribed towards the building, some of the bishops giving each five hundred pounds! I really wonder sometime how the people stand it.

This is only one of the "jubilee" monuments which it is proposed to erect. There are many others. Out of them let me select one which is in delightful contrast with that just mentioned. It is a subscription confined exclusively to women, and limited to the sum of one pound for each subscriber, as the highest subscription. The highest ladies in the land, including eleven duchesses, six marchionesses, thirty-one countesses, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Lady Wolsley, Mrs. Gladstone, Florence Nightingale (who needs no title), and several bishops' wives, with many modest "Mrs.'s" and "Misses"—over a hundred in all—constitute the committee. The object is the collection, from the women and girls of the United Kingdom, of all ages, ranks, classes, beliefs, and opinions, of a common offering to their Queen, in token of loyalty, affection, and reverence towards the only female sovereign in history, who for fifty years has borne the toils and troubles of public life, known the sorrows that fall to all women, and as wife, mother, widow and ruler, has held up a bright, spotless example to her own and all other nations. Casting aside all the common prejudices which one is but too prone to encourage, and the petty scandals which one is but too willing at times to accept as facts, all this can be said with truth of Queen Victoria. She is, and ever has been, a model wife and mother; a good, true, and virtuous woman; and it is eminently appropriate that as such the women of England should honor and revere her. The broad, not to say elastic character of the rules of eligibility of subscribers, together with the fact that subscriptions of one penny will be accepted, puts contribution to the offering—to use a time-honored saying—within the reach of all. The sum realized, which it is to be hoped will be a large one, as it ought to be, will be placed at the disposal of the Queen for her to decide what form and shape the offering will take. It is safe to say that she will, with that charity, benevolence, and common sense which have actuated and controlled her life, select some channel for the disposal of the fund which will be useful as well as ornamental. A double satisfaction and pleasure are thus afforded subscribers in knowing that while they are doing honor to their sovereign, they are making a gift to some deserving object. If all the jubilee movements and their subscriptions could be joined together and given to this woman's offering, it would be the best thing that could be done. However, English women can feel just pride in the reflection that their movement is the most sensible of the lot, and is likely to realize the largest amount of money.

It is worthy of note, coupled with surprise, that Lady Randolph Churchill's name does not appear among the Committee. Although an American, no English woman could have worked more loyally in support of all those traditions upon which the crown of England rests, and in the cause of whose maintenance the Primrose League—of which Lady Randolph has ever been a bright and shining light—was organized. While English ladies of high birth have passively lent their names to the League, and thought its principles correct, Lady Randolph Churchill has with voice and pen actively striven to popularize and strengthen it. It can not be Lord Randolph's defection, for his mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, is on the Committee. Nor can it be because she is an American—as has been suggested—for one of the Committee is Lady Waterlow. Why, then, is it? I should be inclined to think it might be in accordance with her own natural ideas of propriety, she not being really an English woman, though legally one on account of her husband, but for the fact that she has been decorated by the Queen with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, and has generally been supposed to be very "English, you know," ever since she became a "lady." It is a puzzle which remains to be solved. It is a pity, at any rate, for a better worker couldn't be found.

LONDON, January 26, 1887.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Sultan of Morocco has had his feelings hurt by the obstinacy of the press in complaining of the continued sale of young girls in his dominions. He wants editors bowstringed and the newspaper business in Tangiers wiped out.

The actual presentation of the complaint for divorce of her royal highness the Princess Louise against her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has been stopped, for the time at least, through the personal efforts of the Queen.

The Philadelphia *News* has been holding a competition in anagrams on the names of Grover Cleveland and James Gillespie Blaine. Those to which the prize is awarded are: "Govern, clever lad," and "Jim's pen, I allege, is able."

George Alfred Townsend says that General Grant could stand very little liquor. If he took a single glass of wine it became a cloud upon his otherwise clear faculties. "Grant was one of the few men in whom nature had worked so healthfully that his system could never contain liquor without mutiny."

Mrs. Patten, the millionaire widow of California, is in New York with her daughter, Augusta, to purchase the wedding trousseau for her approaching marriage with Congressman Glover, of Missouri. The dresses are said to be all ready for the trying-on stage, and the wedding will take place before Lent.

Last week Mrs. Cleveland created an admiring sensation in the Senate chamber by appearing in the executive gallery enveloped in a long, wine-colored wrap trimmed with black fur, which, when thrown open, revealed a dress similar in color. She wore a black felt Fra Diavolo hat, which made her look more youthful than usual.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has fallen into sad disgrace with Queen Victoria. When he went to Buckingham Palace to represent the Queen at the Idlesleigh memorial services, he stayed out two nights, going one evening to the theatre, and the other to the circus. The Queen was exceedingly wroth, and the reckless young man will not again be permitted to carry a night-key.

In the house of General Sir W. Butler, one of the co-respondents in the late Campbell divorce case, photographs of Lady Colin are to be seen all over the room. Lady Butler, formerly Miss Elizabeth Thompson, evidently took no stock in the insinuations against her husband's fidelity, and joined with him in making their admiration of Lady Colin conspicuous.

The death of Fred Neilson has saved his wife the trouble of getting a divorce. Mrs. Fred Neilson is considered one of the handsomest young married women in New York, and is one of the wealthiest. She is a sister of Freddie Gebhard, and her income is the same as his. Fred Neilson was a book keeper in her father's counting-house, and she fell in love with and married him, and insisted upon his giving up his business and living on her money. Then she got tired of him, and went to Newport to live until a divorce could be arranged.

Prince Bismarck's second speech is chiefly interesting because of his declaration that, although he expected to live three years longer, he expected to die before seven had passed. He gave this as one of the reasons why he refused to interfere with the Septennate. Prince Bismarck is now seventy-three. He anticipates death between 1890 and 1894. That is to say, he expects to live till he is seventy-six and to die before he is eighty. It is not every one who calculates so closely as to the probable duration of his existence.

In his article on "Locksley Hall and the Jubilee" Mr. Gladstone referred to the ancient custom of the Government of opening private letters at the postoffice whenever it saw fit. "This had practice," he wrote, "has died out." It is a pity he did not add that he himself had been the last minister to indulge in the "bad practice," which he did, in spite of Postmaster-General Fawcett's earnest opposition, as lately as February, 1881. He at that time opened and read all the letters that passed through the postoffice for and from three of the chief Irish leaders in Parliament.

The Duke of Marlborough was lately asked if it was really true that he was in love with Lady Colin, and it he had intended to marry her if she had got her divorce. He replied with perfect frankness that neither of the assertions was true, adding that Lady Colin was of a cold nature, and that he never had any feeling for her but that of friendship. The duke said he did not think she was the kind of woman who would attract men in any other way, notwithstanding her beauty. Moreover, there was an insuperable obstacle to their marriage, namely, they were both too poor. The duke is in straitened circumstances, and he really cannot afford to marry a woman who has not a large fortune of her own. He said that the only chance left open for him, since he had been so cut by English society, was to marry an American heiress.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is now leading a very quiet and secluded life with her mother and sister at the Hotel du Louvre. She is studying under one of the leading professors of acting in Paris; the lady who first gave her lessons, Mme. Anould-Plessy, has given up teaching on account of ill health, and has left Paris to recuperate in the country. The American beauty goes comparatively little into society, pays very few visits, and is apparently devoting herself to study. She is much beset with applications from artists to sit for her portrait or her bust, but so far she has only accorded that privilege to a Viennese sculptor, M. Beer, who intends to exhibit three replicas of his work when finished—one at the Royal Academy of London, one at the Paris Salon, and the third in New York.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their eldest son were in a box at the Princess's Theatre last week, and on an intimation that the prince would be present the house was crowded. The future queen and the two coming kings of Great Britain looked very simple and homelike, the princess in a light, gauzy dress, showing to great advantage her perfectly preserved figure, and the prince in an ordinary evening dress, with an extraordinary gold double watch-chain swung across his ample vest. They all three watched the play intently. The prince has a habit of leaning forward on the edge of the box, so that everybody in the audience has a full view of his head, which is growing quite bald. Both he and Prince Albert Victor wore lavender kid gloves, and both went out to take a drink at the end of the first act. Prince Albert Victor is a sorrow-looking youth. The princess was as young and fresh-looking as the big bunch of flowers that lay beside her on the edge of the box.

Count Beust, in his memoirs, tells rather a grim story of how Count Brunnow concealed his wife's death for three days, keeping, meanwhile, the body in ice, in order that the disclosure of the melancholy event should not cast a shadow on the festivities then in progress, in celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Archduchess Marie. It is not generally known that for similar reasons the death of the late Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Kaiser Wilhelm's brother, was kept concealed for a longer period. The Prince actually died on the eve of the visit to Berlin of the Czar and the Emperor of Austria, in the autumn of 1872. The visit lasted for a week, and it was not until the potentates had quitted Prussian soil, and the echo of the festivities had died away, that Prince Albrecht was proclaimed dead, and the mourning for him began. Here, therefore, are two precedents for the Tories of Plymouth cynically concealing the news of the death of Lord Idlesleigh until they had finished their ball.

Dr. Windthorst, Prince Bismarck's chief foe in the Reichstag, is described as a little man very ugly to look at, with eyes like a frog and mouth reaching from ear to ear. He is opposed to Bismarck ostensibly on patriotic but really on personal grounds, his grievance being that in 1866, by the annexation of Hanover, he was eliminated from a fat office which he had held in that kingdom. M. Saint-Clerc, a writer in the *Figaro*, draws an animated picture of Prince Bismarck and Dr. Windthorst face to face in the Reichstag—"the one (Windthorst) a dwarf, the other (Bismarck) a giant; the one refined and polished, the other brutal and overbearing; the one an ardent Catholic, the other an austere Protestant." The antagonism is carried out even in the matter of beverages, for Dr. Windthorst drinks champagne, and Prince Bismarck keeps to beer. After this we need not be surprised to learn that Prince Bismarck has big cuirassier's hands, and is inordinately proud of their size and strength, while Dr. Windthorst has very small hands, and is "coquet" about them.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

A Correspondent discusses Mexican Usages, Social and Otherwise.

In view of the admirable natural adaptations for close amicable relations, commercial and social, between the United States and Mexico, it seems a deplorable thing that such intercourse should be retarded by ignorance of the actual conditions existing. Unhappily, such is the case. The Mexicans are more than fairly well informed as to American institutions; they understand the systems, commercial, judicial, and political, of their northern neighbors, and are even able to comprehend in some measure the complications of that more baffling anomaly, American society. But among Americans exists a most dense ignorance as to the conditions in Mexico; and that, too, among a class generally well informed, who can readily give the result of the last elections in the moon, or the features of the water taxation in the planet Jupiter, but who fancy a bravo lurks at every corner in Mexico to stab unsuspecting victims, or that the President is in the habit of stepping down from his chair, clad in feather robes, to levy little personal *prestamos*, for the reinforcement of a depleted treasury. The cause of this ignorance is not hard to find. Until very lately few Americans of the better class have come to Mexico; of those who come now, even of those established here, an extremely small proportion deal, except in the most formal terms of business, with other orders than the lowest or peon class. This is partly due to the difficulties of language, partly to American clannishness and arrogation of superiority, and largely to the exclusive spirit of the high-caste Mexicans, whose aristocratic instinct is unsurpassed the world over. Among the higher orders it is most difficult to gain access without due credentials, in the shape of social sponsors or letters of introduction. No matter how distinguished the foreigner, if he comes to Mexico unprovided with such social talisman he is left to himself. He may have his own reasons for desiring retirement and privacy, says the conservative Mexican spirit, or he may be an imposter or an adventurer, unable to command vouchers, or what not. The result is the same. Thus it has happened that many Americans, possessing both ability and impartiality of judgment, men thoroughly capable, in every sense, of representing the country fairly and accurately, have found themselves in a position inadequate for the necessary observation, and have kept silence, acknowledging their inability to grasp the subject, while flippant and unconscientious scribblers have maligned Mexico grossly in their scribbled fabrications.

Being in contact, then, with only the lower orders, and not speaking the language of the country, what wonder that Americans know so little of the real Mexico? It is not easy to judge correctly the institutions of a land from the servants who attend in the hotel, or the men who sell one parrots and lottery tickets in the streets.

It is not fair to judge Mexico by the standard of the United States, or of any other country whose history chronicles a moderately tranquil existence. This is a Caspar Hauser among lands—old in actual years of government, yet so retarded in development by long years of domination by a selfish, ignorant, and bigoted rule, that the country is still in its political infancy. By comparison, indeed, must the progress of the country be gauged, but that comparison must set the advancement, the enlightenment, the peace, the aspiration that obtain in Mexico to-day in contrast with the fanaticism, the still abject spirit of resignation, the ignorance, and the bloody struggles and tumultuous insecurity of two decades ago. Truly, the advancement has been marvelous. For the slow, tedious, and perilous travel of those days—on horseback, with plodding trains, or in racking diligence—the country is traversed now by railways replete with every comfort. The lawless gentry, who then took toll of every passenger, are virtually extinct. Life and property are as safe to-day in Mexico as in the United States. In lieu of the old, semi-barbaric isolation from the world, ignorance of the events of the day, and primitive institutions, almost every town in Mexico, of even average importance, to-day has a fast and effective mail service, postal delivery, and telephone and horse-car systems, while the telegraph brings constant record from the outside world. In every incorporated town, the local authorities, with all possible expedition, are establishing radical movements of sanitary reform, and planning wise improvements. The old picturesque mode of irrigation, by means of stone conduits or aqueducts, is giving way to underground piping. The question of sewage and drainage receives careful attention under the supervision of skillful engineers, both native and foreign. Bridges are being built, and high-roads planned, where ten years since the only means of progression was the slow and perilous route of the mule-trail. Liberal concessions of lands are made to settlers, in some cases accompanied by subventions; to the founders of mills, factories, etc., calculated to develop the natural resources of the country, the government offers generous protection, exemption from taxes, duties on imported machinery, etc., with often a considerable subsidy beside.

The financial position of Mexico is much improved, as may be seen from the late satisfactory adjustment of the English debt question. To this contribute many causes; the rapidly multiplying sources of revenue, as more and more of the immense natural resources are made available, and the products yield their proceeds; a brave and patriotic spirit of patience and self-abnegation on the part of many government employees, in accepting reduced earnings, pending the replenishment of the national coffers; the energetic and decisive action of the people in striking down the bands that pilfered from the public coffers, to the enrichment of private estates; and more, perhaps, than all else, a cessation of the reckless policy which, with a mistaken foresight, sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, in prodigal, improvident barter to speculators who paid a mere song for lands and elements of exceeding value. Happily, this wholesale sacrifice of Mexico's great resources was checked before the harm done became irretrievable.

For the enlightenment and the advancement of the people, much is being done. Among the higher and middle classes already the present growing generation is reaping the fruits of an improved system of education whose curriculum is liberal and practical, and available in its benefits for girls and boys alike. For the masses, the millions of ignorant, pitiable

creatures whose whole existence is a mere animal being, and a continual bitter struggle for the mere sordid essential means of living—for these poor peasants, too, popular instruction is spreading its heaven, slowly indeed, but surely. The system of public schools, at least in the primary branches, is universal, and in many States rudimentary instruction is compulsory, even for the Indian peons. The normal school is out as yet in operation, but the work of examining the qualifications of teachers, and their selection, is confined to men of intelligence and zeal, who realize the importance of putting the best of material into the school-room. Another means to this end is one which might profitably be initiated in the United States, where the career of a teacher offers little hope of promotion, and none of support or position in the epoch of superannuation. In Mexico certain promotions and privileges accrue to the teacher, in proportion to his time of service, which also insures him, after a certain period, a fixed annuity. Such a policy imparts to the profession some value more than ephemeral, and corrects the cause for complaint, often made in connection with the public schools of the United States, that the teachers' rostrum is used merely as a convenience, a stepping-stone to other professions, as such inspiring no professional pride or zeal in its temporary occupant. The originator of this policy in Mexico was, if my memory fail not, General Luis Mier y Terran, at present Governor of Oaxaca, the model State of Mexico. This capable and patriotic gentleman has established schools in every district of his State, paying for them from private funds when public moneys were unavailable, and in some instances providing the pupils with apparel needful for their decent appearance at the schools. There, in Oaxaca, too, were founded the beginnings of a noble institution, which shall, perhaps, do more than all else to civilize the yet uncivilized in Mexico, and purge away the canker eating into the blood of the country. There were founded the first of the State Industrial Schools of Arts and Trades, which shall enable the women of the masses to earn a sufficient livelihood by virtuous labor, and little by little purify them of their great social sins. The rulers realize that not by the gift of textbooks alone can the people be aided and redeemed. By the establishment of such institutions as that above named, and of hospitals and asylums for the blind, the deaf, the insane—for all classes of incapables who drag down the poor toilers who support them—by the organization of such practical means of benefit and relief, the government is aiding the bowed-down masses to stand upright under their burdens, and draw free breath before they essay to climb to a higher plane. The impatient foreigner makes much complaint at the slow movement of these reforms; but there is wisdom in the delay. The government of Mexico is acting the part of a guardian and guide to one who has long sat helpless, with bandaged legs. It is not enough that the subject be not forced to undue exertion; he must be even restrained, until the torpid members shall attain their due power. Thus it is that, for instance, mendicancy, while discouraged by the government in practice as well as theory, is not actually punished as in violation of the law, and thus are tolerated, from like motives, other features not in consonance with the highest enlightenment, pending the development of the people. In like manner, the press of Mexico, nominally free, is subject in reality to certain restrictions, needful under existing circumstances. Hence, also, the tolerant attitude of the authorities with reference to breaches by the clergy of provisions of the Reform Laws of 1857.

Not the least of foreign misapprehensions respecting Mexico is that regarding the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The functions of church and state have been widely separated since the enactment of the aforesaid Laws of Reform, and it may even be said that their relations are severely strained. The major part of the church possessions have long been confiscated by government, and converted to public or private use, most of the public buildings being of such original belonging. It will, no doubt, be new to many American readers to know that monasteries and convents are unknown in Mexico; that to carry the Host in plain view through the streets is unlawful; that all processions or public celebrations of religious festivals outside church edifices are punishable by law; that in various districts the ringing of church bells is regulated to certain hours; that a teacher in the public schools forfeits his position for the inculcation of religious creeds; that the clergy are prohibited from appearing in the streets clad in priestly garb; that the civil marriage service only is recognized as legal, and a woman married by the church ceremony without the civil form has no redress for desertion or ill-treatment, and no legal claim for support; in short, that she is not admitted to be a wife, nor her children legitimate offspring. Spiritualism has made some converts in Mexico, and Protestantism some; but so far as concerns the men in the middle and upper classes, an astonishingly large majority are free-thinkers. Freemasonry has many votaries, and that including the highest officials in the land. The intelligent, thinking men speak with the extreme of bitterness against Romo Catholicism, as having been the bane and the curse of the country; nor is this acrimony of reaction surprising, in view of the fact that the expounders of that faith in Mexico were mostly priests of Spanish blood, devoted to their fatherland, and bent on contributing, by all the means of ignorance and bigotry, to the continued abject dominion of Mexico by the cruel and selfish Spanish yoke. The influence of the clergy is still, of course, strong among the masses, but offset by the summary measures of the government; the feminine element, too, is extensively dominated by the church, but women in Mexico take so little part in active events or public affairs, that this second-hand influence is virtually nil.

That the constitution of Mexico is an admirably contrived document is conceded wherever its provisions are known. "But the laws are not enforced," says the American carper. In reality the laws are here carried out more rigidly with less tedious delay, and with less immunity to criminals, than in the United States. Prompt and energetic measures are applied to meet the requirements of the times. A few weeks since, the press of the United States was full of comment upon the summary execution of a Mexican who killed two women in a railway train. This procedure, which may be termed a legalized lynching, took place by virtue of a law known as the "Suspension of Guarantees Act." During the administration of Juarez, first President after the Empire, the extremely common occurrence of highway robbery, usually

accompanied by violence, led to the passage of this act, to be in force for one year. For several administrations, its force was renewed from year to year by act of Congress just before its expiration, then it was let lapse. With the extension of railroad communication, the extended field of operations and the increased facilities for escape awakened the criminal element to renewed activity, and to meet the exigencies of the occasion the obsolete "Suspension of Guarantees Act" was revived, the immediate cause being an attempt to ditch and rob a train on the Mexican Central Railway. Since the passage of the act in the spring session of Congress of 1886, no other train robbery has been attempted in Mexico, and the records mark a notable decrease in the perpetration of other crimes to which this law is made applicable. Not a bad showing in opposition to the audacity with which the James gang defied the law and terrorized communities. All in all, the course of the judiciary in Mexico demonstrates much consistency, great impartiality, and a commendable moderation in avoiding the issues which would result from arbitrary extreme measures. For instance, in view of the uproar over that international grievance, Cutting, Americans resident in Mexico, regarding the country with the impartial eye of the student, can tell of many complications averted by the discretion of the authorities here, by the quiet application of Article XXXIII, providing for the expulsion of pernicious foreigners.

In conclusion, it may be observed that these faulty and incomplete remarks, all inadequate and disproportionate to the pregnant theme, are not merely the expressions of independent individual opinion, but the result of intimate contact with, and study of, all classes of society in Mexico; and the assertions herein are based on attentive reading of the Mexican press for many months, on reference from official reports to the heads of departments, and systematic study of the subjects in hand.

Y. H. ADDIS.

CITY OF MEXICO, February 5, 1887.

In an opera called "Les Amours du Diable," produced in Paris some years ago, there was a curious scene which puzzled all who saw it. A slight palanquin—constructed in such a manner that it was obvious that there was no possibility of its having a double bottom—was brought upon the stage supported on the shoulders of slaves. The actress who occupied it withdrew the curtains and gave some orders to her attendants. Then the curtains were closed for an instant, and again re-opened. But the occupant of the palanquin had disappeared. What had become of her? The feat had been executed close to the front of the stage, and under a brilliant light; and the spectators could plainly see that it was certain that the lady had not gone down a trap. The mystery remained for some time unsolved. The explanation of the puzzle was simply this: The pillars of the palanquin appeared to be very slight, but, instead of being wood, they were hollow metal tubes. Through these tubes ropes ran on pulleys at the top of the palanquin, descending in the inside, and fastened to the frame, on which was placed the silk cushion on which the actress reclined. To the other end of the ropes was attached a heavy weight, which exactly balanced that of the lady. One of the slaves was impersonated by an expert machinist. So soon as the curtains were drawn he pulled a cord which released the counterpoise, and the frame, together with its burden, rose to the dome of the palanquin. There the actress lay quite comfortably, a wire gauze overhead enabling her to breathe freely. Pains had been taken in the constructing of the palanquin to make it appear frail, while in reality it was very strongly built, that the roof might bear the strain upon it of the weight it had to support. The bearers were men selected for their muscular strength, and they were drilled in the practice of taking up the palanquin—after the disappearance of its occupant—and carrying it off the stage at a sharp trot, as if it were empty.

The new edition of the London Postoffice Directory consists of 2,672 pages, plus 322 pages of advertisements, and contains 244,000 names. On each page there are 10,000 letters, the number of letters in the "Commercial" alone making a total of 7,080,000, and the weight of the type used for the volume is about twenty-five tons. In the new directory there are 2,125 Smiths, 1,104 Joneses, 708 Browns, 467 Robinsons.

A mesmerist of Detroit obtained such control over the minds of his audience in a recent lecture as to make them see an orange tree grow into full maturity from a seed which he threw on the platform before him. So great was the delusion that men rushed up and began to fill their pockets with the imaginary fruit, and wrangled and fought for its possession. When he broke the spell the scene was most ludicrous.

A new word has been coined in France to represent a very rich American. It is not sufficient to call him a "millionaire," he is a "milliardaire." In fact, such is the present extravagant European notion of the fabulous wealth of the American railroad kings, that an American who is a mere "millionaire" has ceased to be regarded in Paris as a man of pecuniary importance.

We are so accustomed to think that they keep railroads under better supervision in England than in the United States, that it is surprising to read in *Truth*, "By a senseless system of legislation, we have made the railway companies our masters." To this mastery *Truth* attributes the failure of every attempt to shelter engine-drivers and stokers from the rigors of the climate.

A singular case was that of the Methodist preacher, now in the Ward Island Asylum, suffering from brain trouble caused by overwork. The other day he took poison, because he believed that the trial of the Andover theological professors had resulted in a verdict in favor of the doctrine of future probation for the wicked.

A statistician declares that, while the annual increase of the population is less than 2 per cent., the annual increase of physicians is more than 5½ per cent.

The Houghton Reception.

The Presidio German

Miss Luning's German

The Cook German

The Sberwood Reception.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club

Notes and Gossip

Movements and Whereabouts

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD!

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The *Herald* Bureau System is unique in newspaper annals. In London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and other foreign capitals, have been established news bureaus, which are conducted, every one, with the method and system of a great daily. Reporters ransack Europe for the freshest items, and devote themselves untiringly to fathoming the mysteries of old world diplomacy, the intrigues of Nihilism and Anarchy, and the secrets of State. For the daily record of passing events the United States looks to the *Herald*. No feat of journalism is impossible to its correspondents. The unknown regions of the Dark Continent are explored, and the icy barriers of the Arctic Circle pierced by its matchless enterprise. In the graphic and detailed descriptions of the famous battles which have occurred during the past quarter of a century, the *Herald* has been foremost. The stirring events of Metz, and the siege of Paris; the terrible scenes at Plevna and Shipka Pass; the bombardment of Alexandria, and the subsequent Soudan campaign—all these were presented to American readers with a dispatch and accuracy which is unparalleled.

A GREAT CABLE SYSTEM.

With an ambition to surpass its former brilliant achievements, the *Herald* has established a great cable system. It is belting the earth with telegraph wires. By this means, not only are political events and affairs of state presented in detail, but occurrences of importance to the world of art and letters. Two cables have been laid across the Atlantic Ocean; telegraphic lines connecting with the principal points in Europe have been secured; and now the *Herald* is directly connected with all Europe.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS ISOLATION IN THE PAST.

Up to this time these great privileges have been for the inhabitants of the Eastern States alone. The Pacific Coast has been shut out from a participation in their benefits. The comparatively meager Associated Press telegrams which have appeared from day to day in our journals were secured at an outlay which seemed large in proportion to their value.

THE NEW ORDER OF AFFAIRS.

But a great change has been wrought. Within a single day we have been placed in familiar communication with the old world—indeed, with all the world. The DAILY EXAMINER has taken a step which must be regarded as a great public benefit. The EXAMINER has secured the exclusive right of the *Herald* cablegrams on this coast. Now, and henceforth, the people of San Francisco and California may learn daily the happenings of other continents in their fullness and detail.

The events of art, science, fashion and society are completely reported a few hours after their occurrence. A great war is threatened. The nations of Europe are arming themselves for the combat. The *Herald's* staff of correspondents will be placed in the field. The world has not forgotten the feats performed in its service by Stanley, Millet, and Gilder. The arrangements which the *Herald* has perfected for reporting momentous battles, and for outlining the movements of armies and the developments of campaigns, will render the EXAMINER the only medium by which the people of California may secure this news. The *Herald* cablegrams are all copyrighted, and appear in the EXAMINER by a special contract. No other journal on this coast, therefore, can contain these dispatches.

ALL THE NEWS.

In addition to this great feature, at an expense which only the value of the news would justify, the EXAMINER receives all the Associated Press dispatches, and "specials" from New York, Washington, and Chicagn, in each of which cities it has a special telegraphic correspondent. Its Pacific Coast telegraphic news is the fullest and most reliable, being gathered by local correspondents who are selected for their fitness and reliability.

THE LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

A Brilliant Record of Daily Events—Political, Legal and Social Sensations—Illustrated Editions—The Portraits of Celebrities—Attractive Sketches.

The EXAMINER has made rapid strides within the past twelve months. The various departments have received an attention which places this paper at the head of all journals west of the Rocky Mountains. No labor or expense has been spared to render it complete in every particular.

The Local News department is unequaled in the history of San Francisco journalism. Every event of any importance is worked up to its fullest value. Political sensations, criminal occurrences, and accidents on sea and land are presented to its readers in the most thorough, attractive and accurate form.

ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS.

A novel feature has been the illustration of local articles. Almost every number of the EXAMINER contains an illustrated sketch, while the Weekly, Sunday, and Special Editions resemble an illustrated periodical in the variety and excellence of their design. Portraits of prominent or notorious personages are produced with lifelike fidelity. Interesting law trials, leading society events and humorous sketches are illustrated with apt and clever pictures.

FEARLESS EDITORIALS.

The Independent Position Occupied by the Examiner in Public Affairs.

The EXAMINER pursues a fearless and independent course in all public measures. The Editorial department is untrammelled by ulterior influences. Questions of the day are regarded from the standpoint of the people's welfare.

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Its Social Department, to which two pages of the Thursday edition are always devoted, is unrivaled in America. The innocent social amusements of all classes of people, descriptions of weddings, private and public parties, announcements of marriage engagements and personal notes are carefully collected and intelligently edited.

THE FRATERNAL DEPARTMENT.

One entire page of the Sunday edition is devoted to news of fraternal and benevolent societies, edited by W. H. Barnes, P. G. M.; I. O. O. F.; P. G. M. W.; A. O. U. W.; P. G. D.; K. of H., etc. It contains notes of assessments, explanations of the laws and rules of the various orders; elections of officers, and everything that is of value or interest to members of such organizations or their families.

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

A feature of the EXAMINER is the excellence of its dramatic criticisms. This department is edited by the most accomplished critic of the San Francisco daily press.

VARIETY AND COMPLETENESS.

For attractiveness, variety, and arrangement of news concerning men, trade, accidents, crimes, society, socialism, art, science, music, politics, adventure, war, amusements, sports, literature, manufactures, agriculture, labor questions, religion and education, the EXAMINER stands unrivaled on the Pacific Coast.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailing MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The romance of Mount Desert, which Mr. A. A. Hayes has written under the title of "The Jesuit's Ring," will be published by the Messrs. Scribner in about a fortnight.

A movement is on foot to obtain for Jean Ingelow, the poet and novelist, one of the annuities in the gift of the crown for services to literature. Miss Ingelow was born in 1830.

The sale in London of Robert Browning's new poem is something remarkable. Although it was published at nearly double the usual price, double the usual number of copies have been taken by the public.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new books, announced last week, are not all new. The "Merry Men" has been collected from his fugitive stories in the magazines, and the "Essays" will consist of reprints from reviews. The volume of poems entitled "Underwoods," part English and part Scotch, is the most interesting promise of all.

It is interesting to find that a correspondent of the *Evening Post* has discovered that—"In writing of the 'Marquis de Pen' ita," Mr. Howells says that the father of the heroine, Don Mariano Elorza, has a passion for the smell of freshly-ironed linen, and loves to put his nose in the closet where it hangs. *There is nothing of the kind in the book.*" This is realism!

Sampson, Low & Co. have brought out in London the "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," by A. L. Long, and the *Saturday Review*, in concluding a very long and complimentary review of the book, says, "General Long has deserved well of his countrymen and of the world in the life-like picture which he has drawn of a faultless hero." It also refers incidentally to George Washington's marriage to "Miss Curtis."

George R. Sims, the English playwright and story-writer, has received nearly \$100,000 from his plays produced in the United States during the past five years. He has an interest in a London newspaper which pays him handsomely, and his stories always command good prices from the publishers. He is now in Algiers working on a new romance. He has the peculiar faculty of being able to keep two or three serial stories going at the same time, changing from one to the other for rest.

Andrew Lang, to whom Rider Haggard's "She" is dedicated, prefaces a signed review in the *Academy* very aptly with these words: "There are stories which, like the murder applauded by Toad-in-the-Hole, you can safely recommend to a friend." One would need to know the friend very well before recommending to him 'She.' Nothing, says George Eliot, is more destructive to friendship than a difference of taste in jokes. But a difference of taste in novels is nearly as apt to poison affection. I have acquaintances to whom I dare not mention Thackeray, others with whom 'Huckleberry Finn' is a tabooed subject, and one who does not like 'Pickwick'!

Mr. Morse Stephens convicts Mr. Froude of flagrant inaccuracy in the preface to his "History of the French Revolution." Mr. Froude, in his account of Carlyle's writings, announced that after six weeks' wrestle with official Carlyle ended by finding the British Museum collection of French revolutionary pamphlets inaccessible to him, and added that he was provoked at the idle obstruction which he encountered there. This is a serious charge against the officials of the library; but Mr. Morse Stephens explains that Carlyle had demanded the sole use of a private room, and that it was because this preposterous request could not be granted that he left the museum in a rage, and contented himself with such books as he could buy or borrow, to the great detriment of his work, as the museum collection of that particular literature is the most complete in the world. Mr. Froude assuredly deserves grave censure for having made such reckless misstatements without having taken the slightest pains to ascertain the real truth.

M. Ernest Daudet contributes to the *Figaro* an entertaining sketch of his friend the unique Blowitz, which settles several disputed points with regard to the person and career of the *Times* correspondent, concerning which he has been the object of a good deal of slander in his adopted country. In the first place, M. Daudet says it is charged that "Blowitz" is an assumed name, and that his friend's patronymic is really Oppert. This, he says, is false, the name being in fact Oppert de Blowitz. Second, it is said that M. de Blowitz is a Jew. On the contrary, he is a good Catholic. Third, he is described as a German, but he was born in Moravia, consequently he is an Austrian subject by birth, and he became a naturalized Frenchman in the dark days of October, 1870—a naturalized citizen, as about pathetically said. Moreover, he was decorated by Thiers, for services in the National Guard of Versailles when the Commune broke out there. M. de Blowitz's journalistic exploits are all familiar, and sufficiently retentive, as M. Daudet says, to explain the many jealousies of which he is the object. The delightful *bon mot* of Sarah Bernhardt, however, cannot be repeated too often. In recognition of the article in the *Times* about her, she sent him her picture, with the inscription, "Au plus fin d'esprit, la plus fine de corps."

New Books.

"The Life of Lord Herbert of Chesham; written by himself, and continued to his death," has been published in the National Library, by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Mrs. John Biddell Martin, the wife of a wealthy English banker (in early life she acquired some fame as Victoria C. Woodhull) again claims a share of public attention. She has written a bulky pamphlet, entitled "The Argument for Women's Electoral Rights," in which she reviews her work in Washington in 1870-71, when she was endeavoring to prove that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution gave equal civil power and standing to men and women. Published by G. Norman & Son, London.

At this time, when the air is full of "Interstate Commerce Bill," "long and short haul," "pools," etc., the publication of "Railway Practice," by E. Porter Alexander, is very opportune. It explains the intricacies and technical points of our great railroad systems briefly and clearly, and in the concluding chapter, in which the mutual relations of the people and the railroads are discussed, takes a hopeful view of the outlook for the future. Published in the Questions of the Day Series, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price 75 cents.

"Civitas: The Romance of our Nation's Life," by Walter L. Campbell, is doubtless intended to be a national epic. It is written in Miltonian blank verse, and recounts the temptations to which young Civitas (the United States) is exposed through the power of Anarchy, the seductive beauty of Monarchy, the theorizing of Democracy, and the other dangers which assail a young State. The verse is fairly good, and many phrases are rounded and resonant, but "Civitas" will scarcely become our great epic. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price \$2.00.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is the latest volume of the Students' Series of Standard Poetry, which are edited by Mr. William J. Rolfe; it is the third of Scott's poems which have thus appeared, "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" having preceded it. The poem itself, printed in large, clear type, occupies one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and the notes—together with an index of words explained, and a map—almost as many more. Mr. Rolfe's notes add much to the interest of the poem, explaining the antiquarian and local references which are so abundant in Scott's writings; and many of the illustrations

are taken from the handsome Christmas edition which the same publishers brought out a few months ago. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, 75 cents.

A second volume of Clinton Scollard's graceful verse has recently been published under the title: "With Reed and Lyre." It contains all his most recent productions, including a number of poems, flower songs, quatrains, sonnets, several imitations of old French forms of versification, under the heading "Gallic Bonds," and a dozen *vers de société*. Mr. Scollard is one of the most easy rhymers of the younger American school, and though he at present inclines to the lighter phases of poetry, such productions as, "As I Came down from Lebanon," "A Vision of War," and a few others in the first portion of the book, seem to indicate a depth and fervor of imagination which will one day place him in the front rank. But those who admire light and pretty verses will thoroughly enjoy "With Reed and Lyre;" not a single one of these little poems could be left out without loss to the reader. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Monarch of Dreams," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is a curious little tale. Robert Ayrault, having a fondness for psychological speculation, endeavors to control his dreams as he does his waking thoughts; at first, by firmly impressing on his mind just before going to sleep the scene he desires to see in his sleep, and as his control increases, by pure effort of will. He succeeds beyond his expectations, and his visions are even changed by the thoughts and desires which come to him while dreaming, this latter feature increasing in its sudden and literal fulfillment of his involuntary thoughts, until he is the slave of nightmares instead of the monarch of dreams. But, while this power over the visions of his nights is growing within him, his actual energy and will-power are correspondingly decreasing, until he disregards the natural bonds of affection, fails to perform his engagements, and, in the end, disgraces himself forever in the eyes of his fellow townsmen. It is an absorbing little story, one that can be run through in a few minutes, and there is a moral in it if the reader will read between the lines. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, 50 cents.

"The Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," prepared by Francis F. Browne, is a novel and welcome addition to the already long list of biographies of the martyred President. The aim of the compiler has been to show more completely than has been done heretofore Lincoln's personality; and to this end he has compiled a large volume from every imaginable source—histories, biographies, anecdotes, pen-pictures, impressions of neighbors and friends, even newspaper scraps. These have been arranged chronologically as they happened in Lincoln's life, from his obscure birth and childhood to the assassination which threw a nation into mourning; and as they have all been authenticated by comparison with standard histories and the testimony of individuals, the result is a volume which shows Lincoln's private life as it has never been shown before. A large number of prominent actors in the events which shaped his career, and more or less of the history of the rebellion have necessarily been introduced, making the volume instructive as well as interesting. Illustrations, particularly portraits, are numerous and good; and to the volume is appended a chapter of funeral orations and obituary poems by American and English orators and poets. The volume, containing over seven hundred and fifty pages, is furnished with an index. Published by the N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis; for sale, by subscription only, by J. Dewing & Co.; price, cloth, \$3.50; sheep, \$2.25; morocco, \$5.

Some Magazines.

In the January *Shakespeareana*, Professor Thom gives the first installment of his "Course of Shakespeare Historical Reading." Professor W. J. Rolfe contributes a note on a passage in "Much Ado about Nothing," and Mr. Donnelly writes about his Bacon-Shakespeare Cipher.

Among the attractions in *St. Nicholas* for February are the first installment of a story, "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis; a Norwegian tale, "Between Sea and Sky," by Professor Boyesen, and some good advice to boy readers by Washington Gladden, entitled "If I Were a Boy."

In *The Southern Bivouac* for February, Henry W. Austin has an article on "My Pilgrim Fathers," in which he takes a view of that distinguished company quite different from the usual one. A paper is devoted to Captain John Cleves Symmes and his theory of a polar void, a hollow and habitable world. Judge Hines describes in his paper on the "Northwestern Conspiracy," the gathering of the National Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1864, and the attempt of the Confederates to arrange with the Sons of Liberty for an attack on Camp Douglas.

The *Magazine of Art* for February is an exceptionally attractive number. The frontispiece is a fine photograph of G. W. Boughton's picture entitled "The Councilors of Peter the Headstrong." "Round About West Drayton," by J. Pender-Brothurst, is illustrated with four characteristic sketches by H. R. Bloomer. "Glimpses of Artist Life," by M. H. Spielmann, and the sketches of Louis Dreyer, in the romance series, by Leander Scott, are both interesting and bright. Bettina Wirth contributes an article on "A Kingly Architect's Linderhof and Neu-Schwainstein," describing some of the late Ludwig of Bavaria's castles; it is handsomely illustrated by Bayley and Patterson. There are also articles on decorative art.

The February number of *Lippincott's* contains a complete novelette by Miss McClelland, entitled "A Self-made Man," a study of Virginia life and character. "Rottenburg Felicity" is a translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, from the German of Paul Heyse, and "Two Ways of Telling a Story" is an amusing dialogue, in which the merits of the ideal and realistic school in art are discussed by Robert Grant. John Burroughs contributes a paper on himself, entitled "Mere Egotism"; it is very aptly named. Charles E. L. Wingate has an empty article on "Our Actors and their Preferences," and William E. Curtis gives a key-note view of the daily life of the President of the United States.

In the *Forum* for February Professor Noah K. Davis has an article on "Religious Exercises in State Schools"; Rev. A. J. F. Behrends discusses "The Crusade Against the Saloon"; Mr. W. H. Mallock talks of "Faith and Physical Science"; Professor Boyesen writes on the question of "Why we have no great novelists." Other subjects treated in this number are "Outgrown City Government," by James Parton; "Use and Abuse of Wealth," by Professor Lester F. Ward; "Future of the Minority," by Rev. George Batchelor; "The Needs of New York Harbor," by Commander H. C. Taylor; "Evils of Indirect Taxation," by John Randolph Tucker; "How I Was Educated," by Andrew D. White.

The February number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains a frontispiece portrait of Professor Charles C. Abbott. The leading article, "The Laws of Habit," is by Professor William James. There is a paper by Professor Huxley on "Science and Morals"; "Some Points on the Land Question," by Oliver B. Prince, and an interesting account of the South American diamond mines accompanied by diagrams. Frank P. Crandon concludes his article on "Misgovernment of Great Cities," and among other contributions are "Fetichism or Anthropomorphism," by George Pellow, and "Fulgurites, or Lightning Holes," by George P. Merrill.

The February *Wide-Awake* opens with a story by Katherine McDowell Rice, "Why the Doll's Name was Never Changed"; and another chapter of "the Longfellow literature" is given: "Longfellow and his Children," by the poet's brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow. Mrs. Frémont this month concludes her "Taffy and Buster" chronicles, the ponies which brought three thousand dollars into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. Mrs. Davis's war story, "Mandy's Doll Party," brings a Yankee soldier among the children of the Plantation. Miss Guiney's "Fairy Folk All," deals with "The Black Elves," and Miss Lewis's "Famous Pets" with "Vandykes." Among the serial stories are "Romulus and Remus," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," "Howling Wolf and his Trick-Pony," and "A Young Prince of Commerce." Mrs. Bolton has a paper on Frances E. Willard, Miss Harris a practical article "One Lady's Way of Teaching How to Write Compositions," and C. F. Holder one about "Fresh-Water Turtles."

STORYETTES

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A short time after the battle of Fredericksburg, the soldiers observed a servant carrying a big demijohn into General Lee's tent. Visions of toddy flitted before the eyes of the general's staff. At twelve o'clock General Lee walked out, and with a twinkle in his eyes, remarked: "Perhaps you gentlemen would like a glass of something?" The verdict was unanimous. Every thing was arranged; the gentlemen drew near; the cork was drawn, and the steward poured out—buttermilk!

A young farmer in Oregon, of scholarly tastes, determined to go East and get an education. He resolved to enter the Harvard Law School. He was speaking of this purpose one day to a nunster, who endeavored to dissuade him by saying, "My boy, the Apostle Paul has taught us that in whatsoever state we are, we should therewith be content." "I know that, sir," replied the youth, respectfully, "but if the Apostle Paul had lived in the State of Oregon, he wouldn't have lived up to his principles as long as I have."

Davidge and John Brougham were great friends. One day they met in a restaurant and after lunch Davidge insisted on paying. As he handed the waiter a five-dollar piece it fell to the floor and rolled from sight. "Where in thunder," said Brougham, "can it have gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I suppose," replied Davidge, "for I can't find it." "Well," rejoined John, "I have always thought you could make money go further than any actor living, but I'll be hanged if I thought you could make it go so far as that unless you took it yourself!"

Some one asked John Jacob Astor about the largest sum of money he ever made at any one time in his life. He said in reply: "The largest sum I ever missed making was in reference to the purchase of Louisiana, in connection with De Witt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, and others. We intended to purchase all of that province from the Emperor Napoleon and then sell it to President Jefferson at the same price, merely retaining the public domain, charging two and a half per cent. commission on the purchase." It fell through, however, for some trifling cause or other. Had they purchased, Mr. Astor estimated that he should have made about \$30,000,000.

It is narrated of a distinguished American journalist that when he visited Egypt for the first time he rode out one morning to take a look at the pyramids. Mounted upon a bony Assyrian mule he had inspected these mammoth *chefs d'œuvre* of the lost arts, when suddenly he was brought face to face with the Sphinx. "Gosh!" said he, in tones of astonishment; "what's this?" "That," explained Hassan Ben Ali, the faithful Mameluke guide, "that is the famous Sphinx, emblazoned in song and illuminated in story." "Humph!" ejaculated the journalist, after a critical review of the placid dame's features "so this is the Sphinx, eh? Well, I don't think she amounts to very much; we've got girls in our office a hundred per cent. better looking than she is!"

Fred Gibbs, of New York City, was shot through his face in that terrible fight at Cold Harbor. Gibbs was a sergeant-major in the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York Infantry, and one of his chums was Horace Rumsey, of Seneca Falls, who was first sergeant of Company A in the same regiment. Gibbs's wound was an ugly one. The ball tore through his cheeks and mouth, and knocked out his teeth and rendered him speechless. A little further along the line lay his friend Rumsey, unable to move, with a bullet-wound in the thigh. In getting off the field Gibbs found his old friend, and in sign language made known his loss of speech. "Can you walk?" inquired Rumsey. Gibbs nodded his head. "Well," said Rumsey, "I can talk, but I can't walk a step. Let me climb upon your back, and you walk and I'll talk. The two of us will just make a man." Gibbs knelt down, and let his friend climb on his shoulders, and the pair made their way safely to the rear. The rear guard stopped them, and asked searching questions, which Rumsey answered vigorously, while Gibbs stood mute. They were passed.

Some years ago Colonel Dick Wintersmith was trying to write a letter in a room where Dan Voorhees, Mr. Beverly Tucker, and two or three others were sitting. These gentlemen formed a conspiracy to worry him, and prevent his writing. Every time he would put pen to paper, one or the other would ask him a question. At last old Judge Key came in, and the colonel greeted him very cordially. "Judge," said the colonel, "I wish you would sit down, and tell us all about your trip to Europe." "Did I never tell you about my life in Europe?" said the judge, with some surprise. "No; never. These gentlemen want to hear it." The judge turned to hang up his coat and hat, and at the same time the Voorhees party made for the door. When he was ready to take his seat no one was present but Colonel Wintersmith. "Where are those gentlemen?" asked the judge. "They are gone, sir," said Colonel Dick; "they wanted to insult you by leaving. It is an outrage. I would seek satisfaction." The judge being of a fiery nature, put on his overcoat at once, and started in hot chase after the offenders. As soon as he got out of the door Colonel Wintersmith quietly looked it, and wrote his letters.

It has been said of the actor Salvini that he played Othello so well because the part required the sort of nature he has—namely, rather coarse. The great actor was at the wedding breakfast given by Mlle. Nevada, in Paris, when she married Dr. Palmer. Cabanel and Ristori were there, and Salvini, and a fair daughter of Washington, whose stage name is Mlle. Decca. Salvini sat at her side and was delighted to find she could speak Italian. By the side of the lady's plate stood the usual forest of wine-glasses one sees at foreign tables, and Mlle. Decca did not drink wine. In her animated talk with the great actor, the servants filled one glass and then another unnoticed by her, until, at the end of the breakfast, they stood, a little regiment, and with nobody to appreciate them. Salvini's eyes fell on them. "But the Signorina has drunk no wine. Will she not take any?" The Signorina intimated that she had no intention of doing so. "But what will become of it, the *buono vino*; will she not take a little?" No, it would probably arrive at its natural destination, without her taking any trouble. "Its natural destination! Ah!" said he, "then I will know of that." And he swooped down upon the glasses and left—not one drop of the wine to tell the tale.

Broadway, in the vicinity of the Morton House, presents a strange appearance these days. Buffalo Bill's scouts and Indians, and the inhabitants of the Aztec village, all of whom are appearing in New York at present, flock down to the Morton House to meet their fellow-professionals, and it is no uncommon thing to see a hundred and fifty or two hundred men clothed in buckskins, serapes, and sombreros, and armed with everything from bows and arrows to Colt's 42-calibre revolvers, parading up and down the street over a distance of a mile or so. One night, a short time ago, Lord Kinwaddie, the eldest son of the Earl of Buccleuch, arrived in New York direct from England, and put up at the Union Square Hotel. It was his intention to write a book on America, refuting all the errors which his countrymen, who had done likewise, had made, and which, he was told, did a rank injustice to the country. He had never been here before, and his time was limited, but he intended to correct the gross ignorance of his countrymen regarding the lawlessness of America. He awoke at ten the next morning, and, after partaking of breakfast, he strolled out on the street. The first sight that met his astonished British gaze was a strapping sunburned scout known as the "Bad Man from Bodie," who played the light comedy roles in Buffalo Bill's play. The Bad Man had a Henry repeating rifle on his shoulder, and a huge Bowie knife protruding from his boot. While his lordship was gazing with astonishment at the apparition, a troupe of half-naked Aztec Indians in full war-paint came galloping down the street, whooping for all they were worth. Looking still further, he beheld long vistas of armed men in all manner of barbaric costumes, until his brain reeled, and he staggered into the hotel in a fainting condition. An hour later, his valet took the following cablegram to the office: "TO BUCCLEUCH, LONDON: All that has been said about America is true. Will return at once." KINWADDIE.



"Camille" is rapidly dying out of the repertoire of all the emotionalists excepting those of Sarah Bernhardt and Clara Morris. Even the débutante has relaxed her tenacious grasp upon it, and we are no longer presented with the spectacle of a young girl carrying on the most unmistakable financial transactions of Marguerite Gautier and the Count de Varville, with unblenched front. The *sang-froid* of the débutantes in the new and presumably unknown demi-monde, was always the most remarkable thing about them. Not one of them seemed to realize that Camille was an excessively nasty play. In our day there have been but three women whose genius entitled them to override this nastiness, and present a Camille to be wept over rather than shuddered over. With all Modjeska's delicacy and poetry, and the little platonic halo which she puts around the famous courtesan's head, Clara Morris was yet always pre-eminently the first English-speaking Camille. She is not a woman to mince matters in any case. She has never put any poetry into Camille. She has never sought to rehabilitate her for stage purposes, and excite a spurious sympathy.

What she was of whom Dumas wrote his touching story, such Clara Morris makes of her, candidly and avowedly. She is no *grande dame*, posing splendidly in the gilded salons of the half-world. She is in every move and action a woman of the people, come up by tortuous courses to her crown of camellias, set with flashing diamonds. What Clara Morris gives her is an infinite power to suffer. Poor woman! Buckleful of tears have been shed over Camille, but with every other actress people shed them for the wrong reason. They weep over the spurious halo. But Clara Morris, by some bit of subtle art, makes one weep over Camille because everything is all wrong with her, over the real hopelessness of her position, the pitifulness of it; the grief that, being a woman with good impulses, she is what she is.

No one feels the father to be cruel, or the love of the son to be anything but one of those feverish infatuations to which young men—and old ones—are subject. Everything, in some manner, is placed upon its proper plane. One feels one's self lifted bodily into the midst of one of those family scandals which agitate every little world now and then. In this instance, we see the entire play, whereas, usually, we hear but the buzz and echo of the story in our drawing-rooms. The story of Camille becomes a painful episode in the life of the Duval family, and we all look upon her with infinite pity for her ill-health and her suffering, but half involuntarily feel, with worldly wisdom, that her death is the best thing that could possibly happen.

Thus regarded, "Camille" is a transcript from life, and it is thus that Clara Morris conveys it.

As the lady gives us from forty to forty-five minutes to study it up between the acts each time, the conclusion is a very deliberate one. One frets, and fumes, and murmurs, but one stays on, at least till midnight. She is undeniably a great actress, and so can detain us against our will, and in spite of our discomfort.

But the greatness comes in streaks and flashes, and alas! that what an infinity of things one must wade through now-a-days to reach Clara Morris's greatness. To begin with, her fidgets. She is as restless as a mad woman, and there is never a moment when she is in complete repose. If she were to play Alice again, it would be necessary to place a galvanic battery in full sight at the feet of the dead girl to account for the twitchings and twitterings of the body. These fidgets wear upon an audience to such a degree that every one in the house begins to fidget in sympathy, and it is only when her flashes come that both she and they are stormed into the dignity of repose, and the comfort of quiet. Her voice—which grated all too harshly in her best days, when she tried to hold it in leash—twangs and rasps now to a painful degree, and the crudities of her speech are beyond bearing. Singularly enough, when she has occasion to use a French word, as often happens, even though it be nothing more than a form of address, her accent is as soft and pretty as a Gaul's. Why could she not have spent equal care upon her own tongue, the richest, roundest, and most sonorous of them all?

Such care as she has expended has all gone awry, for it has gone to the fatal excess of elaboration. She was nature's own daughter in the beginning, this wonderful Clara Morris, but the froward genius turned her shoulder upon her mother, and has learned many of the specious tricks of false art. Her pantomime is excessive, frequently ridiculous. If she but mention her head, her mind, her brain, she beats her brow. If she mention her heart, her soul, her capacity for suffering, she beats her bodice. If she

speak of her appearance, her extravagance, her tastes, she sweeps her entire toilet with her hands. She does so much of everything all the time that if she were a shade less great she would fritter away every climax with preliminaries.

As to her appearance—a most delicate subject to touch upon unless to call a woman a radiant beauty—she never does herself full justice. The years have not fallen upon Clara Morris so long that she need yet look them. Her figure, never beautiful, has yet the advantage of not having attained the fatal roundness which retires so many actresses. Her sad, interesting face has not yet so lost its charm that it is fair to distort it with badly made and ungraceful wigs. Furthermore—ah, how difficult it is to put gently upon paper what every one is saying easily in words—in these days of easy scientific relief, why should not her smile be as sweet and winning as it once was?

Drugs and suffering have undoubtedly wrought sad havoc, but the unquenchable light of genius burns lambent still. Why should we be forced to look at it through a lattice of permitted weeds and rankling ivy?

There are so few geniuses left. A pretty talent has come in which answers the purpose very well, but the world has grown hypercritically artistic, and the cry is all for finish. It would be difficult to adduce a greater lack of it than in the company which supports Clara Morris. From the extraordinary nian with the jaunty colloquial style, to Mr. Miller, who is burning to do everything well, but as yet is only stiff and hard, no one has any of the finesse which belongs to the new dispensation. It is all hard, plain, old-fashioned acting, some of it good, some of it bad, and some of it mediocre.

A lot of handsome tables and chairs, portières and recesses, bric-à-brac and rugs, help to carry things off at the Baldwin. They are rather strong in the matter of tables and chairs, and handsome et ceteras, up there, but it seems rather a critical experiment to furnish Camille's summer morning-room with rattan. When Clara Morris in one of her *tours de force* hurls herself at a piece of furniture, it must be a rather good article to bear up well, and no one forbore to admire the doughty little red rattan sofa which so gallantly sustained so much emotion.

After all, notwithstanding the celebrity of the fourth act, and the wonders of the back-fall, Clara Morris came nearer to us all in this act than in any of the others. Quite often she ceased to be the curious, weird sort of creature that her reputation makes, and became a very woman in her naturalness, and there was many and many a touch of the old Clara Morris in her softness. How welcome these flashes were the quick responsiveness of the audience showed.

This subtle current of feeling which runs through an audience and makes all people under one roof feel and think alike, has kept "Monte Cristo" green and fresh since the first day the wonderful fable charmed the imagination. There is always a fascination in the finding of concealed millions. Every one believes, half unconsciously, that there are some lying about for him somewhere, either under the sea in ships, or hidden in the earth. There is always a spell, too, in the vendetta. By some curious moral twist, we all admire a man—in fiction—who consistently wreaks his revenge. As for disguises, are they not the very fetic of the sensational writer's dream? And is not "Monte Cristo" rich with hidden millions, fierce vendetta, and wonderful disguise?

In two of our minor theatres, the California and the Alcazar, where melodrama is being played rather well, it is interesting to observe the distinctions between the English and the French, both dramas, "Monte Cristo" and the "World," being excellent representatives of their separate types. Both, taking their standard into consideration, are well mounted, especially in the water scenes where the wild waves lash fiercely, to the delight of the spectacle-lover; and if the frowning battlements of the Chateau D'If send terror to the soul of the sympathetic, no less does the ceaseless rock of the frail ocean raft in "The World" move a house full of people to apprehension.

There are bits of character acting in both plays, in which Osborne as Noirtier, whom he makes rather picturesque, carries off the palm. Thompson at the other house overdoes the Jew just a little, and makes him too grotesquely repulsive. There is a naturally more character acting in "Monte Cristo," since character is essentially a French study. If Grismer were but a little calmer, and more courtly in the drawing-room of Mercedes, and did not blanch all the expression out of his face by whitening his eyebrows, he would be quite a model Monte Cristo. For they are all much alike, coming after Fechter, and it is really the wonderful incident of the story which makes the play rather than the wonderful personality of the man. He needs only to be as impulsive and spirited in the earlier scenes as he is calm and imperturbable in the later ones.

The simultaneous reappearance of Grismer, Phoebe Davis, and Buckley, three favorites, three unusually intelligent people, and presumably three ambitious people, is marked by the simultaneous reappearance of their three several faults. It is a curious commentary upon the absolute lack of study in actors like these, excellent so far as they go, but who reach a certain plane, and never seem to go any further, all through their own fault.

Phoebe Davis is a very charming little woman, with that earnestness which is always flattering to an audience, and that pretty way of reaching the hearts of her hearers which is born in a woman and can not be attained. She is something too girlish for Mercedes, and her talents are obscured in so small and unimportant a part. But, small as it is, it permits us to see that she has crystallized the principal fault of her speech into a habit, and that the great promise of her début is not quite redeemed.

After the principals, "Monte Cristo" is rather well cast, especially in the case of Osborne as Noirtier, Stockwell as a Western Caderousse, and Annie Adams, who is quite reminiscent of La Frochard, as Carconte.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Louise Paulin and C. M. Leuman, the Nanki Poo of the last Carleton season, are not in the company this time.

A dramatization of Hugh Conway's "Called Back" will be given by the Grismer-Davies Company, at the Alcazar next week.

A well-known admirer of Adelina Patti who has assiduously honored her act for twenty years, sent her a beautiful basket of flowers every day during her stay here, and a basket over the footlights every night that she sang.

At the California, Monday evening, "Shadows of a Great City" will be put on, with cast including E. J. Buckley, W. H. Thompson, E. J. Holden, George Staley, Tully Marshall, Scott Cooper, Charles Ray, Miss Rose Wood, Jean Clara Walters, Dolly Greer, and others.

Clara Morris has been secured for an extra week at the Baldwin, beginning Monday, February 28th, when she will produce for the first time her new play, "Renée," which is Clinton Stuart's adaptation of the now celebrated French play "La Martyre." The play is said to be a powerful one.

Clara Morris is the only actress who has visited San Francisco, for a long time, who has received many flowers. From three to five baskets of most beautiful design are sent to her nightly, and her rooms are always fragrant with the tributes of her admirers. She is much adored by young girls of sixteen and seventeen years.

A mounted sword contest has been arranged to take place at the Pavilion on the evening of Washington's Birthday, between Jaguarine, the graceful swordswoman—who defeated Sergeant Davis a fortnight ago—and Captain Jennings, who is the challenger. It will be a very exciting match, as both contestants are expert in this sport.

Clara Morris used to practice the back-fall for the last act of "Camille" half an hour a day. It was a very thrilling thing, but she has been obliged to give it up, as there is some danger of two or three vertebrae flying to the other side of the apartment, and a shoulder-blade or two come flying over the footlights, if she attempts any athletic stunts.

Henry Heyman will give the last of his most delightful chamber recitals at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening, February 26th. He has cut the programme down to five numbers, and there are caprices and serenades enough to give the programme a very light and airy appearance. Miss Elizabeth Putnam will be the vocalist of the evening.

The Verein Eintracht give their annual masquerade at the Mechanics' Pavilion this evening. The subject of the pageant and tableaux is "Women of Germany," and it runs from Odin's wife to the Princess Metternich of to-day. The preparations of the Eintracht people are always elaborate, their pageants always successful, and the hall is orderly enough for respectable people—at least, up to midnight. After that, the deluge.

Musin, the violinist, and Trehelli, the contralto, who will appear in costume concert on February 28th, under the auspices of Marcus Henry, are two very celebrated names in Europe although they come so modestly. Trehelli has been the idol of the London and Paris public for twenty years, where she has sung with Adelina Patti, and Ovid Musin can charm a bird off a bush with his violin—"Thess make a fiddle talk," as Cable says in his touching little tale of "Carancio."

We shall have a pleasant season of light operas at the Bush Street Theatre presently. W. T. Carleton and his company, beginning on Monday night, will present four operas, quite a repertoire in these days, when no one has a repertoire but Emma Ahlnt. The operas are "Nanon," "The Mikado," "The Drum-Major," and "Erminie." Only the last one is new to this public, but they are all favorites, and a season of light song will be very welcome.

Miss Rose Beaudet, Miss Fannie Rice and Jay C. Taylor are the only new members of the Carleton company. Mr. Taylor has been singing at the New York Casino for six or seven years, Miss Beaudet and Miss Rice have both been here before, Miss Beaudet at the Tivoli, and Miss Rice in the "Rag Baby," in which that shapely young woman used to sit on a harrel and beat a solo tattoo on its sides with her heels.

For Robert Eberle's benefit on Saturday evening, Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged," will be given by the Clara Morris Company. Miss Molly Revel, who has made the part of the Scotch lassie her very own, is putting on her richest Scotch brogue for the occasion, and blithe, cheery, Maggie Moore, is practicing her very best steps and songs, such as she used to make every one glad with—who shall say how long ago?—Charlie Reed gives a white-face olio—whatever that may be—but it does not much matter, so long as Charlie Reed is in it.

At the Baldwin, on Wednesday evening, will be presented a spectacular production of the romantic drama "Faust," this being the same version of Goethe's story as that used by Henry Irving in London. The cast is headed by Mr. Lewis Morrison in the character of Mephistopheles. Mr. Henry Miller is the Faust, and Charlotte Tittle the Marguerite. Over seventy-five auxiliaries are used, and the scenery and effects are elaborate and intricate. The "Broken Scene" is said to be a marvel of ingenuity, with its electrical effects, showers of fire, etc.

Clara Morris wears almost as many diamonds in Camille as any of the Traviatas. She has a remarkably handsome collection of jewelry, although it is not made up of solitaire gems. She inclines rather to clusters and pretty settings, and has neck-pendants enough of all descriptions to decorate half a dozen actresses. She does not pay much attention to her wardrobe, and makes no claims to be a dresser. Her "Article 47" dresses she has worn for seven years, and the fit of a dress is not of the slightest consequence to her. Nevertheless, two of her Camille dresses were very handsome.

Judge Duffy told four members of the "Stable Gang" who broke into a New York tenement and assaulted a defenceless woman they found there, that if he had his way he would "blow them all out of a cannon against a stone wall." The little Judge received numerous letters from citizens, praising him for this rebuke.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Barnard's Concert.

A concert was given at Irving Hall on Wednesday by Miss Mary C. Barnard, assisted by Mrs. Henry Norton, soprano, Miss Amy Gell, pianist, Mr. Hermann Brandt, violin, Mr. Emil Knell, Cello, Mr. E. D. Crandall, tenor, and Mr. William Schlueter, accompanist. The selections were as follows:

- Minuet et Valse, Op. 56.....C. Saint-Saëns
- Miss Amy Gell.
- "Little Signor".....Meyerbeer
- Miss M. E. Barnard.
- Andante et Scherzo Capriccioso.....F. David
- Mr. Hermann Brandt.
- "When first thy dear form met my view".....M. Moskowski
- Mrs. Norton.
- Fantasia Espagnole.....Fischer
- Mr. Emil Knell.
- (a) Etude, F minor, No. 14; (b) Etude, F major, No. 15, Op. 25.....Chopin
- Miss Amy Gell.
- (a) O Fatima—"Abu Hassan".....C. M. Von Weber
- (b) Chanson de Florian.....R. Godard
- (c) Has sorrow thy young days shaded?.....Thomas Moore
- Mrs. Norton.
- "Legende".....H. Wieniawski
- Mr. Hermann Brandt.
- (a) "Thou art so like a flower".....Rubenstein
- (b) "Forbidden Music".....S. Gastaldon
- Miss M. E. Barnard.
- "Il Ciel Stellato".....C. Pissuti
- Miss Barnard and Mr. E. D. Crandall.

The Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club gave its third concert of the present series at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. The services of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet were secured, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr assisted as accompanist. A large audience greeted the club, and all of the members were awarded hearty applause. The programme was as follows:

- "Warrior's Prayer".....Lachner
- The Loring Club.
- "Mountain Shadows".....Abt
- The Loring Club.
- "Der Tod und Die Mädchen".....Schubert
- Hermann Brandt String Quartet.
- (Consisting of Messrs Hermann Brandt, H. Siering, Louis Schmidt, and Emil Knell.)
- "Farewell to Hiawatha".....Arthur Foote
- Mr. C. E. Stone and the Loring Club.
- "Bird and the Maiden".....Naret-Koonig
- Messrs. J. H. Graham, F. M. Husted, B. C. Austin, and H. Muller, and the Loring Club.
- "Forest Dawn".....Speldel
- W. C. Stadfield and the Loring Club.
- (a) Minuetto.....Cherubini
- (b) "Music of the Spheres".....Rubenstein
- (c) "Aide de Danse".....Hemberger
- The Herman Brandt String Quartet.
- "Autumn".....Lackenbacher
- The Loring Club.
- German Dances.....Schubert
- Mr. Charles Walton and the Loring Club.

"Our Orchestra."

The members of "Our Orchestra" gave an excellent concert at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, to a large audience. Mr. J. H. Rosewald directed the music, and also rendered a violin solo, and Miss Amy Gell and Miss A. Heuer lent their assistance. The selections rendered were as follows:

- Overture, (Nabuccodonosor).....Verdi
- Our Orchestra.
- Prayer and Barcarole, (North Star).....Meyerbeer
- Miss Alvina Heuer.
- Piano Solo, (Polonaise E flat).....Chopin
- Miss Amy Gell.
- Paraphrase, (The Shepherd's Lament).....Carles
- Our Orchestra.
- Violin Solo, (Fantasia Operatique).....Vieuxtemps
- Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
- Songs—(a) Florian's Songs.....Godard
- (b) Spanish Serenade.....Roeder
- Miss A. Heuer.
- Un Petit Rien.....Hartog
- String Orchestra.
- Concert Overture.....Franke
- Our Orchestra.

Beethoven Quintet Club.

The Beethoven Quintet Club gave its fourth concert of the third series at Irving Hall, on Thursday evening. It was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The participants were: Miss Estelle Hanquette, pianist; Mr. Otto Blankart and Mr. Robert Unlig, alternately first and second violin; Mr. John E. Josephs, viola; Mr. Mauro Solano, violoncello; assisted by Mme. Anita Grant, vocalist, and S. Arillaga, accompanist. The following excellent programme was admirably rendered:

- Quartet, Op. 64.....Haydn
- Allegro Mod., Adagio, Menuett, and Trio.
- (a) "O when she sings".....Rubenstein
- (b) "I feel thy breath in sweetness".....Mme. Anita Grant.
- (a) Song without words, No. 4.....Mendelssohn
- (b) "Les Merveilleuses" Minuet.....R. A. Lucchesi
- (by request)
- String Quartet.
- Adagio and Rondo, all O'negare from Trio No. 1.....Haydn
- Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.
- (a) Träumerei.....Schumann
- (b) Minuetto.....Colzoni
- String Quartet.
- Romanza and Cabaletta from Lucrezia.....Donizetti
- Mme. Anita Grant.
- Quintet, Op. 45.....Schumann
- Allegro, Brillante, in Modo d'un Marcia, Scherzo Trio, Allegro.
- Piano and String Quartette.

Mr. H. J. Stewart will give his seventh concert this afternoon at Metropolitan Hall. Mr. J. C. Hughes will be the vocalist.

The Orchestral Union will give its third concert of the eighth season at Metropolitan Hall next Monday evening. Mr. Hermann Brandt will direct the concert, and the orchestra will be assisted by Mr. H. J. Stewart, organist, and Mr. J. Villard, violinist. An attractive programme has been prepared, including Volkmann's Symphony in D minor for organ and orchestra by Alex. Guilmant, and by request the Vespers to "Lohengrin" by Wagner.

Mr. Henry Heyman's fourth chamber-music recital will be given next Friday evening at Pioneer Hall. A serenade for string quintet and flute, Sextette, Op. 80, by J. Adassohn, will be produced for the first time here. The caprice-valse, Op. 76, by C. Saint-Saëns, will also receive the first production in this city. A quartet by Schumann and three vocal selections are also announced.

CCCCXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, February 24, 1887.

- Beef Soup.
- Escaloped Lobster.
- Broiled Quail on Toast.
- Oyster Plant. Green Peas.
- Roast Beef. Mashed Potatoes.
- Artichoke Salad.
- Paradise Pudding.
- Fruits.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, a little salt, a little grated nutmeg, three eggs beaten light, three apples (minced), half a lemon, one cupful of currants. Mix all together, using both the juice and grated rind of the lemon, and having the currants dredged with a little flour. Boil one and one-half hours. Serve hot with sauce.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Advice to a Son.

AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD, December 20, 1886.
MY DEAR SON: Your first letter, written since you started your paper at New Bolony, was received yesterday. We felt glad to hear that you had got located in a business for yourself, and it made me feel proud to get a copy of the paper which you call the *Retina*. I do not know why you call it the *Retina*. Still, the Bolony *Retina* sounds kind of fulsome and didactic.

Retina I always supposed was a kind of a medical term, and I would be just fool enough if I started a paper to call it the *Sciatia* or the *Polypus* at Work. It's wonderful how people run to new names these days, and a plain man with a common-school education has to go groping along through the world the best he can. I presume that, with your thorough and florid education, such a word as "Retina" doesn't stump you for a minute, but with me it's different. I am a rough, hard-working man, and always been busy all my life. One of the neighbors asked me, night before last, why I hadn't ever joined the Knights of Labor, and I told him that I'd always been too busy.

I like the tone of your editorial piece on the inside of your paper, which is entitled "Salutatory." I like it where it goes on to say as follows: "We shall strive, in season and out of season, to advocate the resources and liabilities of New Bolony as a health resort and county seat. Our voice will even be heard in clarion tones putting its shoulder to the wheel of progress and tramping on oppression with both feet."

"We shall send the *Retina* to every quarter of the globe, so that New Bolony, with its wealth of picturesque valley, hill, and dale, together with its new court-house and health-giving atmosphere, will be known of wherever the English language is spoken."

"It is true that the editor of this paper has just emerged from college, and is still young, but he has had some experience in writing for a college paper, and he knows what the needs and wants of the people are. He is aware that the class of readers who will peruse the *Retina* will not be so refined or cultivated, perhaps, as his college readers were, but he will try to make himself understood, and we think we will be successful."

"We shall constantly improve the *Retina* as growing business and patronage may warrant, so that in a few years our readers will look back on this first copy with ill-concealed mirth. We are already figuring on a dark-blue job press, and a rubber door-mat for the office, bearing the legend 'Welcome' in large, Gothic extended letters."

"We shall espouse the cause of no party or faction for the present, preferring to remain neutral for the time being, hopping on to the erroneous, ever and anon, however, as circumstances may arise, which will seem to call on us for a word of reproof, admonition or encouragement. We shall not make any boasts or fill the air with bombast at this time, but when a hydra-headed wrong emerges from its hole, the casual observer will see us knock seventeen distinct varieties of tar out of said hydra-headed wrong, and those who carefully observe our course while conducting the *Retina* will notice that there are no flies on it."

"We have quite a number of our best essays and orations, prepared while we were attending school and college, which will appear from time to time in these columns. They are carefully and exhaustively written, and entirely cover the ground. Among these we may name the following titles:

"The American Indian—His Glorious Past and his Opaque Future.

"The Care and Discipline of Children from an Unpartisan Standpoint.

"The Disagreeable Results of Crime—Necessity for Exercise Among the Laboring Classes.

"Demosthenes as an Off-hand Speaker.

"How to Reclaim Giddy Pareots—Where is Your Parent To-night?

"Criticism on the Present Imperfect Plan of Salvation.

"Duty of Wives—What Constitutes a Good Wife.

"George Washington and the Misery he Entailed Upon the Youth of America by Telling the Truth and Afterward Becoming the Father of His Country."

"All these essays are well written and would be highly ornamental to any first-class magazine in the land, but we are here to give satisfaction in our new field, and the best we have ever written is not too good for the people of New Bolony. We aim to please."

"With regard to prohibition we shall be outspoken at all times. As for ourselves we can use prohibition or we can let it alone. For the present we prefer to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. We favor a high license with low retail prices. This gradually hustles up the dealer, and finally wipes this curse from the face of the earth with the besom of statutory wrath. Besoms of statutory wrath carefully printed at this office on short notice."

"In closing we will state that the *Retina* starts out with a liberal patronage, and has come to stay. We use this last term with the permission of the man who made it."

"We expect our new navy-blue johher in a few weeks, and little boys in town who wish to see how a newspaper is made, and who would like to contribute a thumb or two out of their little collection, may come out and monkey with the new press at any time. We will return their thumbs to them at the end of the week."

I like the tone of this piece as a general thing, though I am sorry to hear you allude to your liberal patronage and by the same mail get a request for more funds. I will send you what money I can spare, hoping that you will soon get on your feet again."

I suppose you will be running for Congress the next thing, and then you will forget all about your old father, and borrow money of people who haven't felt near the interest in you that I have."

Send the paper for one year, and charge me with the subscription price. You may also put a piece in your paper stating as follows:

FOR SALE.

Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence, in town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged 6 years. She is a good milkster, and is not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death to any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth short-horn and three-fourths byena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall red calf, with long, wobbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident. You may keep this notice in your paper till you sell

the cow. We are all pretty well, and hope your paper will be self-sustaining.

If I had four or five boys all engaged in running newspapers that had liberal patronage, I don't believe I'd have money enough to pay my poll-tax. But I must now close by saying so-long, as the feller says. Your father, BILL NYE.

—Chicago News.

Personal.

Ladies who are unable to operate an ordinary sewing machine, find no trouble in running the New No. 8, with recent radical improvements, as it is beyond question the easiest running machine in the market. The under-tension, being automatic, is a wonderful improvement. Call and see for yourself, at 303 Sutter Street.

Soule Photographs in San Francisco.

W. K. Vickery has just received a large, carefully selected collection of the above, 631 Market Street, under Palace Hotel.

—SOME NEW AND HANDSOME DESIGNS IN GOLD, Bronze, and Hardwood Mouldings for Picture Frames, Wood Mantels, Gold Mirrors, Parlor Easels, Music Stands, etc., etc. A good supply of everything used in the Artists' Material line. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

—MR. E. J. SWIFT, OF SANTA CRUZ, HAS opened the present Pope House for the season. Early as it is, there has been a rush of tourists to Santa Cruz, which is particularly agreeable in the late winter and early spring months.

A Fallacy Exploded.

The popular superstition that it takes nine tailors to make a man is called to mind by the fact that the best firm of tailors in this city is going to move early next week to more commodious quarters at 12 Post Street. J. M. Litchfield & Co., of Montgomery Street, have earned the reputation of making not men merely but gentlemen of their patrons. They give the *cachet* of style to all who wear their clothes, not only from the taste shown in the selection of their cloths, but in the "cut" which marks the well-dressed man.

"I have been afflicted with an Affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Pikeston, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

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—EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT NOTHING ELSE SO surely destroys Scrofula, root and branch, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Card.

The great popularity attained by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company is mainly due to the superiority of their new No. 8 machine. The verdict of the people is usually correct, and the people's verdict is there is no machine that compares with the No. 8 in real point of merit.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER HAS REMOVED TO 1241 Franklin Street, between Post and Geary streets.

The Present Cold Weather.

Is terrible in its effects on women's appearance; but the wise ones use Rachel's Enamel Bloom and remain as fair as a ripe peach. For sale by all druggists.

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STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCRUDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1886.

ASSETS,

\$114,181,963.24

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1886.....	110,952	\$368,081,441 36	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.....	129,927	\$391,800,202 88
Risks Assumed.....	18,673	\$6,832,718 92	Risks Terminated.....	9,673	\$2,001,957 40
	139,625	\$425,914,160 28		139,625	\$425,914,160 28

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.
To Balance from last account.....	\$99,865,644 11	
" Premiums.....	15,614,720 66	
" Interest and Rents.....	5,502,450 01	
By paid to Policy Holders:		
Endowments and Purchased Insurance.....	\$4,928,729 61	
Dividends and Annuities.....	2,727,454 13	
Deceased Lives.....	5,492,920 00	
		\$13,129,103 74
" Other Disbursements:		
Commissions and Commutations.....	\$1,732,638 83	
Taxes.....	277,119 85	
Expenses.....	1,091,113 61	
		\$3,101,416 59
" Premiums on Stocks and Bonds purchased.....	52,566 14	
" Balance to new account.....	1,471,973 31	
	\$121,002,829 78	\$121,002,829 78

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.

To Reserve for policies in force and for risks terminated.....	\$108,460,120 25	By bonds secured by mortgages on real estate.....	\$50,118,949 66
" Premiums received in advance.....	78,274 84	" United States and other Bonds.....	42,071,641 00
" Surplus at four per cent.....	5,643,568 15	" Loans on Collaterals.....	6,172,917 25
		" Real Estate.....	10,391,286 32
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	2,306,203 08
		" Interest accrued.....	1,166,870 65
		" Premiums deferred and in transit.....	1,565,117 28
		" Sundry.....	182,978 00
	\$114,181,963 24		\$114,181,963 24

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

From the surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. MCCRUDY, PRESIDENT.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The controversy between Dr. McGlynn and his Church is no longer of an exciting character. The tempest in the teapot has subsided, the parish of Saint Stephens is again filled, and again the contribution-box makes its successful circuit, and comes back to the altar well laden with the contributions of the faithful. The Church of Rome still survives, and the Pope sits proudly upon his ecclesiastical throne, undisturbed by the local commotion that for a time seemed a cyclone in its violence. New York is, after all, but a small dot upon the earth's surface, and all of America is but a missionary station of the vast hierarchy that rules or assumes to rule the world. Dr. McGlynn has not succumbed to Rome; he has not answered the summons that called him to answer to the superior tribunal of his Church; he has not

admitted his error by respoonding to the mandate of Pope and Propaganda; he has not yielded his sovereignty as an American citizen by going as a penitent and suppliant to the foot of the altar at the palace of the Vatican. He probably will, for the frothy enthusiasm of his co-religionists has subsided, their patriotic ardor has cooled. Now comes into play all the resources of this great organization which, when brought to bear upon one man, and he a priest under vows of subordination, are irresistible. The workmen of New York who acknowledge the supremacy of Rome will not dare to oppose its infallible head and its powerful arm when they reflect that the welfare of their souls and the happiness of their eternal future are at stake. The Knights of Labor will be compelled to throw open their councils, and expose to the world their secret deliberations, or lose their Roman Catholic members; wherever they exist they have been composed—in the majority—of members of the Church of Rome. When this issue is presented, as it seems certain to be, this formidable organization will disappear like snow before a burning sun and melting shower. For this, let us thank Rome that its policy places it on the side of law. The fiat of Cardinal Tescherau has gone forth in Canada, and the Knights of Labor collapsed; whenever Cardinal Gibbons returns from Rome hringing, as we think he will, the mandate of an authority from which there is no appeal, that church members must no longer take part in the secret conclaves of this unlawful combination, we shall hear no more of this hody as a factor in the politics of this nation. Rome is on the side of property; to the extent it represents Divine Providence, it favors the heavy guns. Henry George will collapse like a modern puff-ball under the tread of the famous hohnailed hoot, and the rising smoke of his dead and dried land vagaries will be dissipated by those steady breezes that have blown ever since the human family ceased to dwell in caves, ceased to lead a nomadic life, and recognized a fixed and permanent individual property in land. This disposes of Mr. Henry George as the candidate of the labor party for President; let the Democracy draw a long and grateful breath, for this danger has passed, if danger it ever was. We think there is no danger of an organized political labor party that will cut an important figure in our national affairs. Such a thing is impossible under the present conditions of our national existence. If all the Irish Roman Catholics in America, and all the alien-born, and all the native-born cranks who are led astray by Mr. George's eccentric opinions, were massed in one body, a national convention, Democratic or Republican, would not dare to invite them to coöperation by a friendly resolution. The Democrat does not live—having any decent pretension to statesmanship—who dares to unite his political destiny with, or stake his political ambition upon, an alliance with a labor party that acknowledges the principles of Heory George. "Progress and Poverty" is a wonderful book; Mr. George is an intelligent and gifted writer; he is honest and sincere; he has uttered some immortal truths, but the men who will adopt them are the landless, the homeless, the thriftless; his party has no other recruiting ground than in the great cities, where poverty and crime, destitution and dissipation, walk hand in hand; no man who has or expects to have a home will ever consent to divorce himself and his descendants from the possibility of ownership in land. The men and women who own and occupy, possess and cultivate land, are millions in majority in the United States of America, and will continue to be till our country is overrun with a redundant population. The great farming community and every elector whose interest is identified with the soil and its industries—and this embraces ninety one-hundredths of the voters of America—will rally to the standard of the party that proclaims the rightful ownership of land, and declares the principle that the man or woman who toils and saves has a right to the enjoyment of their earnings. When the millennium comes and Gabriel's horn summons the buried dead to resurrection, we shall not be surprised to see our philosophical friend, Henry George, mounted upon a white horse, with golden trumpet proclaiming the new doctrine of land division. In that coming blissful era, when for a thousand years Christ shall reign with his saints, we shall have no objection if the expenses of resurrection and the taxes necessary to carry on the government of the new dispeosation shall all be imposed upon land, as we

intend to sell before we pass in our chips and climh the golden stair-case.

Mr. Henry George may be a great land philosopher aod political economist, but we insist that he is not a success as a politician or editor. His political career is eoded, and he will never again, in our opinion, receive sixty-eight thousand votes for any office. In his controversy with Bishop Corrigan, he was and is right; but all the same he has kicked over his milking-pail. Dr. McGlynn was right, and it was a gross and criminal outrage for the propaganda or the Pope to silence him in his pulpit or drag him from before the altar—where, so far as we know, he had conscientiously discharged his clerical duty—because of the rightful enjoyment of his political opinions as an American citizen. If Rome has the right to unfrock this priest, to humiliate aod dishonor him for the exercise of his political privileges as an elector, theo it holds the conscience of every member of its faith under the direction of its spiritual and ecclesiastical authority. If Dr. McGlynn had no right to advocate the election of Henry George as mayor of New York, then Bishop Corrigan had no right to promote the election of President Cleveland; nor had Bishop Riordan and his papal clergy any right to intrigue for the nomination and election of Judge Sullivan to the Supreme Court of California; nor has the Church of Rome any right to interfere with republican government in France, or with the schools in Belgium; nor the Pope any right to interfere with the election in Germany for members of the Reichstag. What is sauce for the geese of the priesthood and the goslings of the parish, is sauce for the papal gander and all his feathered flock at Rome. We admire the courage of Mr. George, we hooor him for his adherence to his friend McGlynn. We admired the bull that defied the engine and disputed with it the railroad track; but the bull lacked discretion. There is an elemoot of small vanity that runs through Mr. George and is apparent in all his acts. Horace Greeley founded the *Tribune*; it became a great journal; and still lives, sometimes to give emphasis to a personal article he signed the initials "H. G." Mr. George has founded the *Standard*, and it has reached the sixth number. It is a weekly. At the head of its editorial page stands the name of "Heory George, editor and proprietor;" he signs his name to his leading editorial "Henry George," to his lesser editorials "H. G.," and io the editorial columns of one page, in his own writiogs, his name appears seven times. It is further illustration of vanity that we see such expressions as this: "I have neglected no opportunity of telling workmen"—"I have constantly endeavored in every way"—"I have told the community"—"I am sure that the *Herald* will agree that their treatment of me has been," etc. Mr. George is a humbug, and panders to the discontented class; he does not seek to allay unrest, but to promote it; he sides with the crimioal element, and endeavors to egg it on to acts of violence; he promotes strikes; he defends the boycott; he eocourages mob organization. In the six issues of the *Standard* he has in no instance counseled obedience to the law, and in no instance has he asked that the rights of property and the rights of persooos should be preserved under the laws. He prates of the "day of emancipation" for labor, and hints at an uprising of arms. He writes of workmen as "having the power to so adjust taxes as to make the dogs io the manger let go their hold." The men who have secured property by hard labor and self-denial, sobriety, iodystry, and economy, are "dogs in the manger," because they will not divide with his gin-drinking, whisky-soaked, heer-guzzling mob of discontents. When Mr. George talks of land mooopoly, he knows that the majority of land, by millions of acres, is, in America, owoed by the men who till it; he knows that the process of subdivision, in the absence of laws of entail and promogeniture, is going on rapidly; natural causes are settling what there is of land monopoly; he knows that the lands along East River, North River, and Harlem River express the accumulation of laborious toil, and it is the veriest demagogy and charlatanism for him to proclaim from "Ano Street" the right of his labor-shirking political bummers to take up lands for cultivation. Mr. George, on his way from San Francisco to New York, passed millions of acres of unoccupied land free to entry by homestead or preëmption, not more distant or more inac-

cessible than were the Hollow Land Company's acres in Western New York, or the Western Reserve in Ohio when his father was a boy. If Mr. George's sixty-eight thousand voters would migrate in a body to the West, leave the Roman Catholic Church, the gin-mills, and the breweries behind them, and work as hard and endure as much as our fathers did, they would make for themselves and their families independent homes. If they should ever conclude to make this experiment of labor, they would be as unwilling to divide, and would as heartily despise the demagogue and labor agitator as we do now. Mr. George thinks "there is a growing disposition to resort to more violent measures, and, whether right or wrong, the growth of this disposition is natural." Unfortunate as Mr. George has been, and is likely to be, in the use of the ballot, we think it is still more serviceable, more effectual, and vastly more safe than an appeal to guns, and swords, and dynamite, and mob insurrections. The Mollie Maguires were worsted in their campaign of assassination; the insurrection of fire and murder, that from Pittsburg radiated west and east, was put down by authority of government; the railroad riots in Missouri, where assassins shot from ambuscade, were suppressed; the coal strike has been frozen and starved out in New Jersey and New York, and even our little piddling strike of carmen is quietly letting itself down to mendicancy and beggary, supplemented with blundering attempts at murder by dynamite. If these illegal insurrections may be suppressed and put down by a sympathizing and blundering police, what will be the result when further excesses and other crimes shall incite the American people to vindicate the supremacy of law by putting forth the strength of its irresistible arm?

Now that the German Reichstag elections are over, and it is nearly certain that a majority of members favoring Bismarck's septennate bill have been returned, it is probable that, for the present, peace is secure. But, inasmuch as the septennate bill itself means an increase in the German army estimates, it is not probable that the peace will be a permanent one. Every increase in the German armament will be at once matched by France. The voting of the army estimates in the French Chambers the other day, without debate, was a silent but significant evidence of this fact. It is instructive as compared with the uproar Bismarck's scheme has caused in Germany. Prince Hohenlohe, the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, in a recent address to the electors of that province, urging them to support candidates who were in favor of the septennate bill, struck the key-note of the motive put forward by the German Government in justification of its course, when he said that Germany was threatened by war so long as France considered herself the stronger power of the two, and that the only way to avert such a catastrophe was by increasing the peace footing of the army so as to make it more nearly equal to that of France. It is, perhaps, interesting to review the military resources of the two countries. Large as those resources are, they are daily being increased. The latest reliable sources of information give the German army a peace footing of 425,000 men, and a full war force of 2,768,000, including every branch of the service, *i. e.*, reserves, landwehr, landsturm, etc. The first figures represent merely the percentage of the whole population between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, during which period of life every male not exempt is bound to go through a term of active military service. He is then drafted into the reserve, in which he serves for four years more, being called out for drill at stated periods. This would be the next arm of the service to be called out in case of war, and would bring the effective force up to the neighborhood of a million men. After his seven years' service in the line and reserve, the German soldier is enrolled in the landwehr, or second reserve, in which he continues for five years more, making a period of twelve years' service in all. Should this arm of the service be called out, it would add about 750,000 men more to the million already provided. The remaining branch of the service is the landsturm, which, however, can only be called out in case of foreign invasion. This arm comprises every male between the ages of seventeen and forty-two, not included in the other branches of the service. As regards the effectiveness of the different departments in action, the artillery has undergone little improvement since 1870, the Krupp guns remaining much the same as ever. Small arms, on the other hand, have made enormous strides. The entire army is now supplied with a new magazine gun, which goes by the name of "M. 71-84," being, in fact, the old Mauser rifle, which was converted about two years ago into a magazine gun. Five corps were suddenly armed with it last year, since which time it has been supplied to the whole army. This weapon is very similar in construction to the Winchester rifle, carrying, however, only ten cartridges in its magazine. Its execution can be imagined, as it takes only twenty seconds to reload. Turning now to the French available force, we find that it provides for 420,000 men on a peace footing, which, when supplemented by its regular reserve, its territorial army, and territorial reserve, can be brought up to about 1,750,000 men in case of war. The disparity, therefore, between the French and the German effective strength (exclusive, of course, of

the landsturm of the latter) which could take the field in case of war, is necessarily very slight. In the war of 1870 it was the infantry soldiers who did the best fighting for France. They are now armed with the Gras breech-loading rifle, which is simply an improved Chassepot, though the government, in imitation of Germany, is already replacing this weapon with a magazine gun. The weak point of France, on the other hand, lies in its cavalry; there is such a lack of serviceable horses that it is estimated Germany could furnish nearly double the force in this department at the outbreak of war. The dragoons and light cavalry, however, have been instructed in a special infantry drill with a view to sharp-shooting and skirmishing. As to the artillery, it has received great attention since 1870, and is now nearly twenty-five per cent. stronger than the German, numbering 1856 pieces of ordnance as against the German 1404. These guns are made mostly on what is known as the Bauge pattern. Germany is not lacking in experienced generals, many of whom were engaged in the last war with France, from Von Moltke and the Crown Prince down. France has no such names to show. Except McMahon, whose record in the late war is against him, and Faidherbe, whose health is comparatively broken, there are only Saussier, Negrier, of Tonquin fame, and Boulanger, the present minister of War—none of them renowned as yet for any great military achievement. It is not the first time, however, that great generals have been produced by the occasion that required them, and one thing is certain—France will not again be taken unawares or caught unprepared, as in 1870. The reduction of the formidable chain of forts extending from Belgium to the Alps will present a difficulty of much vaster magnitude than the mere crossing of an undefended border, and the next struggle will not be a matter of a few days as before. In addition to this, and either as a precautionary measure or a direct menace, must be taken into consideration the construction of forts, with a capacity of sheltering 100,000 men, on the western frontier, and a similar number around Belfort. The effect of this will be to enable the French to throw a large force across the German frontier at the commencement of hostilities, and thus shift the field of action to German territory. France is laying a system of underground telegraph lines, on the same plan as has been lately followed by Germany, to connect all the great military centres. As the cables lie three or four feet below the surface, there is no risk of their being rendered inoperative by storms. To sum up, it is difficult to see what Germany would gain by precipitating a conflict. France has more reason to do so, with a view to the re-acquisition of her lost territory. But it is not yet time. And now that the elections have gone according to Bismarck's will, he, too, will wait. But the action of Alsace and Lorraine in repudiating the government candidates will cause even more bad blood between the two countries. And can the two great standing armies, numbering half a million apiece, composed of different and inimical races, stationed and camped within a few hours' striking distance of each other, continue to preserve the peace indefinitely, even if the end is not yet? The struggle will eventually be renewed, and nothing short of mutual disarming will prevent it—a movement which the state of Europe will not yet permit.

The position taken by Judge Murphy in the Goldenson case announces a new and proper departure in the relations between the bar and the court. The judges have so long permitted themselves to be imposed upon by the lawyers, that the last-named gentlemen assume that they have established a usage between bench and bar that has the force of law. In no particular has this assumption been more absurd or worked more injurious consequences than in the demand that the courts must regulate themselves to suit the convenience of the lawyers who practice before them. Mr. A. is employed in a civil or criminal trial; he is out of town, engaged in a case at Siskiyou or San Diego; he is sick or his family is sick, and he demands a continuance as a matter of right, and asks that his case "go over," no matter at what inconvenience to the court, to the jurors, to opposing counsel, or to the parties litigant. This motion, "of course," is presented by a clerk of the moving attorney, and if it is not granted, there is wrathful indignation loudly expressed. There should be certain relations of courtesy between the bench and bar in order that business may be conducted. It is a matter well known to every reputable attorney that this plea of "engagement in another court" is often a false one; it is a pretense to get over the term, and oftentimes a false pretense. There are ever so many attorneys at the San Francisco bar, reaching to more than one thousand. There are ever so many more than there ought to be. Good farmers, mechanics, and day-laborers have been spoiled to recruit this no longer learned profession. There are more dishonest, tricky lawyers than honest ones—driven to tricks, cheats, and evasions by the wolf of starvation that stands at the door of their offices. There is more of dishonorable practice, blackmail, extortion, trickery, and crime than there used to be when it required years of study and a good moral character to obtain admission to the bar. Now any uneducated and unprincipled boy is permitted to rob his fellow-citizens under license of authority to practice law. No client

has the right to have his case adjourned when it is reached upon the calendar for trial because his attorney is engaged in another court. Let him procure another to do his work. It is better that the client occasionally suffer than that the machinery of justice be thrown out of gear and the community be charged with the expense and inconvenience of justice delayed. The case of Goldenson illustrates our point. This wretched little malefactor commits a most dreadful murder upon an innocent school-girl—a crime for which he should have been indicted, tried, convicted, and strangled to death with a hempen cord within thirty days. An attorney is procured for him, and a commission is sued out to send to Russia for evidence to prove that some of his ancestors were of unsound mind, and that by some hocus-pocus of hereditary transmission he could come to America and perpetrate a murder, for which he should not be hung. The motion to send to Russia for testimony is presumptively a fraudulent effort to secure delay, and finally, when every lawyer's trick and device is exhausted, the attorney, with an effrontery that does not indicate respect for the court or regard for his client, flops out of court with the affectation of being injured, and abandons his client to his fate. Judge Murphy happens not to be made of the stuff that is frightened by this piece of pettifogging braggadocio, and sets the case for trial under the assignment of abler and better counsel. The writer regrets that he has retired from the honorable profession of the law, regrets that he might not have been assigned to the defense of this valueless human life, that he might, in his behalf, have pleaded for him "guilty"—"guilty of murder in the first degree"—and, waiving all technicalities, have moved the court for immediate sentence, and, in the name of outraged society, asked for the criminal's speedy execution upon the gallows. We are glad, at the same time, to be able to congratulate the new magistrate of our Police Court, Judge Hornblower, for having the courage to assert the dignity of his position, and to snub the little squad of mostly contemptible Tombs lawyers. For insolence, ignorance, and cheek, commend us to this small and nasty band of gin-soaked Police Court shysters, whose principal aim is to cloak crime, defeat justice, and encourage profligacy, taking as compensation therefor anything, from a Chinese lottery ticket to a defaced nickel. Judge Hornblower gives promise of proving himself an intelligent, firm magistrate, whose sympathies are on the side of law, order, and decent society. The reorganization of our Supreme Court is a great improvement over the former condition of that tribunal, and we look hopefully forward for death and resignation to aid in the further reorganization of the Supreme bench. And while we are upon the subject of courts, lawyers, and judges, we can not omit the opportunity of expressing our pleasure that so respectable a jurist, and one who has occupied the eminent position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, should have consented to fill a position upon the Superior bench. The presence of a gentleman of ripe years, unquestioned legal ability, and personal dignity of deportment among the younger and less competent judges of the Superior Court can not be otherwise than beneficial to the community and elevating to the Superior Court organization. When these courts shall have been relieved of three rascals, one demagogue, one clerical bigot, and one ignoramus, its tone will, we hope, be elevated, and its atmosphere purified by the election of more judges like Mr. ex-Justice Wallace. Of our Federal judges we have nothing more to desire. Judges Lorenzo Sawyer and Ogden Hoffman are gentlemen of sound learning, ripe judgment, and large experience; against their integrity there has never been breathed a suspicion. We wish we could look forward more hopefully to the time when the judicial elections would be lifted from the gutter and curbstone scramble, and in place of gutter-snipe judges, we could secure learned, and competent jurists by executive appointment. In the meanwhile, if some one having the interest of the legal profession at heart would sue out a writ of *inquirendo* to ascertain the necessity or propriety of a longer continuation of the Bar Association, ascertain the purpose of its organization and the object of its existence, we think good would be accomplished. If this body had the courage of a minority of its members, it might sweep a vast amount of accumulated filth from the professional stables.

The bill which has passed Congress for the redemption of the trade dollar, while meritorious in its object, goes rather too far in its provisions. In the *Argonaut* of July 21st, 1883—at the time when the trade dollar nuisance, or, in other words, the arbitrary circulation of trade dollars as coin, was at its height—we discussed the question at length, and advocated the passage of a relief act, fundamentally the same as that just passed, providing for redemption in subsidiary silver coin. The present act provides for redemption either in standard silver dollars or subsidiary coins, in which the government is unjust to itself. The standard dollar has an unlimited legal tender quality, while the trade dollar never was a legal tender for over five dollars (in common with the subsidiary coin), and that only during the period extending from February 12th, 1873, to July 22d, 1876, on which latter date the legal tender quality was abrogated by act of Congress. It is therefore apparent that the moral obligation of the

Government extends only to redeeming the trade dollars in coins having an equivalent legal-tender value—that is, in subsidiary coins. It is argued by opponents to the act that it is entirely in the interest of speculators, all the available trade dollars having been bought up at a low price and held with a view to the passage of an act for their redemption. We fail to see how this affects the obligation of the Government in the matter. The fact remains that through a clerical omission (intentional or neglectful), the government invested the trade dollar with a legal-tender quality on February 12th, 1873, and withdrew the same on July 22d, 1876, and its faith is involved in the redemption of those coined between those dates, regardless of their present ownership. The provision of the act repealing all laws authorizing the coinage and issuance of trade dollars is much to be regretted, for the coin affords a steady and remunerative market in China for our silver bullion, and its issuance would enhance the price of silver, and thus foster one of the staple industries of this coast. The issuance of the coins might easily be so hedged about by regulations as to prevent their circulation in this country, although there would be small danger of that, now that their legal-tender quality is definitely abrogated.

The most ambitious and enterprising of our San Francisco daily journals must look to their laurels, or they will lose them in competition with the *Examiner*. This paper, under the proprietary control of Mr. Will Hearst, son of the senator, and under the editorial management of Mr. A. B. Henderson, has taken a new departure. It is more independent and manly in its tone, and more broad and cosmopolitan in its whole make-up, than any paper now published in San Francisco. By securing the exclusive right to the New York *Herald* cable service, the *Examiner* has achieved a great success. Any one who knows the enterprise of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and who is advised of the fact that he possesses the sole control, and has the exclusive use of, a transatlantic ocean cable for the transmission of news, connected on the European side with a perfect system of news-gathering, must be impressed with the advantage over the other journals of this coast that this business arrangement has secured. We commend our friends of the *Chronicle* and *Call* to see to it lest while they are engaged in an unprofitable and undignified wrangle over the extent of their respective circulations, the *Examiner* should run away with both of them. This has been done in the city of New York, and by a Democratic paper. The New York *World*, after dragging out a painful and weary existence, although edited by able men and enjoying the use of plenty of money, suddenly, and to the surprise of every one, leaped into importance, and became the journal of largest circulation on the continent. This very incident aided to spur the New York *Herald* to put forth new effort in order that it may not be distanced in the race of metropolitan journalism. San Francisco has never had a daily newspaper in all respects beyond criticism. If the *Examiner* will be, under all circumstances and all temptations, LOYAL TO THE LAW, and independent of the intrigues of partisan contest; if it shall never lend itself to encourage demagoguery, and never look to mob applause; if it shall exhibit moral courage under all circumstances; if it shall never pander to the Pope's Irish, or the German socialists, or alien anarchists of any stripe, and never forget the allegiance which an American journal owes to the American Government, its constitution, and its laws; if Mr. William Hearst—by whom this new enterprise was conceived, and under whose direction it is being carried out—shall not forget that an American reading community delights in bold and resolute writing, and in fair and honorable newspaper management—if he heeds all these things, he will rattle the dry bones of San Francisco's mercenary and cowardly newspapers. We wish the *Examiner* success, if for no other reason than to elevate the character of its very questionable contemporaries.

It may not be a matter of much importance from any point of view, but it is instructive as showing the ignorance and assurance of a class of persons who arrogate to themselves the position of teachers, and by so doing exert a mischievous influence over such communities as they can induce to put faith in their teachings. We refer to a recent newspaper paragraph to the effect that a certain reverend member of the sect known as Second Adventists had paid a visit to Pitcairn Island, and succeeded in convincing the simple inhabitants of that little ocean reef, that their observance of Sunday as a day of rest was all wrong, and that the proper day to observe in this connection was the last and not the first day of the week. While the conversion of this handful of simple souls to another way of thinking, and the mere putting a day backward or forward would not matter one way or the other in this primitive spot, it still goes to show the danger of permitting ignorant persons to impose their views upon others under the guise of authority. The slightest knowledge of geography and the motion of the earth makes it patent to any one but the veriest dunderhead that the limitation of days in a week, except in the matter of sequence, is relative and arbitrary; in other words, that what is Saturday in one meridian is Sunday in another, and any

attempt to reduce the day in all parts of the world to a common standard must necessarily result in failure. It is said that the apostle to Pitcairn Island touched there on his way here from Australia. If so, what is to be thought of a man who must have crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude on his passage, and yet is either actually or designedly ignorant of the fact that, by common consent of all maritime nations, that meridian has been constituted the line at which vessels either lose or gain a day of the week, according as their course is either eastward or westward? And if any significance is to be attached to a day, as such, what becomes of the day of rest on a ship crossing that meridian in a westerly direction on a Saturday, when the next day must necessarily be Monday? The real significance of the matter, however, lies in the want of reflection which makes millions of people subservient to ecclesiastical dogmas as unreasonable as this, and with less excuse, because they ought to know better than the simple inhabitants of Pitcairn Island.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Appeal.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Three or four years ago you returned with your fellow-clubmen from the Midsummer High Jinks held at Guerneville. You may have forgotten (though I and many other readers have not) the burst of indignant eloquence in which you protested against the vandalism then threatening the Guerneville Grove. I appreciated the full force of your words, for I knew better than most men the noble forest, of which the Guerneville Grove was only a pigmy plot. Since I first traversed its myriad paths losing myself a score of times in the keen pursuit of its unending beauty, the Huns who hew and the Goths who burn have dismantled well nigh every nook and corner of its broad area, until what was then one of the most flawless of Western landscapes is now little better than a bedraggled wraith of its former loveliness.

It is now too late to save any considerable portion of the Sonoma County redwoods. If Colonel Donahue is true to his own interests, and if the owners of the North Pacific Coast Railroad are true to theirs, several pretty groves, for Sunday picnicking and summer camping, will be saved while there is time, along the lines of the two roads. But forest reservation there, on any grand scale, is now impossible.

The forest-lovers who hope for national, or State, or private reservation of a redwood forest, at least of one that shall meet the two requirements of accessibility and compact variety, must turn their eyes southward.

In Santa Cruz and San Mateo counties is a forest that may be roughly indicated by a sinuous line beginning at the Pescadero and following the westernmost crest of the Coast Range, locally known as the Sierra Moreno, to the headwaters of the San Lorenzo. This forest covers the westward slope of the hills, and descends to within a few miles of the ocean. At least a hundred thousand acres of this land is forest primeval. The northern section, including the headwaters and chief basins of the Pescadero and Butano, is admirably suited to the requirements of a redwood reservation. It ought to be saved, and it can be saved, if the attempt is made in the right way—now.

Let me epitomize its advantages. It is at present readily accessible by four routes. From San Mateo, by stage, thirty miles; from Redwood City, by stage, twenty miles; by road, by stage, by carriage and saddle, seventeen miles; from Boulder Creek, by saddle, fifteen miles. It has some of the most beautiful and some of the most diversified scenery on the coast. I have ridden from Jackson City, in Oregon, to Eureka, in Humboldt County of this State, and have seen the coast redwood in every county in which it grows. And though there are larger trees in Del Norte, in Humboldt, in Mendocino, in Sonoma, and in Santa Cruz counties, than any I have seen in the Pescadero and Butano woods (as yet unexplored), and, yet, in my judgment, there is no finer, no more representative body of redwoods, now standing in California than those as yet untouched there. And added to the beauty of the forest, is the beauty of the near and distant landscape. A public park may be secured in that region that shall combine far greater variety, and no less picturesqueness, than is found in Yosemite or Wailuku. I admit that in more grandeur either of those wonderful valleys easily eclipse any portion of the coast redwoods. But the charm of immediate foreground, and the big et cetera which wealth working harmoniously with nature may create and perpetuate. How can this be brought about? By concerted action among a few or many of our wealthy. It will take three hundred thousand dollars to buy twenty thousand acres of the land I write of; it will require an annual expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars for at least three years, or an annual outlay of half that sum for twice as many years, to make drives, build hotels, and establish experimental forest plantations. After that the park easily may be made self-supporting.

I am not one of those who think our millionaires either moral misers or intellectual bankrupts. I believe there are among them a sufficient number who have the brains to know the value of such a reservation, and who have also the generosity to aid the project with their dollars. My object in addressing them through the *Argonaut* is not merely to present to them the scheme of an unknown enthusiast, but to assure them (through you who know that my enthusiasm is by no means impracticable or the methods here suggested impracticable) that unless they heed this protest and act in the direction I have suggested, there will soon be no coast redwoods to reserve, and no unmarred forest beauty from the Klamath to Monterey.

RALPH SIDNEY SMITH.

Bret Harte's New Book.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The enclosed slip is cut from the columns of the San Francisco *Bulletin* of February 19th, and purports to be a criticism of Bret Harte's latest novel, "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready." But the story reviewed was published in the *Argonaut*, commencing June 5th, 1886, under the title of "Struck at Devil's Ford." The story by Bret Harte has just been finished in *Harper's Bazar*, and is titled "Millionaire at Rough and Ready," but it is entirely different from the story reviewed in the *Bulletin*. It commenced in the *Bazar* December 4th. Will you please let some of your puzzled readers know which is the genuine "Millionaire at Rough and Ready"? Is not the *Bulletin* wrong as to the title?

J. DeW.

[The two stories are printed in one volume, under the title, "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready." The name of the second, "Struck at Devil's Ford," does not appear in the name of the book, which the *Bulletin* reviewer places at the head of his article. But the story to which he devotes his attention, ignoring the first, is "Struck at Devil's Ford." Hence the confusion.—ED.]

There has been one peculiar result of the liberal advertising which some firms do in the Saturday and Sunday newspapers, coupled with the rapidly increasing circulation of those issues in the country towns within a radius of fifty miles from New York. It has developed a characteristic travel on the Monday trains into the city. On some of the roads, especially the New Haven, this travel is now so well understood that special provision is made for it. When Monday is a fair day throngs of well dressed ladies take the trains from as far up the road as Bridgeport for the city. They generally go in little companies of two or three. They have well fattened pocket-books. Frequently they carry the Sunday newspapers, and scan the advertisements, and talk about them. It is not unusual to bring in five or six hundred ladies on these Monday trains, and when they get to the depot they make a bee-line for the great bazaars whose advertisements prove so tempting. Monday is known among the railroad men now as ladies' shopping day, and while the trip in is made without discomfort, the trip out sometimes is characterized by as many bundles, big, little, square, rolled, and folded, as will be seen in an express office a day or two before Christmas.

WHALING ON HORSEBACK.

By C. F. Holder.

"I have been a whaler myself," said a naturalist to the captain of a whaler, who had been showing him over the little vessel, and explaining the methods of securing the great game.

"Indeed!" said the skipper. "Not a long cruise, I take it?"

"No," replied the naturalist; "it was a very short one, and was made on horseback."

"What!" exclaimed the sailor: "Go a-whaling on horseback?"

"That's precisely what we did," replied the other, with a laugh at the man's perplexity. "It was a number of years ago, when I was a student, and being very much interested in the subject of whales, I determined to spend the summer down at Cape Cod, where these animals, as you know, are often caught. To make perfectly sure that I should see every whale that came in, I made friends all along shore, and offered to pay the men to send me word as soon as one was brought in, and I can assure you I saw whales enough that summer. Almost every day they would be sighted off shore, and boats would go out, and very often be successful, and the large sulphur bottoms would be stranded high and dry at low tide, to be cut up by the men for oil, or by me in the cause of education. I had examined several whales, when one day a boy came running into my yard, crying out that Captain Palmer had sent for me to come and see a school of whales being driven at the bend, about three miles up the beach from where I was staying. The boy had come down the beach on horseback, and as he said that was about the only way to get over the soft, yielding sand, I soon found an animal, had a shawl strapped on for a saddle, and off we went on a dead run for the whaling-ground.

"If you have ever been at the Cape, you know what the sand is. Our crafts, as the boy called the horses, floundered and stumbled, like ships in a heavy sea-way. It was blowing a heavy northeaster, and the sand was flying like snow rising into the air. Great clouds were hovering overhead in fantastic shapes, then suddenly being torn apart, and whirled away before the gale, that howled and shrieked as the wind can only on the Cape. So you may imagine that we made slow work of it, just as you sailors do when beating against the wind; but finally we came in sight of the beach. The sight seemed to put new life into our horses, for they bounded on with renewed vigor. We were soon in the midst of a scene that, in the way of excitement and novelty, exceeded anything I ever saw.

"The tide was dead low, and had left a big sandy flat almost bare, on which the sea beat furiously, and with a roar that was deafening; but inside the bar was a stretch of water forming a little inclosed lake about half a mile long, and from three to four feet deep. This was comparatively smooth, and in it were about twenty enormous black objects floundering and rushing about, lashing the water into foam, and followed by a dozen or more men, part of whom were on horseback, like ourselves. It was a school of whales and blackfish. In some way they had been trapped inside of the bar, and when the tide went out there they were at the mercy of the whalers on horseback. Every one was greatly excited. The horses were urged into the water, while their riders, armed with harpoons, lances, boat-hooks, or any other weapon that happened to be at hand, were endeavoring to capture as many of the monsters as possible. As we came down to the edge, a man handed us a long pole, and told us to drive up to the head of the bay, where the water was shoal. In we plunged, the horses at first snorting with terror, but once in the water, they seemed to share the general excitement, and plunged madly after the excited sea-hunters. Here and there were blackfish that had been wounded, and they were beating the water with their enormous tails with terrific force; others were tearing up and down with lightning-like speed. Soon one of the horses was fairly lifted from its feet by one of the struggling fish, and thrown sprawling into the water. A roar of laughter greeted the rider as he rose from the water into which he had been thrown. The men kept up an incessant yelling and splashing, and so gradually forced the monsters up the creek, if so it could be called.

"The great creatures seemed to know that they were running into a still more fatal trap. They made great efforts to break through the lines of horses and men. The appearance of a great, black animal rushing at you, floundering along, beating the water with blows powerful enough to kill horse or man, gave a strong flavor of danger to the adventure. Fortunately no one was hurt, and there were no accidents except the several upsets occasioned by the blackfish darting under the horses. Among the school of whales and blackfish were two or three porpoises that displayed wonderful activity. I saw one that leaped at least ten feet, clearing a man who made a lunge at it with a lance. For an hour this hunt was kept up, until, finally, one by one, the great animals were driven upon the shoal and dispatched. Among them were two small whales, while the others were the Cetaceans known as blackfish. They were all from fifteen to twenty-five feet long, and presented a curious appearance, their black bodies spotting the pure white sand. It was supposed that the animals had been gradually driven in-shore by the heavy sea off the beach, and had taken shelter in the harbor. As the tide went out it formed, as shown, a perfect trap.

"There was one curious feature about this hunt that I never was fully satisfied about. While several blackfish were struggling on the shoal, one of the men near me cried out, 'Hear 'em cry!' I listened, and imagined I did hear a curious sound, but amid the roar of the surf and the sounds of yelling and splashing, I could not be certain. The men said that they heard the cries, and that the sounds came from the whales. One old sailor told me that he had caught hundreds of them, and that he had often heard them cry out, especially the mothers and young calves, when they were struck. If this is so, it proves that whales have a voice, but how they can communicate with one another under water is difficult to understand."

Numerous examples of affection among these great animals are on record, showing them to stand high in the scale of intelligence.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE MARQUIS O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Brian O'Shaughnessy was a man who had amassed a fortune in mining on the Pacific Coast, and had gone abroad to spend it. A Californian by birth, he possessed most of the virtues and a few of the vices which distinguish that favored people. He was a big-hearted, free-handed fellow, fond of travel and adventure, caring little for books and less for study, but with a bright mind and a retentive memory, which served him well in place of a scholastic education. Being something of a natural linguist, in the course of his journeyings he contrived to pick up a speaking acquaintance with most modern European tongues, although it is probable he could not have written a decent thesis in his own.

In personal appearance, he was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a pair of blue eyes which had not exchanged their Irish sparkle for American gravity through the transplanting of one generation. His features were as near regularity as they could safely approach without effeminacy; the broad curve of his chin was indicative of strength; his firm-set lips betokened decision; while the arched nostrils and merry eyes betrayed a sensitiveness and amiability that tempered his stronger qualities. Indeed, he might have been positively handsome had it not been for a great scar in the shape of a semi-circle, and with ugly granulations along the line which marked his left cheek. When the rest of his face was tinged with healthful color, the scar stood out, pale and dull, against the warm background; and on the rare occasions when some passing excitement or trifling ailment robbed his face of color, the scar took on an angry purple, as if outraged nature entered perpetual protest against the ugly blemish.

The origin of the scar was not clearly understood. Everybody naturally looked to Barry Conover for an explanation. Conover, who occupied the ostensible position of O'Shaughnessy's secretary, was a shrewd and capable young man, who sustained the most intimate and confidential relations with his employer, and who quite exceeded his duties and his instructions in supporting the latter's dignity, and in making proselytes to a belief in his importance. It was Conover who heralded his master's powers as a hunter, who boasted of his valor as a soldier, who related marvelous tales of his adventures with Bedouins, who put him through more duels than were ever fought by a Parisian journalist, who chronicled a thousand amazing exploits by land and by sea, and made him the hero of countless entrancing romances. Conover, in short, developed the habit of embellishment into a high art, and built a towering superstructure of fancy upon a slight substratum of fact. If whispers of these stories ever came to O'Shaughnessy's ears, he listened with an indulgent smile, which neither endorsed nor denied them.

When Barry Conover was questioned in regard to the scar, he described at length the manner in which O'Shaughnessy had received it, during a little fracas with a Turkish Pacha from whose harem he had liberated half a dozen young Circassian slaves. It happened, however, that no weapon known either to civilized or savage warfare was capable of inflicting a wound of this peculiar character, and several who had known O'Shaughnessy when he first came up to Virginia City, a beardless boy, to try his fortune in the mines, asserted that the scar ante-dated their earliest acquaintance. Public opinion, striking a mean between the two tales, and always inclining to the side of grace where O'Shaughnessy was concerned, decided that the mark must have been received when the young miner descended a burning shaft, hand over hand, on a rope, to rescue three men who had been injured by an explosion. This gallant deed, unlike the majority of Barry's tales, appeared to be unvarnished truth, and was corroborated by men who had been eye-witnesses.

Notwithstanding his reckless escapades, which were talked of from one end of the continent to another, O'Shaughnessy was a good and consistent Catholic, who never failed to ask and receive absolution for his sins, and would undoubtedly have made liberal investment in indulgences, had the modern church countenanced such traffic. And he was, on the whole, such a brave, generous, noble-spirited fellow, who performed so many gentle and unselfish acts, that there was not a man in Italy to scout the measure when the Pope, after receiving from the young American a magnificent sum to found a hospital in one of the large southern cities, conferred upon him the title of marquis, accompanied by the grand traditions of an extinct Roman family, and an ancient estate entailing encumbrances equal to nearly double its value.

Among the English colonies in Italian cities, O'Shaughnessy was an especial favorite. His unusual popularity with this conservative class of travelers may be partly attributed to his considerate attentions to elderly dowagers, and partly to the unique spectacle he presented, as an Irish-American free from suspicion of any ambition to blow up the Houses of Parliament or stir disaffected Ireland to fresh revolt. Indeed, when the Honorable Miss Chester, an English girl of the shy, conservative type, made a lasting impression on the heart of the gay young marquis, and capitulated to his fiery and impassioned wooing, there were more who congratulated the bride than the groom. The recently acquired title borne by the young American, as opposed to the long and noble lineage of the lady, was in no wise reckoned against him. During the first year of their sojourn in Europe, Barry Conover, appreciating the immense advantages accruing from a creditable pedigree, had satisfactorily demonstrated that the O'Shaughnessys were direct lineal descendants of the celebrated Irish king, Brian Boru. So plausible was the story he told, so carefully constructed with reference to dates, and adroitly interwoven with historical fact, that there were many who saw in the action of the church the first step toward the restitution of O'Shaughnessy's hereditary rights. About his immediate antecedents there was little known. Fellow townsmen of O'Shaughnessy's, whom he frequently encountered abroad, were well aware that his father had been a drunken old reprobate, who had hung upon his son like the proverbial mill-stone, until one evening, when in a chronic state of inebriation, he had fallen down an embankment and broken his worthless neck. Viewed in the light of the new revelations regarding the family lineage, however, it was easy to ascribe the old man's laziness, incompetence, and fondness for his cups, to the inborn instincts of an aristocratic gentleman, and to regard his tragic end as an unavoidable calamity, while their estimate for the son rose as they recalled the unvarying patience and kindness he had exhibited toward his unfortunate

ate sire. About his mother vague rumors were rife. O'Shaughnessy's grave silence, whenever any reference was made to her rebuked idle curiosity, and confirmed any number of romantic reports. It was the general impression that she had died at his birth, and some asserted that she had been a noble Spanish lady who had made a runaway marriage, and died of grief in consequence of being disowned by her parents. Giving credence to this report, society looked with renewed charity upon the frailties and shortcomings of the elder O'Shaughnessy.

If the marquis had been popular as a bachelor, he was a paragon as a benedict, and it became quite the fashion for neglected wives to flagellate their recreant spouses with reminders of O'Shaughnessy's constancy, the deference he invariably paid to his wife's wishes, and the precautions he took to assure her comfort. And the marquis was devotion itself. He had always been a great ladies' man, noted for all manner of little gallantries of which other men were apt to be forgetful, but now the absorbing motive of his life seemed to be to insure the happiness of his young wife. The pair were always together. Every inflection of their voice in addressing each other, every glance they interchanged, told of their mutual affection and community of interests.

Yet the couple were by no means happy. In the early days of their married life an intangible barrier had risen between them whose presence each acknowledged, but whose character they imperfectly understood. Day by day it gained in substance and in form, until at length even strangers, meeting the couple for the first time, began to speculate upon the causes which had created the estrangement between them, and friends could no longer deny its existence, but anxiously wait for it to disappear. At times O'Shaughnessy appeared so ill at ease in his wife's presence that it almost seemed as if the brave, dashing fellow was afraid of her. Upon one occasion, when she suddenly addressed him a simple question—the conversation had turned upon feudal times and she made some inquiry regarding his own ancestral house—he trembled and turned pale, as if struck by a sudden chill, and made some irrelevant response. Yet he never wearied in his attentions, and as the distrust entered her soul she clung to him with more tenacious affection.

Although they had talked of going to America on their wedding tour, O'Shaughnessy evinced a singular disinclination to revisit his native country. When his wife, moved by a pardonable curiosity to see the land which she had schooled herself to look upon as her future home, gently suggested that they ought soon to be upon their way thither, he delayed on various pretexts, denying that his business interests required his personal attention, asserting that he liked best to stay where they already were, pronouncing one season of the year too cold and another too warm to meet the change of climate, inveighing against the discomforts of a sea voyage, and making a multitude of inconsistent objections. Barry Conover, who had retired into a simple figure-head after O'Shaughnessy's marriage, came to the front again and loyally sustained him in his procrastination, until the young wife tortured herself into the fancy that the two men were combining against her, to keep her from becoming acquainted with some dark misdeed her husband had committed in the past, a suspicion she as indignantly repudiated, as she remembered the respect invariably accorded him by his countrymen, or as she dwelt upon the honest sincerity in his face, and his gentle, sunny temper.

She felt as if a load had been lifted from her breast one day, when her husband told her that his presence was required at the mines, and that they were to sail for America the following week. She set about her preparations for departure at once, and discussed arrangements with a happy heart.

They both agreed that, coming as they were to make a considerable stay, and possibly to establish their permanent residence under a republican form of government, it would be in better taste to make their entrance into American society simply as Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The marchioness being herself a sensitive woman who clung obstinately to the aristocratic prejudices of her class and therefore respected the opinions of others when they did not come in direct conflict with her own, delicately suggested that to make an assumption of superior rank among people who had no titles, might hurt their feelings—referring to the American nation in the abstract. This token of sympathetic forethought called forth only a dry smile from O'Shaughnessy.

His wife was not long in discovering its meaning. Newspapers which were placed in their hands before they had landed in New York, loudly blazoned the announcement that the Marquis O'Shaughnessy, one of the leading millionaires of the Pacific Coast, was about to revisit his native land after a continuous absence of a dozen or more years, and that he was accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished lady, the Marchioness O'Shaughnessy, an English gentlewoman of distinguished lineage—and there followed an elaborate exposition of the family pedigree of the marchioness, for the dust is never allowed to gather on the volumes of Burke, which occupy a conspicuous place in every newspaper library of the republic.

The obsequious attentions which were everywhere showered upon them, the ceaseless repetition of "my Lord" and "my Lady"—sweet morsels to be rolled under republican tongues; the fawning flattery of servants, astonished and perplexed the marchioness, who had expected to find a self-respecting and independent nation. It was not until they reached their final destination, the little mining town in Nevada, that she felt she had got to the real heart of the people. There no one called the marquis by his title except in badinage, while hearty salutations of "How are you, Brian?" and "Back for good, I trust, O'Shaughnessy?" greeted the prodigal on every hand. The utmost cordiality was shown to the marchioness, but it was pleasant to see that no fictitious value was attached to her person on account of her rank. She fell in love with the mountains which reared their hoary crowns against the clear blue sky; with the dancing streams which leaped down a stony pathway on their way to the plains; with the valleys, whose emerald carpets were studded with flowers; with the bracing air of the high altitude; and most of all with the people, true-hearted and sincere, scorning petty affectations, and holding splendid possibilities of future development.

The visitors arrived early in the spring, and it was late in the fall before they were ready to go away. At this juncture

their plans received a new and unexpected check. A deputation of citizens waited upon O'Shaughnessy and tendered him the nomination for member of Congress from that district.

O'Shaughnessy returned his thanks for the honor, and regretted that he should be unable to accept it. He told them that of course they would have no difficulty in finding a worthy representative than he could possibly have made; to all of which they listened without yielding an inch of ground. The nomination was open to him; they wanted no better man. O'Shaughnessy reminded them of his long residence abroad, and asserted that he was no longer an American citizen. They called his attention to the fact that he had never formally renounced allegiance to his native country, and showed him minutes of the date of his arrival in Nevada, calmly assuring him that a sufficient period had elapsed to restore his local rights of citizenship, and to render him lawful prey for the machinations of his friends. O'Shaughnessy protested that he had not the slightest desire to go into politics. They loftily reminded him that personal preferences and prejudices should be sacrificed for the sake of his country. He declared that he would not accept the nomination. They informed him that if he ventured to decline they would brain him on the spot. He sulkily avowed his purpose of taking the stump against his party, and contesting his own election; whereupon they threatened to give him such a rousing reception with rotten eggs and other odorous missiles, that he was fain to capitulate.

They had expected to carry the election with flying colors but it was soon evident that social popularity is not always a sure touchstone to political favor. Men who were his warm personal friends took sides against O'Shaughnessy, denying that he had the necessary qualifications for a legislator, and insisting that his long absence from the State made him ignorant of the needs of the people. On the day of the election, as dispatches began to pour into headquarters, it was evident that the question of his election or defeat would turn upon the vote of his own county. In other quarters the vote appeared to be evenly divided, for the reputation that he bore as a hardworking and honest miner offset the advantages possessed by his rival, a popular young lawyer, who had made a thorough canvass of the field. But the large mines in the vicinity of the town where O'Shaughnessy's property was located, each employed a considerable body of men, who could be manipulated hither and thither by the word of a leader. Much to the disgust of his party, O'Shaughnessy refused to secure voters by any methods not strictly open and above board. He even went to the extent of notifying the men in his employ, through his superintendent, that he did not desire to influence them in any way, but that each must vote according to his own best judgment—a privilege which, it must be conceded, they exercised to the utmost. Barry Conover, who would have liked to occupy a conspicuous position as campaign orator, was prohibited by the stern command of his employer, and constrained to limit his eloquence to haranguing bar-room audiences, and keeping vigilant eye on the polls.

The voting commenced at seven. At nine o'clock in the forenoon O'Shaughnessy was ahead. At ten his majority was diminished. At twelve he was a little behind. At one he again made a break ahead, but it was apparent by the time that his supporters, being chiefly recruited from the working-classes, had hurried to the polls at their earliest opportunity, and that there were few who had not been heard from. The afternoon vote was light, but almost every ballot was cast in favor of his opponent. At five o'clock the tally was over a hundred and fifty ahead. The polls were to close at six, and it was plain, even to his most ardent supporter that O'Shaughnessy was morally certain to lose the day.

His wife was dismayed and oppressed with the sense of coming defeat. He did not feel very comfortable himself for although he had been loth to accept the nomination, he had no liking for the rôle of a defeated candidate; but he tried to rally the marchioness on her down-beaten looks.

"What does it matter, anyhow? I shall not be pestered by office-seekers, nor obliged to knock anybody down for comings around me with bribes. Keep up your spirits, my dear."

She did not smile at his light tone or words. To her, defeat was equivalent to disgrace. Moreover, she had been thinking seriously of the new aims and practical opportunities which would be opened to O'Shaughnessy by the possession of a seat in Congress. She was tired of their listless wandering life, and had been looking forward to better things.

"And you say there is only one mining camp to be heard from? How many men are there in it?"

"Only about a couple of hundred voters. A third of them are foreigners who have never been naturalized. They were to strike work at five to-day in order to come over. But don't build up any false hopes, my dear, on the strength of this. The election is lost, and with it all my chances to distinguish myself in the service of my country."

"Which way will they come?" She paid no attention to his closing words, but stepped through an open window and out upon a little balcony, looking across the valley to where the setting sun illumined the crests of the purpling mountains.

"The camp is just over the range. They will probably take the trail around that point." He had followed her as indicated, as he spoke, a sharp cleft in the hills.

"They are coming now," he added, after a little pause. "Here, take the glass."

He handed her a field-glass which he had caught up from a table in the room, and she looked long and curiously at the lilliputian procession, winding back and forth adown the steep mountain side.

"They are nearly down to the group of spruce trees," she reported. "Now they are crossing Coyote creek. They are certainly more men than you reckoned, Brian. They're walking fast, and I can see the one ahead pulls out his watch and looks at it. What a fine set of men they are! I'm glad the polls are near the hotel, for they must come that way. There they are, marching down the street. You see their leader, Brian. He is an old man, with snow-white beard and hair, and he looks like a general marshaling hosts to victory."

O'Shaughnessy took the glass, held it to his eyes for a moment, then let his hand drop with a quick exclamation. His wife, looking up anxiously into his face saw there the evidence of strong emotion.

"What is it, Brian? Have you seen him before? Do you know him?"

"It is John Fletcher. One of the men I brought up out of the mine."

Others had seen and recognized the old miner, and realized the import of his presence. A shout went up as he neared the polls, a shout that swelled to a wild chorus of cheers, which never ceased until Fletcher and his men, one by one filed past the polls, depositing two hundred and fifteen votes for O'Shaughnessy, and the day was won.

If O'Shaughnessy had previously viewed with light regard the honor that was being forced upon him, he valued it then. The speech he made at the mass-meeting called the next day was as earnest and whole-souled as his most ardent partisan could have desired. He accepted the office as a solemn trust, and pledged himself to serve the best interests of the people.

Barry Conover, who was present on this occasion, was ill at ease the entire evening. At the first opportunity he drew his employer aside:

"O'Shaughnessy, we're in for it now, sure; they're going down to Frisco."

"The devil they are!" said O'Shaughnessy.

Now, it had always been the custom, from the date of Nevada's first existence as a State, whenever an important election was over, for her newly elected statesmen to run down to San Francisco and receive the congratulations of their friends. There seemed no valid reason why O'Shaughnessy should depart from this honored custom. His wife was pleased at the suggestion, for it offered her an opportunity to visit a State she longed to see.

She was puzzled and discomfited when she found that her husband had an almost uncontrollable aversion to the trip. Barry Conover, who, as it has already been remarked, had relinquished his authority as O'Shaughnessy's chief counselor, openly opposed the project, giving, in self-justification, the very shallow excuse that the sea breezes were dangerous for weak lungs. As O'Shaughnessy's lungs were especially sound, and he had never suffered any deleterious effect from the cold winds of the Atlantic; and as, moreover, the marchioness had reached that stage of wifehood where the interference of a third person is particularly distasteful, she insisted so strongly upon joining the excursion that her husband yielded. During the twenty-four hours preceding their start, however, he fretted and fumed over the necessity of going, and many times took occasion to confide to her the disgust he felt over the whole affair. "Why should there be such great fuss and feathers over such a simple matter?" he demanded, petulantly. The lady stared at him in perplexity. During his residence abroad the marquis had never been averse to participating in any public celebration, and, in point of fact, had been quite partial to the very fuss and feathers which he now affected to despise. She made no reply, and there was no one to observe that the troubled look deepened in her eyes and a new restraint sprang up in her manner toward her husband.

Instead of being a genial traveling companion, after his wont, O'Shaughnessy was gloomy and pre-occupied during the whole day's travel, which bore them over the summit of the Sierra and down through the fertile valley of the Sacramento, to the barren foot-hills which stood guard along the coast. As they stepped out on the deck of the ferryboat, looking off across the bay to the beautiful city, with its broad water-front, its noble hill-slopes, and ranks of substantial buildings, the marquis did not wear the look of a man returning to the place of his nativity after an absence of many years. He seemed to forget the presence of all about him, while his face grew pale and stern, like that of a man who deliberately exposes himself to some great danger. As the boat slowly steamed into her slip, he scanned the loungers on the wharves with nervous apprehension; and when the great cables were flung ashore and the boat hauled close to the pier, he neglected the little tender offices he had been accustomed to perform for his wife, and the secretary relieved the marchioness of her hand-bag and shawl, with a face scarcely less troubled than his master's.

Forty-eight hours in San Francisco appeared to restore O'Shaughnessy to his usual good spirits. The dark shadow, whatever its nature, which had for a time obscured his pleasant temper, seemed banished. It was really quite delightful to meet the scores of old friends whom life had prospered, and who hastened to offer him the hospitality of their homes. He took a mischievous delight in refreshing the impaired memories of the army of old bums who besieged him, trying to establish some slight thread of connection with his early life, and quarter themselves upon his bounty. Accompanied by his wife, he drove about the city and its environs, pointing out to her changes that had taken place, and remarking cheerfully that it had almost outgrown his recollection; but there was one portion of the town, a dismal quarter extending from Kearny and Jackson streets eastward and northward to the water-front, and known by the unsavory title of "Barbary Coast," that he never visited.

It has been intimated that San Francisco people showered many social honors upon the newly elected congressman and his wife, but these attentions were due less to the fact that he had just assumed an important office as representative of the people, than to the circumstance that he bore a high-sounding foreign title. The notes of invitation with which he was deluged were almost invariably addressed to "The Marquis and Marchioness O'Shaughnessy," and fortunate republicans who had contrived to stumble across a coat of arms in their search of old family records, modestly paraded these upon their stationery or wax which sealed the envelopes. Every one took it for granted that O'Shaughnessy would take up his permanent residence in San Francisco, in keeping with the habits of Nevada statesmen, and he was persecuted by real estate dealers, each of whom wanted to show him the most commanding site in the whole city for his castle or palace—for San Francisco people were sufficiently well informed to know that a marquis could not be expected to live in a house, like ordinary people.

Although it was generally understood that O'Shaughnessy had spent the earlier years of his life in San Francisco, he never referred to the fact, and prevalent ideas regarding his immediate antecedents seemed to be about as vague in the city of his birth as they had been abroad. The few who may have been presumed to know the circumstances of his early life appeared to respect his reserve, and forbore indulging in reminiscence.

The time drew near for the opening of Congress, and some of his admirers determined to give O'Shaughnessy a farewell reception, which was to be a genuine ovation, followed by dancing, and terminating with a banquet and speeches. All the city made ready for the most brilliant social event of the season.

The two chief participants came thither with anything but joyful hearts. A little incident which had occurred that afternoon had widened the breach between them. For days the young wife had been nerving herself to a hold and audacious step. She had paved the way with a woman's cunning wiles, leading up to it with a series of wifely attentions, then plunging into well-counterfeited meditation, from which she aroused herself as if by an effort, and, coming up to her husband, laid one hand lightly on either shoulder, and looked up innocently into his face, prefacing her question with a kiss.

"Where did you get that scar, Brian?" she said, and then a hot flush swept over her face, and she felt that she had given the Judas kiss of betrayal.

"I received it when I was a little boy," he replied coldly, and then, without another look, he had put her aside.

Over the marchioness swept a succession of dismal sensations. She had discovered nothing, but she had betrayed her distrust. What if there were nothing to learn, after all, and she had only succeeded in wounding a noble heart with the knowledge of her misgivings? She asked herself the question as she leaned back in the corner of the carriage, pressing her fingers to her eyes to keep back the weak tears which threatened to dim their brightness.

As they reached the brilliantly lighted entrance to the house of festivity, it was whispered that the honored guests of the evening had arrived, and a crowd of curious spectators pressed forward to see the occupants as they descended from the carriage. At that moment O'Shaughnessy pulled his handkerchief from an inner pocket, and something struck the steps with a thin metallic sound. O'Shaughnessy felt in his pocket, and then commenced to look anxiously about him. A policeman stepped to his side, respectfully touching his arm.

"What is it, sir? Have you lost something?"

"Oh, it's nothing! Nothing of any consequence," returned O'Shaughnessy; but he did not seem inclined to give up the search, for he knelt down and felt in the shadow of the steps.

"Bring some lights there," called out one of the bystanders, and a servant promptly handed the Moorish lamp which swung from the middle of the porch. Every one joined in the search, but whatever the marquis had dropped, it had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up.

"What was it, dear?" asked the marchioness, in a low voice.

"Only a picture. A thing of little value."

He tried to laugh it off, but a great horror chilled her heart, and a new and terrible suspicion came upon her. It was not her picture, for the only one they had was a life-size portrait, framed and packed away among their luggage. And if not hers, whose picture had he been carrying? Could he be interested in some other woman, and was this the explanation of his mysterious reserve and frequent fits of abstraction?

Others heard his reply, and it spurred them on to renewed zeal. "A picture—a thing of little value!" A thing of little value in the eyes of O'Shaughnessy meant a small fortune to the people about him. The rumor flew around that the marquis had lost an article of fabulous worth—an old family heirloom—a miniature framed in gold and ablaze with jewels.

"It must be one of them beggars grabbed it. Never mind, sir, I'll have it before the evening's over, if I have to set every man on the force looking for it," the policeman answered O'Shaughnessy, and forthwith a number of amateur detectives, nothing loth to lay O'Shaughnessy under obligations, volunteered their services, for they felt that notwithstanding his assumed indifference, the marquis, being a property himself, probably entertained a high respect for the sacredness of property rights, and would rejoice in seeing so hold a crime properly avenged.

Had the bystanders been less intent upon watching the distinguished arrivals, and a little more interested in each other, they could not have failed to observe an old woman who had been one of the first on the ground, and had patiently maintained her place of vantage. The tender mantle of the night enrobed her figure, disguising her soiled and tattered gown, and the light, which fell full upon her face, brought out with pitiful distinctness its wan look of age, and the wistful expression in her faded old eyes. She had bent eagerly forward as O'Shaughnessy appeared, and saw the glittering bauble he let fall, clutching it with a single swift motion of her long, skinny arm, and then shrinking stealthily away to gloat over her booty in solitude.

They found her seated in an angle of the wall, shedding weak tears and uttering low, inarticulate cries, and crooning a low song, as she clasped the trinket to her breast. So violently did she contest the possession of her plunder, so fiercely deny the authority of the officers to take it from her, that they feared the costly workmanship might be injured, and consulted together as to the most pacific manner of securing the trophy.

"She's a hard case," said the policeman who had addressed O'Shaughnessy; "but I wouldn't like to have the name of handling an old woman rough. Besides, she's that set on keeping the gimcrack that she'd screech and yell like a good one if we got it from her. We're here to keep things quiet, not to raise a row. Better speak to the gentleman, and get him to step out for a moment and talk to her peaceable-like. It's my opinion the poor creature's loony."

"Aye, let me see your grand lord, with his brave dress and fine manners. It's a matter lies between him and me."

Moved by some malicious impulse she wrenched herself from their hold, and darted up the steps and into the house, past the astonished servants, who made no effort to arrest her, through the broad hall to the large room where the guests were congregated, and at whose farther extremity the marquis and his lady stood, the centre of an admiring circle. As the queer apparition moved across the floor, all conversation was hushed in her wake. Her garments hung in tatters about her, and the little three-cornered shawl tied about her head failed to confine the locks of straggling gray hair which

fell about her face, where dissipation and vice had left their ineffaceable record. Barry Conover gave vent to a fierce imprecation as he saw her, and hastened to her side, expostulating with her in a savage undertone, but apparently without effect.

"Who is she?"

The question was repeated on every side as she walked unsteadily across the floor, her bleared eyes fixed on the marquis with a cunning look of recognition. The marchioness, observing the stir and espying the odd figure, repeated the inquiry, laying her hand on her husband's arm to attract his attention. O'Shaughnessy, with his usual good breeding, turned at the touch, listened to her inquiry, then quickly wheeled about and faced the new-comer. Aye! Who was she? There was one who knew. Let him tell.

"Indade, but I tried me best to kape her back, O'Shaughnessy, but the devil was in her, and there was no pacifyin' her at all. Now, shame on ye! Be after goin', like a good crayer, can't ye?"

In his excitement it was noticeable that Conover's brogue got the better of him. The closing apostrophe was added in an undertone, and was an ingenious combination of mild persuasion with subtle threat.

The old woman did not stir. She looked at O'Shaughnessy and O'Shaughnessy looked at her, and all the people looked on in a state of dumb stupefaction. Then she spoke, in a shrill, quavering voice,

"Which of us has the best right to it? Speak out, if you want to claim it."

She stretched out her hand, and upon the wrinkled palm, instead of the costly trinket they had expected to see, they beheld an old-fashioned ambrotype in a tarnished gilt frame. The marchioness, bending her head above it, saw the faded likeness of a young woman holding a baby with its cheeks pressed against her own. Between the fresh young matron in the picture and the wrinkled hag before them there were few points of resemblance; but the chubby infant folded in her arms, was the very image of O'Shaughnessy.

As the old woman awaited his reply, an indescribable change stole over her ill-clad figure, with a subtle dignity; but her eyes never wandered from his face.

The events of a lifetime were passing in review before O'Shaughnessy. He thought of his outraged childhood, of his degraded boyhood, of the desperate effort he had made to free himself from the miserable circumstances to which he had been born; of the success that had attended his endeavors, of the respect all men paid his name. In the strong contest he was waging with himself, his face grew livid and the scar upon his cheek glowed with sudden flame. The old woman saw it and covered as if a phantom of the past had arisen to accuse her. She recalled the time when a broken cup thrown by her own hand in a fit of drunken rage, had struck the innocent child who owed his life to her.

Then she relapsed into the vernacular of the street.

"An' is it satisfied ye are that the trinket is none of yours, after settin' the cops on a daycent old woman an' doin' your best to blacken her reputation?"

She clasped her withered hands to her breast, drawing her ragged shawl closer about her with the movement, and turned to go. O'Shaughnessy knew that he was safe, that by the act she abdicated all claims upon him. She was again the wretched outcast, creeping humbly from the room, shrinking from curious and pitying glances; yet in her rags and her humiliation, her guilt and her shame, she had proved herself equal to the noblest test of mother love, the divine duty of renunciation. Could O'Shaughnessy himself, brave, generous-hearted fellow that he was, match the act! Honor and truth flung down the gauntlet to his manhood.

The people fell back to let the old creature pass. O'Shaughnessy's friends regarded her as an escaped lunatic, and accosted him with gay congratulations. His wife alone stood silent and distracted, watching him with sad, suspicious eyes. Line by line she deciphered the miserable secret he had endeavored to conceal. He did not dare to look at her. He did not dare question what course she would pursue when he should take the step which every principle of his manhood demanded of him; to which he was nerving himself with every deep-drawn breath.

"Mother!"

He spoke the word huskily, but it acted upon the gay assemblage like an electric shock. The old woman stopped short in her dreary progress, and turned her wan face toward him, but gave no answering sign of recognition, while her eyes expressed the protest that her trembling lips failed to speak. The marchioness heard the call, and sudden tears rained down her face, but her lips parted in a tremulous smile, and she threw back her head with a nobler pride than ever sprung from noble lineage or haughty title.

Fast as he strode across the floor, one who followed him was swifter. As he bent with pitiful tenderness over the sad wreck of womanhood, another arm was offered for her support, and O'Shaughnessy, looking up amazed, met the eyes of his young English wife, in which there no longer dwelt a shadow of suspicion or of doubt.

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1887.

A Texas legislator is reported to have introduced a bill making it unlawful to manufacture, import or sell any pistol of less than 44-calibre. His reason for introducing this bill is that a man hit with a bullet from a 44-calibre pistol will generally die before he has a chance to shoot back. The result will be an obvious saving of human life. Moreover, a 44-calibre pistol is so big that it can't be worn concealed in the hip pocket, or any other pocket.

A New York lawyer whose professional duties are exacting, declares that sparring is an exercise unfit for a man who makes his living by his brains, because it subjects him to blows on the head, which are as injurious to the apparatus of thought as knocks are to a delicately constructed watch. He prefers fencing.

A lightning calculator gave an exhibition in Lansing, Mich., the other evening, and gained considerable applause by his rapid addition of long columns of figures. After he had taken up his collection and quit, it was discovered that all his additions were incorrect.

THE SONGS OF SOCIETY.

"Iris" discusses the Decay of the Drawing-room Warbler.

Devotees of society are merry—they say that drawing-room vocal music is no longer good form. The soul of the chronic diner-out is singing, the heart of the reception-haunter is uplifted in a psalm of thanksgiving, the victims of the lunch-giving habit hug themselves for joy. No more, surveying with an eye impartial Miss Van Spooendyke's graceful form, will we have to indorse her vocal gymnastics in a wrestling-match with an Italian bravura. No more, after a good dinner, will we have to sit and smile while Mrs. Jones implores us to let her dream again—would that we might grant it—or recounts the interesting item that her love has "Gone a-sailing, a sailing on the sea," perhaps to kindly contradict a mistaken impression we might have entertained that he had gone a-sailing on the land. No one would, of course, deny that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—by the way, is it breast or beast?—but we are not puffed up at it here, in this enlightened nineteenth century, in the greatest city of the greatest country in the world, we decline to regard ourselves as savage. If we admit that we were in the savage state when we enjoyed "Listen to the mocking-bird," and when "Columbia, the gem of the ocean" burst on a dazzled public, surely we may now consider ourselves thoroughly domesticated. With domestication have come powers of discrimination, and we positively refuse to be soothed by the sort of music one hears at a reception, or after a dinner. We can heartily agree with the poet, who evidently wrote, *con amore*:

"Swans sing before they die;
"Twere a good thing
If certain persons died before they sing."

The savage beast or breast, as the case may be, would become rampant if it had to listen to a young man, small, pale, and nervous, perform prodigies of song in recounting the adventures of the abnormally gifted dove that perched upon the mast, and mourned, and mourned, and mourned.

The quality of mercy has been very much strained lately. There was once a time when the people who sang could sing. But, alas! Society in the present day has taken its cue from the Frenchman, who, when asked if he could play the violin, answered, "I don't know; I never tried." People don't know whether they sing or not; they've never tried. Some evening, marked on the calendar with a black cross, they try. A crushed and broken-spirited audience murmurs on the excellence of their performance and *voilà!*—we have a full-fledged amateur prima-donna. She is generally a slim, æsthetic-looking girl, who is asked about a good deal, and told to bring her music, and who sits down on the pianostool a good foot off from the piano, looks knowingly at the pedals as if they were patent explosives to be handled with care, shakes herself down into her clothes, takes a bear's grip on the keys, and then bursts forth into warblings either of a tender, a melancholy, or a pugilistic nature.

Such songs as she sings—in brief, the songs of society—like all Gaul, may be divided into three parts. There are, firstly, the love songs of the "homely-pathetic" type; as, perhaps, the most valuable example extant of the archaic form of the homely-pathetic, one of our most gifted poets has given us the following:

"Let me once more, oh, mother dear,
Beside the old fence-rail."

But the homely-pathetic, as employed in modern song, has of course suffered many changes, and lost much of its original freshness in the effort to bend it to the use of the modern ballad-monger. In the songs in which it prominently figures—generally sung by young men and women who lay strong emphasis on the possessive pronouns—there is a regulation plan of construction which is always followed. The skeleton is invariably the same. The author who clothes him with flesh may make him fat or lean, as the fancy takes him; but, to take such liberties as to alter his anatomy—it would be a desecration to which that of robbing a church dwindles into a bagatelle. The song generally consists of three verses. In the first verse they meet and love; in the second verse the young man gets married, or gets the mitten—according as the author may be a disciple of sweetness and light, or sourness and gloom; but in the third verse the lover always "lays a rose on her silent heart." Her silent heart, by the way, is a very elastic and convenient organ; baving, on different occasions taken the form of "her folded hands," and "her quiet breast;" and there are cases on record when she underwent an entire anatomical revolution, and it came out "her smiling lips." But she is always dead in the last verse—*toujours perdrix*. The lover of song is a dangerous animal, and the passion of love, as portrayed in a modern ballad, is one of the most unpleasant and deadly of experiences.

The second division—also dealing of love—is that of the deserted maiden, and the bold, bad, deceiver, who loves and rides away. This has been extraordinarily popular. No vein was ever more thoroughly exploited. That maiden and that alluring betrayer have done yeoman service for years. After the publication of the song called "The Stranger," their reign began. There was a slightly cloying similarity about the maidens. They were always tender and trusting and yearning for love; in fact so aggressively tender and trusting, that one sympathized with the deceiver in his invariable departure, at the end of the second verse. He always pressed her hand, murmuring in her ear that he loved but her and her alone; "this he said knowing that he would return no more." As to form, he varied; he took as many different shapes as Jupiter, when on a love chase; he was soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. But his different aliases always had one point in common—an evident conviction that "the only way to get out honorably was to get out quick." This he was an adept at doing. He had begun to cool off by the end of the second verse. In the third he saddled his milk-white steed and rode away. In the endings, variations were allowed. In a few cases a fourth stanza was added for an additional touch of pathos, in which the lover's remains were introduced, and exhibited remarkable horticultural powers, the man's dust producing a red, red rose, and the lady's a briar. The stranger and the maiden in "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," were the highest forms of this

type. The stranger went one better than any previous stranger, and the touch of local color added by the prominent part taken in the drama by the Blue Alsatian Mountains themselves, placed the tale on a more popular level. The verse, which after describing the business-like manner in which the maiden sets about cultivating a galloping consumption, ends with the surprising statement that

"The Blue Alsatian mountains
Only watch and wait away."

is particularly telling. It is permeated with a faint surprise that the Blue Alsations should have behaved in such a stolid manner; there is a sort of vague disappointment about the words, as if the author had expected that the hoary peaks would at least get up and change places, "balance to corners," or something of that description, indicative of their sympathy.

The third division deals with "The Warrior Bold" and all his directs and collaterals. He also is very popular. He generally, if not a Crusader himself, was of crusading descent and large possessions. He was always encased in armor, always in love, and always fighting. His passion rendered him ferocious. Had he lived in the present day, costs of suits for assault and battery would have eaten up his revenue. His lady, who was vaguely shadowed forth in a third verse, kindly explanatory, after the manner of a Greek chorus, was generally a charmer of hard heart and light manners; it apparently being an invariable attribute of the Warrior Bold to like his game "high." When either a garrulous bird, a holy palmer, or a tender dove—the messengers of song—brought her word of his decease, she was struck with remorse, abjured the world, and retired to a convent. One of these Warriors Bold led an especially remarkable career. His determination to keep himself unspotted from the world ruled his existence. He wandered from place to place, slaying all who came in his way, and never lifting his visor. This, combined with the fact that his conversation consisted of but one remark, "Priez pour elle," rendered him an object of popular curiosity. Who "elle" was, and why she should be prayed for, he refused to state, leaving his hearers in doubt as to whether she was an object of prayer because he loved her, or because she didn't love him. But one day he met his match, and was laid low. The king—the effete monarchies were more numerous in those days than they are now—with the usual rashness of the king in song, especially when disposing of what didn't belong to him, offered the knight half of his kingdom, if he would only say something—"Priez pour elle" having lost much of its original freshness by repetition. The exasperation of the monarch must have been his excuse for such a want of caution. He would have been in an ugly scrape if the knight had taken him up. Fortunately, however, with a last groan of "Priez pour elle," the wounded warrior fell back, and died in the odor of mystery.

Shakespeare, as a rule, is not popular in New York. The average American craves for novelty, and being of a theatre-loving race, the Bard of Avon's plays are to him, thrice-told tales. He likes excitement. He likes to be harrowed up, and he likes to see pretty women in pretty gowns, claw and clutch, and gasp and sob, in the agonies of one of Sardou's heroines. Of course Booth always draws immense houses. He is regarded as a sort of national institution. But at the same time, the people who go oftenest to see him are not the ultra fashionables, who make his opera-house brilliant and lend éclat to a first night. They are old, solid people, with their money in "the sweet simplicity of the three per cents," or clever-looking young people; men with boyish hair and long fingers, women who are above French bonnets, and not above cleaned gloves. What the papers term "a fashionable audience" is rare at a Booth performance. Irving and Terry, on the other hand, drew the very swellest houses that ever graced a New York theatre. For the first time in the history of New York, Shakespeare was produced with fitting richness and accuracy. Even after the novelty was over, the men still raved over Miss Terry's numerous charms, and the women over her gowns. People stifled their astonishment at the elaboration of detail and picturesqueness of costumes designed and supervised by Alma Tadema and Sir Frederick Leighton. Truth to tell, they were dazzled. They gathered their scattered senses together and tried to look as if they were used to it when Nerissa appeared, beautiful as a houri, in a costume that might have robbed one of Cahanel's fire-haired Venetians. A series of Booth's Portias had led them to regard that lady as a middle-aged female in a modern dinner dress, who rattled off her lines like a parrot. What were their feelings when they saw the heiress of Belmont, charming, lovely, picturesque? For the first time in their lives, Bassanio's infatuation was intelligible. In their hearts people began to regard it as a disgrace that we had so long turned the cold shoulder on the works of the master—that we set such pieces as the "Parisian Romance" and "The World" with a lavishness which was incredible, while Hamlet was left to soliloquize against a flat, and Othello considered himself fortunate if, on his arrival in a raging storm, the sea was not depicted in a state of mirror-like calm.

But at last we have awakened. A New York manager has placed before the public a comedy of Shakespeare's, mounted in a way which not only rivals but surpasses Irving's most ambitious efforts. I refer to the "Taming of the Shrew" at Daly's. Here we have a cast! There is James Lewis, relegated to a scrap of a part into which he infuses all his characteristic drollery; here we have Mrs. Gilbert as Petruchio's cook, "good Curtis;" George Clark who, years ago, left Jarrett & Palmer, because he refused to sacrifice his mustache to the exigencies of a smooth-faced part; dry-voiced Gilbert as the tinker; and Holland—he made his debut at the California Theatre—Le Clerc and Skinner as Bianca's suitors. As for costumes—Sir Frederick Leighton and Alma Tadema never evolved from their combined brains more wonderful combinations of colors and materials. We have Ada Kehan in the first act, in stiff, dull-red brocades and plush, with floating, pointed angel sleeves, and a halo of red curls, looking, as she dashes about, like a flame of fire. Then in her marriage dress of still stiffer gray and silver brocade, with huge white cap, from the peak of which floats a bridal veil, with great puffs on her arms, and jewels sparkling round her neck, she might be that unfortunate Bianca Capello, who found the postern gate locked against her, and fled away over the moonlit lagoons of Venice, how many hundred years ago? Virginia Dreher is another wonder.

Ordinarily she is rather a handsome young woman, inclined to be thin. But as Bianca, she is

"A maid so lovely that to see
Her smile, is to know Italy."

In her straight, white plush skirts, edged with ermine, with heavy brown curls and lambent brown eyes, it requires no stretch of the imagination to see in her any of the storied, beautiful heroines of old Italian romance. She is the large-eyed, languid Florentine, of whom the poet wrote, perhaps one of the merry dames of the Decameron, called back from

"Those ten dreamy days of old
When Heaven, for some divine offence
Smote Florence with the pestilence."

But, to my thinking, the dressing of the men is the greatest triumph of the whole performance. When the three suitors of Bianca and Petruchio stand together, they are a color poem, a bit out of Makart's "Venice offering homage to Catherine Cornaro." The colors are all low in tone; there is no scarlet used at all, but all shades of green, from the deep, rich peacock, mixed with brocade, in Petruchio's first costume, to the pale gray-greens of old Grumio's satin-shining doublet, mingled with faint terra-cotta velvet. Holland's dress of old gold and pale blue brocade velvet and satin, with huge sleeves in graduated puffs from the shoulder to the wrist, from the slashings of which similar undersleeves of white mull come billowing out, is singularly effective and harmonious. But Skinner's is really a study. No pictured Romeo ever looked more romantic, and, by the same token, he reminded me all the time of the Romeo in Frank Dixie's illustrations. His hose were of dark purple, his doublet, fitting tight and close down to the hips, was of brilliant orange and gold brocade, a strange, rich-looking stuff, edged with brown fur. His sleeves were also puffed, and also open, to allow white mull undersleeves to peep out. Over all he wore a short cloak of purple velvet, lined with orange and clasping on one shoulder. Round his neck was a high embroidered gold collar ending in a white mull ruff, and on his head a skull cap of velvet, adorned with a single quill. He was encompassed with an air of romance and sentimental suggestion.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1887.

The New York Club has purchased the old Caswell mansion, at Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, for \$250,000. The club will spend at least \$100,000 on it in alterations, extensions, and decorations, and proposes to transform the present building into one of the handsomest club-houses in New York. A mortgage of \$150,000 will probably be put on the property, and the remaining \$200,000 will be covered by an issue of bonds to the members. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars were subscribed by the members at a large and enthusiastic meeting last week. The remaining \$75,000 will be placed without any trouble. The club has a membership of 350, including a large number of prominent men. The Hiltons are members, and so is Charles Crocker. After the Union Club, the New York Club is the oldest club in New York city. It suspended existence for a time, however, about twelve years ago, but was subsequently reorganized.

Shifts are usually employed to help artists' models in difficult positions, and often display considerable ingenuity. Zoffany's celebrated figure of the Academy Life School in 1770 shows how the model's uplifted arm was supported by a string from the ceiling as it would be now; for instance, in Mr. Birch's "Last Call," the falling horseman is "hung in chains," suspended from the rafters in a position he could not otherwise assume. "The Headlong Fall of Lucifer" has, ere now, been painted with the model standing in a suitable attitude on a mirror, the necessary appearance of foreshortening being obtained from the reflection. "Young Bacchus" has been kept vivacious and laughing for hours by an assistant shooting sweetmeats into his open mouth, while an expression of wondering and complacent admiration has been planted on "Galatea's" face by the simple expedient of placing a looking-glass for her to gaze into.

Vibert has just finished three of those scenes with cardinals in that famous Vibert red for which our amateurs so pine. Over a terrace wall a cardinal salutes some one unseen below. It is called, "Bonjour, Mesdames," but as usual the work of this artist has no need of a catalogue or an explanation. The expression of the face leaves no room for hesitation. In another, called "The Portrait," a cardinal is writing at a table with his back towards you. He turns his face and has an uplifted pen to chide a white and red parrot. The parrot and cardinal are exactly alike in feature, yet there is nothing grotesque in the masterly parallel. In the third the red-robed prelate leans a heavy telescope on the shoulder of a patient lay brother while he comfortably scans the distant sea.

The photographer's lens is more discerning than the naked eye. A recent photograph of a figure-painting by an American artist shows that a woman's gown was at first painted a hue and texture very different from that finally chosen, the underlying brush-work appearing plainly in the photograph, though not seen by the most attentive observer of the original picture. In like manner photography reveals stars that to the human eye are not distinguishable from nebulous matter.

"There were but few soldiers in the war," says a veteran, "who were not card-players, and they nearly all liked to own a deck, but they had a dread of being killed with a deck on their person. Whenever we heard the cannons begin to boom, and the guns of the picket-men begin to clatter, we knew that the battle was coming, and you would see men by the hundreds drawing their cards from their pockets, and throwing them along the road."

A Buffalo photographer says that he reads the newspapers carefully for accounts of fires, explosions, wrecks, and the like, and whenever any such disaster occurs he goes out with the landscape camera, and makes a negative of the scene of the catastrophe. Some time later he prints a proof, and mails it to the persons financially interested. An order for one or more photographs at a good price invariably follows.

VANITY FAIR.

Fancy dress balls and also dinners are very much in vogue just now in Parisian society, the latter being generally given with costumed heads (*têtes déguisées*) only. This mode is not new, but an element of novelty has been given to it by the hostess prescribing what style of disguise shall be worn. For instance, a dinner was recently given by the Comtesse d'A—, at which all her lady guests appeared with their heads dressed to represent those of birds. The most elegant coiffure was that of the young Duchesse de Morny as a peacock, with an aigrette of diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds, to represent the crest of the royal bird. The most original head was that of an owl, and the most tasteful that of a turtle-dove. Then a bezique party was recently given, at which the game was not played but was represented by the costumes of the guests. The Queen of Diamonds was arrayed in ruby satin, and the Queen of Clubs in black satin and silver tissue, the cut and style of the dresses being accurately copied from the designs on the cards. The guests who represented the common cards of the pack were dressed either in scarlet or black, each gentleman having the card that he represented fastened to the lapel of his coat, and each lady wearing hers attached to the front of her corsage. Care had been taken to have the kings and queens of each suit represented by married couples, greater uniformity of costume being produced by that proceeding. The soirée was a great success, both by its originality and its animation. There is talk, too, of a Molière ball, to be given in carnival week at the house of a leader of Parisian society, and at which every guest is to appear as one of the characters depicted by the great French dramatist. One of the oddest and most original costumes of the season has just been completed for transmission to Nice, where it was worn at the mardi-gras ball of the Countess of Caithness by an American belle. It represents a black poodle. A short skirt of black satin is bordered with a band of Astrakan fur, fully half a yard wide, the back of the skirt being covered with a narrow drapery of satin. A very deep, low-necked cuirasse-corsage of black velvet is edged around the shoulders and around the hips with wide bands of astrakan, the top one passing over the shoulders in guise of sleeves. Boots of black satin, edged around the top with bands of astrakan, a round tuft of that fur being placed upon the instep. The stockings are of dead black silk. Black gloves, reaching to the elbow and finished around the tops with bands of astrakan, a second band being set midway between the wrist and the elbow; bracelet of twisted silver on the left wrist, to recall the fashion which prescribes for the poodle such an ornament on the fore-leg. Cap of astrakan, shaped like that of Mercury, with rounded poodle ears of the fur fastened back instead of wings. On the neck, a dog-collar in silver, hung with little bells and lined with red velvet. A whip of white-plaited leather is carried in the hand.

In the "girls' gossip" of London *Truth*, "Madge" writes: "I lately came across a very delightful kind of evening glove, with silk inserted up the sides of the fingers instead of kid. This keeps the hands cool, no matter how hot one gets in dancing. They are, I believe, called *gants de luxe*. You must try a pair the next dance you go to."

Concerning out-of-town people in New York, the *Sun* has this to say: "Sunday night brings an entirely new set of patrons to the high-priced and world-famous dining places near Madison square. These are not the city people who give one another dinners here in the early evening and after the theatre on week-days. These are rich persons from other cities stopping at the principal hotels over Sunday, and who are doing the town assiduously, and find nothing better to occupy them, now that the theatres are closed—driving and sight-seeing are left to the vulgar, and shopping is out of the question. As a rule they are rich provincials solely bent on spending money, but some are of a kind to whom a dinner at Delmonico's is such an event that they beg for a bill of fare to take home as proof that they have dined there. It is interesting to see the well-dressed and haughty women glide into one of these elegant dining-rooms quite as if butter would not melt in their mouths, and as if the dignity of Spanish queens was in their veins, and then to note their behavior a few minutes after the loud pop and fizz of the second bottle of wine have startled the quieter diners. Already the women have forgotten their frigidity, and have become very loquacious, jocular, and unconventional. They rapidly assume an air of ownership of the place, and all the violent self-control by which they made themselves appear exceedingly well bred, vanishes like hoar frost in the sunshine. By eight or nine o'clock these usually reposeful refreshment rooms, to which New Yorkers like to go because of the atmosphere of elegant quietness prevailing there, have been transformed into feminine babels in which rich male parvenus preside with the air of having bought New York for the purpose of eating and drinking it up, since they can't carry it out West or down South."

At the ice carnival at Montreal have been displayed some luxurious skating and sleighing costumes, entirely of seal-skin. They are, of course, severe in outline and without drapery. The skirt has all its fullness massed in the back, and the postilion basque clings to the bust as if moulded upon it, with close sleeves and high officer's collar; the only ornaments are pendant balls of seal.

A St. Louis "society girl," in the course of a sorrowful plaint addressed to the *Globe-Democrat* that she can't get her name into the papers, voices her woes as follows: "At a reception last Wednesday evening I wore Watteau toilet that was said to be real charming, with a striped silk petticoat, full panniers, and a bouffant drapery of tan-colored satin; and I had a high hat on, too, crimson velvet, and as pretty as anything at the reception. But it didn't get in; the old crowd was printed in all the papers next day just the same. Isn't it provoking? Hundreds of girls in society, like myself, spend plenty of money for dresses, and are at all the principal entertainments, but cannot get their names into the papers. We are excluded to make room for the 'regulars,'

who seem to be always on band, and on the head set, too, if I may be allowed the expression. Why hasn't anything been said about my seven dresses worn this season which cost me over \$1,800? My friends wonder at it. So does my milliner. Other girls in the same fix have friends and milliners who also wonder at the game of freezing out, of which we are made the victims. The fashionable modistes of the city are astonished when they read the list of 'regulars,' which seldom varies, and see among them names of girls who haven't had a new dress in eighteen months. The same old garment goes in every time under a new name. Funny, isn't it?"

It is readily acknowledged that the women at theatres and operas are as much discommoded by each others' high hats and bonnets as the men who are present, and even frequently much more so, since men, by the greater amount of unconventionality which is allowed to them, have much more freedom of movement than women, and can accommodate themselves to the crevices between the bodies, and draperies and accessories in front of them, in a manner that women find it both difficult and inelegant to follow, while their superior stature enables them to see over the top of many an obstruction which presents a dead wall to the women beside them. It is men also who usually have the two outside seats upon the aisle in every row, where they attain almost absolute freedom, let what will be in the seat in front of them. Of course other women—women not wearing that one particular and especial offending hat—sympathize with the man who finds his view obstructed by it; and they are, to a woman, perfectly willing that all women—but themselves—shall go to the theatre without their hats. For their own part, they can not stay to dress their hair in suitable style for its exhibition every time they think of going to the theatre; it may be impossible also to dress their hair any way without making a coiffure whose height shall put the bonnet itself to shame, in order to hide the pet thin—not to say bald—spot, or the one gray lock, or the addition of false locks, or the peculiar defect, whatever it might be, that the kindly bonnet covers and conceals; they had as lief stay at home, moreover, as have to hold their bonnets on their knees all the evening—their best bonnets, too, forgetting all about them in exciting moments—and liable to have them crushed and ruined by the incomers and outgoers all around them; and still further, if they are suburban or outskirt people, and dependent on a certain train or street car, they have no time to hunt up an ante-room, and return a check, and wait for hat and wrap to be selected from a whole roomful of hats and wraps. And in addition to all this, the theatre they know is full of draughts, and they have been used to a bead-covering, and they have no mind for the rheumatisms, and neuralgias, and catarrhs that must follow the removal of the amount of clothing to which they are accustomed, even when that amount is only an accustomed bonnet. Still, there is one condition on which they, even they themselves, will go bareheaded to the theatre, will compromise on a Spanish lace scarf about the head, on a low bonnet, on a Marie Stuart cap, on nothing. They will take the time and trouble to dress their hair before going, they will offer themselves an oblation to curiosity to the extent of letting the women behind them gloat over the special defect of their eked-out hack hair, they will hold their best hats in the lap the evening long, they will sacrifice the last scene of the play, be it the fires of Woden playing about Brunhilda, for the sake of getting to the check-room in time to find their cloaks and reach the cars; they will meet any and every demand in relation to the high hat—as we say—on one condition. The condition is far simpler than anything proposed to them. It is merely that the male part of the audience shall keep their seats throughout the action of the play; that they shall not be allowed to go stepping and striding, and pushing and squeezing past the feminine part of the audience, in order to go out between the acts, obliging every woman either to be stepped over, or else to gather her cloak, her furs, her scarf, her muff, her programme, her opera glass, and erect herself, and push back her seat, and clutch her properties again, and hold them breathless for another rise when the miscreants come back and oblige her to do it all over again, and have their breath blown in her face the while.—*Bazar*.

In Paris, a reigning social sensation is a series of negro balls. They are under the patronage of several ladies of noble blood from Zanzibar and Ethiopia. The dark-hued contingent of Parisian society is a numerous one, and contains many families of rank and wealth. The supposition is that only persons of negro blood is invited. As a matter of fact, however, nearly half of the guests are white. But all such have to stain their faces black for the time being. These disguised revelers are persons of the best standing in French society. Indeed, personages no less than Prince Waldemar and his bride, Amelia, d'Orléans, attended the first of the series. Their faces were stained a rich brown, so that they looked like rather dark quadroons. Several cavaliers of the Duc de Morny's set attend all these gatherings, with their hands and faces dyed, and with wool wigs over their natural hair.

At the reception of the Chinese Minister in Washington the doors of the supper-room had to be closed in an hour because everything eatable was gone. A Chinese servant seated at the door said, with a repressive gesture, to an officer of the navy who was gracefully entering: "You no can go in. You havee three times allylledy," and the officer retired with less grace than he came. Hundreds came uninvited. Mrs. Cleveland has been obliged to give up her informal receptions on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. These were from twelve to one, and were for friends and acquaintances. The ushers at the door could not be given power of discretion as to who should or should not be admitted; the consequence was that the quiet morning receptions were crowded with strangers, and became nearly as crowded as those held on Saturday afternoons for the general public. So they must be given up. Society will have to use cards as a defense, or else the American public will have to learn to be proud and not go where it is not invited.

The manner in which the shop-girls and clerks live is a matter of amazement with all foreigners who visit New York. Some time ago an ingenious Irishman in the Roman Catholic

book business hit upon the idea of offering the girls who were his customers a chance to buy clothes on installments. The scheme caught like wild-fire, and he is now a large dealer in women's furnishings—the Worth of servantgirlhood. Girls who used not to be able to spend more than ten or twelve dollars for a dress, and who hid their poor calicos and thin merinos under cloaks and shawls as ample as they could buy, now indulge in fifty-dollar and even one-hundred-dollar dresses, and swing them as saucily along the streets on Sunday mornings as ever the periest young belle of upper-ten circles vibrates a petticoat. A score or more of imitators of this pioneer friend of the domestic have sprung up in sister cities, so that no girl has to go far with her installments, and many a servant girl has a more costly "best dress" than her mistress boasts. But not for long does any girl enjoy this singular distinction. The woman who could sit patiently a second Sunday and see her servant sail forth in silks "that fairly stand alone" is not yet born.

The long-talked-of marriage of Prince Roland Bonaparte to his young kinswoman, the Princess Lætitia, only daughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and of the Princess Clotilde, appears to have been definitely broken off. It would have been a good thing for the young lady, who would have had a fortune of over two millions of dollars settled upon her by her bridegroom; and it would have been a splendid match for Prince Roland, as it would have brought him into close relationship with half the reigning families of Europe. It is now reported that the match will not take place, owing to the persistent opposition of King Humbert, who is by no means satisfied with the prospect of such a marriage for his niece, who chances to be the only young lady in all the royal family of Italy. The King himself has an only son, Prince Amadeus has three, and Queen Pia, of Portugal, two, so the only marriageable princess among the descendants of Victor Emmanuel is the Princess Lætitia. She is just twenty, and is said to be a very pleasing-looking girl, resembling her father far more than she does her plain little mother, the "Marmot of Savoy," as Prince Napoleon used to nickname her very rudely in the first years of his marriage. There has always been a very strong feeling against Prince Roland among the members of the royal families of Europe—first, on account of the plebeian origin of his mother; second, on that of his father's very bad character, and third, because of his marriage to Mlle. Blanc, of Monaco, from whose share in the revenues of the gambling tables of Monte Carlo he derives his large income. The Radzivil family have cut, it is said, the scion of their house who married the other Mlle. Blanc, so it was hardly likely that the royal kinsfolk of the Princess Lætitia would smile upon her union with the young widower.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the *New York World*: "I have just had quite an interesting conversation with a lady newly arrived from Florence, where, during a sojourn of some months, she had frequent opportunities afforded her of meeting and observing the celebrated 'Ouida' (Miss de la Ramée). That lady is waxing well on in years, having passed her fiftieth birthday some time ago. She is rather masculine in figure, and her face, from much exposure to wind and weather, has become decidedly rubicund, and her nose as well. Her 'amber hair,' which she used to wear flowing over her shoulders in the long ago, in the style she favored in her earlier novels, now shows a good deal of silver mixed with its amber, and is cut short and pushed back from her forehead, being confined by a narrow ribbon. On festive occasions she wears white velvet, a favorite material of hers, to judge from the frequency wherewith she arrays her heroines in it. But on ordinary occasions she is dressed in the worst and dowdiest form of English bad taste. This is rather surprising, as she describes such pretty toilets in her novels, though, to be sure, she is fond of ascribing to Worth such dire combinations as sage green and scarlet, or dead leaf and orange, which would in reality drive the great dressmaker half wild to contemplate. She lives with her mother in a villa situated about four miles from Florence, which is literally crammed with all sorts of choice and beautiful artistic possessions—old embroideries, antique gold and silver brocades, fine old porcelains, bronzes, pictures, etc. In fact, it is said that she has sunk most of the large sums that she has received for her later novels in these purchases. She is also extravagantly fond of dogs, and is always accompanied in her daily walks by some ten or fifteen of these canine pets, which are usually of the largest possible size. Also she delights in driving in a high dog-cart at a tremendous rate of speed, and has been more than once fined for too rapid driving on the Lung' Arno. She frankly detests all Americans, never letting slip an opportunity of rebuffing or snubbing them. Often, however, she gets as good as she sends from her trans-Atlantic opponents. It chanced one evening, for instance, that she met at a party a young American girl who wore an eye-glass, and who being apprised by her hostess of the arrival of the celebrated Ouida, naturally looked at the new-comer with all her eyes and her eye-glass as well. She was presented to the personage later in the evening, when Ouida remarked: 'I knew you were an American, Miss X—, as soon as I caught sight of you.' 'And how so?' was the query. 'Because,' retorted the novelist, 'you were behaving as though you were in a theatre.' 'I did think I was in a theatre,' responded Miss X—, 'till I saw you enter, and then I thought I was in a menagerie.' It is, in fact, the refusal of Americans in general to put up with Ouida's impertinences of speech and rudeness of action that has made our people unpopular with the dashing authoress, and has impelled her to the creation of such characters as Fuschia Leach in 'Moths' and Mrs. Henry V. Clams in 'Friendship.' By the way, the original of the latter character acted with great tact and intelligence when that scurrilous novel was first published. All of the personages were portraits, and everybody in Florence was talking about the work. So 'Mrs. Henry V. Clams' at once ordered out her carriage, went to call upon Ouida, congratulated her publicly and effusively on the success of her new book, and, in fact, so completely ignored the fact that she was held up to reproposition therein, that all her friends followed her lead, and the vicious attack of the novelist lost half of its force."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It is said that the French have reason to fear an epidemic of Krupp.—*Life*.

A Western lecturer has selected for his subject, "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorably.—*Norristown Herald*.

A ballet-girl was recently arrested for vagrancy, but was discharged on the testimony of one of her audience concerning her visible means of support.—*Life*.

A Chicago contemporary has learned that a man has discovered that the huckwheat-cake, like the human heart, once cold, can never be itself again.—*Springfield Union*.

"This is one of the silent watches of the night," remarked Fangle, as he looked at his time-piece on arising this morning, and found it had stopped at 11 P. M.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Dude—"What are you looking at me that way for? Do you think I'm a fool?" Barkeeper—"Oh, no; I never judge people by their looks. Appearances are deceitful."—*Texas Siftings*.

"Don't be a fool," she said, with a soap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied, and silence fell upon that house.—*Washington Critic*.

There are two things in this world that I can't understand—one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on, it stays with you; and if you stop it, it goes away.—*Burdette*.

Out of four hundred invited guests to the ball given by the Chinese Minister, only twelve hundred attended. Nevertheless, from a Washington society point of view, the affair was a great success.—*Puck*.

He—"You don't sing or play? Then, I presume, you write or paint?" She—"Oh, no; I'm like the young men we meet in society—I simply sit around, and try to look intelligent."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

He—"I beg your pardon, Miss, but I don't admire your last name." She—"Great heavens! man, haven't I done everything in my power to change it? Must I knock a man down with a club."—*Washington Critic*.

City Man—"What the blazes is the matter with that hen?" Farmer—"Nothing; she has just laid an egg." City Man—"Great Scott? One would suppose she had laid the foundation for a brick block."—*Boston Courier*.

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."—*French Fun*.

After debating a long time as to the proper inscription to put on the gravestone of a man who was blown to pieces by a powder-mill, his friends decided on the following: "He was a man of excellent parts."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Boston Girl—"Tell me, my friend, do you admire Hawthorne?" New York Girl—"Oh, my, yes! I think it is great. When we were at Saratoga I used to drink two big glasses of it every morning before breakfast."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Artist—"I will pay you as soon as I sell my picture. There are lots of people who would be glad to buy it if they only knew where I could be found." Landlord—"You will be found on the street, if you don't pay inside of three days."—*Judge*.

He (to Pittsburg heiress)—"Do you know Miss Wandergrift, whose father is reported to be very rich?" She (glass and pig-iron)—"O, no, indeed! The Wandergrifts do not belong to our set at all! They are so new, you know! Their money comes from natural gas."—*Puck*.

"Look here," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's, "those eggs you sold me yesterday were bad." "Well, that wasn't my fault." "Whose fault was it, then?" "Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a groceryman; I'm no mind-reader."—*Washington Critic*.

Woman (to tramp)—"I kin give ye some cold buckwheat cakes an' a piece o' mince pie." Tramp (frightened)—"Wha-what's that?" Woman—"Cold buckwheat cakes and mince pie." Tramp (heroically)—"Throw in a small hottle of pepsin, madame, and I'll take the chances."—*Medical and Surgical Record*.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Keeper, "that when Adam realized the vastness of the world into which he had been ushered he must have had a great deal on his mind?" "Well," responded Mrs. Blunt, "from the picture I have seen, I should say that whatever he did have on must have been on his mind."—*The Judge*.

Miss Ethel—"Have you seen the new American hook of beraldry?" Miss Blanche—"No, have you?" "Not yet, but I have sent for it; you ought to get one, too, and see if your name is in." "That would only be a waste of money; I know it is in. It is in every book." "It is?" "Yes; my name is Smith, you know."—*Omaha World*.

Young Husband—"It does seem to me you might learn how to cook better than that. My mother"—Young Wife—"There, that will do. I refrain from learning how to cook on principle." "Oh, you do! thinking of me, of course?" "No, of my son." "Son?" "Yes; I don't intend he shall ever make any nice girl miserable, hragging about my cooking."—*Omaha World*.

"R-r-r-r-r." "Hello, central!" "Hello; what number?" "How much is a telephone worth?" "Telephones are not sold; they are simply rented." "I don't want to buy one, I just want to know how much I would have to pay if mine got smashed by some accident." "Oh, I don't know; about forty dollars, I think. Have you a bet?" "No; I have an ax." "R-r-r-r-r."—*Detroit Free Press*.

OLD FAVORITES.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple eve
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of the silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a gold-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial bow
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves,

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and fresh and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, spirit or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of the happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor can not be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but never knewest love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips must flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"Herr Zipferl, why is it that you every now and then put a small coin on the table?" "O, that is on account of a bad habit of mine. You see, I want to cure myself of the bad habit of using so many foreign words in conversation, so I fine myself five pennings every time I use one." "Then I suppose you contribute the sum to some charitable purpose?" "Not much! that money pays for my beer before I go home."—*German Joke*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Verdi, the composer, has received from King Humbert the grand cordon of the Order of St. Maurizio and St. Lazzaro.

At the recent sale in London of the effects of Jockey Archer, five whips brought twenty guineas, and oil paintings of horses ridden by Archer fifty guineas apiece.

A Michigan school-teacher, L. Q. Rounds, has been arrested for unprofessional conduct. He kissed the young ladies in his school all around twice a day "just for fun."

General Fremont has a picturesque peo. In his "Memoirs," just out, he says of an Indian encountered during his second exploration: "He was a good-looking young nian, and as naked as a worm."

Messrs. Baring Brothers, of London, having cleared five millions of dollars on the job of floating Guinness's Stout Company, were so pleased that they gave on Christmas a year's salary to each of their employees.

Sam Jones said to his Boston audience the other day: "Brethren, I think too much of cultured Boston to rebuke an audience, but down South the people don't leave the house until the benediction is pronounced."

Mrs. Langtry is telling some interesting stories about Joaquin Miller. She describes in one of them a reception given in her honor in London, where he appeared in a red flannel shirt and top-boots, and strewed a pocketful of rose-leaves on the floor before her.

In "Francillon" the heroine promises her cabman, No. 3,728, a fee of twenty francs (\$4). Accordingly M. Dumas has sent to the director of the Paris Cab Company that sum, asking him to pay it to the actual No. 3,728, "from Mme. de Riverolles." A promise should never be forgotten.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree, who lives at the Hoffman House, is said to get more free dinners than any other man in New York. Every stranger who comes to town, according to current rumor, seems to think that he hasn't "done the town" thoroughly unless he has had Colonel Ochiltree take dinner with him.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, is now sojourning in Southern California, for his health. In San Francisco, where he spent a few days, he met Bishop Kip, who was his fellow-student in Yale in the class of '31. Bishop Clark stands next to Bishop Kip in order of seniority among the Protestant Episcopal prelates of the United States.

Mr. Potter Palmer announced to his friends last week that the last of the two-million-dollars indebtedness incurred by him for building operations after the great fire of 1871 had been paid. He owns nearly two hundred buildings in Chicago, and his rent roll, exclusive of the Palmer House, is said to be nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the last landlords of the old Cock Tavern at Temple Bar, now demolished, have sent to Lord Tennyson one of the tankards used in that hostelry, with the inscription, "A pint-pot neatly graven" (from "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue"). The Laureate has returned his thanks in an autograph letter, saying that he will preserve the relic as an heirloom in his family.

Miss Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. N. P., is now regularly on the stage. She has been playing Parthenia in "Ingomar" in the towns of Pennsylvania. The General, who is now seventy-one years of age, still holds the office of United States Marshal in Boston, and runs an experimental farm of sixty acres just outside the city. Miss Maud is a pronounced brunette, and she wears her hair after Mrs. Cleveland's style.

The great composer, Verdi, is also a great patriot. In the dark days of thirty or forty years ago, when there was no more ardent champion of Italian liberty and union than he. He was elected to parliament in 1861, and took deep interest in all its operations. But it was a silent interest. He never could make a speech, though he often declared that he would gladly give the copyright of his best opera for the ability to do so.

Bismarck's large consumption of brandy during his speeches in the Reichstag, has brought out the alleged fact that he has been a confirmed tippler for many years. After the Franco-German war, when the treaty of Frankfurt was to be drawn up, M. Thiers was in a quandary as to whom he should send as the Representative of France. M. Pouyer-Quertier, to-day a Senator, was finally hit upon, "because he could drink as much as the Chancellor."

The Prince of Wales is going to pay five hundred dollars a day for his accommodation at Newlands during his visit to Ireland. He is more extravagant than the queen. On her last visit to Aix les Bains she wanted to occupy the Hotel Splendide, but the price asked, four hundred dollars a day, was too high, so she took another house, which she got for two hundred and eighty dollars a day. But then the queen has no rich mother, as the prince has.

The death of Mme. Needham, and the sale of her goods at the Hotel Drouet, Paris, make it plain that the lady shopped industriously. One hundred and fifty day and night chemises, trimmed with Valenciennes and other lace, seventy petticoats in silk, muslin, etc., forty pairs of garters, twenty-four corsets, two hundred lace handkerchiefs, forty pantaloons de soie peluché, and one hundred and five pairs of silk stockings, are among the items on the bill of sale.

Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of the Oregon senator, having been described by a vicious correspondent as she appeared in a gray plush cloak at the theatre one evening as resembling "a Maltese kitten by moonlight," an admirer of the young lady sent her, with the printed paragraph, a moonstone carved to represent the head of a kitten, with small emerald eyes, caught in the arms of a crescent moon made of diamonds. Miss Mitchell constantly wears this pin now.

Lord Idlesleigh and Lord Salisbury became close friends away back in 1855, when they were known respectively as Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Robert Cecil. When the latter wedded Miss Alderson his father cast him off, considering the match a misalliance. The young couple fled for friendship and advice to the Northcotes, and it was Sir Stafford who put Lord Robert into the way of supporting himself and his bride during the winter of paternal wrath, by writing for the press.

M. Steenackers, who was Postmaster-General under the Tours Delegate Government, and is now a member of the French Chamber, has taken up the cause of the claimants to £25,000,000, which they contend is due them by the state. In 1676 a Frenchman named Thery deposited £400,000 in the Bank of Venice, and then died. For some time after his decease nobody came forward as his heir. Some swindlers then, by means of forged papers, tried to get hold of it, but failed. More than a century passed, when Bonaparte was ordered by the Directory to demand the principal and interest for the benefit of French subjects. They were paid to him, and he appropriated them to military uses. The state therefore became the debtor of the Thery family. Authentic heirs of the depositor of the £400,000 exist. This sum, with legal interest, now comes to £25,000,000.

The Bourse speculations of M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, have excited recently the greatest comment. The parsimoniousness of M. Grévy is so well known that the financial necessities of M. Wilson, like those of the Prince of Wales, are universally understood and sympathized with, but the public will draw the line at shady speculations. M. Grévy receives £60,000 for his displacement expenditures, and an equal sum for his public expenses over and above his salary, and notwithstanding these large amounts, he travels gratis, with all his suite, and the persons accompanying him to his country seat have become so numerous that the railroad finds it cheaper to give him a special train than to attach, as formerly, a single carriage to the regular passenger train. Upon the last occasion, ordinary tourists were obliged to remain over, owing to the immediate filling of all the available room by the guests of the President. Now, the railways grumble at the change, and the public is growing in its habit of sneering at M. Wilson's efforts to get money how and where he can.

DONNA AND DON JUAN.

"Parisina" discusses Dumas's Conjugal Theory of Sauce for the Gander.

Who says that the French are merely a light and frivolous nation, has certainly never made a study of modern French novelists, or still less of the dramatists. No one can say that Zola is light reading, whatever else you may say about him; and Dumas, for all his wit, is sometimes very heavy. This, however, is not the case with "Francillon"—his last, and one of his best plays. It is written with a purpose, of course, but the purpose is made secondary to the more human interests of the story. The plot is not merely devised for the sake of showing up some social plague-spot, and the characters are something more than machines for spouting the favorite doctrines of the author.

Dumas is the great cultivator of this species of literature, and the appearance of one of his plays always sets society discussing some knotty point of social morals, some question more or less ticklish, and therefore welcome to our would-be philosophers, male and female. Once it was the famous *tue-la*—had an outraged husband the right to kill? At another time, the *Idées de Mme. Aubrey*, anent the marriage of her son with the girl he had seduced, were canvassed right and left. While later, in the case of Denise, was argued for and against, could a fallen woman be rehabilitated by marriage?

Elsewhere, when such questions arise, they are generally suggested by some scandal in the law courts, some criminal trial or other. Here, it is Dumas who states the case and draws his conclusions, which may or may not be those of the world at large. He dresses up his ideas in a drama more or less amusing, more or less stilted, more or less human and natural, it is played by the best actors in Paris, and all the world crowd to see it, making it the one great topic of the day.

"Francillon" is the subject of conversation around the dinner-table over the afternoon cups of tea, in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, between men and women, between friends and chance acquaintances. Was or was not the poor little woman right to demand an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth? The men—if their wives are in the room—don't like to be too emphatic, but they are generally of one mind in the matter, they agree with the Comte de Riverolles, and . . . But I forget, the reader has not been to the Français, and has not spent the last few days discussing this all-absorbing topic.

You must know that the Comte de Riverolles is a fine gentleman and his wife is a fine lady; his equal in birth, fortune, and standing. Some twenty months or so before the scene opens, they took each other for better or worse, and a child was in due time born to them. Francine de Riverolles—familiarly "Francillon"—has put her fine ladyism in her pocket and performed a mother's part to the infant who has for a time superseded somewhat the husband in her attentions, which causes some people to declare that Dumas's sub-thesis is, "women, if you want to keep your husband out of mischief, don't nurse your children." This introduction of nursery topics is certainly not in the best taste. True, the matter is discussed on the stage, in an after-dinner chat between the heroine and her great friend—the Baronne Smith—but thus the stalls have to be taken into their confidence. When the curtain rises the ladies are together in a large room, half hall, half conservatory, wherein the whole comedy is played out, the unities in this case being respected so far as place is concerned, though a whole night passes in the interval between the first and second acts.

Francillon is in bad spirits, anxious, nervous; her husband has got into the habit of going out every evening and staying late at his club. She even suspects that the club is the cloak with which he covers worse sins. A certain Mlle. Michon, whom she has learned exercised—to put it mildly—a considerable amount of fascination over her husband before his marriage, has, she fears, re-asserted her influence; and were this proved to be the case—she tells her friend—the count should soon know what kind of woman he had married. Baronne Smith reasons with her as people are apt to do, to no purpose. In the eyes of the young woman marriage is a contract equally binding for the man as for the woman, each has sworn to be faithful. She admits no injustice; if the husband has perjured himself, punishment shall follow.

When the Baronne and the men, who were in the smoking-room, have departed, the count orders his brougham, to go to his club and the opera ball, where, he says, he has promised to meet some friends and sup with them afterward. In vain does Francillon implore him to give them all up and stay at home with her; or, if he must go to the ball, to take her with him. Of course he does no such thing, and makes a number of futile excuses. The audience is sure he has a rendezvous with Rosalie Michon—and so is his wife. No sooner has he left the house, than she orders her maid to bring her a mantle, and the footman to call her a cab.

In the next act we learn the history of that night.

Francillon had followed her husband to the club in the first place, and afterward to the opera, calling at a costumer's on the way to buy a domino and a mask. Discovering him in a box in the first tier, she had gone round to the opposite side of the house to another box occupied by a man of his set whom she recognized, but who, of course, did not recognize her. He had a capital opera-glass, and with this she could see everything that went on opposite; how the count, being visited by a fellow-sinner, one Prince Adarowitch, playfully let down the lovely Rosalie's hair (she was celebrated for the length of her tresses) and then twisted it up again, taking a kiss for his pains, and replacing the hood "over the tresses and the kiss." Then, slipping away from the demonstrative owner of the box, the disguised wife had made her way through the crowd to the door, before the count and his mistress arrived there. Hovering round them, at one moment half inclined to declare herself, and force him to take her away, she heard the order given to the coachman—Rosalie's coachman—to drive to the Maison d'Or. A handsome young fellow was standing near; through the loopholes in her velvet mask Francillon fixes her eyes upon him; he "imagines her pretty and young," and offers his arm, which she took. "To the Maison d'Or" is all she said, and they go to the restaurant together. At the restaurant her first care was to slip gold into the hands of a big, burly waiter Eugène, and ask

him the names of the gentlemen who were supping there that night. Hearing that the Comte de Riverolles was closeted in No. 9, and that No. 7, next door, was vacant, she said they would sup there, telling Eugène to send them the same viands and wines as the count had ordered. A thin partition separated the two parties, and the sound of the husband's laugh reached the wife's ears. "I preferred your laugh to the silence that followed," declares Francillon—for it is to her husband that she tells the whole story. At first, the count is incredulous—who would not be? Then, when he begins to understand—Francillon is careful with her details—he tries to get rid of a friend, Henri de Symeux, who is the unwilling spectator of this conjugal scene, but the comtesse won't let him go at first, though she takes pity on him later, and sends him to take a message addressed to her mother to the telegraph office. This is before she gets so far as the Maison d'Or in her story.

No one but Dumas would have dared to put such a dialogue in the mouths of his characters. When Francillon tells how she got into M. de Saint Hukin's box, her husband exclaims, "You told him who you were?" She replies, "Certainly not; he had not the least idea when I was, if I may judge by his conversation." To which he retorts, "Improper!" And then afterward, describing the supper, "Don't be afraid," says Francillon, "I paid the bill!" "The name of this man!" peremptorily demands M. de Riverolles, to which the wife answers, "I have no idea, no more than he of mine. I had revenge to take, and I needed an accomplice, so I seized the first that offered. . . . The man does not matter. He was to me what a charcoal stove might be, or a phial of laudanum; but no one is dead, there is only one more unfaithful one in the world and an honest woman the less. . . . Between yesterday and to-day, there is your sin and my infamy. . . . It seems to me as if I had passed this night on the dissecting-table at the morgue, and the brutality of my story is the last sigh of my lost dignity." "Swear to me that what you say is true," cries Count Lucien. "I swear it." "On your honor?" "Which? That of yesterday?" "Unhappy woman!" and the count raises his hand as if to strike her.

De Riverolles is not one of those who consider *qu'il faut laver son linge sale en famille*, perhaps because he is, even then, half incredulous. He sends for his father, the marquis, for the Baronne Smith, for his friends Symeux and Grandredon. The marquis declares that Francillon is playing a part, and then proceeds to give his son a bit of his mind. "Since I have seen you here you have done nothing but talk of my daughter-in-law's revenge, which we all question, and not a word of your own faults, which no one doubts. Yet, we can not pass it over in silence. If you had done as you ought to do, we should not be convoked to discuss the to-be-or-not-to-be of your honor!" The marquis plays chorus—he is the morality of the play.

Symeux and Grandredon have been sent hither and thither to test the truth of Francillon's assertions, and she, moreover, has furnished them with documentary evidence—the restaurant bill, the receipt of the costumer. One thing she insists on keeping silence upon, she will not divulge the name of her accomplice—Anonyma has supped with Incognito.

In the meantime, the count having sent for his lawyer, a clerk is announced, and Francillon utters an exclamation of horror and surprise on seeing him. Surely Incognito was some other than Pinquet the handsome young clerk! He is questioned in ambiguous phrases, but they can make nothing of him. To cut a long story short, it is the Baronne Smith who at last, and by a very simple stratagem, entraps the unhappy wife into confessing that if it were true she followed her husband to the opera, true that she supped at the Maison d'Or, she has not further degraded herself. At first, and in spite of all her friend has to say, she continues to persist in her assertions; then the baroness changes her tactics.

"Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be said, for, unfortunately, the young man has confessed that you"—

"He lies!" cries Francine. This is enough. It is as every one from the first expected; the Comtesse de Riverolles has wished to ruin her reputation and committed perjury for the sake of revenge! As soon as the count hears the truth he falls at her feet, and every one, we may suppose, is happy ever afterward.

That is, good, scrupulous, honorable people think so, but society is neither good, over-burdened with scruples, nor always honorable. The men will tell you that such a man as De Riverolles is not likely to be suddenly transformed into an irreproachable Benedict all at once, and that the lesson, though a hard one, is not likely to make a lasting impression. Besides Rosalie Michon has certainly lovely hair, and the usual attractions of her kind. The count is but a poor creature after all, and sure to be caught with chaff; it is impossible to imagine such a man leading the respectable life of a respectable citizen, husband, and father of a family. For the rest, his own father appreciates him at his right value. "Madame, my son is an ass!" whispers this miserable old noble, who firmly believes in the degeneracy of the times, to the baroness. And if this Riverolles be an ass there is many another of the same breed; men who spend half their lives at baccarat, and who, while they are incapable of an honest passion for an honest woman, will allow themselves to be befooled and hoodwinked by painted sirens who spend their money and laugh at them behind their backs, preferring "Cousin Jean" or "Petit Alphonse" a thousand times. M. Dumas had not far to go to find some one to sit for this count's portrait.

Francine is also a product of Parisian civilization; not so common a one, doubtless, but to be met with nevertheless, now and then. She interests us; we may even shed a tear over her troubles, a special tribute to the talent of Mlle. Bartet who has identified herself entirely with this character—at once superficial and capable of deep feeling, pure and knowing in the wickedness of the world; straightforward though driven to utter the basest of falsehoods. It is the *entourage* here that makes the woman, and this is very well shown by Dumas. The *ménage* Riverolles is *copurchie*; if by birth and education the pair belong to the noble Faubourg, by taste and inclination they are "nouveau Paris." Francillon has no prudery. Things are talked of in her presence that no American or English lady would listen to for an instant. Even French critics consider the scene in the first act *un peu fort*. I am not alluding to the matronly confidences of Francine and the Baronne, but the conversations

between those ladies and Stanislas de Grandredon, the hardened bachelor, Henri de Symeux, a good-natured fellow, bordering on middle age, and Jean de Camillac, the pattern club-man—the three friends of Lucien de Riverolles, whom Francine treats with almost equal familiarity. Annette, the count's young sister, who lives with them, has retired discreetly, and the husband has taken up a newspaper and only throws in a word here and there, when it suits him. "Stans," as Francillon calls De Grandredon, is the principal talker, and tries to distract her thoughts with chit-chat of the clubs. At one moment Rosalie Michon passes from the subject of it, and Francillon, spurred on by half concealed jealousy, undoes her own hair and defies all the Michons of the *monde* or *demi-monde* to equal it in length or beauty.

Dumas has certainly exercised the right of a dramatist, and there is palpable exaggeration in this, with more than one grain of truth, however. As I told you, not so very long since, there is a growing tendency to permit a laxity of language in certain Parisian salons, which is very demoralizing and deserves castigation. Unfortunately, the public, for the most part, notices the exaggeration and does not lay the lesson to heart; in fact, it is just the opposite, "Francillon" itself serving as an excuse for the discussion of subjects only fit for the smoking room.

Annette, the *ingénue*, played by Reichemberg in her most simple and winning manner, is used as an artistic foil to the other characters. This has nothing to do with the plot, and yet the scene in which she describes to Henri de Symeux the way to make a Japanese salad is quoted and talked about everywhere. This salad—unknown to Vatel—is one of Dumas's triumphs; artistic, not culinary.

"You cook your potatoes in some good stock," says the versatile damsel, whose education has included cooking as well as the "ologies," "you cut them in slices and season them in the usual way with pepper and salt, oil and vinegar."

"Flavored with estragon?" demands her attentive listener.

"No, Arbans' vinegar, but it does not matter. The great point is half a glass of white wine—Château Yquem, if possible—and plenty of sweet herbs chopped very fine, indeed. In the meantime, you have boiled some large mussels with a top of celery; after pouring off the water, add these to the potatoes."

Again she is interrupted by Henri de Symeux: "Fewer mussels than potatoes?"

"About a third less. The mussels must not predominate. Then you mix the salad lightly, and lay some slices of truffles over the top."

"The truffles are, of course, cooked in champagne?"

"Oh, that goes without saying. The salad must be completed two hours before dinner, so that the ingredients shall have time to cool."

"The salad-bowl might be placed in ice?"

"Oh, no, no, no; you mustn't hurry it. The flavor is very delicate, and wants time to pervade all the ingredients."

After this, no one is surprised that this middle-aged *bon-vivant* should propose for so charming and well educated a young lady, or should marry one who takes an interest in salad.

PARISINA.

PARIS, January 31, 1887.

The terrible results of the accident on the Vermont Central Railroad have directed attention to the probable merits of a non-combustible steel car now in process of construction at Boston. This car combines novelty of plan and materials with a new method of heating. The details of its construction are therefore of more than ordinary interest. The car is to be made of malleable steel, in the shape, approximately of a cylinder, strengthened with concentric, cross, and longitudinal braces. A compressible platform at each end will greatly lessen, if not wholly destroy, the force of a shock from collision, and avert the danger of telescoping. The seats are to be bolted to the thick metal floor, as well as to the bottom plates of the car, so that they will not be torn up and thrown around in case of an accident. The clangor and reverberation to be expected from the jostling of a boiler-like apartment will, it is claimed, be amply provided against by the liberal use upon the interior surface of felt and hair paddings, which, together with the upholstery stuffs, are to be treated with chemicals that will render them incombustible. The danger of fire is to be more certainly averted by the use of hot air for purposes of heating, and by locating the source of heat outside the car. The furnace is placed beneath the car and in the rear of the trucks. Air admitted through a valve under the hood over the platform, will pass through pipes to the furnace, when, after being heated in the usual manner, it will pass up into the car through ordinary registers. Thus constructed, the car will not cost, it is said, more than the wooden cars now in use, and may cost less. It will probably be found practicable to make it lighter, and it will certainly be more durable, as well as safer, than the wooden car.

At the marriage of the Marchale Catherine, General Booth's daughter, to Colonel Clibborn at the Salvation Army barracks in London, there was a curious scene. The young woman, tall and excitable, as well as a comely creature, as soon as the marriage was over sang a song of which one line was not very encouraging to the newly-married husband. The line was, "We'll fight and never tire," and to illustrate her meaning in worldly fashion she squared off at her husband in true pugilistic shape, dodging her head and shifting her ground, and with much spirit she battered him about considerably. The immense crowd screamed and shouted. It was too much for the excitable nature of General Booth. He dragged out his venerable spouse, and they sparred right merrily at each other. When that tired them both couples began a frenzied breakdown, hanging on to each other's waists.

According to the Roman Catholic directory, recently published, there are 413 priests in the diocese of New York, 312 in Boston, 287 in Baltimore, 282 in Chicago, 270 in Philadelphia, 254 in St. Louis, 227 in Milwaukee, and 219 in Cincinnati.

The value of a human life, estimated from life assurance and wage statistics, is \$14,600. The value, however, is not realized without work and growth.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient of a book sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down in this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

New Books.

A new edition of Copp's "American Settler's Guide; A Popular Exposition of the Public Land System of the United States," has been published recently by the author, Henry N. Copp, Washington, D. C.; for sale by the booksellers, price 25 cents.

The latest issue of the Franklin Square Library is, "Elizabeth's Fortune," a novel by Miss Bertha Thomas; and of the Handy Series, "Yeast: A Problem," by Charles Kingsley, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 and 25 cents respectively.

Baron Tennyson's new volume of poems, entitled "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, and Other Poems"—of which the MacMillans issued an edition a few weeks ago, when it was noticed in this column—has been published in a pretty little volume by Harper & Brothers, of New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. George Makepeace Towle has chosen an apt title for his little book on American history. It is, indeed, "The Nation in a Nutshell;" in its hundred and fifty little pages is a brief but clear outline of American history, from the era of discovery to the present day. The last six chapters are devoted to the Presidents, material progress, progress in literature, arts, and science, and political changes. The statements are clear and correct, making a handy little text-book, which a great many people will be glad to have. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price 50 cents.

Alphonse Daudet's pretty *nouvelle*, "La Belle Nivernaise; Histoire d'un vieux bateau et de son équipage," has been published in the Contes Choisis. The seventh of the Romans Choisis is "L'Ombra," by H. G. Monvray, a romantic story of Italian and English life, the heroine being the daughter of a noble Italian house; her magnificent voice leads her to the lyric stage after her family is overtaken by affliction; she appears under the name of "L'Ombra," and wins the love of a young Englishman whom she afterwards marries. Published by William K. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey, 631 Market Street; price, 25 and 60 cents, respectively.

"Practical Pedagogy," by Louisa P. Hopkins, is a valuable little book for teachers. It is a summary of actual work with a class of children, "whose growth from childhood," says the author, "has justified the method of that early education." The earliest years alone are treated, but the excellence of Miss Hopkins's views makes the volume a standard one on the science of teaching. The methods are chiefly those of the kindergarten, but they have been amplified and made conformable to the requirements of pupils of slightly older age. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

The "Story of the Normans" has been very well told by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett for the Putnam's Story of the Nations Series. A good half of the volume is taken up with the achievements of William the Conqueror, and the entire work covers only the period from 911 A. D. to the period of Rolf the Ganger, the first duke of the Normans, to the completion of the conquest of England. They were a valiant and hardy race of warriors, and the romance and chivalry of their lives is an appropriate topic for Miss Jewett's graceful pen; the story is one of the most interesting that has yet appeared in this excellent series. A map of Europe at the close of the eleventh century is given; and the numerous illustrations consist of reproductions of curious old portraits, views of Norman architecture, and new and old pictures illustrating the manners and customs of the people. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price \$1.50.

"Common Sense Science" is the unprepossessing title of a volume of entertaining essays which have recently been written by Grant Allen. Mr. Allen is a facile writer and appears to much greater advantage as an essayist than as a novelist. These present essays are popular accounts of recent discoveries and experiments in various branches of science, and are full of rare and curious bits of information; the reader who picks up the book will almost invariably read on for a half-dozen pages wherever he happens to open it. An idea of the wide range of topics may be had by glancing at the titles, such as "Second Nature," "Attainable Ideals," "Mountains," "The Origin of Bowing," "Inhabited Worlds," "Beauty," "Genius and Talent," etc. The book, containing over three hundred pages, is well printed on heavy, wide-margined paper, with gilt tops. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Social Studies" is the title given to a volume containing a decade of essays by the Rev. R. Heber Newton. These essays show evidence of careful thought and observation, though they are tinged with more of the egyptian's charity and sympathy than the strict economist would countenance, and they cover a wide range of topics, including such as "A Bird's Eye View of the Labor Question," "Is the State Just to the Workingman?" "The Story of Co-operative Distribution in the United States," "The Religious Aspect of Socialism," etc. Each essay is preceded by a syllabus, which serves the purpose of a table of contents while showing graphically the relation and connection of the various points made. In the notes are given a conversation following the testimony before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor; a bibliography of socialism, and a summary of authorities for the position taken by the author in the list of the above-mentioned essays, on the socialistic aspect of religious reformations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, \$1.00.

Browning's New Volume.

"Parleying with Certain People of Importance; to wit: Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodginton, Francis Furini, Gerard de Laireasse, and Charles Avison. Introduced by a Dialogue between Apollo and the Fates; concluded by another between John Fust and his Friends"—this is the long but descriptive title of Robert Browning's new poem, of which the cable has already given us some slight account. The most striking point quoted was the farewell of the Fates to Apollo, "Bui! Tra-la-lai! Ha, ha, ha!" This sounded sufficiently ludicrous to strike consternation to the hearts of Browning's admirers; but in the text it is not so incongruous as one would think. The poem shows the same faults and the same beauties which have characterized all of Browning's writings, but the good preponderates over the bad, and the entire work is a remarkable production from a man who is well past the allotted three-score years and ten.

In these parleyings the poet addresses the pensive personages whom he has resuscitated from semi-oblivion to use as pegs whereon to hang his ideas of their theories—or even theories with which they have no apparent connection. Bernard de Mandeville, the author of "The Fable of the Bees," is almost forgotten, but Browning finds in his long-discarded story that private vices are public benefits, much wisdom that has escaped other critics; Daniel Bartoli, the li-torian of the Society of Jesus, is the silent listener to whom the second discourse is addressed, though his connection with the tale of love and self-sacrifice which the poet here tells with his best narrative skill, is hard to discover; the poet, Christopher Smart, whose one good poem, "A Song to David," was written while the author was confined in a mad-house, is the subject of Browning's ingenious but intricate philosophizing in the third parley; George Bubb Dodginton suggests a political discussion; Furini, the Tuscan painter, gives occasion to a defense of the nude in art; and a crusade against atheism and materialism, and a happy view of the future are disclosed in the parleyings with de Laireasse and Avison. It is noticeable, by the way, that a reversal of the form of Browning's earlier monologues takes place in these "parleyings;" the poet speaks

in his own person, and there is not the former obscurity as to which opinions were to be attributed to the poet, and which to the speaker, or, rather, how far the poet had modified their opinions to suit his own.

The style has the same marked unevenness which has always been observable in Browning's longer poems; soft and sensuous harmony gives way to sudden roughness and discord, colloquial forms change to the moving grandeur of the truly great poet, and certain passages are so incoherent, that the reader who continues to read ahead receives vague impressions which suddenly shape themselves into definite thought without being able to trace the line of thought by which it was reached. Indeed, the Parleyings are extremely difficult reading; but the lover of poetry will be amply repaid if he has the patience to study the lines leisurely. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that nearly a hundred thousand volumes of the Bohn Library series are sold every year—no wonder, considering the value of the literature thus provided, the compact shape, and comfortable type.

The *Atlantic* for March contains long criticism of recent verse by Arlo Bates, Clinton Scollard, Oscar Fay Adams, James Jeffrey Roche, Mrs. Piatt, Elizabeth Akers, Celia Thaxter, Margaret Deland, Nora Perry, Henry Bernard Carpenter, and C. P. Cranch.

Do the readers of the New York *Times* (asks the *Critic*) notice that the column of clippings from its exchanges, printed on the editorial page, has a new head-line every day? For years it has been a matter of pride with the paste-pot editor to rechristen this column with every issue, yet no one notices it.

A complete and careful revision of W. W. Story's "Roba di Roma" has been made by its author, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue it, enlarged, and brought down to the present year, in two volumes printed from entirely new plates. The famous erotic chapters of the first edition will probably not appear.

A budget of fiction, to be called "The Jubilee Stories," has developed into fifty tales by English novelists. The volume is to be laid at Queen Victoria's feet by the authors. The idea was to present the book in the original; but as the penmanship of not a few would cause some little trouble, it has been determined to rush the volume into print.

It is said that Charles L. Webster & Co. have just signed an agreement with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to publish his "Life of Christ." The first volume is finished, and the second is to be completed by a certain time, when the publishers will pay the author ten thousand dollars, cash, and after that a royalty on the sale of the book. The same firm are also negotiating with Mr. Beecher for the publication of his autobiography.

Mr. John Payne has now printed his translation of Boccaccio's Decamerone into English, in three volumes, small quarto. Mr. Payne has rendered into English whatever Boccaccio wrote in Italian, and the book is one to be kept, if kept at all, under lock and key. It has, in any case, the merit or demerit of being the first faithful, complete translation into the English tongue of a book which, whatever else may be said of it, is a classic. "Privately printed for the Villon Society," says the title-page. The London price is three guineas and a half upward, according to the conscience of the bookseller with whom you deal. The number of copies printed (not published) is 750.

In spite of his glory it appears, the sale of Balzac's works in France is insignificant. Victor Hugo is a drug in the market, and the expensive national edition, which was to be one of the typographical monuments of the exhibition of 1889, is an absolute failure, so far as sale is concerned. The last two works of Zola, "Germinal," and "L'Euvre," do not compare with his former works in commercial success; and, although Zola professes to gain \$20,000 by each of his novels, he must make an exception for the last two. The author's rights produced by the sale of the works of the elder Dumas still amount on an average to about \$1,000 a year, which is paid to Alexander Dumas the younger. This revenue is obtained by a royalty of half a cent on each copy sold.

The memoirs of Pope Leo XIII, early in the spring, will be published simultaneously in America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. The work, which will make a volume of nearly five hundred pages, will bear the simple title of "Memoirs of Leo XIII." The editorship is the work of Reverend Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., the Roman scholar, whose name will appear upon the title page. The endorsement of the Pope consists of the announcement that the volume is "sent forth with the encouragement, approbation, and blessings of the Holy Father," and it has also the sanction of all the great cardinals and archbishops of the Roman Church. Dr. O'Reilly has received the personal co-operation of the Pope in the preparation of the work, and has had free access to all the archives of the Vatican. The assistance of the Pope has been received at every stage of the progress of the volume, even to the signature beneath the portrait of his Holiness, which will serve as a frontispiece to the book. The book is dedicated to Cardinal Gibbons. A striking feature of the binding of the volume will be the reproduction of the Pope's coat-of-arms, which is a most elaborate piece of work of its kind. In it is a representation of the Pope's mitre, with the keys of St. Peter crossed in gold, surmounted by a brilliant star, the latter typical of the Pope's motto, "The light in the heavens." Above these is a branch of olive, representing peace; a sprig of evergreen, denoting constancy; and the French flower—fleur de lis—representing the royal blood of France, typical of the Pope's extraction.

In the New York Free Library the circulation in 1886, was 250,000. The work of fiction in most extensive demand is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and then comes Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island," close to which is Dumas's incomparable "Count of Monte Cristo." "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield," are among the most sought for books, and all of Dickens's novels are extensively read, while Cooper and Scott come next in order. A novel of unusual popularity is "Old Mami's Secret," and Thackeray stands far up toward the top of the list, with Mrs. Craik, or Miss Muloch and Charlotte Brontë, Hawthorne and William Blake, close at hand. George Eliot falls behind, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is asked for more than five times as often as Howell's most circulated novel, "A Chance Acquaintance," and ten times as often as Henry James's "Bostonians." Even so old an American novel as Mrs. Harris's "Rutledge" is nearly as much demanded as Howell's stories. In the sciences Blake's "How to Get Strong" is the most popular book. Darwin's "Voyage Round the World in the Ship Beagle" is also much read. Of poets the most popular is Shakespeare, with Longfellow next, but far behind. Then follow in order, Scott, Tennyson, Goethe, Byron, Milton, Coleridge, Mrs. Browning, Whittier, Bret Harte, Schiller, Moore, Lowell, and Robert Browning. The most popular books of humor are those of Mark Twain, and Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" comes next. The department in which there was least reading was that of religion and philosophy, the book in most request being Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science"—a suggestive prominence.

Congressman Lawler has great trouble with the gentler sex. Some time since he formally announced in the papers that he would refuse to respond to the cards of lady callers. His reason was that women habitually ran after him to get them clerks, clerks, etc., and that they had become great bores. Mr. Lawler has paid the penalty for this assertion of his independence. One day he received a letter from a lady which runs something like this: "If you were the last man in the world, you would never get me to run after you, you conceited thing." Another day, "A Young Army Widow" writes him a postal card containing the following: "I suppose you think every woman who looks at you is mashed on your shape. Here's one that wouldn't wipe her feet on you."

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, her fortune being estimated at twenty-five millions of dollars, recently paid a visit to Chicago to look after her property interests there, she being the owner of buildings valued at one million of dollars. While wandering through one of the structures to which she holds title, the janitor began asking questions, and not receiving satisfactory replies, asked her to withdraw. Mrs. Green admired the man's vigilance so much that she increased his wages a dollar a week.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duchesse d'Avray, an octogenarian, who has recently begun life in another, and, let us hope, a better world, is credited with this *bon mot*: "Confound how old you are," she one day said to one of the most charming of French academicians. "I am twenty-five three times repeated." "Then, my dear Immortal, I am the youngest," replied the duchesse, "for I am only twenty—four times repeated."

There were few of the women of Connecticut in the last century who did not keep some sort of diary. An entry in one of these diaries shows what events were recorded, and also how witty some of the girls of the period were: "1790. We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S—, who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yea' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

An old Irishman occupied a barber's chair recently, and he was drowsy. His eyes could not be kept open, and his head tumbled about and dropped over upon his shoulder and down upon his breast in a way that made shaving a difficult operation for the knight of the lather, and a dangerous one for the patient. Finally the barber said, gently but firmly: "Look a-here, sir, I can't possibly shave you unless you hold your head up." To which the response was made with drowsy indifference: "Well, thin, coot me hair."

Once Joe Howard met a lady on a Fulton ferry-boat, and in three minutes by his watch he had struck up a talking acquaintance. The lady was nothing loth to have a chat. In two minutes more she was talking away at a lively rate, and Howard was enchanted. Suddenly she drew from her satchel a small and suspicious-looking volume, and fastening Howard to his seat with a killing glance, she opened her batteries of appeal. The great journalist was horror-struck. It suddenly flashed across his brain that he had made a mistake and mashed a book-agent.

On a lecture tour in Kentucky, recently, General John S. Mosby, the ex-guerrilla chieftain, fell asleep in a railroad car, and was robbed of a traveling bag containing his dress-suit and manuscript lecture. It hurt his feelings, and when he next visited Washington he told Senator Beck that he didn't expect such treatment in Kentucky, and felt as though he had been wounded in the house of his friends. "Why," he added, "I didn't suppose there was a single thief in Kentucky!" "There isn't," replied the blue-crass congressman; "but you see you were right in John Morgan's track; and I must say he rather demoralized our people!"

The choir of a certain "orthodox" church in New England once sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord," giving it with four voices only, as they had no chorals. The start was a good one, and everything was going on with a swing and a boom, when suddenly the bass failed to come in on a solo passage when he was positively due. The organist played for a full bar, and then turned and hissed: "What's the matter with you?" Then, just as everybody was wondering why the bass was behind time, the singer suddenly found his voice, and burst out in really stentorian tones: "I waited for the Lord." The people smiled, and after the piece was finished the organist sought the singer, and said: "Mr. A—, your excuse was quite satisfactory."

A celebrated miniature painter who was usually hard up, sometimes consented to take a pupil to help to initiate the cash account, though much against his inclination. A wealthy gentleman called at the studio one day and begged the artist to take his son, a young man of sixteen, as a pupil, promising to pay handsomely for the instruction. The boy was admitted for the sake of the money it would bring, but, much to the painter's disgust, it was discovered that he knew nothing of the first principles of drawing. The young man sat around for half an hour the first morning, watching the master at work, much to the latter's annoyance, and finally ventured to ask that he be given something to do. "All right! all right!" the artist replied, going to a closet and returning with a pair of muddy boots and a blacking brush. "Here, black these boots, young man; it will give you breadth."

Dominico and Giovanni Baptiste Carrafa were two brothers, born in Genoa, who in the early days of the gold excitement came to San Francisco and started a bakery, which soon did a thriving trade selling bread at a dollar a loaf. In 1863 Dominico became insane, and was sent home by his brother, a sea-faring man, to Genoa, where he died nine years later. There was no administration upon the estate, the surviving brother, Captain Giovanni, continuing the business until 1882, when, at his death, it devolved to his wife and nephew. The attention of the Public Administrator being called to the matter, he instituted a suit to administer upon one-half of the deceased Giovanni's estate as the property of the deceased Dominico. Acting upon information received through some mysterious source, the Public Administrator repaired to the old bakery a few days ago, armed with pick and spade, and commenced digging in a certain corner of the cellar. He soon brought to light a number of earthen flower-pots, which were strangely heavy; and on removing the dirt from the top, heaps of shining gold and silver met his astonished eyes. The total value of the estate amounted to over sixty thousand dollars, and a big lawsuit was the immediate result of the find. On Thursday the Signora Giovanni Baptiste Carrafa, widow of the late captain, was put upon the stand. The court, knowing the volubility of a daughter of sunny Italy, where money is in question, called the interpreter, and that worthy asked her name and occupation in choicest Italian. She seemed surprised for an instant, and then burst forth: "An phwat's that ye're sayin'? Plaze to talk plain American whin ye spake to me."

When Walter Scott was a mere youth he began collecting all sorts of out-of-the-way things. On the wall of his "den" were hung a cabinet of Scotch and Roman coins, a claymore, a Lochaber axe, and Broughton's saucer, which was hooked up under a picture of Prince Charles, the young Pretender. The saucer had a history. Mr. Walter Scott, senior, was a lawyer. One autumn, a sedan chair deposited, at a certain hour every evening, a person at Mr. Scott's door, carefully muffled in a mantle. He was immediately shown to the lawyer's private room, where he remained a long time. Mrs. Scott's curiosity prompted her to ask questions which Mr. Scott would not answer to her satisfaction. One evening when she heard the bell ring for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she entered the private room with a salver in her hand on which were two cups, saying that as the gentlemen had sat so long they would be better for a dish of tea. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance and richly dressed, bowed to the lady and drank from the offered cup. Her husband, refused the tea. As soon as the visitor had departed, Mr. Scott, lifting the window sash, took the cup from which the visitor had drunk, and threw it into the street. The wife remonstrated on the loss of her valuable china. "I can forgive your curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty," said her husband; "I may admit into my house, on business, persons unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Lip neither of me nor mine comes after Murray of Broughton's." While Prince Charles was invading Scotland, this man Murray was his private secretary. He was taken prisoner and redeemed his own life and fortune by betraying several Scotch noblemen who were adherents of the Jacobite cause. Lord Balmerino, one of the Prince's supporters, was brought before the Privy Council and confronted with the traitor. "Do you know this witness, my lord?" asked one. "Not I," he replied; "I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton—but he was a gentleman and a man of honor, and one that could hold up his head." The saucer belonging to Broughton's tea-cup was preserved in the family, and young Walter made it a permanent feature of his collection of curiosities.

SOCIETY.

The Hale German.

Tuesday evening was the last night of the winter season in society, and it was pleasantly celebrated at the Occidental Hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale gave a German in honor of their daughter, Miss Hale. The commodious parlor on the second floor was used for the hall-room. Canvas covered the floor and patterned palms were set at various points around the room. On the left curtains were bright colored blossoms of many hues in little tufts of verdant foliage, and between the half-opens hung were cages containing canary birds, while other cages hung among the leaves of the palm trees. The tall pier mirrors between the windows were ornamented with fairy colored yokes that were used later in one of the figures. Wound around the chandeliers were streamers of smilax and beneath them depended spheres of marigolds. The etagères at one end of the parlor were repositories for the many beautiful favors that were presented to the dancers. Ballenberg's band was in attendance early, and it was not long after before all of the guests were present. There were five figures, all unique and very pretty. Mr. Samuel G. Murphy was the leader, Miss Hale being his partner.

A little after nine o'clock the first figure was commenced. The feature of this was the arrangement of a double file of gentlemen, each of whom held a long palm leaf aloft, the end of which touched the end of the leaf held by the gentleman opposite, thus making a tropical archway. Under this the remaining participants marched, holding bright-colored hoops. The ladies received pretty little silk and satin perfume sachets, and fancy articles in the shape of miniature Chinese babies, etc. For the gentlemen there were Chinese mandarin hats of woven silk.

The scarf figure came next. Here the gentlemen held handkerchiefs of Turkish scarfs and the ladies marched under them to the rear of their partners, from whom they received the scarfs as a favor. They were also awarded dainty baskets of various sizes and kinds. The gentlemen received match-boxes adorned with raised Japanese figures.

The polonaise figure was third. In this the ladies and gentlemen alternated in a line, and then marched in serpentine turns until the partners came together again. Japanese parols of various kinds, and fancy butteries, were the favors for the ladies, and for the gentlemen there were elegant paper knives of Japanese construction, with gilded blades and embossed handles.

At this point the dancing ceased for a while, and the guests adjourned to the dining-room, where an excellent supper awaited them. Much taste was displayed in the arrangement of the room. Surrounding a corinthian column in the center of the room was a septagonal buffet, from which the viands were served by attendants within its centre to the waiters outside. The guests were seated at little tables accommodating two or three couples, and around the room were palms, ferns, and flowering plants. At each cover was a dainty menu, each ornamented with fanciful sketches in pen and ink. Beautiful silver service was used and the repast was perfect in every detail. An hour was passed pleasantly in discussing the supper and then the German was resumed.

The next figure was essentially new, being one that Mr. Murphy had introduced in Rome at a cotillion a few years ago, and hence was called the Roman figure. The dancers were provided with hoops that were wound with colored ribbons and to them several silver sleigh-bells were attached. Mr. Murphy and Miss Hale, each chose two dancers and then two more, and so on until the participants were all on the floor, marching up and down to the cadence of the bells. The ladies were given mouchoir bags of striped silk and satin, and the gentlemen received cymbals and tambourines, hand painted, and tied with ribbons. These were in addition to the sleigh-bells, which were also favors.

The fifth and last figure was a genuine surprise; being ingeniously arranged and successfully executed. Each gentleman was given a small wooden box, on the cover of which a lady's name was marked. They contained handsome scent-bottles of Royal Worcester, hand-painted. The gentlemen then proceeded to an adjoining room where they donned carnival costumes and masks—being thoroughly disguised. There were eight costumes, and the ladies of the school boys and Chinese, with a few other odd costumes. These maskers then marched into the parlor through a painted arch and presented the boxes to the ladies designated, and in return received dainty silver pins. There was no end of merriment resulting from this novel carnival, feature, which was especially appropriate as occurring on Shrove Tuesday. In the end the ladies received the additional favors which were the prettiest of all and have not been equalled by any given at a German here. They consisted of large bags made of silk and satin, tied at the openings with ribbons of harmonizing colors, and finished with white lace. On the side were hand-painted figures of artistic design. There were also hand-painted silk banners. The gentlemen received little Japanese clay cases of tortoise shell. It was two o'clock when the enjoyable event came to an end.

Those who danced, showing the arrangement of partners, were as follows: Miss Hale and Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Miss Minnie Houghton and Mr. Edward M. Greenwood, Miss Ralston and Mr. Daniel Murphy, Miss Jennie Chesnut and Mr. A. L. Niblack, Miss Mary Houghton and Mr. Murphy and Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss Corbitt and Mr. Arthur Lee, Miss Nellie Lofline and Mr. Shafter Howard, Miss Hyde and Mr. Branch, Miss Casserly and Mr. Samuel Boardman, Miss Alice Decker and Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Miss Clara Luning and Mr. Boardman, Miss Mary Lee and Mr. Harry Houghton, Miss O'Connor and Mr. Reis, Miss Allene Ivers and Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Miss McKinstry and Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Miss M. Brooks and Mr. Sidney Johns, Miss Carrigan and Mr. Hoffman, Miss O'Neare and Lieutenant Turner, U. S. N., Miss L. Brooks and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, U. S. A., Miss Mamie Ewing and Lieutenant James M. Ives, U. S. A., Miss Edith Taylor and Lieutenant S. D. Sturges Jr., U. S. A., Miss Findley and Mr. Davenport, Miss Fannie Murphy and Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Miss Nellie Corbitt and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Grace Taylor and Captain Fletcher, U. S. A.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Hon. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sawyer, Miss Melless, Miss Tevis, Mr. Tevis, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Garber, Dr. Eastlake, Dr. Parsons, Mr. A. Casserly, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. A. Carrigan Jr., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant Benjamin, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. A. Towens, U. S. A., and Mr. E. Smith.

The Glover-Patten Wedding.

Miss Catherine Augusta Patten, daughter of Mrs. Anastasia Patten, formerly of Nevada, was married last Monday evening, at her mother's home, in Washington, D. C., to the Hon. John Milton Glover, a Representative in Congress from St. Louis. The bride is possessed of more than the usual amount of accomplishments, and is considered a beauty. The groom, who is the youngest member of the present Congress, is of a somewhat peculiar character. He resides in a house on Connecticut Avenue, which is a vast repository of law-books, and where a force of clerks is kept busy constantly indexing the law reports for the convenience of lawyers who want references, test cases, and decisions. His correspondence is voluminous, and he is a retainer of services. The wedding was celebrated with much *clat*. Magnificent decorations adorned the mansion, and a representative assemblage was present. Among the Pacific Coast guests were: Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, of Nevada, Hon. John C. Felton, Miss Kate Felton, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Miss Elkins.

A Bay Excursion.

A pleasant sailing party was given on Washington's Birthday, by Mrs. Elisha Cook. The tug *Ethel* and *Marion* was chartered, and the guests, including the bass boat taken. Music and songs were enjoyed, and a dainty lunch was served at Angel Island. Among those in the party were: Mrs. Elisha Cook, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Severance, Miss Kohler, Miss Robinson, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. Elisha Cook, Mr. Will Heath, Mr. Fred Pierson, Mr. Edington Detrick, Lieutenant Winn, and Lieutenant Benjamin.

Notes from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, gave a most superb luncheon at her residence on Connecticut Avenue, in Washington, D. C., last week, to about forty people, to meet Miss Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio, the niece of Senator Jones. The tables were lighted with candles, and were profusely adorned with flowers. Each lady was supplied with a bouquet of roses, and each gentleman wore a corsage of lilies of the valley. About twelve courses were served, and the lunch lasted from two o'clock till five. Among the guests were: Miss Jones, Miss Nordhoff, Miss Mitchell, Miss Bancroft, the Misses Caldwell, Miss Matthews, Miss Roehrer, Miss Cullen, Miss Cameron, Miss Cullum, Miss Kohl, Miss Mahone, Miss Cole, Miss Dolph, Miss Foster, Miss Tilton, Lieutenant Lemly, Dr. Dean, Lieutenant Dunn, M. Rouston, the French Nini-tar, Mr. Beale, Mr. Gresham, Mr. Mahone, Mr. Stromberg, Mr. Yeates, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hellen. This was by far the most elaborate and largest luncheon of the season. There was music and dancing after the luncheon. Miss Jones, in whose honor the lunch was given, was richly attired in black silk, trimmed with Spanish lace. She will pass the winter with Mrs. Jones, whose well known hospitality as a hostess will insure a winter filled with pleasure for her guest.

Mrs. Anastasia Patten, formerly of Nevada, gave a dinner party last Saturday evening at her residence, Massachusetts Avenue, in honor of the St. Louis friends of her daughter, the *Princess Colonna* (née Mackay), who is now in St. Louis, were Griffin Glover, brother, and Mrs. May, sister of Representative Glover; Mrs. Scanlan with her two sons, Leon Church, and Mrs. Christie Church, Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Miss Lindsay, daughter of Gen. Lindsay, Mr. Bryant, and R. Dulaney. To meet them were present, besides Mr. Glover, his bride elect, Miss Augusta Patton, and her two sisters, Mrs. Mary and Josephine Patten, the following: Rev. Father Chappelle, of St. Matthew's parish; Mrs. Justice Field, and her sister; Mrs. Condit Smith, the French, German, and Swiss Ministers; Miss Kohl, and Miss Cole, of California—the latter a daughter of ex-Senator Cole; Mrs. Tobin, M. and Mme. Gomer, of the Brazilian Legation; Mr. Ludlam, of Baltimore, and Representative Gibson, of Maryland.

In the breakfast-room adjoining the dining-room, a smaller table was laid at which a young and merry party were gathered simultaneously with the above. They were Misses Nellie and Edith Patten, with a group of their friends, viz., Mlle. de Selignac, a young niece of Father Chappelle; Mrs. Rising, of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and Judge Rising of Nevada; Miss Birdie Brown, daughter of ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee; J. E. Palmer, of Wilmington, Del.; and R. Hatcher, a brother of Mme. Gomez. The five young sisters knelt on Saturday at the altar of St. Matthew's at early mass for their last communion as an unborn family. It was administered by Bishop Spalding of Peoria.

At the Sacre Coeur Convent in Paris, where they studied they were known as *les cinq sœurs*, and in their eleven years' residence abroad Mrs. Patten's little flock became widely known and are still remembered by many attached friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

The Prince and Princess Colonna (née Mackay) expect to visit this country in the spring.

Mr. C. C. Stubbs and Mr. Richard Gray are in Chicago.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley (née Houghton), of Hartford, Conn., is expected to visit her mother, Mrs. J. F. Houghton, next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane, Miss Allie Wideman, and Mr. E. C. Macfarlane arrived from Honolulu on Sunday.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe is in Los Angeles.

Miss Allene Ivers contemplates an early departure for the Hawaiian Islands to visit her sister, Mrs. Irwin.

Mr. Calvin Fargo and Miss Mary Fargo have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Josephine Ivers is sojourning at Calistoga.

Mr. Fred Yates is expected back from Paris in June.

Miss Alice Hawes will return from her Eastern visit next month.

Hon. and Mrs. John Bidwell are in Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Bidwell is visiting her parents. They expect to return to California early in March.

Mrs. A. A. Haines will take a trip to Honolulu in April.

Mrs. A. A. Poner is expected to return from Arizona next week, and will go to Europe in May.

Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland is sojourning in Paris.

Colonel John T. Cutting went to New York last week on a short visit.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are passing a few weeks in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will remain here until the middle of spring before departing for England.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs have returned to Los Angeles after an enjoyable visit here.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding is at the Arlington Hotel, in Santa Barbara, and will not return home for several weeks.

Miss Will Ashe, of Malibu Villa, has been in the city during the week.

Mr. William T. Wallace Jr., of Martinez, was in the city early in the week.

Miss Camilla Monroye has returned to Los Angeles after a five-months' visit to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Smith.

Miss Mary Evans came down from Sacramento on Tuesday for a short visit.

M. and Mrs. W. W. Barry, of Vallejo, were at the Occidental Hotel on Monday.

Mrs. C. G. Tyrell and Miss Lulu Tyrell, of Sacramento, passed several days at the Grand Hotel this week.

Mr. W. L. Crooks of Benicia, came to the city last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose Jr. came up from San Mateo on Wednesday and remained at the Palace Hotel a few days.

Mrs. J. J. January, of San José, was here a few days this week.

Mrs. J. McClatchy and Miss McClatchy, of Sacramento, have been guests at the Grand Hotel a few weeks.

Miss Matie Peters has returned from an extended visit to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. M. Fuller, of the Presidio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Scheller, in San José.

Senator Hearst, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. E. W. Townsend, left for Washington last Saturday.

Miss Lindley G. Bingham returned to U. S. city on Thursday, from a two months' absence in Central America.

Dr. Alexander Younger went to China on Thursday.

Mr. Charles L. Fair returned from New York on Thursday.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Fargo, niece of Calvin F. Fargo, to Dr. G. T. Stewart, of this city, son of ex-Congressman Thomas E. Stewart, of New York.

Mrs. G. Frank Smith gave an enjoyable musicale last Wednesday evening, at her residence in Oakland.

Miss Edith Fair will give a family-dinner party next Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street.

Mrs. Virginia Lord gave a delightful progressive euchre party, last Saturday evening, in her apartments at the Grand Hotel.

Samuel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer gave a pleasant dinner party, last Saturday night, at their residence on California Street.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Minnie Mary Mansfield, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. L. Delos Mansfield, to Captain Abram E. Wood, of the Fourth United States Cavalry. The ceremony took place in Chicago last Monday evening.

At her residence on the corner of Union and Pierce streets, Mrs. David Elixer entertained a party of friends

last Monday evening at a "small and early"—an English form of evening reception. Several hours were passed pleasantly in dancing to Ballenberg's music, and an appetizing supper was a feature of the evening.

Mrs. Horace Hill gave a high tea last Saturday afternoon, at her home on Pine street, assisted by Miss Hill. The residence was elaborately decorated. About three hundred friends called and were hospitably entertained.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Louis P. Grant, U. S. A., have been at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira N. Holden, U. S. N., are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. A. W. Auzal, U. S. N., was in the city on Thursday.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Heyman Concert.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave the last concert of the series of chamber-music recitals last night, at Pioneer Hall. It was given by the Heyman family, a number of novel titles, so the audience, which was large and fashionable, was prepared for a musical treat. Those who participated were: Miss Elizabeth Putnam, soprano; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist; String Quartet—Henry Heyman, first violin; Noah Brandt, second violin; Frederick G. Knell, viola; Emil Knell, violoncello; Mr. H. Müller, contrabasso; Antonio Lombardi, fluto. The various selections were excellently rendered, each being awarded loud applause. The programme was as follows:

Quartet—Op. 41, No. 3, in A major.....Schumann

(First time in California.)

Andante—Allegro molto moderato; Assai agitato; Adagio

molto; F. Finale.

Recitative et Cavatine—"Sappho".....Gounod

"O Ma Lyré Immortelle".....Saint-Saëns

Caprice-Valse—Op. 76.....Saint-Saëns

For piano and string quintet.

(First time in California.)

Two Songs—(a) "Abschied".....Schubert

(b) Vine, vine and Eglantine.....Sullivan

Serenade—Op. 28, For string quartet and flute, J. Adassohn

(First time in California.)

Intrata; Nottuno; Mendetto; Finale; Tarantella.

The series has been successful musically, financially, and socially, and it is hoped in musical circles that it will be repeated.

The Orchestral Union.

The Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr. Herman Brandt, gave its third concert of the eighth season last Monday evening, at Metropolitan Hall. Mr. H. J. Stewart assisted at the organ and Mr. J. Villard with the violin. The numbers selected were well rendered, and the audience was large and appreciative. The programme was as follows:

Symphony—D minor, op. 44. 1. Allegro

patetico; 2. Adagio; 3. Robert Volkmann

Concerto for Violin—E major; Adagio; Alle-

gretto.....Vieuxtemps

Reminiscences of "Tannhauser".....R. Wagner

Vorspiel to "Lohengrin" (by request).....R. Wagner

Concerto for Organ and Orchestra in D mi-

nor, op. 42. 1. Introduction and Allegro

2. Pastorale; 3. Finale.....Alex. Guilman

Two Evening Songs.....Heinrich Goetze

String Orchestra.

Spinning Wheel.....Spindler

The Stewart Concert.

Mr. H. J. Stewart gave an afternoon organ concert last Saturday, in Metropolitan Hall, at three o'clock. Mr. J. C. Hughes assisted as vocalist, and the following programme was well rendered:

Concerto No. 4, in F.....Handel

Allegro. Andante (Cuckoo and Nightingale). Adagio.

Final.

Vocal—"Now Heaven in Fullst Glory Shone"

(Creation).....Haydn

J. C. Hughes.

Gavotte (Iphigenie). (By request).....Gluck

Allegretto Tranquillamente.....Warwick Jordan

Fugue (C minor).....J. S. Bach

Vocal—Romance.....Rotoli

J. C. Hughes.

Grand Overture (C minor).....Bastide

Canilene, Grand Chœur.....Salome

The Zeitska Reception.

The Zeitska Institute on Post Street was the scene of a pleasant reception on Friday evening of last week. Mme. Zeitska had given the young ladies permission to have a musicale, to which a large number of their friends were invited, and at the conclusion of the exercises dancing and an elegant supper formed the enjoyment of the succeeding hours. The decorations of the various rooms were tasteful, and the toilets of the young ladies were very pretty. The selections rendered during the musicale were as follows:

Overture—"Tannhauser".....Wagner

Misses Kohn, Zeitska, Behrendt, and Hellman.

Recitation—"Tom".....Woolson

Miss Alice Zeitska.

Vocal Trio—"Erinnerung".....O'Loob

Misses Ward, Kohn, Behrendt, Dannenbaum, Berwin, Ack-

ermen, and Hellman.

Piano Solo—"Promenade d'un Solitaire".....Heller

Miss Ada Dougherty.

Recitation—"The Village Sewing Circle"

Miss Hilda Berwin.

Piano Solo—"Songs Without Words".....Mendelssohn

Miss Minna Bennett.

Recitation—"Johnny Bartholomew".....English

Miss Dahlia Levy.

Vocal Solo.....Miss Connell

Recitation.....Misses Ward and Bennett

Piano Solo—"Polonaise".....Chopin

Miss Lorene Ackerman.

Recitation—"Van Bibber's Rock".....Miss A. Dannenbaum

Vocal Selection.....Miss Connell

Recitation.....Miss Edgerton

Piano Solo—"L'Africaine".....Miss A. Hahn

Violoncello Solo.....Mr. Regensburger

Mme. Zelia Trebelli and M. Ovide Musin will give a series of concerts at Irving Hall next week, commencing on Monday evening. Mme. Trebelli, as a contralto, and M. Musin, as a violinist, come to us with excellent European reputations as artists. The Brindisi from "Lucretia Borgia," "The Song of the Sea," and "The Song of the Sea" for Monday night, while M. Musin will render a *cavata* of *price de concert* of his own composition, a *cavata*, and "Airs Russes," by Wieniawski. Herr Paul Steindorff, a pianist of note, also is with them, and will play several excellent numbers.

The Oakland Ensemble Club will give its second concert next Tuesday evening, at Hamilton Hall, Oakland. Among the numbers to be rendered are a sextet by Mendelssohn, romanza and scherzo by J. Adassohn, a trio by Reissiger, and a serenade for flute, violin, and viola, by Beethoven. The club will be assisted by Miss Julia Sherman, vocalist; Mr. N. J. Stewart, organist; and Mr. H. Clay Wysham, flutist. The stringed instrumentalists are Mr. H. Siering, Mr. J. E. Josephs, Mr. Theo. Mansfield, and Professor Craft.

Mr. H. J. Stewart will give his eighth concert this afternoon, in Metropolitan Hall, at three o'clock. Miss M. E. Barnard will be the vocalist, and Mr. H. Siering, violinist. During the Lenten season these weekly concerts will be discontinued.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its last concert of the season at Irving Hall on Friday evening.

THE INNER MAN.

Speaking of hard times, a millionaires of New York city gave a lunch party the other day, to which she invited seventy ladies, and she served a plate of strawberries to each guest. Strawberries, such as these, are fifty cents apiece. Say that each lady had five, and there goes one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the berries alone.

Marmalades are one of the special accompaniments to the English breakfast of cold meat, muffins, toast, or a game pastry. Yet this example is not generally followed. Why not? Why should not jellies, marmalades, even the homely, nutritious baked apple, rejoice the tired stomach and *bliss* palate, and dispose it placidly to digest the meats?

Epernay, in France is a vast subterranean city of champagne. For miles and miles there are streets hewn out of the solid chalk, flanked with piles of bottles with champagne of all blends and qualities. There is no light in this labyrinth of streets, crossings, and turnings, except what the spluttering candles afford. All is dark, dank, and damp, with the temperature away down about zero. The largest champagne manufactory in Epernay have underground cellars which cover forty-five acres, and contain five millions of bottles of wine. There is a whole street in Epernay lined with fine châteaux, all owned by champagne men.

Another new book on cookery has been published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, by Mrs. J. Rosalie Benton, the title being "How to Cook Well." This book will be gladly welcomed by all young housekeepers, and, in fact, it will be conceded by all to be invaluable to those who seek to perfect themselves in the art of cooking by a clear, simple method. It has over four hundred pages, containing everything that will be necessary for an ordinary housekeeper to know, and is prefaced by a couple of pages of explanatory notes, containing weights, measures, and other things exceedingly useful to the student of the culinary art. While it is not so pretentious or elaborate as many such works, it is exceedingly useful to those housewives who need practical information in simpler methods.

There is nothing which is so often productive of worry as the habits of a man. Every man who has a habit has joined himself in metaphorical wedlock to a metaphorical inexorable wife, from whom he may expect little consideration, and whose divorce would present, in most cases, probably inconceivable difficulties—to parody a saying of Dr. Holmes, "Man has his will, but *habit* has its way." There is no difficulty in appreciating to the full the truth of this observation. A man becomes the slave of his habits, and thus he is compelled to submit to a temporary amount of discomfort, which worries him during the time of the continuance, when there is some interruption to the practice of a habit. Here is a familiar instance: An ardent smoker accepts an invitation to a dinner-party. He greatly appreciates a good dinner, but the harmony of the enjoyment is altogether disturbed unless a good cigar follows, in a comfortable and well-ordered smoking-room. The dinner is over, but at the end of the cigar appears; no smoking takes place. The host is not a smoker, and he has no such thing as a smoking-room in his establishment. Our friend fumes inwardly; there is no help for it. He endeavors to show his best nature under the circumstances, but in this, it must be confessed, he is scarcely successful. He takes his departure at the first opportunity.

Mme. Romero, the wife of the Mexican minister, gave a reception recently in Washington. The special feature of the reception was the presence of a Mexican girl stationed in the recess window of the dining-room, where, surrounded by the various ingredients, she compounded chocolate in native style, which proved most interesting to those clustered about. The pretty girl was a typical Mexican, with smooth, olive complexion, bright color, dark eyes, and black hair, which fell at the back in two heavy plaits far below her waist. On a square table in front of the girl was a native charcoal stove of red earthenware, in the shape of a gentleman's silk hat, and called by the Mexicans *brassero*. A half-moon hole, cut in what would be the top part of the hat, next the crown, furnishes the necessary place for a draught to keep the coals above, near the brim, warm and glowing. The chocolate, which is in large square cakes, is then broken finely into an earthen jar, on one side of which is a handle. Into this jar is then put cream, the white of egg, and cinnamon, which are adroitly mixed by a small implement resembling a churn-stick, which the girl moves rapidly between her two hands by rubbing them together. The compound, which in appearance and consistency resembles the chocolate ordinarily prepared, is then thoroughly heated through by being placed on the glowing coals in the earthenware jar in which it is made. From this it is transferred to the silver urn on the daintily-spread table, and served by the young ladies presiding.

"When the American learns how to drink slowly, as the German does," asserts the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, "and eat slowly, as Englishmen and Frenchmen do, he will be the most civilized, as well as the most enterprising, of creatures." No doubt. But, as a people, it will take us ages to acquire these habits. We ate too much wedded to the good, old expeditious plan of having our meals spread out in toto before our eyes. The hotel, with its varied bill of fare, has done a good deal to stimulate the American appetite, but it takes its pleasure rather in variety than in quantity, is the opinion of the *Nation*. An American drummer, surrounded by his breakfast or dinner at a "good house," is an alarming sight to those who do not know that he will probably not taste, nor do more than taste, half the dishes he orders. What he really seeks in his order is the pleasure of having his whole possible meal "in sight," something very dear to the plain feeder. This is really the great obstacle in way of serving a dinner in courses—European fashion—at our tables d'hôte. When the first



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A BOY AGAIN.

By W. H. MacDougall.

Those of us who have achieved wealth and notoriety can, in the hectic flush of success, look back calmly and without a pang to the days when we were boys. Our thoughts go out to the country town where we dwelt, and the time when we wore seven different kinds of patches on the cupola of our trousers, and the apple was not made that was too hard or too bitter for us to masticate. We think with a sort of pity of the time when to sit with the girls was a terrific punishment, and sorrow creeps over us to think that it is not inflicted on the old bald heads nowadays.

Those were the blessed days when we ate pie with our fingers and blushed not, nor did we feel any disgrace in the fact that our trousers were made of an old pair of father's, cut down and altered by mother with a charming disregard of the prevailing style, or the diversion called forth by the fact that they were as capacious in front as they were behind.

At that time of our happy sunlit lives, no flatterers poured oleaginous compliments and mercenary praises into our willing ears. Other boys called us "red-headed," "bandy-legged," "goggle-eyed," "buck-toothed," and other pet names, and we tanned their little hides for them, or we knew the reason why we didn't. A blackeye was not excused by saying we ran up against a fog or a door-knob. No; we boasted that we gave the fellow from whom we received the dusky adornment two of the same kind.

What would we not give for the guileless hope and balm self-sufficiency of those days? What delightful simplicity characterized us when we couldn't see a sign of "Paint" without putting our hand on it with vigor and élan to see if it was fresh, and, finding it fresh indeed, rubbed it off on our trousers, whence it was removed vehemently by our mother with the aid of a section of fence rail! Or, when we came home with our shirt inside out, and in charge of a kind neighbor, who had rescued us from a watery grave, the same gentle hand gave us a trimming down and sent us to bed with a feeling that we had been thrashed for not being drowned! Heigh ho! I remember (who does not?) the touch of that hand in other times; in sickness and pain its cooling contact relieved a feverish brain and aching limbs many a time. Other times, too, when mother was in a hurry don't we remember, after the compulsory and detestable washing, how she hand-dried us with a towel like a currycomb, fetching us many a swipe that lifted us off our feet and evoked loud howls of delight? Or father's deft touch as he yanked us out of bed to see the sun rise, as if he expected we would some time see the sun come up with gilt spanglers sewed on it or some other unusual decoration. He made more fuss over that sunrise and early-bird business than a newly appointed policeman.

How those days come back! I remember hiding behind the parlor sofa to watch sister's fellow courting her. I remember the sudden adjournment of the meeting when I was discovered, and well do I remember the next day how she impressed the impropriety of my conduct upon my own mind with a small but elastic and very hard broom stick.

That brings to mind, too, how we went calling on New Year's Day with "calling cards" as big as ball-tickets, with little gilt Cupids in one corner, printed by a boy who owned a seven-dollar press; and how we sat in the parlor, on a horse-hair chair, with our legs dangling down, wondering whether we were going to get pie or cake. What a jubilee time it was when we put powder in Pete's pipe, and how we used to play tit-tat-toe on Uncle Fred's bald head, with a piece of charcoal, while he slept in the old arm-chair. He never minded that, but when we tried to play "mumble the peg" on him, he just rose up and hit me on my newest vaccination. How, one day, we took the old army musket that had stood around for years, and it went off and shot the clock off the kitchen mantelpiece. The clock never went again.

Ah, those were the days! Every bit of real good fun necessarily was followed by a good, old-fashioned thrashing; but we kept right on putting snuff in the old warming-pan, painting the pigs green, filling the teacher's boots with water and hanging them up on a peg, so that he received quite a sudden surprise when he took them down, or putting rats in the girl teacher's desk, or "horse-heels" in the school stove, filling the room with a rare odor. How well I remember the time when I bit into an Indian turnip, and chased the donor of it four miles for revenge! Then I gave it to another boy, and he did the same tall chasing himself. Who couldn't recall with delight how "Si" Pickering filled his wet shoes with beans to dry them, and how they swelled out and made his shoes look like coal-scuttles before they burst open. Didn't we all congregate outside the door of the Pickering mansion when we saw Silas's father come home, and heard his sad wails as his father reasoned with him with a strap. I recollect that in my delight I put a bottle of ink in my trousers pocket, and the cork came out. I heard the gang outside after I entered our house. I knew what they were congregated there for, and I wanted a stay of proceedings, but they had their treat. I heard their whoops of joy long after my yells had ceased to vibrate on the night air. Ah, those boys! Most of them are dead now or in jail.

Did any other boys have the luck we had, I often wonder. One night we got into a melon patch and loaded our arms with choice fruit. We took them about a mile and a half away, in order to enjoy them safely, and, to our horror and disgust, we found they were the kind raised for preserving—I believe they call them citrons. Another time, while hiding in some boyish game, I found in the straw in an old wagon about a dozen fresh eggs, laid by some secretive hen. I delightedly put them into my shirt-bosom and then climbed over the fence. Those eggs diffused themselves all over my anatomy, and then collected in large, elastic gobs in my shoes. It was a peculiar sensation, but not near as striking as I experienced when I got home. I've never cared much for eggs since.

Out in the village where I was born we had a crowd of boys whose life was one continual round of pleasure, as I look back upon it now. Swimming, boating, hunting, wandering in the fields with a boy's proprietary feeling of ownership of the whole earth equal to Jay Gould's, and an ignorance equal to an art critic's, we still got into mischief. "Si" Pickering's father owned a calf which roamed in a field behind the barn. On this calf our wicked eyes fell one day, and we organized an Indian deer-hunt. Theo. Beck and Joe Doty drove the calf into the lane, where about a dozen of us were scattered along behind the fence, armed with bows and sharp arrows. The calf, or deer, as it was supposed to represent, came ambling friskily along, when the Indians opened

fire. With a startled bellow it dashed past, down the lane, followed by fierce, blood-curdling war-whoops, to where "Si" stood with an old gun loaded with bird-shot. "Si" was representing a white settler, and was expected to shoot in the air, of course; but in the intense excitement of the moment, as he saw the deer plunging toward him, with eight or nine arrows sticking in him in the region of the tail, he shot his hide full of small holes. At this interesting moment his "old man" rode up, and "Si's" face was a picture of surprise. He seemed quite agitated as the old man reached for him in an earnest manner. I was getting well toward the next county at the time, but I heard "Si's" explanatory remarks even after I was in the woods. The calf lived to be a respectable, sober old cow, yet I never could look upon her

white face in after years without recalling "Si" floating in the air as his father held him aloft by his suspenders, and fondled him in the most approved biblical manner.

Apropos of all this, I told my five-year-old boy the other day that Tommy Jones had a sweet little white dog, frowsy and cunning, that sat on the stoop and played with the children, and never would bite any body. On the other hand, Jimmy Green had a big, fierce, ugly bull-dog, that flew nut at people and chewed pieces out of their legs. Then I asked him: "Now, which of those dogs would you like to have?" With the most beaming hope in his eyes, he answered in an instant: "I want Jimmy Green's bull-dog; the one that chews people's legs." This looks bad!—New York World.



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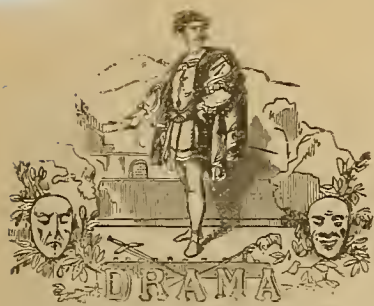
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"Erminie" takes rank as the topic of conversation this week, though Goethe's great fable is flashing at us through a thousand fires, and the devil is abroad in red. Every one says, "Have you been to see 'Erminie'?" but it is only now and then that any one asks "Have you been to see 'Faust'?"

The question is well put, for one does go to see "Erminie" rather than to hear it. It is only a pretty series of dissolving views, strung together with a half-dozen ballads, written one in march time and one in waltz time, one in minuet time and one with the lullaby movement. The other two are rather eccentric little scraps, with the opera bouffe color in them, and serve to encourage people in their pleasant little hallucination of calling this little burlesque an opera.

Although in a large, magnificent way we quite disdain the verdict of New York in stage matters, yet every one was conscious, as he sat down to listen or to see, as the case might be, of wondering what this great "Erminie" was like that has held New York in thrall for two hundred and fifty nights. And every one was conscious, as he got up, of feeling that New York was "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw." For every one who has been to New York during the run of "Erminie" must acknowledge that, generally speaking, it is quite as well done by the Carleton company as by the Casino company. In one particular the productions are identical—there are no voices in either of them. Singing in comic opera has become a lost art, and its production has reached such a scientific pitch that mere music is no longer necessary.

Speaking by the card, there are voices in the Carleton company—for has not the dashing baritone himself a voice which it is a delight to hear? But he has sacrificed himself to business and to the demand of the public for novelty; cast himself in a hideous part, which in New York was a minor one, brought all his humor and comedy to the surface, and is voiceless except for a fair half in a sort of a sublimated operatic song and dance, in which, to say truth, his long legs play a peculiarly active and not ungraceful part. Shades of Valentino, Il Conte di Luna, and Don Giovanni, do ye not shudder in choicest Italian? Then, too, Greensfelder had a voice, one which went particularly well in his song to the Lord High Executioner, and was something good to hear in the solemnizing of the "Nanon" waltz. In the exigencies of "Erminie" he is cast as an ancient marquis, whose voice has been worn out so many years that it would be absurd for him to remember that he had ever uttered it.

The tenor, besides being stiff and unformed and apparently very shy, has some difficulty with his head, which has locked up his sense of hearing for the time being, and he is afraid to sing, because as he can not hear his own voice he is liable to get several pegs off the key, and would only discover it in the astonished faces of his audience.

Miss Alice Vincent and Miss Rose Beaudet move languidly and stately about, like two large fair Junos of the eighteenth century, and look extremely well in their pink and blue and their powdered locks, but they are as smileless as if they were supporting Salvini, and one does, even yet, look for a little sparkle in comic opera. Singing has gone out, it is true, but laugh and zip and go have not, else how on earth is one to know that one is listening to comic opera.

These are the shadows of Erminie.

But there are lots of sunny places as well. The first act is a trifle dismal, both from a scenic and musical point of view, but the second is a thing of beauty from the moment the curtain rises. The scene itself is bathed in that light, moonlight blue which made the salon of Ninon de l'Enclos so beautiful in "Nanon." And the pale, pretty colors of the costumes, the white locks and the flashing diamonds, outlined themselves beautifully against it.

The minuet—a pretty, musical bit it is, too—is a very tangle of loveliness. Clara Wisdom, to the height of her white head-dress and the vast circumference of her crinoline, is a very picture in a way, and looks like one of those clever cartoons of the last century, in which the artists of that day made war against these towering locks, even as the artists of our own are feebly and aimlessly aiming their pencil shafts at high hats. Nothing could be neater, nothing discreeter, than her management of this vast crinoline; not only in the minuet, where every one must needs be stately, but in the gymnastic finale to Drew's dicky-bird song.

Our dear little Ko-Ko has come back to us as decidedly serious and as gymnastic as ever. It is unnecessary to say that he, too, has little singing to do,

"Erminie" being an acting, not a singing, opera; but he acts all over the place—"up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber." No one knows just where the eccentric little baron, in his ill-fitting clothes, will fly from or fly to, but his great *tour de force* in the circumference of the princess's crinoline with his wild reach for the step on the proper beat is the event of the evening.

What else there is of sparkle in "Erminie" is put into it by Miss Fanny Rice, a clever little soubrette, without any voice to speak of, but a nice petite little partridge with a fetching manner, and as lithe a pair of feet as ever twinkled in the dance. She sings her little songs with great spirit, and has become a favorite for more than old acquaintance' sake. It does not seem to be quite definitely settled in the public mind whether she or Miss Alice Vincent is the prima donna. Miss Rice sings Yum-Yum, Nanon, and Javotte, but when the choruses are sung it is Miss Vincent's voice that leads, a little shrilly, perhaps—for her voice is not yet sweet or resonant, though she has improved since last year—but still it is in the lead. Notwithstanding a certain large handsomeness peculiar to Miss Vincent, she sings the lullaby like a good little girl who has learned it from her singing master just so, and is determined to give it faithfully, note for note, as she has learned it. This is much better than a musical declaration of independence, and so we promptly ask her to sing it over again every night of her life. It is a pretty, soothing little trifle, and the chorus give their gentle little sway so brightly and gracefully that it makes a pretty picture as well. A lullaby is rather a curious number in an opera bouffe, and the composer has dragged this one in by the hair of the head, but it is so pretty a little thing that one is glad he violated the traditions.

The chorus people, by the way, sing extremely well, and the girls are very graceful in all those bits of small drill which have become so vital a part of comic opera.

Every one wanted to see "Erminie," because it is a novelty, and it would have been simple madness to come without a novelty to a public whose great cry is for repertoire. Having seen it, and considered it rather a nice little thing, people have the proud consciousness of a kind of half duty accomplished, and are more than ready for "Nanon" and "The Mikado" to come on as soon as may be.

Mr. Lewis Morrison was probably urged to the production of "Faust" by the fact that he has a Mephistophelian line of features. In the production he has found himself to be like the man he had in his mind—a better manager than actor. Although this is said of Irving in almost everything else that he has ever given to the public, it cannot be said of him in "Faust." As Mephisto he is such a malignant devil, such a devilish devil, such a mocking, sneering, jeering, fiendish devil, that any one who has seen him in the part never thinks of him afterward but as the arch fiend himself. He has a way of standing on one foot like a bird of evil omen, and shrinking into his leathers as he chuckles with unholy glee, that is positively blood-curdling if you give yourself over to the spirit of the poem. Coming after such a Mephisto, Lewis Morrison seems rather a debonnaire and jaunty sort of a devil, come out of Hades for a little fly-by-night, and working a little mischief under that quiet Nuremberg roof as a sort of devil's lark.

Irving's devil is the devil out on business—the destruction of the human soul, and he slinks through the shadows of those quaint old Nuremberg streets like a mischief-weaving sprite—does not strut like a lordly roysterer.

After all, all the devils and all the Marguerites differ and all are interpreted according to the personality of the player. That's a fine devil's laugh Mr. Morrison has there, and a fine set of pointed features, to accentuate his philosophy; but there is a twinkle in his eye that makes a humorous devil of him rather than a grim one, and by so much it is hard to obtain the supernatural effect out of the opera.

The truth is, Gounod has so thoroughly married the story with his subtle, delicious, entrancing music, one's senses are so thoroughly saturated and sunken in its wonderful harmony that it is difficult to dissociate it from the opera and take it purely as Goethe intended.

Perhaps that pretty, large-eyed Miss Tittle has hit upon Goethe's idea of Marguerite as happily as any one. She dresses herself, as usual, like an operatic heroine. It never occurred to any one to dress Marguerite as a German girl till Ellen Terry led the way, searched some of the old prints in which Nuremberg is so rich, put herself into an artist's hands and came forth looking like any well-to-do Nuremberg girl of a hundred years or more ago. She matches those quaint old streets, with their shivering towers and crumbling walls and pointed roofs and leaning windows, far better than do the German girls who lean out of them over the rickety bridge to-day. Ellen Terry is a shade too worldly-wise to hide it all, and the great actress's Marguerite lacks just that little dash of ingenuousness which Charlotte Tittle's has. And it would be strange indeed if Charlotte Tittle's did not lack that strange something that makes Ellen Terry wonderful.

At a glance it seems hardly fair to compare the two productions, and yet there is a compliment in the mere mention of them together, for, outside the production of Wagner's operas in his own theatre at Bay-

reuth, nothing more superb has ever been put upon the stage than Irving's "Faust." And yet, withal, he has actually not so good a Faust as we have here. The London man is but a sorry, lackadaisical sort of fellow, while in our Henry Miller, the fire of youth return to his veins, as well as to his straightened limbs. And, talking of limbs, how thoroughly this actor shows what is meant by the term "trousers actor." He seems to enjoy in comfort the long stride which was simply funny in Armand or M. de Latour, but is grace under the hanging draperies and in the unhampered freedom of Dr. Faustus. A very beautiful costume he wears, too; and he is a dashing, daring, impetuous lover, and he would be the ideal Faust if only he would not hold his mouth open to express amazement, and half a dozen other things, and if only he would not rant, and lose his voice, and screech himself hoarse in supreme moments.

As for the wild Walpurgis night, any one has missed a superb spectacle who has not seen it at the Baldwin, even though the Broken be squeezed up in the little stage, and the spirits of evil are massed too closely in the foreground. It is a magnificent scene, even with the Walpurgis night of Irving fresh in our memory.

But, then, that cannot have been stage effect. His resources are infinite, and he must have summoned real imps of darkness from the vasty earth. Those were never human beings—the mimics of a night, whom we saw rising out of the clefts of the great Broken far up the height, clad one and all in tattered spiders' web. There were faces and forms in every contortion of human hate and suffering that one sees looking up from the depths of Dante's hell or writhing in Rubens's Vision of Judgment. They were cold and gray at first in the chill dawn-light when dead revellers seek their graves again—then green and purple, as if decay had set in. Then a wild, curious burst of white light made them misty once more, and gray followed again. And all the brimstone shades that burn flashed upon those dancing, maddened, writhing creatures, till at last everything in the picture turned to the living, blazing coals of hell, with that great, jeering, red devil at the top, and all we went home frightened half to death, and perfectly confident that if we died in sin we should go to Henry Irving.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the Baldwin Monday evening next, Clara Morris appears in her new play, "Renée."

Sims Reeves, the tenor, has undertaken a concert tour of Australia, in spite of his sixty-five years.

Last Wednesday marked the two-hundred-and-fiftieth performance of "Erminie" at the New York Casino.

Broderick of the Carleton troupe is the twin brother of Broderick of the Abbott troupe, but is apparently the light weight.

At the California Theatre "Shadows of a Great City" will be continued for another week, after which "Hazel Kirke" will be put on.

Paulson and Jakobowski, the librettist and composer of "Erminie," produced their new comic opera, "Myneer Jan," in London last week.

"The Vagabonds," now being given at the Tivoli, is another version of "Erminie." The music is Jakobowski's but the libretto is the Tivoli's own.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is so popular in New York that Manager Daly has been compelled to draw the line at two weeks for the advance sale of seats.

Mr. Booth begins his engagement at the Baldwin March 7th, in "Hamlet," the scenery for which is now being painted. It will be an elaborate production.

Frederick Warde is said to have formed his conception of Virginius's madness by studying the actions of a man in Kentucky who had murdered his daughter.

"Erminie" is to be continued at the Bush street Theatre next week. Indeed, it will probably run through the greater part of the engagement of the Carleton Company.

Dan McCullough, the treasurer of the Baldwin Theatre, will take a benefit March 5th, when an attractive bill, which has not yet been fully arranged, will be presented.

Brander Matthews and George H. Jessup have written a new play for John T. Raymond. It is called "A Gold Mine," and Raymond is sure that it will prove worthy its name when he produces it, in May.

A letter from Monte Carlo, under date of January 18th, says: "Christine Nilsson has just won eighty thousand francs in the next room, while Delycavay, of La Scala, lost one hundred thousand during the day."

A dramatization of Bret Harte's California story, "Miss," will be given at the Alcazar Theatre next week. Miss Phoebe Davis will assume the title rôle, and Mr. Grismer, with the Osbourne and Stockwell Company, will complete the cast.

Although Charlie Reed gave what was considered a very excellent imitation of Guille and his broken C, he had never seen the small tenor at all, and could undoubtedly have made the imitation much more effective after the study of such an easy model.

Forbes Robertson is to be Miss Mary Anderson's leading man in her forthcoming tour of the English provinces, and certain wisecracks have started the report that they are to be married. This is absurd, as Robertson already has a wife of whom he is very fond.

Mr. McKee Rankin says that his wife is not teaching elocution, but is living in a handsome house, in a handsome street in Detroit, keeps two servants and a governess, and is devoting herself to the education of her two daughters. He considers her to be very comfortably situated, and so would anybody.

Maurice Barrymore, who was Modjeska's leading man when she was last in this city, has written the libretto of a comic opera "Waldemar, or the Robbers of the Rhine," to be produced in London. The principal female part is to be given to Miss Florence Dysart, one of the new beauties of the English stage.

The London Alhambra is one of the best paying theatres in the world. In the last six months the receipts have reached \$230,000, and the annual dividend will probably amount to fifty per cent. Rather a better showing than some of the Paris theatres, which require an annual subvention from the State of sums ranging from \$10,000 to \$60,000.

Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, whose beauty attracted much attention here as she sat in her box at the Patti concerts, will soon go on the stage again, using her professional name of Florence Gerard. She is to play the principal part in Sidney Grundy's "Silver Shield" in America, notwithstanding a pretty complete failure in the same rôle while playing in the English provinces under Carl Rosa.

Edwin Booth, who is making the triumphal tour of his life, will open at the Baldwin on the seventh with a repertoire which embraces almost everything legitimate—"Hamlet," "Othello," "Iago," "Richard III," "Richard III," "Richelieu," "Ruy Blas," "Don Cesar de Bazan," "The Fool's Revenge," and almost everything with which his great name is connected, excepting Claude Melnotte.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is so much the fashion in the artistic world of Paris that she has three or four leading artists already designing gowns for her stage career. She will make her debut in London as Adrienne Lecouvreur, but after that will try to supplement her repertoire with new French plays. Her book of recitations has brought her in enough money to purchase a handsome stage trousseau.

The stock company will be a fixed fact next season in the dramatic firmament, and the long-headed New York managers are swooping up all the available leading men. Henry Miller, of the Clara Morris Company, is engaged for the Lyceum, as is also De Belleville, and some three or four others. Stars like Fanny Davenport, Rose Coghlan, Helen Dauvray, etc., are discovering that there is a corner in leading men for next season.

The man who invented matinees died in France, the other day, at an advanced age. He always regretted the step he had taken, and withdrew shortly afterward from the theatrical world to repent in sackcloth and ashes on a vineyard in the south of France. He always felt like the creator of the Frankenstein monster as the news came rolling in to him of the vast spread of his peculiar institution. The author's matinee was his last blow.

Alphonse Daudet is spiking some of the guns of the Paris critics by cutting out from his new play, "Nana Roumestan," all those allusions to Gambetta which the critics accepted while the statesman was living, but which they would howl at now. The character of Bonaparte is dropped altogether, but he will reappear in another new play in which Daudet will portray the adventures of our old friend Tartarin de Tarascon, and which is to be called "Bonaparte et Tartarin."

Levy, the famous cornet player, engaged a concert company for a two years' tour a few months ago, but he has since forsaken managing for all time. He gave three representations in Dublin and then disbanded his troupe. The husband of Camilla Urso, the violinist, thereupon made an attack on Levy, and a terrific row took place, which resulted in Levy flying to Belgium for safety. He scarcely dares venture back to England to fulfill an engagement at the London Aquarium, which begins early next month.

Trebelli has come so quietly that a great many are disposed to doubt whether she is the real Trebelli. There is no shadow of doubt that she is the Trebelli-Bettini who has been for fifteen years the idol of London and Paris, and whose pure voice is as fresh and well-preserved as Patti's. Trebelli is so identified with all the leading contralto rôles in grand opera that her name is the most familiar on the other side of the Atlantic after Patti. She is now the wife of Ovide Musin, a first-prize pupil of the Paris Conservatory, and the favorite violinist of France, and their concerts are most delightful musical treats.

The London people are raising the cry of plagiarism against Gilbert, and some even borrow an expressive term from across the channel, and call him a *tinturier*, a species of hack writer who polishes and gives color and "go" to other people's ideas. "Ruddy-gore," or "Ruddigore," as it is now spelled, is, they say, identical with John Brown's burlesque melodrama, "The Crimson Mask," which was produced in 1864, with Mr. Gilbert himself in one of the principal rôles. The second act—also called a direct steal from an unsuccessful play—has been changed, only one of the pictures in the gallery stepping out of its frame on the stage.

Dumas's Japanese Salad.

All Paris is enthusiastically eating the Japanese salad for which Dumas gives the recipe in his new play, "Francillon." The ingenué of the play captures a declared celibate by appealing to his stomach, and this is one of her recipes:

ANNETTE.—"You take some potatoes which have been boiled in bouillon, cut them in slices as for an ordinary salad, and while they are still half-warm season them well with salt, pepper, good olive oil which tastes of the fruit, and vinegar."

HENRI.—"Estragon vinegar?"

ANNETTE.—"Orleans vinegar is better; but that is not of great importance. A more important item is a half glass of white wine—Château Yquem, if possible. Plenty of fine herbs, minced thoroughly, and mixed, and mixed, and mixed. Have cooked at the same time with *cour-bouillon* (in fish dressing of wine, salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs) some very large mussels with a branch of celery. Drain them well, add them to the potatoes which are already seasoned, and mix them up lightly."

THÉRÈSE.—"Less mussels than potatoes?"

ANNETTE.—"At least a third less. The mussels must only be detected little by little. They must neither be expected nor intrude themselves when discovered. When the salad is mixed, stir it lightly and then cover it with sliced truffles—a cap of them, so to speak—that have been cooked in champagne. Do all this at least two hours before dinner, as the salad must be quite cold when it is served."

This recipe is nightly received with the loudest acclamations, and the salad figures daily on the menu of all the leading restaurants in Paris.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Simple Truth.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are;
A glowing ball of burning gas
Revolving round your central mass.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are
For to my spectroscopic ken
I see you're only hydrogen.

—The Chautauquan.

The Runaway Maiden.

Beside a little brooklet
There sat a little maiden,
Who conned a little booklet,
And eke was not afraid;
Her glossy, sunny ringlets
Shone like as they were golden;
An angel without wiggles
This maiden was, I'm tolden.

She had a prettie flowret
Within her hande well shapen,
For to this leafy bowert
The maiden had escapen
From gloomy convent outlet,
Which was, perchance, left open—
She'd come here fye to poutlet,
And likewise fye to mopen.

But here she found the pamphlet,
Concerning which I've spoken—
It told about a tramplet,
Which means a man that's broken.
She read until the owlet
With hoots awoke the welkin;
Then she began to howlet
And, furthermore to yelkin.

The wailing of the damsel
Aroused a neighboring hamlet—
Folks thought it was a lamsel
A-bleating for its damlet.
When night began to darken
The western clouds of violet,
And wolves began to barken,
That little maid did diolet.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Maid of Louisiana.

A maiden of La.
Once stepped on a peel of Ba.
She slipped and she fell,
And she let out a yell,
And shouted, "Oh! where's my Aunt Ha?"
—Boston Courier.

Miss Jones's Age.

This world is full of curious things,
As you from this will see;
When I was only twenty-four
Miss Jones was thirty-three.
Time hurries on, the years have fled,
I'm thirty-three and more;
And here's the curious thing—Miss Jones
Is only twenty-four. —Boston Budget.

Fate.

There was a man who gayly said,
"Give me the wine that's warm and red,
It makes my dinner better seen,
And wraps me in a pleasant dream."
His neighbor said, with great delight:
"Give me the crystal water bright;
It lends to every meal a cheer
I ne'er could find in wine or beer."
The man of wine's alive to-day,
He's prosperous, serene and gay;
And dead is he who wine avoided—
He on the crystal spring typhoided. —Puck.

A Learned Woman.

Phidias and Pericles,
Theus and Heracles,
Pyrrhus and Pompeius
And Scipio and his flintz,
And old Romulus and Remus,
Nicomachus, Polyphemus,
Abraham and Trismegistus,
Anaxagoras and his sisters—
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Polycarp and Alexander,
Sophocles, Anaximander,
Dido and Democritus,
Solon and Theocritus,
Mithridates and Socrates,
Dionysius and Sulpicius,
Cæsar and Mithridates,
Cato, Alcibiades—
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Mathematics, hydrostatics,
Biquadratics, and pneumatics,
Conchology and astrology,
Phlebotomy and trichotomy,
Paleontology and geology,
Social statics, numismatics,
Economy and astronomy,
Genesis and Deuteronomy—
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Kitchen sweeping and housekeeping,
Washing dishes, cooking fishes,
Sewing buttons, baking muttuns,
Wielding ladles, rocking cradles,
Working ric-rac, making bric-a-brac,
Lifting covers, charming lovers,
Succotash or boiled potatoes,
Salt, or soda, or saleratus,
The domestic cookery question,
Or the ethics of digestion—
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease. —Tid-Bits.

CCCCXXVIII—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, February 27, 1887.

Spring Soup.
Cold Boiled Sturgeon, Mayonnaise Dressing. (The Sturgeon must be small.
Pork Chops. Fried Apples.
Asparagus. Sweet Potatoes. Cauliflower.
Roast Mallard Ducks, Currant Jelly Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Ice Cream, Lady Cake.
Apples, Oranges, Pears, Persimmons, and Pomegranates.
Spring Soup.—This is Francatelli's receipt for spring soup a little simplified: Cut with a vegetable-cutter two carrots and two turnips into little round shapes; add the white part of a head of celery, twelve young onions sliced into flowerets. Parboil these vegetables for three minutes in boiling water. Drain and add them to two quarts of stock made of chicken or beef. (Chicken is better.) Let the whole simmer for half an hour, then add the white leaves of a head of lettuce (cut the size of a half dollar with a cutter). As soon as tender, and when about to send the soup to the table, add half a gill of green peas, and the same quantity of asparagus-heads, which have been previously in other water.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET

Boils.

I am just having a highly humorous experience with boils. To others this announcement will come with no element of sadness, perhaps, but to me it brings a thrill of the keenest and most poignant anguish. A man might go all over a whole country and not find anything more poignant than these boils seem to me.

There are seven of these little blossoms, and they hang in a ripe cluster on the back of my neck, about two inches below what the phreologists call love of home.

I had never brought out a boil until last week, though I have led a very checkered life, but on Thursday morning I awoke to find myself the parent of seven cunning little red-headed boils about the size of a pumpkin-seed.

They are small, but, oh, how restless they are, and how they struggle with each other for supremacy!

People who live here say these boils are a result of the climate. The air here is especially calculated to bring out anything in the line of latent humor. A man who had been runniog a humorous weekly paper in the far West came here and in two weeks he broke out so that his friends had to do him up in a poultice seven feet long.

I am not doing much for these boils, because I want to teach them to be self-reliant and depend upon themselves. One of them was a puny little thing at first, and I felt sorry for it when my friends told me about it. I can not see these boils, of course, as they are not in the direct line of vision, being on the back of my neck. So I get a friend—one I can trust—and I let him come and tell me how they are doing from time to time.

This little boil at first did not bid fair to hold out more than a day or two, but yesterday it began to throw aside its lethargy and to realize that life is real. It is fully abreast of the others now, and has a large and very active crater to it.

For three days I put various things on these boils; among others soap, sugar, the white of an egg, ground flaxseed, bread and milk, bread and molasses, etc., etc., etc. There were other things recommended, but as the boils were all in a cluster I had to try one thing at a time. With seven boils well distributed I might have tried several remedies at once, but I did the best I could. In three days I have rendered thirteen dollars' worth of groceries entirely useless to the consumer.

Boils visit the rich and poor alike, the humble and the exalted. They are not a mark of greatness, for boils frequently come to the obscure and the unknown. They do not come with the seeking, and they are not to be obtained by study or effort. Boils fall to the lot of many whose lives would otherwise be void of incident. To such they are indeed a great benison, or may be used as such. How many people do we know who have naught else to show us in the way of progress, but a kind Providence has bestowed a boil upon them now and then, which they can exhibit as an evidence that they are not remaining absolutely stagnant?

The felon also is a queer article, the usefulness of which has not been thoroughly made clear to my mind. There are ninety-eight different things that are good for a felon, each of which will make it ache first-rate, and that seems to be the principal object both with felons and boils. Some cut the finger opeo in treating a felon, and scrape the bone with a corn-cob or a wood rasp. About the only way to cure a felon is to seriously injure the finger and then cure the injury. —Chicago News.

The sphinx of Ghizeh has been sufficiently disintegrated to expose the fore-paws and sides, and it is discovered that the paws are not hewn in stone, like the rest of the body, but built up of brick, in order, it is surmised, to lend greater stability to the foundation. The figure is already, by some, ascribed to an age more remote than that of the Pyramids.

A novel advertising scheme was recently introduced by a merchant in Cairo, Ill. A series of prodigious boot-tracks were painted leading from each side of the public square to his establishment. The scheme, it is said, worked to perfection, for every body seemed curious enough to follow the tracks to their destination.

A Card.

The great popularity attained by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company is mainly due to the superiority of their new No. 8 machine. The verdict of the people is usually correct, and the people's verdict is there is no machine that compares with the No. 8 in real point of merit.

The Glass of Fashion.

A good tailor cannot make a crooked man straight, but he can bring out a man's good points and give him the style which is equivalent for a fine figure. So many people have learned that J. M. Litchfield & Co. can do this better than any tailor in San Francisco that the firm has been compelled to secure larger quarters. They are now established at 12 Post Street, where they have the handsomest tailoring parlors in the city; and their new stock includes all the newest and latest patterns and materials.

—THE SALE OF THE "CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL" in our midst has been a phenomenal one. The Smoke Ball Co. claim that over seven thousand families in San Francisco are using this treatment for Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc. It certainly has merit.

A Slight Cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

—CLEANSE THE SCALP FROM SCURF AND DANDRUFF, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer.

—GEO. ANDREWS, OF LOWELL, ALTHOUGH SALT rhusen ulcers covered half his body, was cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTO-graphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Sts.

SHEET MUSIC, 10 cts.; catalogue free; 215 Dupont.

STATEMENT OF
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1886.

ASSETS,

\$114,181,963.24

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1886.....	120,912	\$368,081,441 36	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.....	120,927	\$391,869,202 88
Risks Assumed.....	18,673	\$6,832,718 92	Risks Terminated.....	9,698	\$3,604,957 46
	139,625	\$425,814,160 28		139,625	\$425,814,160 28

Dr.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$99,865,644 11	By paid to Policy Holders:		
" Premiums.....	15,644,720 66	Endowments and Purchased		
" Interest and Rents.....	5,502,456 01	Insurances.....	\$4,908,729 61	
		Dividends and Annuities.....	2,727,454 13	
		Decedent Lives.....	5,492,920 60	\$13,129,103 74
		" Other Disbursements:		
		Commissions and Commu-		
		tations.....	\$1,732,632 83	
		Taxes.....	277,169 85	
		Expenses.....	1,691,613 61	
				3,101,416 59
		" Premiums on Stocks and Bonds purchased		52,566 14
		" Balance to new account.....	\$14,719,734 31	
	\$121,002,820 78			\$121,002,820 78

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.

To Reserve for policies in force and for risks terminated.....	\$108,460,120 25	By bonds secured by mortgages on real es-		
" Premiums received in advance.....	78,274 84	tate.....	\$50,118,949 66	
" Surplus at four per cent.....	5,643,568 15	" United States and other Bonds.....	42,071,641 00	
		" Loans on Collaterals.....	6,172,917 25	
		" Real Estate.....	10,591,286 32	
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at		
		Interest.....	2,306,203 68	
		" Interest accrued.....	1,616,870 65	
		" Premiums deferred and in transit.....	1,556,117 28	
		" Sundries.....	182,978 02	
	\$114,181,963 24			\$114,181,963 24

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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SATURDAY MATINEE,

FEBRUARY 28th, MARCH 2d, 3d and 5th,

GRAND CONCERTS.

TREBELL. MUSIN.

Herr PAUL STEINDORFF, Pianist.

HENRY WOLFSOHN, Manager.

Reserved Seats, \$1.50. Admission, \$1.00.
Sale of seats now at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

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EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.

THE VAGABONDS.

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts, abounding with
EXQUISITE MUSIC, COSTUMES AND SCENERY,
And the following Artists in the Cast:

Helen Dingee, Hattie Moore,
Kate March, Mamie Taylor,
Ed. Stevens, W. F. Rochester,
Henry Norman, Harry Gates,
Arthur Messner, and others.

Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents.

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OF THE

HERRMANN BRANDT STRING QUARTET

Friday Evg., March 4th, at Irving Hall.

Kindly assisted by

Mrs. E. Tojetti, Soprano,
Miss L. Alexander, Pianist,
Mr. G. W. Fletcher, (Horn.)
Mr. Geo. Story, (Horn.)

Mr. F. Mundwiler, Bass.
The piece de resistance will be the divertimento, D maj.,
by Mozart, for String Quartet and two Horns.

Admission, \$1.00; Reserved Seats 25 cents extra.
Box Sheet open at Gray's, 206 Post Street, on the day of
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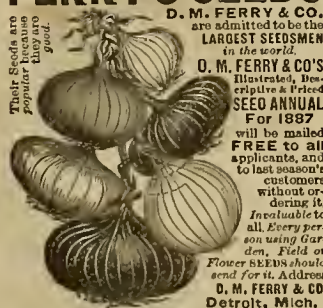
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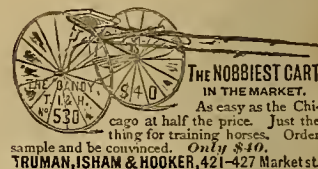
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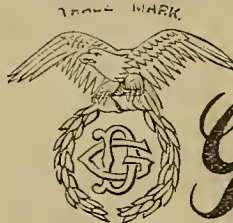
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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On the fourth day of this month the Democratic administration of President Cleveland reached the full half of its period of constitutional existence—enough time to have af-

forded the country ample opportunity to estimate whether the change of government from Republican to Democratic control has proved a success, and whether it is desirable to continue to intrust national affairs to the conduct of the Democracy, or to return it to the administration of the party that was overturned by the candidacy of Mr. Blaine. It was an unusual and, perhaps, remarkable fact that a government republican in form, with a history so remarkable as has been that of ours during the past quarter of a century, should have remained for so long a period under the administration of one party. With the ending of President Buchanan's term of office the Republican party entered upon the administration of national affairs with a civil war prepared for it that was destined to test the strength of our institutions; with President Lincoln we entered upon a struggle which ended, after a four years' war of terrible magnitude, in the emancipation of nearly five millions of black people from slavery; we made important changes in the character of our institutions by amendments to our organic law; we tested the endurance and resources of our people by calling into existence armies of formidable dimensions; we strained our relations with foreign governments; we disturbed the currents of our foreign commerce and domestic industries; we tried the financial resources of the republic, and were left with a colossal debt. This war called from private life a statesman whose fame will be as enduring as the Union he preserved; it brought forth a general whose achievements in war gave him a rank among the foremost commanders the world has produced; it proved the existence of a nationality that has resources and credit to maintain its position among the foremost of the great nations of the earth. The Republican party—which the war created—had the genius to pilot the country through a successful civil strife, that demanded the organization of powerful armies and called upon the undeveloped resources of a people never before subjected to such a strain. From a condition of uninterrupted peace from the earliest period of our national life—for we pass the "French war," the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico, as episodes of national disturbance scarcely justifying us in looking back upon them as great wars—we entered upon a struggle that, in its vastness, in its endurance, in its diplomatic entanglements, in the number of its soldiers, in the heroism and bravery of its enemy, and in the accomplishment of its result, ranks among the most important and severest of the contests in which men have engaged in these later centuries of the world's existence. When the war ended, great armies were disbanded; civilian soldiers returned to peaceful pursuits; ships improvised for blockading our limitless shores, for the transportation of troops, and for war purposes on our inland gulfs and navigable streams, were properly allowed to rot at their moorings. The Republican party had the wisdom to perceive that there no longer existed the necessity for an army or navy; that the important requirements were the reconstruction of a dismembered Union, the restoration of seceded and belligerent States to their original position in a reconstructed nationality, the return to the peaceful industries of life; the adjustment of our former friendly political and social relations, and the establishment of a sound national credit by the prompt payment of our national debt. The Republican party successfully accomplished all these things, and at the end of seven Presidential terms presented to the governments of the world a compact and united nationality, with fifty millions of prosperous people, and a debt so reduced, a national credit so restored, that our bonded obligations were placed upon the markets of the world at a lower rate of interest than those of any other government. When the Republican party went out of power it left but one important national question to be adjusted, viz.: how best to dispose of our revenues, lest by the too prompt retirement of the obligations we might embarrass those occupations and industries that were based upon their existence. It left the country at peace, without an existing controversy; it left an army of less proportionate dimensions than is required by his majesty of the Hawaiian Islands or the reigning Prince of Monaco. President Cleveland, now two years in power, looks out from the chamber of his honeymoon over the grandest empire of earth, at peace in all its parts, at peace with all the world, vexed with only a single question, viz.: how to dispose of the surplus national

treasure. In many parts of Europe the governments are voting large credits to strengthen their military force, to protect their boundaries by forts and guns, and provide their citizens and subjects with death-dealing arms of greater precision; to build turreted, armor-clad monsters of destruction that shall resist missiles of war, and great siege guns that shall penetrate the armor of the leviathans of their enemies. One of the curious facts of this quarter of a century of strife and expenditure, during which period there have passed into and out of our national treasury thousands of millions of money, through hundreds of thousands of official hands, so far as a suspicious and alert political party, who came into power determined to overhaul Republican accounts and expert Republican bookkeeping could find, no single misappropriated—criminally misappropriated—dollar has been discovered. Private individuals have been robbed, banks swindled, corporations had their funds stolen, municipalities have been despoiled by boodle aldermen, Canada has had an immigration of rogues, but at this writing we recall the name of not one public official who has been found dishonest in his official accounts.

And now is coming the period when our sixty millions of people are to be again precipitated into the quadrennial contest over a Presidential election. Shall we retain the present Democratic administration in power, retain the suspicious party that asked the opportunity to examine the national treasury and overlook the entries in our national books, or return again to power the party that carried us successfully through our national dangers, restored the country to peace and prosperity, and did not steal anything in doing the work and handling the money? Over this question, which is one of more sentiment than importance, we must plunge ourselves into the vortex of a whirling political malstrom, and with passionate and angry struggle and violent gesticulation make believe that we are contending over something that is of real consequence; we must stir up old prejudices, open old wounds, revive old resentments, to determine first whether Cleveland, or Hill, or Wm. T. Coleman, or some better man shall have the Democratic nomination; whether Sherman, or Blaine, or Ingalls, or Stanford, or Harrison, or some dark horse of unknown speed and pedigree shall be entered by the Republican party for the Presidential race. When these contests are over then we shall all go at it, hammer and tongs, tooth and nail, claws and hair, to determine which one of two equally patriotic, equally intelligent, and equally honest men, shall be elected President of the United States; a hundred thousand men in office will agitate themselves, and spend their money and their time to hold their positions, while five hundred thousand outsiders will neglect their avocations and demoralize themselves by getting drunk and howling themselves hoarse at public meetings, while listening to speeches they do not hear; the country will spend money enough to give every white man who wants it a forty-acre farm and a cow, and every darkey five acres and a mule. When the election is over we shall all go to Washington and all engage in the humiliating application for some appointment which it will be the biggest luck if we fail to get and are sent home with a flea in our ear. May we not, therefore, be pardoned if we say it is not of much consequence who becomes President, or what party succeeds, and that all the hubbub and fanfaronade of a party campaign are in the interest of party leaders rather than for the advancement of national progress, or the promotion of the nation's welfare? The party which will do the most to preserve peace, which will be the most earnest to pay the national debt, which will under all circumstances fail to lend its encouragement to labor agitations, to agrarian crimes, and which under all circumstances will maintain the law and the rights of persons and property under the law, will be the party that best deserves the popular favor. We shall do our duty, and our whole duty, if we carefully and impartially watch the current of political events and give our support to the candidate who is most loyal to the country, its Constitution, and its flag, and whose party platform does not bid for the support of alien adventurers, socialists, anarchists, communists, and labor agitators, and is most American in its principles, resolving to withhold our political favor, our votes, and our support from any Presidential candidate who is

tainted with the remotest suspicion of friendship for, or allegiance to, or sympathy with, an alien ecclesiastical power, who recognizes an authority, spiritual or civil, above or independent of the Constitution and laws of the Republic of the United States of America.

All late European advices point to complications which are daily becoming graver. And yet it is impossible to predict from what side the first blow will be struck. It now looks as though the regions about the Balkan and the Danube may anticipate France and Germany in opening the ball. Russia is evidently determined to exert her influence over those principalities which lie between her and Constantinople, and if her troops once obtain a foothold in Bulgaria, it will be impossible that the kingdom of Roumania, which lies still farther to the north, should escape occupation. Every one is, of course, aware that these States were originally created for the purpose of interposing a species of political barrier between the northern colossus and the Turk. So far they have served this purpose, and at the present moment Bulgaria seems by no means inclined to exchange her independence for affiliation with Russia. In this she will naturally be backed up by England, though it is doubtful whether any of the other powers consider themselves sufficiently interested to interfere with Russian aggression in that direction, excepting Austria, whose very existence is at stake and intimately bound up in the preservation of the autonomy of the partially Slavonic kingdoms lying along the lower Danube. As regards the question whether the treaty of Berlin will be observed, or whether the Balkan states shall be reconstructed under Russian leadership, it is a question, we take it, which will give little trouble to Russia, to whom treaties, as a rule, are about as valuable as the paper they are written on. It is said that official communication between the governments of Russia and Austria is confined to routine matters and formalities, diplomatic relations having entirely ceased. This is perhaps the most suggestive piece of information yet, and goes to show the truth of the surmise of two months ago, that Russia was merely waiting for the thaw to set in upon the Carpathians before massing her troops upon the Austrian frontier. Taking another view of the situation, it is stated that negotiations for the renewal of the treaty between Italy, Austria, and Germany have been suspended, owing to the Italian cabinet crisis. This does not, however, imply that such a treaty will not be consummated when the time demands it; and the existence of a great Germanic confederation in the heart of Europe, backed up by Italy on the Mediterranean and England on the North Sea, would go further to preserve peace than a Franco-Russian alliance would to incite war. But it must be asked whether all the martial preparations now going on are merely smoke, or whether they are in reality the prelude of a gigantic conflict which will shake the earth to its foundations, change the map of Europe, eliminate the superfluous population which is eating its head off in that swarming region of our planet, and deplete the finances of every one of the engaging nations to such an extent that recovery within two generations will be impossible. Things certainly look very much that way. And would it not, after all, be better that it should be so? Time was—and it is not so many hundred years ago—that the population of England was under two millions; that France contained not many more; that central Europe was little better than a thicket and a morass; that Prussia was beaten till the ninth century; and that Russia was merely a collection of scattered and nomadic tribes without homogeneity or law. All the prosperity, the commerce, the social refinement, the art, the science, the very munitions of war of these European nations are the result of less than a thousand years. It is certainly not more than three times that number since the naked savages who were the progenitors of the cultured and intellectual nations who now seem to be on the brink of a ghastly internecine war, moved westward from the Aryan cradle of their race. It is a curious problem to speculate upon, this inexorable law which seems to drive mankind at stated periods to destroy himself, and yet only half conscious of the real reason which drives him to do so. Likewise is it a strange feature of these gigantic movements that those who do the work and bear the burden and heat of the day have the least interest in what is going on. But to return to precise points. The *deus ex machina* in the present ebullition would seem to be Russia, and Russia has the ear of France. And, after all, it would appear that Russia is a much overrated power. The last two hundred years of Russian life—two-thirds of its natural existence—have been occupied in the subjugation of a few barbarous tribes in central Asia, a feat as barren in honor as these were trivial in resources. It is well known that the military party in St. Petersburg is strong enough to intimidate the Czar into acquiescence with its wishes; but Russia is notoriously poor—a paradox only reconcilable on the premise that her commercial and industrial resources bear no relation to her size. Russia also lacks means of mobilization and transport. She is deficient in railways. Neither can Austria stand the expense of a heavy war. Her great difficulty lies in the lack of money and credit. Italy is decidedly worth considering in the present complication. The Italian army is solid and reliable and

there will be no lack of supplies to sustain it during engagements. Its naval force is likewise heavy, and when joined by that of England, as it most assuredly will be, the combined fleets can be depended upon to control the ports from the Sound to the Hellespont. Another factor which must not be left out of consideration in case of war is the attitude of the great banking-houses in the valleys of the Main and Danube. They have much to say, and are not going to permit matters to be carried to such extremities as utterly to impoverish the countries whose revenues represent their capital and interest.

Within the past few days two women have suffered the death penalty—one in France for the murder of her mother, the other in New York State for the murder of her husband. Both these crimes were attended with circumstances of the most revolting barbarity. Yet in both cases the most strenuous efforts were made to save the women from capital punishment. And the only argument advanced in both cases was, that the criminals were women. We are glad to see that this maudlin sentimentality did not prevail, and that the sentence of the law was carried out. Even the flabby Grévy, who has probably pardoned more red-handed murderers than any man—unless it be his ex-Excellency Stoneman—refused to interfere. In New York, the sentimentalists moved heaven and earth to save Mrs. Druse, but Governor Hill refused to interfere. They even went so far as to attempt to introduce a State law forbidding the execution of a woman for murder. This would have been putting a premium on murderesses—making "murder a fine art." To make away with your enemy, all you would need do would be to hire a female assassin. But this law would have been not only absurd, but unconstitutional. The Fourteenth Amendment says that no State shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." If A. (male) commit murder, and is hanged therefor according to law, and B. (female) commit murder, and is jugged therefor according to law, there is certainly something unequal about the law. The sentimentalists' ideas on capital punishment are slightly nauseating. When we hear them we are always reminded of Alphonse Karr's celebrated saying when the abolition of capital punishment was being discussed in France. "Certainly," said Karr, "let us abolish the death penalty, by all means; but let the murderers begin."

Popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, it seems that the Democratic party is not so goddess as to be utterly outside the pale of the protection of Providence. This is incontestably shown by the beneficent provision which preserves the life of Mr. Secretary Manning in order that the country may not experience immediate dissolution for lack of a head to the Treasury department. Should Manning be taken from us, it looks as though the President would be driven to the necessity of offering the Treasury portfolio to a Republican, since it seems that he can find no Democrat to fill the position. Mr. Manning's resignation was announced some time since, but he still holds over, while the portfolio is hawked about the party, with no takers. Where are all the statesmen who for twenty years shouted "Turn the rascals out," made pointed references to the Augean stables, demanded opportunity to examine the books, and noisily asked for a chance to show what they could do with the national finances? Are they dead, or afraid? The public has yet to be informed as to what Mr. Manning has done to prove his especial and unique fitness for so important an office; but then the public has no business with knowledge of the Government under this administration. At the time of his appointment Mr. Manning had no record save as a skillful manipulator of primaries and conventions, as manager of elections, and as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of New York. His first official act was to show his zeal for civil-service reform (to which his party was committed), by removing Assistant-Secretary Coon, the one man who personified the justification of the civil service law, since by sheer merit, and without influence, he had risen, step by step, from a subordinate and insignificant clerkship, to be Assistant Secretary and the practical executive officer of the Treasury Department. Next came the appointment of Higgins—a Baltimore ward politician of a stripe very familiar here in San Francisco—as Appointment Clerk, and, under Manning's instructions, Higgins busied himself in going about the Treasury announcing that he "had a little list" for decapitation, comprising every employee and clerk not absolutely protected by the Civil Service Law. To be sure, these threats were not all carried into effect, because, we suppose, the Secretary found that he could not afford to commit political *hari-kari*, by removing the only people who knew anything about the workings of the department. Mr. Manning then blossomed out as a financier by changing the form of the published periodical statement of the balance-sheet of the Treasury, his new form being palpably false and misleading, as well as absurd to practical financiers. This being done, he evidently began to consider the question of the surplus. His party, by speech, resolution, and platform, being fully committed to the statement that the Republicans had been criminally guilty in maintaining in the Treasury so

large a surplus while there were still outstanding bonds which might be called, he ruminates over the matter for months, and at last issues calls for bonds in insignificant amounts—so insignificant that the calls of the preceding Republican administration seem extravagant and desperate by comparison. What further statesmanship he has been guilty of is not known to the public, barring the promulgation of various regulations for the conduct of business in the several Custom-houses and Sub-treasuries, such as the order commanding the Sub-treasuries not only to reject gold coin lighter in weight than the standard, but to deface it by stamping it as light—which order was in direct violation of law, and, aside from that, an unnecessary hardship upon the business community.

It seems to us that the difficulty in placing the Treasury portfolio lies with the President himself. It is hardly to be expected that a man of true self-respect will submit himself to the position which a member of the present Cabinet must assume. The Democrats of sufficient ability to capably administer the Treasury Department have ideas and knowledge which they would of necessity put into practice in exercising the duties of the office, and they cannot stultify themselves by accepting an office in which they would be compelled to carry out another man's ideas, contrary to their own judgment and against their own experience and wisdom. For this is not a Democratic administration; it is only a Cleveland administration. The one-man power is in force as it never has been in this country before, not even in the days when the will of the "man on horseback" was feared as dangerous to the existence of the Republic. The members of President Cleveland's Cabinet are only puppets who speak with his voice, and dance as he pulls the wires. He dictates their policy instead of listening to their advice, and conducts himself as though the ex-mayor of Buffalo had been, by selection, exalted into a sovereign by divine right. He reads lessons to Congress as a schoolmaster reproves his pupils. So many of President Cleveland's appointments have proved unfortunate, so many of his appointees have proved unworthy, have turned out badly, so to speak, that the thought arises that he has chosen questionable men for appointment because he could not get men of standing and ability to subordinate themselves entirely to him; to abandon their own judgment and speak and move only as he might direct. But the name of Democrat is a talisman which still works wonders with the Bourbons, and the Pan-*Electric* scandal has been carefully buried, though so near the surface that the stench still rises by the action of the House of Representatives in failing to name the committee for its investigation among the acknowledged committees of the House. The committee not being recorded, it can submit no report; there being no report, the scandal is white-washed; the public memory is short, and the portfolio of the Department of Justice will not go begging yet.

The long-expected report of Cardinal Gibbons to the Roman Propaganda, on the question of condemnation of the Knights of Labor in the United States, has finally appeared. It was cabled from Rome to the *Examiner* on Thursday. From the report it appears that Cardinal Gibbons differs with his brother Prince of the Church, Cardinal Taschereau, of Canada. We are sorry. We had hoped better things from this prelate. His report reads like some of the speeches of our striking carmen. Witness this:

It is a fact well known that the poor toilers have no inclination to resist or break the laws of the land, but simply to obtain equitable legislation by constitutional and legitimate means, and those considerations show that this organization does not contain any of the elements which the Holy See condemns, but bring us face to face with the evils the society is combating, and show us the real nature of the conflict. The monopolies not only by individuals, but corporations also, have already excited complaints from the workingman, and opposition from public men and national legislators as well. It is plain that not only the workingman has a right to organize for his own protection, but that it is the duty of the public at large to aid him in finding a remedy against the danger with which civilization and the social order are menaced by avarice, oppression, and corruption.

His Eminence the Cardinal remarks above that "the poor toilers" have "no inclination to break the laws of the land." He must have forgotten the Missouri Pacific strike of a few months ago, when the Knights of Labor terrorized three great States, until their riots were suppressed with blood and iron. But this juggling churchman goes on to say:

To sum up, it seems to me plain that the Holy See cannot entertain the proposal to condemn the Knights of Labor. Such a condemnation does not appear to be justified, either by the letter or the spirit of its constitution, of its laws, or by the declarations of its heads. Such a condemnation does not appear necessary in view of the transient form of the organization and of the social condition of the United States. It would be dangerous to the reputation of the church in our democratic country. It would be powerless to compel the obedience of our Catholic workingmen, who would regard it as false and iniquitous. It would be destructive instead of beneficial in its effects, forcing the sons of the church to rebel against their mother, and to range themselves with condemned societies, which they have hitherto avoided. It would be regarded as a cruel blow to the authority of the bishops of the United States, who, it is well known, protest against such a condemnation. It would be ruinous to the financial support of the church at Rome and to the raising of Peter's pence.

It is said that Cardinal Gibbons is a favorite with the pope, and that his advice will be taken. When we read the last clause in his report, as above, we have no doubt that it will. Whatever else may happen—though wrongs remain unrighted and evil flourish—the stream of Peter's pence must not be checked in its flow toward Rome.

The California National Bank has opened its doors for business, and now another new bank, a State corporation, has issued circulars announcing itself as shortly to enter the field. It would seem as though the present banking facilities here were more than sufficient to supply the demand, but the now rapidly increasing immigration to various parts of the State may presently justify the employment of more capital here in banking, especially as San Francisco will continue to be the clearing-house of the Pacific Coast. It has been confidently predicted that, from its situation, midway between the East and Europe, San Francisco would eventually become the clearing-house of the world, instead of London, but such a radical change appears like the dream of a visionary. It seems, however, that our banking and mercantile community would do well to adopt the system of discounts which prevails in all other commercial centres. Under our present system, a mercantile house carries its customers' accounts, and horrors from the banks only on its own notes, with such security as may be required, the interest being paid at maturity, and country merchants have a way of remitting when it suits them, calmly disregarding the obligation of the terms upon which goods are sold, so that many ninety day invoices are not settled for in four months, or even longer. Under the discount system, a draft on the customer is made at the time the goods are sold, payable at thirty, sixty, or ninety days' sight as the terms may be, which draft is forwarded to the customer, accepted, and returned, to be put into the bank and discounted, the interest being deducted at that time. Thus the bank gets its interest in advance, gets the security of an additional name on the back of its paper, and has on hand a supply of bills much more readily negotiable in the event of a run or a panic, while the merchant commands better borrowing facilities, and has a far stronger guarantee of his accounts being met at actual maturity. The action of our banks some time since in discouraging the over-draft system, was a long step in the right direction, and it is not easy to see why San Francisco should pursue any system different from that in practice in the rest of the mercantile world.

The decision of Judge Brown, of the United States Circuit Court, in New York, in the matter of the suit of the Old Dominion Steamship Company against Master Workman Quinn and four of the Executive Committee of the Ocean Association, to recover damages alleged to have been sustained by the plaintiff through the unlawful action of defendants in the recent strike of longshoremen, and in their attempt to boycott the plaintiff in its business as a common carrier, is only what we ought to expect from a United States judge, and should meet with nothing but approval. He says: "Associations have no more right to inflict injury upon others than individuals have. All combinations and associations designed to coerce workmen to become members, or to interfere with, obstruct, vex, or worry them in working or obtaining work, because they are not members, or in order to induce them to become members, or designed to prevent employers from making just discrimination in wages paid to skillful men and unskillful, to diligent and lazy, to efficient and inefficient, and all associations designed to interfere with the perfect freedom of employers in the proper management and control of their lawful business, or to dictate, in any particular, the terms upon which their business shall be conducted by means of threats of injury, or loss by interference with property or traffic, or with their lawful employment of other persons, or designed to abridge any of these rights, are illegal combinations or associations, and all acts done in furtherance of such intentions and by such means, and accompanied by damage, are actionable." This decision has great interest for San Francisco at the present time, and we recommend it to the striking street-car employees for perusal and digestion. It is satisfying to hear from a judge who has the courage to admit that capital has some rights which labor is bound to respect. The elective system of choosing judges cuts both ways, in that there is, perhaps, equal danger of a judge prostituting himself for the benefit of capital in the interest of his pocket, or for the benefit of labor in his desire for re-election, and even an upright judge may err in the matter; witness a case in San Francisco of some considerable notoriety, wherein the judge rendered a decision against the capitalist, because, in the opinion of the majority of the bar, he feared being accused of having been purchased or bribed.

It is noticeable that even the most pronounced Cleveland organs among the newspapers of the country condemn unreservedly the President's veto of the Dependent Pension bill. The Boston *Globe* editorially advocates the passage of the bill over the veto, saying that the veto was "founded upon an imperfect understanding of the bill and an unjust interpretation of its phraseology." Recent telegrams state that the President is very angry with the Democrats who voted to override the veto, and is revenging himself by vetoing other bills in whose passage they are interested. His anger is made ridiculous from the fact that the Chairman of the Committee on Pensions produced a petition signed several years ago by Mr. Cleveland himself, asking for the pas-

age of a general pension bill. Without entering here into a discussion of the merits of the bill, we invite attention to this fresh evidence of the dictatorial position which the President assumes. If his will is not law, he thinks that it should be, and with magnificent inconsistency he disregards public sentiment and legislative action, childishly venting his spite on members of Congress, to punish them for their presumption in passing any measures of which he is not the author. Absolutism is rather foreign to Democratic principles, but party fealty is strong, and he will probably continue playing at kingship till the end of his term.

The American Party in Oakland has organized, and is in excellent trim for the coming municipal election. Alameda polled a large vote for the American ticket at the last State election, but much work has been done since then, and we think that the vote at this municipal election will astonish some political fossils. Alameda has been the banner county of the State in many things; she is destined to be the banner county of the State in Americanism. The ticket placed before the people of Oakland is an admirable one. It is headed by the nomination of the Hon. J. West Martin, for Mayor. Mr. Martin is a Regent of the University, and President of the Union Bank of Savings. He was once elected Mayor of Oakland on the Democratic ticket despite the large Republican majority which ruled then. He will be elected again.

An interview with Senator Hearst is reported from Chicago, in which he commits himself emphatically against silver except as a subsidiary currency. Theoretically, a senator is elected to represent his state in the national legislature, and Mr. Hearst would do well to bear in mind the fact that popular sentiment in this State is strongly in favor of the monetization of silver instead of its depreciation to a mere subsidiary function. We hope that Senator Hearst was incorrectly reported.

There appears to be a lack of public spirit and *esprit du corps* among rival employers here. It is asserted, with a good deal of proof, that in one of the recent strikes here the striking employees were financially aided by the proprietors of competing enterprises, who hoped to gain patronage through the crippling of their competitors.

CHURCHILL AND HARTINGTON.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Muddled State of English Party Politics.

That Ireland, with her everlasting, wearing "wrongs" and "cause," is now, as she ever has been, a hindrance and impediment to advancement, is demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most mediocre intelligence by the condition into which the Liberal party—the party of enlightenment and progress in England—has got by mixing itself up with her affairs. United, compact, solid, firm, on all subjects but one, it allows, through the overweening obstinacy and vanity of one old man, that one to be paramount to all the others.

I don't think any one realizes this state of affairs, and deplores it more than do Lord Hartington and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Both are impatient of the barren interregnum in the reign of the Liberal party. Both are champing their bits and pawing the ground; for both see and know—as the people must be beginning to see and know—that the Liberal party is the party of parties in England, and that, were it not for everlasting Ireland and her blackguard Home Rule party, it would be the party in power this moment, and would, did it live up to its principles and follow out its purposes, remain the party in power for all time. Did any one doubt Lord Hartington's mind on this subject, it must have been made clear by his speech at Newcastle on Wednesday last. Here are his words: "We have no quarrel with Lord Randolph Churchill in seeking to make the Tory party independent of our support, only we are entitled to maintain our own opinions that the Tory party will never permanently be the prevailing political influence in this country. We believe that, sooner or later, the Liberal party will return to power, and will probably be the party which will mainly be in our time in power."

This language has undoubtedly brought cold comfort to the Tory heart. Simply because Lord Hartington had patriotically sunk party considerations for the moment in the cause of the union of his country, and to prevent a dismemberment of his native land, you saw Tories wink and chuckle, and heard them say: "Oh, Hartington's a Tory at heart, you know. He's glad enough of the excuse to join us."

Now, while Lord Hartington and Joseph Chamberlain recognize the unnecessarily stagnant state of their party, and see that while serving the cause of the Union, in leaving the Gladstonian banner of separation and disruption, they are but the means of keeping the Tory party in power; Lord Randolph Churchill is wide awake enough to realize the danger to the Conservative party (as a party independent of the Union question), in having the alliance of men who, while acting together as Unionists, would lead away the party itself from Tory principles. That is what Lord Hartington means by Lord Randolph seeking to make the Tory party independent of his (Lord H's) support. The fact of the matter is, there never was a greater mess, mixture, hotch-potch in politics and political parties than there is at present. There are no parties really, for there are no distinct political party principles thought of. Toryism, as well as Liberalism, is but a name. Neither party, as a party, can do anything; neither party, as a party, can make a single move in its own direction, the Tories to retard, or the Liberals to advance. And why? Because Ireland won't let them. It is the old story. For Gladstone still to hold out, and seek to go on cramming down the throats of a party

a measure so distasteful to its best members, would be useless. He see that himself now. He says the Home Rule question has reached the "reflective stage," and authorizes the conference of the "Round Table," at which Mr. Chamberlain, Sir George Trevellyn, Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Herschell have been sitting daily for a week or ten days past.

I suppose, without any exception, the "best abused" man in England is Lord Randolph Churchill. Of course, I limit the abuse to the Tory party. It is curious that the Tories can't see how right he is. Lord Randolph Churchill has dared to go counter to the party's idol; and no explanation is listened to, no explanation would satisfy. He *must* be in the wrong if he differs from Lord Salisbury. So the Primrose dames and knights will tell you. No one, probably, understands this better than does Lord Randolph. This is what he said in the House of Commons in the debate on the address, a few nights ago. With his left hand twisting his moustache, and his right waving a cavalier flourish, he said: "Four years ago, I stood alone and told the Tory party it was in the wrong, and I tell it so again. I was right then. I will be found to be right now. I was ignored, cut, getting hardly a cold nod of recognition from members in the House, abused, maligned, vilified. I observe the same sort of thing now. I hear the old words 'treachery, traitor, turncoat, inconsistent, Radical at heart.' I hear, but I do not [a wave of the hand terminating in a snap of the fingers] listen. I care not for the opinion of this House. Whatever influence, whatever strength, whatever power I may possess, comes not from this House. It comes from outside. It comes from the people. If I am serving the people I am satisfied. Whether I am right, or whether I am wrong, I ask not this House. My explanation has been made, not for your judgment. I have given the reasons of my resignation from the Government, and I wait for the judgment of *Cæsar*."

It is, of course, useless to laugh at Lord Randolph Churchill. The day has gone by for treating his utterances with either derision or contempt. His popularity with the masses and the prominence he has achieved through the deference paid him by the leaders of the Tory party when they considered him useful, can not be ignored. He can't be put down. He is a power still, and a power he will remain as long as he has a tongue in his head. That he is inconsistent not even himself can deny. But inconsistency in a public man, and particularly in a statesman, can not be regarded as a fault. A statesman must be a man of the times, and go with the times, and to those ends must be prepared to unsay to-day what he said yesterday, to make a speech to-morrow overthrowing every utterance of to-day, if the needs of his country, or, more properly speaking, his party, demand it. All great statesmen are inconsistent. Who more so than Bismarck? Who more so than Beaconsfield, or is Gladstone? But with all his inconsistency, if it be a fault, there is an originality, a freshness about Lord Randolph Churchill's ideas, and his way of giving them expression, which is immeasurably attractive to the popular mind and ear. He abhors beaten tracks; he detests stereotyped ways. His independence of action, his fearless language, his thorough mastery of every subject with which he is brought to deal, his complacent self-reliance, his readiness and willingness to jump into the thick of the fray on any and every possible occasion, his indomitable will and courage, all give him a charm in the eyes of the people at large. Lord Randolph Churchill doesn't care for anything that lies in tradition for tradition's sake, and, I take it, is only a Conservative in so far as he can mold conservatism to the vital requirements of the present. In him Conservatism is really Liberalism, except in name. That he is a Union man to the backbone even his enemies and detractors can not deny. I think it would be safe to say that he did more than any other one man—ay, than ten men—before the last general election, to fight the battle of the Union and to defeat Gladstone's disunion policy at the polls.

In the wholesale abuse he is now getting from former friends, this one fact should not be forgotten, yet it seems to be. He is accused of eating his words because he said—in his first great Dartford speech, I believe it was—before the election, that the Union, and its preservation, and the retention intact of the Unionist party should be paramount to every domestic question; and then, at the first opportunity, himself jeopardizes both by raising a personal issue on a domestic matter. That is one side. But I wonder that people who put all the blame on him can't see, and won't admit, that in declining to accede to his most reasonable demands for a policy of national economy, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, by driving Lord Randolph out of the Cabinet, did not quite as much, and with as little apparent compunction, jeopardize the continued existence of a harmonious Unionist party. Why not have made an effort at reconciliation with him before running, with supplicating hands, to Lord Hartington? Of course, now every one is satisfied that Lord Randolph is just as true a Unionist and just as true a Conservative as he ever was. And as for Lord Hartington, a Liberal he is and a Liberal he will remain.

Politically, both men are as far apart as the poles. On the broad field of the union they stand together as one man. The retention of "party" intact on all other subjects but that of the Union, is what Lord Randolph Churchill would desire; and the danger of a contrary state of things, he fears, so far as the Tory party is concerned, in the presence of Lord Hartington's lieutenant, Mr. Goschen, in Lord Salisbury's cabinet. In the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain is the same desire for a re-united Liberal party exhibited; and the "Round Table" conference is another indication of the disfavor into which the present stagnant state of public affairs has got through the impotence of "party;" and all through the pig-headed, selfish obstinacy of one "old parliamentary hand" in his desire to coquette for popularity with the rapscallion leaders of a land who care not how they hamper, harass, impede, and destroy the prosperity of another country in their efforts to advance themselves.

LONDON February 4, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

A deaf mute up in Harlem recently broke three knuckles of his right hand while communicating to a sick companion a description of a Nihilist disturbance in Moscow, in which Russian names figured plentifully.—*Puck's Annual*.

WILL O' THE MILL.

By Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill snared upwards until they soared out of the depth of the hardest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long, gray village lay, like a seam or a ray of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its voyage to the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom; so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer traveling-carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downward past the mill; and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downward and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares, were tending downward, like the river that accompanied their path. Nor was this all, for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labors in the field. Of all this nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbrel, drum and standard kept pouring down past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage—the rhythmic stride, the pale, unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the discolored regimentals, and the tattered flags filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in those troublesome times; but Will saw one thing plainly—that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and peddlers with strange wares?—whither all the brisk barouches with servants in the dicky?—whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they all went downward, fleetly and gayly downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads up stream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him, while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went. "It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills—six score mills, they say, from here to Under-deck—and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say), where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over, too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will. "The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they say that when the wind blows it gets up into water mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it, five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man and a crown of silver on its head."

Will thought he had never heard anything like this, and he kept on asking question after question about the world that lay away down the river, with all its perils and marvels, until the miller became quite interested himself, and at last took him by the hand and led him to the hill-top that overlooks the valley and the plain. The sun was near setting, and hung low down in a cloudless sky. Every thing was defined and glorified in golden light. Will had never seen so great an expanse of country in his life; he stood and gazed with all his eyes. He could see the cities, and the woods and fields, and the bright curves of the river, and far away to where the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens. An overmastering emotion seized upon the boy, soul and body; his heart beat so thickly that he could not breathe; the scene swam before his eyes; the sun seemed to wheel round and round, and throw off, as it turned, strange shapes which disappeared with the rapidity of thought, and were succeeded by others. Will covered his face with his hands, and burst into a violent fit of tears; and the poor miller, sadly disappointed and perplexed, saw nothing better for it than to take him up in his arms and carry him home in silence.

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heart-strings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed over its fleeting surface; the wind, as it ran over innumerable tree-tops, hailed him with encouraging words; branches beckoned downward; the open road, as it shouldered round the angles and went turning and vanishing fast and faster

down the valley, tortured him with its solicitations. He spent long while on the eminence, looking down the river-shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain; or he would linger by the wayside, and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river. It did not matter what it was; every thing that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

We are told by men of science that all the ventures of mariners on the sea, all that counter-marching of tribes and races that confounds old history with its dust and rumor, sprang from nothing more abstruse than the laws of supply and demand, and a certain natural instinct for cheap rations. To any one thinking deeply, this will seem a dull and pitiful explanation. The tribes that came swarming out of the North and East, if they were, indeed, pressed onward from behind by others, were drawn at the same time by the magnetic influences of the South and West. The fame of other lands had reached them; the name of the eternal city rang in their ears; they were not colonists, but pilgrims; they traveled toward wine and gold and sunshine, but their hearts were set on something higher. That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievement and all miserable failure, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic, inspired and supported these barbarians on their perilous march. There is one legend which profoundly represents their spirit, of how a flying party of these wanderers encountered a very old man shod with iron. The old man asked them whither they were going; and they answered with one voice, "To the Eternal City!" He looked upon them gravely. "I have sought it," he said, "over the most part of the world. Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender underneath my steps. All this while I have not found the city." And he turned and went his own way alone, leaving them astonished.

And yet this would scarcely parallel the intensity of Will's feeling for the plain. If he could only go far enough out there, he felt as if his eyesight would be purged and clarified, as if his hearing would grow more delicate, and his very breath would come and go with luxury. He was transplanted and withering where he was; he lay in a strange country and was sick for home. Bit by bit, he pieced together broken notions of the world below; of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities, full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, hands of music, and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold; of the great churches, wise universities, brave armies, and untold money lying stored in vaults; of the high-flying vice that moved in the sunshine, and the stealth and swiftness of midnight murder. I have said he was sick as if for home—the figure halts. He was like some one lying in twilight, formless, pre-existence, and stretching out his hands to many-colored, many-sounding life. It was no wonder he was unhappy, he would go and tell the fish; they were made for their life, wished for no more than worms and running water, and a hole below a falling bank; but he was differently designed, full of desires and inspirations, itching at the fingers, lusting with the eyes, whom the whole variegated world could not satisfy with aspects. The true life, the true bright sunshine, lay far out upon the plain. And, oh! to see this sunlight once before he died! to hear the trained singers and sweet church-bells, and see the holiday gardens! "And, oh, fish!" he would cry, "if you would only turn your noses down stream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters and see the vast ships passing over your heads like clouds, and hear the great water-hills making music over you all day long!" But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

Hitherto the traffic on the road had passed by Will, like something seen in a picture; he had perhaps exchanged salutations with a tourist, or caught sight of an old gentleman in a traveling cap at a carriage window; but for the most part it had been a mere symbol, which he contemplated from apart and with something of a superstitious feeling. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller, who was a greedy man in his way, and never forewent an opportunity of honest profit, turned the mill-house into a little wayside inn, and several pieces of good fortune falling in opportunely, built stables and got the position of postmaster on the road. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people, as they sat to break their fasts in the little arbor at the top of the mill garden; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open, and learned many new things about the outside world as he brought the omelette or the wine. Nay, he would often get into conversation with single guests, and, by adroit questions and polite attention, not only gratify his own curiosity, but win the goodwill of the travelers. Many complimented the old couple on their serving-boy; and a professor was eager to take him away with him, and have him properly educated in the plain. The miller and his wife were mightily astonished and even more pleased. They thought it a very good thing that they should have opened their inn. "You see," the old man would remark, "he has a kind of talent for a publican; he never would have made anything else!" And so life wagged on in the valley, with high satisfaction to all concerned but Will. Every carriage that left the inn-door seemed to take a part of him away with it; and when people jestingly offered him a lift, he could with difficulty command his emotion. Night after night he would dream that he was awakened by flustered servants, and that a splendid equipage awaited at the door to carry him down into the plain—night after night; until the dream which had seemed all jollity to him at first, began to take on a color of gravity, and the nocturnal summons and waiting equipage occupied a place in his mind as something to be both feared and hoped for.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a fat young man arrived about sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow, with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing, he sat in the arbor to read a book; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside; he was plainly one of those who prefer living people to people made of ink and paper. Will, on his part, although he had not been much interested in the stran-

ger at first sight, soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good nature and good sense, and at last conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom. They sat far into the night; and about two in the morning Will opened his heart to the young man, and told him how he longed to leave the valley and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled, and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense, and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains. And let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they wish themselves heartily back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags and many of them deformed with horrible disorders; and a city is so hard a place for people who are poor and sensitive that many choose to die by their own hand."

"You must think me very simple," answered Will. "Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes. I know how one thing lives on another; for instance, how the fish hangs in the eddy to catch his fellows; and the shepherd, who makes so pretty a picture carrying home the lamb, is only carrying it home for dinner. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me; it might have been that once upon a time; but although I live here always, I have asked many questions and learned a great deal in these last years, and certainly enough to cure me of my old fancies. But you would not have me die like a dog and not see all that is to be seen, and do all that a man can do, let it be good or evil? You would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life?—I would rather die out of hand," he cried, "than linger on as I am doing."

"Thousands of people," said the young man, "live and die like you, and are none the less happy."

"Ah!" said Will, "if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?"

It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbor which lit up the table, and the faces of the speakers; and along the arch, the leaves upon the trellis stood out illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple. The fat young man rose, and, taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upward.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings; and yet we can never reach them; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are hipped or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain, and we are no nearer them. All we can do is to stand down here in the garden and take off our hats; the starshine lights upon our heads, and where mine is a little bald, I dare say you can see it glisten in the darkness. The mountain and the mouse. That is like to be all we shall ever have to do with Arcturus or Aldebaran. Can you apply a parable?" he added, laying his hand upon Will's shoulder. "It is not the same thing as a reason, but usually vastly more convincing."

Will hung his head a little, and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and as he kept turning his eyes higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

"I see," he said, turning to the young man. "We are in a rat-trap."

"Something of that size. Did you ever see a squirrel turning in a cage? and another squirrel sitting philosophically over his nuts? I needn't ask you which of them looked more like a fool."

After some years the old people died, both in one winter, very carefully tended by their adopted son, and very quietly mourned when they were gone. People who had heard of his roving fancies supposed he would hasten to sell the property, and go down the river to push his fortunes. But there was never any sign of such an intention on the part of Will. On the contrary, he had the inn set on a better footing, and hired a couple of servants to assist him in carrying it on; and there he settled down, a kind, talkative, inscrutable young man, six feet three in his stockings, with an iron constitution and a friendly voice. He soon began to take rank in the district as a bit of an oddity; it was not much to be wondered at from the first, for he was always full of notions and kept calling the plainest common-sense in question; but what most raised the report upon him was the odd circumstance of his courtship with the parson's Marjory.

The parson's Marjory was a lass about nineteen, where Will would be about thirty; well enough looking, and much better educated than any other girl in that part of the country, as became her parentage. She held her head very high, and had already refused several offers of marriage with a grand air, which had got her hard names among the neighbors. For all that she was a good girl, and one that would have made any man well contented.

Will had never seen much of her; for although the church and parsonage were only two miles from his own door, he was never known to go there but on Sundays. It chanced however, that the parsonage fell into disrepair, and had to be dismantled; and the parson and his daughter took lodging for a month or so, on very much reduced terms, at Will's inn. Now, what with the inn, and the mill, and the old

millers savings, our friend was a man of substance; and besides that, he had a name for good temper and shrewdness, which make a capital portion in marriage; and so it was currently gossiped, among their ill-wishers, that the parson and his daughter had not chosen their temporary lodgings with their eyes shut. Will was about the last man in the world to be cajoled or frightened into marriage. You had only to look into his eyes, limpid and still like pools of water, and yet with a sort of clear light that seemed to come from within, and you would understand at once that here was one who knew his own mind, and would stand to it immovably. Marjory herself was no weakling by her looks, with strong, steady eyes and a resolute and quiet bearing. It might be a question whether she was not Will's match in steadfastness, after all, or which of them would rule the roast in marriage. But Marjory had never given it a thought, and accompanied her father with the most unshaken innocence and unconcern.

The season was still so early that Will's customers were few and far between; but the lilacs were already flowering, and the weather was so mild that the party took dinner under the trellis, with the noise of the river in their ears and the woods ringing about them with the songs of birds. Will soon began to take a particular pleasure in these dinners. The parson was rather a dull companion, with a habit of dozing at table; but nothing rude or cruel ever fell from his lips. And as for the parson's daughter, she suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable; and whatever she said seemed so pat and pretty that Will conceived a great idea of her talents. He could see her face, as she leaned forward, against a background of rising pinewoods; her eyes shone peaceably; the light lay around her hair like a kerchief; something that was hardly a smile rippled her pale cheeks, and Will could not contain himself from gazing on her in an agreeable dismay. She looked, even in her quietest moments, so complete in herself, and so quick with life down to her finger-tips and the very skirts of her dress, that the remainder of created things became no more than a blot by comparison; and if Will glanced away from her to her surroundings, the trees looked inanimate and senseless, the clouds hung in heaven like dead things, and even the mountain tops were disenchanted. The whole valley could not compare in looks with this one girl.

Will was always observant in the society of his fellow-creatures; but his observation became almost painfully eager in the case of Marjory. He listened to all she uttered, and read her eyes, at the same time, for the unspoken commentary. Many kind, simple, and sincere speeches found an echo in his heart. He became conscious of a soul beautifully poised upon itself, nothing doubting, nothing desiring, clothed in peace. It was not possible to separate her thoughts from her appearance. The turn of her wrist, the still sound of her voice, the light in her eyes, the lines of her body fell in tune with her grave and gentle words, like the accompaniment that sustains and harmonizes the voice of the singer. Her influence was one thing, not to be divided or discussed, only to be felt with gratitude and joy. To Will, her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water, and of the earliest violets and lilacs. It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to re-awaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renews a man's character from the fountain upwards.

One day after dinner Will took a stroll among the firs; a grave heatitude possessed him from top to toe, and he kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood; the hill-tops looked immeasurably high, and as he glanced at them, from time to time, seemed to contemplate his movements with a beneficent but awful curiosity. His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone, and fell into deep and pleasant thought. The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. He repeated Marjory's name aloud, and the sound of it gratified his ear. He shut his eyes, and her image sprang up before him, quietly luminous and attended with good thoughts. The river might run forever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars. He saw it was empty bustle after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

The next day Will made a sort of declaration across the dinner-table, while the parson was filling his pipe.

"Miss Marjory," he said, "I never knew any one I liked so well as you. I am mostly a cold, unkindly sort of man; not from want of heart, but out of strangeness in my way of thinking; and people seem far away from me. 'Tis as if there were a circle round me, which kept every one out but you; I can bear the others talking and laughing; but you come quite close. Maybe, this is disagreeable to you?" he asked.

Marjory made no reply.

"Speak up, girl," said the parson.

"Nay, now," returned Will, "I wouldn't press her, parson, I feel tongue-tied myself, who am not used to it; and she's a woman, and little more than a child, when all is said. But for my part, as far as I can understand what people mean by it, I fancy I must be what they call in love. I do not wish to be held as committing myself; for I may be wrong; but that is how I believe things are with me. And if Miss Marjory should feel any otherwise on her part, mayhap she would be so kind as to shake her head."

Marjory was silent, and gave no sign that she had heard.

"How is that, parson?" asked Will.

"The girl must speak," replied the parson, laying down his pipe. "Here's our neighbor who says he loves you, Madge. Do you love him, ay or no?"

"I think I do," said Marjory faintly.

"Well then, that's all that could be wished!" cried Will heartily. And he took her hand across the table, and held it a moment in both of his with great satisfaction.

"You must marry," observed the parson, replacing his pipe in his mouth.

"Is that the right thing to do, think you?" demanded Will.

"It is indispensable," said the parson.

"Very well," replied the wooer.

Two or three days passed away with great delight to Will, although a bystander might scarce have found it out. He continued to take his meals opposite Marjory, and to talk with her and gaze upon her in her father's presence; but he made no attempt to see her alone, nor in any other way changed his conduct towards her from what it had been since the beginning. Perhaps the girl was a little disappointed, and perhaps not unjustly; and yet if it had been enough to be always in the thoughts of another person, and so pervade and alter his whole life, she might have been thoroughly contented. For she was never out of Will's mind for an instant. He sat over the stream and watched the dust of the eddy, and the poised fish, and straining weeds; he wandered out alone into the purple even, with all the blackbirds piping round him in the woods; he rose early in the morning, and saw the sky turn from gray to gold, and the light leap upon the hill-tops; and all the while he kept wondering if he had never seen such things before, or how it was that they should look so different now. The sound of his own mill-wheel, or of the wind among the trees, confounded and charmed his heart. The most enchanting thoughts presented themselves unbidden in his mind. He was so happy that he could not sleep at night, and so restless that he could hardly sit still out of her company. And yet it seemed as if he avoided her rather than sought her out.

One day, as he was coming home from a ramble, Will found Marjory in the garden picking flowers, and as he came up with her, slackened his pace and continued walking by her side.

"You like flowers?" he said.

"Indeed, I love them dearly," she replied; "do you?"

"Why, no," said he, "not so much. They are a very small affair, when all is done. I can fancy people caring for them greatly, but not doing as you are just now."

"How?" she asked, pausing and looking up at him.

"Plucking them," said he. "They are a deal better off where they are, and look a deal prettier, if you go to that."

"I wish to have them for my own," she answered; "to carry them near my heart and keep them in my room. They tempt me when they grow here; they seem to say, 'Come and do something with us'; but once I have cut them and put them by, the charm is laid, and I can look at them with quite an easy heart."

"You wish to possess them," replied Will, "in order to think no more about them. It's a bit like killing the goose with the golden eggs. It's a bit like what I wished to do when I was a boy. Because I had a fancy for looking out over the plain, I wished to go down there—where I couldn't look out over it any longer. Was not that fine reasoning? Dear, dear, if they only thought of it, all the world would do like me; and you would let your flowers alone, just as I stay up here in the mountains." Suddenly he broke off sharp.

"By the lord!" he cried. And when she asked him what was wrong, he turned the question off, and walked away into the house with rather a humorous expression of face.

He was silent at table; and after the night had fallen and the stars had come out overhead, he walked up and down in the courtyard and garden with an uneven pace. There was still a light in the window of Marjory's room—one little oblong patch of orange in a world of dark blue hills and silver starlight. Will's mind ran a great deal on the window, but his thoughts were not very lover-like. "There she is in her room," he thought, "and there are the stars overhead—a blessing upon both!" Both were good influences in his life; both soothed and braced him in his profound contentment with the world. And what more should he desire with either? The fat young man and his counsels were so present to his mind, that he threw back his head, and putting his hands before his mouth, shouted aloud to the populous heavens. Whether from the position of his head or the sudden strain of the exertion, he seemed to see a momentary shock among the stars, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky. At the same instant a corner of the blind was lifted up and lowered again at once. He laughed a loud ho-ho! "One and another," thought Will. "The stars tremble and the blind goes up. Why, before heaven, what a great magician I must be! Now if I were only a fool, should not I be in a pretty way?" And he went off to bed, chuckling to himself, "If I were only a fool!"

The next morning, pretty early, he saw her once more in the garden, and sought her out.

"I have been thinking about getting married," he began, abruptly, "and after having turned it all over, I have made up my mind it's not worth while."

She turned upon him for a single moment; but his radiant, kindly appearance would, under the circumstances, have disconcerted an angel, and she looked down again upon the ground in silence. He could see her tremble.

"I hope you don't mind," he went on, a little taken aback.

"You ought not. I have thought it all over, and, upon my soul, there is nothing in it. We should never be one whit nearer than we are just now, and, if I am a wise man, nothing like so happy."

"It is unnecessary to go round about with me," she said. "I very well remember that you refused to commit yourself; and now that I see you were mistaken, and in reality have never cared for me, I can only feel sad that I have been so far misled."

"I ask your pardon," said Will, stoutly; "you do not understand my meaning. As to whether I have ever loved you or not, I must leave that to others. But for one thing, my feeling is not changed; and for another, you may make it your boast that you have made my whole life and character something different from what they were. I mean what I say—no less. I do not think getting married is worth while. I would rather you went on living with your father, so that I could walk over and see you once, or maybe twice, a week, as people go to church, and then we should both be all the happier between whiles. That's my notion. But I'll marry you if you will," he added.

"Do you know that you are insulting me?" she broke out.

"Not I, Marjory," said he; "if there is anything in a clear conscience, not I. I offer all my heart's best affection; you can take it or want it, though I suspect it's beyond either your power or mine to change what has been done,

and set me fancy-free. I'll marry you if you like; but I tell you, again and again, it's not worth while, and we had best stay friends. Though I am a quiet man I have noticed a heap of things in my life. Trust in me, and take things as I propose; or, if you don't like that, say the word, and I'll marry you out of hand."

There was a considerable pause, and Will, who began to feel uneasy, began to grow angry in consequence.

"It seems you are too proud to say your mind," he said. "Believe me, that's a pity. A clean shirt makes simple living. Can a man be more downright or honorable to a woman than I have been? I have said my say, and given you your choice. Do you want me to marry you?—or will you take my friendship, as I think best?—or have you had enough of me for good? Speak out, for the dear God's sake. You know your father told you a girl should speak her mind in these affairs."

She seemed to recover herself at that, turned without a word, walked rapidly through the garden, and disappeared into the house, leaving Will in some confusion as to the result. He walked up and down the garden, whistling softly to himself. Sometimes he stopped and contemplated the sky and hill-tops; sometimes he went down to the tail of the weir and sat there, looking foolishly into the water. All this dubiety and perturbation were so foreign to his nature and the life which he had chosen for himself, that he began to regret Marjory's arrival. "After all," he thought, "I was as happy as a man need be. I could come down here and watch my fishes all day long, if I wanted; I was settled and contented as my old mill."

Marjory came down to dinner, looking very trim and quiet; and no sooner were all three at table than she made her father a speech, with her eyes fixed upon her plate, but showing no other sign of embarrassment or distress.

"Father," she began, "Mr. Will and I have been talking things over. We see that we have each made a mistake about our feelings, and he has agreed, at my request, to give up all idea of marriage, and be no more than my very good friend, as in the past. You see, there is no shadow of a quarrel, and, indeed, I hope we shall see a great deal of him in the future, for his visits will always be welcome in our house. Of course, father, you will know best, but, perhaps, we should do better to leave Mr. Will's house for the present. I believe, after what has passed, we should hardly be agreeable inmates for some days."

Will, who had commanded himself with difficulty from the first, broke out upon this into an inarticulate noise, and raised one hand with an appearance of real dismay, as if he were about to interfere and contradict. But she checked him at once, looking up at him with a swift glance and an angry flush upon her face.

"You will, perhaps, have the good grace," she said, "to let me explain these matters for myself."

Will was put entirely out of countenance by her expression and the ring of her voice. He held his peace, concluding that there was something about this girl beyond his comprehension, in which he was exactly right.

The poor parson was crestfallen. He tried to prove that this was no more than a true lovers' tiff, which would pass off before night; and when he was dislodged from that position, he went on to argue that, where there was no quarrel, there could be no call for a separation; for the good man liked both his entertainment and his host. It was curious to see how the girl managed them, saying little all the time, and that very quietly, and yet twisting them round her finger, and insensibly leading them wherever she would by feminine tact and generalship. It scarcely seemed to have been her doing—it seemed as if things had merely so fallen out—that she and her father took their departure that same afternoon in a farm-cart, and went farther down the valley, to wait until their own house was ready for them, in another hamlet. But Will had been observing closely, and was well aware of her dexterity and resolution. When he found himself alone he had a great many curious matters to turn over in his mind. He was very sad and solitary, to begin with. All the interest had gone out of his life, and he might look up at the stars as long as he pleased, he somehow failed to find support or consolation. And, then, he was in such a turmoil of spirit about Marjory. He had been puzzled and irritated at her behavior, and yet he could not keep himself from admiring it. He thought he recognized a fine, perverse angel in that still soul which he had never hitherto suspected; and though he saw it was an influence that would fit but ill with his own life of artificial calm, he could not keep himself from ardently desiring to possess it. Like a man who has lived among shadows and now meets the sun, he was both pained and delighted.

As the days went forward he passed from one extreme to another; now plunging himself on the strength of his determination, now despising his timid and silly caution. The former was, perhaps, the true thought of his heart, and represented the regular tenor of the man's reflections; but the latter burst forth from time to time with an unruly violence, and then he would forget all consideration, and go up and down his house and garden, or walk among the fir-woods like one who is beside himself with remorse. To equable, steady-minded Will this state of matters was intolerable; and he determined, at whatever cost, to bring it to an end. So, one warm summer afternoon he put on his best clothes, took a thorn switch in his hand, and set out down the valley by the river. As soon as he had taken his determination, he had regained at a bound his customary peace of heart, and he enjoyed the bright weather and the variety of the scene without any admixture of alarm or unpleasant eagerness. It was nearly the same to him how the matter turned out. If she accepted him, he would have to marry her this time, which, perhaps, was all for the best. If she refused him, he would have done his utmost, and might follow his own way in the future with an untroubled conscience. He hoped, on the whole, she would refuse him; and then, again, as he saw the brown roof which sheltered her, peeping through some willows at an angle of the stream, he was half inclined to reverse the wish, and more than half ashamed of himself for this infirmity of purpose.

Marjory seemed glad to see him, and gave him her hand, without affectation or delay.

"I have been thinking about this marriage," he began.

"So have I," she answered; "and I respect you more and more for a wise man. You understood me better than I un-

derstood myself; and I am now quite certain that things are all for the best as they are."

"At the same time—" ventured Will.

"You must be tired," she interrupted; "take a seat and let me fetch you a glass of wine. The afternoon is so warm, and I wish you not to be displeased with your visit. You must come quite often—once a week, if you can spare the time—I am always so glad to see my friends."

"Oh, very well," thought Will to himself; "it appears I was right, after all." And he paid a very agreeable visit, walked home again in capital spirits, and gave himself no further concern about the matter.

For nearly three years Will and Marjory continued on these terms, seeing each other once or twice a week, without any word of love between them; and for all that time I believe Will was nearly as happy as a man could be. He rather stinted himself the pleasure of seeing her; and he would often walk half-way over to the parsonage, and then back again, as if to whet his appetite. Indeed, there was one corner of the road whence he could see the church-spire wedged into a crevice of the valley between sloping fir-woods, with a triangular snatch of plain by-way of background, which he greatly affected as a place to sit and moralize in before returning homeward; and the peasants got so much in the habit of finding him there in the twilight, that they gave it the name of "Will o' the Mill's Corner."

At the end of the three years Marjory played him a sad trick by suddenly marrying somebody else. Will kept his countenance bravely, and merely remarked that, for as little as he knew of women, he had acted very prudently in not marrying her himself three years before. She plainly knew very little of her own mind, and, in spite of a deceptive manner, was as fickle and flighty as the rest of them. He had to congratulate himself on an escape, he said, and would take a higher opinion of his own wisdom in consequence. But at heart he was reasonably displeased, moped a good deal for a month or two, and fell away in flesh, to the astonishment of his serving-lads.

It was perhaps a year after this marriage that Will was awakened late one night by the sound of a horse galloping on the road, followed by a precipitate knocking at the inn door. He opened his window, and saw a farm-servant, mounted and holding a led horse by the bridle, who told him to make what haste he could and go along with him, for Marjory was dying, and had sent urgently to fetch him to her bedside. Will was no horseman, and made so little speed upon the way that the poor young wife was very near her end before he arrived. But they had some minutes' talk in private, and he was present and wept very bitterly while she breathed her last.

Year after year went away into nothing, with great explosions and outcries in the cities on the plain—red revolt springing up and being suppressed in blood; battle swaying hither and thither; patient astronomers, in observatory towers, picking out and christening new stars; plays being performed in lighted theatres; people being carried in hospitals on stretchers, and all the usual turmoil and agitation of men's lives in crowded centres. Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch; the fish hung in the swift stream, the birds circled overhead, the pine-tops rustled underneath the stars, the tall hills stood over all; and Will went to and fro, minding his wayside inn, until the snow began to thicken on his head. His heart was young and vigorous; and if his pulses kept a sober time, they still beat strong and steady in his wrists. He carried a ruddy stain on either cheek, like a ripe apple; he stooped a little, but his step was still firm; and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure. His face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in open air, and which, rightly looked at, are no more than a sort of permanent sunburning; such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces, but to a person like Will, with his clear eyes and smiling mouth, only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life. His talk was full of wise sayings. He had a taste for other people, and other people had a taste for him. When the valley was full of tourists, in the season, there were merry nights in Will's arbor; and his views, which seemed whimsical to his neighbors, were often enough admired by learned people out of towns and colleges. Indeed, he had a very noble old age, and grew daily better known; so that his fame was heard of in the cities of the plain; and young men who had been summer travelers spoke together in cafés of Will o' the Mill and his rough philosophy. Many and many an invitation, you may be sure, he had; but nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. He would shake his head and smile over his tobacco pipe, with a deal of meaning. "You come too late," he would answer; "I am a dead man now; I have lived and died already. Fifty years ago you would have brought my heart into my mouth, and now you do not even tempt me. But that is the object of long living—that man should cease to care about life." And again: "There is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner—that in the dinner the sweets come last." Or one more: "When I was a boy, I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now I know it is myself, and stick to that."

He never showed any symptoms of frailty, but kept stalwart and firm to the last; but they saw he grew less talkative towards the end, and would listen to other people by the hour in an amused and sympathetic silence. Only, when he did speak, it was more to the point and more charged with old experience. He drank a bottle of wine gladly; above all, at sunset on the hill top or quite late at night under the stars in the arbor. The sight of something attractive and unattainable seasoned his enjoyment, he would say; and he professed he had lived long enough to admire a candle all the more when he could compare it with a planet.

One night, in his seventy-second year, he awoke in bed, in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark, without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two! Whether it was the weather or the wakefulness, or some little touch of fever in his old limbs, Will's mind was besieged by tumultuous and crying memories. His boyhood, the night with the fat young man, the death of

his adopted parents, the summer days with Marjory, and many of those small circumstances, which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself—things seen, words heard, looks misconstrued—arose from their forgotten corners and usurped his attention. The dead themselves were with him, not merely taking part in this thin show of memory that defiled before his brain, but revisited his bodily senses as they do in profound and vivid dreams. The fat young man leaned his elbows on the table opposite; Marjory came and went with an apronful of flowers between the garden and the arbor; he could hear the old parson knocking out his pipe or blowing his resonant nose. The tide of his consciousness ebbed and flowed: he was sometimes half-asleep and drowned in his recollections of the past; and sometimes he was broad awake, wondering at himself. But about the middle of the night he was startled by the voice of the dead miller calling to him out of the house as he used to do on the arrival of custom. The hallucination was so perfect that Will sprang from his seat and stood listening for the summons to be repeated; and as he listened he became conscious of another noise besides the bawling of the river and the ringing in his feverish ears. It was like the stir of horses and the creaking of harness, as though a carriage with an impatient team had been brought up upon the road before the courtyard gate. At such an hour, upon this rough and dangerous pass, the supposition was no better than absurd; and Will dismissed it from his mind, and resumed his seat upon the arbor chair; and sleep closed over him again like running water. He was once again awakened by the dead miller's call, thinner and more spectral than before; and once again he heard the noise of an equipage upon the road. And so, thrice and four times, the same dream, or the same fancy, presented itself to his senses: until at length, smiling to himself as when one humors a nervous child, he proceeded toward the gate to set his uncertainty at rest.

From the arbor to the gate was no great distance, and yet it took Will some time; it seemed as if the dead thickened around him in the court, and crossed his path at every step. For, first, he was suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes; it was as if his garden had been planted with this flower from end to end, and the hot, damp night had drawn forth all their perfumes in a breath. Now the heliotrope had been Marjory's favorite flower, and since her death not one of them had been planted in Will's ground.

"I must be going crazy," he thought. "Poor Marjory and her heliotropes!"

And with that he raised his eyes toward the window that had once been hers. If he had been bewildered before, he was now almost terrified; for there was a light in the room; the window was an orange oblong as of yore; and the corner of the blind was lifted and let fall as on the night when he stood and shouted to the stars in his perplexity. The illusion only endured an instant; but it left him somewhat unmannered, rubbing his eyes and staring at the outline of the house and the black night behind it. While he thus stood, and it seemed as if he must have stood there quite a long time, there came a renewal of the noises on the road; and he turned in time to meet a stranger, who was advancing to meet him across the court. There was something like the outline of a great carriage discernible on the road behind the stranger, and above that, a few black pine-tops, like so many plumes.

"Master Will?" asked the new-comer, in brief military fashion.

"That same, sir," answered Will. "Can I do anything to serve you?"

"I have heard you much spoken of, Master Will," returned the other; "much spoken of, and well. And though I have both hands full of business, I wish to drink a bottle of wine with you in your arbor. Before I go, I shall introduce myself."

Will led the way to the trellis, and got a lamp lighted and a bottle uncorked. He was not altogether unused to such complimentary interviews, and hoped little enough from this one, being schooled by many disappointments. A sort of cloud had settled on his wits and prevented him from remembering the strangeness of the hour. He moved like a person in his sleep; and it seemed as if the lamp caught fire and the bottle came uncorked with the facility of thought. Still, he had some curiosity about the appearance of his visitor, and tried in vain to turn the light into his face; either he handled the light clumsily, or there was a dimness over his eyes; but he could make out little more than a shadow at table with him. He stared and stared at this shadow, as he wiped out the glasses, and began to feel cold and strange about the heart. The silence weighed upon him, for he could hear nothing now, not even the river, but the drumming of his own arteries in his ears.

"Here's to you," said the stranger, roughly.

"Here is my service, sir," replied Will, sipping his wine, which somehow tasted oddly.

"I understand you are a very positive fellow," pursued the stranger.

Will made answer with a smile of satisfaction and a little nod.

"So am I," continued the other; "and it is the delight of my heart to tramp on people's corns. I will have nobody positive but myself; not one. I have crossed the whims, in my time, of kings and generals and great artists. And what would you say," he went on, "if I had come up here on purpose to cross you?"

Will had it on his tongue to make a sharp rejoinder; but the politeness of an old inn-keeper prevailed; and he held his peace, and made answer with a civil gesture of the hand.

"I have," said the stranger. "And if I did not hold you in a particular esteem, I should make no words about the matter. It appears you pride yourself on staying where you are. You mean to stick by your inn. Now I mean you shall come for a turn with me in my barouche; and before this bottle's empty, so you shall."

"That would be an odd thing, to be sure," replied Will, with a chuckle. "Why, sir, I have grown here like an old oak tree; the devil himself could hardly root me up; and for all I perceive you are a very entertaining old gentleman, I would wager you another bottle you lose your pains with me."

The dimness of Will's eyesight had been increasing all this while; but he was somehow conscious of a sharp and chilling scrutiny which irritated and yet overmastered him.

"You need not think," he broke out suddenly, in an explosive, febrile manner that startled and alarmed himself, "that I am a stay-at-home, because I fear anything under God. God knows I am tired enough of it all; and when the time comes for a longer journey than ever you dream of, I reckon I shall find myself prepared."

The stranger emptied his glass and pushed it away from him. He looked down for a little, and then, leaning over the table, tapped Will three times upon the forearm with a single finger. "The time has come!" he said, solemnly.

An ugly thrill spread from the spot he touched. The tones of his voice were dull and startling, and echoed strangely in Will's heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with some discomposure. "What do you mean?"

"Look at me, and you will find your eyesight swim. Raise your hand; it is dead heavy. This is your last bottle of wine, Master Will, and your last night upon the earth."

"You are a doctor?" quavered Will.

"The best that ever was," replied the other; "for I cure both mind and body with the same prescription. I take away all pain and I forgive all sins; and where my patients have gone wrong in life, I smooth out all complications and set them free again upon their feet."

"I have no need of you," said Will.

"A time comes for all men, Master Will," replied the doctor, "when the helm is taken out of their hands. For you, because you were prudent and quiet, it has been long of coming, and you have had long to discipline yourself for its reception. You have seen what is to be seen about your mill; you have sat close all your days like a hare in its form; but now that is at an end; and," added the doctor, getting on his feet, "you must arise and come with me."

"You are a strange physician," said Will, looking steadily upon his guest.

"I am a natural law," he replied, "and people call me Death."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" cried Will. "I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand, and welcome."

"Lean upon my arm," said the stranger, "for already your strength abates. Lean on me heavily as you need; for though I am old, I am very strong. It is but three steps to my carriage, and there all your trouble ends. Why, Will," he added, "I have been yearning for you as if you were my own son; and of all the men that ever I came for in my long days, I have come for you most gladly. I am caustic, and sometimes offend people at first sight; but I am a good friend at heart to such as you."

"Since Marjory was taken," returned Will, "I declare before God you were the only friend I had to look for."

So the pair went arm-in-arm across the courtyard.

One of the servants awoke about this time and heard the noise of the horses pawing before he dropped asleep again; all down the valley that night there was a rushing as of a smooth and steady wind descending towards the plain; and when the world rose next morning, sure enough Will o' the Mill had gone at last upon his travels.

SOCIETY.

The Fair Juvenile Fancy Dress Party.

Half a hundred happy children had a glimpse of fairyland on Wednesday evening, when Birdie Fair gave a fancy dress party at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street. The little ones had received their invitations a couple of weeks previous. Their fancy dresses were made and tried on, and they were all in a state of ecstatic excitement awaiting the event. Probably no one was more anxious for it to commence than the hostess herself. Attired in a becoming costume as "Iolanthe," she welcomed her guests with her mother and her sister, Miss Tessie Fair. In honor of the event, the interior was appropriately and tastefully decorated, under the supervision of Miss Mary Bates. In the large drawing-room every nook and corner seemed to have been touched by some magic wand. Beneath the central archway was a combined clock-like tapestry, one side being of lemon and apple-green tulle twined in soft folds, and on the other of blue, pink, and red similarly arranged. This rested on boughs of the almond tree, rich with buds, and depending from the fleecy mass, and woven in among it were fine strands of silvered tinsel that scintillated in the light from the crystal chandeliers. Large reflecting globes of silver, gold, and blue also hung from the arch, and among the folds of tulle several doves were nestled. At one side the drapery extended down the fluted column almost to the floor, while at the other it was loosely arranged over the top of a picture frame, below which, on an ebony and gold chagère, was a basket containing violets, acacia, and ferns. One dove hovered near it, and another above it, both, by a strange coincidence, matching the doves seen in the painting. From the top of the mantel mirror a mass of silk cords depended over the face of the glass, and attached to them were little wooden "Patience" buckets, each containing bluebirds in bloom. On one side, at one side, was an array of these same flowers in a bank of foliage, and below it, in front of the grate, was a large easel holding a frame of pink, white, and red camellias finished with a border of marigolds. It was filled in with adiantum, and in the center a cluster of La France roses reposed, the ends being tied with tulle-green and pink silk ribbons, and lettered in gold with the little hostess's name, the date of her birth, and the date of the party. The bay window had its cornice decked with white tulle and tinsel, that hung in clusters like glittering stalactites. The tall pier mirror, between the front windows, was ingeniously decorated with lemon and sea-foam green tulle, arranged diagonally across the glass, and above it, extending to the top of the portiere at the right, were garlands of La France roses ending in a large cluster. Directly opposite, at the rear of the room, is another mirror, the gilded frame of which, at the top and right-hand side, was covered with white tulle and silvered gauze, having festoons of smilax hanging with La France roses as a finish, in pretty contrast. Suspended from one side to the other was a ribbon of pale pink silk, and standing on it was a representative of the good fairy who presided over the festivities of the evening. She was a beautiful little creature, and was dressed in tinselled tulle, having a jeweled star over her brow and a jeweled wand in her hand. An offering to the fairy, composed of a large basket of Perle du Jardin and La France roses, stood near the mirror. Bounding her doorway were sprays of ferns and laurestine in blossom, with draperies of red and yellow tulle, while a jeweled lantern depended from the key-stone of the front door. In one corner was an odd representation of little elves and fairies going to the party. Dolls carrying fans, valises, trunks, parasols, etc., were seen wandering through the mock-bedded fields, while one little one was drawn to the scene of gayety in a cart by a white rabbit. Their point of departure, Eliland, was decorated by a legend painted on an oak leaf, and their destination, Pine Street, was made known in the same way. In one odd corner was an ebony stand draped prettily with heliotrope-tinted silk, and upon it was a vase containing roses, violets, and ferns. This apartment was canvassed, the illumination was brilliant, and the scene, in its entirety, was indescribably pretty.

The small reception-room opposite was somewhat Japanese in character, as much as the realms of the Mikado disposed in high place among the festoons of smilax that girded the mirror, and one in particular was seen seated on the mantle-clock using a small fern leaf as an umbrella. Drooping bell-shaped abutments dotted the surface of the large glass pendant from streamers of myrsinophyllum. Above all of this was a wide scarf of apricot-colored silk, neatly draping the upper corner. A porcelain dish ornamented the centre-table, and in it was a wealth of blue daphne. The little scene was a glimpse of another world, to an apt illustration of the ancient English ballad, "The Babes in the Woods." Gracing one corner was a small maple tree, and beneath it, on a tray, formed to represent a woodland scene, were the two little babes calmly slumbering and half covered with autumnal leaves. Hovering near them, and perched upon the branches above, were Robin Red Breasts each of whom carried in its beak one little leaf which they were supposed to add to those below. Through the open door leading to the next apartment a glimpse was caught of another illustrated tale that had delighted many a child. This time it was Perrault's "Cinderella" that was brought so aptly to mind. The scene was exposed on the top of a large table where at one end Cinderella was seen in her kitchen clothes, powdered with ashes, and standing with hands outstretched awaiting the arrival of the pumpkin coach that was to convey her to the ball. The lizard driver was poised on top of the spherical coachman and the silver reins were attached to eight harness mice. The fairy godmother, with her crutch and conical-shaped hat, sat in a chair near Cinderella. The doorway leading to the hall was decorated with little pumpkins on a drapery of yellow silk at one side

while on the other was a mass of lustrous, wild ferns, and blossoms. Hanging from the centre of the doorway was the copper watering-pot from which the lizard was obtained. Passing into the hall it was noticed that the auxiliary feature of the decoration tended toward events and things of the present day. On the half-opened portiere leading to the library was a collection of children's books, such as the "Mother Goose Melodies" and fairy tales of one description or another. Some were closed and others open, and issuing from between the leaves of the latter were seen Aladdin, the hero of the lamp, little Red Riding-hood, and other characters. Little Boy Blue was high up in the folds gazing wistfully at a clown near by who had stolen his horn and was blowing it lustily. Behind a superb Chinese vase at the end of the hall is a tall pier mirror which was decked with variegated Persian silk scarfs, on which clusters of cineraria and other blossoms rested. Tall sprays of fern adorned the newel-post of the stair-way, and the balusters were decorated with marigolds and Persian drapery. The hat-rack at the cabinet opposite was embellished with bignonia, marigolds, daisies, and ferns, arranged in among folds of tulle that were caught up by colored ribbons. A little hammock, swung across the face of the mirror, held two of the "ten little niggers" that Crane has immortalized in verse, and the other eight were close by admiring their comrades. The dining-room also was replete with quaint conceits. In the centre of a golden web that occupied one corner of the mirror was a large spider looking greedily at "Little Miss Muffit," who sat on the mantel and was apparently spalled at the sight of the monster, as her dish of curds and whey was but partially consumed. There were branches of almond laden with blossoms extending over the frame and glass. The bay-window was transformed into a fernery, and the center-table was peculiarly odd. A flat mirror represented the ocean, and on its surface a mermaid was seen driving a team of crabs, and the otter-riders were shrimps. She wore pale green tulle and chains of shells around her neck, while in her long blonde hair was a silver poppy-lily. The sideboard was ornamented with a chime of golden bells and clusters of lemons and oranges. Beneath the chime, on a band of terra-cotta ribbon, was the inscription:

"Oranges and Lemons say the Bells of St. Clements."

On the tete-a-tete tables were bunches of oranges and lemons.

It was about eight o'clock when the little guests commenced to arrive, and twenty minutes later the grand march was formed in the upper hall, and the procession filed down-stairs and entered the main salon. Passing in review were the heroes and heroines of countless fairy tales, each one appropriately and elegantly costumed.

After the march, the little ones began dancing. At ten o'clock supper was announced, and when the children were seated at the tables a major-domo came in bearing a mammoth pie preceded by the king and queen. The pie was placed before the little hostess, who proceeded to cut it. When the top crust was lifted up flew the mythical "four and twenty black-birds" (this time canaries), and they sought rest on the almond branches by the mirror. After supper, a number of games were played, and then the party broke up. The children, although tired, were loth to leave the scene of so much beauty and pleasure. A children's party was never given here that was so well arranged and so admirably carried out as this one.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are expected to return from Washington, D. C., in a couple of weeks.

Mr. William R. Hearst proceeded from New York to Chicago last week to meet Senator George Hearst, who was en route to Washington, D. C.

Miss Jennie Tate is visiting friends near Napa.

Miss Mollie Torbert is still the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fearon, on Staten Island.

Henry E. Highton has gone to Los Angeles for a brief visit.

Miss Irene Tay went to the Napa Soda Springs on Thursday to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, nee Houghton, of Hartford, Conn., is expected here in June to visit her parents, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Virginia Lord, who has been passing the winter at the Grand Hotel, has returned to her residence at Belmont, to remain during the spring and summer season.

Miss Florence Perine has returned from an enjoyable Eastern visit.

Miss Jennie Martel, Miss Maud Radlam, and Miss Mattie Sheldon, who have been passing a week pleasantly at the residence of the Misses Wickersham, in Petaluma, have returned home.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun is the guest of Mrs. George Hearst in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe is sojourning at Los Angeles.

Mrs. D. W. Earl is making a two months' visit to friends in South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. Captain Peterson and Miss Mattie Peterson will soon depart for Santa Barbara, with the intention of remaining there about three months.

Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Burgess returned home on Wednesday from a short visit to Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Wither Jones have removed to 1011 California Street.

Mr. Peter Decker, of Marysville, was in the city during the early part of the week.

Mrs. S. W. Sanderson will leave for Paris soon to join her daughters, the Misses Sibyl and Jennie Sanderson, who are pursuing their studies there.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick have concluded to remain here until May, when they will return to England.

Mrs. A. A. Porter, who has been visiting her son in Arizona, is expected here soon, but will go to Enrrip in May.

Colonel and Mrs. Andrews are entertaining Miss Haskins, of the Presidio, at their home in Santa Rosa.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre came up from Menlo Park on Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Theodore Wores is expected to return from Japan in April.

Mrs. Charles G. Toland has returned from a visit to friends in Santa Clara.

Miss Lena Gibbs expects to leave for Europe in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss, of Carson City, Nevada, arrived here last Saturday, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos F. Montalegre (nee Fay) returned from a Southern trip last week, and are at their residence, 312 Sutter Street. They have issued cards announcing their recent wedding.

Mrs. A. N. Towne is expected to return from the East this month.

Mrs. James McClatchy and Miss McClatchy, of Sacramento, will remain at the Grand Hotel for several weeks.

Mr. Walter M. Painter and Mr. Edgar Painter have returned to their vineyard in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs expect a visit from Lieutenant and Mrs. John Stafford, U. S. A., (nee Gibbs), in July.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were at the Palace Hotel several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson Imhoff (nee Raymond) arrived from Lincoln, Neb., on Wednesday, and will stay at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. George F. Hooper, of Santa Rosa, was in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands and Miss Jessie Newlands are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean went East last week.

Miss Laura Clark, of Sacramento, is en route to Europe.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from the East, and is at Pasadena.

Mr. C. G. Lathrop, of Hollister, has been passing a few days at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Regina, of Piedmont, were in the city on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner came down from Benicia on Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes have gone to Saucelito, to reside for awhile, and will occupy their San Rafael residence later on.

Mrs. Kate Felton and Miss Mamie Kohl, who have been passing the winter in Washington, D. C., are expected back here next month.

The Misses Sallie and Nellie Stetson and Miss Grace Bradley are passing a few weeks at Pasadena.

Army and Navy News.

Dr. E. W. Auzal, U. S. N., returned from New Orleans on Tuesday.

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, U. S. A., was a guest at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The principal events in musical circles this week have been the concerts given at Irving Hall by Mme. Zelle Trebelli, contralto; M. Ovide Musin, violinist, and Herr Paul Steindorff, pianist. They are noticed at length elsewhere.

The fourth chamber-music recital, given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, took place last night at Irving Hall. The attendance was good, and the selections excellent. Those who took part were Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Stiering, violinists; Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola; Mr. Emil Kneil, cello, assisted by Mrs. E. Tojetti, Miss L. Alexander, Mr. G. W. Fletcher, Mr. George Story, and Mr. F. Mundywyler.

Quartet—A. Minor. I. Andante. III. Menuetto. IV. Allegro ma non troppo.

"Il est doux".....Masse-net.

Suite for Piano and Violin.....Goldmark.

I. Allegro energico. II. Andante sostenuto. III. Allegro vivace.

Miss Lottie Alexander and Hermann Brandt.

Quartet—A. Major, op. 13.....Beethoven.

Andante cantabile et Variation.

Spirito Gentil.....Gomer.

Divertimento—D. Major.....Mozart.

String Quintet and Horns.

I. Allegro. II. Andante. III. Menuetto. IV. Allegro.

The quartet announces another series of four concerts, to commence in three weeks from last night.

The Handel and Haydn Society will produce the oratorio of "Elijah" at Metropolitan Hall in April.

The Trebelli-Musin Company will give a sacred concert at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow night.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Hainswald, the African traveler, says that in Zululand he met the savage who killed the French Prince Imperial, and told him that if he had only taken the young man prisoner he might have got a large ransom, whereupon the Zulu wept with regret and grief.

Mr. Whistler, the eccentric artist who continues "to disappoint two continents," appeared at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition, wearing yellow gloves, a yellow necktie, carrying a yellow cane, and having a yellow silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast-pocket.

Matthews, the Chicago tailor who is trying to introduce knee-breeches for evening dress in the Venice of the West, has another claim to notoriety. He made the suit for Roscoe Conkling which the latter wore when he nominated Grant for a third term in the Appomattox speech.

Miss Camilla Webb, daughter of a former banker in Washington, one of the greatest beauties in that city, was a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency for some years. She married Baron von Haire, Ambassador from the Netherlands, and is now of the Queen's household.

Among the tickets for 1888 spoken of are "Blaine and Foraker," "Hill and Holman," "Cleveland and Voorhees," "Sherman and Hancock," "Hawley and Harrison," "Carlisle and Hewitt," "Blaine and Carr," "Carlisle and Waller," and many others of a less pertinent and less permanent character.

Mrs. Rosenberg of the Treasury Department is considered one of the very best counterfeit detectors in the world. Hundreds and thousands of dollars have been thrown out by her remarkable skill, after they have been passed by less astute detectors. She receives eighteen hundred dollars per annum.

The Duke of Edinburgh, her Majesty's second son, has sued a cart-named Lyons for taking stones off his Eastwell Park estate. His royal highness wanted £200. An obliging court allowed him £18. He is the gentleman who is credited with having sold in London the presents heaped upon him in Australia.

Patti celebrated her birthday anniversary a few days ago in Kansas City, and pleaded guilty to forty-four years. She says Nicolini will sing no more, and that her niece, whom she has adopted, will join her in Cincinnati, and accompany her to Wales. She carefully evaded answer the question whether this is really her farewell tour.

The Queen of Naples is going in for gymnastics in Paris. A correspondent saw her twice, once in a jacket of astrakhan. She was superintending the laying out of a track for her lessons in equestrian. The second time she was in a blue costume, and looked more earnest than pretty. She was lunging out at a fencing master in Lopez's gymnasium.

According to his own account, Lawrence Jerome has made a contract with the Equitable Life Assurance Society to pay him and his wife three thousand dollars a year as long as they live, and in exchange he made over to them all his money and property, amounting to a few tens of thousands of dollars. He therefore knows what his income is, and gives himself no concern about it.

Fortune, after so many knock-down blows, has outdone all previous displays of fickleness by presenting Sir Charles Dilke with a legacy of seven hundred thousand dollars. The fortune comes from the remnants of the Snooke family, of which John Snooke married Dilke's great aunt, in 1804. It has been said that Sir Charles would be obliged to change his name to Snooke in order to get the money, but that is not so. Now that he is able to sink so comfortable a sum, Dilke may put into execution the scheme of publishing a daily newspaper, which he has long cherished. In his will Snooke declares he gave up his original plan of leaving everything to Ashton Dilke's children because he had become convinced that Sir Charles was an innocent and persecuted man.

Mrs. Ingalls, the wife of the warlike and eloquently satirical Senator, was Miss Anna Louisa Chesebrough, of an old Connecticut family. Her father, a silk importer of New York city, where she was born, was bankrupted in the financial cataclysm of 1857, but, gathering up the debris of his broken fortunes, he settled in Atchison, Kan., and regained his foothold in the business of life as an outfitter of trains embarking on a journey across the plains. The eldest child, Miss Ethel Ingalls, is a beautiful and accomplished girl, not quite twenty. She will finish her studies, now being pursued at Washington, this summer, and will be one of the society debutantes of next season. Ellsworth Chesebrough Ingalls is now attending a law college in Washington. The other children of the Senator, girls and boys, are being prepared under the supervision of their mother for higher education.

Manuel M. Meneses, the Peruvian deputy and Minister to the Pope, says that Peru desires to be entirely rid of its debt of two hundred million dollars, of which half has been assumed by Chili. The offer which Peru makes to him who will clear off the debt and finish Meigs's railroad is a most appetizing one as described by Meneses. The lucky man will have the use and profit of the completed road for fifty years. He will have all the rubber and coal and guano along the way, and, best of all, he will have a mountain of solid silver, at which the continuation of the road is to terminate. All the customs receipts of every important port are to be thrown in to make the offer altogether irresistible. Mr. Meneses talks very enthusiastically, and says millions awaits the man who can raise the funds. Ex-Mayor Grace has sent his brother Michael and clever engineers to look into it. There is coal in quantities. In fact, the road is built over an inexhaustible coal mine, and it is only necessary to scratch the mountains to take out silver.

Herr Niemann had a theory that a singer could best preserve his throat, and be in better condition for singing by exposing the throat to the wind and weather, rather than by muffling it. If Herr Niemann could prove his theory, one might believe it. Take his own case, for example. He bares his throat to the winter blast, and what is the result? He is now more of an actor than a singer, and has just enough voice left to scratch through an opera. Campanini held the same theory, and was to be seen walking around Union Square on the coldest days, with his overcoat thrown back, and wearing a very low turned-over collar and loose tie. Campanini, who is still in the prime of life, has had to give up singing and leave the stage. He may occasionally drop into opera, but his voice is virtually gone. Adelina Patti, on the contrary, is much older than Campanini, and her voice shows very little signs of wear and tear. As a muffler she is a genius. When Patti goes into the cold air she is simply swathed in wraps, and even wears cotton in her ears. You see the result in her voice. She takes perfect care of herself, and it has kept her voice in its present condition, and she is now forty-four years of age.

Miss Ada Rehan was first seen by Mr. Daly while supporting Albaugh in Albany, and he then made a note of her promise. When he took his present theatre, and was organizing his company, he made her an offer. She was then playing in Baltimore as Hebe in "Pinafore." She had, however, by her performances with Mrs. Drew and McCullough attracted Edwin Booth's attention, and he, also, made her an offer. He was too late, for she had already signed with Mr. Daly. From that time on her career is known to every New York theatre-goer. It was said, recently, by one who knew her years ago, that Miss Rehan was the most unconsciously girlish actress who was ever on the stage. They used to tease her then, because, having to allude to her wedding-ring finger, she stopped the rehearsal to ask gravely, which finger it was. There is still a naïveté about Miss Rehan when she is off the stage, which makes one readily understand her success in such parts as Jenny O'Jones. Her first appearance on the stage was made when she was only thirteen or fourteen years old, and was almost an accident. Her sister Kate, who is Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron, and she went over to Newark, where Byron was playing, one afternoon. One of the company was suddenly taken ill, and, no one being at hand to fill the vacancy, little Ada was dressed up, her hair was powdered, and she played an old woman's part with credit. It may be mentioned that Miss Rehan's other sister is Hattie Russell, and the two made their first appearance in Mr. Daly's "Leah" at Niblo's. Her voice is here often commented on as being English, in London they call it American. It is, of course, neither, for Miss Rehan was born in Ireland.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An English author exclaims: "But the charming Venus of Milo is dead." Yes, stone dead.—*New York Graphic*.

The German workman when washing his hands before eating his lunch of sausage is preparing for the worst.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Wife (at supper)—"What a very disagreeable old gossip Mrs. Hendricks is." Husband—"Have you seen her lately?" Wife—"Yes, I spent the entire day there."—*New York Sun*.

Servant Girl—"There is a gentleman at the door." Mistress—"Did he give you his name?" "No, he gave me a kiss." "Oh, that's my brother Tom. Let him in."—*Texas Siftings*.

Belmont hoasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an ax, but he may be an unusually sharp man.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun*.

Mr. Cleveland said 14 fourteen times in the course of a recent address, and Queen Victoria made use of the expression "Me Luds and Gents" eighteen times when she opened Parliament.—*Life*.

Boston Landlord (to porter)—"See if the gentlemen in parlor F have finished discussing their dinner." Porter (returned)—"Dey is fru eatin', hoss, hut dey ain't done cussin' it yit."—*New York Sun*.

"I understand, Clara, that your old beau, Smythe, is going to marry Miss Robinson," said Ella. "Girls often do that when they intend to go house-keeping." "Do what?" "Why, take a flat."—*New York Sun*.

Little Boston Boy—"Mamma, I noted that a Western evangelist says no man can be a Christian who wears tight pants. Is that true?" Mamma—"Yes, Waldo, my dear, if he calls them 'pants'."—*New York Sun*.

Clara—"Oh, John, what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there's a little dew upon them!" John (somewhat embarrassed)—"Due upon them! Not a cent, Clara, I assure you, not a cent?"—*Life*.

Husband—"If you only had the ability to cook as my mother used to, I would be happy, dear." Wife—"And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as my father used to, I, too, would be happy, dear."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Goodweather—"It must be dreadful to be hurried prematurely." Mr. Goodweather—"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't worry, my dear. It won't happen to you." Mrs. Goodweather—"Well, I hope not." Mr. Goodweather—"No, love. You'll never be hurried too soon."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Young Schuyler Van Derk (who has been assigned to a fair partner from the west)—"Shan't we look into the supper-room, Miss Bee?" Miss Bee (from Omaha)—"No, thanks; I'd rather round up than pasture any time. Let her go now, for the home ranch under the fiddlers. Whoop la!"—*Judge*.

Dumley (irately)—"I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey." Robinson—"I believe I did say something of the sort, Dumley." Dumley (threateningly)—"Well, you will have to apologize." Robinson—"All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey, I'll apologize."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Young Washingtonian (to stranger)—"The hall last evening was a very pleasant affair, sir." Stranger—"So I hear. I would have liked to attend it very much; hut, unfortunately, I received no invitation." Young Washingtonian—"No invita-? Oh, I see, you are a stranger in the city." Stranger—"Yes, sir."—*Puck*.

Miss De Crashville—"Oh, mamma, I had such a delightful waltz with that Mr. Inkerman, and I told him all those funny stories from the *Laughter* that Jack read us last night, and—" Mamma—"Did he seem to enjoy them, my dear?" Miss De Crashville—"Immensely; why?" Mamma—"Mr. Inkerman edits the *Laughter*."—*Judge*.

Maud—"I am astonished at you, Irene, for saying that Henry is awkward and hashful." Irene—"I ought to know, I think. I'm his own sister. He hates to go out into society. He never knows what to do with his hands." Maud—"You are mistaken, Irene. In that respect he is one of the most accomplished young men I ever went sleigh-riding with."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Miss Doolittle (who is deaf, hut won't acknowledge it to Mr. Browne)—"How is your family, Mr. Browne?" Mr. Browne—"All quite well, thank you, with the exception of my wife. She was out in the rain the other day, and got quite wet; the result was a very severe cold on her lungs, which we feared would end in congestion, but she is convalescent now." Miss Doolittle—"Indeed! So glad. And how is Mrs. Browne?"—*Life*.

New Jersey small boys are proverbially smart. One of the brightest in the State was playing at shoveling snow from the hoard walk in front of the house, the other morning, when a wide-awake book-agent came along, and saluted him with a cheery, "Good morning, my little friend. Is your mamma engaged?" "No, sir," was the emphatic answer; "she isn't engaged; she's married; and I'm her boy; and she's got another beside me."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Another Conversion—Miss Rapp, a young lady from Millwood, while visiting at the residence of Mrs. Terry, has experienced religion and was baptized at the Baptist church on Thursday night February 3d. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ida Ryan, formerly Miss Ida Terry, and a number of the other young ladies. She was dressed in a white robe which made her appear very elegant. She was so overjoyed with happiness that she ascended the long flight of stairs with a light heart and walked bravely into the pool, and the following hymn was sang: "Come to Jesus."—*Leavenworth Times*, Feb. 9th.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

"Iris" tells how People in the Social Swim-Keep the Forty Days' Fast

Lent is on us in a week, and for forty long, weary days, the festivities of the gay season are dead. What certain people do with themselves in Lent is really one of the great questions of the day. In its time it has made as much sensation as "What color was Hannibal?" and "Who wrote 'The Bread Winners'?" For example—what does the leader of society do? What does the debutante, thirsty for balls, do? What does the dance-lover do? The white-waistcoated dude, the chronic leader of Germans, the supper monomaniac? Lent is a season of fasting and prayer, a period wherein rebellious flesh is mortified, and prayers batter the gates of heaven. It is therefore with keen interest that one inquires, what do those people do who never mortify the flesh, who never say prayers, who never deny themselves anything? Perhaps they hibernate like the bears. If they happen to be "in the swim," their flesh is generally mortified against their will; sorely against their will the gayeties that they live for are denied them; bitterly against their will their social standing forces them to church, for there are no people in the world with whom the old adage, "Il faut hurler avec les loups," has so much weight. Now, "les loups," those who enjoy that social distinction of being thoroughly good form, treat Lent with respect, if not affection. Saunter up the avenue early of a Friday morning, and you will see any number of well-dressed girls, with attendant maids, and prayer-books in their hands, hurrying to early church. You will see the fine ladies step out of their carriages, their front hair, to be sure, in *deshabillé*, their eyes down-drooped, armed *cap-à-pie* in their Sunday manners, and glide noiselessly up the steps. Inside, the church is full of kneeling women. The service is short, and when they come stepping out again, blinking in the winter sunshine, with faces "bright as for sins forgiven," they are a healthful sight, and fill the cynical curbstone loiterer with vague regrets for his lost beliefs. But—for there is a limiting clause—these true observers of the solemn forty days have their imitators. False prophets arise, and the mammon of unrighteousness is sedulously served under cover of religious fervor. To be truly respectable, one must be religious; to be truly admitted to the inner circles, one must be respectable. What is the corollary? Mme. Ratazzi, to be sure, says that "respectability is merely a varnish for stupidity." One might add, *en passant*, that Mme. Ratazzi herself was not well varnished, her coating wore off years ago. Some people, however, are quite heavily veneered. Let us take Mrs. Jones for an example. She is not devout; if it came to a draw, she would prefer the grasshopper to the ant every time; yet, through the medium of a prayer-book and a church, she manages to keep up with the procession most creditably. She knows that Mrs. Van Amsterdam goes to church every day through Lent and early on Friday morning; so up rises Mrs. Jones with the lark, buys a prayer-book with a big, gold cross on it, puts on black gloves, and walks toward church with bowed eyelids and measured tread, successfully making the porch just as Mrs. Van Amsterdam's grays come prancing up. Mrs. J. is immensely ritualistic, approves of candles and censers, sprinkles her worship with genuflections, being dimly aware that there is something more stylish in being High than in being Low Church—perhaps the words have been instrumental in suggesting this—just as some people think it more elegant to use "I" than "me," irrespective of all questions of grammar. Soon she can not fail to attract the august Van Amsterdam eye. When this is accomplished, the heat and burden of the day are over and Mrs. Van A. calls. Here is a royal chance. In order to get its full value, the honored visitor is kept waiting for a brief space in the reception-room, where, were her ears as keen as they once were, she might overhear sounds of strife issuing from an adjoining apartment; suppressed cries of "Bridget, you idiot, where's that cross? Don't forget about the sugar. Hide the candies under the table," etc., etc. Then the portières are drawn, and enter the distinguished guest into the drawing-room. Mrs. Jones is discovered sitting at a frame embroidering a large, black cross on satin. She rises with a chastened air, and a small cry of surprise, winks at the servant to bring the tea, and in her progress to greet her visitor, kicks a French novel under the sofa. With much adroitness she leads the conversation into a semi-religious channel; she talks Lent from its alpha to its omega. Just as she is preparing to open up a new view on Dr. Dix's sermon, the servant enters with the tea, and she says, suddenly, after rattling the cups:

"Ab! No sugar!"—her tone is one of ostentatiously suppressed martyrdom. "Dear Mrs. Van Amsterdam, you must excuse me, but in this solemn season I like to deny myself a little something. Tea without sugar is simply poison to me, so I always tell Bridget not to bring the sugar-bowl, for fear I should be tempted," etc., etc.

The effect is magnificent. Mrs. Van A. goes away much impressed. She has tried to deny herself sherry, but ignominiously failed. What must be the religious ardor of a woman who can drink her tea without sugar?

To those whose social position is secured, and to those whose holiness is to be measured in a thimble, Lent is a doleful experience. To the buds, it is a time for an enforced and dreary rest. Pale and drooping as early snowdrops, with eyes like dead fish, their artificial stimulus withdrawn, they loiter about the house in a nerveless manner, or lie on sofas and take beef tea, in a fruitless effort to lure back the roses and lilies that have died of gaslight, and glare, and heat. Some of them become devout, and visit the poor and go to church with mamma in the family landau. An unnatural depression falls on others; they talk darkly of a convent, and, as a preliminary canter to the rigors of conventual life, deny themselves candy. Who says that the stuff to make a Fox's martyr may not develop at the tender age of eighteen? To walk past Maillard's day by day, to see the *marrons* in the window, to have a full purse in your hand, and not go in—talk no more of your Moll Pitchers and Maids of Saragossa, they pale like Venus in the sun's burning eye before such heroism as this. But when, after a fierce struggle, wherein self has been brought three points down, the exhausted combatant reaches home, and finds a large basket of confections, with the card attached of some young Porphyro of

her acquaintance, then indeed her cup runneth over—or, more properly speaking, her eyes. It is only the ultra fashionables who really hibernate, though they try their best not to. On every possible pretext they get up little quiet soirees, but there are fearful interims when an evening is spent at home in the bosom of the family. The bosom of the family is, theoretically, a charming place—no phrase in the language reads better; but practically a protracted stay in it is a dubious joy. Mamma, in flowing silken robes, sinks to peaceful slumber on the sofa, with a yellow-backed novel in her hand; papa nods behind a paper, and makes graceful undulations in his shirt-front. The children find the situation so novel, that they have a cast-away, strange feeling, and unconsciously adopt their company manners.

With men the Lenten time is generally one of thanksgiving, unless, of course, one includes in the word men—it is one of the most elastic in the language—those merry little schoolboys who haunt dances and show a preference for the ripened charms of young married women whose husbands are lost, strayed, or stolen. To the man whose wife loves a dance as Tom loved a lord, it is a period of rest and peace. No more will he herd round doorways with other husbands and brothers—men at balls are gregarious in their habits—while his wife is whirling about in the giddy mazes of the German; no more will he be required to do duty dances with all the old dowagers, to thunder through a polka with his red right hand gripping the ponderous waist of Mrs. de Courcy, to trip a Saratoga lancers with the youngest daughter of an old college chum.

But for the real, live "dancing man" Lent has terrors. He is the creature of a day. With the arrival of Ash Wednesday his little summer is over; whither shall he go? His usefulness is done. Dancing is his *raison d'être*, remove it and he is no more. It is his one trump, his specialty. He is like the doctor in the story who was "hell on fits"—he can only do one thing, but he can do that well. When the last flame of gayety has subsided, and a Lenten peace broods over the scenes of his late triumphs, who so glum as he? What shall he do with himself? He can sleep one-half the day, and loaf the other; but what can take the place of the parquet floor, the waltz of Waldeufel, the partner as full of spring as a patent mattress? For forty days these are denied him; for forty days he only exists; for forty days Othello's occupation's gone.

"Christ before Pilate" is sold. Mr. Wanamaker—the Macy of Philadelphia, with more money than he knows what to do with—has bought it, for the tidy sum of one hundred thousand dollars. This is the highest price ever paid for any picture in the United States. Years ago, when A. T. Stewart was throwing about money like water, spending four millions on his white marble sarcophagus of a house on Fifth Avenue, and preparing to indulge in the initial extravagance of the millionaire—a picture gallery—he electrified New York by purchasing Meissonier's "Friedland" for sixty thousand dollars. This was, at the time, the highest price ever paid for a picture by any American, and was considered something of which the whole nation might boast. But now, as the crop of millionaires grows apace, and the picture-collecting mania is infecting its thousands, rates have gone up. Pet pictures command a fancy price. Men who would find it a task to tell the difference between an oil painting and a chromo are perpetually outbidding each other in fierce rivalry for some popular favorite. The prices paid for pictures within the last two years, and the utter absence of artistic taste or knowledge in the buyers, reflects badly on our progress in the fine arts. The sale of Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan's collection gave the fillip to the fashion. Here was a grand chance for spending money; here was an exhibition of how "men with money and without brains are made for men with brains and without money." No one was surprised that C. P. Huntington should have given forty-five thousand dollars for Jules Breton's exquisite "First Communion;" but when the French artists in Paris heard that Vibert's "Missionary's Story" had brought forty thousand dollars they raised their eyebrows in horror, and thought that after all, Americans, when it came to questions of art, were still savages. Who was Vibert, to command such a price—a clever draughtsman, a higher type of photographer—but an artist? Perish the thought! And that, too, when the works of Manet, Monet, and Decas went a-begging for a complimentary notice. But now, "Friedland" and "The Missionary's Story" fade into insignificance. There will soon be no limits to the bids made for what one might call "fashionable paintings." Simultaneously with Mr. Wanamaker's purchase of the "Christ before Pilate," Mr. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame, makes a bid, also of a modest one hundred thousand dollars, for Millet's "Angelus." Everyone knows the picture, the original of which is now in France. It represents a long, plowed field, rocky and dry—a hard, ungrateful soil. No trees, no houses break its interminable loneliness; but far away across the barren burrows, darkly silhouetted against an evening sky, is a church spire. In the foreground, with the dark prairie stretching away behind them in ocean-like dreariness, stand a man and woman, their heads slightly bowed in prayer as the notes of the Angelus float faintly to their ears. They are big and coarse and rough, dedicated to toil from their birth. This is one of the few moments of rest snatched from the turmoil of their unending struggle for existence. No picture ever told a more desolate and sordid story. One realizes, as they gradually absorb its full meaning, why Millet was called a communist, and why Arthur Young prophesied the French Revolution. A third great picture, which has arrived to stay in this country, is the Rembrandt recently bought by Schaus. This was one of the heirlooms of the De Mornys, but the present duke, who has as great a talent for keeping himself before the public, in one way or another, as Madame Kalomine herself, suddenly took it into his head to part with his treasure; and one of the national glories of France has now left her to deck the sister republic.

IRIS.
New York, February 17, 1887.

A Maine newspaper wants its readers to believe that a citizen of that State has split a hurricane. Seeing it coming straight toward his barn, he took two boards, and, holding them with his best hold before the barn, the ends together so that they formed a sort of wedge, he spread the hurricane apart, so that it only took off two corners of the barn.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Little Jack.*

Yes, suh, 'twuz jes' 'bout sundown
Daddy went, two mont's ago;
I al'ays used to run down
At dat time, becuz, you know,
I woul'dn' like to 'a' had him die,
An' no one high.
You see, we woul'dn' git him
To come 'way off'n dat lan'.
He said *new* house didn' fit him
No mo' 'n new shoes did, an'
Gord mout miss him at Judgment-day
Ef he moved 'way.
Well, when, as I wuz sayin',
Dat night I come on down,
I seen his bench was layin'
Flatsided on de groun';
An' I kind o' hurried to 'des de do—
Quick-like, you know.
Inside I seen him layin'
Back, quiet on de ba'd,
An' I hearn him kep on sayin',
"Dat's what de Marster said,
An' Marster warn' gwine tell me lie,
He'll come bym'bye."
I axed how he wuz gittin',
"Nigb to de furrows' een."
He said: "to-day son settin';
Outside de do—I seen
De thirteen curlews come in line,
An' knowed de sign.
You know de Marster told me
He'd come fore me b'fo' long;
B'fo' you wuz born he sol' me;
But den he pine' so strong,
He come down arter Little Jack,
An' buyed him back.
I went back to dat keridge,
An' took dem reins ag'in'—
I druv him to his marige;
An' nigger, 'twuz a sin
To see de high and mighty way
I looked dat day.
Dat coat had nary a button
Skusin' hit wuz of gol'—
My hat—I but dat warn' nuttin'!—
'Twuz powerful to behol'
De way dem horses pawed de air
Wid me up dyah.
Now, all's w'ed out befo' me,—
Marster, an' coat, an' all!
I only's lef! You know me!
Cheat-wheat de las' to fall!
De rank grain bends wid its own weight,
De *light* stands straight.
But heah! I daw'n't keep him waitin';
So I mus' tell you,—raise
De jice dyah, neaph de platin',—
De sweat of many days
Is in dat stockin',—toil, and pain
In sun an' rain.
I wucked to save dem figgers
To buy you; but de Lord
He sot free all de niggers,
Same as white folks b'fo' Gord!
Free as de crows,—free as de stars,—
Free as old—hyahs!
Now, son, you tek dat money,
Git on young Marster's track,
An' pay it to him, honey:
An' tell him, Little Jack,
Wucked forty year dis Christmas come,
To save dat sum;
An' dat wuz for ole Marster,
To buy your time from him,
But dat de war comed farther,
An' squandered stock an' limb;—
Say you kin wuck, an' don' need none,
An' he cyamt, son.
He ain't been used to diggin'
His livin' out de dut;
He-eyant drink out'n a pigg'in'
Like you, an' it wouldt hurt
Ole Marster's pride, an' meck him swar,
In glory dyah.
Jes' den his strength seemed fallin';
An' he shet his eyes awhile;
An' den said, "Heish! he's callin'!—
Dyab he! Now watch him smile!—
Yes, suh,—you niggers jes' stan' back!
Marster, heah's Jack."

—Thomas Nelson Page, in *March Century*.

A Soldier under Napoleon.

Do you see that tumble-down cottage there,
Beyond the road, by the sycamore-tree,
With rags in the broken window-panes,
And thorns where the flower-pots used to be?
You never would think, in such a place,
To meet an old hero face to face—

A soldier under Napoleon.
There's little heroic, I confess,
In the withered old man in his corner chair;
Not a tooth nor a thought in his hairless head,
As he sits and mumbles and grumbles there;
But if ninety years take much away,
His title, at least, will always stay—

A soldier under Napoleon.
His dim eyes watch his daughter at work,
A thin old woman in calico;
He sometimes notes her grandson at play
With his painted soldiers all in a row;
And he dearly loves his pint of gin
And his black clay pipe, this man who has been

A soldier under Napoleon.
But Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz,
And last and bloodiest, Waterloo!
Will his eye not flash if I speak these words,
And the sluggish blood in his veins burn true?
He's deaf, but I'll shout them out till he hear,
And in memory's light, at least, appear

A soldier under Napoleon.
"Good sir," I say, "do you recollect
That last great day when, the records tell,
You fought so bravely, nor quit your post
Till the last man left of your comrades fell?"
"I've lost the names," he says to me;
"I just remember I used to be

A soldier under Napoleon."

—Charles F. Richardson in *March Harpers*.

* When the war closed, John Dabney, a former slave of Miss De Jarnett, of Caroline Co., had purchased his freedom from her, on which account he still owed a balance of seven hundred dollars. He sent his former mistress this sum after the close of the war. She returned it promptly; but he took the money and went to her home and insisted on her accepting it, declaring that it was a just debt, that his old master paid his debts, and that he paid his debts also like an honest man. I Don't want.

VANITY FAIR.

Delegates from the Merchant Tailors' Exchanges, of which there are now twenty in the Union, met at Philadelphia last week to lay the foundation of a national organization, the objects of which are to be the regulation of American styles and the formulation of American fashions in men's clothes, the fixing of prices, and the keeping of a consolidated blacklist of non-paying customers in all parts of the United States. The American tailor, no matter how artistic, is compelled to follow with almost servile imitation the fashions set by London, to which not only this country, but Europe also, now look for the models of men's garments. Formerly Paris ruled in this sphere, but to-day even Paris takes its patterns of coats, waistcoats, and trousers from London, whose supremacy as the arbiter of men's fashions is indisputable. Yet in some respects, notably in the matter of finishing, the American tailor is, beyond question, superior to the English. He turns out a garment which commands the admiration of his London rivals, so far as concerns its lining, stitching, trimming, and technical make-up generally, though the Englishmen contend that their garments have more "life." But it will probably be long before we shall escape from our subjection to London in the matter of fashions for men. In a republic like this there is nobody to set a fashion as the Prince of Wales does in England. If an American cutter of the most original and beautiful genius should design a suit for President Cleveland which departed from the fashion adopted by the Prince of Wales, would he gain fame and fortune? There are two directions in which artistic tailors are anxious to strike out a new path. The first is in the fashion of trousers and the second in that of the dress suit. It is irksome for them to go on cutting the evening costume for men after substantially the same patterns that have ruled for generations. They want to devise new and more beautiful forms. There are also objections to the conventional trousers with which they would gladly grapple, and if the Chicago movement in behalf of tights should prove successful, they would hail the innovation with delight. The traditional evening dress is so convenient and so universal that it must be long before it is cast aside. Trousers, too, conceal deficiencies which are too common, for men to be desirous of substituting tights or knickerbockers.

Adolf Houssaye thus writes from Paris: American newspapers inform us that a "crusade" has been organized against ladies' hats in the theatres. "There is a corresponding agitation here. It is directed against the sterner sex, however, and the pet "stovepipe" hat. Many leaders of fashion have enlisted themselves in it, and I doubt not that soon the tall hat will be seen no more on the boulevards or in the Bois. The cry against it is on the score of art. No painter would dare portray a man in a stovepipe hat. No sculptor would dare commit such a crime in bronze or marble. Therefore let it be banished. What will take its place? The soft felt hat which, I think, Americans call a "slouch." Already the latter are seen in public numerous, and each day brings out a new contingent. The shop-keepers are opposed to the change; of course, for the soft hat is not as costly or as profitable as the glossy silk tile. But they bow to the public demand, and their show-cases and counters display ten "slouch" hats to one "chimney-pot." The fashion extends, happily, to the evening dress. It is no longer the proper thing to carry an "opera hat," which is merely a cloth-covered "stovepipe" slid into itself like a telescope. You no longer see the ugly things at the opera or ball. Their place is taken by the soft felt hat which can be rolled up into a compact bundle and put in the pocket.

Concerning "The London Old Lady," Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in the *March Atlantic*: The afternoon tea is almost a necessity in London life. It is considered useful as a "pick-me-up," and it serves an admirable purpose in the social system. It costs the household hardly any trouble or expense. It brings people together in the easiest possible way, for ten minutes or an hour, just as their engagements or fancies may settle it. A cup of tea at the right moment does for the virtuous reveler all that Falstaff claims for a good sherris-sack, or, at least, the first half of its "two-fold operation." "It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit." But it must have the right brain to work upon, and I doubt if there is any brain to which it is so congenial, and from which it brings so much, as that of a first-rate London old lady. I came away from the great city with the feeling that this most complex product of civilization was nowhere else developed to such perfection. The octogenarian Londoness has been in society—let us say, the highest society—all her days. She is as tough as an old macaw, or she would not have lasted so long. She has seen and talked with all the celebrities of three generations, all the beauties of, at least, half a dozen decades. Her wits have been kept bright by constant use, and, as she is free of speech, it requires some courage to face her. Yet nobody can be more agreeable, even to young persons, than one of these precious old dowagers. A great beauty is almost certainly thinking how she looks while one is talking with her; an authoress is waiting to have one praise her book; but a grand, old lady, who loves London society, who lives in it, who understands young people and all sorts of people, with her high-colored recollections of the past, and her grand-maternal interests in the new generation, is the best of companions, especially over a cup of tea just strong enough to stir up her talking ganglions.

An elderly, single woman, of Boston, with a good deal of money and no special avocation, recently declared that she was, in future, going to spend her winters in Washington. "You see," she explained, "not being a young girl, or a married woman, or a social leader, there is logically no social place for me in Boston. Washington is the only American city cosmopolitan enough, old-world enough, to afford social place to women of my age without a mission. It is really, you know, the only American city where boys and girls are not supposed to be the only persons to carry on society.

Yes, I'm going to Washington." This strikes one as only another phase of the complaint Professor Boyesen makes in one of the current magazines, that all our fiction is written for young girls, and, therefore, it has no back-bone.

In room 118 of the Victoria Hotel, last week, in New York, was displayed the elaborate and extensive wardrobe of a lady who had advertised her gowns for sale "because of going into mourning." Two neat and natty French maids were in attendance, and the luxurious robes were spread about on chairs and tables, bewildering heaps of purple and fine linen, pomps and vanities that death, suddenly stepping in, had made of no account. There seemed a certain shadow of mystery over the transaction. It was impossible to elicit the least information from the well-dressed and discreet young women who presided, except that the seller had designed the costumes herself. Through the day ladies dropped in, examined the dresses, and invested more or less deeply, as their tastes or purses dictated. At five o'clock there were still a number unsold, and the maids seemed somewhat disappointed that the astonishing bargains offered had not attracted more customers. Among the tea-gowns were some beautiful designs, one in particular, a petticoat of white lace flounces with the lace thickly strewn with pendant balls of red chenille, and the long-trained gown of white cashmere turned back from the petticoat, with side revers of red velvet and trimmed with the chenille balls. Another tea-gown had a lace petticoat, with numberless loops of pale-blue ribbon among the flounces, and the trained gown was pale-blue surah, edged with blue swan's-down. A handsome house-dress had a loose front of net embroidered in iridescent jet, and the long train covered with an exquisite quality of Spanish lace, with large polka dots. This was only seventy-five dollars, and cost scarcely half the price of the materials. Another gown, a street costume, was of the richest black satin Merveilleux, the long polonaise heavily trimmed with chenille and jet fringes. There were evening gowns of pale-blue satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers; pale pink surah and lace, and one of gold satin brocaded with velvet palm-leaves. The rest of the wardrobe consisted of black satin carriage-ropes, and petticoats made entirely of stripes of gold, blue, or pink ribbon, and lace. As the hour grew late the price of these gowns grew less and less, the maids seeming anxious to be rid of them at any price, as the room was only hired for the day. However most of the gowns at five o'clock were still there, and they decided to carry them to Brooklyn and endeavor to dispose of them in that city. This is an uncommon proceeding in New York society, but it has had one or two precedents, a wardrobe just from Paris having been disposed of at the same hotel last year. It is not unusual for ladies to let it be known among their friends that they have costumes for sale. Mrs. James Brown Potter disposed of tea-gowns before leaving for Europe in that fashion, but a formal sale and public advertisement is very uncommon.

It is a very nice thing to be the daughter of a statesman with as wide a circle of friends as the Hon. Samuel J. Randall. Miss Annie Randall, who was married last week, received enough silverware in presents to furnish a dozen houses. The enumeration of them takes up three-quarters of a column in a local paper, and among the names of donors are many Senators, Representatives, and other men with national reputation. It is noticeable that as a rule the biggest man gave the smallest present. In all there were exactly one hundred and sixty gifts enumerated, seven-eighths of them of silver. An uncle of the bride, George A. Brandreth, of Sing Sing, gave her five hundred dollars in cash, and several other smaller gifts of cash were also made. The silver spoon appears in force in the list, which is so curious as to be worthy of analysis. The members of the House Committee on Appropriations sent a fine onyx clock. Three solid silver services were received from Philadelphia friends of the bride. Two lamps were sent from Philadelphia. There were seven sets of spoons—tea, coffee, and dessert—and no less than twenty-seven separate spoons, for sugar, salad berries, etc., while there were knives, forks, ladles, china, cut-glass, screens, fans, and other little mementoes, useful and ornamental, in great profusion. It is doubtful if Mrs. Cleveland herself received as many wedding presents as did the daughter of the Pennsylvania statesman.

It was thought tobogganing would show signs of staleness this year in Montreal, after so many American cities have taken it up, but the sport has waxed hotter than ever. The excellence of all the arrangements for pursuing it, the monstrous size of the slides, the systematic manning of them, and the profusion of toboggans for the public give the exercise a new vigor and character. The Montreal girls have been half amused and half scandalized by the wearing of toboggan trousers by many of the women from the States. As one French Canadian put it: "We haven't seen any of those new garments, because we do not send the people down the chutes on their heads or on their shoulders as the Yankee girls seem to expect, but we have heard of them." The Canadian girls consider any especial provision of dress, except for keeping the cold away, as purely an affectation, but, surely, if they are to be allowed to wear what they do under, their outer skirts, the girls from the States may put on their new-fangled garments without being criticised. A Canadian girl wears, besides her usual linen, from four to six flannel skirts, woolen undergarments, woolen stockings, shoes, then ribbed stockings over the shoes, and then either arctics or moccasins over the stockings. The truth is that if the American girls put on the toboggan trousers as a protection against cold the Canadians would not criticise them, but the American custom is to wear these baggy and Turkish-like garments with their short skirts inside them, solely to guard against mishaps while tobogganing. This is a reflection on the ability of Canuck boys and girls to care for their visitors and to steer their toboggans, which does them injustice.

The next step in the settlement of the estate left by the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart will be the sale by private auction at the Thirty-fourth street mansion of all her personal effects. The spacious chambers on the second floor are crowded with beautiful gowns of all styles and every variety of material, promising in themselves a rare treat to the fortunate ones

bidden to the sale. The collection comprises an endless variety of garments, as Mrs. Stewart, though past eighty years of age, was extremely fond of dress and placed no stint on the gratification of her tastes in this direction. Of a delicate pink and white complexion, and with the neck and arms of a woman thirty years younger, Mrs. Stewart could wear to advantage gowns in cut and color suitable to a woman of much fewer years, and in furnishing her wardrobe she made her selection with an eye to this fact. An evening gown of the palest pink, cut décolleté, and trimmed with garnet velvet and the most exquisite lace, is one of the several similar costumes, while the purchasers will be asked to choose from afternoon and street dresses, summer costumes and dinner dresses in the greatest profusion, upon which the skill of the leading modistes has been expended. The underclothing, wonderful in extent and variety, is decorated with costly embroideries and elaborately trimmed with the most expensive laces. Great heaps of filmy laces of the rarest varieties and intricate patterns, fit only to be in the possession of a woman worth forty millions, silk stockings of all colors beautifully woven, cloaks, bonnets, gloves—in fact everything to please the most fastidious are awaiting inspection and the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. A remarkable collection of beautiful wigs of that delicate auburn tinge which contrasted so well with Mrs. Stewart's complexion is catalogued among the effects to be disposed of and will certainly prove a novel feature of the sale. All of Mrs. Stewart's jewelry, valued at some forty thousand dollars, will also be sold. It comprises diamonds, rings, bangles, a magnificent sapphire necklace, a diamond necklace, old and curious breastpins, wonderful ear-rings of special make, which were given to her years ago, besides a large number of unset precious stones. Just who will become the purchasers of this array of feminine finery is a matter of much speculation. Only the friends and relatives of Mrs. Stewart are to be allowed to become purchasers, but as the family connection is very large, it is thought that good prices will be realized. It is supposed that many of the jewels will be bought in by the family. Surprise has been expressed that Mrs. Stewart did not will all these things to her relatives, the jewels especially, some of which were in her family before she married Mr. Stewart. After the sale of the effects, it is understood that the furniture in the house will be sold.

The inspectors on the Canadian frontier are pretty easy-going. If you say frankly you have got a pair of gloves, or moccasins, or a silk muffler, or any trifle or two like that, they pass right on. They pretend to be seldom deceived, they say that a person who is trying to smuggle rarely fails to betray himself or herself by uneasiness, transparent lying, redness of face, stammering, or some other mode of exposure. One inspector says that if a woman hides anything under a seat, or under her cloak, she is bound to look uneasy, or glance in that direction when he comes along. It is a species of mind-reading that these inspectors seem to be experts at. They take a savage delight in thwarting smuggling. One of them tells a story of a beautiful woman, traveling in the early part of May, with a heavy sealskin sacque lying on the seat beside her, and looking exceedingly suspicious, because the weather was so warm. She stuck to it that she bought the sacque in New York and took it to Montreal, thinking it would be cold so far north. Her face seemed to indicate that she was falsifying, but still she stuck heroically to her story. The inspector put an assistant in the seat behind her, and went away. She, not knowing what had been done, drew a long sigh of relief as she saw him pass out of the car, and remarked: "Well, I had to fib like a major, but saving the duty on a six-hundred-dollar cloak is worth a good deal of fibbing." "Madame, I will take that cloak, if you please," said the inspector's assistant; "that confession is just what I was waiting to bear."

Cabinet ladies have always been a little restive under the etiquette which requires them to call first upon Senators' families. Nevertheless, such has been the custom for thirty years, and Senators' wives have continued to make first calls upon none but the ladies of the Supreme Court. But Mr. Hoar's bill puts the succession, failing President and Vice-President, into the Cabinet, making the Secretary of State take the office. Before this it was thought that the Speaker of the House should take the vacant chair, and Mrs. Carlisle felt that she was entitled to stand next to President Arthur in the state receptions. Still the rule prevailed that the wife of the Secretary of State should occupy that position, and Senators' wives went in the receiving line below the ladies of the Cabinet. "As long as the Senate confirms the Cabinet, the Senate must rank them," says a Senator's wife.

The old type of society man, says a New York correspondent, was giddy, talkative, and more or less effeminate. He was a lady-killer, masher, and a swell, danced as often as the opportunity offered, and affected a spirited manner and great animation in telling small talk and gossip. He was not a being who commanded admiration from men of sense and importance, but he pleased the ladies, and that was considered quite enough. He has broadened wonderfully now. He is dignified in manner, quiet, monastically exclusive, and he affects a single club where he knows outsiders cannot intrude upon him. He drives heavy horses to ponderous English carts, seldom attends the theatre, and does the opera only on important nights. As a rule, he does not dance unless the occasion is one of great importance. His hair is clipped short, parted carelessly, and there is about his whole attire and manner an air of ease and negligence, which is so finely assumed that it seems thoroughly natural. From the artful and animated creature of a few years ago the society man has grown into the most simple and unostentatious of New Yorkers. To men whom he believes to be below him in the social scale he is an absolute snob, in the sense that he will have absolutely nothing to do with them, and refuses to recognize them under any circumstances. To those in his own set he is thoroughly natural, unaffected, and entertaining. There are very few such men in town—perhaps not over two hundred at the outside—but they are invited every where, and the more important of them have it in their power to make or mar the success of any entertainment to which they are invited, or make the reputation of a beautiful woman by a single word.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Grant Allen's new collection of strange stories will be called "The Beckoning Hand."

On the plea of his recent ill health, Mr. John Payne has relinquished the task of editing a new annotated translation of the "Heptameron." Miss Mary Robinson is said to have taken it up.

Mrs. Burnett is reported to be writing a sequel to her pretty story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This sequel—which is to be first published serially—is to deal with Fauntleroy's life as a young man.

A collection of essays in two volumes, a book of poems entitled "Underwoods," and a volume of short stories, called "The Merry Men," are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's contributions to the literature of the season.

In a recent social evening at Washington, Mr. Howells was asked if he had read Tennyson's new "Locksley Hall." "Yes, it is hardly equal to his other work; he is growing Tennysonian—has mannerism rather than matter."

It is reported that the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" is none other than Mrs. Kirk, the accomplished wife of the former editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, who, under the name of E. W. Olney, published, with the Lippincotts, the two fine stories, "Love in Idleness" and "Through Winding Ways."

Lewis Carroll's fascinating nonsense ballad of "Jabberwocky" has been set to music by a Bostonian, and was gravely sung at the recent concert of the Apollo Club. It is said that the club sang it with immense solemnity, and the good people present who never heard of "Alice" were extremely puzzled.

General Trochu, Governor of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, is going to publish his reminiscences of that exciting time. The general lives at present in the greatest retirement at Tours, only visiting two friends, one of whom is an ex-chamberlain of the late Emperor Napoleon and the other a Carlist chief.

Mr. Abraham Hayward's opinion of Balzac, as expressed in one of his recently published letters, is curious reading. He says the great Frenchman's novels "don't improve on acquaintance. The fineness of observation and analysis of feeling are undeniable, but his descriptions, both of places and characters, are tediously spun out, his plots tend with improbability, and he has a vulgar fondness for wealth and rank."

Sometimes the much-abused printer makes a manifest improvement in the title of an article by his perversion of the types. He did this in the title of John Burroughs's recent gossip talk of himself in the February *Lippincott's*. Mr. Burroughs labeled his essay, "More Egotism," and did not notice, when he read the proof, that the types accused him of "Mere Egotism." But in this way it went to press and stands in the magazine.

A well-known French novelist, M. Hector Malot, has taken the Crawford case for the plot of a new work which is announced by the Paris papers as about to appear immediately in *feuilleton* in the *Gil Blas*. The title is "Les Vies Françaises," the use of which phrase by Mrs. Crawford greatly irritated public opinion in France. It is said by those who profess to have seen it that M. Malot has utilized, in the present work, his great knowledge of England, and that it is one of his best.

The index to Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" has just been brought out in England. Some idea of the quantity of work involved in compiling it may be obtained from noting that it runs to five hundred pages, that each page contains at least fifty references, and that some twenty-five thousand entries in all had to be made. Such a work can only have been a labor of love, and though the editor conceals his name, it is no secret that he is Canon Fauntleroy, a devout disciple of "the Master" and principal of Whitelands Training College.

Mr. McMaster writes as follows to D. Appleton & Co., his publishers, in regard to the completion of the third volume of his "History of the People of the United States": "As to when Vol. III will be finished, I can only say I hope within the year. This volume ought to be the best of the three, and to make it so I must go slowly. The papers to be examined at Washington are immense in number, so that I can not tell how long it will take to go over them. No pains, however, shall be spared by me to have the manuscript in your hands at the very earliest moment."

The pleasant announcement comes across the Atlantic that Mr. Robert W. Lowe's theatrical bibliography is at last in press, and that Mr. Lowe is also at work on an edition of Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants," one of the best books about the stage ever written. Mr. Lowe will add notes, and his publishers will add many illustrations. Among the other books of theatrical interest soon to appear are Mr. James Anderson's "Seven Decades of an Actor's Life," and "Yesterday with Actors," by Mrs. Winslow, formerly Miss Kate Reynolds. The latter will be published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

Of all the cheap "libraries," quite the cheapest is the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Populaire," just started in France (Paris: Henri Gautier; New York: F. W. Christen), of which the successive volumes are to cost ten centimes (two cents) each. The volumes are thirty-two pages long, and each is to contain a complete work. Among the volumes already published are Hoffmann's tales, "Hamlet," Chateaubriand's "Dernier des Abencérages," the speeches and proclamations of Napoleon I., the letters of Louis XIV., Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." Among the volumes published or promised are four translations from American authors: "Histoires Mystérieuses," by Edgar Poe; Longfellow's "Evangeline"; "Récits californiens," by Bret Harte; and "L'Héritage du More," by Washington Irving.

Mrs. Henry Wood, whose death was announced recently, though still a popular author was personally an unknown figure in London. Her novels had ceased to have much currency, except among the "lower middle classes." Perhaps her most remarkable achievement in recent years was editing her magazine, *The Argosy*, into a financial success; but that periodical, too, was seldom seen among literary or cultivated people. Of "East Lynne," by which Mrs. Wood was best known, numerous editions in three volumes were sold at \$6, and of a one-volume edition at \$1.50 one hundred and fifty thousand copies were published. It is said that something like a million copies of "East Lynne" have been sold in America, and she never got a penny for them. The same is true of some fifty thousand performances of the play, which under a copyright would have brought her in five hundred thousand dollars.

New Books.

"Borderland," by Jessie Fothergill, is a long and entertaining story of life in England. It is published in the Leisure Moment Series by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Chilton Beach: price, paper, 30 cents.

"Crotchet Castle," by Thomas Love Peacock, with an introduction in which some notes on the author's life and explanations of the allusions to famous personages are given, is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Foes of her Household," by Amanda M. Douglas, is a somewhat amusing story of a match-making woman's manoeuvres to marry off her penniless niece. They travel around in Europe, and there is much local color in the book; there is, also, enough love-making to sustain the

interest of those persons to whose romantic taste in literature Miss Douglas caters. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

In the preface which John Boyle O'Reilly has written for George Makepeace Towle's "Young People's History of Ireland," the statement is made that "so far as English power could reach, Irish history has been obliterated, misrepresented, or left unwritten." This is to a certain extent true, and Mr. Towle's history brings forth, from dusty tomes and half-forgotten antiquities, a rich fund of information on the history of the unfortunate little island, from the earliest legendary times to the present day. The book is well written, though the author is a trifle too much in sympathy with his subject to be perfectly impartial. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

In "A Year in Eden," a new novel by Harriet Waters Preston, the interest centers in a girl of half American half Italian parentage who has been brought up in a quiet little New England town. Nothing is known of her antecedents beyond the fact that her father, an American artist, had brought her back from his Italian studio when she was only three years old; but the passion and cruelty of the Italian nature soon crop out, and by the time she is nineteen she has had half a dozen men madly in love with her. In the end she runs away with Philip Winslow, who has for several years been neglecting his wife, and goes to Italy, where she discovers her mother in the person of an old Italian sorceress. Published by Roberts Brothers, New York; for sale by Waldteufel, 737 Market Street; price, \$1.50.

"The Golden Justice," by William Henry Bishop, is a clever study of the workings of remorse. David Lane has risen, through a surprising succession of fortune's favors, to the governorship of his State; he is admired and loved on all hands, and the worst that could be said against him is that he had a quick temper. But, in spite of his outward prosperity, he is harassed throughout his career by remorse for a crime committed in his early life. He had been under the influence of his ungovernable rage when it took place, and the circumstances were such that no one knew, no one could know, of his instrumentality in the deed; but his conscience so stings him that, in the end, he writes out a full confession and secretes it in the golden statue of Justice which surmounts the City Hall. This has a direct and important influence on the love affair of his daughter and Paul Barclay; and the author has made the most of the opportunities which these conditions afford. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.25.

Mr. Edgar Saltus has followed his recent "Philosophy of Disenchantment" by another book of much the same character. He calls it "The Anatomy of Negation," and in it discusses the pessimistic philosophies who have lived and written from the origin of these ideas in the darkness of Oriental antiquity to Leconte de Lisle. "To avoid misconceptions," says the author in his preface, "it may be added that no attempt has been made to prove anything; and, indeed, the book is only a summary of the various materialistic, fatalistic, and pessimistic theories of man and his destiny. The value of the book—indeed its charm, which is its most potent one—lies in Mr. Saltus's brilliant presentation of his subject. He displays an audacity which startles and yet wins the reader's admiration; and his pages are bristling with epigrams and striking figures of speech which betray a sharp and nimble wit. He speaks of Jesus as 'a mystic anarchist' and 'the most entrancing of nihilists'; says, 'One may fancy that His tiger-tawny hair glistened like a flight of bees, and that His face was whiter than the moon'; and summarizes His teaching in these words: 'The logic of it amounted to this: Life is evil; the evil subsists through procreation; ergo, abolish procreation and the evil disappears.' One must think Mr. Saltus believes as he says, Jesus believed, that 'life is a tribulation, and what fairer paradise could there be than the infinite rest of chaos?' The Germans, Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann, and Büchner, are to him the great prophets. In brief, 'The Anatomy of Negation' is as disheartening in its philosophy as it is fascinating in its style. The appearance of the book—in dark, smooth covers, and wide-margined, heavy uncut paper with gilt tops—is such as will please the bibliophile. Published by Scribner & Welford, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

The *Magazine of Art* for March has for its frontispiece an etching by Coutry, after Adolf Menzel; an illustrated article on current art; there is a well illustrated article on the Blue Mountains of South Wales; there is a good engraving of Lepère; Ludwig Passini, the painter of modern Venetian life is discussed; M. H. Spielmann writes of the artist's model; Cosmo Monkhouse discusses some treasures of the National Gallery, London; and the "Chronicle of the Month" is full of English and American art news.

The contents of the *Overland Monthly* for March are as follows: "The Cattle on a Thousand Hills," by John Ambruso; "Socialism," by Edward W. Bemis; "Street Scenes in Mexico," by G. B. Cole; "The First Vessel across the Isthmus: A Story of 49," by Malcolm McLeod; "Virgil Williams's Art Notes to a Deaf-mute Pupil," by Theophilus d'Estrella, and "The Perils of the High Sierras," by Dan de Quille. In fiction, "Lick," by J. H. Ballard; "Mrs. Douglas's Story," by Lucretia M. Cheney; and the continuation of "The Pentecost Colony," by Leonard Kip, and "Chato and Chinita," by Louise Palmer Heaven. The verse is contributed by Ada Langworthy Collier, Thomas S. Collier, and others; and in the departments the usual high standard has been maintained.

In the March *Harper's*, Mr. Theodore Child has a delightful illustrated article on dueling in Paris, and Mr. Richard Wheatley gives a complete account of the New York Police Department, with portraits of its great men and various other engravings. This article strikes us as being rather catch-penny. Among other articles are: "Russia of To-day," by Albert F. Heard; "The South Revisited," by Charles Dudley Warner; "A Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Régime," by Charles Gagarre; and "The Rivalries of Mr. Toby Gillam," by R. M. Johnston. In the "Editor's Study," Mr. Howells discusses recent verse. The other departments are about as usual. The number, as a whole, is good.

The frontispiece of *Scribner's Magazine* for March is a portrait of M. Thiers, engraved from the painting by Healy. The first article, "The Stability of the Earth," by Professor N. S. Shaler, is a comprehensive discussion of the subject of earthquakes. The illustrations are mainly taken from photographs. They include several views of the effects of the recent Charleston earthquakes. "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner" is a short story by Joel Chandler Harris. The third instalment of ex-Minister Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" describes the establishment of the Commune. There are a number of portraits of leading Communists. Mr. Edward J. Lowell's article on "The Bayeux Tapestry" is profusely illustrated with reproductions of striking scenes from that famous work. "What is an Instinct?" is answered by Professor William James. The article deals more especially with the instincts of man. "Father Andrei" is a story of Russian life by Robert Gordon Butler. This and "Cordon!" a story of a Paris mystery, by T. R. Sullivan, are unusually good short stories. The three serials keep up their interest well.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March opens with a poem by James Russell Lowell, entitled "Fancy or Fact." The other poetry of the number includes a piece of descriptive verse, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," by Bliss Carman; "Blindfold," by Andrew Hedbrook; and "Come Back, Dear Days," by Louise Chandler Moulton. The paper on "Théophile Gautier," by James Breck Perkins, is an extremely interesting description of the distinguished Frenchman, and Agnes Repplier has a caustic article on the "Curiosities of Criticism." William Cranston Lawton has a paper on "The Hippolytes of Euripides," and "Longfellow's Art" is discussed by H. E. Snodder. Dr. Holmes's initial paper on "One Hundred Days in Europe" is full of freshness and fun. The author recalls his former visit, and compares the Derby of 1886 with that of 1831. "How thoroughly England is grooved!" he exclaims. "Our New England out-of-doors landscape often looks as if it had just got out of bed, and had not finished its toilet." There is an elaborate and clear-headed paper on "Recent Poetry," with the usual reviews and the "Contributors' Club."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator-elect Reagan, accompanied by a vigorous Republican member, was going on a tour of inspection through the elegant new quarters of the Jefferson Club recently, making various pertinent comments. Are there any bath-rooms?" remarked Mr. Reagan. "H—I, no," was the profane and abrupt response, "don't you know this is a Democratic club?"

Thomas Jefferson's compliments had an odor of Versailles about them. On one occasion a lady at an evening party called his attention to some flowers in her bosom, which were exotics but recently imported. Jefferson, admiring them greatly, inquired their name. She replied by giving their Linnæan designation. "Dear me!" said he, "I thought they were a new species of primrose." "Primrose, Mr. Jefferson?" "Yes, madam, from the snow around them."

General James B. Steedman was known in northwestern Ohio as the hero of Chickamauga. Steedman was the general of whom this story is told: As he rode into battle a comrade at his side said to him: "It is pretty hot in there, general. Possibly we may not return alive. If you fall and I survive, have you any word or message?" The old war-horse, without the least sign of feeling, replied: "If I should fall, please see that my name is spelled right in the newspapers."

When Polk was President, the chair of the Senate was occupied by George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, the Vice-President. He was urbane and courtly; his abundant hair, white as wool, was a beautiful crown to his graceful person; and his dignified, high-bred manner seemed to fit him peculiarly for his place. Here is one instance of his good breeding. The State of Arkansas was represented at that time by Messrs. Ashley and Sevier, who were in the habit of pronouncing its name differently—Arkansas and Arkansas. In recognizing them upon the floor, Mr. Dallas never failed to say, "The Senator from Arkansas," or "The Senator from Arkansas," according to each man's use of the accent.

Abby Folsom was a shouting Abolitionist, and as it was the boast of the Abolitionists that they had a free platform, they found it almost impossible to keep her from their meetings. She was an intolerable nuisance, and would be heard. On one occasion she became so troublesome to the managers of the meeting, that these Abolitionists themselves could stand their "free platform" no longer, and three of them, Wendell Phillips, his brother-in-law, William A. White, and Oliver Johnson lifted her up in the chair in which she had planted herself, and carried her out of the meeting. But she raised her voice above the tumult, and cried out: "I am more honored than my Master was. He was borne on one ass, and I am borne by three."

Once a deputation of wholesale dealers in coffee waited on Mr. Gladstone, presented their humble petition, showing how chicory imperiled the British Constitution, and the advantages which would accrue to the revenue. The agitation ended by an augmentation of duty on chicory of one hundred per cent. There was a very good wire pulled in this chicory business, which, of course, Mr. Gladstone knew nothing about. A clever importer of chicory entertained the idea of making a fortune at a single stroke, and he did it. It was this importer who had bought up all the chicory he could find, and had stored it away, paying the old low duty. Then the duty was increased one hundred per cent. According to his own statement, he made no less than seventy thousand pounds sterling and just as much as chicory went into an Englishman's cup of coffee as before.

Sir Walter Scott and Pringle of Whylbank were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Alexander I. and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honor of the Czar, where uniform was *de rigueur*, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he accordingly appeared. Being, in the course of the evening, presented to the Czar of all the Russians, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate, struck by a uniform quite strange to him, asked Scott, with some interest, in what engagements he had taken part. He replied, with ready wit: "La bataille de Cossauway, et l'affaire de Tranent." The Czar, too polite or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with grave courtesy, and said no more.

General Winfield Scott, while he was still at the head of the army, was coming out of his office one day to enter his carriage, cane in hand. A volunteer orderly approached him with a letter, which he had been directed to deliver to General Scott at once. The orderly, recking nothing of adjutant-generals or chiefs of staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh, general, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—". For a moment the old commander-in-chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud, clear voice: "Clear out, sir, clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the general got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office, and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached. General Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the general, "report to your colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir."

Concerning incidents of the battle of Fredericksburg, Private Smith, of the Second Wisconsin, thus writes in the *Century*: A round shot ripped open a soldier's knapsack and distributed his clothing and cards. But the boys could not forego their little joke; so when that column of cards was thrown some twenty feet in the air, on all sides could be heard the cry, "Oh, deal me a hand?" Other shots in that battle did queer work. Our brigade came to a halt upon the river bank, for a few moments before going into position. We had been paid off that day, and the gamblers began to play at cards the moment we halted. A man who was about to "straddle" a "fifty-cent blind" had his knapsack knocked from under him by a solid shot, and he "straddled" half a dozen soldiers, who were covered with a cart-load of dirt. Another shot struck a paymaster's tent. The struggle between that paymaster and the stragglers for possession of the flying greenbacks was both exciting and ridiculous. During a moment's halt, behind a slight rise of ground, we lay down. A soldier facing to the rear was conversing with a comrade. Suddenly he made a terrific leap in the air, and from the spot of ground on which he had been sitting a solid shot scooped a wheelbarrow-load of dirt. It was a clear case of premonition, for the man could give no reason for having jumped. On the evening of December 14th, our regiment was on picket duty. We had not been in picket line more than twenty minutes before we made a bargain with the "Rebs," and the firing ceased, and neither they nor ourselves pretended to keep under cover. But, at daylight, the Twenty-fourth Michigan came to relieve us. Before they were fairly in line, they opened fire upon the Confederates without the warning we had agreed to give. We yelled lustily, but the rattle of musketry drowned the sound, and many a confiding enemy was hit. This irritated the Confederates who opened a savage fire, and it was with difficulty a general engagement was prevented. All that day, until about four o'clock, the picket-firing was intense, but was abruptly ended by a Confederate challenging a Sixth Wisconsin man to a fist encounter in the middle of the turnpike. The combatants got the attention of both picket lines, who declared the fight a "draw." They ended the matter with a coffee and tobacco trade, and an agreement to do no more firing at picket lines unless an advance was ordered.

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THE "EXAMINER,"

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

The Tall Hat.

The late William Shakespeare once wrote in an autograph album these words:

All the world's a stage,
Sincerely your friend,
WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps he meant that there were flies on it—but we will not undertake to enter his field of thought. However, to speak in a more serious vein and treating the subject in a more dignified way, I will state that after a number of years' scrutiny of the world I am convinced that the great bard used this expression in the figurative sense only. Could he pick up his pen to-day, he would either erase the above line or add to it, so that it would read:

All the world's a stage, and nobody but the woman in the high hat can see what is going on upon it.

Yours bitterly, BILL.

It is not a new field, perhaps, this discussion of the tall hat, but I desire, in my poor, weak way, to add my testimony to the testimony of those who have sat down on said hat. I feel of a truth—occasionally—that this high hat is making an old man of me, and drawing lines of care here and there over my fair young face. Here, at the time of life when I ought to be in the full flush and pride of manhood, I find myself no longer able to build the fire in the morning, and my breath, which was once as robust as that of the upstart tree, now comes in short pants.

The tall hat, with a wad of timothy or a five-pound pompon at the apex thereof, has brought this about. How would a man look who might sit in the bald-headed row, wearing a joint of stove-pipe on his head trimmed with hay? Has it not been the custom, for years, to place bald-headed men in the front row, because they offer no obstruction to the vision?

And, now, what do we see?
We do not see anything!
I will leave it to any disinterested person to say whether I do not love and admire woman, whether aggregated or segregated, but she does do some things which, as her friend and admirer, I deeply regret.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances, in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterward learned from a member of the orchestra, who saw the whole performance.

If I had not promised a former wife of mine that I would never touch liquor, I would have been amply justified that evening in saturating myself with bay rum, or some other beverage.

I paid a large price a week before-hand for a seat at the "Hamlet" performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky Mountains, and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing, I would dismiss my audience to come and hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied, and I gathered myself up in a strong, manly embrace and hugged myself with joy. The curtain humped itself, and the first act was about in the act of producing itself when a meek little gentleman, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a woman's excursion, consisting of four members of his family, I judged. He looked about over the house, timidly took off his coat, and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he sat down to see whether executive clemency could do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably over forty, and yet with her almost beardless face she looked scarcely thirty-eight. She wore a tall, erect hat, with a sort of plume to it, made by pulling the paint-brush tail out of an iron-gray mule and dyeing it a deep crimson.

She wore other clothing, but that did not incense me so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also, and kept time to the music, and breathed hard in places, and shuddered once or twice. She also spoke to the miserable man who brought her. Her voice was a rich baritone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an over-worked freight engine. When she spoke to her escort I noticed that he shortened up about four inches and seemed to wish he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats, with domes to them, and the one who sat on my right also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to look out through the skylight of the opera house, now and then. The next one to her wore a deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman, who went out between the acts and came in with a pickled olive in his mouth each time. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, local opinion breath in her neck, trying to see whether the slender legs in long, black hose belonged to Mr. Booth, Apollinaris or the ballet.—*New York World.*

Matrimony.

There can be no doubt that in a short time the disagreeable and irksome task of getting married will be done wholly by proxy, and the man who will step in and attend to this matter at living rates will soon have all he can attend to. More especially will this new order of things be a boon to those who are taking a classical course at the penitentiary and who can not get away.

I have never conversed with any man upon the subject of matrimony who did not regard the act as most distasteful, embarrassing and painful. The marriage ceremony is an epoch, as I may say, in every man's life which he would gladly omit. He is never self-possessed if sober, and it is certainly reprehensible to commit matrimony while in a state of beastly intoxication. I would impress it upon the bride as well as the groom that it is far better to remain sober through the ceremony, no matter how trying it may be.

But the time is now coming when this trying ordeal will be experienced by a trained groom with a proxy in his pocket, and the husband *de facto* can save the expense of a new Russia iron dress suit, and the mental agitation, nervous prostration, hot flashes, and cold perspiration of the marriage ceremony.

To be successful as a proxy under such circumstances, a man should be about my age, height, and general *tout ensemble*. He should be tall, dignified, self-possessed, and of good postoffice address. He

should be a cool man, one who would not change color if a brass button should burst off the rear breadth of his frockcoat and fall to the floor, but calmly put his foot on it, and, with a chastened, far-away look, go on with his lines.

Nature has fitted but few men to shine as principals at their own matrimonial ceremonies. Most of them have a wild, hunted look, or the appearance of lethargy and coma. I never saw but one man who was perfectly cool at such a time, and it is now thought that he and his wife live unhappily together, for a few months after their marriage he worked her up in a trunk mystery, and began his freshman year at the penitentiary. He will be executed in July, soon after the anniversary of our nation's glorious natal day, and yet he is now seriously contemplating the marriage—by proxy—of a fair young girl who now comes to his cell on Tuesdays and Fridays—his reception days—bringing with her button-hole bouquets of meek-eyed pansies and tall, tremulous lilies of the valley, and fragrant ginger-cookies, of which she is herself the author.

Ab, love is a strange thing, I sometimes think, as I sit pensively by the dying firelight with my feet resting on the top of the upright piano. Is it not strange that the love of a sweet young girl, with dewy eyes framed in tremulous light, should go out groping through the cold, dark world like the tendrils of a glorious young ivy, only at last to catch on as it were, and cling to a man whose only claim to public recognition is the fact that he put a facetious glass bomb under a squad of policemen and tore great holes in their bodies? Is it not odd that a young girl, born with rudimentary brains, should at last seek out a man who tomahawked his wife, and after subdividing her poor remains, threw her into a Saratoga trunk in that wild, chaotic manner that a man always affects in packing a trunk, and checked her to a remote part of the country? Is it not strange, I say, that such a man, in a small, musty cell, dressed in a coarse, streaked suit of penitentiary seersucker, should, without effort, win the love and bouquets and pie of a glorious young being, while a plain man, whose cornucopious hands are absolutely destitute of human gore, can sit around half a lifetime unloved?

I am free to state, for one, that it makes me mad. It seems to me just as if a great big husky man, with a fair appetite, and no prison record, can stand up and fan the air forever with his strong arms, reaching out for a slight girlish figure, in tight-fitting, tailor-made clothes, to come and cling to him, while a pale, eccentric cuss, in cell 205, with a lumpy brow, and a natural gift for impromptu speaking from the gallows, has to crawl under his wrought iron bedstead to keep young people of the opposite sex from smothering him with hollyhocks and doughnuts that they made themselves.

That is the present social outlook in our distracted country. A man may win the respect of this class of young women sometimes by wrecking a train, but it will only be the devotion of a friend. Should he pine for the love that swims icy torments and walks barefoot through venomous swamps, and rears up on its hind feet and prances around in defiance of press, pulpit, and the revised statutes, he must creep into a public school, sandbag the principal, suffocate the female teachers with a blackboard eraser, and butcher the primary department. He will then be the beau of the pen, the master of the jug, and the pride of the gallows.—*Boston Globe.*

Modjeska talks of retiring shortly from the stage, and coming to live under her own vine and fig-tree, at Anaheim, in Southern California. Modjeska has now been for some time a grandmother, and the Count Bozenta is anxious that she should leave the stage and devote herself to comforting his declining years. But as she can still play Juliet and Rosalind, and look them, too, there is yet no sign that she is lagging superfluous, and no one wants her off the stage but Bozenta. Although she will spend the summer in California, she will not play here, as she does not desire again to address the public when the fashionable constituency is out of town.

There are just a dozen cheap libraries in New York that issue half-dime novels for boys. All except one issue a book every week, the average of each edition being about twenty-five thousand. Some of the books run into several editions. "Ostler Pete," one of Meredith's yarns, was put on the press seven times. "Centre Shot" also sold enormously. About four hundred authors are engaged in writing these books. The prices vary greatly. One publisher says he pays from \$10 to \$15 to new men, and gets his old writers very cheap. For the \$10 to \$15, a writer has to furnish copy of thirty thousand words, or from twenty to thirty words for a cent.

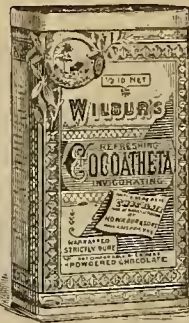
Croisy is making a splendid marble bust of Boulanger, which will be a central attraction in the floral ball of the next Salon. Other portraits of him will be exhibited among the oils. His face has suddenly become the most familiar in France. Strolling daubers traumping through the country are making a living by painting cocked hats and pointed beards over old effigies of the first Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and Gambetta, in country towns.

The largest organ in the world has just been completed and placed in the Lutheran cathedral church at Riga. The colossal instrument measures thirty-six feet in width, thirty-two feet from back to front, and is sixty-five feet high. It contains no less than six thousand eight hundred and twenty-six pipes, distributed among one hundred and twenty-four sounding-pipes.

The celebrated shop called the "Bon Marché," in Paris, has a "band," or orchestra, composed of two hundred and fifty of the men of the establishment. The other evening they gave a concert in the huge halls of the store, and eminent artists like M. Faure, of the Grand Opera, were among the singers. There were no less than seven thousand people in the audience.

A gentleman of an investigating turn of mind has taken the trouble to ascertain accurately how many days the children of Mexico lost from school during 1886. Here is the result: 52 Sundays, 26 Saturdays, 4 national feast days, 45 days of vacation, and 50 Catholic holidays—making a total of 177 days, and leaving only 188 school days.

Mr. Langtry is said to have considerably died of delirium tremens.



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The fourth and enlarged edition of our book, *A Few Flowers worthy of General Culture*, ready February 1st, is certainly the most beautiful work on flowers yet published. In it we have endeavored to show how a most lovely and fascinating garden can be made with hardy plants, and how great a mistake is the present almost universal custom of using nothing but the so-called bedding plants, geraniums, coleus, etc., for gardening purposes. The book is superbly printed, and among its contents are the following illustrated papers: "Hardy Plants and the Modes of Arranging Them," "Tropical Garden Effects," "Hardy Plants in England," "Decorative Possibilities of Hardy Climbers," "Roses Old and New," "Splendid Garden Effects with Hardy Lilies," "The Making of the Hardy Border," "Success with Hardy Roses," and "Rhododendrons, Kalmias, and Hardy Azaleas." The illustrations are profuse and most artistic and show the garden effects of different plants.

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nia Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

CCCCXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, March 6, 1887.
 Mock Turtle Soup.
 Boiled Cod's Head and Shoulders and Oyster Sauce.
 Ham and Brussels Sprouts.
 Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.
 Asparagus Salad.
 Peaches and Whipped Cream.
 Almond Flowers.
 Fruits.

ALMOND FLOWERS.—Half a pound of puff paste, three ounces of sifted sugar, the white of an egg. Roll the paste out to the thickness of one-quarter of an inch, and with a round, fluted cutter stamp out as many pieces as may be required. Work the paste up again, roll it out, and with a smaller cutter stamp out some pieces the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. Brush the larger pieces over with the white of an egg, and place one of the smaller pieces on each. Blanch and cut the almonds into strips lengthwise; press them standing into the paste closely round the rings; and when they are all completed, sift over some powdered sugar, and bake about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Garnish between the almonds with strips of jelly, and place in the centre of the ring a small quantity of strawberry or other jam. Pile high on a dish and serve.

—CHAPERONE.—A LADY TEACHER FROM NEW York, who has lived abroad, is going to Europe this summer with a young lady, and would like to have two others join her party. Correspondence with parents and guardians solicited. Address "Miss E. H.," this office.

—THE SALE OF THE "CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL" in our midst has been a phenomenal one. The Smoke Ball Co. claim that over seven thousand families in San Francisco are using this treatment for Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc. It certainly has merit.

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The slaughter of lobsters at Prince Edward Island is something astounding. There were exported the past season 91,000 cases, mostly to Europe, which involved the killing of 35,000,000 lobsters.

The American Party in Oakland.

MR. G. W. MCNEAR is the nominee of the American party for Councilman of the Fourth Ward. He is an American to the back-bone. Was born in 1837 in the State of Maine, and came to California in 1860; he is a man of family; has resided in Oakland for fourteen years; he carries on the business of a grain and shipping merchant at 314 California Street, San Francisco, and is well known throughout the State as an honorable, straight-forward, and business-like man. He will be a strong advocate for progress and attractive general improvements.

As an American and nominee of the American party, Mr. G. W. McNear should secure the active support of all true Americans.

It should be borne in mind that "Home rule for America" is quite as important a cry in municipal as it is in State elections.

Let our cities be governed and controlled by Americans with American ideas, American sympathies, and American progressiveness. Let us make it plain to aliens dwelling in our midst with all the privileges of citizens, that we are very pleased to extend them those courtesies, but that there is, nevertheless, a limit to our good nature, and that we certainly do not intend to permit them to "cuckoo" us entirely out of our nest.

Those who attend to our public affairs must be Americans, and Americans only. All who have outside national sympathies, who belong to alien guilds or societies, or who allow the great American name to be belittled in our very midst by some hyphen attachment, whether as Anglo-Americans, German-Americans, Irish-Americans, or ought else, should be content to stand on one side, and allow those who are one-hearted Americans to be elected to the control and management of American affairs.

MR. RICHARD W. GORRILL, who has received a nomination from the American Party for Councilman of the Third Ward, in Oakland, was born in Wood County, Ohio. He came to California in 1870, and has resided in Oakland for the past five years.

He is a contractor of many years standing, is President of the Pacific Bridge Company, of San Francisco, and is well known and respected throughout the entire State.

Mr. Gorrell is a thorough, driving, wide-awake, go-ahead man; he is untrammelled by any ties, this being the first time he has entered the political arena.

During the war of the Rebellion Mr. Gorrell served in United States Navy, and has thus proved himself an American of Americans without the shadow of a doubt.

GEORGE W. GRAYSON is the nominee of the American party for Councilman of the Sixth Ward, Oakland. A representative man of large property, his name is too well known as one of the very oldest and most respected residents of Oakland to require further notice.

JOHN C. BULLOCK is the nominee of the American party for Councilman of the First Ward, Oakland. Born in Pennsylvania, a resident of California since 1870, and of Oakland for fifteen years; he is a man of family, with a large and successful business in Oakland.

MR. GUSTAVE L. MIX is the nominee of the American party for the office of Assessor for the city of Oakland. Mr. Mix was born in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, in the year 1830. He has resided

in Oakland for twenty years, and in California for upwards of thirty-four. He is a man of family; has filled the office of clerk in the U. S. District Court, Southern District, California, as also that of Assessor for Los Angeles. He has, likewise, been for a great many years a searcher of records in Oakland. The great confidence reposed in Mr. Mix has been repeatedly exemplified, and is evidenced particularly in the very large practice he has secured, and in the name that he has invariably won for general efficiency. The American party has shown great wisdom in nominating Mr. Mix, who certainly deserves well of all true-hearted Americans.

OAKLAND MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

AMERICAN PARTY CANDIDATES.

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 CITY CLERK AND TREASURER,
GALEN M. FISHER.

ASSESSOR.

GUSTAVE L. MIX.

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1887.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PLATFORM OF THE AMERICAN PARTY OF OAKLAND.

Resolved, That we re-affirm the principles of the American party as enunciated at the Fresno Convention in September, 1886.

Resolved, That we hold that the fullest protection of our laws should be given to every resident of these United States without distinction between native or foreign born, citizen or alien, or on account of race or color.

Resolved, That we neither desire nor require any religious test to become a member of our party.

Resolved, That we believe in enterprise and progress, and would make ours the model city of our coast.

Resolved, That while we are in favor of maintaining all grades and departments of our public schools at the highest point of excellence and efficiency, the primary grades being the departments of the schools in which the masses are directly interested, we believe they should receive the first consideration at the hands of the Board of Education.

Resolved, That we are in favor of reducing as far as practicable the business licenses imposed upon our merchants.

Resolved, That we are in favor and will put forth our best efforts to secure an honest and economical administration of our city government.

Resolved, That all persons receiving a nomination by this Convention must endorse the platform of the party and declare themselves in full sympathy with its principles and doctrines.

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STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCLURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1886.

ASSETS,

\$114,181,963.24

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1886.....	129,927	\$368,981,441 36	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.....	129,927	\$391,869,202 88
Risks Assumed.....	18,673	\$6,834,718 92	Risks Terminated.....	9,638	\$2,004,957 40
	139,600	\$425,816,160 28		139,625	\$425,816,160 28

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

To Balance from last account.....	\$99,865,644 11	By paid to Policy Holders:	
" Premiums.....	15,643,720 66	Endowments and Purchased	
" Interest and Rents.....	5,502,456 01	Insurances.....	\$4,938,729 61
		Dividends and Annuities ..	2,727,454 13
		Deceased Lives	5,492,920 60
			\$13,129,103 74
		" Other Disbursements:	
		Commissions and Commu-	
		ications.....	\$1,732,632 83
		Taxes.....	277,169 85
		Expenses.....	1,691,613 61
			3,101,416 59
		" Premiums on Stocks and Bonds purchased	52,566 14
		" Balance to new account.....	1,471,734 31
			\$121,002,820 78
	\$121,002,820 78		\$121,002,820 78

BALANCE SHEET.

To Reserve for policies in force and for risks terminated.....	\$108,460,120 25	By bonds secured by mortgages on real estate.....	\$50,118,949 66
" Premiums received in advance.....	78,274 84	" United States and other Bonds.....	42,071,641 00
" Surplus at four per cent.....	5,643,568 15	" Loans on Collaterals.....	6,172,917 25
		" Real Estate.....	10,591,286 32
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	2,306,273 08
		" Interest accrued.....	1,166,870 65
		" Premiums deferred and in transit.....	1,565,117 28
		" Sundries.....	181,978 02
	\$114,181,963 24		\$114,181,963 24

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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 Richard A. McCurdy, John H. Sherwood, Charles R. Henderson, B. W. Van Voorhis,
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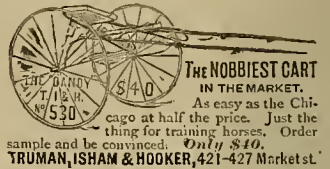
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The Argonaut.

VOL. XX. No. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 19, 1887.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Opinions concerning the Southern California boom must depend largely upon the standpoint from which it is viewed. That there is a large influx of intelligent visitors and excursionists from the Eastern States to the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego is apparent. This stream has been large, continuous, and is apparently still unabated; it is composed of the better middle class of Eastern people, who, having possessed sufficient intelligence to accumulate for themselves moderate fortunes, may doubtless be intrusted with a change of residence and an investment of their accumulations in a new land. The real estate dealers of the southern counties are not to be held accountable for the speculation now raging in town lots and suburban lands, for it is beyond the prudence and moderation of human nature not to dispose of lands or stocks or personal property to the excited and credulous when they stand clamoring for property at prices beyond its value. One can not blame the land and lot-owner, who has waited long and patiently in dull cities or unenterprising towns, nor the owner of lands unproductive and unremunerative except by the expenditure of capital and labor, when they embrace so good an opportunity to dispose of property as has been presented by the influx of the greedy Eastern purchaser. These people are fairly tumbling over each other in their haste to become own-

ers of orange groves and vineyards in southern California. Scale-bug and phylloxera have no terrors for the Eastern tourists; they drink of the vine and eat of the fruit without dread of pests; they dream of the vine-clad cottage, covered with roses, in a flowering orange grove; of orchards of olive, flowing with fat oils; of pomegranates, with their rich, red fluid hursting from their green sides. It does not occur to them that the raising of fruit is attended with labor and costly expenditure; that one can not work and live upon pomegranates, oranges, and olive-oil, nor upon climate and the imagination, but that the stomach of the laboring-man yearns after ham, side hacon, and corned pork, brought from the East; after coffee imported from South America; after tea raised in China or Japan; after sugar brought from the Sandwich Islands and refined by Sir Edward Steele; after flour, potatoes, rice, and corn; after clothes—for even the soft and balmy climate of southern California renders clothing comfortable at all seasons, and at times indispensable; that dwellings are regarded as necessary for people who have been reared in the indulgence of the higher luxuries of civilization; that fences are required for the inclosure and protection of crops; that harns and corrals are needed for the housing of stock; that as none of these things and the thousand other commodities indispensable for comfort can be raised in southern California, they must be imported from other lands, and must be paid for in such products of southern soil as can find some broader market than the locality in which they are raised. These considerations do not address themselves to the man of large wealth and fixed income, who, for his own health and comfort, or for the pleasure of some invalid loved one, leaves the rigorous northern home to seek a softer and more luxurious climate. To the man of fortune, who, after a life of labor, seeks retirement and ease for the enjoyment of his wealth, there is no more attractive place in the world than California, nor any in which the *dolce far niente* is enjoyable with more of ease and dignity. To that class of Eastern people who come to California with moderate fortunes, seeking investment in lands upon which their own labor is to be expended, and upon which they are to depend for their future support and for the support of their families, there is no place in California which is not better suited for them than the counties named. We are not now addressing ourselves to the wealthy or the speculative; how the rich spend their money does not concern us; as to the manner in which the gambler in lands or mining stocks or at the green cloth acquires his money, we are equally indifferent. But, when the farmer of Cook or Carrol County, in Illinois, sells his farm of rich and productive soil worth ninety dollars per acre at forty-five, and purchases land in southern California at six hundred dollars per acre, or lots at Pasadena for one thousand dollars per front foot, we think—and we beg his pardon for the frank expression of our opinion—we think him a most consummate ass, and when the time comes that he shall wish himself hack upon his fat acres in Illinois and in the enjoyment of four seasons, our sympathy will only be reserved for the wife and children whom his folly and greed have robbed.

An acquaintance made in a recent trip through the southern country informed us that in an interview with Mr. E. J. Baldwin, of Los Angeles, Mr. Baldwin stated that he owned fifty-three thousand acres of land, and was willing to dispose of three thousand acres upon the outlying borders of his ranch for six hundred dollars per acre. Let us suppose the farmer of any of our Western States bordering the northern lakes or the Ohio, and lying in the great valley of the Mississippi—and there are no happier homes on God's earth than there—selling his farm and stock for twenty-five thousand dollars—a great fortune for a Western farmer; a comfortable fortune for any one who works—and investing the half in land in southern California, and the other half in improvements—the word improvements embraces house, harns, fences, agricultural implements, preparation for irrigation—for at six hundred dollars an acre we presume there is water running with the land, trees and vines for planting—he would find himself with a twenty-acre fruit farm which for three years would produce nothing, and which would not be in full bearing of olives, oranges, lemons, nuts, wine, or raisins, or any other remunerative crop, in less than eight years; at the

end of the eight years there is not one chance in one hundred that his twenty acres of land would maintain his family, except by the expenditure of the individual labor of every member comprising it. The figures that multiply vines or trees by the number of acres, give by weight or number the prospective fruit, estimate the probable market value, are lies of the most damaging character. This kind of figurative lying has ruined thousands of honest men. There are not twenty acres of land in California that by any known mode of cultivation, or by the raising of any specified production, will give maintenance to an American family of six persons—father, mother, and children—unless they are willing to deny themselves all the luxuries of life, and to be content with toiling for necessities alone. This can be done by French or Swiss peasants who till the soil; it can be done by Italian or Chinese vegetable-gardeners; it can be done only where there is a market for every thing that grows. Within sight of the writer's window, not less than thirty Chinese are making a good living from three acres of land; but there is not a native-born family in the United States, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of an American home—raised, educated, fed, and dressed as is the custom of well-born American citizens—that would not starve to death on these acres. There are lands in California, not held at speculative prices, within the reach of the poorest, and with soil and climate not excelled by that of the southern country. There are places where the fruits and vegetables are of earlier maturity; there are groves of orange-trees all along the thermal belt of the Sierra, for four hundred miles in extent, reaching as far north as the county of Butte. The now annually recurring Northern Citrus Fair is held nearly two months earlier than the southern exhibitions of citrus fruits; there are lands equalling the most fertile valley of the south in productions of soil, in salubrity of climate, in variety of fruits, in nearness to markets, underlaid by artesian belts or amply provided with water by artificial distribution, for sale at from ten to forty dollars per acre—as good land as the choicest unimproved spot upon the estates of Baldwin, Rose, or De Barth Shorh; land capable of producing grains, fruits, nuts, vegetables, wine, or oil in rivalry with the best acres of the most favored southern localities, for one-fiftieth the price asked by Mr. Baldwin for his land. We are not endeavoring to allay the boom in Southern California, but we are intending to so write that the poorer class of immigrants who expect to cultivate the soil for a living may not be taken in and done for by a speculative fever as absurd and unaccountable as it is dangerous and criminal. California does not especially need immigrants, and if she did, could not afford to obtain them through other inducements than honest and truthful representations. It is a serious matter for any family to emigrate to a new State, to break up old ties and old associations, and form new ones. If the rich man makes such a mistake, he can correct it; but if the poor man with a large family makes it, it is to him a serious and oftentimes irreparable calamity. California wants no disappointed immigration, and our advice to the intending land-buyer would be not to purchase a single acre till he had been in the country a twelve-month; till he had personally visited all parts of the State. Let him see the hills and valleys when they are robed in their rich mantle of green, and then when they lie sear and brown under the cloudless skies and parching sun; let him see the streams when in full hanks from the winter's rain, and again when they are dry and the hot gravel lies along their waterless beds; let him inquire of the laboring farm-hand, who has no acres for sale—not of the land-seller or the real-estate agent. Let him then judge for himself, and if he is fooled (as fooled he will not be), he will have only himself and not the country to curse. Hoping that our subscribers in the southern country who have lands for sale, and are interested in this boom, will not stop our paper for the utterance of these unpalatable and truthful suggestions, we nevertheless venture to write and warn the stranger seeking the hospitality of our shores that city lots on the dry and barren mesas seven and a half miles from the city of Los Angeles are of only prospective value, and, remembering the divine injunction that man can not live by bread alone, to believe us when we assure them that pomegranates, olives, oranges, poetry, imagination, and fiction will

he found even less reliable as a permanent diet, or as the foundation for the building up of a great, prosperous, and healthful community.

There is a revolution going on among the daily commercial journals of San Francisco. The *Examiner* has sprung forth with new life and new vigor; it has had new blood transfused into its veins, and its heart begins to pulsate with new strength. This exhibition of renewed vitality has surprised the old, dead-and-alive, stagnant and unprogressive newspapers, and forced them to put forth new exertions to maintain their present hold and to get a surer footing and a larger circulation. Even the *Chronicle*, which has had more enterprise and a greater circulation than all the rest of the dailies, had grown fat and indolent; it undertook to get rich by opening an I. X. L. store, and swapping sewing-machines, pistols, guns, hunting paraphernalia and nickel watches; we were even afraid the time would come when it would offer a second-hand hand-me-down suit of clothes to every one who would take the daily and weekly *Chronicle*. The *Examiner* has arranged for the New York *Herald's* special European news by the new Mackay-Bennett cable, and it has turned out to be an immense hit. It has the best, fullest, and latest news intelligence that now appears in any San Francisco journal. It announces itself as an eight-page daily, instead of the loose semi-occasional supplement flying sheet-extras of some of the other dailies. The *Examiner* is the organ of a party in majority in the city and State. The *Chronicle* is the organ of the Republican party when it suits itself to be so. The *Call* is the organ of Tar Flat and the Pope's Irish, and has not the courage to announce the rising of the sun in the east, because many of its readers live in the west. The *Alta* is unprosperous and starving to death as the organ of a most respectable Democratic minority. The *Bulletin* has not the circulation or the influence or business it had ten years ago. The *Post* is hanging on by its eyelids over the ragged, dangerous edge, about half way down gathering samphire. It is not beyond the possibilities of the situation that the *Examiner* distances all its competitors in the journalistic race, as did the New York *World*, now the most prosperous journal in New York. The *Examiner* is now increasing rapidly in circulation and in business, and it may yet teach our newspapers the old, old lesson, that in the field of enterprise and in the race for success it is never safe to rest from exertion. The result of the *Examiner's* effort has compelled the *Chronicle* to make arrangements with the New York *World* and *Sun* for their specials, and even the poor old superannuated *Call* has been compelled to secure the New York *Tribune's* special London correspondence, which is that of George W. Smalley, who hates Ireland and the Irish; his work will therefore require nice revising by the *Call's* telegraphic editor to make it acceptable to its trans-Market Street and Tar Flat subscribers. This war of the newspapers pleaseth us. It gives us more and better news, and encourages us to hope that some of them may not survive the struggle.

The recent election at Oakland was an unpleasant surprise to those Americans who love their country better than any political party, and who had hoped that in this unimportant municipal election there would have been found the opportunity of vindicating a patriotic policy and of displaying a political sentiment that was above the fear of party dictation. Small politics triumphed, and small men had not the courage of their convictions. Republicans saw an apparently united Democracy, and would not risk the loss of a party triumph. Democrats thought they saw the opportunity of a party victory in the division of their opponents, so that out of a vote of six thousand one hundred and twenty-seven votes cast for Mayor there were only one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven cast for Mr. Martin, the American candidate. As at the gubernatorial election a very great many electors, both Republican and Democratic, feared to lose a vote by casting it for a great principle. This election at Oakland is not a defeat, it is an experience through which all new parties looking to political reform must pass on their way to success. The American party after four months of existence, lacking organization, in the very stronghold of the Republican party, in a community more intellectual than any other in the State casts nearly one-fourth of the popular vote, and this vote is largely composed of young men. It will grow, the party will strengthen, and while growing it will exert a healthful influence on the other political organizations. Till it triumphs it can hold the balance of power and compel the nominating conventions of both parties to recognize the principles set forth in its platform. Let the State be organized thoroughly, and the time is not distant when the American party will either secure a triumph, or compel both parties to outbid each other in the declaration of American principles as a bid for American votes.

There is no more extraordinary paradox in our nineteenth century world of affairs than the barbarism which confronts us in states which almost immediately adjoin others, where political common sense, with its resulting order and social happiness, is at the helm. This condition of things only goes to show that, vastly improved as the means of commu-

nication between the various territories of the nations of the earth at this moment are, it is only one factor in the great scheme of enlightenment, which, it can not be doubted, will be the distinguishing feature of the next few decades of our planet's history. The text for this homily has been furnished by the recent attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia, on the anniversary of the assassination of his father. It is said that the autocrat wept when he learned of the attempt that was barely frustrated; likewise that there are grave doubts in diplomatic circles in Europe, whether this attempt at assassination may not at once hurl into war that semi-barbarous empire whose very existence is at stake, so far as its autocracy and nobility are concerned, if they can not keep their subjects from thinking by killing them off, or putting them under such a burden of taxation that they will have no time to think. But it is scarcely credible that Alexander III.—who, though a mediocre man, is not devoid of common sense, and is keenly alive to the difficulties of his position—has not, even with his limited education and experience, long ago, arrived at the conclusion that it is better, safer, and more generous, to give his people representative government. The duties of the Czar of the present day do not consist in extending a dubious empire over savage Asiatic tribes—which, after all, is all that Russia has accomplished in her bare three hundred years of national existence—but to educate her masses to modern ways of thought; to a sense of independence; to an appreciation of the dignity of human existence, a thing which they can never learn from the venal and sensual court of St. Petersburg; and to put the Russian peasant—equal in everything but this—on a level with his correlatives in the rest of the civilized world. The czar who would begin to give his attention to this need fear neither homms nor Nihilism. When he eventually passed away in the fullness of time, he would leave a name behind him before which that of Peter the Great would dwindle into insignificance in the strong light of the comparison. But should the pressure brought to bear upon the present Czar by the court prove too strong for his intellect or his better nature, there is something reassuring in the fact that his consort, the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, is a thoroughly estimable lady, and may be relied upon to bring her family up to a way of thinking which, it must be hoped, will give future czars some insight into the first principles of humanity, and eventually confer upon the Russian peasant the moral and intellectual emancipation without which the physical one recently given him is simply the mournful shadow of a shade.

Something less than four hundred sorry specimens of Hibernia's most dilapidated humanity availed themselves of the supposed birthday of Ireland's mythical saint, to parade in our streets on the 17th of March. The procession was seventeen minutes in passing the Lotta fountain, at this point perhaps accelerating its pace because the fountain flows water instead of potheen. Two mounted police led the procession, followed by Grand Marshal Cassin, with enough of aids to have marshaled an army for the invasion of perfidious Albion and the overthrow of the hated Saxon power; the aids were brave in the insignia of their brief authority; next followed, mounted upon dilapidated Rosinantes, leg-weary from toil in carts and drays, Marshal's trumpeters and Marshal's aids—they made a brilliant and effective display. Two societies of the Order of Ancient Hibernians tramped to the national music, with the green above the red, wearing the familiar insignia of their order, suggesting honest Jack Falstaff's ragged regiment as it marched through Coventry. Of the literary proceedings, which took place at the California Theatre, we cannot speak, as we were not present. For an authentic, complete, and correct account of what we have no doubt was a highly interesting and successful entertainment, we commend our readers to the article which appeared in the *Call*, which is the organ of this interesting nationality. And now, without being charged with prejudice against the race that makes this absurd annual display in our streets, may we not be permitted to suggest that this be the last time that a procession offensive to our American nationality he indulged in? There are perhaps not less than thirty thousand people in San Francisco of Irish birth and lineage—men and women of highest patriotism and civilization, of intelligence and character, of high social position, culture and wealth, a majority of whom desire to break down all barriers that separate them from the people among whom they have chosen to take their residence, and who would not willingly offend Americans by any display of national hanners and national devices in opposition to the American flag and the American colors. Can not this respectable and influential class of citizenized Irish repress this offensive exhibition of harp and sun-hurst, of green flags and church emblems?—this un-American display, in honor of a dead saint? Let Saint Patrick ceremonies be relegated to the church, as all respectable members of the Catholic clergy desire. No Irish boy of American birth takes part in these parades; no respectable citizen who is not politically ambitious, favors them. In all our city, we saw but one flag of Erin displayed. The parade was a ridiculous failure, and in our opinion the whole business had better be abandoned by common consent.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Hotel Iturbide, City of Mexico, March 12th, 1887—Impressions of a sight-seeing visitor hastily passing through a country with whose manners and customs he is unacquainted, and with whose language he is not sufficiently conversant to more than serve his own requirements, must be received with great reserve. In my last letter—written within the hour of my arrival at this quaint old historic hotel, which was once the home of an emperor—I intimated my disappointment in the first-received impressions of the City of Mexico. I remember a similar impression came over me when first, at early dawn, I looked out from the window of the Hotel di Costanza at Rome, over the narrow, tortuous streets, the dreary houses, and the somber churches; but this impression wore away, and I learned to appreciate the greatness and beauty of this once world-capital, still grand and beautiful in the splendor of its ruins. The City of Mexico did not so grow upon me, and the first impression received in our ride from the railroad depot to the Hotel Iturbide—through streets not at right angles, of average width, paved with what we call Belgian blocks and cobble; sidewalks narrow and of stone; houses on the main streets two stories, with an occasional one of three stories in height; of uniform architecture, but of composite material, stone, brick, cement, and plaster—did not give me cause to change my mind. The City of Mexico is certainly not beautiful, and, until we reached our hotel, we passed but one house that could be considered elegant, which was the city residence of the family Escandone. There are many homes in Mexico of luxury and elegance, and, as I am informed, many families living in the quiet of domestic refinement; but of these houses the stranger only catches a glimpse as he passes the open portals of an interior court, in the center of which fountains play, adorned with palms and exotic flowering shrubs, and around the upper balconies of which are the rooms of the family residence, while the lower part is devoted to servants' apartments, coach-house, and stable. To the inner domestic life of Mexico's more elegant and refined society, I am informed, it is very difficult for the stranger to find his way. Of it I, at least, have no knowledge.

There are no beautiful and costly public edifices in the City of Mexico; there are no elegant commercial blocks; there are no sumptuous palatial residences; there are churches, grand enough, large enough, and, God knows, frequent enough, but they present from the outside no evidence of architectural taste or skill, and their interiors present no touch of art or beauty; there is rude carving and rough paneling in wood; an abundant display of canvas, which rarely shows the touch of a master-hand; there is the glitter of tinsel and gold-foil; the absurd images of Christ, Immaculate Mother, saints, and holy martyrs, done in wood and wax, draped in emhroideries of silk and gold. All of these show the dirt and grime of age, the smoke of incense, and the appearance of decay, and all of these, church, altar, and ornaments, have the musty smell of a Chinese joss-house. The National Palace, which fronts the Grand Cathedral, is a plain, two-story, stone building, occupying two entire sides of a large block. Its upper rooms are devoted to department and executive offices and to the legislative chambers of the National Senate and House of Congress. The central postoffice adjoining is of similar structure, and all are plain and unpretending.

Mexico is a city of churches; with less than one-half the population and less than one-third the area of the City of San Francisco, it rejoices in the possession of one hundred and sixty church structures, of which nearly fifty are large and pretentious. Of religious observances I saw but little, and those of my readers who have visited this city, when they heard the eternal clang of church-hells, saw the constant religious processions, the carrying of the Host through the public streets, at the passing of which every one, from gentleman to peon, must prostrate and cross himself; met everywhere the sanctimonious visage of priests with black flowing robes and shovel-hats—such readers will be surprised and delighted when I tell them of the suppression of all these public exhibitions of church influence; the church-bell is no longer heard; the Host is no longer publicly carried; religious street processions are no longer permitted; the priest may not show himself outside his church in sacerdotal vestments or in clerical gown and hat, and, except for the churches that still stand as monuments in this graveyard of buried superstitions, there is but little evidence that their influence still exists. There is a younger Mexico that is making itself felt in this, our sister republic; the church that has ruled the politics of Mexico since the Spanish conquest has become subordinate to the State; education is making progress; church property has been secularized; there is a growing independence of thought and reason that is asserting itself, and the clergy are being estimated for just what they are worth, and looked upon for just what they are, an idle, worthless, vagabond lot of ignorant and immoral vampires, who have sucked the blood of this people and waxed fat in their unproductive indolence. This sentiment finds expression in the press and at the hallot-hox, and if eight-tenths of the Mexican people were not Indians in the slavery of peon-

age, the hope might be indulged that she would speedily emancipate herself from a thralldom that has been continuous and disastrous since the Spanish conquest.

The Grand Cathedral of Mexico! I have not the command of technical terms for its proper description. Its façade is imposing in height and in width; it covers nearly two fifty-vara lots; great towers flank its sides, and in them are great bells—cracked as a matter of course; a great dome covers the center of the edifice; a grand entrance, beneath an imposing archway, invites to its interior, with entrances from either side. The whole structure is pervaded with the idea, not of grace, or beauty, or elegance of design, but of rude and ponderous strength. A great quarry of massive granite has, by the powerful arm of inartistic labor, been torn from its mountain home, dragged forth by unwilling hands, cast into inartistic form. The granite is rough, and incapable of receiving polish or finished work. The columns are all lofty and imposing, but their elaborate workmanship, the tracing of their capitals, seem to have been wrought out by the old Spanish wooden plow drawn by oxen, driven by Indian peons, rather than executed by the chisel in the hands of skilled and willing artists. The broad and lofty arches indicate strength, not beauty. There is no poetry in this granite pile; there is around it not the mellow atmosphere of ripe and honorable age, but of premature decay. In comparison with the marble dream at Milan, with its statues of world-renowned sculptors; the splendid structure of Saint Peter's, so rich in mosaic art and in the handiwork of the great artists of the mediæval age; the Duomo of Venice, fair picture of an age of art; the elegant cathedral spires of England—in comparison with these, the "Grand" Cathedral of Mexico seems but a travesty; an imitation that is vile, a squat, ungainly nightmare, the bad dream of a bad and cruel age. With its history and creation there are associated no memories of good and noble men who loved their kind; around it there cluster no recollections of generous, noble deeds; in its work there are no traces of the hands of great artists; no fame of architect or sculptor, or painter does it preserve. It is the enduring monument of a race enslaved by a superstitious bigotry; of a religion that has no charity; wrought out, in cruelty and wrong, by a race distinguished only for its oppressions, its bloody and inhuman conquests, and its terrible, cruel persecutions. We enter the great Cathedral of Mexico, we look up to its great arched dome, its splendid spaces, its broad aisles, and again admit our admiration of its vastness. We stand bewildered in the great hollow thing, filled with sham and tawdry imitation of real art; things of beauty we see—columns of malachite, altars blazing with tinsel splendor, pictures everywhere, in some of which we think we discern the touch of a master hand; ornaments of bronze and silver and gold—but undistinguishable in a wilderness of painted, gilded monstrosities that wound the sense of art and offend the sentiment of worship.

There is a sense of amazed bewilderment as one treads his way among the multitude of men and women, beggars and ladies, burden-bearing Indians and airy old dandies of the Spanish race, who have not forgotten that the church was their rendezvous for love-making in their youth, kneeling, praying, crossing themselves, and murmuring penitential invocations with devout eyes upturned to some waxen painted image of holy mother and divine Bambino; some painted, gilded, uncouth, carved representation of saint, or angel, or holy martyr, draped in tinsel stuff, enthroned for the worship of a brainless mob, that crawls upon the floor, and crosses itself, and kisses the stone slabs upon which it kneels, and with its tongues lick the form of the cross in the dirt. The flies upon the ceiling, as they sharpened their antennæ and washed their faces, must have looked down with their sharp little eyes in contempt upon the human mob that, in ignorant and superstitious stupidity, performed its senseless acts of hypocritical and unmeaning devotion. I think the flies did resent the spectacle, for every smug-faced priest that sat in his open confessional-box, listening to but not hearing the dull and dreary iteration of sins admitted, was compelled to cover his face with his silk bandanna that he might sleep undisturbed in his holy office.

The Church of Guadalupe, standing as far from the center of the city as our Mission Dolores from Montgomery Street, is of inferior size to the cathedral, but it is of greater wealth, and is held by the Indian population in greater reverence, for it is the shrine of the patron saint of the modern Mexico of the cross, and it is our idea that most of the traditions of the age of Montezuma, and the rites of their pagan religion, have died out from the Indian memory. This is the edifice around which lingers the marvelous legend that the mother of God appeared to a poor Indian and plucked roses for him from the barren earth, and indicated to him her desire for the erection of a church. At twelve different places and at twelve different times she presented herself, and these spots are now indicated by roadside monuments. This church excels any other in Mexico for its wealth of ornaments; its altar-rails are of pure silver; the halo around the head of Christ is of pure and solid gold, and there are hints of rare jewels and hidden treasures not displayed to the traveling newspaper correspondent. There is here also a marvelous spring of iron and soda, bubbling from a rock

which has been carried away, whose curative properties are attested by crutches and certificates, as are those of Lourdes and Knock. The spring burst forth from the rock when touched by the lips of the holy Virgin. Over it is constructed a baptistry which, for beauty of design and execution, seemed to us to be the handsomest small edifice in the City of Mexico. It is profusely ornamented in its interior with carving, gilding, and painting. Connected with this church and holy spring there is a burial ground, the price of admission to which is fifteen hundred dollars; but it is cheap, perhaps I may be permitted to say, "dirt cheap," for burial within its sacred ground insures the departing soul immediate and unquestioned admission into paradise, without the annoyance and expense of purgatorial delay.

One of the most interesting sights in the City of Mexico—as it is in all cities to one who desires to study the people—is a view of the markets. There one sees not only the productions of the country, and what people demand for their daily domestic life, but also the people who produce and consume; there one sees squatting upon the ground, upon mats, the dealer in every article of food raised in the republic; threading their way among these dealers is an immense crowd of all classes of people, from the well-dressed and well-gloved lady with her servant in attendance, to the lowest and laziest peon who finds employment in some menial service. The dealers in fruit, vegetables, meats, dairy products, and products of the farm are mostly Indians. There is a market called, I believe, "The Indian Market," in an open street about the width of Montgomery, the whole of which from the wall-line of the houses, embracing roadway and sidewalks, is occupied by Indians; men and women are there, squatting upon mats, exposing their wares and produce for sale; they are dealers in every kind of farm and garden produce, and in every variety of merchandise; one deals in calico, another in dried beans, and so on through the whole range of merchandise, from German toys to cheap productions of English looms, from garlic, tomatoes, and dried pepper, to chickens, puppies, and fighting-cocks. Here one sees the poverty of the nation; the straits to which the common people are driven; here is evidenced the hard fight for existence. Over it hangs the gloom of hopeless depression; about it there is no sportive gaiety; even gossip seems dead, and children do not sport and play. The whole crowd look hungry, sad-eyed, and despondent, and well they may, for in the centre of this street, covered with stone slabs loosely joined, there creeps a great, vile, stagnant stream of putrid rotten, stinking sewage, the refuse of a crowded city; through the interstices of the covering one sees this dark river of pestilence sweeping along to a distant canal, through which it passes on to a lower depression of the Valley of Mexico, emitting a smell and exuding pestilential vapors that would render the place uninhabitable if it were not for the fact that the City of Mexico is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and that to its poorer classes malaria has become the bane and condition of their lives. The City of Mexico—with its churches that have cost millions, with its shrines that have received the contribution of inexhaustible mines, with its cheap labor extorted from millions of unwilling peons—has not, after more than three centuries of occupation, as yet had enterprise enough to drain itself. To effectually drain this city, which lies in the lowest depression of the valley, is a work of engineering magnitude, and it is estimated that it would cost eight millions of dollars.

Of the governments of Mexico, municipal and federal, I can have no better information than any intelligent reader, but all unite in the opinion that everything in this respect is improving. The existence of railways renders civil uprisings more difficult and dangerous than before their construction, enabling the central power to concentrate troops speedily at any threatened locality. President Díaz seems to command and deserve the confidence of the better classes, and the opinion seems very general that the best interests of the Republic demand his longer continuance in the Presidential office than the Federal Constitution by its terms provides. The word "Dictator" is most freely used, and it would not, I think, be surprising if Díaz remained in power beyond the constitutional term.

A trip from the City of Mexico to Orizaba gave us a view of the whole breadth of the great valley of Mexico and a brief glimpse of the *tierras templadas* that lie at an elevation some four thousand feet lower than the plain of the great valley. The railway from the "Boca del Monte" to the City of Orizaba is one of the great feats of scientific engineering, the descent being attained over a grade the larger part of which is two hundred and forty feet to the mile, and disclosing many picturesque and agreeable views of mountain and valley. The most noticeable features of the plains we crossed are the great maguey plantations from which the Mexican beverage called "pulque" is obtained, and which, when distilled, is known as "mescal," a fiery brandy. The "maguey" is our American aloe, a plant familiar in all parts of California, and known as the "century" plant. In Mexico it covers not thousands, but tens of thousands of acres, planted in squares about thirty feet apart. Its great fields look exceedingly picturesque. The plant matures in twelve years, and when the flower begins to show itself, the liquid is

taken from the hulk by a siphon adapted for the purpose; about three gallons flow from each plant. Pulque is the universal drink; it is transported from house to house in hogskins with body, snout, four feet, and stump of tail filled with the liquid; beneath the tail a natural aperture is provided with a spigot, for the convenient drawing off of the liquor. Pulque shops are even more common than churches, and yet we saw but little drunkenness upon the streets of the cities we visited.

General Frishie, a former and highly esteemed resident of our State, and now a citizen of Mexico, invited us to visit with him the castle and palace of Chapultepec. He drove us in his carriage through the wooded grounds, and to the higher elevation upon which the castle stands, seemingly impregnable from the attack of infantry, except under the cover of artillery. This was the castle captured by our troops after the memorable battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, and Molino del Rey, all fought upon the same day, and all within sight of the parapet, from which we overlooked the surrounding country. Chapultepec is now a military school. We saw the classes—some two hundred pupils in all—on parade, and presenting a most creditable appearance. It is also the summer residence of the President of the Republic. The executive rooms and banqueting hall are most gorgeously ornamented in fresco and embroidered hangings, and are magnificently furnished, the work having been done by Herter of New York. The view from the heights of Chapultepec exceeds in beauty anything I saw in Mexico, and indeed I do not recall any other scene I have witnessed in the world more picturesque and beautiful. Around its immediate base lies a great wood of ancient trees, of which the cypress is the most prominent. In the near distance is the beautiful village of Tacubayon, with its villas and rural homes; more distant the City of Mexico, with its spires and domes; around the whole the great fertile valley of Mexico, with its groves and green fields, and all lying within the circumvallation of a lofty mountain chain that surrounds the valley upon the horizon's verge. What added to the beauty of the scene was the fact that since our visit the valley had been shrouded in mist, and clouds had obscured the more distant views; we had not seen Popocatepetl nor its twin sister, Iztaccihuatl—"the white lady"—which in fair days were visible from the city; but as we stood upon the parapet overlooking the valley, the mists lifted their shadowing veil, the clouds parted, and a brilliant evening sun lit up the snow-clad, lofty summits of these splendid volcanoes, and they stood out before us in all their beauty and grandeur; their lofty summits, seventeen thousand feet in the sky, reflecting the glory of sunlight, shadow, and snowy crest over all. It was a scene of real enchantment, lasting, perhaps, half an hour, when the clouds again gathered around their summits, and the mist enclosed them with its fleecy veil.

I must conclude this letter with these only partial descriptions of a most interesting country and a most unique civilization, reserving for my return the expression of opinions concerning institutions which I have industriously and carefully studied, although my opportunities of observation were brief.

We are now considering whether we shall turn our faces homeward, or on Sunday visit the city of Puebla, to witness a famous bull-fight, under a master of the cruel and cowardly sport, who has been imported from Madrid for the purpose of showing how he can torture to death a spendid bull, and how carefully he can protect his own cowardly carcass by his skill in blinding his antagonist with his serape, and his agility in avoiding danger by leaping a barrier provided for his safety. If the whole adult male Spanish race could be put into one vast arena, with a fiery young Andalusian bull for every one, with a fair fight, and no chance to leap barriers, and no clothes to blind the bull's eyes; a fair fight, hand to horn, and no quarter, no turning up the fair thumbs of female beauty when the bull gets his horn in the bowels of the cowardly brute who is tormenting him, we would spend a willing month in Mexico. I have seen these cruel sports in Madrid, and as my sympathy was always for the bull and for the poor blinded horse, I think it not probable that the sight of another of these exhibitions will increase my respect for a people who seek to elevate cruelty and cowardice to the rank of art, and endeavor to raise the slaughtering of bulls to the dignity of a national amusement. In order to preserve my temper and keep myself in position to express impartial opinions upon Mexico and Mexicans, I think I had not better witness the exhibition of Sunday ceremonies, either in church or *arena de toros*. P.

After the recent manoeuvres of the German army, a serenade was given in honor of the Emperor, and twelve hundred executants took part. It was pitch dark, and, of course, quite impossible for the handsmen to see the conductor's beat. But science suggested an accumulator on the music desk, connected with a properly covered wire secured along the conductor's stick, from the tip of which there shone a tiny electric light.

Wiggins, the Canadian prophet, now says that he predicted the recent earthquakes. If the last trump should sound, above the uproar of a crashing universe would resound the voice of Wiggins, crying out, "I told you so."

A TIGRESS TAMED.

When Mr. Archibald Brooke is described as the nephew of his uncle, and is depicted in the library of his uncle's mansion in Devon, reading an idle book of verse at eleven o'clock in the morning, it becomes evident that he belongs to what is known as the privileged class of Englishmen. And yet, on the May morning in question Mr. Brooke was in a somewhat ticklish position. From his father he had inherited nothing but a hony, muscular frame, and a pleasant, if not very handsome, face; from his mother nothing but a heart not altogether adamant, and two kindly gray eyes, the which he, however, disfigured with spectacles.

None of these hereditaments will do very much for a man nowadays; and Mr. Brooke's friends had thought him uncommonly lucky when, being left an orphan, his maternal uncle, Sir John Tutt-Maxted, had taken him home to Maxted Towers. The country-side, indeed, considered Archie—as he was called for miles around—his uncle's heir beyond all peradventure. But one fine spring day Sir John Tutt-Maxted went up to town to attend to some little matters of business, and when he returned to Devonshire he returned a married man. Nor was this all. He had married a saucy little American girl, who laughed and chattered in and out of season, and talked atrocious slang. Worse yet, the bride brought a cousin of hers, another Yankee maiden, by name Miss Ruth Payson, in her train; and the two turned the towers, and the home farms, and the village of Bishop's Teignton very much topsy-turvy.

Archie Brooke behaved, on the whole, remarkably well for a man in such a position. He certainly thought that his fair step-aunt would have been better in place if she had stayed in California, and he treated her with, perhaps, a little more punctilio than was needful. But he was seldom ironical in his courtesy; and to the pretty Miss Payson he inclined to be more than courteous.

Like many young men with deep voices and little to do, he had a habit of reading aloud, for his own delectation, such scraps of verse as pleased him, and on this particular morning he was rolling out some of Denham's ponderous lines:

"These outward beauties are but the props and scaffolds
On which we build our love, which, now made perfect,
Stands without these supports."

Just as he had dropped his voice effectively on "supports" the library door opened, and he rose from his chair to greet Lady Tutt-Maxted.

"What are you reading Archie?—I suppose one may call one's nephew 'Archie,' even if he does not approve of one." "I was reading an old forgotten poem, written by a certain Sir John something, who went mad."

"And married an American?"

"I don't think Americans—or, at any rate, the present delightful sort of Americans—were invented in those days."

"Archie, how old are you?"

"I was six and twenty before you opened the door, and have gained more pleasure than years since then."

"Don't you think you are old enough to know which side your bread is buttered on?"

"I believe the accepted theory to be that one's bread is buttered on the side nearest the floor."

"You are very silly, for all your grave airs. I came here to do you a favor."

"Command me—how can I serve you?"

"To do you a favor, I said."

"When I have done what you have in mind that I should do for you."

"You are not stupid, after all."

"Stupid before all, then?"

"Let me talk. Archie Brooke, when I came to this house I expected you to make yourself nasty. Don't interrupt me—it's an Americanism to interrupt. You haven't been as nasty as I thought you would be, but still you thought that I was a poor quality of goods to trim up for a Lady Tutt-Maxted. I didn't mind what you thought—much. But now I want to make friends, Archie, real friends. I suppose you feel that I've put your nose out of joint. Well, I probably did move it a little to one side. And you don't like it where it is now. But maybe you don't want it where it was before, either. Maybe your ideas about the best place for a nose have changed. Now suppose I were to help you set the dislocated nose in a nice new shape, what would you do for me?"

"My dear Lady Tutt-Maxted, I would do anything in the world for you if I had no nose at all—except indeed to choose your roses."

"You are very tiresome. Archie, truly, I have changed my mind about you. I want to be nice to you. I don't want to stand in your way with Sir John the least bit. I want to help you about something else that you care even more about. Ah, that wakes you up! Will you make up and be friends, please?"

"I will; I swear it on this lily-white hand."

"—m. Well, it's your aunt's hand, isn't it? Now, Archie, I want you to do something for me."

"You surprise me!"

"No, don't play now. I'm in terrific earnest. I didn't like you at first, but I do now. You are a little queer, aren't you, now, Archie?"

"Alas, dear aunt—alas!"

"You're not the regular thing in the way of a Britisher at all, and that's why I didn't take to you. I thought you ought to have side-whiskers and an eye-glass—or curly hair anyhow. You look just like our college professors, you do! And so I thought you were sly. It looked so, didn't it?—just like a man in disguise. But it's all right now. Archie, I'm in a real scrape."

"Already?"

"If you're going to be horrid I'll go back to Ruth. And if I do I'll settle your chances in that direction. No, it's nothing now; it's an old story, back in California."

"Letters?"

"How can you say such a thing as that to me? Well, you see, Archie, girls in America have a great deal more liberty than they do here."

"So I have heard."

"And a girl is usually engaged three or four times. But no one thinks anything of it. And they read—well, they read everything!"

"And write—everything?"

"No—But of course if a girl is allowed to be engaged without her folks knowing it, when she is only seventeen, and allowed to read all sorts of novels at libraries, she'll write very silly letters to—people."

"Has he got 'em?"

"Has who?"

"The other one?"

"Archie, you're a dear boy. No, hut somebody else has! He was as common as—ugh!"

"Are they very—er—?"

"Um—Pretty. And Sir John is so particular."

"Yes."

"And so easily grieved."

"Yes."

"Will you help me, my nephew?"

"Yes."

"It's a woman."

"O-o-o-h!"

"She got hold of them. She was in San Francisco. She is half a Spaniard. She was a manicure—and all that. She is a *wretch!* I have given her money without end; for two years—long before I came to Europe."

"And she wants more?"

"Worse than that. She wants me to receive her—to invite her here. Of course she was not in society out there—but she knew—she knew everybody—everything. She says she would not write to anybody about being here; but she *would*. And Ruth, she would wonder—she wouldn't make allowances. She is real jolly—but she has always been so lucky that way! There isn't a thing—not a *thing*. And girls like that are uncharitable. Besides, Sir John has been good to me, and it wouldn't be right to him—she is odious! Help me, for his sake—no, for *my* sake, dear Archie."

"Won't she sell them?"

"She *says* she won't—I think she means it. She made lots of money out there."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Anything. *Strangle* her! She is too wicked to live."

"I don't doubt it, but this is not California."

"Oh, I feel really *crazy* when I talk about her. She is an old cat—and pretty! She is ever so much prettier than I am—with her make-up on. She sells those things too. How smart she is! Will you get me the letters?"

"Yes."

"How can you?"

"I haven't come to that question yet."

"Archie, you know a lot about everything, don't you? You really *can* do things, can't you?"

"Some things. What is her name?"

"Juanita de Legaspé, Mme. de Legaspé. She says she is a Spanish officer's widow. She's a great many widows, I believe."

"Where is she?"

"In London—the Hôtel de Dranguignan, Leicester Street, you know, one of those little French hotels around Leicester Square. She does not even go to a decent hotel, and then she wants to come to Maxted Towers!"

"If you had the letters you would feel easy?"

"I would snap my fingers, my nephew!"

"Consider them snapped already."

"If it will help you any, she keeps the letters in a horrid little beaded bag, one of those buckskin tobacco-pouches the squaws make. They were in it when she got them; it was one that—"

"You don't know where she keeps the bag, do you?"

"She had it with her, in her pocket, whenever I saw it. I guess she keeps it there all the while—she is just spiteful enough. She hates me—and how I loathe her!"

"I will get them."

"But *how*, Archie?"

"Buy them of her, reform her out of them, beguile them out of her, steal them, arrange an earthquake, anything! I will go to town to-night."

"Archie."

"Yes."

"Kiss your aunt for her Cousin Ruth. I will pass it on. There!"

"Don't! Keep it until I redeem it with the letters, and I'll ask you to give it back to me then."

"They are not so *very* silly after all, Archie. I don't want you to think—not for a moment!"

* * * * *

Pierre Brunox was one of the fugitives who, between the end of May and the beginning of June, 1871, found it expedient to deport themselves to the side of the Channel furthest from McMahon and law. Unlike many of the heroes of the commune, Brunox fled empty-handed. And this was the more remarkable in that many of these gentry did their thieving in the mere exuberance of their riotousness, whereas Brunox's connection with the insurrection was only an incidental result of his thievishness, a characteristic which in his case had developed from a propensity into a profession. There had been plundering, of course, and Brunox had plundered; but owing to some mischance he arrived in England penniless.

"And yet I am rich!" cried Brunox, as, with dramatic insistence, he pressed his foot into the black mud of the Dover quay. "Have I not Jeanne? Revive, Jeanne! Forget the pitching of the steamer which disturbed thee, the dangers at Calais which perturbed thee! We are free, we are in England, the ground does not roll! The gendarmes smile upon us—forget Vinot, L'Amirault, Cisse, and Douay—we are rich—I in thee, thou in me!"

When a man felicitates himself on his personal liberty and the society of the object of his affections, it is obvious that the reverse of these blessings must recently have been presented to his attention. Such was certainly the case with Brunox, who, only a week before, had seen every reason to expect an enforced domicile in a land where gendarmes do not smile.

On the night of the 23d of May, two of the greatest scoundrels in Paris sat on a pallet, playing cards. Their faces were the faces of men who drink, but their throats had itched in vain for months. They were men of the sort who wave their bands, and stamp their feet, and shout when they play cards, but they scarcely moved as they shuffled the pack, and spoke in undertones. For the pallet was in a cell, and

the cell was in the Dépôt des Condamnés. Brunox, "La Trique" was his name among the crooks; and "Sourd-Muet," the man who, in horrid silence, murdered six poor girls one night, dumb to their questions, deaf to their pleas, going from house to house with his hidden knife in greed of their wretched earnings, and yet escaped the knife of justice; these were the two. They had but three days more in sunny France, and then they were going to *travail forcé* in sunnier New Caledonia.

The stake on the game was a pinch of wretched midrib tobacco—enough for a cigarette, perhaps, but all they had between them; at any rate a sufficient stake, as what is not?—to excite a quarrel.

"Bah, Brunox! You will not play by rule. We made our convention; we arranged the game; if I catch you 'jumping the cut' you lose the deal, and now you deny it when I saw you; I will have the deal; I detected you; your fingers are toes, you are a pig of the Ile de la Cité; I will kick your teeth out, scar-nose! Disease catch you! Son of cows; sneaking at windows, coward of blood! I am a man; you—you are a woman long dead!"—all this in a hissing whisper; the man's yellow eyes blood-shot with impotent rage, for he dared not fight in the jail.

"La-la! You see two ways. Toes, indeed! My feet are better with cards than your hands! We will not quarrel—to death the cards, they are as sermons to me to-night. They must be having fun outside, those rioters. Is Jeanne in it, I wonder, Jeanne of the Pyrenees, my little counter-cleaner?"

"Your Jeanne has stuck her pins in another wall-paper by now, sot."

"Possibly. It matters nothing now. She could not be in New Caledonia, if she wished."

"I wonder it is as bad as they say out there."

"Is it! There is a spider, 'nooked,' they call him. He spins threads you can hardly break—the islanders eat him—eat the green clay under foot—eat each other—eat us. The guards are devils—they play stick-knife on your stomach—it will be fun, that. Eh? What's that? Listen! Hi, the boys are in the Rue d'la Rognette! The noise! They are breaking in! Will they free us? They are quaint, those lads! They should use me well—I, who robbed the General Lecomte. Alas, why were we not politicians! Sow of hell, they are in the corridor—*Vive la Commune! Vive Blanqui!* About, you fool! *Ho-la-a-a!* Release us, we are with you!" A dozen men paused at the door, iron bars in their hands, torn from the railings.

"Will you carry petroleum, if we let you out?"

"Yes, yes. Is Goucher there? He knows me, Brunox, La Trique—ask him!"

"Come, then," and the iron lattice fell.

"Is the other boy right—your fat brother, there?" asked one of the men, as he freed Brunox from his irons.

"No; he is a dog, an ape of the aristocrats!" cried La Trique, and struck Sourd-Muet down with a shackle which had fallen from his own leg. "Now, will you kick out my teet?"

Sourd-Muet made no reply; his head lay against one of the legs of the pallet, rolled a little, and his tongue lolled out from his mouth and seemed to reach toward an ace of clubs on the flagging by his side.

Free, Brunox reeled through Paris with the mob that night, and in the morning sought for Jeanne. He found her, and when a few days later it became evident that the commune was doomed, they two, who had involved themselves in its crimes, fled to England.

Jeanne was pretty, and Jeanne was plausible; Jeanne told a story of pathos and horror to the good people of Dover; she and her husband were political fugitives; were poor, homeless, expatriated, and she got enough money to take them to London. They found congenial society in Soho, haven beloved of exiles; and Brunox looked about for work, work of a certain sort, be it understood, for was not he called La Trique? After Jeanne had learned her way about town, she took a little walk without her dear Brunox one day, and visited a pawnbroker in Greek Street, to whom she showed a *châtelaine*, studded with sapphires, a bit of pickings in the Rue de Rivoli. It had, she said, been her mother's—her mother was of the émigrés—and she wanted money so sorely. The worthy man of the golden balls may have had his doubts, but the thing was of foreign make—the risk could not be very great.

"It ain't 'all-marked, you see, Miss, and them danglers ain't got any siale liately. What's the least cher kun do with?"

After some haggling a sum was fixed, which was small enough to leave the broker a bargain, but seemed a fortune to Jeanne.

She had said nothing to Brunox about the *châtelaine*, and she said nothing about the roll of bank-notes. The love of a young girl is full of delicious reticences. But she wrote him a sweet little note. Jeanne was said by some of her sprightly young friends of the Quartier Montmartre to have been a *Cagot* by birth, and a frog-catcher by occupation for a time; but, still, it was a well-written note that she pinned on Pierre's pillow before she took the train for Liverpool:

"DEAREST BRUNOX: I am a burden to you, therefore I leave you. Think of me sometimes. I will come back some happy day. I go to Yorkshire, where there are makers of artificial flowers."

Adieu.

Thine sadly,

JEANNE."

Brunox swore a little; he did not much believe in Yorkshire and the artificial flowers. He watched the music-halls and other resorts for Jeanne, but she was not to be found. He consoled himself with a Mme. Ducange, who kept a little restaurant in Leicester Street, and married her. The restaurant grew into a private hotel, and was named after Madame's native village. They were pastorally happy. They watched flocks of customers browsing about the *table d'hôte* in search of everything à discrétion. In process of time she died, and her place in the kitchen was taken by a red-haired young *blanchisseuse* from across the street; a girl with a mole on the tip of her nose, but an excellent cook of the Burgundian school, as the patrons of Brunox agreed.

And where meanwhile was the faithless Jeanne? In word, she was everywhere. From Liverpool she sailed to New York, drifted to Chicago, to New Orleans, bettering herself always, until she found her fortune in San Francisco. There she opened an establishment for the sale of cosmetics, and the treatment of the finger-nails—her own hands were very slim and pretty—and did a little blackmailing at intervals; all under the name of Mme. de Legaspé, a Carlis

patriot's widow—one who had seen happier days on the banks of the Manzanares. San Francisco is not the worst place in the world for the exercise of such talents as those which the Bon Dieu had given Jeanne, and a knock-about life developed. Jeanne may or may not have paddled about the marsh of Bigorre for frogs, but she certainly showed great acuteness in finding the frogs she wanted in San Francisco; the men who would submit to *chantage*. In the land of the late Legaspé, the periodical press is supposed to do all this work, but as the newspapers of San Francisco are, happily, not in that line of trade, it has to be conducted less systematically. Jeanne never made an error. One of her "audience" consulted Kennard, the great attorney of Montgomery Street. The lawyer stroked his shaven jowl with the back of his hand, flecked a mote from his polished index-nail, and said: "If she's after you, she's got hold of something. The fair Juanita is pretty fly. I think on the whole I'd part." And the point of it was that this sage adviser had been taking his own medicine for a long time past!

Yes, Mme. Legaspé was a clever woman. When Jeanne had become very prosperous, she became discontented, as fortunate people will, sometimes. She was a little bored. Mr. Kennard called her "the fair," and in truth she was a marvellously pretty little nervous brunette, with eyes like black diamonds. But, as she had been heard to say, the men of San Francisco admired only two styles of women; these were babies and mountains of flesh. Jeanne was neither one nor the other, and of course she was a little faded—just the least thought in life faded. Not all the cosmetics in Constantinople could quite conceal that. The gilded youths and their golden seniors grew to neglecting Jeanne.

Finally, and in a fit of the blues, she wrote to one of the most respectable citizens of San Francisco a note which did him infinite honor, showing, as it did, the poor widow's frank confidence in his benevolence. In this note she requested him to buy out her shop in its entirety.

The capitalist did as he was requested—not indeed without a little persuasion. He had, of course, many other claims upon the goodly proportion of his income which he devoted to widows and orphans. But he considered it prudent to be benevolent in this case.

Thus it was that Jeanne was enabled to shake the yellow dust of the Bay City from her dainty shoes. Paris was her destination—what mattered the events of ten years before? But she would fold her wings and shake the folds out of her dresses at London, pausing there in her flight to the great aviary. There was a little lady in England who would be glad to see her, who would perhaps not be glad to see her—but who would give the poor widow of a patriot a few of the nice crisp English bank notes, the notes of Greek Street, so different from the dingy and dog-eared greenbacks. Better yet, the kind lady would be hospitable to the widow, would open to her the wonderful gates of English society. The county families should know and admire Juanita!

In London she saw Brunox in the street—and so far from being discomfited, deigned to take up her residence at his hotel.

And it was in this way that the letters in the beaded bag found their way to the Hotel Draguignan, Leicester Street, London, W. C.

Mme. de Legaspé was a little out of temper. London seemed a wretched place—the fog, the subfusc tone of English life weighed upon her; it seemed like a dimly-lighted cathedral in which a funeral continued endlessly, the obsequies of youth, and mirth, and pleasure. San Francisco had grown wearisome—but London! The men with their red faces and their loutish bearing, their great boots, like *sabots*, that they planted on the greasy flags as solidly as if they all bore burdens on their heads; the odious hansom, as difficult to enter as a buggy; the theatres, with their heavy, pompous atmospheres; the morning papers, with their magniloquently offered platitudes, and not a line of news that one could read; the weeklies, in which the spiciest gossip was the meanness of the Queen; the monthlies, with their outer air of pamphlets and their inward air of tracts; the shops—*mon Dieu*, the shops, with their girls as slow as oxen, and their men as dull as sheep; with their windows showing diplomas where they ought to show their goods; the houses, built like prisons, and their curtains always drawn; the parks, as dull as graveyards; public buildings, glum as tombs; and the costumes on the women, dowdy-looking, hung like bath-wraps, worn as Biddy wears her clothes. "If I look at the streets I want to scream!" cried Juanita.

At the first sight of Brunox, she had imagined that he would amuse her, that in talking with him she would recall the Jeanne of old days, the joyous vitality, the appetite for *prôlins* and rough jokes; forget the "pump-stabs" under her knees, and the nervous headaches that even morphine would not always kill.

"He has an air of distinction, has Brunox, he is more like an old soldier than a retired thief—he is as military as my poor Legaspé!" thought Jeanne, and flashed her little teeth in a charming laugh as she realized that she herself had at last accepted her mythological antecedents as facts, and come to regard the Legaspé phantom as a reality.

When, however, she had talked a little with Brunox, it was a different matter. Originally on a plane inferior to hers, he had remained where he was, while she was accommodating herself to a more rarefied atmosphere. He had become, practically, an honest man—but his honesty was *bourgeois*, as his rascality had been vulgar. He had been a rat, furively gnawing at the cheese of Paris; contemptible certainly, but at any rate predatory, challenging society, if only in forays. And now he was torpid, timid, viscous maggot; fattening in the heart of the cheese of London, permitted by the pantry-man. He had never possessed any trait befitting a man, except his recognized individuality, and he had now merged that in the smooth emulsion of law-abiding mankind.

The little woman amused herself in observing Brunox's recognition of the change in their relative positions. His intercourse with her was a comedy. He sometimes ventured to recall an incident of the old days, or to tell a queer little story of "Paris in London," but always with a tentative familiarity, preserving the attitude of a favorite valet who ventures to tell his master a bit of gossip. The change in Jeanne could not escape even his dull perceptions. There had been much familiarity about her relations with her

clients in San Francisco, nor had the familiarity been contemptuous on their part. The social atmosphere of the city is anomalous, it seems as distraught as the cave of the winds. She, at any rate, had not recognized her social subordination to the ladies who resorted to her; and she had caught their distinctive tone, that combination of bohemianism, snobbishness, critical morality and delicate impropriety which makes them at once the safest and the most alarming of daughters and wives, and which, grafted upon temperaments as incongruously inclusive, renders them the most fascinating women in America, at any rate.

Against Nina Duggan, now Lady Tutt-Maxted, she cherished a little feminine animosity. There had been a matter of a man—a scamp who had been engaged—deeply engaged—to Nina and then not married her, and who had drifted into the silken meshes of Jeanne's net—and in the course of a little flirtation had given her the letters, or let her steal them from him; and there were little responsive endearments in the letters which aroused Jeanne's jealousy. Jack, the scamp mentioned, had been very charming. And Nina had played with his moustache and called him her pirate, before Jeanne indulged in those little follies—or so Jeanne thought. He had been very much of a pirate, certainly. There had been an affair of Jeanne's gold-mounted *lorgnette* which was even too bad for a pirate. With the mien of a prince and the personal charm of a poet and a grand tenor, he had apparently inherited a taint of the blackguard. Nina had once accused him of negro blood; that was her simple explanation of his disparities.

And, now, Nina had made a brilliant marriage, and would not be civil to an old friend! There were not only the letters, thought Jeanne, as she sat tapping her feet on the fender, there were stories one could recall. Nina had not been one of the quiet girls at the seminary; none of her class at the seminary had been very quiet. Those letters she certainly should not have for money—at any rate, not just yet; a determination which, Jeanne having formulated it, she emphasized with a dainty little kick at the fire-shovel. This proved an incautious movement, and with a little grimace of pain, she returned to her book, treasure-trove at a shop in Lisle Street.

At that moment Adolphe, the senior garçon of the establishment, gave one of his discreet raps at the door. An invaluable creature, Adolphe—he had been captain of the waiters at the Continental until he was detected in some little irregularities, and he adored Mme. de Legaspé and her gowns; she gave a tone to the hôtel, as he remarked to Brunox.

"A gentleman to see madame; no card, but a person of distinction."

"I will see him," said Jeanne, and rearranged herself; back to the window, firelight striking the side of her face. Her profile was her strong point, and she never neglected a detail of that sort.

Archibald Brooke entered the room, Adolphe closed the door, and Jeanne rose at once with an air at once gracious and dignified.

"Madame de Legaspé?"

"Monsieur's memory for faces must be much better than mine—or else I do not know him. And mine is excellent."

"It is to remedy the misfortune of which you accuse me that I present myself to you—Archibald Brooke."

"Mr. Brooke—Brooke? Ah, I think I know now; it is the nephew, you are from Nina, you are of the house of Tutt-Maxted! This is, indeed, a distinction."

"The honor is mine, madame."

"That is the obeisance of a diplomatist. You came with a mission; is it not so?"

"If I had come with a thousand, I should have forgotten them in your presence."

"Oh, *les fleuriettes*! You are not a true Englishman, you are too amiable—or too adroit. How is dear Nina, and the pretty Ruth—the young lady of the millions? You should make your speeches to her."

"They are both quite well."

"She is a good girl, the pretty Ruth; marry her, Mr. Brooke. Our dear Nina, she is a feather-head, but Miss Payson is one of the angels. Now, tell me what you want, and we will be pleasant afterward."

"I want to acquire the privilege of counting myself among your friends."

"You do not like to come to the point? Let me help you. Dear Nina wants something; dear Nina could not get it, and she has coaxed you to be her ambassador. Have you come with your pockets full of money? I am greedy, oh, how greedy I am! Did she tell you that?"

"On the contrary, she told me that you despised money."

"She always did tell fibs, Mr. Brooke. Since the seminary! But this time, perhaps, she is right, or half right. I want money; what woman has not wanted money since that dear Eve left the garden? But from Nina, no—or, rather, yes; money from Nina with pleasure, but not what Nina wants in exchange for the money."

"My dear Mme. Legaspé you are so very direct!"

"Ah, that is my nature, unhappily. You do not know me yet, Mr. Brooke. Since I was a child, gathering wild flowers in the shadow of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, I have been always too frank."

"That is a virtue, madame—you confess to a good quality. In your face I see only the most charming characteristics. See how I am crippled. I come with a mission; you have already divined that fact; you possess the insight, as well as the charm of an enchantress, and I am discouraged at finding you perfection, and, therefore, unassailable. I see you have the 'Sottisier d'Amour' in your hand, and it tells us that 'on possède les femmes par leur défauts, rarement par leur qualités.' See how helpless I am."

"You read Uzzanne! Then we must be friends. Let us be candid. Of course you have come to offer me money. No, No, No!! Now, try your next card. Is it to be a nine? Will you take the line I have indicated before—will you make Nina welcome me to the Towers of Tutt-Maxted? No, I see you will not. Now what can you do? The law? No—it will not help you. Force? That is the last resort. Here are the letters—in this bag. So. I will not even put it back in my jewel-case. But Brunox, Brunox, the man of the hotel, Brunox, of the Commune; you would never get out of the house with the letters—he is like your bull-dog. What a neck has Brunox. Now the force?"

"Force, my dear madame, against so charming a lady!"

"Bah! When you English are tiger-hunting you do not inquire the sex of the tiger. I am a wild animal—you want my fur. Get it."

"When I say that I could not use force, you defy me to do so. And yet you say I could not pass this terrible Brunox of yours."

"Try!"

"Ah, madame, I fear your eyes more than your Brunox. I could not attack a lady—how then could I be sacrilegious enough to molest a goddess?"

"What an Englishman! He has the *Calendrier de Venus* by heart, and he is so polite—he is the poet of diplomacy. Kiss my hand! I will permit that much *galanterie* to you; it is right that you should not go away without something for your trouble."

"I am the happiest of men. To have seen madame was a delight, to have touched her hand will be imperishable memory."

"Are you going to marry the excellent Ruth?"

"You should ask her whether she is going to marry me—the presumption is that every man wants to marry every woman. You see you must go to her."

"Since you are so accomplished, perhaps you speak Spanish—I am half a Spaniard, Mr. Brooke, and the Spanish say 'Quien tiene boca, no diga á otro, Sopla!'"

"But I am occupied in making a suit to you."

"Make it."

"That is a fine ruby you wear."

"Yes. And you think I want some more? I do. There is a set in Prout's window in Bond Street at which I gaze every morning."

"And they do not tempt you?"

"No. You want my terms?"

"Yes."

"Answer me a question, and I will state them. Have you proposed to Ruth yet?—on your honor!"

"No."

"Then you have not kissed her. I know her. She keeps her kisses in the bank. What interest must be accumulating. And you will take the whole, eh? Well, my first condition is this, that you kiss me once before you kiss Miss Ruth."

"A prelibation! Certainly."

"No, no, monsieur, not now; not until you fulfill the second condition."

"If it is like the first—"

"It is a still stranger one. Mr. Brooke, you think I am a rapacious monster, that I think always of money. Well—I have chased money very hard—in all sorts of ways; I am not like your Miss Ruth, born rich. But I have done with all that. I have enough—I am going to rest—to forget. It was to vex Nina I have persisted in keeping this. There is an old grudge—I do not love Nina. But you, you please me, I will be amiable. I don't want any money, thank you. But I will try you a little. When I told you that if you seized the letters from me Brunox would be in your way, you smiled. Perhaps you could put Brunox to one side. I don't know—I don't care. It is not Brunox with whom I want you to fight, it is with me! Let it be a combat of our wits. If you seized the letters now, Brunox would come. But if you can get the letters away from me without that, you may have them. It is not that I want you to take them by force—it is that I want you to prove that you could. Explain to me how you could avoid a collision with Brunox if I saw you move toward me, and cried? You see, I lose nothing. I ask you to show that you can get the best of me; if you can, I will give you the letters. It is a true one, while we are settling the conditions of the combat. When that is done, you begin. Outwit me, and my terms are complied with. You must take the bag without any one getting in your way. I need not say that you are not to hurt me, I have no fear of that. Now—the truce is at an end. The bell is near my hand—and you can do nothing!"

"Very well, that is the agreement. But I want you to see some other rubies, far better than Prout's. They are in Johnson & Carter's window, in South Audley Street. Desert Prout's to-morrow, and see if these others do not tempt you."

"Is it an appointment you wish. Fi, monsieur! Never make an appointment of that sort with a lady. It is compromising; and needless when she is ready to receive you at her own apartments. As for me, I shall be charmed always. After all, I don't suppose you could rob me in the open street. I will be there at noon, then, and look at them; and you shall buy me a locket, and put some of dear Nina's hair in it."

"May I approach you to say good-bye?"

"Oh, yes; there is the bell."

"Au revoir, madame."

"Au revoir, monsieur."

Archibald Brooke went to his club, and then found Captain Arbuthnot, a delightful old gossip, who knew everything about everybody, and would dine with the devil if he could order the dinner himself and eat it outside. Brooke dined him nobly, astounded him with the audacity of a châteaubriand smothered in sauce Béchamel, parmesanned, and then browned for a moment; and over their liqueurs said:

"By the way, remember that man Kynaston?—went to the bad—driving a cab, isn't he?"

Arbuthnot dropped his chin, by way of assent, and wondered, a trifle uneasily, how that flet was going to digest.

"Where could I find him, think?"

"Don't know," and the captain considered whether a second drop of Curaçoa mandarin would be advisable—heartburn or indigestion.

"I was in same form with him; decent sort."

"Used to see him good deal at Turf Club; dam' fool always stood on a five—kill any man's luck. If you don't pray you won't get—that's Bible an' cards, too."

"Yes. I wanted to ask him 'bout something."

"Bout that Martin gel? Went to Belgium. Nice little davel."

"No. Forgotten her."

"Tell you, Brooke, commissioner at door there extra'or'ny chap. Was in my comp'ny Crimea. Great hand to keep track people."

"I'll ask him. Nice curaçoa that?"

"Yes. Balfour got it on list. Discovered it't Rome—Spillman's shop."

"Good man on a house committee, Balfour. Excuse me now, won't you? See you soon; good night." And Brooke made for the door, succeeded in refreshing the commissionaire's memory, learned what yard Kynaston got his cab from, and set off to the place. He was lucky enough to find him, just backing his night horse into the shafts.

"Kynaston, is that you?"
"My name's Smith. Who the devil are you?"
"Archie Brooke. What's the use of being rusty?"
"Oh, it's you, eh? First time I've heard my name in a year."

"Thought I'd look you up—the fact is Kynaston, I want you to do me a favor."

"Want me to back a bill for you? Late in the day for that—name not very good in the city."

"Is there a pub' near here where we get can a nip while we talk? I'm thirsty."

"You mean you think I am. Down at the Chapel Street end of the Mews."

The bar-maid of the Chough and Crow was greatly impressed by the appearance of the gentleman with the gardenia in his coat, an unusual sight in the Mews, but, as she confided to her sister that night, "He was so occupied with Smith, at Cobb's yard, the one that owes for a broken Banbury jar, that he never looked at me."

At noon next day Madame Legaspé strolled up South Audley Street. She looked curiously at the signs, the shops of the old style, high prices, long credit, no casual custom, shops of the class becoming extinct in these days of "every nobleman his own co-operator."

The rubies in Johnson & Carter's window were certainly very fine, and she stood for a long time admiring their quaint setting, a reproduction of Vatali.

So much indeed was she interested, that a four-wheeler drew up at the curb without attracting her attention. Mr. Archibald Brooke alighted from the "growler" and left the door open. Kynaston sat on the box, his whip upraised, and a horse in hand that would have looked better in a hansom.

"Yes, on the whole, they were better than Prout's," thought Jeanne; and Brooke stepped quickly up to her back, put his hands under her elbows, lifted her off her feet and into the cab; and before she found voice to scream, they were half way to Grosvenor Square. As she was about to cry murder or fire, and hesitating between the two, she recognized her captor.

"Oh! I am abducted, eh? Very fine, Mr. Brooke, but the little bag, this does not win it. I will drive with you to the four-mile radius, to the end of the world, but I have only to cry for help and you would be arrested. You must think of a better trick—or shall I call out?"

"You needn't do that" replied Brooke, and leaning out of the window said: "Cabby, pull up when you see a constable."

A moment later the cab stopped at the sidewalk. Mme. de Legaspé put her head out and said: "Policeman, this gentleman is running away with me. Tell him to let me out."

"She's my wife, constable!" said Brooke.

"Can't interfere between 'usban' an' wife, mum," replied the law-abiding Bobby, and the cab drove on.

"Now" said Brooke, "I can drive you off somewhere if you insist on it, but you must see that I've got the best of it." Jeanne did not look very angry.

"Ah, you are magnificent. I adore a man of expedient, a man of determination! Come to the hotel—you shall have the letters. I have them with me."

Arrived at the Hotel Draguignan, Jeanne unbosomed the letters.

"I think there was a second condition," murmured Archie. A faint sweetness of Chypre exhaled from the little beaded bag, and Jeanne said, "That was only a *blague*."

"It was an uncommonly nice joke."

A soft flush warmed one of Jeanne's cheeks.

"Monsieur! Vous m'offensez, mais voici l'autre côté—je sais mon Evangile!"

The other cheek blushed in sympathy, and Jeanne's head drooped.

"Does the Evangelist say nothing about the 'juste milieu'?" asked Archie, and gently raised her head till his eyes looked into hers. The soft cheeks showed a still brighter warmth, the red lips trembled, answering his, and the flush spread down her rich, full, creamy throat.

"And what would Miss Ruth say?" asked Jeanne, as she arranged a disordered ribbon with a hand that pulsed gently.

"That's neither here nor there," said Archie. "I wish there was another packet of letters—"

"You wouldn't need a cab, M. Archibald," said Jeanne; "the second condition is trial enough for you, I think. Suppose I had fought in the cab?—I wish I had!"

* * * * *

"I'm glad to get back from town, I can tell you, Miss Payson."

"Was it very hot there yesterday?—it was like August here?"

"It seemed pretty warm, I thought. But I was thinking about something else."

"Yes?"

"Something that has been in my mind constantly of late."

"I get things running in my head that way sometimes—scraps of songs, and can't remember what they're from. There are so many new songs."

"This is a very old song that was in my mind, but it's a very sweet one—a song I should like to have you sing for me."

"Do I know it?"

"You could sing it."

"But I can't read at sight."

"I read it almost at first sight, and I am no musician."

"It must be very simple."

"It is at once the simplest and most intricate of songs, and yet men have grieved their whole lives long because they could not teach it to the pupils they chose. Miss Payson, know I ought not to speak—Ruth, dear Ruth, I love you. There, I have told you, and that is the end. I know

there is no hope for me, but I could not help telling you. Don't be afraid that I shall trouble you—I wouldn't do that for the world. But you'll remember, won't you, that a poor devil out in the cold looked in at the sweet fireside of your love, and will carry the memory of that moment through his life; that for that happiness he owes you all that a man can owe a woman—all that I have—a big strong arm and a big rough hand—and they're at your service for life, if ever you need to use them, Ruth. Good-bye."

"Are—are you going away?"

"I think I had better. I don't want to make you blue with my long face, and I'd better fight it down alone somewhere."

"You asked me to forgive you. I don't think there's anything I need to forgive you for."

"It is like you to say so."

"I don't know what—what you want me to say. I don't see why you want to go away—it's been so pleasant, everything—I—"

"Ruth, you don't mean—Ruth! my darling!"

"Yes—Archie. Oh—Archie—"

"My own, my own."

"I'm so happy! Archie, I want to ask you something. I—I never—lots of girls do, but Archie, dear, I never—kissed anybody before—I mean anybody. Have you, Archie?"

"Must I confess?"

"Yes! Oh, Archie—"

"I kissed the mirror in which I had seen your face, the other night, darling. That was all."

Mr. Brooke, in the privacy of his bed-room that night, unpacked his portmanteau, and, among other things, took from it a book entitled "Le Calendrier de Venus," tossed it over toward his bed, perceived with a grin an odor of Chypre, walked over to his dressing-table to put out the light, and looked at the glass for a moment. His foot was on a great white rose, that had fallen unnoticed from his coat as he stripped it off—the rose was, indeed, too large for a man to wear.

Examining his face in the glass, he said, half-aloud: "That was a beastly job at shaving I did this morning! However, it did well enough. Two in a day—that would be seven hundred and thirty a year—and that's doing jolly well for an ugly mucker like you, my friend in the glass. And it's a cold million if it's a dollar!"

The light was extinguished, and Mr. Brooke was soon asleep. The rose, crushed on the carpet, gave out great masses of perfume, fresh and sweet. But the cunningly distilled Chypre, hanging in the pages of the cynical little book, killed the other odor and pervaded the sleeper's dreams. And she of the Rose and she of the Chypre were dreaming their dreams, too—and each had a gardenia under her pillow.

The frogs in the moat of Maxted Towers called: "Croak! croak! croak! Ours is the music for this world! Croak! croak! croak!"

Perhaps they were right.

March, 1886. HOLME HANTON.

The scandalous allegations recently made in London to the effect that the American legation had been surreptitiously concerned in the purchase of naval plans and specifications which had been stolen from the Chatham dockyard by a foreman in the employ of the British government, although they appear to have been amply disproved, nevertheless reflect severely upon Secretary of the Navy Whitney. Had Mr. Whitney confined his advertisements for plans, proposals, etc., for the construction of our new ships of war within legitimate lines, no such allegations would have been possible, but his procedure has been such as to apparently offer a direct premium for venality in officers of European governments. His advertisements he placed in the London and Paris journals, offering high prices to naval constructors, steam engineers, and ordnance officers for plans of war vessels. Who, then, can wonder at suspicion being at once directed to the American legation when it was discovered that the British plans had been stolen and sold? Commander Chadwick's defense, that the advertisements were intended only for American naval officers, was too weak for consideration, for the advertisements contained nothing to that effect, and the London and Paris journals would hardly be selected as a medium for reaching officers of our own navy. It would be supposed that the United States contained brains and skill enough to furnish plans which would compare favorably with any in the world. American engineering skill has a noteworthy record for achievements both abroad and at home, and has never yet been found wanting when called upon in an emergency to grapple with a problem, and the Secretary's insult to his own country has borne the fruit which might have been expected. Happily a great scandal has been averted, but through no merit of Secretary Whitney's, and we have only to add another instance to the lengthening list of evidences of the incompetency of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet of confidential clerks.

We begin to think that we may have done Mr. Secretary Manning something of an injustice. It is now reported that he has been "at outs" with the President for more than a year, and it may be that he has resented the degradation of his office to the position of confidential clerk, and has resigned because he really had a financial policy which he was not allowed to carry into effect. We note rumors of the resignation of Secretary of War Endicott. Judge Endicott is an estimable gentleman of unimpeachable integrity, but he has been credited with allowing his office to be run by the "army ring," as it has been under previous administrations. It is now stated that his resignation has been tendered because the President would not support him in certain assignments and transfers in the Medical Department, which were opposed by the army ring and the new Surgeon-General. If this be true, it is to the honor of Judge Endicott, and is the one noteworthy act of his administration.

One great burden, at least, has been lifted from the human mind by the decision of Judge Blodgett in the United States Court, of Chicago, that one man may call another a "crank" without incurring damages. "Crank," it seems, according to the judge's decision, is not a word which implies that a person has been guilty of a crime or exposes him to hatred.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The name of the new Consul to Mexico is Elizabeth Caroline Moore. He was named for his two grandmothers.

Patti's receipts for seven performances in Mexico were \$85,000. Ten performances of Sarah Bernhardt paid \$47,000.

Some of the salaries in the American Opera Company are as follows: Theodore Thomas \$1,000 per week; Manager Locke, \$800 per week; M. M. Whitney, \$600 per week, and Candidus, \$1,250 per week.

Mrs. Helen M. Avery is said to be the most accomplished writer among the Government clerks at Washington. She is in the Interior Department. The President is a great admirer of her chirography. Mrs. Avery is also a very clever pen and ink artist. She works two hours a day and receives a salary of \$1,600.

Mr. Beecher was once asked by one of his myriad of correspondents: "How shall I feel when I come to die?" The great preacher replied, characteristically, "You will probably feel stupid," referring to the kindly provision of Nature in benumbing the faculties when putting her children to their last sleep. His prediction has been closely verified in his own case, the coma of apoplexy being one of the states which he described as "stupid"—a condition of sleepiness followed by insensibility and death.

Mrs. Grant has been spending a week in Washington, with her old friend, Mrs. Senator Stanford. Mrs. Grant looks a little stouter than of yore, but is otherwise quite unchanged, except that the impress of a great sorrow can never be removed from her face. She met many of her old friends, and while, of course, she declined all invitations, Mrs. Stanford invited every day a few of the people whom she knew best to meet her at luncheon and dinner, so that her visit was as pleasant as one so associated with memories of the past could be. She will return in May to visit Mrs. Beale.

The Prince of Wales is said to have lately caused the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to abandon their rule against smoking after dinner in their official parlor. There can be no doubt that no one has done so much to promote after-dinner smoking as the Prince. There are at least a dozen houses in London at which he has dined, where smoking was for the first time introduced, because of the well-known wish of the illustrious guest; but nearly twenty years ago, when it was far less common than now, and the Prince suggested a cigar after dinner, his host, a peer, since dead, regretted he had no smoking-room, and proposed the stable, to which those of the party who desired to smoke then and there adjourned.

Major E. A. Burke, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has just been given an estate in Honduras that will make him one of the largest landed proprietors in the world. It is one hundred and eighty miles long, and, as nearly as can be determined, one hundred miles wide. In this enormous area is included a famous gold-bearing district, that two centuries ago was one of the richest known to the Spanish crown. This splendid gift is not only exempt from taxation, but from all duties, export or import, upon anything its proprietor may wish to bring into the country, and all persons employed or living upon it are exempt from military duty, and these exemptions, like the grant, are perpetual.

Although the Crown Prince of Austria has now been married some six years, he still remains without male issue, and it is feared that little or no hope remains of his wishes in this respect of being fulfilled. Should he die without leaving a son, the imperial crown of Austria would pass to the present Emperor's brother, the Archduke Carl Ludwig. According to advices received in London the eldest son of the latter, the Archduke Otto, who only a few months ago was married to Princess Josefa, of Saxony, has behaved so shamefully to his young wife that she has been forced to leave him, and to return to her relatives who are indignant at her treatment. It appears that the young archduke has shown such unmistakable signs of mental aberration that his condition is being submitted to a careful medical examination.

Dr. Cornelius Herz met General Boulanger by accident, when he was only a colonel, at Mr. Levi Morton's. Herz took to the young officer because he thought he had "go" in him. Dr. Cornelius is an American citizen, and was reared in California, where he learned to speak English with a slightly Irish accent. He said to Boulanger: "I feel like serving you and giving you notions." Boulanger at once took to him, and his new mentor said: "My first notion is that you should open up your mind by going to the United States. As you are young and handsome, and know English, you are the right man to represent the French army at the coming Yorktown celebration." "But," replied the young officer, "I've no one to back me at the War Office, or anywhere else." "Never mind," said the magnetic man, whose little, gleaming eyes had looked through and through Boulanger, and taken note of all the "stock" that was in him. In a short time the handsome officer, who had been raised a peg, was sent on a showy mission to Yorktown, and saw what a real republic might accomplish. He came back, and his patron would he should go to Tunis, whither he went, with a higher grade. When he was there the friend wished that he was to be named Minister of War on the occasion of the next Cabinet crisis, and as he desired so M. de Freycinet did.—*London Truth*.

The Queen of Denmark belongs to the Hesses of the Landgraviate branch. It was the marriage of her brother with the favorite daughter of the Czar Nicholas, Alexandra, which was the origin of the singular and rapid ascent of Christian and his family. He was, when that event took place, a wretchedly poor cornet. Queen Louise has a German passion for etiquette, which keeps those who are not of her family and household at a distance. She does not approve of the French manners of the Princess Waldemar, who was hoydenish as a young girl, has a greater taste for sylvan sports than needle-work, and shows herself headstrong when given a lesson in manners and conduct. The Princess longs to reside again in France, although the brilliant hunts at Chantilly, and the parties in the splendid castle which followed them, entirely belong to the past and will never be revived. She wants to go somewhere on a voyage with Prince Waldemar, in compliment to whom she has tattooed naval emblems on her arm. The hope is by no means abandoned of Waldemar's being sent to Bulgaria as sovereign of that State. The Court of Denmark is a very slow one, and the Queen's not naturally angelic temper has been rendered gloomy by the danger in which the Czarina is of being hoisted with the Czar into eternity on a Nihilist's petard. The deaf old Queen of Denmark never sees any one come into the room where she is, with an anxious face, without fearing that she is going to hear of the assassination of Alexander III., and his wife.

A considerable amount of comment of an exceedingly disagreeable nature is being caused in London by the action taken by the Prince of Wales in nominating Mr. Edlin, Q. C., the Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, to be Deputy Treasurer of the Middle Temple. It has already been announced that the holder of the latter office during the jubilee year is to be honored with a title. Hence, the choice of Mr. Edlin is somewhat significant. Mr. Edlin was the judge before whom, two years ago, the notorious Mrs. Jeffreys appeared, charged with the offense of procuration and of keeping a disorderly house, the most aristocratic of its kind in London. The offense was one punishable by a penalty of two years' imprisonment at hard labor. Nothing daunted, however, Mrs. Jeffreys entered the prisoners' dock, and, on perceiving that her conviction was becoming a certainty, she declared her intention of issuing subpoenas to the most notable of her clients to witness in court as to her respectability. Not only the name of the King of the Belgians, but those of other royal and official personages, were included in the savory list. Horror-struck, the judge withdrew to his private room, where a short time afterwards he had a secret conference with Mrs. Jeffreys and her counsel. The result of the interview was that the lady returned to the prisoners' dock, withdrew her plea of not guilty, and substituted one of guilty as far as keeping a disorderly house was concerned. Mr. Edlin thereupon imposed a fine of one thousand dollars, which the lady's counsel immediately paid, and she was able to leave the court without further hindrance on the part of the law. The Inspector of Metropolitan Police, who had been guilty of the want of tact of dragging so highly-befriended a dame before the tribunals, was shortly afterwards dismissed for incompetency and insubordination.

HOME AND FOREIGN CAPITAL.

Some months ago the Guinness brewing firm, of Dublin, converted their concern into a stock company, and a large number of the shares were disposed of to the public, through Messrs. Baring Brothers of London, who cleared about a million pounds by the operation. Although only six million pounds' worth of shares were offered, yet the applications for allotment amounted to over one hundred and twenty million pounds. Shortly after this it was made public that the firm of Samuel Allsop & Sons—also in the beer line, it might be remarked—would make a similar conversion, but some legal hitches occurring, action was supposed to have been postponed until after Easter. However, on Thursday, February 3d, in the midst of a panic on the Paris Bourse, with everyone recklessly unloading speculative shares on the Stock Exchange, selling at any price to realize, the London and Westminster Bank announced that on the following Monday they would receive subscriptions for one million, four hundred and sixty thousand pounds in shares and debentures of Samuel Allsop & Sons, Limited. It was a most unfavorable moment for the announcement, yet on the same day they were compelled to stop issuing prospectuses, alter which the prospectuses were sold by hawkers at a shilling each, and the police were called upon to clear the street from the crowd collected at their offices. Before Monday the bank announced that they could receive no more subscriptions, those already received having filled a room, coming from many thousand persons, largely from the country, and aggregating over one hundred million pounds. On Friday the shares were dealt in on the Stock Exchange, reaching four and a half per cent. premium on ordinary shares, although it was two days prior to their existence. The debentures are a first charge on the property and bear four and a half per cent. interest; next come the preference shares, on which six per cent. dividend is guaranteed. The ordinary shares can receive nothing from the profits until both of the other demands are satisfied, yet the applications were chiefly for ordinary shares. These cases show that English investors have an abiding faith that people will drink beer though the heavens fall, but it further shows the enormous amount of money in England seeking investment. This money is held by people who desire a safe investment in a remunerative security which will not require their personal attention, nor involve more labor than that of drawing dividends. That such remunerative securities are not over-plentiful in England may be seen from the fact that United States four per cent. and four and a half per cent. bonds are quoted in London at about three per cent. higher than they are in New York, or at a price at which the four per cent. bonds, which will be called in in twenty years, will pay but about three and one eighth per cent. on the investment. Consols, too, which bear only three per cent. interest, are quoted at one and five-sixteenths per cent. premium, even with the present possibility of the country's becoming involved in a general European war. In this connection, a review of our home securities as a means of investment suggests itself to us as interesting, and, perhaps, instructive. By reference to the official report of the Stock and Bond Exchange, we find six per cent. bonds of the Spring Valley Water Company, Southern Pacific Railroad, California Dry Dock Company, Market Street Cable Railway, Park and Ocean Railroad, Pacific Rolling Mills, Union Iron Works, and Northern Railway of California quoted at prices which would afford an average of about five and one-sixth per cent. on the investment; and the five per cent. bonds of the Oakland Gas, Light, and Heat Company, and the Contra Costa Water Company, would pay, at present prices, four and nine-tenths per cent. on the investment. In gas stocks, at present prices, the San Francisco Gas Company pays five and nine-tenths per cent.; Central Gas Company, five and seven-tenths per cent.; Oakland Gas, Light, and Heat Company, six and three-quarters per cent.; Los Angeles Gas Company, eight and one-half per cent.; Stockton, six per cent.; Capitol of Sacramento, seven and one-fifth per cent.; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, seven and four-tenths per cent. In water stocks, the Spring Valley Company pays six per cent., and the Contra Costa Company, five and three-quarters per cent. Powder stocks we will leave out of the question, they being dependent upon the validity of patent rights, and always, more or less, subject to litigation. In street railways, the California Street pays six per cent.; the Presidio, six per cent.; the North Beach and Mission, five and nine-tenths per cent.; and the Clay Street, six per cent. In bank stocks, the Bank of California pays five and three-quarters per cent.; the First National, six per cent.; the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, five and seven-tenths per cent.; the Pacific, six and two-thirds per cent.; and the Grangers, six and two-thirds. In insurance stocks, the amount of the dividend varies so in different companies, owing to the varying percentage of losses and of profits put aside as surplus, that we necessarily leave them out of the resumé, merely mentioning the Anglo-Nevada, which a year and a half ago entered a field supposed to be already overcrowded, and with its two million dollars of capital was thought to be overweighed, yet at the end of the first year of its existence it declared a dividend, besides showing an accrued surplus of five thousand two hundred dollars, and its stock is now quoted at about three per cent. premium. We think this a handsome showing, considering that the expenses of an insurance company are much greater in its first year than at any time in the future. From among the miscellaneous stocks, instance the California Electric Light Company which pays ten per cent. All of the above percentages of dividends are based on the present market value of the securities; of course, in many of the cases, the returns to the original investors are far greater. In some cases, too, the present price of the stock is based upon a more or less large accumulation of at present slightly remunerative property, as is the case with the Bank of California. The latter Street Railroad, too, has paid no dividends for some years, yet its stock is steadily quoted at a high premium, they having for some years used their profits in making permanent and valuable improvements in their road-bed, rolling stock, and motive power, and in extending their road. All this goes to show the skill and care with which our financial and other enterprises are managed by their resident owners, and while our home resources are amply able to dispense

with the assistance of foreign capital in all existing enterprises, yet in the light of the probable large immigration to this State in the near future, we invite the attention of English investors to the abundant opportunities which will open for remunerative investment in the development and improvement of our natural resources, and in supplying the demands of a rapidly increasing population. Growing towns, new and old, in the interior will require gas, water, and street-car lines. As our different valleys are developed they will want transportation facilities for their produce. Our wheat crop, instead of being largely shipped in bulk, as it is, might readily be converted into flour here for distribution to the markets of the world. Mining, robbed of its speculative character, and conducted honestly as a legitimate business enterprise, takes rank as a staple industry; and there are hundreds of mines in this State which would pay handsomely if conducted intelligently on business principles, now that the march of invention and discovery has so lessened the cost of reducing the various ores. Our wine industry has progressed year by year, and will continue to do so until it becomes a recognized factor in the European markets, and we know of no industry, not even beer, which promises better assured returns; for, the world over, wine is treated as a necessity to as great an extent as beer. It is estimated that there are now seventy millions of dollars invested in wine-growing in this State, yet there are still millions of acres of low-priced uncultivated land suitable for the purpose. The wine-growers, too, have not nearly sufficient capital to provide cooerage and storage, and to carry their wines themselves until they mature, and a wine warehousing company with ample capital, located at some convenient point, accessible by rail and water, in a climate like that around San Francisco Bay, cool enough to protect the wines from spoiling, would meet with ample returns, by providing cooerage and storage, and a skilled force for the necessary manipulation of the wines during the maturing process, issuing warehouse receipts, and making advances to the growers. The growers would thus reap the benefit of the additional price which aged wine commands, being relieved from the necessity of throwing their crude wine upon the market at the mercy of such prices as the dealers choose to make, while the warehousing company would get good interest on its advances and good profits on its storage. An immigration association has a large field here for the employment of capital, in the purchase of land, which is abundantly available in tracts larger than an English shire, cutting it up into small farms, and disposing of them by judicious advances, to bring from abroad desirable families of farmers, and establish them on these farms, the price of the farm and the amount of the advances being made payable in installments after the land begins to produce crops. We could go on and fill the sixteen pages of this paper with the citation of opportunities for wise investment in California, but we think we have said enough to show capital in England need not go begging for chances for its use. We do not advocate the importation of foreign capital whose returns shall be entirely exported for expenditure abroad; but in any of these enterprises local and foreign capital could cooperate to their mutual advantage, and our State derive lasting benefit. We also see the attraction and the assurance of safety attaching to an investment in a well-established business like that of Guinness or of Allsop, with an enormous plant, a world-wide reputation, and a good-will of the growth of many years, and we know of the suspicion with which American railway shares are regarded abroad, but we believe that if the promoters of companies in London, people of standing, like the Barings, would establish representatives here, men of unimpeachable integrity and business sagacity, loyal to their employers and wise in their perceptions, they would find it to their advantage and to the advantage of the thousands who besiege them upon their announcement of the floating of a new company.

It is now openly or tacitly admitted on every hand that President Cleveland is a candidate for a second term, and that he is now busily pipe-laying therefor. Aspiration to the chief magistracy of this great nation, whether for a first or a second term, is laudable, and there is no good reason why Mr. Cleveland should not be again a candidate; there is, to be sure, the frivolous objection that when originally a candidate he declared himself as opposed to more than one term for one man, and in a way pledged himself to be content with only one term, but what of that? One of the privileges of greatness is inconsistency. Then, too, at the time of that declaration he was a bachelor, and now, having doubled himself by marriage, his resolutions in his previous state become so attenuated by comparison as to be invisible; hence, of course, "out of sight, out of mind," is a justifiable plea. Also, having doubled himself, the new half has at least an equal voice in the plans for the future. It would be interesting to know what claims he will set forth in support of his candidacy before the National Democratic convention. If he poses as a civil service reformer and points to the number of Republicans whom he has allowed to remain in office whereby the Mugwump support is assured, the Mugwump vote in a Democratic convention will hardly insure him the nomination. If, on the other hand, he stands upon his unprecedented record as an exponent of the "spoils" theory with his fifty thousand removals, the reply will be that the spoils have not gone to the victors, but that he has antagonized every leader of the party in his arrogation of the right to select unknown men to fill the positions made vacant, men whose principal recommendation seemed to be that they were opposed by the respectable element of the party. If he stands upon popular suffrage, he may claim that by those who know nothing about it he is thought to have made a good enough President, but his veto of the Dependent Pension Bill will be held up in answer, with the question as to its availability as a campaign document to influence the thousands upon thousands of voters unfavorably affected by it. His financial policy, or rather his lack of one, has not been glancingly popular, even so small a matter as the trade dollar bill he having allowed to become a law without the approval of his signature. As for the River and Harbor bill, be allowed that to lapse, because he hadn't time to read it over. The question of his candidacy, though, is placed beyond doubt by a perusal of the reasons which he gives for a number of pardons which he has granted to criminals. In almost every case he states that the pardon is granted in

order to restore the criminal to citizenship. He evidently aims at establishing a constituency purely his own, and we have no doubt that by industry and diligence in the path marked out for him by our late Governor Stoneman, he may add to the voting population of the country quite a considerable following for himself. At this stage of the game there seems to be only one openly avowed candidate—Governor Hill, of New York. Mr. Blaine's partisans all say that he is positively not a candidate for the nomination, but that he would undoubtedly be elected if he were. It is noticeable that all the Republican leaders express the opinion that Mr. Cleveland will undoubtedly be the next Democratic nominee. Probably this is one of the cases where the wish is father to the thought.

ARMS AND THE MEN.

There has come a lull in the bellicose blasts that have been agitating Europe. The shifting currents of opinion are at a standstill, and people are beginning to ask themselves whether, after all, the dread laborings of the political mountain may not result in the parturition of a martial rodent of the most moderate proportions. De Lesseps, after being wind and dined by everybody of any consequence in Berlin, gives forth an oracular utterance to the effect that there will be no war. And while the utterances of so sanguine a nature as that of the great French engineer must be taken with considerable allowance for the strength of the wish that is father to the belief—for does not so much the more French money expended for war mean so much the less for the Panama Canal?—there is certainly a cessation, momentary, if nothing more, in the loud talk and bluster, which has been going on for so long, that it seemed bound to end in action of some kind, among military men, politicians, and journalists upon both sides of the Rhine. Bismarck is in high good humor over the passage of his pet Septennate bill by the Reichstag; and some ill-natured people, who claim to know, even go so far as to say that the war scare was a political dodge, got up to kindle the fires of patriotism, and influence credulous country voters to return candidates favorable to the government. But there is probably a deeper reason for the pause; and it is a reason which goes far to hold out hopes that this pause may not be of the kind which precedes the grapple, but that which is apt to afflict intending combatants when they settle down to a cool calculation and consideration of each other's strength. The German official estimates allow that when the act is in full working order it will practically increase the army by one hundred and forty-five thousand men; in other words, twenty-five per cent., or one-fourth more than its former numbers. Under these conditions it will outnumber the active army of France by not less than seventy-five thousand men. The difference between four hundred and twenty-five thousand—at which Germany's strength was rated heretofore—and five hundred and seventy thousand, is considerable enough to make an enemy think twice before assuming the offensive; and as it is France, and not Germany, that is dissatisfied with the *status quo* upon the Rhine, it is pretty safe to say that the passage of the German military bill will, as has all along been maintained by Bismarck, subvert the interests of peace. But there are two other reasons, both of which militate against the probabilities of an immediate war; while one makes it nearly certain that it will be months yet before a beginning can be made. The first is, that the frontier fortifications of both countries are so strong as to present almost insuperable obstacles to the aggressor from either side. On the French side, the hundred and forty miles of frontier—for it is only to that limited extent that the rival territories impinge on one another—between the neutral states of Belgium and Switzerland, from Luxemburg on the north to Belfort on the south, absolutely bristle with fortifications, supported by four great stations for army corps immediately in their rear. The French, on the other hand, should they prove victorious in the initial engagements of a war, could scarcely hope, under the changed conditions which obtain since 1871, to traverse the barrier of the Rhine. Thus war, under these conditions, would be comparatively barren of results, and the failure to accomplish anything final would suggest other modes of adjusting differences. It is true that the neutrality of Belgium might be violated, and the territory which has, if not politically, at all events graphically, been termed "the cockpit of Europe," might once more become the scene of a conflict of, to her, as always, secondary interest. But Belgium is fully alive to this contingency and has of late been fortifying, as well as she can, in anticipation. Besides, the moral reprobation which either of the contestants would incur by using neutral territory as a vantage ground for attacking the other, would assuredly, in the end, redound to the violator's disadvantage. Things are too evenly balanced between the two opposing nations to permit of either of them running this ulterior risk. The other factor to which we alluded as a preventive against immediate war, is that the French troops are not yet fully armed with their new magazine gun. Of course, since Germany sounded the key-note, two years ago, of quick volley-firing, the other European nations have been compelled to follow suit, and are doing so as fast as their resources will allow them. The new German repeating rifle, known as the "Mauser 1871-1884," is by no means the best of that stripe, nor even the best that is now being introduced upon the continent of Europe. But reasons of economy, such as the utilization of the old barrels and the immense stock of cartridges on hand, favored a plan which converted an out-dated old weapon into a passable new one. Austria was the next to follow suit with a five-cartridge magazine gun; and Italy is now engaged in supplying her troops with a four-cartridge one. Meanwhile France, with the appropriation of seventy-one million francs voted for that purpose last year, is arming its infantry with a repeating rifle of American pattern, said to be superior to them all. But the construction of the necessary machinery and works for producing these weapons entails delay, though it is calculated that by May they can be supplied at the rate of thirty thousand a month. Thus it will take a good many months before the French troops are put on an equality, as regards munitions of infantry, with the German; and it is only reasonable to suppose that they will not court a conflict with the odds against them in this respect. And yet there are not wanting military authorities who doubt the efficacy of a magazine gun at all in action at close quarters. These argue that what is technically termed "fire discipline" is the great desideratum in the battle of the present day; and that the nearer troops are together, the more necessary does this discipline become. The excitable soldier, say they, with his finger on the trigger, the mere pressure of which effects a discharge, labors under an involuntary tendency to keep firing, independently of the word of command; and as one shot may set the whole company going, the judgment of the commanding officer is correspondingly nullified and his work increased. Again, it is not the best armed troops that always come out victorious. Witness Austria in 1859, France in 1870, and Turkey in 1877-78—an argument which, by the way, is as old and as suggestive as the story of the Roman legionaries who fought against Alaric and Attila. It should not be lost sight of, however, in this connection, that England—a conservative nation so far as weapons are concerned, and one slow to adopt anything untried or the merits of which are not beyond a peradventure—is also moving to re-arm her troops; and that out of about one hundred rifles that were lately tried, only two were thought worthy of consideration—one, the Enfield-Martini, a single-cartridge adaptation of the old Martini-Henry; the other, the Lee, a magazine weapon of American pattern, and as good, it is said, if not better than the American device now being supplied to the French army. From all of which it is not hard to infer that, even in spite of the disadvantages attending promiscuous firing, no nation in the present day can afford to give its neighbor any points in a game where it is, more than ever, the pace that tells; and that the single-cartridge gun must inevitably give place to the repeater, under whose auspices, right or wrongly, will be fought the battles of the future.

VICTORIA'S HUSBAND.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Latest Tribute to His Tiresome Memory.

With the exception of the extreme wing of Primrose League Dames, whose idea of loyalty consists of abject and slavish submission to the sovereign in everything, the women of England are in a condition of "big disgust." In a letter or two ago I explained what among the countless proposed "memorials" of the Queen's Jubilee is known as the "Women's Offering." Without entering into any repetitions, it will be only necessary to state that the "offering" is a sum of money to be made up of subscriptions ranging from a penny (the minimum) to a pound (the maximum) from women and girls of all ranks, classes, religions, and politics. This sum, which it was hoped would reach a high figure, has been (with some few exceptions) willingly contributed to from duchesses down to scullery-maids, and the object commended by everybody, and worked for with zeal by the lady canvassers in every district. The object, it is true, was not stated. That is to say, the ultimate object to which the fund collected was to be devoted. The sum, when complete, was to be presented to the Queen, and she requested to name some commendable public object for its application in commemoration of her Jubilee year.

All sorts of noble schemes for the amelioration of the suffering poor of London filled the minds of subscribers as they gave what they could spare to the offering; the foundation of another free hospital; the establishment of a sea-side home for incurables; the purchase during the summer of cheap coal, to be supplied during the winter to the poor at low rates, and to the destitute free; the purchase and opening of more public parks for the ventilation of London; subscriptions to other established charities now much in need of funds—Guy's Hospital, for instance, whose trustees are crying aloud for public aid to sustain a particular ward, which will otherwise have to be discontinued. These, and hundreds of other equally beneficent charities, suggested themselves to the subscribers, as they drew out ill-spared sixpences and shillings from slender purses, and knew they must deny themselves, or those dependent upon them, some comfort in consequence. Nobody minded, when they thought it was going to benefit some other needy and deserving person poorer than themselves.

With such expectations and hopes, become virtual certainties, in the minds of every one, what was the chagrin of all to read in the organ of royalty and aristocracy, that "Her Most Gracious Majesty" had been "approached" by some one as to her intended disposal of the offering when it was made to her, and that "Her Most Gracious Majesty" had "intimated" that she should select—what? *An equestrian statue of Prince Albert in Windsor Park!*

Language fails one. Of course, in England, with the exception of Labouchère and a few other hardy-fronted freelances, no one dares to say much about it. But, like the old woman's silent parrot, every one is "doing a deal of thinking." Taking the position of affairs from every point of view the selection is unfortunate. This Jubilee furor has been, doubtless, intended to strengthen the throne and popularize the monarchy with the people. All people like festivals and festivities, and no people more than the English. Unlike continental countries they haven't many, and when they do get one they appreciate it. If one holiday be appreciated, what must be a year teeming with them? Popular, indeed, would be the cause of such a year.

Without wishing to go back over the past, and all its complaints and growlings at the neglect of court duties and forgetfulness of the people, while the memory of the Prince Consort was kept a bright and beautiful green, one can not help repeating the mental, if not outspoken, conclusion to which the British nation came years ago—viz., that they had had their fill of Prince Albert. He was a good man, no doubt. Why shouldn't he have been? What reason had he to be otherwise than good? Paid, fed, clothed, and housed by the British nation, and provided with a wife who, if she wasn't pretty, was fresh and young, and of intensely conjugal tastes and propensities, and who was withal a queen, he had no temptation to be bad. What gratitude should the English people owe him for behaving himself? He pleased himself no doubt in the matter, and didn't consider them. Besides, what was he ever to the English people, after all? A foreigner, no more. They owed him no allegiance. He was simply and solely the husband of their Queen—the "spouse of the sovereign," to put it legally; provided for her by her subjects, that she might produce through his paternity an heir to the throne. He was certainly a huge success in that respect, if in no other.

But that in consequence he was to be dinned into the people's ears incessantly for five and twenty years by the queenly widow was a thing which no one could comprehend. What with statues, busts, mausoleums, memorials, buildings, parks, streets, and men-of-war named after him, regiments of the army made his "own," and annual commemorative ceremonies relating to him for a quarter of a century, the English people have had a veritable dose of the Prince Consort. But here was another chance to do homage to his revered name. And so, while people starve and freeze for want of food and fire; poverty-stricken invalid women and children languish for fresh air in crowded London streets; hospitals have to close their doors for lack of sustaining funds; and hundreds of charities of every sort and description cry out for help, we can console ourselves with the reflection that we are to have another statue of the Prince Consort.

LONDON, February 18, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

Edmund Yates cables over the interesting supposition that henceforward earthquake nightgowns will form part of the wardrobe for ladies visiting the Riviera, so that if they have to rush from their beds into the street, they will be clothed in garments most suitable to set off their beauty.

A citizen of Ionia, Mich., while standing with wet rubbers on an iron doorstep, suddenly lost the power of walking. He nearly fainted from terror, thinking he was paralyzed. Upon discovering that his rubbers were frozen to the doorstep he felt better.

THE LATEST VERSE.

A Fair Florentine.

She hath eyes that shame the night,
Deep and mystic, dark with doom,
Rich in thought alive with light
When the passion flowers bloom.
And her lips are scarlet red,
Mute, and motionless, and calm,
Till a score of kisses shed
Love's elixir on their balm.
Soft and silky is her breast,
Tranquil as a virgin rose.
Now to rock in wild unrest,
Like an ocean in its throes.
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,
Queen where Arno's river flows.

She hath locks of darkest dark,
Brow of snow, and face of fire;
Tuneless is the singing lark
When she strikes her silver lyre;
Arno's speech is not as sweet
As the music of her voice
When she runs to meet and greet
The Bernardo of her choice.
Myrrh and oleander dells
Bloom with beauties rare to see;
Yet within their shadow dwells
Not a fairer nymph than she;
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,
Heart and Heaven throb for thee.

Florence hath more stately dames
Garbed in silk and decked with lace,
But they lack the living flames
Sweeping o'er her cherub face.
Plain-robed lassies often are
Each a more bewitching prize
Than the blue-veined proudest star
Gleaming from palatial skies.
Viva Bacco! Tap the cask!
We will drink this health of thine
With a bumper from a flask
Of the ruddy Tuscan wine.
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,
Maid of maidens, Florentine!

—Eugene Davis.

On the Belfry Tower.

A SKETCH.

"Look down the road. You see that mound
Rise on the right, its grassy round
Broken as by a scar?"

We stood,
Where every landscape-lover should,
High on the gray old belfry's lead,
Scored with rude names, and to the tread
Waved like a sea. Below us spread
Cool grave-stones, watched by one great yew.
To right were ricks; thatched roofs a few;
Next came the rectory, with its lawn
And nestling school-house; next, withdrawn
Beyond a maze of apple boughs,
The long, low-latticed Manor-house.
The wide door showed an antlered hall:
Then, over roof and chimney-stack,
You caught the fish-pond at the back,
The roses and the old red wall.
Behind, the Dorset ridges go
With straggling, wind-clipped trees, and so
The eye came down the slope to follow
The white road winding in the hollow
Beside the mound of which he spoke.

"There," said the rector, "from the town
The Roundheads rode across the down.
Sir Miles—twas then Sir Miles's day—
Was posted farther south, and lay
Watching at Weymouth; but his son—
Rupert by name—an only one—
The veriest youth, it would appear,
Scrambling about for jackdaws here,
Spied them a league off. People say,
Scorning the tedious turret-way,
(Or else because the butler's care
Had turned the key to keep him there),
He slid down by the rain-pipe. Then,
Arming the hands and serving-men
With half-pike and witharquebuss,
Snatched from the wainscot's overplus,
Himself in rusty steel-cap clad,
With flapping ear-pieces, the lad
Led them by stealth around the ridge,
So flanked the others at the bridge.
They were but six to half a score,
And yet five Crop-ears, if not more,
Sleep in that hillock. Sad to tell,
The boy, by some stray petronel,
Or friend's or foe's—report is vague—
Was killed; and then, for fear of plague,
Buried within twelve hours or so.

"Such is the story. Shall we go?
I have his portrait here below:
Grave, olive-cheeked, a Southern face.
His mother, who was dead, had been
Something, I think, about the Queen,
Long ere the days of that disgrace,
Saddest our England yet has seen.
Poor child! The last of all his race."
—Austin Dobson in *March Longman's*.

The Lady of Beauty.

She comes like fullest moon on happy night;
Taper of waist, with shape of magic might;
She hath an eye whose glances quell mankind;
And Ruby on her cheeks reflects her light;
Envels her arms the blackness of her hair;
Beware of curls that bite with viper bite!
Her sides are silken soft, the while the heart
Mere rock behind that surface lurks from sight;
From the fringed curtains of her eyes she shoots
Shafts which at furthest range on eye alight:
Ah, how her beauty all excels! ah, how
That shape transcends the graceful waving bough!

—From Sir Richard Burton's Translation of the "Arabian Nights."

Joseph O'Brien, of Cleveland, says that he once examined a swallow's nest in which were two young birds. Around the leg of one of them horsehair had been closely wound. Mr. O'Brien removed the hair, and found that the leg had been broken. He thinks that this was a genuine case of bird surgery.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Rather than call "pants" "trousers," Chicago people are going to wear knee-breeches.—*Puck*.

There are a few good Indians out West. One of them has just been exhumed in a petrified condition.—*Puck*.

Pat—"Phwat is that ye are at, Biddy?" Biddy—"Sure it's a bottle of hair-resthorer Oi'm putting on me ould muff!"—*Life*.

The Empress of Japan intends introducing English manners into her court life. Her chief difficulty will be finding the manners.—*Life*.

Tourist (to Highland sentry on a cold, frosty morning)—"Sentry, are you cold with the kilt?" Sentry—"Na, but I'm near kilt wi' the cauld."—*Ex.*

In the Alps—Guide—"If the ladies will only stop talking, your honor may hear the roaring of the waterfall across the valley."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Gath's" stenographer has gone crazy. We did intend to make some comment here, but, upon further consideration, do not think it necessary.—*Puck*.

The American Missionary Society sent five thousand pairs of trousers to Burmah last year. This is charity that covereth a multitude of shins.—*Somerville Journal*.

A toboggan suit is as deceptive as a Mother Hubbard dress. In determining plumpness, there is nothing equal to an evening costume or a Fairbanks scale.—*Puck*.

Suffocating young lady in the theatre—"I wouldn't come here again to hear—the Angel Gabriel!" He—"Wouldn't you? He'll make a very good play—the last trump."—*Life*.

In honor of the paragraphers who have largely contributed to her fame, the distinguished New York amateur actress will hereafter write her name, Mrs. James Brown "otter."—*Life*.

The Emperor William, of Germany, is the tallest monarch, being just six feet. The defunct King of Bavaria was the "shortest," being in debt several million dollars.—*Norristown Herald*.

Kind-hearted Old Gentleman—"There, there, don't cry; be a little man." Injured Child—"How c-an I be a little man when I's a l-little g-g girl? Boo-hoo!"—*Harper's Young People*.

Wife—"I am going down-town this morning, to try and match a piece of silk." Husband (a *rara avis*). "Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself."—*Puck*.

The recent failure of a glue factory in Cincinnati has cast a gloom over the community. The extraordinary pressure on the humor market, and the small supply above ground just now, is our only excuse for this.—*Puck*.

Miss Mary—"Well, judging from his appearance, I should say he had a long life before him." Dr. Bones—"Wrong, quite wrong; his life is not worth a six months' purchase." Miss Mary—"Are you attending him, Dr. Bones?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Young Man (whispering to jeweler)—"That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday—" Jeweler—"What's the matter with it; didn't it fit?" Young Man (cautiously)—"Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar-buttons for it."—*Puck*.

The Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland, and began singing "It is water we want, not beer," and the saloon-keeper turned the hose on them. And yet they were not happy. It is hard to please some people.—*Norristown Herald*.

The "silence of the tomb" is a carnival of sound compared to the stillness reigning in a crowded street-car when the driver brings it to a standstill, twists the lever around the brake, pokes his head in at the door, and says in deep tones "Somebody hasn't paid their fare."—*Hartford Journal*.

First actor (on the Rialto)—"Who is the long-haired bloke?" Second actor—"That is Cato Alexander Smith the eminent tragedian." First actor—"Well up in the business?" Second—"I should say so. I saw him eat four Welsh rarebits last night at a friend's expense."—*New York Sun*.

Coal-dealer—"Where's John?" Driver—"He stayed up to Mr. Brown's." Coal-dealer—"Why on earth did he do that? Doesn't he know we're short-handed?" Driver—"Suppose he does, sir; but he said he was weighed in with his load, and he had an idea he belonged to Mr. Brown."—*Harper's Bazar*.

At a hotel table yesterday this remark attracted attention "Say, pard, gimme some wat." It was addressed to the waiter by a Hoosier, who gave his order in this style: "Gimme some sal' trout, corn' beef and cab', some turk, ant'lop', some frisky-ca-seed chick and potat." As the waiter moved off he called out, "Here, pard, bring me some 'but'."—*Buffal Courier*.

Three different waiters at a Southern hotel asked a little prim, precise Harvard professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked: "Is it compulsory?" "No, sah, answered our friend and brother, 'no, sah; I think it ar mock turtle.'"—*Hotel Reporter*.

An old sailor recently spun a yarn to the Martha's Vine driving Herald, in which he said: "A spanking breeze wa driving the ship, everything drawing aloft and aloft, whe the cry, 'Man overboard!' startled the ship's company. Th Captain came on deck, and, looking over the taffrail at th rapidly receding object and observing the good speed th ship was making, said: 'Poor fellow. God help him; I' sorry for him, but we must take advantage of this breeze i the interest of the owners.' Just then a sailor who had bee on the lookout ran aft and said: 'Captain it was not a mai but it's a hog.' 'Aha!' said the Captain, 'hard a-port! bac the mainyard! clear away the boat, and save that hog!'"

VANITY FAIR.

Can you imagine a woman seated on her chair at home and poking one cheek with one finger by the hour day after day? Can you easily picture to yourself another woman working her lower jaw incessantly and most vigorously an hour or two every day for a month? The reason they do this is that they are not satisfied with their faces. This one has a depression in her cheek, and that is what she is poking with her finger. She expects so to strengthen the muscles in her cheek as to make it full and plump and round, as it ought to be, and used to be in her babyhood. The other one is working her lower jaw in order to develop the lower part of her face, which she thinks is not round and curving enough; or, if she is married, she wants her face to look as well as the plumpiest among her lady friends. There is a little book in current use which gives the ladies the necessary instructions for poking this part of the face and working the other, and it is this little book that is giving our women this novel employment. This manual for encouraging the vanity of women also gives instruction in the art of developing the arms and necks and busts of the sex, but what it proposes for them to do is only, after all, what they are doing and have been doing always for their own improvement. A man exercises for his health—a woman for her looks. The growth of fashionable life, with the attendant increase of the use of low-neck dresses, has set many and many hundreds of women, who want to shine in society, to racking their brains and busying their muscles toward improving their appearance. Many women who want to wear low ball and dinner dresses find they have bothersome bones in their necks which are quite useful in their way, but have no right to expose themselves just where a fair, smooth surface is desired. To sink these out of sight amid the fullness of a fashionable neck or chest is what is giving many a pugilist and fencing master and gymnasium manager wealth and business just now.

The Paris jewelers have begun to make match-boxes after the pattern of the porcelain trays which had such a run some time ago, namely, in microscopic imitation of a folded newspaper. As a matter of course, the *Figaro* and *Gil Blas* hold first rank, as these boxes are intended for men of rather "fast" tastes. Those which have the title sheet of some illustrated newspaper on the lid, such as the *Vie Parisienne*, the *Art à la Mode*, *Punch*, or the *Illustrated News* are to be preferred. The effect of the paper and print is produced in white and black enamel from a photographic reduction of the journal itself.

Equestrianism is an expensive sport for the ladies. To do it fashionably requires more than a hundred days' attendance at riding school or park, and at least two suits of clothes. The new style skirt is fitted to a lady while she is on the back of a stuffed horse, in a tailor shop. It is made with a bulge here and a fullness there, to make room for her right knee and foot, which cross the horse's back in a way that would be demoralizing to an ordinary dress. The skirt is also made to fit the limbs of a lady like wall paper, as she sits in the saddle. It is useless if it has a crease in it. Fitting it in this way prevents it from hitching up higher and higher, as the old-fashioned lop-sided skirts always used to do. Then, again, all that the lady in a riding suit has to do while she is in the street nowadays, is to loop up the superfluous part of the skirt to one of the tail buttons on her waist. The waists are made quite plain as a rule, and are simply tight-fitting jackets with high cadet collars and tiny lapels, which spread apart to show a little necktie. A lady's riding trousers are almost exactly like those that men wear, except that they button up under the waist. One can't tell the difference between the garments of the two sexes except that one kind are very full at the hips. They are often worn very tight, and, to make them so, are cut out of stockinet or jersey cloth. A strap at the bottom passes under the shoe and keeps them from rubbing up against the horse's side. The men have the same arrangement. Some of the women wear breeches buttoned over the knee, like a tennis player's smalls. Short boots—pretty little conceits in patent leather—are worn with the breeches. The old style riding habits, the trails of which the ladies carry on their arms, cost from \$50 to \$75; the new style \$90 to \$120.

A new, fanciful and feminine porte-bonheur is the marguerite bracelet. It consists of a gold band or spring in which is fixed a daisy, minus one of its petals, which lies on the gold band about two inches distant, with the words "*Il m'aime*" engraved between. Perhaps the whole idea would be more suggestive if nothing remained of the daisy but the centre, as it is the last petal that decides the momentous question as to whether *il m'aime un peu* or *pas de tout*. However, it looks better as it is, the petals of the flower being in diamonds, of course. Bracelets of a similar kind have a spider and a fly, a cat and a mouse, or a couple of hearts set apart from each other.

A feminine writer, in speaking of women's dress, says that a man can never appreciate the delights of trousers, or understand the feeling of freedom and lightness that a woman has in a pair of trousers or in a short skirt. Whether all ladies are anxious to get into trousers and short skirts or not is a question, but those who wish to learn to fence must do so or give up the project. The narrow, tight skirts of to-day will not permit of the freedom of the legs needed in fencing. They will either throw a woman on her face when she attempts to leap forward, or on her back when she springs away. Actresses are the best patrons of fencing, for it is understood on the stage that nothing gives a woman such a good carriage, such an elastic, graceful step, or such thorough development as frequent fencing. The fencing-masters recommend for this exercise any dress that is full (made shapely by plaiting), and that will give the legs plenty of freedom. It must be short, because a woman who fences doesn't have time to think of anything else, and in her stooping and half-kneeling postures, from which she must spring up and back and forward with as nearly lightning-like movements as she can attain, a long skirt will be likely to throw her half the time. A skirt reaching a little below the knee, then boots, if she likes, though stockings are better, a good

tight-fitting jacket, and a pair of tennis shoes complete her outfit. It is not expensive sport; any large or small room that is cleared of its furniture will do—in fact, the barest it is of furniture, and even carpet, the better. A pair of foils costs from one to six dollars; of helmets, only ten dollars; and of plastrons, only five dollars. The fashionable ladies' tailors will be pleased to receive ninety or one hundred dollars for a fencing suit, consisting of a plaited skirt and a tight jacket, or a jacket and Turkish trousers; but any woman who is handy with her needle can make one—or get one made for that matter—of the same shirting flannel the tailors use, for an eighth or tenth of that price.

A professional exile has lately visited Washington, and tells the following about a well-known American woman abroad. Mrs. Arthur Padelford, the pretty little girl not yet out of her teens, who loves to astonish Vienna, went to the opera ball in January in a box, but without a mask. This is altogether opposed to Austrian etiquette. Prince Hohenlohe, Governor of Alsace-Lorraine was at the ball, and so charmed with the pretty American that he went to her box, of course in uniform. Likewise, no less than twelve young Austrian officers of rank, which was also a crying offense against the adamant rules of society in Vienna. The Emperor, who was present, thinking his young officers were led into it by Prince Hohenlohe's illustrious example, sent for him. The Prince took his time about coming. The Emperor got very angry, and sent a peremptory order for his own officers. The result was Prince Hohenlohe left Berlin out of favor with the Austrians, and twelve young officers are now in Coventry, as far as the royal displeasure can put them.

In Paris masked dinner parties are only attended by married women, and even those from the ranks of the frisky matrons, and the more careful wives consider them slightly too risqué in tone to be indulged. But Americans are under the necessity of fitting their literature and their social relaxations to the demands of "the young person," who, when all is done and said, is still queen regnant in our society world. Therefore, when the exigencies of the demand for some new thing drive hapless hostesses to adapt French ideas, they must so rearrange them, while preserving their piquancy, as to make them innocent and reasonably proper. Still, even with all this, very strict chaperons are disposed to look askance upon masked dinners. Several of them have been given, but the participants have kept so quiet about them that they have not yet made their way into the papers. The element of fascination in these dinners is, of course, as in all masked entertainments, the amusing surprises when the women unmask just as they rise to leave the men to their wine. It was because one of these little enlightenments was so unique and amusing that the dinners got talked about, for the party could not forbear telling it afterward. At these dinners the guests are known only to the hostess, at least the women are, because the men are not in mask. No one but she knows who is to come, either, because with the invitations goes a plea for absolute secrecy. At a recent one in New York, a young man, a husband of some three years' standing, came into the drawing-room about 7 o'clock to find five women, all in mask, and only to be distinguished by a little ivory number hung by a blue ribbon to the shoulder-strap of their low-necked gowns. He had made some vague excuse to his wife, who had asked him to stay at home that evening, about having business down-town, and had dressed at the club. The men had numbers to match those of the women to choose from at random, and to his lot fell the number four, whose companion hung to the shoulder of a tall and splendid creature, whose arms and shoulders were as white as the purest blonde, though what could be seen of her hair was perfectly black. Before the fish was removed, he confided to his partner that until that evening he had preferred blondes, but from that hour his allegiance was transferred to their dark-haired sisters—not pausing to consider, base man! that his wife's eyes were blue and her hair like flax. His companion proved to be decidedly "flirtatious" in disposition, though she apparently had never seen him before, guessing wide of the mark whoever she hazarded any conjectures as to his past, his tastes, or his temperament. Such a temptation was irresistible. He told her several exciting anecdotes in which he figured heroically, and poured revelations of himself that were nearer being what he would like to be than what he was, into her willing and credulous ears. His companion seemed to be disposed to flaunt her conquest, and—as his wife was not there to glance at him between the candles—he wore his flowery chains rather ostentatiously. "You are sure you like brunettes best?" she whispered tenderly, as the hostess gave the sign to rise and unmask. "Never could bear blondes," he replied gallantly, and then he gasped—"Nellie!" and sat down suddenly and limply. It was his wife in a black wig, and there was an uncanny gleam in her eye.

M. Paul Hamelin, of the Rue de la Paix, Paris, doubtless made a very good speculation when he purchased an old Roman vase full of gold and silver coins, which was discovered some time since in one of the French provinces. The coins are all fine and well preserved. Some of them he mounted as brooches, others as pins, others again appended to watch-chains or to plain gold chains for bracelets, while the vase—a bronze jug about six inches high and much discolored and the worse for its sojourn of centuries in the cold ground—is shown in the window and attracts considerable attention.

On dancing and kissing T. W. Higginson writes in *Harper's Bazar*: It may be asserted, in a general way, that wherever in the United States you do not find dancing you find kissing. In communities where dancing was disapproved I have seen "string games" called for and carried into practice at entertainments held in school-houses and even at church societies. In such places, church members—and, for aught I know, deacons—take part in the amusement; and I have seen it develop a friskiness, so to speak, in grizzled men, which made them, one would say, anything but seductive or beguiling to the young and fair. Among those of earlier years kissing becomes, in such communities, a systematic pursuit, like hunting or fishing. Young girls whose parents object to it are neglected or disliked; a young man

in such a village told a friend of mine, with some indignation, that she was the only girl in town whom he had not kissed. It is of no use to object to it as immoral where the church members are committed to it. Perhaps it can not be called immoral; but when society has reached a certain stage of refinement these games vanish. The symbol of that increased refinement is usually dancing. Dancing, whatever its drawbacks, serves practically as the antidote to kissing games; where one begins the other dies out. They do not seem to flourish side by side; at any rate, people rarely go back from dancing to kissing. Granting, for the sake of argument, that it is necessary to have some amusement, the choice lies, in our villages and their scattered families, between these two forms of relaxation.

Prepare to be shocked by some of the new silk gowns. They are made of what is called "skin silk," and are an exact imitation of the human skin. Very light and flexible, it adapts itself to the figure in a remarkable way, and when developed in the Second Empire style gives the charming effect at a little distance of the wearer having lived before Eve ate the apple, and being in the primeval condition of innocence. Undoubtedly this silk will be used, especially by those young women who vow to get themselves up as "She" was dressed, or as "Salammbô's" garments are described.

One of the most curious sales recently witnessed at the Hotel Drouot—that scene *par excellence* of strong farces and pitiful tragedies as developed in the disposal of goods by auction—was that of one Mrs. N—. She was an Englishwoman, who was at one time the *chère amie* of the head of one of the greatest houses of brandy distillers in the world. Her immensely wealthy and infatuated "friend" lavished upon her in the space of a twelvemonth no less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Whether she has died or has simply disappeared without paying her debts, I do not know (writes Lucy Hooper to the New York World), but at all events her goods and chattels were sold off at the great auction mart early this week, the sale occupying three days. It has formed one of the sensations of the hour, and no wonder. I never saw such absurd quantities of clothing gathered together as that woman possessed. She had dresses by the score, forty four lace handkerchiefs, and silk stockings and handkerchiefs by the hundreds. A disgusting piece of luxury to the Anglo-Saxon feminine mind was comprised in some two dozen caleçons, all in silk plush, trimmed with lace and satin ribbons in most elaborate fashion. They were all in the most delicate and vivid colors, ruby plush with pink ribbons; also green with pale blue, Ophelia lilac with cream-satin ribbons, etc. More worthy of admiration was her silverware, of which she possessed a vast variety, including a wash-stand set all in solid silver. The wash-bowl and pitcher were of immense size, the former being quite big enough to bathe a baby in, had there been one handy.

The most fashionable dancing-class in Philadelphia, the one to which all the infant swells belong previous to being launched as "buds," always ends the evening with what is called "the last waltz in the dark." The gas is turned off, with the exception of one or two lights in one of the candeliers, when these innocents take their final spin down the darkened ball.

Mrs. Langtry, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct position of "professional beauty." Their reigns terminated in various ways. One offended by observing that a certain waist was not as thin as formerly; another, that a certain bead of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a teaspoonful of ice-cream down a royal shirt-collar; a fourth falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and in fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the Prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whose accommodation in a house often of the tiniest the friends of a lifetime had perforce to be discarded. Fulsome was the adulation poured upon the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated father-in-law. In such circumstances there is nothing for lovely woman to do but to go and winter on the Riviera. The future of such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, of course, her husband can secure election as member of Parliament, when she can get back into society by another door.

Manning Logan, son of General Logan, is to be married in the spring to Miss Andrews, the daughter of the Youngstown millionaire. He has already ordered the outfit, which is so elaborate and unusual that his tailor has been giving a few private exhibitions of the works of art which are soon to adorn the person of young Logan. Among the varied articles are two suits of silk underwear at forty dollars per suit, several pairs of black silk hose at five dollars per pair. But even these dainty articles are to be eclipsed by a night-robe ordered from New York that is to cost two hundred dollars. Would-be subscribers to the Logan fund might hasten their subscriptions a little in view of these unusual expenses. But, en passant, how many of the subscribers for the "relief" of the Logans wear forty-dollar underwear and five-dollar socks, or ever saw a two-hundred-dollar night-shirt?

"The tongue of gossip is busy in Washington with the attentions showered upon a rare and radiant blonde who was the conspicuous figure in a lower box at the National Theatre last week, on the occasion of Bernhardt's rendition of *Fédora*. Her corsage was decidedly décolleté, and a bouquet of pansies seemed to be the focus of eager but evil eyes to the intense disgust of ladies and gentlemen in the audience who could but note such a conspicuous case of indecorum. That the men who gave this rank offense, under the rare temptation of this exposure, were evidently foreign, with French aspects and inclinations, did not mitigate the measure of their offending, even though the play was of the French Frenchy." So writes a correspondent of the *II*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a new edition of Browning in six volumes, which will contain all the poetry that poet has hitherto written. The first two volumes will appear in April, and the rest will follow in rapid succession.

The Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, the editor of the *Utica Herald* and author of "Government Revenue," contributes two new volumes to the American Commonwealth Series to be devoted to New York. They will be published at once by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Songs of Society, by American Poets" is the name of a new collection of light verse, edited by Ernest DeLancy Pierson, which will be published in a few weeks. The edition will be in parchment cover, with an elaborate stamp of quaint design.

One trouble about works issued serially is the long vacation that sometimes occurs between the volumes. The first volume of Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" was published about twenty-four years ago, the second volume is now in press.

French writers complain that they are frequently defrauded by the publisher or the printer, or by the connivance of both. Publishers have been known to pay authors for a three-thousand edition, and put an extra thousand on the market for which the writers received nothing. Every writer, therefore, suspects the publishers, and the writer whose works sell least suspects most. As French authors are paid per book sold or printed, it is of the utmost importance to know the exact number issued. M. Charpentier is probably the only Paris publisher who issues his books by thousands instead of by editions, and the authors with whom he deals have some knowledge of their own business. M. Charpentier says that in France authors receive from thirty-five to sixty centimes on each copy of their books, the sum varying according to the importance of the work and the rank of the author. Zola made out of the paper-covered editions of his "Assommoir" the comfortable sum of thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, and Daudet's gains from "Sapho" are eleven thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The *American Magazine*, formerly the *Brooklyn Magazine*, will make its first appearance some time in April. It is to be edited by Mr. W. C. Wyckoff, who was for nine years connected with the *Tribune*, but latterly engaged in some silk business. The pecuniary backer of the magazine is Mr. Bush, of the Standard Oil Company, who is a millionaire, and who takes the magazine as he takes a yacht—for an amusement. The new magazine will have no feature like the *Brooklyn Magazine*, except a supplementary department devoted to the Plymouth pulpit. It is, furthermore, to be illustrated, which the *Brooklyn Magazine* was not, and it is now under new proprietorship and new management altogether. The editor is already busy laying out plans for future numbers, and in engaging fact and fiction, poetry and pictures for a long time ahead to fill his columns. If many more magazines are started in this country the result will be something like it is in England. Here there is a big field and few magazines. There it is all magazines and no field. There was a time when English magazines had large circulations. But when the fortunes made by the early magazines became known to the world everybody wanted to run a magazine of his own, and the result was no great success for any of them.

Publishers are rushing into print to break the force of Mr. Walter Besant's exposure of publishing practices, which has produced a widespread sensation. What strikes the English public is that this tremendous attack—for it is nothing less—comes not from a disappointed or needy but from a successful and prosperous author. Mr. Besant has no grievance of his own. It is authors as a class for whose wrongs he asks redress, authors as victims against whom the publishers are trying to preserve their present peculiar profits. The longest letter comes from Mr. Marston, of Sampson, Low & Co., who makes a show of dealing with Mr. Besant's charges, but leaves them just where they were. His letter abounds in sneers and innuendoes, a sample of which will suffice: Mr. Besant argues that authors should be entitled to credit accounts and require vouchers, as in every other business transaction; Mr. Marston calls this prying into publishers' ledgers. A singular, or rather not singular, example of the ways of publishers may be found in the story of the recent reissue of Mrs. Browning's poems. Routledge, who has lately made a specialty of snapping up expired copyrights, lay in wait for Mrs. Browning, had ascertained the very day and hour when part of her poems became public property, and issued these without the knowledge or suspicion of Mr. Robert Browning, who first heard of the publication on entering a bookstore. He thereupon arranged with his own publishers to issue an edition, including those still under copyright, with his own notes; but Routledge's imperfect issue had already been sold by thousands.

The publication of a translation of Gogol's novel, "Dead Souls," recalls a curious circumstance connected with it. This book was published in 1842, at the University Press of Moscow. Over ten thousand copies were circulated, and although it is said that a second edition was prohibited through the influence of a satirized bureaucracy, the work was well received by the press, and even excited a literary controversy as to the merits of the author. In 1846 a German translation was published, and in 1852 Prosper Merimee made the book known in France. Not until 1854 did it reach England, and then it appeared not as "Dead Souls," by Gogol, the Petersburg professor, but as "Home Life in Russia," by "A Russian noble," whose name was concealed "lest he should be sent to Siberia." This fraud, which was aptly called "a coolly impudent speculation on English ignorance of Russian literature," was finally exposed by the *Athenaeum*. Thereupon the publishers explained that the manuscript had been purchased by them from a Russian baron, as "his own original production," and they furnished a letter from the "author." With supreme assurance, considering his position as a detected literary thief, he said: "The novel is a composition of my own. . . . I knew now Nicolai Gogol (he is now dead); he wrote a very clever and long poem on the subject; so did others." Nevertheless a comparison of Gogol's novel with the "Russian noble's" book—a comparison made page by page and sentence by sentence—showed the latter to be simply a bad translation, with a few verbal alterations and omissions.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's popularity has stimulated him to undertake a quantity of literary work that might daze an ordinary man. He has no sooner issued his latest collection of stories, "The Merry Men," when we are told that he has not less than three other important plans in view. The most ambitious of these is, perhaps, the early publication of a collection of "Essays," in two volumes, to consist of personal and literary papers, partly reprinted from his "Virginibus Puerisque," now out of print, and a number of new essays never before published. His second forthcoming book will be a volume of poems entitled "Underwoods," to be divided into two parts, one devoted to English and the other to Scotch verses. Mr. Stevenson will also be represented in the forthcoming memorial volume of Professor Fleming Jenkins, to which he has contributed a full biographical memoir. Besides these, he has under way a serial story, to appear in *Scribner's Magazine*, which, it is said, will be entirely unlike any of his previous tales, and has contracted for not less than seven short stories for early publication in different magazines in this country and England. While all this work is undertaken by Mr. Stevenson because he finds pleasure in it, it is likewise true that his circumstances are such as to make the remuneration it brings him exceedingly welcome. The author's domestic expenses are heavy, and his continued illness makes large drafts upon his resources. He receives a royalty on all his books, published in America, from the Scribner's, but from the pirated edition of his stories he, of course, receives nothing, not even copies of the books.

New Books.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," together with "Ivry" and "The Armada," form the latest volume of Cassell's National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

R. D. Blackmore's "Springhaven," and Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Merry Men" and "Other Tales" (another edition of which was noticed in our issue of last week), are the latest issues of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, respectively, 25 and 20 cents.

"The Hornet's Nest," by Edward P. Roe, is a boy's story of boys' adventures in North Carolina during the War of the Revolution. It is an absorbing little tale, and the author takes no undue liberty with historical personages or events. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 25 cents.

"A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" gives its title to a little volume containing two of Bret Harte's recent short stories. It is a tale of the mines, and exhales the same atmosphere of unconventionalality which lends so potent a charm to all of Harte's stories. "Devil's Ford" is already familiar to the readers of the *Argonaut*, in which it was published some months ago. The two tales are printed uniformly with the author's other recent tales, in a neat 16mo volume, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. Waldteufel, 737 Market Street; price, \$1.

"A New England Idyll," by Belle C. Greene, is a quiet, moral little story, suitable for young girls. The heroines, Hester and Rosy Ruggles, are two New England girls who have been left, at the death of their parents, to take care of a family of younger brothers and sisters. They open a dress-making establishment and succeed well, and in the summer take two "city boarders," one of whom, a young man who has been shockingly dissipated in town, falls in love with and marries one of the sisters. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.

"Retrospections of America, 1797-1811," by John Bernard, is a very interesting biographical volume which has recently been published under the editorship of Laurence Hutton and Brander Matthews. Bernard was one of the first "stars" in the American theatrical constellation, and to the opportunities which his wandering life gave him he applied the keen observation and clear analysis of a man of education and refinement. The theatrical element is, of course, strong in his chapters, but he had been the friend and companion of such men as Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and the wits of the Beefsteak Club in London, and in America he sustained friendly, if not intimate, relations with a great many of the leading men and women of our early history. Among those whom he mentions are Washington, Jefferson, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and men of their stamp; and Canada as well as the United States is laid under tribute for clever and amusing anecdotes and pictures of the then existing social life. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.75.

"The Law of Success," by William S. Spear, is a curious example of the novel methods of book-making which now obtain. The author has been a compiler of biographies in the Southwestern and Mississippi States, and in the course of that work has obtained the material on which the present work is founded. In the list of questions he submitted to the twelve hundred men he has written about, was the question: "Your business motto, and methods by which you have reached success?" The answers to this question he has taken and generalized into a number of aphorisms, bits of advice, etc., which will not only aid a young man in his struggle for wealth, but for name, fame, and the other attributes of worldly success as well. Eight attributes are deemed necessary in the beginning, viz.: Thinking power, will power, concentration power, working power, waiting power, staying power, saving power, and truth-telling power; and the author discusses these in the light of his twelve hundred answers in a manner that shows good logical faculties. Published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.; price, \$1.

In the third and concluding part of the Greville Memoirs, "A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1852 to 1860," a shorter period is treated than in preceding parts, and a period, too, when Greville had, in a measure, retired from the activity of public life and society. But its interest is, nevertheless, great; the events recorded were momentous and the impressions of them, formed by a man who lived while they were transpiring, present an inviting field to the reader. To Americans this is particularly applicable, for the re-establishment of the French Empire, the Imperial Court, the Indian Mutiny, the Crimean War, and the Italian War are matters of much more lively interest than the rise and fall of English ministries. The fair portrayal of the private life and character of the famous personages with whom Greville came in contact—so important a factor in the success of the former volumes—is a feature of this third part; and anecdotes and quotable passages are very numerous. The volume contains some five hundred and fifty pages, but if there be any fault in its extent, it lies on the side of brevity. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Henry R. Elliott, whose first novel, "The Bassett Claim" attracted considerable attention some time ago, has chosen the Ninth Ward, of New York City, for the scene of his second story—almost an infringement on the fresh field which H. C. Bunner worked so well in his "Midge," and other sketches. But Mr. Elliott has made the people of "The Common Chord" his own; he has endowed them with a distinct individuality; and though they are "ordinary, around-the-corner people," as he calls them, he has fashioned the commonplace events of their lives into a romantic and pathetic little story. Paul Winans, the crippled veteran, whose cheery fortitude, every misfortune, Nellie, the sunny-souled little woman, whose merry, tender nature so brightens up the story; old Goodkind, her father, who has been that most un-American thing, a failure all through his life, and who yet commands our respect for his fortitude; Stockwell, the journalist—by the way, the journalist is becoming an indispensable stock character in American novels—whose end is so pathetically tragic; and all the other personages, are sketched with a light, yet powerful hand, and make up a very pretty picture of metropolitan life. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach.

"McCarthy's Annual Statistician" for 1887, has just been issued. The best idea of the scope of the new volume can be gained from the editor's remarks. He says: "The following are the new subjects contained in this year's issue: Over thirty additional countries have been introduced; the wheat import, export, production and consumption of the world, showing at a glance the countries producing the world's supply; a list of the first-printed newspapers in the world, the oldest, the largest circulated, and total number printed; the largest locomotive in the world; hatters', hosiers', and shoemakers' measures; fourteen pages of remarkable events; two hundred and fifteen States and countries noted; mathematics in endless variety, including calculations of irregular bodies, telegraph-poles, boat-oars, logs, eleven different measurements of the miners' inch of water; mineral tables; the world's production of gold and silver. Concerning the United States: Complete financial, political, and productive statements from each State; every senator from the foundation of the government in each State to date; animals on farms in the United States; a list of all destructive fires from the earliest records to date; exhaustive statistics of the first seventeen cities of the United States, never yet published in such completeness; a list of the Pilgrim fathers; criminals and paupers; Indian tribes; the Fiftieth Congress; the Presidential Succession Bill; canals in operation; complete election returns of California for 1886; fisheries, salmon yield, and State census of Oregon. Besides an aggregate of at least fifty thousand entirely new facts. The retained portion of the work has undergone a thorough revision and correction. The lists of foreign cities have been enlarged and corrected up to date; the same has been done in regard to mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas. The chronology has been brought down to January 27, 1887. The figures representing area, population, armies, navies, imports, exports, productions, railroads, telegraphs, revenues, expenditures, and debts of the different nations are the latest obtainable." To this we may add that the "Statistician" is the most valuable work of its class with which we are acquainted, and is indispensable in a newspaper office. Price, 10 cents, \$4.00 in turkey, \$5.00. Address, L. P. McCarthy, editor and proprietor, 713 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They tell in Lewiston, Me., of an oysterman whose saloon used to be on Maine Street, and who was the slowest man in the State. One day he died, and soon after a citizen said to Erastus, the oysterman's son: "Erastus, your father died rather sudden, didn't he?" "Well, yes," said Erastus, "sudden for him."

A messenger-boy for Commodore A. E. Bateman was sent out recently on Wall Street to hunt up Mr. Harvey Durand, with the message that Commodore Bateman wanted to see him. The messenger returned and reported that Mr. Durand was in Delmonico's. "Anybody with him?" asked the Commodore. "Yes, sir," replied the lad, "a gentleman and six brokers."

A soldier writes: In the fall of 1864 we were in West Tennessee, on short rations. Our regiment had been fighting hard. One day Captain Gray and myself sat eating beans and coffee, when a shell fell close to our tent-door. We could see the blue smoke curling from its fuse. The captain at once clapped his hat over our coffee and beans, and went down under the table, while I went under our bunk. With a fearful report the shell burst, covering everything about us with sand. Jumping up, the captain took the bat off from over the beans, put it on his head, sat down, and finished eating, remarking, "Rations are too scarce to lose any by foolishness."

The actors in Miss Fortescue's company are telling a rather amusing story about that lady's sister, who is traveling with the organization. When they were playing recently in Buffalo, the younger Miss Fortescue came on Wednesday morning to see the manager, and expressed a desire to run down that afternoon with her mother and visit Niagara Falls. The manager was afraid some unforeseen delay might occur to prevent the lady's return in time for the evening's performance, and he said: "It would be quite useless for you to go to-day. The falls are not visible on Wednesdays." "Indeed? And why not?" "They always turn the water off on Wednesdays." "How extraordinary," responded Miss Fortescue, and went away quite satisfied with the explanation.

W. H. Crawford, a railroad conductor, once applied to the Superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joe for a train, presenting a Wabash indorsement. "I see," said the St. Joe chief, "this letter says you understand the business, but makes no reference to your integrity. Now, Mr. Crawford, if I should give you a train, what percentage of the cash receipts would you be willing to turn in to the company?" "Whatever has been customary with the old conductors," was Crawford's answer. "But they have been keeping it all," remarked the superintendent. "Well," said Crawford, with a smile, "that will be satisfactory to me. I don't want to be peculiar." To his surprise the superintendent told him to come around on Monday and he could have a train, adding, "I rather like your frankness."

There is a queer character in the Adirondacks—a hunter called "Romeo." He has a profound distrust of loans, mortgages, banks, and all kinds of financial securities. In his prime, he at one time accumulated a considerable sum by faithful labor in his calling. The problem of investing it troubled him, but he found a solution which revealed his character and ingenuity. His dwelling was rude and unfinished; huge posts of seasoned ash ran up the walls at the corners of the building, and were exposed to view inside. He resolved to make these his place of deposit. Having changed his money into gold, he bored deep auger-holes into the posts, and put in the coin. Then he drove a wooden pin into each hole, and sawed off the pin. The gold remained for years in this situation, being dug out as he needed it.

Mr. Everett was riding on the Eastern Road. At Lynn a bright and pretty girl got into the cars, and took the vacant seat by his side. He entered into conversation with her, and was much entertained by her fresh and vivacious comments. When the train was entering Boston he determined to give her a pleasant surprise, and so said, blandly: "Now, would you like to know who it is with whom you have been talking?" "Oh, yes," answered the girl, turning her beaming face. The statesman smiled benignantly. "I am Mr. Everett—Mr. Edward Everett." The girl stared at him vacantly. He smiled again, for the mortifying thought that his name could be unknown to her had not yet taken form in his serene mind. The pause became oppressive. Finally, the girl betought herself. "Do you," she said desperately, "do you live in Lynn?"

A coterie of poker-players had a night session in Chicago, which closed in a contest over a big jack pot. They had started their game on Saturday, and on looking at their watches discovered that it was nearly five o'clock of Sunday morning. One of the players suggested, by way of penance, that whoever won the jack pot should take it to church that day and put it into the contribution-box. The winner was somewhat of a humorist. He put the cash into an envelope, marked it "J. Pott," and laid it on the contribution-plate. On Monday morning, a week later, happening to pick up a paper, he was astonished to find in it a report of a sermon delivered by the pastor of the church, in which a feeling allusion was made to the fact that on a previous Sunday a kind stranger had made a generous donation to the church. "I sincerely hope and trust," was the clergyman's language, "that if Mr. J. Pott is still in the city and intends to remain here, he will make this his permanent religious home."

One of the raciest anecdotes now going the rounds is related of a prominent young lady in society, whose handsome figure, displayed in the most décolleté style, has for several seasons past been the subject of universal comment. Recently, having determined to go from Washington to New York for a stay of several weeks, she summoned the family physician, and informed him of her desire to be vaccinated before leaving. In response to the natural query whether she would have the virus applied to her arm, she shrugged her pretty shoulders in horror at the bare idea. "Oh dear, no, doctor; not on my arm, of course; put it—well, put it any place that it will not be seen." For an instant there was silence in the room; then, after a careful survey from the crown of the shapely blonde head to the tips of the small, well-shod feet, the physician shook his head, looking in the anxious face of the beauty as he gravely remarked: "In that case, madam, there is but one thing to be done—you must swallow it."

Frank Bowman of St. Louis, once owned a horse which his first wife was very fond of driving. One day Mrs. Bowman rattled down a quiet street in her coupé. The old horse trotted along at a good gait until he came in sight of a little brown cottage sitting well back from the street, when he suddenly swerved out of the roadway, without any guidance from the reins, and came to a dead stop before the gate. Mrs. Bowman thought this rather strange, and, whipping up the old horse, started home. Three or four days later she was driving along the same quiet street when the horse again swerved out of the roadway and stopped before the little cottage. Her curiosity being thoroughly aroused, Mrs. Bowman alighted from her coupé, walked up the pathway to the house, and rapped at the door. A very pretty woman responded to the knock, saying, "Will you be so kind as to tell me who lives here?" asked Mrs. Bowman, surveying the pretty cottager from head to foot. "Oh, certainly," replied the woman, "Mrs. Bowman lives here." "Oh, is that so?" said the Mrs. Bowman, turning to leave. "Pardon my intrusion." A few months later the Mrs. Bowman who rode in the coupé got a divorce from her husband, and now the Mrs. Bowman who lived in the cottage has been making things torrid for the St. Louis lawyer.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. E. E. Sutherland and daughter (Miss E. K. Sutherland) are now spending the spring in Wiesbaden, after which they intend visiting Dresden, Vienna, and Hamburg, previous to their return to England.

Dr. C. T. Deane left last week for a trip to the East and Europe; the doctor goes partly for rest and partly to visit the hospitals of the great centres.

Mr. L. J. Hanchett came down from Sacramento last Sunday.

Mrs. F. Yznaga arrived here from New York on Monday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Joseph R. Ryland, of San José, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neef, of Chicago, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. Frank King Harte, son of Bret Harte, is in the city. The Right Rev. Bishop William Ingraham Kip is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wakefield, in San José.

Miss Etta Tracy is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. M. Smith, at Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia City, has been here during the past week.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, has been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frank D. Willey will make an extended Eastern trip in June.

The Misses Ryland, of San José, are guests of Mrs. J. M. Burnett.

Viscount and Viscountess de la Lande have arrived at home in Paris.

Ex-Governor Downey is visiting Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin. He contemplates another trip to Carlsbad next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Thompson are occupying their new residence, 1802 Laguna Street. Mrs. Micheal Donahue is with them.

Miss Maggie Nelson will depart for Santa Barbara tomorrow to remain away several weeks.

Miss Amelia Maaten has been visiting Mrs. Dr. Parkinson in Sacramento.

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey have been visiting New York and New Haven friends, and are now in the South. They will soon proceed to Canada, and will return home in May.

Mr. Robert F. Pratt, who is enjoying a sail down the coast on the steamer *Molongo*, will return to the city next week.

Mr. Richard Pease is expected back from his Eastern trip in May.

Mr. George Atherton departed for Chili this week on the man-of-war *Pilcomayo*.

Miss Annie Dargie has been visiting Miss Emma Yoell at San José.

Miss Lizzie Dillman, who was visiting friends in Sacramento, has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Touchard Jr., are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Harrington have been sojourning in Santa Cruz for a few days.

Mr. Horace Davis has returned from his European trip.

Mrs. Dr. Deane has left the Palace Hotel, during her husband's absence, and is residing at 2373 Laguna Street.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover and Mrs. John F. Miller returned to the city on Thursday after a long absence in the Eastern States and Europe. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were in the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Peyton came over from San Rafael on Wednesday, and passed a couple of days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. A. L. Eys and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, were in the city several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, have been stopping at the Palace Hotel for the past few days.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough came down from Mare Island on Wednesday to visit friends.

Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, was in the city several days this week.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner party at their residence, last Sunday evening, in honor of Mr. John W. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neef, of Chicago, and Mr. Frank King. Friends called.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant gave a pleasant dinner party on Tuesday evening at her home on Bush Street. The table was handsomely decorated and an elegant repast was served.

Army and Navy News

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., of the coast survey steamer *Hassler*, was at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

Lieutenant H. M. Roach, U. S. A., of Fort Gaston, California, arrived in the city last Sunday.

The Hobbs Keno Party.

At the invitation of Miss Jennie Hobbs, a few friends assembled at her home, 1703 Geary Street, on Friday evening of last week. Keno was the attraction of the evening, and the game proved exceedingly interesting. There were over twenty prizes, most of them the work of the young hostess, and all were pretty. Refreshments were served at eleven o'clock, and the remainder of the evening was passed in the enjoyment of music and songs, rendered by Miss Burghin, Miss Norton, Mr. Dunphy, and others. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Harlow P. Bancroft, Misses Hobbs, Miss Mary Norton, Miss Agnes Burghin, Misses Charlotte and Nabel Bertram, Mr. James Dunphy, Mr. J. Fred. Burghin Jr., Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Fred. Johnson, Mr. Rucker, of San José, and others.

Society Theatricals.

The Pioneer Kindergarten on Pacific Street, which does much good in its way, and is in need of funds to carry it along successfully, is to receive a benefit, on or about April 12th, through a representation of "Pygmalion and Galatea" by a number of well-known amateurs. The drama is being carefully rehearsed, and everything is in favor of its receiving a good representation. The cast is as follows:

Pygmalion (an Athenian sculptor).....Mr. W. E. Davis
Galatea (a soldier).....Mr. H. H. Toland
Zephirus (an art patron).....Mr. P. Davis
Agnes (slave to Chryso).....Mr. P. Davis
Mimos (slave to Pygmalion).....Mr. R. Sloan
Galatea (an animated statue).....Miss L. Aldrich
Zephirus (wife to Pygmalion).....Miss N. Craddock
Daphne (wife to Chryso).....Miss J. Klink
Ulysses (sister to Pygmalion).....Miss J. Waters

The Rutherford Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford gave a dinner party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1105 Bush Street, in honor of Hon. and Mrs. John Milton Glover, of St. Louis, who are here on a visit. Ten guests were invited to meet them at seven o'clock. Covers were laid for fourteen at a large round table, which was covered with pink surah, and laid with lace. Extending along the table were heavy branches of the apple, peach, and cherry trees, adorned with their pretty blossoms, and wound in and out, encompassing these branches were peach-blow pink, and green new green silk ribbons. The name cards were of birch bark, on bands of pink satin stitched with gold thread, hand-painted. Receipts holding beautiful France roses and other flowers were tastefully arranged each apartment. The entire effect was very pleasing, and the presentation of the dinner was very pleasing. Those present were: Hon. and Mrs. John Milton Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mrs. W. Frank Good, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. herea Fair, Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Lansing Miner, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford.

ART NOTES.

A. A. Anderson, of New York city, who has been passing the winter here for the benefit of his health, has completed a life-size picture of General O. O. Howard, which is pronounced an excellent likeness. It is to be exhibited in the Paris Salon this year. He has under way a full-length portrait of Miss Birdie Fair.

Stanton is painting a picture of Monterey Bay, showing a stretch of the sandy beach and some immense rocks in the foreground. The sky is overcast, and a heavy surf beating the beach.

Brookes is taking a short rest. His latest painting, a large bunch of grapes and foliage, is at Morris & Kennedy's.

Miss Matilda Lotz has an animal painting in the same gallery. It is the picture of a setter dog who has evidently done something wrong, for he is tied to a wall and seems deeply humiliated at the punishment.

C. D. Robinson has a sketch of the lower Yosemite Fall and several beach scenes under way, and has received an order from the Earl of Durham for a pair of Yosemite pictures. One will be a view of the Sentinel from the river bank, and the other a full view of the Yosemite Fall.

R. D. Velland and Charles Peters are in Paris.

The members of Miss Elizabeth Curtis's drawing classes will give an exhibition of their first half-year's work, in the rooms of the Art Student's League, 8 Montgomery Avenue, this afternoon.

Gifford has gone to the country on a sketching tour.

Mrs. Alice Chittenden Overton has a painting of a large vase full of pink and yellow roses at Morris & Kennedy's.

Tom Hill has gone to Alaska to make some sketches.

Jules Tavernier is painting a panorama of the recent volcanic eruptions in the Hawaiian Islands.

Joseph Strong is doing some work for the Hawaiian Kingdom, being a member of an expedition sent by the King to the Samoan Islands for the purpose of surveying and sketching.

Norton Busb, Julian Rix and Edward Deakin are in New York City.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association will open on Tuesday evening, April 12th. Mr. Martin expects to receive enough local pictures to fill the gallery. The election of new officers will take place on Tuesday afternoon, March 20th, and a meeting will be held that evening.

Alexander has been engaged for the past two months on a painting called "Neglecting Business." It shows the interior of a down-town office in the third story of a building, and through the window the tops of adjacent buildings can be seen, and a vast network of telegraph wires. The two partners are sitting at a large table near the window, engaged in a game of chess, and their letters, ink, mullage, etc., occupy one end of the table. The younger partner is waiting for the elder to make a decisive move, and the faces of the pair make a study. Considerable attention has been paid to detail. The position of the chessmen is accurate, the problem being a difficult one.

Rodriguez has found some out-of-the-way spots beyond the Mission that are very picturesque, and has done considerable out-door sketching. He has a scene looking from the Mission hills toward Bernal Heights, with green sloping hills and a heavy sky, that he will have at the Spring Exhibition. A quaint sketch is one of an old-fashioned German house in the Mission, with tall gum trees at one side and a pond at the other. A flock of geese are wading up the road, and the rising moon is reflected in the water. He also has some snow sketches. Two of the latter show the same spot before and after the snow-storm.

Joulin has rather an unique subject under way which promises well. It is called "Market Day," and represents one of the poultry-stands at the Clay Street Market. Rows of turkeys and chickens are seen on the counters all dressed and ready for sale, and birds are also hung from the hooks here and there. The storekeeper is weighing a turkey on the scale.

Keith has three portraits under way, the subjects being Mr. J. S. Hager, Mr. T. H. Buckingham, and Mrs. Mills, of Mills Seminary. He is filling in time on some impressionist pictures, and sent thirteen of them to New York last Tuesday.

MUSICAL NOTES

Berkeley Choral Society.

The members of the Berkeley Choral Society gave their fourth concert in the Assembly Hall of the University of California, at Berkeley, on Tuesday evening, March 8th. The society was under the direction of Mr. H. E. Pasmore, and was assisted by Miss Mary E. Camden and Miss Hattie Hale. The following programme was well rendered:

Chorus—King EricRheinberger
Piano Solo—Rondo CapricciosoMendelssohn
Chorus—"Wreath Ve the Steps"Schumann
Chorus—NightRheinberger
Contralto Solo—(a) Aria, Prendi per me sei libero;
(b) Rondo, Nel dolce incanto. From L'Elisir
d'AmoreBenedict
Solo and Chorus—LoreleyMendelssohn
Loreley Solo, by Miss Mollie Wright
Chorus—(a) Gloom of WoodsBrahms
(b) Sigh No More, LadiesStevens
Piano Solo—(a) GavotteGottardt
(b) Pensées fugitivesBargiel
Chorus—Flight of the Holy FamilyBruch
Contralto Solo—Prophet's SongHammer
Chorus—(a) Day is at Last DepartingRaff
(b) The Dragon-fliesBargiel
Chorus—"As the Hart Pants"Mendelssohn

The Hinrichs' Concert.

Mr. August Hinrichs gave his fifth concert of this season last night at Odd Fellows' Hall to a large audience. He was assisted by Miss Nora Connell, vocalist; Mons. Inanoff Lennep, zitherist, and Señor Miguel Espinosa, pianist. The selections were of the popular class and were well rendered. The following was the programme:

Overture—"Ruy Blas"Mendelssohn
Fantasia—"La Coquette"Loeschhorn
(First Time)
Ariette—"Lietti Signor"Meyerbeer
(Miss Nora Connell)
(Her First Appearance)
Waltz—"Wein, Weid und Gesang"Strauss
Zither Solo—"Trambilder"Lumbye
Mons. Inanoff Lennep,
(His First Appearance)
Piano ConcertoHenseldt
(First Time)
Señor Miguel Espinosa.
"Barcarolle"Redding
(By Request)
"Caprice Heroique"Kontsky

The directors of the Handel and Haydn Society announce that a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with complete orchestra and organ accompaniment, will be given at Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, April 15th. Mr. H. Stewart will be the director, and the principal solos will be rendered by Mrs. Manner-Campbell, Mrs. Westwater, Mr. Benjamin Clark, and Signor Campobello. The chorus and orchestra will number one hundred and fifty performers.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") at a recent public dinner read some extracts from the veritable book of pupils' blunders in definition, kept by a public school-teacher. Among the errors were the following choices: "Amnesia—the food of the gods;" "Equestrian—one who asks questions;" "Parasite—a kind of umbrella;" "Ipsos—a man who likes a good dinner;" "Republican—a singer mentioned in the Bible;" "There are a great many donkeys in the theological gardens," wrote one child, and another declares "Demagogue to be a vessel containing beer and other liquids."

BALLADS OF BOOKS.

Burton's Anatomy.

A quaint old store of learning lies
In Burton's pleasant pages,
With long quotations that comprise
The wisdom of the ages.
'Tis strange to read him 'mid the crowd
And modern hurly-burly;
The only author Johnson vowed
Could make him get up early.

He lived a solitary life,
He said "Mihi et musis."
And put his rest from worldly strife
To very pleasant uses.
He wrote the book wherein we find
"All fools go to the same end,"
And taught to the reflective mind
"So sweet as melancholy."

How strangely he dissects his theme
In manner automatic;
He's earnest at one time, you deem,
Now decorously comic.
And most prodigiously he quotes,
With learning quite gigantic,
Or telling classic anecdotes,
Is pleasantly pedantic.

There's sterling sense in every page,
And shrewdest cogitation;
Your best attention he'll engage,
And honest admiration.
If any man should vow to live
With but one book, be certain
To him could friendly fortune give
No better book than Burton.

He lies at rest in Christ's Church aisle,
With all his erudition;
The hieroglyphics make one smile,
That show his superstition.
His epitaph survives to-day,
"God bless the man who sits
Et mormet Melancholia."
So he himself has said it.

—Andrew Lang.

My Books.

These are my books—a Burton old,
A Lamb arrayed against the cold
In polished dress of red and blue,
A rare old Elmore are given,
And Johnson clothed in green and gold.

A Pope in gilded calf I sold,
In buy a Sterne of worth untold,
To cry, as bibliomaniacs do,
"These are my books!"

What though a Fate unkind hath doled
But favors few to me, my bold
My little wealth abroad I strew,
To purchase acquisitions new,
And say by love of them controlled,
These are my books.

—Nathan M. Levy.

A Book by the Brook.

Give me a nook and a book,
And let the proud world spin round;
Let it scramble by nook or by crook
For wealth or a name with a sound.
You are welcome to amble your ways,
Aspirers to place or to glory;
May big bells jangle your praise,
And golden pens blazon your story!
For me, let me dwell in my nook,
Here by the curve of this brook,
That croons to the tune of my book.
Whose melody wafts me forever
On the waves of an unseen river.

—James Freeman Clarke.

"Desultory Reading."

O finest essence of delicious rest!
To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.
This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.
I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget.
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

—Anon.

Books.

Sadly as if some medieval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A Vulture of Dante.

I lie unread, alone. None heedeth me.
Day after day the cowbells are unswept
From my dim covers. I have lain and slept
In dust and darkness for a century.
An old forgotten volume I. You see!
Such mighty words within my heart are kept
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept
In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping head,
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,
And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-tips,
Lifted me up half absently, and read;
Then kissed the page with sudden, tender lips,
And sighed, and murmured one beloved name.

—Caroline Wilford Follen.

The Circulation of the Dailies.

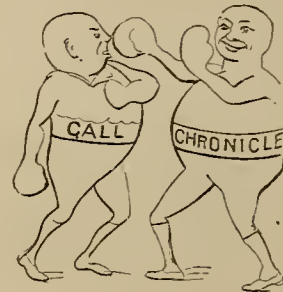
It is hardly probable that the public takes a very lively interest in the journalistic fray now in progress in this city. So far as the general community is concerned, they will not waste much sympathy upon either of the belligerents, but advertisers will be apt to look at the quarrel from some other standpoint than that of sentiment. They will endeavor to learn which of the two papers comes nearest to telling the truth. Regarding the question which paper has the greatest circulation, that has been settled long ago. Universal opinion and facts all point to one conclusion, namely, that the *Chronicle* is far in the lead. The proprietor of the *Chronicle* banteringly says that his journal has nearly doubled the circulation of the *Call*, and offers to back up his assertion with convincing proofs. He makes contracts with advertisers, the essence of which is, that his paper prints daily a number

ber in excess of 44,000, and on Sundays over 48,000. This is something that appeals strongly to the advertiser, and there is little room for wonder if it convinces him that his interests will be the best subserved by inserting notices of his business in the *Chronicle*.



1865.

On the other hand, the proprietor of the *Call*, when challenged to make good his assertions, that his paper has a circulation approaching that of the *Chronicle*, declines on the most puerile grounds. Instead of meeting a fair business proposition with a business-like reply, he indulges in vituperative assaults on his successful rival. The public may think that it is nobody's business to discuss this matter, but we think it is. It has been a cardinal rule of this paper to never neglect an opportunity to expose deception and to puncture wind-bags. It would be a serious waste to miss such a fine chance as this quarrel affords to show up the colossal stupidity of the man who made and then runned the *Call*. There was a time when the paper in question could fairly claim the largest circulation, but it persisted in pursuing a course which could only have one result, and that is the one now witnessed—the triumph of a once depised rival.



1875.

But there is very little use rehearsing the story of the contest which resulted in a little six-by-nine sheet finally gaining the ascendancy, which it seems disposed to retain. The humorous phases of the struggle have been depicted by our artist, who has pictorially done up the taking down of the *Call* by the *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle*, in the presentation of news, as in the matter of circulation, is also undoubtedly in the lead. There is no doubt that its proprietor spends money lavishly to collect all the readable information going. The exploit of bringing daily by telegraph "Gath's" six to eight-column dispatches of the meetings of all national conventions is a case in point. It was a stroke that actually appalled the competitors of the *Chronicle*, and left them only the feeble alternative of decrying the sender of the news.



1887.

In the presentation of foreign news the *Chronicle* has for years been cock-of-the-walk. It brought to the coast Smalley's interesting news and gossip from London, besides much special matter from other news-gatherers. Lately it has added the copyright cables of the New York *World*, sent by Edmund Yates and Henry Labouchere, both trained English journalists and fully conversant with all that is going on in the political, social, and literary circles of the world. Those who are attentive readers of foreign news readily perceive the superiority of this service over that of any other paper on the coast.

There are some things we don't like about the *Chronicle*. We have frequent occasion to brush it up, but we are forced to admit that as a newspaper it has achieved a marked success, and that its proprietor has conducted his business with marked skill and ability, and has put his paper on the top of the heap.

—City Contemporary.

OAKLAND ITEM.

The suit of rooms, N. W. cor. Broadway and Eighth sts., have been nicely furnished by the Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., and they are now administering free tests to all callers at their Oakland parlors. Their San Francisco parlors are always crowded, and their Oakland branch opens out very auspiciously. A remarkably successful treatment for catarrh.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

He Wants to be an Employee.

The passage and executive approval of the Interstate Commerce bill, and the disastrous and deadly effect of the same upon the tender buds of the sprouting annual pass at this critical season of the year, have filled me with chagrin and alarm. While I have never been in any way the creature of a corporation, yet for several years I have been more or less in favor of railroads. I have been in favor of restricting them in a measure, and have done what I could to so restrict them, and yet we have managed to get along smoothly together, the railroads and myself.

I had been uniformly courteous to the railroads, in return for which the railroads had been courteous to me.

The pass provision of the Interstate Commerce bill looks to me like a blow at courtesy. Can we as Americans afford to sacrifice courtesy, when we only have barely enough to squeeze along with? I think not.

I hope that I have made it perfectly clear that this is not purely a personal matter with me. I am looking toward the greatest good to the greatest number. So far as I am concerned personally, I am abundantly able to pay my fare. But it will restrict my travel. I shall not hereafter, travel just to obtain new ideas and write about them for those I love. I will use my old ideas. They are getting a little thin on the seat perhaps, but I can use them till the next session of Congress, at which time this offensive clause of the innocuous commerce bill will be repealed. It will be repealed on the first day of the session by a rising vote.

Some newspaper men claim that they feel a good deal freer if they pay their fare.

That is true, no doubt; but too much freedom does not agree with me. It makes me lawless. I sometimes think that a little wholesome restriction is the best thing in the world for me. That is the reason I never murmur at the conditions on the back of an annual pass. Of course they restrict me from bringing suit against the road in case of death, but I don't mind that. In case of my death it is my intention to lay aside the cares and details of business, and try to secure a change of scene and complete rest. People who think that after my demise I shall have nothing better to do than hang around the musty, tobacco-spattered corridors of a court-room and wait for a verdict of damages against a courteous railroad company, do not thoroughly understand my true nature.

But the Interstate Commerce bill does not shut out the employee! Acting upon this slight suggestion of hope, I wrote a short time ago to Mr. St. John, the genial and whole-souled general passenger agent of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road, as follows:

ASHVILLE, N. C., February 10, 1887.
E. St. John, G. P. A., C. R. L. & P. Rwy., Chicago.
Dear Sir: Do you not desire an employee on your charming road? I do not know what it is to be an employee, for I was never in that condition, but I want to be one now.

Of course, I am ignorant of the duties of an employee, but I have always been a warm friend of your road and rejoiced in its success. How are your folks?

Yours truly,
Colonel BILL NYE.

CHICAGO, February 13, 1887.

Colonel Bill Nye, Asheville, N. C.:
Sir: My folks are quite well. Yours truly,
E. ST. JOHN.

I also wrote to General A. V. H. Carpenter, of the Milwaukee road, at the same time, for we had correspondence back and forth in the happy past. I wrote in about the following terms:

ASHVILLE, N. C., February 10, 1887.
A. V. H. Carpenter, G. P. A. C. M. & St. P. Ry., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir: How are you fixed for employees this spring? I feel like doing something of that kind, and could give you some good endorsements from prominent people, both at home and abroad.

What does an employee have to do?
If I can help your justly celebrated road any, here in the South, do not hesitate about mentioning it. I am still quite lame in my left leg, which was broken in the cyclone, and can not walk without great pain.

Yours, with the kindest regards,
BILL NYE.

I have just received the following reply from Mr. Carpenter:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., February 14, 1887.

Bill Nye, Esq., Asheville, N. C.:

Dear Sir: You are too late. As I write this letter there is a string of men extending from my office door clear down to the Soldiers' Home. All of them want to be employees. This crowd embraces the Senate and House of Representatives of the Wisconsin Legislature, State officials, judges, journalists, jurors, justices of the peace, orphans, overseers of highways, fish commissioners, pugilists, widows of pugilists, unidentified orphans of pugilists, etc., etc., and they are all just about as well qualified to be employees as you are.

I suppose you would poltice a hot box with pounded ice, and so would they.

I am sorry to hear about your lame leg. The surgeon of our road says perhaps you do not use it enough.

Yours for the thorough enforcement of law,
A. V. H. CARPENTER,

Per G.

Not having written to Mr. Hught, of the Northwestern road, for a long time, and fearing that he might think I had grown cold toward him, I wrote the following note on the 9th:

ASHVILLE, N. C., February 9, 1887.

Marvin Hught, Second Vice-President and General Manager Chicago and Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Excuse me for not writing before. I did not wish to write you until I could do so in a bright and cheery manner, and for some weeks I have been the hot-bed of twenty-one Early Rose boils. It was extremely humorous without being funny. My enemies gloated over me in ghoulish glee.

I see by a recent statement in the press that your road has greatly increased in business. Do you not feel the need of an employee? Any light employment that will be honorable without involving too much perspiration would be acceptable.

I am traveling about a good deal these days and if I can do you any good as an agent or in referring to your smooth road and the magnificent scenery along your line, I would be glad to regard that in the light of employment. Everywhere I go I hear your road very highly spoken of.

Yours truly,
BILL NYE.

I also wrote Mr. Teasdale of the Omaha road, be-

cause he has always taken a great interest in me, and laughed at some of my pieces in the papers just to make me feel good, when he really did not feel like laughing. My words were as follows:

ASHVILLE, N. C., February 9, 1887.

(Personal.)

T. W. Teasdale, G. P. A. Royal Route, St. Paul, Minn.:
Dear Sir: You have no doubt heretofore regarded me as affluent, and I know that many of my most intimate friends consider me pretty well fixed, but I find myself this spring in straitened circumstances.

I fear that I shall have to monkey with manual labor in order to subsist. Could you secure a place for me on your handsomely equipped road? I do not care what the employment is so long as it is honorable.

I understand that there are a great many trout in the streams along your right of way on the Lake Superior branch of the road. I would be glad to go up there this summer in the interests of the road and keep them from coming out of their haunts and injuring the passengers.

If you can not find anything for me to do, you might ask Mr. Winter. I think it would be a cold day when Mr. Winter would turn the cold shoulder to a deserving young man.

Yours sincerely,
BILL NYE.

Mr. Teasdale returned the following reply:

ST. PAUL, Minn., February 15, 1887.

Bill Nye, Asheville, N. C.:

DEAR SIR:—We need a good janitor in the general offices here. Can you come at once?

As an employee, we could give you a pass, but we dock our janitor a day for absence unless on account of severe illness or death.

The work is not difficult and a common school education is all you will need. You will have to wire me your reply as the Minnesota State Legislature is in the hall waiting with its application for the place.

Yours very truly,
T. W. TEASDALE.

I shall write to some more roads in a few weeks. It seems to me there ought to be work for a man who is able and willing to be an employee.—*Boston Globe.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Modern Witch's Cauldron.

Sir the cauldron round and round,
In it let strange things be found.

One by one, oh, give them place:
Silken ribbon, filmy lace;

Here a dimple, there a pout,
Then an eyelash peeping out;

Hairpins, perfumes, tucks, and frills,
Chewing gum and milliner's bills;

Jeweled garter, as you rise,
Bow, and bang, and diamond ring;

Bustle hues of twisted wire,
Hat that rises high and higher,

French heels, powder, dainty nose,
Busy lips, and silken hose;

Velvet skin and smiling eyes,
Eyebrows curving as they rise.

Through the strange, unavowed mess
Weave a long and golden tress;

Add a costume tailor-made,
With a lot of padding stayed;

Stir then, stir then, every one,
Till the fat gets as you run;

Boil it to the proper pitch,
Then, behold the modern witch!

Cleveland Sun and Voice.

He Arose.

Along the slippery walk he went,
And he did fall so often

His piteous cry, as down he went,
The hardest heart would soften.

Yet every time he fell, he rose
Until one would propose

Path along the sidewalk was
A very path of roses.

Columbus Dispatch

Social Life, not Political.

A wet sheet from the press we see,
And a mail train follows fast;

And they fill the gay and rusty sacks
With the mail they quickly cast—

With the mail they quickly cast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,

Away the white cars fly, and leave
Old ocean on the lee.

O, for a Southern fast mail train!
I hear our Grady cry:

But give to me the thrill of the dance
And white breasts heaving high—

And white breasts heaving high, my boys,
Our fiddlers tickle and free;

The world of revels is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon Henri's eye
And lightning in his frown;

And hark the music, Endicott,
The storm is crashing down, my boys—

The storm is crashing down, my boys—
No friendly sun we see;

The South may howl for its fast mail train—
What is the South to me!

Vita's Rhapsodie Dixieque, No. 1, in Chicago Tribune.

The Blacksmith.

Oh, workman of the brawny arm
And the bronzed brow; Oh, say,

Out of the hissing and smoldering steel
What dost thou make to-day?

Dost thou use thine art in this time of peace
To fashion the thirty sword,

That shall cleave its course without remorse
In the battle-wrath abhorred?

Or dost thou forge, with force and fire,
The terrible mauling mallet,

That shall gleam at the front, and bear the brunt
When the serried hosts are met?

And the gray-haired workman paused in his task,
His heated brow all smoldering;

He shook his head, and "Alas," he said,
"I'm making a shoe for a mule."

Tid-Bits.

JULIPE'S (ESTABLISHED) ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 320 POST ST.

PROF. DE JULIPE, graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, continues to give personal instruction in French and Spanish, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Apply from 10 to 11 A. M., 3 to 5, or 8 to 9 P. M.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1887.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the year we added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory—both to the other publishers as well as ourselves—that we again increase the list for the year 1887. We now place before the public a list of TWELVE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. But, despite these low rates, there is not a periodical on this list which is not worth by itself alone the price we ask for it in conjunction with the *Argonaut*.

Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class. Among the magazines, let us take **THE CENTURY**. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, containing one hundred and sixty pages for more, with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1850. In 1885 it took the name "The Century," and the name of the corporation which published it became "The Century Co." It has been called by the *New York Nation* "the best edited magazine in the world."

Another periodical which we have added to our list is the **INDEPENDENT**. It is a religious and family weekly, and the best published in the United States. Although religious, it is not denominational, but it is orthodox and evangelical in tone. The *Independent* is famous also for its minute reports of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies. The National Synods, Councils, and Congresses of all the evangelical churches of the United States are reported by the *Independent*. And this is not done in such a way as to detract from the amount of ordinary reading matter; when the *Independent* has the proceedings of these deliberative bodies to report, its size sometimes runs from forty-eight to fifty-six pages.

Much interest has been caused in literary and publishing circles of late by the announcement of a new monthly, called **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the former publishers of the *Century*, then called *Scribner's*. The fact that such a firm was to undertake the enterprise proved that it would be a high-class magazine. And such is the competition among the leading magazines that the firm of Scribner's Sons determined to put the price as low as possible, while making the tone of the magazine as high as possible.

Among publications for the young, the **IDEAL MAGAZINE** is **ST. NICHOLAS**. It is so well known that all we need to say of it is to mention its name.

Magazines come and magazines go, but **HARPER'S MONTHLY** is ever with us. It is a gem, and up to its standard of excellence, never falls below it, does not indulge in spurs, but steadily forges ahead. This is Volume 74, and it does not resemble Volume 1 in anything but the cover, and some of us are so much attached to that, that we would not readily see it changed.

Those of our readers who have taken **WIDE-AWAKE** during the year will not need to be requested to renew. It is still, as ever, the best of juvenile magazines.

A leading journal, not only pictorially, but editorially, is **HARPER'S WEEKLY**. It presents, in graphic and faithful pictures, the noteworthy events of the day, portraits of men of the time, reproductions of the works of celebrated artists, cartoons by eminent pictorial satirists, and humorous illustrations of the ludicrous aspects of social and political life. Besides the pictures, *Harper's Weekly* is full of good reading. It always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, with fine illustrations. Its short stories are bright and entertaining. Poems, sketches, and papers on important topics of current interest by the most popular writers, and columns of humorous and personal paragraphs, make it interesting to everybody. It is a thoroughly able, instructive, and entertaining journal for the household. Its general news is well selected, its editorials are judicious and vigorous, its stories are of high interest, its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations are as famous as they deserve to be.

Every family should subscribe for one of the great New York journals. The daily edition is not needed by those living out of New York, but the weekly edition of a daily is. All Democrats should subscribe for the straight-out organ of their party—the **NEW YORK WORLD**. This paper is one of the wonders of metropolitan journalism. When the present proprietors took it, three years ago, the paper had a circulation of 16,000 copies. It now has 250,000, and the circulation is still increasing. It has seriously cut into the circulation of both the *Herald* and the *Sun*, principally the latter. The *Sun* during the last Presidential campaign supported Butler; the *World*, Cleveland; hence the Democratic triumph made the *World* the party organ in New York city. It has ably carried out its mission. It is the best Democratic paper published in New York city. It makes a specialty of the newspaper illustrating so much in vogue now, and is about the only one of the New York dailies that has made a success of it—its artist, MacDonnell, thoroughly understanding that kind of work. The *Weekly World* is a large eight-page paper, containing a mass of news, foreign correspondence, literary, art, society, and dramatic matter. Its critic is the well known "Nym Crylike" (A. C. Wheeler), who has been a favorite in New York for many years. Its literary editor is J. P. Cooper, correspondent, Julian Hawthorne the literary editor, Joseph Howard

a free-lance staff writer, and T. C. Crawford the Washington correspondent. The *World* has cable letters from Edmund Yates of the *London World* and Henry Labouchere of *Truth*. It is the brightest daily paper in New York to-day.

All ladies who desire an illustrated journal of fashion, fiction, and domestic economy should subscribe for **HAT-PEER'S BAZAR**. Its literary merits are of the highest order, comprising serial stories, poems, essays, etc., from the most distinguished writers of Europe and America. Its brilliant illustrations reproduce, from the original electrotype, simultaneous with their appearance abroad, the gems of the best London picture galleries, the Paris salon, and the great English pictorial journals, and its humorous cuts are on a par with those of *Life*. Its fashion plates, of the latest Paris and New York styles, accompanied by well-fitting patterns and clear descriptions, enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by making their own dresses or superintending their manufacture at home. Its articles on housekeeping and cookery are eminently practical and useful, and promote economy in the household. Much attention is paid to the popular feature of decorative art, and many exquisite embroidery designs are given from the best sources. Its papers on social etiquette are of the highest interest. No topic is neglected that could be of value to the family circle.

Every Republican should subscribe for the organ of the party—**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE**. This excellent Republican newspaper is national in its aims and thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times, and a good Republican in any part of the country can hardly afford to be without it in addition to his own county paper. Its war in the editorial, and special features are all of the best order of journalism. The Republicans of the country can not but be struck with one fact, that in every campaign with a national significance, and in every part of the country, one of their best allies is the *New York Tribune*. Its fighting, especially for the last two years, has been of a superior order. It was the first to expose the Pan-Electric scandal, and in the canvass for Congress, in which the Republican victories of 1886 have chiefly been won, it has been the *Tribune* which has laid out the successful line of battle.

The *Tribune* is a faithful newspaper, an element of strength to the Republican party, and worthy of the best circulation. As a general newspaper for the family, and especially for the farmer, it has no superior. The *Weekly Tribune* contains the best selection of news, literary matter, and art and dramatic criticism of any Republican paper published in New York city. It is famous for its book reviews, and Mr. William Winter, the best-known critic in the United States, presides over its dramatic columns. Most of its literary matter is copyrighted, and can be seen in no other journal. Its writers are experts in their own fields of political economy, business, politics, criticism, general literature, etc. The *Weekly Tribune* is, without exception, the best Republican paper published in New York city.

Those who prefer a periodical for the juveniles coming more frequently than once a month can not do better than subscribe for **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. It is a sixteen-page illustrated weekly for girls and boys. Every line is subjected to rigid editorial scrutiny, in order that the paper shall contain nothing harmful, and that it shall be an agency for the mental, moral, and physical education of its readers. Its stories have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, without anything pernicious. Its articles on scientific subjects, travel, and the facts of life are by writers whose names insure accuracy and value. Its historical stories, biographical tales, etc., present attractively the most inspiring incidents in history and the early lives of notable men and women; in every number appear stirring poems, amusing rhymes, and ingenious puzzles, and occasionally articles on embroidery and other forms of needlework. Papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes have their place, while pictures of a conspicuously high order of excellence lavishly illustrate its pages. It contains the best literary and artistic work anywhere to be purchased. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

We have been extremely desirous of adding to our clubbing list an Art Publication. What has hitherto deterred us has been the extremely high price of most of the Art Journals—ranging as they do from *Les Lettres et les Arts* at \$72 a year down to lower but still high-priced journals, such as *The Portfolio* at \$50 a year. At last we have made arrangements with **THE MAGAZINE OF ART**. This, although the lowest in price of all the Art publications, is a journal of a very high order of merit. When we state that it is published by Cassell & Co., one of the oldest and wealthiest publishing houses in London, it will be readily understood that such a house could not afford to send out poor work over its imprimatur. For the coming year they will give, as a frontispiece with each number, an etching, steel engraving, or photograph. The publishers have added a series of representative full-page pictures reproduced in the highest style of wood-engraving, every subject for these engravings will be carefully selected from the principal art galleries at home and abroad, the editor being guided both by the intrinsic beauty and the representative character of the pictures, while the assistance of the best American, English, German, and French engravers will be enlisted in the cutting of the wood blocks. In Volume XV there are over six hundred illustrations, of which several are full-page pictures. Among them are etchings, engravings, after pictures by Madrazo, Jean Paul Laurens, Barne Jones, Delacroix, Vereschagin, Botticelli, Boughton, and many others. No reader of the *Argonaut* will ever regret subscribing for the *Magazine of Art*. It is a first-class publication, and more than worth alone the price at which we offer the two publications.

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Century</i> for One Year, by Mail.....	\$6 50
The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Independent</i> for One Year, by Mail.....	5 50
The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>Scribner's Magazine</i> for One Year, by Mail.....	5 40
The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>St. Nicholas</i> for One Year, by Mail.....	5 50
The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Magazine of Art</i> for One Year, by Mail.....	5 50
The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>Harper's Magazine</i> , for One Year, by Mail.....	6 00
The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>Harper's Weekly</i> , for One Year, by Mail.....	6 20
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The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>Harper's Young People</i> , for One Year, by Mail.....	4 50
The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Weekly New York Tribune</i> (Republican), for One Year, by Mail.....	4 00
The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Weekly New York World</i> (Democratic), for One Year, by Mail.....	4 00
The <i>Argonaut</i> and the <i>Weekly Tribune</i> , and the <i>Weekly World</i> , One Year, by Mail.....	5 00
The <i>Argonaut</i> and <i>Wide-Awake</i> , One Year, by Mail.....	5 00

Postmasters and other agents will understand that these rates are clubbing rates, and for subscribers only. We can allow no commissions on these rates.

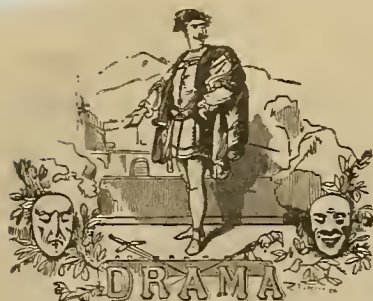
This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco. In that city the *Argonaut* is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

BECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

"Having fully tested every Piano of any repute manufactured in this country and Europe, I can cheerfully, truthfully, and unhesitatingly say that I prefer Becker Brothers' to all others, and will use NO OTHER for my concerts when I can obtain yours."
—JULIA RIVE-KING.

KOHLER & CHASE,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC STATES.

tion Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The



Photography pierces the blanket of the dark, and reveals a thousand stars that scientists have otherwise sought in vain; goes through the pigments on a canvas, and reveals every trick of the restorer's art; catches a murderer's image on his victim's eye, and gives him up to justice; will picture a dozen, twenty, fifty men in one, so that but one set of features stands out to give you that curious development of modern literature, a type; does half a hundred other strange and wonderful things to make men walk their way warily, sets the omnipresent camera to catch them.

If only in its marvelous sweep into the mystery of all things it could arrest the intellectual wonders of a Booth or a Salvini! If it were but possible to photograph the Hamlet, the Macbeth, the Lear, the Bertuccio of this rich season, what a portfolio might we not have to pore over when Booth has gone away again, and nothing but a memory is left of these character studies.

For, though he may not have so many inches as tradition involuntarily gives to Scotch Macbeth or English Lear, he leaves the Booth mark so ineffaceably upon all he touches that no one will ever see either or any of these men again without a thought of Booth's key-note to their souls.

It was Coquelin who first put into perspicuous words the idea of studying a part psychologically. But it is what all the great actors do without analyzing it, and then the playing of it is simple enough.

Let the Shakespeare clubs wrangle over the readings and torture themselves with far-fetched interpretations that would puzzle poor old Shakespeare's dome-like head. What does it matter how a man points his periods? It is the man himself we are trying to get at, and Booth each time goes direct to the heart of the man, and lays it bare to us.

Poor Macbeth! There is no one all bad, they say, and what soft streaks there were in his barbaric nature Booth dwells upon so deeply, or rather—and more truly—suggests so subtly that "all bloody, bawdy villain, remorseless, lecherous, treacherous villain" that he is, one can not help many a sigh of pity for him. Booth can make your very heart ache with the emptiness of the world, in that touching bit of soliloquy commencing "Out, brief candle!" And it is with a feeling of positive relief that one watches death and rest come to the tortured soul of this many-sided man.

As for the tortures, it is not easy to sleep o' nights after seeing Booth suffer remorse, despair, and heart-break. It did not seem that terror could really write such lines upon the human face, but if there is anything in all the range of human passion and suffering that Booth's face can not speak, then Shakespeare has not writ it.

It was enough to make one believe in ghosts to see him turn to horror before Banquo, and it certainly was a relief to have that amiable gentleman deeply buried, and not stalking on, in most palpable flesh and blood, as is his custom in the usual acting edition. It is meet that, with his empty eyes and marrowless bones, he should be a thing of air, and if there be any one whose imagination can not fill that empty chair with a pale, green ghost, when Macbeth shrinks from it in an awful terror, why then they are cold indeed.

It has been objected that Booth does not fill the eye as Macbeth. He certainly makes no attempt to be picturesque. But he does try to look Scotch, and he succeeds curiously well. A singular resemblance also betrays itself. Booth stands upon such a pinnacle of romantic interest and intellectual greatness, that one scarcely dare speak lightly of him, any more than he were St. John. But, not to put too fine a point upon it, Booth—the romantic, the beautiful Booth, who has haunted many a day-dream and kept sleep from many a pillow—Booth, who inspires a fever which every New York girly-girl goes through as conscientiously as she went through measles or whooping-cough—looks, as Macbeth, exactly like Black Jack touched up with aureoline.

In that wonderful production of Macbeth at the California, when everything was good but the acting, the Scotchmen were a race of Titans. Yet one looks back at it longingly to wish that Edwin Booth were so set in Macbeth, and with a Lady Macbeth to answer to his finer thought. One of the high lights in Macbeth's dark nature is strong leal love for his wife, and it is pleasant to find her own blood-thirst softened by just a little return of this affection. Besides this trait, Booth makes of Macbeth an ineffably sad man, and perhaps, it is this poetical sadness which makes his appeal.

There is indeed a sad note in all he does, in nothing perhaps more than in Bertuccio, the King's jester. They say all jesters are sad men, and no story with

a nutty flavor is resurrected more often than that of the sad man who went to a physician with the fear that melancholy madness was coming on him. "Go to see the clown at whom all Italy is laughing," said the doctor, and the melancholy man replied, "I am that clown."

Every one paused at the windows a year or two ago, to look at the picture of the clown in his tent, nursing his sick baby between the acts of the arena, while the happiness of his home lay in fragments around him. Civilization has driven the jester out of court life, but this "Fool's Revenge" is a terrible fragment, left to tell of the old custom. No one but Victor Hugo could have imagined this most horrible situation; nothing in all the range of drama or melodrama is like it; and no actor could interpret the awful rôle of Bertuccio save Edwin Booth.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is going over to Berlin in Easter week to conduct in person the two performances of his "Golden Legend."

Emile Zola, elated at the popular success of his dramatized novel, "Le Ventre de Paris" (a very Rabelaisian name, by the way), talks of making a play of "Renée."

Miss Minnie Maddern will play Gilbette in "Frou-Frou" at the Alcazar next week, supported by her own company and several members of the Osbourne-Stockwell organization.

The Thompson Opera Company will produce "The Musketeers," a French comic opera, at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening, continuing it through next week.

Tom Taylor's almost forgotten play "Lady Clancarty" was revived in London a fortnight ago by Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Langtry has been playing it with marked success during her American tour.

Fay Templeton has lost her case against the London manager who discharged her for scantiness of attire; and, worse than that, Howell Osbourne has levanted to America with a suddenness which made her hair curl.

Among the theatrical people now in Australia are Minnie Palmer, W. E. Sheridan, Louise Davenport, Emelie Melville, Agnes Thomas, and George Rignold, who, by the way, seems to have become a fixture there.

Mrs. James Brown Potter said, in a recent interview, that she intends to "elevate" the stage. There is something so ridiculously patronizing in this that she may topple over her wavering popularity, and be hoist by her own petard.

An Eastern paper says that Charley Reed is in New York, and is under engagement to John Stetson to appear as Robin Oakapple in the Boston "Ruddigore" company. Think of it! The plain comedian in real Gilbert & Sullivan opera.

At the Baldwin Theatre, on Sunday evening, March 21, Paul Juigné and the French dramatic company will appear in a representation of "Ma Femme est Nerveuse," a musical comedy by Albert Millaud and Henri Hennequin.

The last week of the Carleton Company at the Bush Street Theatre will be devoted to the two favorite operettas, "The Mikado" being given Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and "Nanon" the remainder of the week.

Col. Mapleson is to give a season of opera in London soon. His artists are Marie Engel, Dotti, del Puente, and Foli, and the repertory will consist of seven operas—five by classical German composers and two by Frenchmen, with nothing from the Italian School.

It is rather an unusual thing for an American dramatist to submit his work to an English audience before it has been seen in America. But such a case happened a few nights ago when Clay Greene's new play, "Hans, the Boatman," was produced at a theatre in Sheffield.

Louis Harrison is on his way to this city, and will begin a long engagement at the Alcazar in a few weeks. He will appear in the two farces-comedies in which he and Gourlay have lately been playing, and may appear in a new one by George H. Jessup, entitled, "The Noblest Roman of Them All."

Sarah Bernhardt is slender, but she has a large facial development on each side of her mouth. She has requested that, as flowers are so perishable, her admirers would do well to substitute fans for the customary baskets and stands, and she will not be offended if the fans are jeweled.

"Ruddigore" is not quite a failure in New York, but it does not approach its manager's expectations. Still, he can not withdraw it until the receipts fall below a certain figure. This will account for the "long New York run," of which we shall hear so much when it is coming to San Francisco.

The Lord Chamberlain, the London censor of morals, is a curious creature. He is strenuously opposed to the production of Dumas's "Francillon"

in his extremely moral city, quite forgetting, apparently, that Maurice Barrymore's "Nadjezda," and a dozen worse plays have been seen there in a twelve-month.

The bills for Booth's third week at the Baldwin are as follows: Monday and Friday evenings, "Richelieu"; Tuesday, "Hamlet"; Wednesday, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," with Mr. Booth as Sir Giles Overreach; Thursday, "The Fool's Revenge," and Saturday evening, "Richard III." The bill for the Saturday matinee has not yet been announced.

The Chicago Current, in a recent issue comments on Miss Helen Dauvray, saying she is "doing moderately well in Bronson Howard's 'Masks and Faces,' but is badly handicapped by the stupidity of the piece, which is described as one of the author's poorest efforts, and no more like his 'One of Our Girls' than a clay brick is like an agate."

Clay Greene seems to be turning out plays by the mile. His latest is called "Our Jennie," and is for Jennie Yeamans. This young woman has the fortitude to acknowledge the introduction of the "Mother Hubbard" dress on the stage, and, in a recent interview, said: "That is the reason I can not tell you about my new dresses, as they would be copied everywhere, just as that was."

When Edwin Booth was in Austin, in the Lone Star State, a ticket speculator bought up forty of the best seats, and sent a crier through the town to advertise the fact that he would sell them at auction. When the time came, he sold the first ticket for twenty dollars. The sheriff arrested him; but he handed over the twenty as bail, and went on with his sale, making a very handsome profit.

That remarkable young woman, Miss Grace Hawthorne, who came from nowhere to the Alcazar a year ago, and is now the manageress of two London theatres, besides being considered a good actress in her own person—has secured Miss Sophie Eyre, and intends to revive "Alix" after Easter. This play, it will be remembered, was one of Clara Morris's successes when she was under Augustin Daly's management.

Miss Zélie de Lussan, the prima donna of the Boston Ideals, whom Madame Patti so highly complimented, has refused to appear in tights, whereat her modesty has been lauded through the land. The New York Sun, however, croaks, and says she is knock-kneed, but "Nym Crinkle," who knows all about such matters, says she is not knock-kneed, that "on the contrary her limbs are most shapely, particularly the left one—which is cork."

Miss Mary Anderson will produce a new play by Lord Lytton, during her autumn engagement at the London Lyceum. Whether it is by the present or the late Lord Lytton is a question; it is known that the old gentleman left a trunkful of manuscript plays from which his son is only too glad to fish out something for an adventurous manager. Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" will be revived, also, during the engagement. It has not been seen in London since Charles Kean's day.

The National Opera Company is a remarkable and interesting financial problem. It costs three thousand dollars to raise the curtain, and the nightly receipts in New York have not yet exceeded seven hundred dollars, and when two litigious chorus-girls won their suits for breach of contract, the defending counsel coolly informed them that they could only get a portion of their money, as the affairs of the company were in the hands of a receiver. And yet the performances run along as smoothly as ever, and a week ago Rubinstein's "Nero" was produced with great gorgeousness.

There has been some discussion during the week concerning the "authorship" of "The Fool's Revenge." The play is, of course, an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," which Verdi borrowed for the libretto of his opera "Rigoletto." The English version known as "The Fool's Revenge" was made by Tom Taylor, the celebrated English dramatist, and author of "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Tick-of-Leave Man," "To Oblige Benson," "New Men and Old Acres," "Twixt Axe and Crown," and many other favorite plays and farces. "The Fool's Revenge" may be found in the forty-third volume of "Lacey's Plays."

The Musin-Trebelli troupe will depart from our shores next Wednesday afternoon, but before they go we shall have two more opportunities to hear them—at the Baldwin to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and at the Grand Opera House, Tuesday evening. The first will be the ordinary concert, but the second is to be a testimonial benefit tendered by such music-lovers as Messrs. Phil. Lilienthal, Wm. Alvord, General Barnes, Adm. Grant, General Dimond, David Loring, John R. Jarboe, and many others, and the Orchestral Union, led by Hermann Brandt, has volunteered. Mendelssohn's concerto, with orchestra, will be given in its entirety, for the first time in this city; Madame Trebelli will sing selections from "La Traviata" with scenery, costume, and Duzzeni, the tenor; and a number of other good things are promised.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending March 19th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Wednesday and Saturday evenings, "The Fool's Revenge." Cast as follows:

Bertuccio, Edwin Booth; Galeotto Manfredi, John Malone; Guido Malatesta, Carl Ahrendt; Torelli, Owen Fawcett; Ordelaffi, Thos. L. Coleman; Ascolti, Edwin Royle; Bell'Aquila, John T. Sullivan; Ascanio, Chas. Abbe; Francesca Bentivoglio, Mrs. Augusta Foster; Fiordelisa, Miss Emma Vaders; Brigitta, Mrs. S. A. Baker; Ginevra, Miss Kate Malony.

Monday, "Macbeth"; Tuesday, "King Lear"; Thursday, "Othello" (Booth as Othello); Friday, "Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio"; and Saturday matinee, "Othello" (Booth as Iago).

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "The Mikado," cast as follows:

Nanki-Poo, J. Taylor; Ko-Ko, Chas. H. Drew; Poo-Bah, Jos. H. Greensfelder; Fish-Tush, Robert Broderick; Yum Yum, Miss Fanny Rice; Pitti-Sing, Miss Alice Vincent; Peep-Bo, Miss Jessie Quigley; Katisha, Miss Clara Wisdom; Mikado, W. T. Carleton.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, "Claude Duval." Cast as follows: Claude Duval, Henry Norman; Charles Lorimore, Arthur Messier; Sir Whiffle Whiffle, Harry Gates; Martin Magruder, M. Cornell; Captain Harleigh, Geo. Treverne; Bloody Red Bill, Ed. Stevens; Boscat, George Harris; Constance, Miss Helen Dingens; Rose, Miss Kate Marchi; Mistress Betty, Miss Mame Taylor; Dolly, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer.

Remainder of the week: "The Musketeers."

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Caprice." Cast as follows:

Jack Henderson, William Morris; Jethro Baxter, Thos. J. Herndon; Mr. Henderson, Frank Mordaunt; Harry Woodhouse, Chas. A. Smiley; Wally Henderson, George E. Trader; Chauncey Wheeler, Emile Collins; Prince Othello, A. C. Dent; Arthur Wilson, H. K. Wynne; Edith Henderson, Miss Virginia Peyton; Emma Watson, Miss Mary Maddern; Millie Evans, Miss Rosabelle Morrison; Susie, Miss Fannie Bowman; Mercy Baxter and Lucy Ashton, Miss Maddern; Philander Potts, L. R. Stockwell; Jake Baxter, George Osbourne.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Mikado." Cast as follows:

The Mikado, H. Frillman; Nanki Poo, R. Valera; Ko-Ko, Wm. Wolf; Poo-Bah, J. R. Murray; Fish-Tush, A. Randolph; Yum-Yum, Miss Alice Harrison; Pitti-Sing, Miss Laura Biggar; Peep-Boo, Miss Lillie Fox; Katisha, Miss Carrie Godfrey.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS. Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, Edwin Booth in "Richelieu," "Hamlet," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "The Fool's Revenge," and "Richard III." At the Bush Street, next week, the Carleton Company in "The Mikado," and "Nanon." At the Alcazar, next week, Miss Minnie Maddern in "Frou-Frou." At the California, next week, the Thompson Opera Company in "The Mikado." At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Musketeers." At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

CCCCXXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday March 20, 1897.

Chicken Soup.
Baked Shad, Maitre d'Hôtel Sauce.
Cucumbers.
Beef's Tongue, Sauce Piquant.
Asparagus, French Beans.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Schnee Wandeln.
Fruits.

SCHNEE WANDERN.—Four ounces of butter, five ounces of sifted sugar, three ounces of sifted flour of the finest quality, whites of five eggs beaten to the utmost. Beat sugar and butter to a cream; then add, little by little, the sifted flour, stirring all the time; then the beaten whites, still stirring; when all the ingredients are well mixed together, beat hard and long, until the whole mass is as light as snow. Have ready some small tin forms, shaped small at the bottom and flaring at the top. They must be buttered and dusted lightly with crystallized sugar; fill these with the snow batter, and bake in a quick oven. Turn them out of the forms before serving. If you wish to fill the Schnee Wandeln you should fill the forms only half full, then put in a spoonful of some tart preserve, and fill up the form again with batter. This is a famous Bavarian dainty, always made about Christmas time.

A young farmer in Des Moines County, Ia., who had saved up two hundred dollars in bank bills, wrapped a piece of paper around them and stuck the roll up the chimney in his bedroom, for safe keeping. One cold afternoon his mother put a stove in the room and built a rousing fire in it, and when the young man returned to supper only the charred remains of the notes could be found.

A Chicago gambler, who had been playing in hard luck, borrowed a counter/silver dollar from a friend and made straight for the nearest faro bank. He met with phenomenal success, and on quitting the game was one hundred and twenty-one dollars ahead. As he was leaving the place he boasted of his trick, and was at once ignominiously kicked into the street.

A Prosperous Bank.

The new California National Bank, of San Francisco, shows a remarkably good balance for its first month's business. The individual deposits and demand certificates amount to more than \$200,000, and the undivided profits to nearly \$2,000, which show that the public have the utmost confidence in the sagacity of the managers. A detailed statement of the balance-sheet will be found in another column.

Beautiful Antique Design.

Book-cases, Chiffoniers and Desks, in all the different colors of wood. F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO., Nos 741, 743, and 745 Market Street.

THE INNER MAN.

The white or light yellow wines known as Sauternes and Graves are grown on a series of beautiful hills on the left bank of the Garonne. The grapes are allowed to hang on the vines until they are dead ripe, and over-ripe, a practice followed in scarcely any other locality in the world. They acquire an excessive sweetness. The Burgundy wine district lies in the heart of France, just south of the champagne country. The part of Burgundy which produces the best wines is that known as the Côte d'Or, or golden hillside, along the thirty miles of the declivities of which vineyards have been planted. Burgundy wines are generally considered to be fiery, and heady, and heating. They ought to be sipped moderately at dinner, and not after; they cannot be taken with nearly the freedom used in drinking clarets. They are distinguished by a powerful and spirituous aroma, suavity of taste, full, ripe and rich body, beautiful color and stimulating and invigorating qualities. The Beaujolais district is near Lyons. The wine is more delicate than that of the south of France, the taste juicy and frequently acid. Macoo wines are grown in the valley of the Saone, around the town of Macon. They are tremendously acid, contain a good deal of alcohol, are bottled at the end of the third or fourth year after casking, and six months after bottling are ripe for use. White Macon is dry, a little heady and has a nice bouquet; its viscosity and perfumes are fully developed at the end of four years. The good wines of the Clos de Vougeot vineyard also require four years in the cask and several in the bottle before they are in prime condition. Chambertin is a wine of upper Burgundy, of great fullness, keeps well and has a perfect aroma. It was the favorite wine of Napoleon. Effervescing Chambertin is a very delicate liquor and highly agreeable to the palate. There is a saying that "a bottle of Chambertin, a ragout à la Sardanaïus, and a lady causeur are the three best companions at table in France." The wines of Barsac have much body, are very alcoholic and possess a fine bouquet. They are more heady than the Sauternes proper and have a deeper amber tint.

Eccentricity at the dinner-table seems to be the rage this season. The fresh young man who cuts a human face on an orange, and then squeezes the fruit until the eyes weep and the mouth dribbles, is in his glory. If ladies are at the table, he takes greater pleasure in exhibiting his artistic skill. Peeling an orange geometrically is another accomplishment. The yellow rind is cut in lines with a sharp penknife, until it resembles the "prisoner's puzzle," just now attracting so much attention. The skin is then stripped from the fruit in sections, making quiet aogles, made amusing by the explanations accompanying them. The apple, the Malaga grape, the radish and the banana also, afford much amusement in the hands of accomplished artists. Indeed, one man has won such fame by his skill in carving vegetables and esculents that he is known in Gotham as "Banana Bob." There are dinners where living canaries fly out of the pies, and where bouquets of choice flowers, hooped with diamond rings, are placed at the plate of each guest. At another entertainment, tiny oil paintings on leaves of ivory depicted scenes to the life of each guest. Uncle Rufus Hatched displayed an unmatched eccentricity prior to his departure to Europe. He had invited a friend to dine with him. An excellent dinner was served. At its conclusion, and while the coffee was steaming, Rufus called for Cubanos. They were brought. "Now give us a light," said the ex-magnate from Wall Street. The waiter lighted a short, snowy-wicked candle. Rufus raised the china candlestick to his mouth and lighted his cigar. He then replaced the stick on the table, and, to the surprise of his guest, took the lighted candle from its socket, put it in his mouth, ate and swallowed it. A similar candle was placed before his guest, who also lighted his cigar. When asked why he did not eat the taper, he replied that he was no Cossack. Thereupon Rufus ate the second candle. The candles were parts of apples fashioned into round shape by the expert use of a penknife, and the wicks were the meats of almonds, pared down and stuck into the top of the vegetable tapers.

The all important question to the public, and especially to those interested in the manufacture of sugar, is—Will saccharine supply the place of sugar? The answer, so far as can at present be judged, is that it will. It possesses many advantages over sugar. It is very stable, and not subject to influences which produce mold and decay. In small quantities it has no injurious effect on the human system, but passes unchanged through it. This is of considerable importance to diabetic patients and others on whom sugar acts detrimentally. It possesses moderately strong antiseptic powers. This would be taken advantage of in jams, preserves, and such like; moreover, jams could be made to consist almost entirely of fruit instead of containing, as at present, so large a proportion of sugar. Although at fifty shillings a pound it is cheaper than sugar, this price will probably be considerably reduced when the manufactory started some time ago in Germany makes its output felt in the market. It is rather a strange coincidence that the sugar plantations should, by the discovery of coal-tar saccharine, be threatened at the same time as another important industry—the cinchona plantation—is threatened by the invention of an artificial method of preparing sulphate of quinine.

That accomplished diner, Howard Paul, writes this from London to a Philadelphia friend: "The new rule with diners-out is to drink but one wine—champagne or claret. The heavy old dinner with sherry, rock, chablis, claret and champagne, with port, berry, and claret to follow, is bourgeois. At such a table as the mess of the House Guards Blue, even the half-glass of sherry with the soup and the glass of claret with nuts is foregone, champagne being the only wine taken, with great improvement in society." This departure in dining was followed to an agree at the dinner to Congressman-elect Cummings week or two ago at the Bellevue. But it isn't popular in Philadelphia yet. Baltimore seems to be the only American city that has adopted the champagne fashion.

If special legislation was needed to deal with oleomargarine, what ought to be done with Armour's cotton-seed lard? It seems to be an admitted fact that this Chicago lard is in great part composed of the heap and nasty oil that is expressed from cotton seed in the South. This oil is converted into lard by one process analogous to that by which cheap and

refuse fats are converted into the butter of commerce which is taxed as oleomargarine. The new product is presumably sold as A. No. 1 lard, white, clean, and prepossessing in appearance, but a fraud and deception in its nature, and worse than oleomargarine, because it is an adulteration pure and simple.

The *Caterer* says: The great secret in the concoction of a rich soup is to make the combination with such judgment that a fine harmony of relish is the result, preventing any one of the flavors from getting the upper hand. The herbs and vegetables must be thoroughly cleaned; the water properly proportioned to the ingredients, and the whole be very gently stewed (not boiled) in a tightly covered kettle. You will very often find a cook to be a fat, bouncing, healthy looking personage, while the remaining portion of the family are shaped like the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." The cook gets the bouquet of the soup.

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About forty new views in silver-print and bromide will be ready on Monday, March 7th. Unmounted silver-prints, \$2.00 per doz.; bromides fifty cents each. W. K. Vickery, 631 Market St., under Palace Hotel.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION —OF— THE CALIFORNIA NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, At San Francisco, in the State of California, at the close of business, March 4, 1887. Opened for Business, Jan. 3, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$249,938 07
Overdrafts.....	6,431 58
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	30,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents.....	22,420 02
Due from other National Banks.....	5,442 01
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	4,350 10
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures.....	6,350 00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	6,301 02
Premiums paid.....	5,458 00
Checks and other cash items.....	6,721 59
Bills of other banks.....	1,467 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents.....	152 32
Specie.....	72,724 75
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	2,250 00
Total.....	\$433,642 46

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$160,000 00
Undivided profits.....	1,847 79
National Bank notes outstanding.....	44,800 00
Individual deposits subject to checks.....	146,805 62
Demand certificates of deposit.....	55,447 77
Certified checks.....	300 00
Due to other National Banks.....	24,343 39
Due to State Banks and bankers.....	94 98
Total.....	\$433,642 46

State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.—I, C. H. Ramsden, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. H. RAMSDEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 14th day of March, 1887. R. D. McELROY, Notary Public.

[Seal.]
Correct—Attest: R. P. THOMAS,
R. R. THOMPSON, } Directors.
R. A. WILSON,

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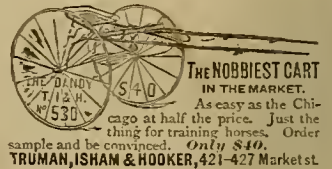
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Argonaut—first begging pardon of Southern California, the "land of the pomegranate and the olive," the favored spot where one may sit amid his vines and enjoy figs purchased at the corner grocery, the favored, blessed, fruitful land where the apple and the pineapple grow side by side, and a little child may pick the worms from out the apple and dust away the fleecy codlin-moth—suggests to the Raymond tourists and others who have firmly planted the foundations of Pasadena and reared the proud battlements of other towns which are destined to become the cities of refuge and the hope of the one-lunged; where the coughers may live to a green old age, and fill their coffers to the full overflowing of

respectable wealth, thereby securing a happy immortality in that other and warmer laod where other Dives have preceded them—we suggest, with our usual modesty, whether San Francisco is not presenting just now a most respectable condition of suoshie and halmy breezes that carries with it the suggestion of a climate in Northern California not altogether unendurable. To our Eastern friends from the lands of cyclones and storms, of rains and snows, of winter's cold and terrible, summer's heat; where mad dogs bite and delirium tremens is endemic; where sunstrokes flourish and lightning does occasionally strike; where sheep are guilty of fatal indiscretion by lambing at improper periods; where it requires seven months of toil to secure for human and animal life five months of tobogganing, and food, and protection from cold; where sweeping snow from the sidewalks is the principal employment of the poor in winter—we submit our claims as a pleasure resort in comparison with Florida, where the festive alligator smiles in malarious lagoons; with the Riviera, where the earthquake holds high carnival on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; with the south of France and the Rhine; with the Switzer Alps, over which tourists toil with alpenstocks and wrestle with hotel bills, enjoy glaciers composite of ice and mud, listen to the Alpine horn blown by boys with goaties, and see the Switzer maid drive to her village borne her flock of goats. We suggest that California is the resort of tourists who have health to regain, time to spend, and money to disburse. To those who have found pleasure in a trip to Florida with its sweating miasmatic evaporations, its better oranges than ours; to those whom fashion has summoned to the European trip as an exaction of fashionable life; to those overfed sybarites and gourmards who find relief in drinking the waters of Carlsbad and Wiesbaden, and submitting to a diet impossible at a well-supplied American table; to those globe-trotters who circumnavigate the world to kill time and say they have done it; to those wealthy Eastern residents who seek the sea-breezes of the Atlantic, the Western lakes, and smother in summer houses—we say, come to California; cross our broad plains and deserts, over our more than Switzer heights, in sight of eternal snows and across broad plains (for no American has a comprehension of how vast is this republican empire till he has crossed it from ocean to ocean); visit the great National Park of the Yellowstone, with its geysers surpassing those of Iceland; make a trip to Alaska, with its splendid reach of interior waters navigable for twelve thousand miles, with only here and there a glimpse of the broad Pacific—a trip without sea-sickness; see mountains of incomparable heights; a primal wilderness untouched by the axe; great glaciers, with their snouts of perpendicular, iridescent ice, sending down, in constant roar like thunder, their great icebergs—glaciers in comparison with which the Grödenwald and the Mer de Glace are but mud-pies; visit the Columbia from "the Dalles" to where the Oregon's dashing roar is heard, commingling with the sounds of the Pacific, where it beats its rocky shores; visit Puget Sound, that great interior sea, around which great cities are clustering, and which are backed by a continent of agricultural wealth; visit the Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, those great clefts rent in the bosom of our land, four thousand feet in depth, and with a display of rock scenery that has no Alpine equivalent, with which no scenery on earth is comparable; go to the grand primal forests that crown our Sierra's heights; great pines, redwoods, and the monster sequoias; stand in God's grandest cathedrals, through whose arched domes you may catch glimpses of a firmament mosaicked by stars, and compare these magnificent temples of divine creation with the most beautiful works of man's device and toil. See California valleys, great and small, Sacramento and San Joaquin, Sonoma, Napa, Santa Clara, and the Salinas, with their vineyards and orchards nestling amid hills covered with wild-flowers, destined to be the future homes of industrious millions; see our great, fruitful plains; make the trip to the Geysers and the redwood forests of Mendocino, through the romantic and picturesque county of Marin, with its glens, and groves, and gorgeous views; take a drive through our Golden Gate Park, along five miles of sanded sea-beach, see our monster seals basking in the sun or bellying at the storm, and look out upon the grandest of all oceans; get boozy upon our wines and sleep; go to San

Diego and Santa Monica, those great promising marts of commerce, whose harbors are destined to be the entrepôts of an oriental trade that shall enrich with the wealth of Ind all who handle it; whose wharves and piers are to be laden with bales of silks and spices; whose merchants are to live in marble palaces like those of Venice; the bellying sails of whose ships shall fill to the swelling breeze of every ocean; visit Pasadena and Riverside, those affluent Tadmors of the desert, whose air is balmy with the perfumes of spices and the fragrant odor of fruits. On your way out of the country, stop for a day where San Francisco fuit; snuff its healthful, salty sea-fogs; sketch the ruins of Nob Hill, and drop a sympathetic tear for the unhappy fate of that portion of California's early population who did not chance to settle in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, or San Diego, and had not the luck to sell their possessions to the wealthy, one-lunged Raymond tourist.

The words "fizz" and "fizzle" express better than any others in the English language the inauguration, existence, and outcome of the recent carmen's strike in San Francisco. The motive that induced several hundred men to leave well-paid and comfortable employment; the criminal conduct of those men, and their dishonorable practices so long as the strike existed; their ineffective effort to use dynamite to destroy life and property; their cowardly attacks upon other working-men; their vulgar insults to ladies and their ridiculous endeavor to utilize broken-down vehicles and broken-down horses to establish an "omnibus line" in opposition to cars propelled by the power of fixed machinery—all these things present for the consideration of intelligent and honest persons a curious combination of innocent ignorance and criminal stupidity that carries with it a moral and teaches a lesson which, if studied, would be of profit to all honest working-men. The striking carmen on the Sutter and Geary Street lines were receiving a compensation for labor higher than the majority of working-men in San Francisco; about eleven hours was the time demanded of them, and this, if there is reckoned the time to go and come from their employment, is not in excess of that required of the average unskilled laborer. They could work every day in the year, and no skilled mechanic at day labor can be employed on an average more than two hundred days in the year. They were paid their wages every morning before they went to work; their toil is not the hardest; their places were sought with eagerness; they were well treated; and yet, without notice, they left their employment, and undertook, by violence and criminal proceedings, to prevent other working-men filling the places they had voluntarily abandoned. This kind of conduct meets the approval and challenges the sympathy of no healthy mind. It is dishonest, cowardly, and criminal; being wrong in principle and dishonest in intention and purpose, it can never prosper in a community where the law is enforced and the rights of persons and property held in respect. These strikers may be divided into two classes—the innocent and simple-minded, and the vicious and criminal. They are the least guilty who have most suffered; they who have escaped justice are the demagogue agitators and swindlers. During this strike the press behaved in its usual cowardly manner, and the police demonstrated how much they were in sympathy with the criminal class.

The intelligent, peace-loving people of the civilized world have the right to rejoice with all Germans over the birthday of their Emperor William, which celebration took place at Berlin on the 22d of this month in honor of the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. It is a matter of congratulation that—amid the rumors of war and the marshaling of great armies in preparation for aggression and defense; amid the unrest and political agitation disturbing the peace of the world; in the midst of assassination and attempted assassination of rulers—the people of this great empire, students, workingmen, princes, nobles, and men of wealth, all should unite to demonstrate their love and loyalty to the aged Emperor of Germany. It is, we think, a deserved tribute to the man and the hero; it is not, we think, far-drawn to say that the will of this man has preserved Europe from a desolating war that would have cost it a million of lives and untold millions of treasure; so old in years, so ripe in honors, the Emperor

has lost the ambition that would have tempted younger men to grasp extended power, and to reach for broader empire. All that this world can give to mortal man it has given to Emperor William—length of days, a happy, domestic life, children by whom he is honored, a prince to wear his crown, an united imperial Germany, the result of wars that have satisfied his military aspirations, a happy, loyal, prosperous people, in personal association with whom he is protected and guarded. Such a man could have derived no pleasure from war; to him there would have been no music in the tramp of armies or the clash of arms. His military right arm—the venerable Von Moltke; his political brains, the splendid statesman Bismarck—friends and counselors of his age, who have shared with him the triumphs of his imperial career—they too have nothing further to gain in war or diplomacy that the peace of Germany and the peace of Europe will not give. Let the prayer go up that this old, old man may enjoy an extended length of days. Our German citizens of San Francisco held among themselves a little jubilee to perpetuate and preserve the memories of the Fatherland, and held a celebration which satisfied them and did not offend those with whom they have elected to make their homes and unite their destinies. We rejoice with Germans and Germany in all that concerns this great Protestant empire, and this great-minded, resolute, self-asserting, thinking, independent people. We contrast the history of Germany and Germans with the priest-ridden of Rome, of whatever nationality they may be. We find German-Americans loyal and ever true to the spirit of republican liberty, never conspiring in aid of parties in their native land, and never subordinating their politics as American citizens to the politics of the country they have voluntarily left. In this city the Germans have one Roman Catholic church with some three hundred members, while Irish men and women of the working class have impoverished themselves to build churches, and are now under the strain of a superhuman effort to erect a great cathedral. Germans possess one trait in common with Americans—they think for themselves; the seed of the great Reformation sown by Luther is still bearing fruit, as is the seed of the English Reformation. The effects of these two great revolts from ecclesiastical dominion are seen in the assertion of personal liberty and individual freedom under the law, and it is in the German and English races that these results are the most conspicuous. Bismarck has been, of late years, compelled by the complication of German politics to coquet somewhat with the Vatican; velvet-pawed he has been playing with the cunning old rat of Rome, swapping compliments till he could drive the Ultramontane Windhorst to his clerical hole. But Emperor William is not going to Canossa as did Henry the Fourth of Germany seven centuries ago. The humiliating history of Germany's submission to papal authority will never again be repeated. This age presents no despotic and bigoted prelate like Anno of Cologne; no powerful and ambitious Pope like Gregory the Seventh; never again will an Emperor of Germany cross the Alps in winter to stand in penitential robes in the open court-yard of the Castle of Canossa, asking forgiveness of the haughty Hildebrand and his naughty mistress, the Countess Matilda. This age of papal power and papal insolence has passed, and to Germany, or any English-speaking land where the law holds sway, it will never return. No incident, says the encyclopedist, more profoundly impressed the imagination of the western world. It marked the highest point attained by papal authority, and presents a vivid picture of the awe inspired, during the Middle Ages, by the supernatural powers supposed to be wielded by the church. This Protestant reformation that came from Germany and England, is one of those revolutions that can never be rolled backward. Its progress must be ever onward so long as the human intellect is free and the human conscience at liberty.

At the election on the twelfth day of April the citizens of San Francisco will be called upon to vote whether they will or will not adopt a new charter for the municipal government of San Francisco. In common with the great bulk of citizens, we have not carefully enough studied this production of our fifteen freeholders to determine whether it is or is not an improvement upon our present municipal law. The one has the advantage of age and judicial interpretation, but it has been so freely amended, changed, and built upon, that it preserves but little of the character impressed upon it by its author, Horace Hawes. It has been the source of unlimited contention, and, except in one direction, it has not proved a model. Under the Consolidation Act a municipal debt has not been allowed to accumulate, but while this is a matter of congratulation our city is not the model of progress. Our old City Hall is a tumble-down; our County Jail resembles a barrack; our new City Hall is a premature ruin; our streets and public places are not in good condition; our Golden Gate Park is deficient in drives; our sea-beach is neglected; our sewers are defective; for a new city, we know of none that has a more dreary or unlovely appearance; our police force is not what it ought to be; our fire brigade is the best-managed and most effective of all our departments. The people of San Francisco have made three efforts to obtain a new organic law. We have had the best endeavors of

our best legal and business brains to give us an effective municipal charter. One was defeated from caprice; one was smothered to death by Archbishop Alemany to preserve his graveyard. The third opportunity is now presented for a charter, and although we have not given it a thorough study, we shall vote for it because we believe it is the honest work of intelligent men who have carefully considered the question and unanimously recommend it for our adoption. In the absence of an opinion of our own resulting from a thorough investigation of this whole business, we shall act upon the judgment of the gentlemen who framed the instrument, and we shall not take the opinion of editors, or lawyers, or anonymous writers, or boss politicians, or party demagogues, or street contractors, or any body else whose motives we do not know and whose interests we have no means of measuring. If the gentlemen who composed the late Charter Convention can not be trusted to give us an organic law for the control of our municipal government, we may as well abandon the effort. If we can not trust them we can trust no one.

We are sitting on the journalistic fence, calmly surveying and dispassionately considering the fight going on around us. We see the Achilles of the *Examiner* dragging the Hector of the *Chronicle* and *Call* around the walls by the hair, and we rejoice at the exhibition. We suggest great caution to the hero of the *Examiner*, as the *Chronicle* is getting new wind and there is prospect of an earnest and prolonged contest, in which victory is likely to be with the one of longest purse and greatest enterprise. The *Chronicle* has demonstrated how much livelier a live paper can become when it is prodded, and we are quite willing to confess that it has greatly improved since this conflict began. Its telegraphic intelligence is superior to that of the *Examiner*, and presented in a much more symmetrical way to its readers. The *Examiner* pads too much, and makes too great a display of unimportant news. News is news, and the intelligent reader is not to be fooled with display type. Let the fight go on—the public is reaping the advantage. Four eight-page morning papers where there ought to be two, and where, when the contest is ended, there will be but one at the top. The *Chronicle* has held first position in circulation and influence so long that it will not yield without a protracted and costly struggle, and, so far as the *Argonaut* is concerned, we hope to see the best journal win. The *Call* is already distanced in the race.

Citizens owning property fronting upon Lafayette Square, and desirous of preserving its use as a public resort, employed William Mathews, Esq., a competent lawyer, and paid him a fee of one thousand dollars, to look out for the city's interest in the park. There is no member of the San Francisco bar who is more competent to attend to this class of cases than Mr. Mathews. On Monday evening the Supervisors, with a knowledge of Mr. Mathews's employment and the fact that citizens owning property fronting upon Lafayette Square were looking out for the city's interest in the case, employed the law firm of Moon & Flournoy to attend to the same case. They are employed in four cases, of which this is the principal and most important one, and receive the sum of three thousand dollars. The fact that Mr. Flournoy senior is the father of the City and County Attorney makes the transaction smell. Messrs. McDonald and Heyer voted against the proposition. The present Board of Supervisors are beginning to emit the odor of a very premature decay. From the scent, decomposition seems to have set in early. An effort will be made to deodorize the board by thorough examination, to ascertain just how many rascals there are in it who are on it.

NOTES ON MEXICO.

What do you think of Mexico, and did you enjoy your visit there? These questions I have answered so frequently and the inquiries are so persistently continued, that, in self-defense, I inflict the response upon the readers of the *Argonaut*. Everybody ought to go to Mexico upon the same principle that every fox ought to have his tail cut off close to the trap that caught it. It is a tedious, uninteresting, hard, and uncomfortable trip; but I am glad I made it, I am glad it is over, and I do not want to go again. If any one would visit the city of Mexico let him go in Lent. It is not only a penance worthy of the quadragesimal period, but it is a fast most actual; and whether you take it for piety or the reduction of fat, it is thoroughly effective. In Mexico there is nothing to eat—that is, nothing for the civilized Christian who is accustomed to good coffee and an appetizing beef-steak that is not hoiled in rancid fat. There is nothing to drink except St. Louis beer and pulque. When you have seen one or two streets, you have passed by all there is of beauty in architecture; when you have visited one or two churches, you have seen all there is worthy of admiration in one hundred and sixty; when you have wandered for half an hour in the outskirts of the town, among its uninteresting, uncomfortable, and most disagreeable tenements, you have seen how the great bulk of the people live; when you have threaded your way through the market vendors, you have seen the productions of the country, and the food material

that covers the breakfast-table of the rich and poor. I have often wondered, since my return, what it was that I expected to find in the City of Mexico, and have asked several friends, who, like myself, had dreamed of the "Aztec capital" and the "halls of the Montezumas," to describe just what their imaginations had conjured up. The early mission churches of California—San Luis del Rey, in the south; San Xavier del Bac, in Arizona; the Church of Carmel, at Monterey, before it was despoiled by the sacrilegious and ignorant hand that replaced its picturesque tiles with redwood shingles and whitewashed its interior—were fair types of the churches of the City of Mexico. The one-story adobe residences that flanked the old mission church of Dolores do not incorrectly represent the larger portion of the City of Mexico. About this city there is little evidence of life, and none of progress. There are half a dozen houses in process of erection, and an equal number undergoing repairs. There are no flower-gardens, and no flowers, except as one catches glimpses of them through open doors into interior courts. There are no shade-trees lining the streets except on the great drive of the Alameda and in the park of the same name. The Alameda is the fashionable drive, in which from five P. M. till sundown all there is of fashionable display and elegant equipage disports itself. It is a broad and beautiful avenue, leading toward the castle and wood of Chapultepec, adorned with statues and fountains, a broad drive margined with sidewalks for pedestrians and provided with stone benches for the tired lounge. This drive is an imitation of the Prado at Madrid, Pincian Hill at Rome, Hyde Park in London, and the Bois de Boulogne at Paris. A drive where carriages in slow and stately dignity move up and down, so that ladies may exchange salutations as they pass, display their equipages, their livery, and their dress—a sort of clearing-house for the settlement of social balances. It would be the thing to do in San Francisco, and Van Ness Avenue is the locality. If half a dozen of our swells would, upon some given day, inaugurate this ceremony by driving their equipages up and down Van Ness Avenue, the matter would be established. The climate favors the suggestion, for ever during the period of our diurnal summer winds the strength of the breeze abates toward the evening hour. The Alameda in the City of Mexico, with the drive extending to the beautiful grove of stately cypress trees that surround the base of Chapultepec, is the one lovely spot that redeems this city from offensive ugliness. It is on this drive that one sees all that is displayed of beautiful women in elegant dress, well mounted cavaliers, and equipages representing the higher social circles. The streets are thronged with women, carrying their books of devotion and prayer-stools, on their way to and from church. Some witty traveler has remarked of the women of Mexico that "all are pious, and some are virtuous." The sneer we do not endorse; for, so far as our observation extended, we recall no city we ever visited where there was less to criticise in the manner of its women than in the City of Mexico. We saw nothing in church, or on promenade, by any class of female society, that was not modest and dignified; we saw no class that marked the line between respectability and crime; we saw less of beggary than might have been expected—less in Mexico than in our own country, less in Mexican towns than in the villages and cities of California; we saw no class that we recognized as tramps and bummers, no vagabonds beating their way as dead-heads upon railroads, and we saw no evidence of drunkenness on the streets. What do I think of Mexico? is a more difficult question to answer. I do not know what I think of it. I can not answer satisfactorily to my own mind what is to be the outcome of the civilization of these ten millions of people, fully one-half of whom are full-blooded Indians, and more than three millions of whom are of the mixed Indian and Spanish races, both of which are bad, and when amalgamated the mixed race is worse than either of its original parts. There are less than one million seven hundred and fifty thousand of the white race in all the Republic of Mexico, and these are not of the highest type of civilization. When the cruelty and religious bigotry of Spain is engrafted upon the ignorant stock of the barbarous Aztecs, it must take more than four centuries of time to demonstrate what fruits it will produce. Especially is this true when we reflect that, for three hundred and fifty years of that period, the nation has been under the influence of the Church of Rome; that for all that time this monster conspiracy against freedom of thought and independence of action has bound its people in ignorance; has manacled them in the bonds of unprofitable, unremunerative, and unwilling labor; has for more than three and a half centuries of time held them as slaves to an intolerant and vicious religious system that has continually despoiled them of their earnings to enrich and adorn their vulgar church edifices. This simple, patient, industrious people have only to show for their centuries of toil a cruel and heartless peonage, from which they have no prospect of emancipation; an ignorance from which there is no promise of relief; a superstitious bigotry which enchains their senses and holds in its iron grasp their mental and moral natures. Eight millions of people, slaves to the soil, viliains to the landed proprietor, as complete and irredeemable as in the worst period of the feudal age, with political privileges they

are not permitted to exercise, living under a constitution and laws the meaning of which is to them unknown; a people whose spirit is broken by poverty, destitution, and unsatisfied hunger, paying their accumulations and pinched savings to a set of idle, thieving priests, who have impressed them with the belief that the salvation of their immortal souls depends upon the offering of wax candles before altars and shrines, which, when once lighted, are blown out and sold back to the candle merchant. What opinion shall one form of an agricultural community that spends its money in the production of pulque and mesal, and cultivates its fields with wooden plows, attached to the horns of oxen with thongs of raw-hides? What shall one think of a people who elect for president a professional highwayman, who indulge in revolutions for the purpose of pillage, whose public opinion justifies official roguery and official malfeasance? What shall be thought of the citizens of a municipal government who have built one hundred and sixty great churches, with altar-rails of solid silver and haloes of solid gold about the heads of Jesuses in wax and mothers of God in wood, and images of saints and holy martyrs in carved and consecrated ginger-bread, and have not had sufficient enterprise to drain their nasty city of its offensive sewage, but have for all these centuries left its people to suffer and die from diseases engendered by malaria and filth? So, on the whole, I think I may conscientiously say I do not like Mexico, nor Mexican institutions, nor the Mexican people. I contrast the religion of Mexico with freedom of conscience in my own loved land; I contrast this ignorant and depressed people with the proud independence of my own country; I look upon their ignorant, unambitious masses in comparison with the individual liberty and personal freedom of our own people; I contrast their dismal, old, grimy churches, smelling of incense, with the free air of our own free common schools; the mumbled prayers of their bigoted worshipers with the wild whoop-up of our boys and the glad, smiling faces of our girls as they are emancipated from their schools; I recall the sad-eyed burden-bearing men and women, with their prematurely old children, thronging church and market, with our joyous mass of well-fed, well-dressed men, women, and jolly children at Golden Gate Park of a Sabbath day; with this race of mixed barbarians, I contrast our sixty millions of a race fast becoming homogeneous, our constitutional government, our equal rights, our high intelligence, our land of freedom, liberty, and law, our free schools, free press and free speech. Leaving Mexico, and reaching my native land, I would kneel and kiss the soil, and thank God that I am an American. And is there no hope for Mexico; no bright future? Hope, yes. The agricultural and manufactured productions of the country are increasing. The commerce of the republic is growing, and trade with foreign countries is extending itself. The financial condition of the country is improving; it has less of revolutions and civil wars; the church has lost its hold, and there is a young Mexico that is exerting itself to emancipate the country from the blighting influence of the Church of Rome. Roman Catholicism, which, under Spanish influence, was alone tolerated, is no longer, since 1857, the State religion. All churches now enjoy equal protection under the law. Education is making marked progress. The old University of Mexico, modeled after Salamanca, is abolished, and in its place are schools of law, medicine, letters, agriculture, mines, science, fine arts, and commerce, and a military college. There are two hundred lower schools in the City of Mexico, and others in all the larger towns maintained by the State—in all, nearly five thousand public schools. But what a long and dreary task is it to move this inert, ignorant mass of eight millions of mixed and Indian population, with every device of an infamous church and a miserable priesthood to resist progress, because education and progress mean emancipation from religious bigotry and church power. Reform will come to Mexico, but it will come slowly, and the revolution now inaugurated against the insolence of Rome will never go backward. Rome has lost its hold in our sister republic, and gradually the influence of the cock-fighting priest, whose house is kept by his niece and whose family call him "uncle," will be relaxed. There are no nunneries now. Of one thing I formed an unqualified opinion, and that is, that we do not want the whole or any part of Mexico to be added to our country. The land is well enough, but we do not want its people; and if any political adventurers at Nogales or El Paso endeavor to embroil us in a difficulty with our sister republic, with a view to the acquisition of territory, we hope the Mexican authorities may catch them and shoot them, and then apologize for their breach of international law.

The Monument to Sir Francis Drake.

There has lately been some public mention of my suggestion of a monument to Sir Francis Drake to be placed on the summit of Strawberry Hill, the highest peak in the Golden Gate Park. Now, I understand that in the new and beautiful building of the Pioneer Society there is to be seen a portrait of Sir Francis Drake, and that in that society (comprised of some of our best citizens) it is acknowledged that he was the first, the very first English-speaking "Pioneer" who landed on the coast of California, not far from the

site of the metropolis which, by a singular coincidence, was to bear a name similar to his own. But, before proceeding further, it may be well for me to say that I do not wish to be understood as advocating this measure as being of such a superlative nature as not to be surpassed, and I would willingly retire in favor of any other that the public would prefer as being more suitable in character. But how does it stand at present? We can not place there a statue of *Liberty*, the New Yorkers have it; the monument to *Washington* is erected in the city named after him; if we were to even think of a colossal statue of *California*, we should be unmercifully lampooned by our Eastern friends, who would insist that, while one hand might be extended as a welcome to our friends the Japanese, the other should show the repelling palm or the clenched fist to the Chinese. It was never my idea to have a gigantic statue of Drake, for I think that it would be in very bad taste to make a colossal statue intended to represent a human figure; it might do for *Liberty*, *America*, or *Jupiter*, but not for a *man* who had been like us. Supposing that this suggestion is finally adopted after careful consideration, then my idea would be to have erected an open temple (something like the Latham monument), of say seventy-five feet in height, of four or more pillars, with a burnished dome surmounted by a glistening sphere, which would be visible far out at sea, and emblematical of the globe around which he had so successfully sailed his little bark; and in the interior, on a pedestal, a bronze statue of the circumnavigator, to be of heroic size and clad in the picturesque costume of that period, naval or military (rather than that of the courtier), as he went forth, after conquering at that famous game of bowls, on that glorious afternoon, as Vice-Admiral of the fleet which was to vanquish and drive away the arrogantly styled "*Invincible Armada*." Standing there on that height, apparently gazing on that ocean and at the very point of land (now called Point Reyes) from which, over three hundred years ago, in his life-time (when comparatively unknown to fame) he had looked on this hill, then a solitary peak rising from a barren waste of sand, and now forming portion of the beautiful park of a great and prosperous city.

HORACE F. CUTTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22d.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Alaska Fur Seals.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Once more the press of this city are laying before the public the ancient question of the exclusive right of the Alaska Commercial Company to take fur seal upon the Pribilof Islands, in the Behring Sea. The subject is worn threadbare; the multiplicity of charges reiterated by the last assailants of the company have been made over and over again, and nothing new, or in any way compromising to the corporation, has been repeated in the letter of L. N. Handy & Son to the President.

Congressional committees have sat to inquire into the alleged fraudulent practices of the company; special and extra special Treasury agents have made reports to their departmental chief, and the entire testimony may be summed up in a few words—"that the company are and have been complying with the terms of their lease, and in many instances have exceeded, in their kindly treatment of the natives, the terms of the contract."

When the present administration came into office, one of the first acts of Secretary Manning was to appoint a man named Loud, an old, retired sea captain from Maine, to the post of Treasury Agent on the seal islands. Charges sweeping and specific had been made to the Treasury Department against the Alaska Company, and in appointing Captain Loud to the agency the Secretary explicitly told him, "We rely upon your report as to the condition of affairs on the seal islands. Your selection was made knowing your ignorance upon the matters relative to these leases under the government, and with full faith that the department will receive an honest and unvarnished account of the circumstances." This man's report has been received, and it fully bears out the statement made by previous agents.

The assumption by the United States of territorial rights over the waters of the Behring Sea, within the limits designated by the treaty which gave us possession of Alaska, is a question in no wise concerning the Alaska Commercial Company. They do not employ any vessels in pursuit of seal. Past experience has taught them that the value of the pelt of a fur seal shot or clubbed in the water is nearly twenty-five per cent. less than the market price of skins taken by the methods in vogue on the seal islands.

Russia has always asserted her imperial rights to restrict vessels from fishing, whaling, or trading in the waters of littoral Siberia, and she exercised a similar authority over Alaskan seas when she owned that territory.

The Behring Sea is the highway to the Arctic Ocean, and so long as a vessel pursues her way to that point she is in perfect freedom.

The fact that foreign vessels would be liable to seizure if engaged in whaling or trading upon any portion of the Alaskan coast, from Sitka to Point Barrow, is lost sight of. The United States has always promulgated the doctrine that her coastwise trade shall be exclusively by her own vessels.

The act of Congress upon Alaska, passed in 1866, is very pointed in its provisions. No seal or other fur-bearing animal can be taken in the Territory of Alaska, or in the waters thereof, unless under the regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The plea has been made by various parties that the Government had no right to lease the seal islands to any person or corporation. Contention is made that any one should have a right to land on these islands and take seals. The consequence of the adoption of such a course can be easily imagined. Unlimited slaughter of the valuable animals would be the result, and, as the past experience of the Russian records show, the seals will abandon their resort.

The stipidity of a few individuals will be satisfied, and the nation that has received over four millions of dollars under the present system of leasing will be the loser if the indiscriminate slaughter of seals is permitted.

The vessels that proceed upon these hunting voyages are commanded by men who kill seals of every age, females and pups, old bulls and young bachelors, and as but three seals are captured out of every ten shot in the water, the waste of life can be estimated.

In point of fact, the entire question of the occupancy of the seal islands by the present lessees, any one who may enter into an agreement with the United States to obtain similar privileges, is purely a matter of business.

The agreed amount of money is paid for the concession, the terms of the lease are obeyed, and no clue can be found to enable the lessors to exact any penalties or cancel the agreement.

Under such conditions the lessees are entitled, on their part, to receive such protection and regard as a man who has taken a dwelling or factory.

Here, the State law protects an individual; on the seal islands, the Federal authorities act as the guardians of those who hold the grant.

The acts of the Alaska Commercial Company have been subjects for adverse criticism since its inception, and so far as the present charges made against it are concerned, there does not appear to be any ground for the chief executive to take action upon.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21, 1887.

The results of a day at Monte Carlo to the proprietors of the Casino and to the Principality of Monaco are testified in the boxes, weighted with gold, carried away before the very eyes of the losers. It is said that each table wins from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds sterling a day, which shows a gross gain from the eight tables of from twelve thousand to sixteen thousand pounds sterling. These sums must be multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five to show the probable yearly income.

WHY THE COYOTE SMILES.

Folk Lore to Order.

Long years ago, so long ago that it was once upon some other time, the sun, shining down upon the glittering alkali and gray sage-brush of Nevada, discovered two new beings under its rays. It stared fiercely through the cloudless sky at a man, the original Piute, and a quadruped destined to be the father of all the Coyotes. As Walter Scott always does, I will state at the outset that the heroes were of noble mold. They had been placed there by the Great Spirit as a sort of flyer, for he was not very familiar with that part of the world and its demands, and had met with great difficulty in manufacturing anything adaptable to that waterless and solemn waste; a wretched, musty-looking jack-rabbit, and some miserable yellow chipmunks, with an occasional malodorous badger, being the best efforts up to date. These new creations were to work out their own development for a year, at the end of which time duplicate copies were to be issued and the races of men and Coyotes were to be given their permanent form. The man was white, straight-limbed and comely; the Coyote was all that the highest-bred canine might wish to be—a poem of grace.

The two novelties had been living together in most amicable relations. Together they had pursued and slaughtered infirm rabbits, ably supplementing each other's labors. Together they had lunched many a time and oft on chipmunks roasted with the feathers on, just as all good Piutes eat them at the present day. No selfishness had ever marred the politeness with which they had deferred to each other the privilege of first fishing in the kettle for the most appetizing bits of boiled badger.

But bearing woe to this unorthodox Western Eden came jealousy, with a great big J. In an evil day, said the Piute to himself (literal translation): "Me and that Coyote is both so purty that some day it may be doubtful who is boss. Now, if I can just do him up, all Coyotes will have to stay just that way, and my descendants will say they're better'n his'n; until all hands believe it, his progeny included." With this very wicked end in view, the Piute took advantage of the Coyote's inferior size and weariness after a hard day's chase, and, totally disregarding his heart-rending wails, put his quondam friend in a sling and bung him out on a pole. His hair was all rubbed the wrong way, huge stones were tied to his feet, tail, and head; then his inhuman inquisitor went away and left him to stretch. Two days of suspense, misery, and famine, added to a consciousness of his growing deformity, had almost drawn the last spark of life from the suffering beast, when his tormentor appeared. He stood near, and, stretching out his hands, uttered an incantation which the Great Spirit had accidentally dropped in his bearing, when he, the G. S., was clinching the qualities of a former development.

When, at last, the Coyote was released, promising to refrain from malice, he presented the woe-begone aspect in which we now know him. His legs and tail were too long for his attenuated body, his head bung hopelessly low, and his hair, combed against the grain, brought every rib into bold relief. His stomach was compressed until it seemed that his vertebrae would seriously interfere with his digestion. Thirst had parched his throat till his once sonorous voice cracked with drought and was ruined. No one could conceive any circumstance capable of bringing joy into his downcast countenance. But his day was to come. After fasting and prayer, he reached the heart of the Great Spirit, who agreed to aid in the vengeance of his injured servant. He sent the faithful Coyote a bottle, accompanied by a letter which read as follows:

SKYTOWN, July 4th, —.

MY DEAREST K1: Yours received. Forward to your address one bottle of our symmetry destroyer, distilled from the gore of the Tarantula bug. To be given internally. When strange men bring me, good bye, Piutes. Yours truly, GREAT SPIRIT.

The intelligent beast forthwith tore the autograph from the letter, and pasted it on the bottle which he left near his enemy's dwelling. The Piute in due time returned, and noticed the strange object. Soon he recognized the autograph on the outside, and fearing not, drank, and was rejoiced. More and more went the same way, until unconsciousness spread its mantle over him, and the first Indian was temporarily good. Then the Coyote rolled him out into the burning sunlight, where he tanned a deep, dark, dirty red, and the hairs of a horse's tail were grafted into his scalp. When, at length, the hated being began to recover, and took his first awkward steps, the dread incantation was pronounced, and the Piute was forever dark, stiff-haired, and bow-legged, and the Coyote saw that his work was well done, and smiled. And ab! my countrymen, never having seen it, can you imagine that smile? Have you noticed the good cheer on the face of the man caught cheating at card-playing, or in competitive examinations. Can you conceive of the two-dollar leer placed by request on the face of a strangled murderer, by a conscientious undertaker? If you have not the experience or the imagination, nothing can bring to your mind the contemptible, would-be-mirth, on the features of this joyless quadruped, when mankind heaves in sight. For the red man it is a grin of contempt and a silent pean over accomplished revenge. For the white, without alteration or erasure, it betokens trust in an ally, and an unspoken prayer that much "Great Spirit juice" may be distributed among his enemies.

Though the Coyote is frequently obliged to dodge bullets, and to digest strychnine, he does so cheerfully, never relaxing his smile toward friend or foe. It is only after a long study of his saddening discourse that one may glean an idea of the unheralded woe of the soul floating about in the hungry vacuum beneath those protruding ribs. By attentive listening to every accent of his lugubrious wail as it floats moonward, I have learned the secret of his deformed carcass, and the melancholy fact that "he would have been handsome, but he had hard luck."

WM. KENT.

TAMALPAIS, March, 1887.

It has been shown that the strength of the lion in the fore legs is only 69.9 per cent. of that of the tiger, and the strength of the hind legs 65.9 per cent. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine men are required to hold a tiger.

RESURRECTION OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Strange Experience of a Gentile upon Mount Nebo.

HOTEL, March 15, 1887.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Accompanying this I beg to hand you an account of a strange experience which happened to me in Utah, a few days ago, while on my way here, and which, in the face of recent events, may prove interesting to your readers, as well as explain much that is dark and mysterious in a certain movement now going on among the Mormons. During the limited time I have been here—only three days—I have naturally been unable to inform myself regarding the status of your different journals, or which would prove the most suitable vehicle for conveying to the public what I have to say. When, however, I came across your familiar title at the hotel news-stand—familiar to me already for some years in the East—I determined to try you first, knowing that my story would, if you chose to publish it, reach a large and thinking constituency. I should add that my time is at your disposal, should you or any of your friends desire further information on the matter; further, that I am fully prepared to substantiate the facts I speak about by evidence which can not but be considered satisfactory. Though at first sight it may seem extraordinary that occurrences like those I witnessed should not, before this, have found their way into the public prints, it will not be considered wonderful, in view of the profound secrecy with which the proceedings were veiled, and the lucky chance which gave me an opportunity of being present. Please forgive imperfections of style, as writing is not my forte. If not available please return M.S. to hotel. Very truly yours,

During the latter end of last month, I left New York with the intention of coming to California upon business. Like others of my fellow-passengers I determined to stop over for a day or two at Salt Lake, as I had a curiosity to see something of the manners and customs of a people I had read so much about. Accordingly, in company with two others whose acquaintance I had picked up on the cars, I got off at Ogden and speedily found myself in Salt Lake City. Next morning, my companions and myself went out to take a stroll over the city and see the sights. None of us having yet reached thirty we found much to interest and amuse us in what we saw. We visited the Tabernacle, the Endowment House, Brigham Young's former residence, and other places of interest during the forenoon; and, after lunch, I strolled out alone through the principal streets to see whether I could not do a little business on my own account—our house deals in interior fixtures, decorations, and the finer classes of furniture. It was not long before I came to a store of the character I was looking for, and, upon entering it, was agreeably surprised to find an old friend in the person of the merchant who kept it. He turned out to be an old employee of our own, who had left New York some ten years previously and started in business for himself in Salt Lake. I was somewhat surprised to find that he had turned Mormon, even though I remembered that he had always had the reputation while with us of being something of a visionary or dreamer. It transpired, however, that his connection with the church had not taken the form of polygamy, and that he still rejoiced in a single wife. I accepted an invitation to his house that evening, during which he promised to give me an insight into some matters which he thought would prove interesting, even to the extent, perhaps, of making me a convert to his religion, a consummation, in his estimation, devoutly to be wished. I laughingly expressed grave doubts upon that point, but promised to take advantage of the hospitality he had so obligingly tendered, and, accordingly, between six and seven o'clock, knocked at the door of a comfortable cottage standing, like numbers more in Salt Lake City, within roomy and well-kept grounds, set out with garden-trees and a variety of vegetation. Here I was introduced to his wife, a pleasant, matronly person, though, like himself, imbued with that dreamy air and far-away look which seem to be the characteristics of fanatics and enthusiasts all the world over, no matter what creed they may profess or to what religion they may belong. I speedily found that my visit was to partake of a proselyting nature, and that my entertainers, with the best and most laudable intentions in the world, were determined to leave no stone unturned to make me a sharer of the saving grace which they considered to have illumined their own lives, and made them sure heirs of future salvation. I was fairly trapped, and, as the laws of politeness forbade that I should take an abrupt departure, I was, perforce, compelled to listen, for a time at least, to what they had to say. It would be tedious to go into the arguments with which the worthy couple plied me. One point, however, upon which they dwelt with peculiar stress was the resurrection or re-appearance of their old president, Brigham Young. There was no doubt in their minds that this resurrection was a fact, and, since it was a fact, they argued, did it not conclusively prove the truth of the Mormon religion? I then recollected reading in the papers, rather more than a month ago, before leaving New York, that a mysterious old man was living at the house of a wealthy Mormon in Nebraska or Northern Utah, where he was visited by a number of prominent Mormons, under conditions of the greatest secrecy, being likewise treated by them with the utmost homage and deference. Also, that an old servant belonging to the place had become convinced, from what he saw and overheard, that a scheme was on foot among the Mormon hierarchy to make it appear that Brigham Young had risen from the dead, and, by so doing, instil new faith and religious enthusiasm into the hearts of the saints, the old man in question personating the deceased prophet. As the papers since then had been silent upon the subject, I conceived that the scheme had probably been abandoned as too hazardous, or in consequence of this premature exposure. My curiosity was therefore excited by the earnest and confident manner in which Mr. Emory and his wife spoke about it, and I felt interested in ascertaining whether this resurrectionary scheme had actually been already carried out or not. Had my friends seen the deceased prophet again in the flesh? No; they had not as yet been so greatly favored, but they had the testimony of the most unimpeachable witnesses, many of the apostles and their counselors, that the dead president had indeed arisen, and had, on one occasion, even appeared in the Tabernacle. They confided to me, however, that a revelation had been given to the effect that, on a certain day, Brigham Young would appear in the body to the entire Mormon Church, and would thus furnish incontestable proof that it was really he and no other that had arisen from the dead. I then asked whether it would be permissible for myself, if I happened to be in Utah at the time of this epiphany, to be present thereat, but was told that the utmost care had been enjoined upon the faithful to preserve the strictest secrecy upon the mat-

ter, so that the unbelieving Gentiles, far from being permitted to view the wondrous spectacle which had been promised to the faithful, might not even know the place or time of the event. I further gathered that Brigham had arisen in a glorified body, and that, though in the flesh, would not mix with the saints as he used to do, in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, but would merely be among them to watch over and guide them, and would, as a rule, communicate with them only through the apostles and the chosen. Why, however, asked Mr. Emory, should I not become a Mormon, and so satisfy myself of the truth of this supreme revelation? To which suggestion I replied by the counter-argument that it would be more reasonable and business-like that I should first of all convince myself of its truth, and by so doing enter the church's fold with all doubts removed from my mind. Mr. Emory pondered. He had evidently made up his mind to make a convert of me, and was prepared to go to great lengths to do so.

Although the rules laid down regarding the admission of gentiles as spectators upon the coming momentous occasion would, he said, certainly be rigidly enforced, and their infraction visited with the severest penalties, there might yet be a way of evading them in my case. He had known me for years and could depend upon my discretion, he thought. He was willing, therefore, to put me in the way of being present, provided I promised not to divulge his connection with the matter; further warning me that I must take the responsibility upon my own shoulders of introducing myself into a strange assembly, the members of which would not scruple to avenge themselves on my temerity if they discovered my presence. As I certainly felt curious to learn in what manner an imposture plausible enough to prevail over a large community would be carried out, and as I am not averse to a little adventure, I agreed to the proposed terms. My friend then confided to me that it had been originally intended that the great revelation of Brigham Young's resurrection should take place in the Tabernacle. But objections had been raised to this on many grounds, chief among which were that the Tabernacle, large though its accommodations were, would not have capacity to contain the vast multitudes of the saints who desired and had a right to be present at the manifestation; likewise that the influx of so many people at one time into the city would create suspicion in the minds of the authorities, and it would be impossible to keep the matter secret, even if greater difficulties did not spring up in the way of interdicting such a general meeting altogether. It had, therefore, been determined that the manifestation should take place at a certain point in the country, regarding which the saints would be duly notified sufficiently in advance to enable them conveniently to gather thither. The approaches to this place would be so guarded that none could obtain admission without sign and password, and it was with these that my friend, Mr. Emory, now proposed to take the responsibility of supplying me, in order that I might arrive at that conviction regarding the truth of the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints, which he felt sure the sight of the resurrected prophet would inspire in me. Though he did not himself yet know what locality would be chosen, he knew the signs and passwords necessary for introduction to all secret conventions, and then proceeded—with all solemn adjurations that they were to be used on this occasion only, in the event which he scarcely foresaw, that I would after all fail to join the Mormon church—to induce me into the mysteries of the grips of Aaron and Melchisedec, and the passwords accompanying them. After further promising to send me timely notice of the appointed place, Mr. Emory gave me his benediction and I returned to the hotel.

The next day passed without my receiving any word from my friend, and without my noting anything of peculiar interest, except the crowds of country people who kept flocking into the city by the railroad lines that tap the northern and western portions of the territory. The depot of the Utah Western presented an especially busy appearance, while the Utah Southern, on the other hand, was noticeably dull. I recollect speculating upon this coincidence, without being able to assign any satisfactory reason for it. The city on that day took on a decidedly holiday aspect from the influx of so many visitors. Next morning—it was the seventh of March—at breakfast a letter was handed me, which, upon opening, I found was from my friend Emory, telling me to be at the depot of the Utah Southern railroad at noon, prepared to take a journey of a hundred miles or so; also saying that I would see him there, but that he did not want me to address him, or seem to know him. I was then to board the same car as he did, and keep him in sight, getting off in the same manner. Punctual to the appointment, twelve o'clock found me at the depot, and if I was surprised at the throngs of country people on the previous day, I was still more so at the stir and bustle that now presented itself. There were at least a dozen cars drawn up at the platform, and I was also informed by an official whom I questioned, that it was the fourth train to leave for the south that morning. Upon my inquiring the reason for the excursion he said that he was as much in the dark as anyone; that the passengers, so far as he could see, were all Mormons, excepting the ordinary proportion of regular travel; and that the movement, whatever it was, had been taken very suddenly, as they had only received the order for extra cars and engines two days before. Presently I saw Emory on the platform, and in obedience to a covert signal I followed him to the ticket office, and pushing up to the window close behind him heard him ask for a ticket to Nephi, whereupon I followed suit. I then watched him as he went to the waiting-room, whence he presently came out with his wife, and when the couple, a minute or two later, got on one of the cars, I followed; keeping in mind, however, my friend's injunction not to seem to know him, and taking a seat some little distance off.

The dozen or more cars composing the train were crowded to their utmost capacity with well-to-do farmers and country people with their wives, along with a fair sprinkling of youths and girls, all dressed in holiday attire, though with plentiful wraps to protect them against the weather. Still a certain degree of solemnity seemed to pervade the company, giving the idea that the excursion was being undertaken with some more serious end in view than merely pleasure. Notwithstanding the plethora of passengers when we left the city, the train stopped at every way station on the route, taking on at each a further accession to our numbers. Draper's, Lehi,

American City, Pleasant Creek, Provo, Spanish Fork, Spring Valley, Payson, and other towns and stations were successively passed, and still we sped southward. It was noon when we left Salt Lake, and knowing the distance to Nephi to be something over seventy miles, I was now, at three o'clock, looking forward to a speedy arrival at our destination and wondering what would then transpire, when, as the train slowed up to a platform, I saw Emory looking over his shoulder in a significant way and preparing to rise from his seat. As the car stopped he did so, and got out on the platform along with his wife. Every one seemed to be getting out at this point, though the name on the sign board was not Nephi, but Mona—Nephi, as I was told, being some six miles further on. The train, having discharged nearly all its occupants, proceeded southward, and I then began to look about me to see what would be done next. The first thing I became aware of was that I had lost Emory and his wife. There was little wonder in this, as there must have been at least two thousand people upon the platform and in the neighborhood. Mostly all were provided with lunch-baskets, a feature which would certainly have added to the holiday aspect had it not been for the incongruity of the snow upon the ground and the bitterness of the air, which had become much colder now that the sun had sunk behind the range of the Wahsatch Mountains, which towered away upon the west. It was clear that some very important business must be on foot to cause such an assembly to convene at that season of the year and under such conditions. All around the platform, tied to posts, stakes, and trees—to anything in short that would answer the purpose—stood heavy wagons, light wagons, and buggies, with their horses unhitched and eating provender; saddle-horses in like manner; all going to show that the country people had assembled at that point by many other means than the railroad. Meantime I buttoned my ulster up to my chin and kept moving along with the throng over the snow, which had been beaten hard by the tramp of the multitudes that had already passed over it, in the direction of a barrier some fifty yards back of the station, which seemed to stretch away to a considerable distance in both directions, encircling the base of a somewhat steep acclivity which rose to the height of several hundred feet behind it. This barrier proved to be of stakes driven into the ground some ten or twelve feet apart, at each of which stood two men, who carefully inspected the passers-by, shaking hands and interchanging a few words with each of them as they filed past. I had schooled myself in the grips taught me by Emory, and when a hard-featured, sinister-looking man took me by the hand and whispered the word "Laman," as he gave me the grip of Aaron, I promptly replied with the word "Nebo," at the same time giving him the grip of Melchisedec.

"Not long among us, I think," he observed, as a searching look passed over his features.

"No," I replied, carelessly; "just arrived from Wyoming," and passed on.

The ascent of Mount Nebo*—for such is the name of the outlying eminence of the Wahsatch mountains which had been selected by the Mormon hierarchy for the present gathering—is not difficult as compared with many others of the same range, and as the snow had been well beaten down into trails and pathways we were not long in reaching a species of flat clearing upon a table-land forming part of the summit. Here a scene which I shall ever remember met my eyes. Scores of camp-fires blazed from all quarters of the flat, which might have been some twenty or thirty acres in extent, and cast a cheerful glow over the white carpeting under foot, amid the shadows of the dying day, and the colder radiance of the moon, now nearly at the full, and shining directly upon us across the valley from the east. Each of the fires was the center of an animated throng, talking and eating and doing the best they could to neutralize the bleakness of their surroundings. At the east side of the clearing and some two hundred feet apart from the nearest of the camp-fires, rose a solitary blaze round which appeared a little knot of men in close and earnest conversation. Back of this again there was a natural shelf or bench, resembling a platform or stage, and back of all a fringe of piñon pines and cedars rounded up and lent relief to the scene. I sauntered on from one camp-fire to the other, partly to keep the cold out by moving and partly to prevent being drawn into conversation which might prove inconvenient if I remained in the same place. Though the sharp air had given me an appetite, and I had eaten nothing since breakfast, I prudently abstained from intruding even upon Mr. and Mrs. Emory, whom I saw regaling themselves in a corner from a very comfortable looking lunch-basket.

By half past six it would have been quite dark, but for the weird light which the moon and the camp-fires shed upon the scene. Suddenly a trumpet blast was sounded, all conversation and action were stopped, and every one assumed an attitude of attention. I looked involuntarily in the direction of the solitary fire at the eastern side of the flat, and saw that the knot of figures that had been standing round it was leaving it and moving in the direction of the natural stage or platform behind it. At the same time the people left their camp-fires and gravitated toward the eastern side of the flat in order to obtain a better view of what was going on. I was also borne onward by the moving wave, and finally found myself almost in the front rank of the multitude, and occupying a position near its left flank. The sea of expectant upturned faces, which I could see upon half turning to the right, lighted up by the pale rays of the moon, presented a spectacle like nothing I had before seen; and upon looking across the open space, towards the natural stage or platform, upon which the little party before described had now assembled, the scene became still more striking. A cordon of ropes had been stretched across the open space, at a distance of about a hundred feet from the platform, to prevent any nearer approach; but as the level of the platform was some ten feet higher than the table-land we were standing on, those behind had quite as distinct a view of it as those

* Our correspondent has fallen into an error, natural enough for a stranger, in supposing that a shoulder of Mount Nebo, on which the proceedings must have taken place, was the summit of the mountain itself. Ignorance of the country and the deceptive effect of the moonlight doubtless misled him, as the mountain in question is the highest peak of the Wahsatch Range, attaining an altitude of more than twelve thousand feet above sea level, and rising too high above even the neighboring plateau to admit of its summit being used in the manner named.

in front, and there was therefore no incentive to undue crowding.

The figures upon the platform again engaged in discussion, during which I heard remarks around me such as, "Taylor's there I see;" "I didn't think Cannon would come;" "Woodruff's looking well;" "So is Richards;"

From all of which I gathered that I was then looking at no less a body of men than the President and twelve apostles of the Mormon hierarchy, and could then perceive an additional reason for holding the present meeting at a secluded spot like Mouot Noho instead of in the Tabernacle; inasmuch as most or all of the gentlemen in question are at present in hiding, or what is known as "underground" Saints, whose appearance in Salt Lake City would certainly subject such of them to arrest as refuse to renounce the doctrine of plurality of wives.

Presently a solemn and venerable looking person stepped forward, amid whispers of "Taylor!" "Taylor's going to speak," from the bystanders. Raising his right hand with an impressive gesture, in a slow and earnest voice he said:

"Brethren and sisters of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, we are assembled here this day to witness the most marvellous miracle which has been vouchsafed to the people of this earth, since the resurrection of the Saviour nearly two thousand years ago. I will presently introduce to your sight your beloved President Brigham Young, who departed this life on the twenty-ninth of August, 1877, and who was resurrected from the grave in his glorified body on the twenty-ninth of January of the present year."

A murmur ran through the vast assemblage, which must have numbered from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and President Taylor proceeded:

"Your late President Brigham Young will henceforth resume his duties of government in association with myself, though, owing to the persecution of the Gentiles, he will not yet appear altogether in public, but will deliver his commands through myself and the chosen apostles. I will now introduce him. Ye who knew him in life will see that it is indeed he."

At this the apostles and others drew off to the sides of the platform, leaving the central space vacant, in which a moment afterward a grave and dignified man appeared—so suddenly, indeed, that I could not tell how he got there. A suppressed thrill electrified the rapt spectators, accompanied by such exclamations as, "Brigham Young!" "It is indeed he!" "Verily, he hath arisen," and others of a like character. Six or eight large lamps set upon pedestals at the front of the platform, served to illuminate the features of those who stood there, sufficiently to make them easily recognizable to persons familiar with them; and there could be no doubt that the on-lookers were profoundly impressed with the figure which now stood before them. Then with a commanding gesture the personage began to speak:

"Brethren and sisters, it hath pleased the Most High to quicken me and restore me unto you, that He may be glorified in Zion and ye in him; even as it is written in the Doctrine of the Covenants and Commandments, section seven, paragraph four: 'Now, verily I say unto you, that through the redemption that is made for you is brought to pass the resurrection from the dead.'"

I have no intention to recapitulate all that was said, even had I the memory to do so; but certainly the spectacle was a most extraordinary one. There, in the centre of a natural bank of earth, stood the figure of a man, in a sufficiently strong light to make it certain that he was a living, sentient being, if not to wholly satisfy the beholder regarding his identity. Yet, though the words which he uttered were spoken with appropriate gestures and action, there was something sepulchral in their tone which contradicted the idea that they actually proceeded from the figure before one. And the figure itself, though apparently corporeal and material, seemed to be diaphanous as well, so that I could fancy I saw the outlines of the pines and cedars at the back of the platform, through its most brightly illuminated portions. All the time a conviction was gradually dawning upon me, and a design springing from that conviction taking shape in my brain. The conviction was nothing more nor less than that the figure of Brigham Young before me was the phantasm or spectrum of a man concealed in a cellar or pit below the platform, in a strong light, whose image was projected upon the stage above by that ingenious optical contrivance known as Pepper's ghost, a portion of the mechanism of which consists of a large sheet of ordinary transparent glass set at the back of the stage and supported at a certain angle, so as to cast a reflection of the person beneath, and at the same time not to be visible to the spectator in front. My design was to expose this fraud and illusion by breaking this sheet of glass. My plan was quickly formed. I had, before leaving New York, been experimenting with one of those air-pistols which work with a condenser and send a bullet several hundred feet. I happened to have this with me in one of the inside pockets of my ulster. If I could only handle it so as to get its muzzle through one of the hutton-holes and point it straight, my design could be accomplished without betraying myself, if I managed the matter well, as these air-pistols make no report. At any rate, I was determined to make the attempt and trust to luck to elude discovery. Still, what I could not understand was the object of the originators of this scheme of illusion in going to the trouble of getting up all this paraphernalia, when they already had a very good personation of Brigham in the flesh, and there was no reason, so far as I could see, why he should not appear upon the platform in *propria persona*. My doubts upon that score were, however, speedily set at rest.

While I had been busy formulating my plans, the phantom of the resurrected Brigham had been completing his peroration to the assembled saints. He ended in these words:

"And now, my brethren, I have yet a greater testimony for ye than any ye have yet seen; yea, greater even than apparent in mine own resurrection. Behold, I will depart for a little space, but will return anon with them whose shoelatches I am unworthy to unloose, even with Moses and Elias, who will hear witness with me of the things that shall come to pass."

And, with these words, the figure which had just been speaking disappeared in a manner wholly inexplicable to the simple folks who stood beside me, their lips wide open and

their eyes starting from their sockets in wonder and amaze. I took advantage of the general distraction and bewilderment to get my air-pistol in readiness—the condenser was already charged—and in a very few seconds had it all ready in my right hand beneath the left breast of my overcoat, my left hand steadying and concealing the muzzle which protruded through the second hutton-hole, the barrel being leveled directly at the centre of the place where I knew, from my business experience, the sheet of glass to be. I had hardly completed my arrangements when Brigham Young again appeared, this time supported on either hand by a venerable, white-headed figure in flowing raiment. A cry went up from the multitude and Brigham raised his hand as if to speak, when suddenly a crash of breaking glass was heard upon the platform and the figures simultaneously disappeared, but the next moment reappeared with frightened looks, and scampered in a decidedly undignified manner toward the trees at the back of the platform. To say that consternation seized upon the assemblage would be a weak way of expressing the true state of affairs. The elders and apostles, who were watching and superintending the business from either side of the platform, rushed forward, I presume to ascertain what damage was done, and to conceal the stage trap door from the spectators if any of them, in their excitement, should take it into their heads to rush in. Women shrieked and fainted; men looked at each other wildly, and put their hands to their weapons; while the moon, which was by this time pretty near its zenith, added new ghastliness to the scene. During the confusion I edged my way to the outskirts of the crowd, catching, while I did so, the echoes of some one speaking from the platform, but too anxious to get clear out of the way to care what was said. Suffice it to say that I got safely to the bottom of Mount Nebo, crept into an empty car where I slept till morning, and reached Salt Lake City by the first train; large numbers of Mormons, who were my fellow-passengers, looking puzzled, embarrassed, and glum. I called on my friend Emory next day, and asked for an explanation of the strange occurrences of the night before, but found him very reticent and reserved. Nor do I think it very wonderful that the saints should feel so, considering the very undignified way in which Brigham Young, Moses, and Elias acted after the Pepper's ghost-glass was smashed by my air-pistol-shot upon the summit of Mount Noho.

A very valuable folio edition suddenly disappeared twenty-five years ago from the Royal Library at Berlin, and during that time there appeared annually search warrants, hut all in vain. Among the most eager in the search was Dr. S., who died recently. It has since been discovered that the doctor had, during those twenty-five years, been using the folio to raise his seat. Another officer of the same establishment had written numberless learned essays, which still remained in manuscript, but which he was very desirous should be published, leaving orders to that effect for his executors. On examination of those papers, after his death, it was discovered that they were written in a cipher of his own invention, of which he had forgotten to leave the key.

A gentleman who has investigated the subject gives some figures relative to the religious complexion of the present Congress, which he says are reliable. Of the 408 Senators, Members, and Territorial Delegates who compose Congress, 72 are Methodists, 63 Baptists, 41 Episcopalians, 37 Presbyterians, 36 Catholics, 15 Unitarians, 8 Lutherans, 10 Christians (Campbellites), and 2 Quakers, making a total of 283 who are actively connected with some church organization. This leaves 125 who either never belonged to any church or have drifted out of such associations.

Spain, which is not usually reckoned among the first of European nations in naval matters, at present, says an English paper, possesses the fastest steamer in the world. The name of this smart vessel is *El Destructor*, and she is a torpedo cruiser which can steam with her full armament on board at the rate of twenty-three knots, that is, almost twenty-seven miles an hour. Among her other accomplishments she is able to turn quite round in a space of four or five times her own length while going at full speed.

Just before the recent cold snap in Georgia, a Cave Springs citizen threw a lot of spoiled "brandy cherries" into the back yard. His geese ate them greedily, and became dead drunk. Their owner thought they were dead, and thriffully plucked them. An hour or two later they were walking around the yard, and when the cold snap came, the owner had to hundle them up in flannel to keep them from freezing.

A great many subsidies of land have taken place in the salt district near Norwich, England. The owners of the sinking land want the pumbers of brine to pay for the damages. The brine men reply that they pump brine on their own land, and they are not responsible for the fact that it causes other people's land to cave in. People shouldn't buy land with such a thin crust.

John Monroe, a young man living with his widowed sister in the northern part of Georgia, was digging a hole for a potato hin in his cellar the other day, when his spade broke open an earthen pot containing \$1,480 in gold. The coin had been buried by his sister's husband during the war, and subsequently forgotten.

In certain Austrian coal mines work is suspended in dangerous places during a fall of the barometer, experiments still in progress having shown that the quantity and intensity of explosive gases greatly increase as the degree of atmospheric pressure diminishes.

It is reported from Maine that the English sparrows are growing white, as a result of their becoming acclimated. White feathers have been often noticed this winter on the sparrows.

It is estimated that there are five car-loads of memorials, petitions, remonstrances, etc., from the people of the country, filed away in the Capitol at Washington.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

There is always room at the top of an evening costume for more costume.—*Puck*.

Il est ténor et m'embête! Il est énorme, et m'embête!! Il est énormément bête!!!

A shower of mud fell at Liocoln, Neb., recently—a rain of terra, so to speak.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

"The world is very old and very weary," says Ouida. Yes, old lady; it's a tired world, and it is largely your fault.

The infant King of Spain is able to walk Spaoish now with the assistance of the Minister of the Nursery.—*Life*.

"Can February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps 'not," replied the quiet man, "but April May."—*Ex*.

Aunt—"Why have you broken off your engagement?" Niece—"Because he got it into his head that I intended to marry him."—*Life*.

The Warden of the Southern Indiana Penitentiary has stolen eighty thousand dollars of the public money, and has been sent away from the penitentiary.—*Puck*.

"I have found out what it was the wild waves were saying," observed the snake editor. "What was it?" asked the horse editor. "Let us spray."—*Ex*.

Hard cider is a popular temperance beverage in Iowa just now. It is made by standing a barrel of whisky under an apple tree for an hour or two.—*Omaha World*.

Mme. Patti fancies "that the use of water upon the face and neck produces wrinkles," which probably accounts for the smooth cheek of the average anarchist.—*Ex*.

New Servant—"I was two years in me last place, mum."

Miss—"Oh, that speaks well for you. Where was it?"

New Servant—"In the reformatory, mum."—*Puck*.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has finished her professional studies in Paris. She stayed less than a month—just long enough to get her dresses made.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Mormon Wife (to husband)—"Are you going out, dear?" Mormon Husband—"Yes; I have an engagement with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night."—*Life*.

Rev. Mr. Whangle—"My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath day." The Boy—"Why, it's made out of the *Christian Weekly*, an' got a tail of tracts."—*Puck*.

Young Woman (timidly to clerk)—"I would like to look at some false hair, please." Clerk (experienced)—"Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?" Sale effected.—*Life*.

Little Man—"I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar?" Big Man—"No, I didn't use the word unmitigated." Little Man—"Then I accept your apology."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A very wealthy young woman questions her confessor. "Is it a sin, father," she asks, "to take pleasure in baving people call me beautiful?" "Certainly, my child, it is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

The fact that Carl Schurz and General Butler were both badly hurt on the same day, by unexpected tumbles, is a forcible reminder that manly beauty is no safeguard against misfortune in this queer world.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Physician, heal thyself," jocularly said a rich man to the doctor, as he came into the office. "Thanks; that is what I propose to do," said the doctor, presenting a bill for two hundred dollars. He went out well heeled.—*Washington Critic*.

Office Boy (to Boston Editor)—"There's a gent outside, sir, with fringe on his pants, what says he wants to see the editor." Boston Editor—"Never say 'gent' or 'pants,' James; and tell the gentleman we don't want any poetry."—*Puck*.

Wife—"Got a dollar?" Husband—"Where's the last dollar I gave you?" "Gone." "I thought I told you to make it go as far as you could." "I did." "Doesn't look like it." "Well, I did; I sent it to the Fiji Island heathen."—*The Judge*.

Tompkins—"How are you? Oh, say, I will pay you that bill the next time I meet you!" Johnson—"You have been saying that for months. A little change would suit me better." Tompkins—"Oh, well, I'll try not to meet you any more."—*Life*.

Guard No. 41,444 (late professor of elocution, and speaking very distinctly)—"Chatham Square! Change cars here for Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall! This train for South Ferry!" Intelligent Passenger—"Does this train go to City Hall?"—*Puck*.

Friend (to Robinson)—"I've just heard that Mrs. Robinson met with a runaway accident this morning, but didn't learn the particulars. Anybody injured?" Robinson (cheerfully)—"Nohody but the fellow who ran away with her."—*New York Sun*.

Ravanel (who has just become engaged the night before to Miss Livingston)—"Miss Livingston is looking like a bona fide angel to-night—is she not?" Rival Belle (ingeniously)—"Bonified! Oh, Mr. Ravanel, how could you? Now I call that real cruel."—*Bazar*.

Anthony Comstock has sent a Jerseyman to prison for two years and fined him five hundred dollars for selling Balzac's Droll Stories and the Queen of Navarre's "Heptameron." We are all of a tremble for fear Tony may find out about the Bible or take a notion to read Shakespeare.—*Life*.

Washington Editor (to reporter)—"Did you see Dan Lammont?" Reporter—"Yes, sir." Editor—"And what did he say about the President's going in for a second term?" Reporter—"He said that he didn't know anything about what the President intended to do." Editor (rubbing his hands)—"Good! Make about a column of it."—*Life*.

A RENEGADE HISTORIAN.

"Cockaigne" discusses Percy Greg's "History of the United States."

I don't suppose there has been anything in a long time so prejudicial to a proper appreciation by Englishmen of America and the Americans than the recent publication in London of a "History of the United States," by one Percy Greg—whoever he may be. Beyond the fact, glaringly apparent in the pages of his book, that he is a still un-reconstructed Southern sympathizer, it does not appear that he is anybody in particular.

The book reminds me of a speech made by Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister, shortly after his arrival in England, in which he tried to toady to the aristocracy by declaring that a republican form of government in America was by no means the stupendous success which Englishmen supposed it to be. If any one is inclined to doubt this assertion about Mr. Phelps, I refer him to that gentleman's speech delivered at Clifton-on-Dunsmure, near Rugby, on September 3, 1885, upon the occasion of the opening of a workingman's club. The *Morning Post*, the organ of the aristocracy, went into ecstasies over the speech (the best proof of its un-American spirit), and in a lengthy leader discussed its merits, and complimented Mr. Phelps upon his "plain confession of the inherent evils which dog the path of a republic."

As with Mr. Phelps's speech, so with Mr. Percy Greg's book—the *Morning Post* has burst forth again in plaudits. There can be no surer sign of a thing's latent, if not patent, antagonism to the United States, than the *Morning Post's* approval of it. The paper is not only the organ of royalty and nobility, but the exponent of those cramped opinions and views which bind lords and ladies together by a band of common sympathy and mutual understanding. Its owner, (Sir Algernon Bothwick) is a Primrose Knight and member of Parliament, and his namby-pamby speeches, which wouldn't otherwise be noticed, get reported at considerable length in his own paper. Sir Algernon tried to back up Lord Randolph Churchill just after his resignation, and to steer the paper's usual Tory course at the same time. But the operation of carrying water on both shoulders didn't fit Sir Algernon's aristocratic shoulders; he began to find that Lord Randolph's sudden unpopularity with the aristocracy was—it such a thing were possible—even greater than the *Morning Post's* accustomed influence. So, latterly, Lord Randolph's support has gradually been dropped, and the *Morning Post* is in full favor again—or, rather, more properly speaking, the danger of its losing caste by espousing the cause of so unpopular a man as Lord Randolph Churchill, is now past. The *Standard* is generally admitted to be the leading Conservative paper. So it is, but it is the paper of the Conservative party of all ranks, while the *Morning Post* is the paper of the aristocracy—there lies the difference.

But I have got away somewhat from Mr. Percy Greg, and his charming "History of the United States." Well, the *Morning Post* is out in a two-column review of the book, and this is what it says:

Mr. Greg's book has several recommendations for Englishmen. It is free from that diffuseness which too often marks the native American historian, who, belonging to a nation which has an uneventful history and no foreign policy, is apt to dilate upon matters which Englishmen regard as parochial. Moreover, Americans, in writing history, are apt to assume that America must always be right, and England, the country most closely connected with the United States, always wrong, and the assumption is too readily accepted by that party among ourselves who regard a Republic as a government essentially divine and beautiful, and a Monarchy as something necessarily the reverse. Probably the popular tradition respecting the history of the United States might be summed up as being that England brutally oppressed her American colonists, and that in consequence these, headed by a stainless hero of unequalled military ability, named Washington, secured their independence, and have ever since observed the Commandments from their youth upwards. A careful perusal of Mr. Greg's work will modify these and a good many other erroneous impressions, and will give the reader a clear idea of the rise and progress of the United States.

So much for the jeers at America. Now as to the belittling of its greatest hero:

Mr. Greg takes a less favorable view of Washington than the American historians. He condemns the execution of André, as done to gratify Washington's vindictive anger at the escape of Arnold. In support of this theory, he cites the fact that Washington offered to "spare André's life if Arnold were betrayed into his hands." The actual result of the war the author attributes, as it seems not unreasonably, (mark that) to the intervention of France. "In a word," says Mr. Greg, "the independence of America was the gift of Louis XVI. The gratitude of the United States was manifested by blind, enthusiastic sympathy with those who dethroned him."

The War of 1812 (the *Morning Post* goes on to tell us on Mr. Greg's authority) had no marked political effect beyond bringing the United States within measurable distance of bankruptcy. An American army under General Hull, invaded Canada, and was completely defeated by a British force of half its strength. . . . The treaty of peace left everything as it was before the war. "America," says Mr. Greg, "was glad to drop, without abandoning everything" for which she went to war. England made no concession, and exacted none.

This will be news to some people—Americans in particular. For myself, I have always thought that the War of 1812 settled the question of English men-of-war having no right to impress naturalized American citizens found on board of American merchant ships.

Mr. Greg's way of dealing with the subjects of abolition, the war of secession, the rights of the South, and his laudation of the Northern copperheads, whom he terms "a vast proportion of the educated and law-abiding Northerners, who believed that secession was lawful," show that intense hatred of the North which could only exist in an ex-Confederate's breast, and furnish the motive for writing such a book. It is not improbable that Mr. Greg may be (like Mr. Minister Phelps) a Northern copperhead. I believe the copperheads exceeded in disunion proclivities the Southerners themselves, and that will account for the spiteful animus with which this history is permeated.

It would indeed seem a pity, just upon the threshold of the American Exhibition in London, when only mutual cordiality, friendship, admiration, and general good will ought to be encouraged and fostered by every means possible between the people (not exclusively the "society" people) of both countries, as I presume is the chief object of the exhibition itself, that a man—Englishman or American, I care not which—should be found so deficient in tact as to write and publish a voluminous book for the single purpose of poisoning the minds of the English people against America and the

Americans. And the painfulness of the situation is in no wise lessened by the fact that at the head of the American legation in London, surrounded by his corps of aristocratic toadies to the nobility, sits a man who, while he represents the United States as their minister, is in full sympathy and complete accord with the sentiments of an author who has written a history which paints that minister's native land, its great men, and its people, in colors intended to engender naught but ridicule and scorn in the mind of every reader.

LONDON, March 4, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Ballade of the Dream.

Swift as sound of music fled
When no more the organ sighs,
Sped as all old joys are sped,
So your lips, Love, and your eyes
So your gentle-voiced replies,
Mine, one hour, in sleep that seem,
Flit away as slumber flies,
Following darkness like a dream.

As the scent from roses red,
As the dawn from April skies,
As the phantom of the dead,
From the living love that hies,
As the shifting shade that lies
On the moonlight-silvered stream,
So you rise, when dreams arise,
Following darkness like a dream.

Could some witch with woven tread,
Could some spell in fairy wise,
Lap about this dreaming lead
In a mist of memories,
I should lie like him that lies
Where the lights on Latmos gleam,
'Neath Seléné down the skies
Following darkness like a dream.

ENVOY.

Sleep, that grants what life denies,
Shadowy bounties and supreme,
Bring me back her face, that flies,
Following darkness like a dream.
—Andrew Lang in the Independent.

"With an Amethyst."

SUGGESTED BY A PERSIAN FALE.

White lie the February snows,
By wooing sunbeams softly kissed,
And at thy white breast, lady, glows
My amethyst.

The magic hues that lurk beneath
The surface of the purple wine,
Fall on the snow-drift's rippling breath,
And upon thine.

Then as an emblem wear my gift,
As sun to snow, dear, let it be;
So may this radiant mystery lift
Thine heart to me.

Not mine the parable, fair child;
'Twas whispered to the air along
The ages, in the music wild
Of Persian song.

Of all the months whose jeweled round
The circling year doth diadem,
Each one, the poet fabled, found
Its special gem.

The wealth of shifting hues that lies
In eastern earth's unfathomed heart,
For every season's change supplies
A counterpart.

The red heat of the torrid zone,
The frozen arctic's iron cold,
In strange symbolic meaning known,
The gems enfold.

Read by this light, our birthdays tell
A lesson of his own to each;
An Autumn's wane, or Summer's spell,
Their moral teach.

To thee, the February days,
That lengthen out to herald Spring,
The amethyst's imprisoned rays
For token bring.

Then let Spring's diamond light thine hair,
And summer's pearl entwine thy wrist;
But on thy snow-white bosom wear
My amethyst.

—Herman Merivale in The Spectator.

The Pleasure of the King.

Behold, that day came Pharaoh, and they cried,
"O mightiest of the mighty, thou art Lord
And we are dust, but we can do no more.
Yon capstone toppled, and threescore were slain;
At this we murmur not, for they are dead;
Our comrades and our brothers, and at peace;
But mark, the sullen rock unfleshed our hands:
Our arms are palsied, lifting; and our eyes
Behold not Pharaoh's jewels, but a glare
That smites them sharply. We can do no more;
Have mercy, Pharaoh, we can do no more."
Gazed he upon them steadfastly, and thus,
With half-shut eyes, gave answer: "What are ye,
Vexing the lazy silence of my noon?
Last night to me an idle fancy came,
And ye shall shape it. Hew me now a lion,
Remorseless as my awakened wrath to ye,
Huge as a mountain, couchant, but the face
Shall be that woman's who did please my dream.
Within three days I see this, or ye die.
Go, I have spoken." But they cried, "We die
If we fulfill this, Lord." Then smiled the king:
"None live but Pharaoh; I alone shall live.
Hew ye the lion couchant, and the face,
Like to the woman's who did please my dream,
Ye shall set westward, with unpying eyes,
To watch the sun go down and view the stride
Of night and death to empires and to men,—
For so the idle fancy came to me.
Go, I have spoken." And they did obey,
Hewing the lion couchant, with the face
Of her who pleased his dream. Within three days
The cruel rock was graven, and the eyes
Unpying stared upon the west, where came
To empires and to men both death and night.
The King beheld and smiled: "This was my dream.
Applaud it, slaves!" They spoke not, being dead.

—Henry Guy Carleton in April Atlantic.

WHY DO MEN HATE WOMEN?

At the first glance this may seem a somewhat startling question to ask, so much so that the spontaneous reply would be, "But men do not hate women." That is precisely where the fallacy is. It lies in the assumption that because poets have said finer things about women than about anything else; because woman is toasted with enthusiastic cheers at millions of banquets during every twelvemonth; and because the days of courtship are the sweetest in a man's life; it lies in the assumption that because of these things a man who hates women is a monstrosity who ought to be exiled from the earth. But, meanwhile, the fact is, that there are plenty of men who hate women without hating woman. The ferocity of the husband who comes home (from business) at three o'clock in the morning, and finds his wife placidly sitting up for him, may not find expression in audible language, but it has the concentrated force of a cyclone, and the condensed fury of a suppressed earthquake. He goes to bed hating that wife whom he has sworn to love, protect, and cherish. The more unconscious she seems of her delinquency the fiercer does his anger burn. He knows that the silent martyrdom she is thus displaying is merely a trick by which a reproof is disguisedly implied. If she wept, or tore her hair, or called him bad names, or slammed down the novel she had been reading, then he might challenge her to mortal combat, and engage in that connubial duel whose expletives are known in all their extent only when it culminates in the publicity of the divorce court. But this silent sitting up, this gentle, voiceless aspect of having one's life gradually worn away by the conduct of a debauched consort, is what no husband, however well regulated he may be, can stand—at three o'clock in the morning!

What is the reason that all car-conductors hate all women? If you think the case is too strongly stated, ask any car-conductor who can spare time to answer, and he will inform you that it is the women passengers, and not the males, who make his existence a burden and a terror. He never feels safe while a woman is getting into or out of the car. She rushes with such impetuosity that if the car retain ever so little motion as she descends from it, she runs the risk of being thrown off her feet, her stupidity never having allowed her to perceive that the front and not the back handle must be used, in order that the body may respond to the vehicle's motion. Or if impetuosity is not her forte, deliberation is, and she makes her exit with exasperating slowness, in spite of the conductor's exhortation, "Step lively, madam." If the car is full, she posts herself against the entrance, blocking the passage. Hurried and flustered, the conductor waits for her fare; and instead of having it ready like a creature endowed with reason, she slowly pokes in the depths of her blind alley of a purse. These are a few of the reasons why conductors hate women; but many more remain.

Why do business men hate women? Because, as a rule, women do not know how to behave in places of business. They come at the wrong time; they say the wrong things, and they stay too long. After the business which they ostensibly came for is transacted, they chatter about an infinity of nothing, wearying the soul of the business man who is too polite or weak-minded to get rid of them. If a woman goes to a post-office window to ask more than the most ordinary question, or even to do nothing more than buy a stamp, she either expects that everybody should make way for her in the queue (if there is one), or she ignores the existence of the other applicants, plants herself on the wrong side of the window, and secures attention, to the prejudice of first-comers. The way in which women behave at the box-office windows of theatres is notorious. It is said that the official who sells seat for matinees is not kept in the same position long. If he is, he dies; so the rule of rotation is kindly worked in his favor and that of his co-mates, in order that they may live and not die. Such unhappy beings, men in spite of this proviso, would be literally pestered to death, if they did not continually brace themselves to answer thousands of silly and superfluous questions with sententious civility.

Why do men who go to the theatre hate women? Because the latter wear hats which are an outrage on the persons who sit behind them, and an evidence of the wearers' want of good breeding, right feeling, and true politeness. A woman has no more right to wear, at a theatre, a hat which blocks up the view, than a man to wear his hat. All women who do so are simply nuisances, and the very man who takes to the theatre a woman wearing such head-gear confesses in his heart that he is ashamed of her, unless he happens to be in love with her. This article might be prolonged to ten times its present length, and another equally long might be written showing why women hate women, an assenting fact equally uncontrovertible. But we prefer to put the case briefly, acknowledging that here and there a woman may be found so free from the ordinary faults of the sex that she compels admiration, esteem and affection wherever she moves. When a man finds such a woman, if he be the right sort of a man, he treasures her in his memory, if he meets her but once, and he makes his heart the shrine where she is continually revered should he have the good fortune to pass his life in her society.—The Hour.

A "laughing plant" grows in Arabia, with seeds producing effects like those of laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the severest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

A bill recently introduced in the Minnesota Legislature provides that all railroad companies operating in Minnesota and carrying passengers shall furnish a special car built of iron or steel for each train of cars, or that a compartment of such special car shall be built of iron or steel, "upon which shall be located all heat and light-producing mediums."

VANITY FAIR.

The social economist of the *Buffalo Express* devotes a long leader, under the headline of "The Boy in Society," in a recent issue of that journal, to the demonstration of the proposition that it is the boy who stands between the eligible young man and the eligible young woman in the metropolis of Erie county. This philosopher shows us that the boy dashes the hopes of the eligible young man, and obscures the chances of the eligible young woman in that city, by reason of the fact that, having been brought up with the young woman, and received by her upon such familiar terms as admit the calling of one another by their first names, he drives the eligible young man away in disgust. The *Express* economist declares that the eligible young woman prefers the society of the boy, because they have many topics of common interest to discuss, which are mere puerilities to the eligible young man, and that the latter is thus driven away by the boy, while the boy's attentions are not serious, and thus irreparable injury is done. The philosopher contends, therefore, that the boy should not be admitted to society until he becomes an eligible young man. Mrs. John Sherwood, apropos of the end of the season, discusses the obstacle in New York society in the columns of the *World*, but affairs are very different there. According to this acute and observing critic: "Young men are allowed society privileges who have no title except what they derive from the tailor and the barber's shop, who by dint of wealth and 'cheek' drive the meritorious to the wall." It is the non-marrying young man, who dresses well, is carefully groomed, and has money and assurance, who stands between the eligible young man and the eligible young woman in New York society, according to Mrs. Sherwood.

In a Washington theatre recently, three young married women, who are the most talked about in town for their flirtations and love affairs, sat in one box and played to the audience between the acts. One of them wore little above her belt save a bunch of violets, and naturally drew all eyes to her. Another one of them has an old and jealous husband, and he, poor man, had the sympathy of the house for the heroic struggle he made to oust and scare away his wife's beaux. Another little married woman, whose pranks have reached the scandalous, filled her box with the safest and most reputable matrons, and then sat with her back to the stage and enjoyed the effect on the puzzled audience.

I have been asked often (writes Mrs. Sherwood in the *World*) by ladies going to England this spring as to the presentation to the queen, which seems suddenly to have changed its character. Instead of being an honor, one would judge from the recent decision of the Lord Chamberlain that it is an international insult. A lady, any number of ladies, may be presented. They may run by thousands before her majesty, like the wild horses down the Corso, but they are not eligible for the court balls, concerts, and subsequent festivities! So reads the latest order. Then of what use is a presentation? Can an American lady submit to this insulting discrimination? The Russian lady, who is presented before or after her, and the Italian, the French woman, is entitled by her presentation to receive the honors due to a lady. She is presented for that very reason. Every one knows that presentation to any Court is merely a recognition of one's rank at home, and a *permesso* to enter the society of the city and country to which our Minister is accredited. Else it is a tiring and formal thing in which the actors, the receiver and the received, are playing a part, merely a means to an end. If this is really the interpretation to be put upon the last order of the Lord Chamberlain, it is a virtual commentary upon the respectability of the American people. It is a thing for Congress to take up; for the President to inquire into, and for Mr. Bayard to question. Suppose that Mrs. Cleveland goes to London. She is presented at Court; the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein is presented at the same drawing-room; Mrs. Cleveland will not be asked to the Queen's ball; the Duchess will. Is not that an international insult? And if Mrs. Cleveland should be invited to the Queen's ball, then other American ladies are equally eligible.

A good story is told of a bostess at a recent fashionable luncheon in Washington. She ordered to be placed among the table decorations a set of salts of exceedingly handsome and novel design, which, coming from a very dear friend, were among the most highly prized of her wedding gifts. One of the servants placed the name-cards against them. One of the guests, after admiring the salt and supposing from the card resting against it that it was intended as a favor, took it up and put it in her pocket, and most of the other guests one by one followed her example, while the dismayed and indignant hostess, utterly unable to understand the meaning of such proceedings, looked on in speechless surprise. When her guests departed she counted her treasures and found she had but two left. The next day came the explanation. A polite note was received from a lady who had been present, saying she had neglected to take her favor, mentioning it, and asking the hostess to kindly send it. It was sent.

Colonel P. Donan thus discusses the beauties of the capital: "Washington this season has swarmed with lovely specimens of matchless New World womanhood. Who was the belle? I have too much regard for my scalp to hazard a one-girl power reply to that question. There were several of her. The receptions literally swarmed with girls and young married women, any one of whom would worthily wear the rose-leaf chaplet of belshipp or the golden crown of queen-ship. Miss Currie Duke, a daughter of General Basil Duke, of Knoxville, Ky., was certainly one of the queens of the rosebud garden of girls; a dainty and bewitching little brunette, slender and willowy, with delicately chiseled features and great, dark-brown eyes. Miss Susie Preston Hart, of Versailles, Ky., was another of the favorites—tall, magnificent in figure, with a face faultless in its loveliness; fair as the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars; exquisitely arched eyebrows, and soft, brown eyes that sometimes seem to change to the gray of a trop-

ical dawn; charming and bright in conversation, she was always surrounded by a battalion of admirers. Miss Mary L. Dearing, of Lynchburg, Va., would be a belle in any assemblage of lovely women. She is a brunette, with dark-brown eyes and a wealth of brown hair crowning a head classical in shape and pose. Miss Agnes Dolph, daughter of the Senator from Oregon, a tall and queenly brunette, with her black-eyed cousin, Miss Odeneal, make a charming pair. The most beautiful Congressman's wife is Mrs. Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, a daughter of ex-Governor John C. Brown. She is of exquisite loveliness of face, form, and character. Among all the human faces I have ever seen I remember none lovelier than that of Mrs. Adolph Dahlgren, of Nashville, Tenn. If she had lived in Raphael's time, his Madonnas would have been more divinely and more humanly beautiful than they are. Life is worth the living, if only to sit on the fence and see such women pass by. Vive la République! Long may the bonnet strings of our glorious countrywomen wave!" Colonel Donan is evidently a Southern man.

Such is the present taste for showy effects that will catch the eye (but which seldom succeed in holding it long) that colored embroideries are invading even body-linen. Hand-some trousseaux are actually being made with bands and insertions of embroidery in red and blue cotton. There are white corset-covers trimmed with red lace, and cambric chemises with printed Pompadour designs and disks of all colors. Most of the night-gowns are figured on a white or écu ground, or are made of cream foulard. Handkerchiefs for morning or for horseback are of white cambric covered with colored figures and scalloped in a color.

A New York dealer in rare books recently said to a *Journalist* reporter: "Europe is my bargain counter. Without it I should have to go out of the trade. Without the extravagance and growing poverty of French society I should carry a much lighter stock than I do. Society abroad is growing poorer and poorer, and its treasures are the first prizes of necessity. They can be sold abroad at quite as good prices as they bring here. But to sell them there means to admit the necessity of selling them, and to incur the most fatal suspicion social pretensions can be subjected to. For instance, when I was in Europe last summer, I was sent for to examine a certain private collection. It had been gathered by lavish hands, and heaped upon their book-shelves and hung upon their walls. They sold books and paintings, and some of their rarest jewels are now the property of American bibliophiles and collectors. It would have been social ruin to them to permit their ancestral treasures to drift into the hands of the Paris collectors, who would readily have discovered their origin. In far-away America, however, they are safe from suspicion."

In Washington, some weeks ago, after a diplomatic dinner, the awful rumor was confirmed that had been floating about before, and one foreigner held up his hands and said: "Yes, yes! she did. Mrs. Cleveland ate her dinner in her gloves." This eating dinner with gloves on is a new fashion, strictly Mrs. Cleveland's own, unless Queen Victoria is counted in. The Queen ate in her gloves in the early days of her reign, so continues the practice. Mrs. Cleveland virtually introduced it, and apparently means to hold on to it, although no one has yet followed her, and some of her state dinner guests have thought it an oversight or bit of absent-mindedness that she did not remove her gloves.

After Fanny Carter had become Mrs. Ronalds, and resided in Paris, word came home that she was the cynosure of all eyes one night, at a Tuilleries ball, where she appeared with a tiara of living gas-jets around her shapely head, in lieu of flowers or diamonds. It seems this woman, who dared thus test her beauty, had contrived to introduce somewhere amid the hoops of her "floating belle" a small gasometer, from which a small pipe, extending up the nape of her neck, fed the flaming tiara above. It was during the darkest period of the civil war, and some of her townswomen could gladly have throttled her, and most would have willingly relegated her to sackcloth and hair shirt for this mark of egregious levity at such a period. Even the newspapers moaned dismally over it.

The lady clerks in the Postoffice Department are debating a question of etiquette that has some features of interest outside the four white walls of that institution. The question is, "Should the Postmaster-General be expected to remove his hat in the presence of lady clerks indoors?" Colonel Vilas very often goes over the building, both for purposes of inspection and to conduct personal friends through the various instructive and interesting branches of the postal service. His gentlemen friends, on these tours of observation, invariably remove their hats in the rooms where there are ladies, but the Postmaster-General does not. His fashionable, well-kept tile tops out his trim, handsome figure, apparently as immovable as when he is striding up-town on his daily constitutional walk. There is one fact that holds that a Cabinet Minister should not doff his hat in the presence of subordinate employees, unless it is advisable for him to do so as a matter of comfort. Another faction maintains that the Postmaster-General is a man, and should be a gentleman under all circumstances, the incumbency of his high office not excepted. For a time it was reported in some of the distant rooms of the building, where Colonel Vilas seldom goes, that he was very bald, and wore his hat to keep from catching cold. The story even took on the addition that the Postmaster-General wore constantly while at his desk a little silk cap. This is not the case. He has a fair covering of hair on his head, and has no silk cap. The question of etiquette is still under debate.

While one evening reception requires a full ball toilet, with décolleté and sleeveless corsage, another demands a half-high open corsage, and at still another reunion a high but ornate corsage will be the rule. There are, however, various ways of meeting these conflicting requirements without being compelled to resort to a special toilet for each occasion. One of the best of these expedients is, to have corsages—high,

open, or low—entirely plain, and provide movable trimmings to correspond to the demands of the occasion upon which it is to be worn.

At one of Bishop's mind-reading séances recently, (writes "Brunswick" in the *Boston Gazette*) there was a curious gathering of professionals and non-professionals, the professional element, however, predominating. But mixed in with these were some well-known ladies of society. While there are ladies in the social world who do not hesitate to put on a little powder and paint when they are going to a ball, there are very few who do it in broad daylight. The professional makes no difference between night and day, except, perhaps, to put a little more on at night; and the number of kalsomined faces that beamed upon Mr. Bishop on Saturday afternoon was a shock. There was one foreign prima donna in particular, who did not redden so much as she whitened and blackened. The powder and cosmetic, or whatever it is that she puts on her face, must be an eighth of an inch thick, and she puts a pasty black on her eyelashes which makes them look as though she had dipped them in a box of shoe-black before starting out. She reddens her lips, but very seldom puts any color on her cheeks. I suppose that one reason why actresses get themselves up out of business hours is that their complexions are roughened by use of cosmetics for professional purposes, and to cover up the roughness they touch themselves up for the street. But if they took care of their complexions they would not have to do this. If every night of their lives they washed their make-up off with cold cream or vaseline, they would find they could keep their skins in a soft and beautiful condition.

There is now in New York a lady who whistles at private entertainments, but for a consideration. She gets \$25 a night for whistling in New York drawing-rooms, and is said to have all the engagements she wants. The husband of this lady was well off at one time, but he lost his money. Whistling was her great accomplishment, and when she heard that this gift had been turned to pecuniary account, she saw no reason why she should not aid her husband by her gifts in this line, and she has succeeded beyond her expectations.

Considerable comment of a disagreeable nature was caused not only in London but also in Paris by the fact that the heir-apparent to the English throne should have induced his wife to accept the invitation to the ball given to his honor by the Princess de Sagan, who has not only been deserted by her husband on account of her notable eccentricities, but is also known in Parisian society by the euphonious nickname of "Cochonette," her intimate friend and inseparable companion the Marquise de Gallifet (who is likewise separated from her husband, the celebrated cavalry general) being known by the name of "Salopette." The Prince de Sagan is a thorough "grand seigneur," although somewhat of a spendthrift. With the object of restoring his shattered fortune, he married the immensely wealthy daughter of M. Seillière, an army contractor; but as soon as he perceived that his wife was tarnishing the escutcheon of the Talleyrand family, he called all the servants of the household together in the grand entrance hall of the mansion, and pointing to his umbrella, said: "See here, this is all I take away with me from this house." Since then he has never consented to cross its threshold, and lives in rooms at a club of which he is president. Knowing that he was terribly in debt, and feeling the absolute necessity of his presence as master of the house on the night of her grand ball, the Princess de Sagan made every effort to induce him to appear, if only for a few hours. Most of the guests invited were aware of the negotiations which were going on between the ill-assorted couple, and consequently great curiosity was felt as to who would act as master of the house. At about midnight the mystery was solved, and the Princess of Wales was seen ascending the grand staircase, on each step of which stood a servant dressed in the gorgeous white plush and silver livery of the Talleyrand family, her hand on the arm of Baron Raymond de Seillière, who had been selected at the very last moment to fill his brother-in-law's place, and who looked extremely embarrassed. Behind him followed the Princess de Sagan, looking equally ill at ease, conducted by the Prince of Wales, who, judging by the extremely sour look on his face, already regretted having brought his wife to the entertainment. The unpleasantness of the evening culminated during the cotillon, which was led by an exceedingly tactless young diplomat, Count de C—, who had formerly been attached to the French Embassy in London. The Prince of Wales had already been exceedingly irritated by the fact that several of the gentlemen present had had the presumption to invite the Princess of Wales to dance, instead of waiting till her royal highness sent her enquiry to "command" the favored individual in her name to dance with her. The figure of the cotillon was being danced in which the lady is seated in the middle of the floor with a hand-mirror in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. The lady in the chair was a lovely blonde, a Belgian by birth, a Russian by marriage, and "Pussy" by nickname, whose name during her residence in London had become connected with that of the Prince of Wales. The leader of the cotillon had already led up to the chair four gentlemen, all of whom had been refused. Suddenly in an unfortunate moment he stepped up to where the Prince of Wales was standing, and held out his hand to him, in the hope that madame might be induced to accept the Prince as her partner. This was sufficient to make the Prince lose his temper altogether. Believing that the unfortunate Count de C— was purposely seeking to place him in an embarrassing position, he turned on the Count, exclaiming in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the room, "Sir, you forget yourself entirely! You are both presuming and insolent," and then deliberately turned his back on the offender. Needless to add that the ball soon came to an untimely and dismal end in spite of the priceless cotillon favors which the Princess de Sagan had prepared for her guests.

Among the most curious jubilee objects is a jubilee bustle. It plays "God Save the Queen" whenever the wearer sits down. The inventor has forwarded one to Her Majesty at Osborne.

BERNHARDT IN GOTHAM.

How the Divine Sarah Thrilled the New Yorkers as Fedora.

There is a certain luxuriance and Oriental lavishness about taking in a Turkish bath and a star theatrical performance at one and the same time—which is too much for the average man. Either one by itself affords a refreshing relaxation; but the two together form a combination which is exuberant and cloying to the taste. That is what we had at the Star Theatre last night when Sarah Bernhardt made her reappearance in New York after an absence of six years. She arrived in town Sunday afternoon, with her dozens and dozens of trunks, her niece, her son Maurice, her tiger cub "Tigrette," and her large halo of luminous renown. She has been interviewed to the extent of a score or more of columns in the papers; she has described the ovation in Brazil, the presentation of a coffee plantation in the Argentine Republic, the fight with Noirmont in Chile, the hysterics in Mexico, the absence of Mrs. Cleveland in Washington, the somnolent appreciation of Philadelphia, and the joy at being once more in "dear New York;" and she has appeared as Fedora at the Star.

As I have intimated, the temperature of the theatre was about that of a hot-house. The Star is a large, barn-like structure, and the stage is ordinarily as cold as an Anglo-maniac's smile, and when the great Sarah arrived she objected. In her autocratic way she ordered the place warmed. It was warmed. And to get the draughty stage up to anything like a bearable temperature, the auditorium had to be heated till it resembled a Turkish bath. Accordingly, the resplendent audience of first-nighters, club men, and social swells sat there and sweltered until several of them fainted and were carried out.

But they didn't seem to mind, particularly after Bernhardt came in, and, after half-a-dozen hurried bows in response to the storm of applause which greeted her appearance, threw aside her heavy cloak and proceeded with the "business" of the part. They forgot Bernhardt and thought only of Fedora, as she wandered about the apartment showing in every movement the love, the jealousy, curiosity, and pique which brought her there. There is an elaboration of every small detail in Bernhardt's method which is the perfection of acting, and makes the scene vivid, real, and life-like. After her lover had been brought in wounded and the doctors had forbidden her to approach him, her face and every gesture betray the keenest anxiety; and when, mistaking the doctors' signal that all is over and believing she may see him, she runs to his bedside and discovers that he is dead, she throws herself across his body with a shriek that tells the whole story.

The wait after the first act lasted fully thirty minutes, and the audience had to divide their time between objurgating the heat, discussing Sarah, gazing in speechless astonishment at the loud dress worn by a member of the company who was off duty and occupied a proscenium box, and mildly wondering at the complete, elaborate, and entire wretchedness of the stage settings. The furniture and scenery were bad; in fact, it has never before been my misfortune to see such a sorry-looking lot of washed-out scenery, rheumatic chairs, funeral sofas, and generally dingy, gloomy, and depressing furniture. After the performance Bernhardt mentioned this to the prompter, he being the only person near her at the time. She mentioned it in French and in English, with an ingenious blending of Gallic warmth and Saxon vigor of statement and objurgation that the stagecarpenters, scene-shifters, and supernumeraries thought she had a fit and crowded round. They came in for their share of the dressing. Theodore Moss was consigned to a place several degrees warmer than the theatre, and when Henry Abbey and Maurice Grau came up smiling and asked if anything was the matter, they found out, in an astonishingly short time, that there was. But that was after the performance; and a French woman, and a Bernhardt in particular, may be excused for a little strength of expression when she has bottled her wrath over three hours. And then the furniture was bad.

Bernhardt is still the same lithe, willowy, and undulating creature she was half a dozen years ago, but she manages to conceal her angularity in a style of gown such as no other woman wears or can wear, and yet it becomes her. Her thin face is half concealed by the cloud of Bernhardt frizzes—I believe that is what experts call them—which covers her forehead, and her eyes gleam out from beneath it like cab-lights on a foggy night. But, little of her face as she shows, she can change her expression more completely than any woman I have ever seen. She is not a handsome woman, but her famous golden voice, her tiger-like grace, and her way of looking at Loris in the third act, give a man a thrill. "Fedora" is not a highly moral play. The heroine is a mere bundle of fire and passion; and the third act, where she caresses, persuades, and fascinates Loris, while not daring to let him touch her lest her passion overcome her, puts the audience in a highly feverish and emotional state. Bernhardt fits into the character like a sword in a sheath, indeed the part was written by Sardou to bring out her best points; and she shows the semi-barbarous hate and love of the half-Tartar woman to the life.

Mr. W. B. Dinsmore has just bought the Academy of Music for three hundred thousand dollars. The property will probably yield him an income of eight or ten per cent. on that sum for ten years to come, and inside of the present decade he will be able to sell it for twice the sum he gave. Much dissatisfaction is expressed among the stock-holders of the Academy over the small figure obtained, and there is talk of a suit to annul the sale. It seems that after the auctioneer had hurriedly run over the description of the property and the terms of sale, Mr. Dinsmore, who stood close behind him, whispered something to him, and the auctioneer announced that three hundred thousand dollars had been bid. The auctioneer, after calling a minute or so more for a higher bid, knocked the property down to Mr. Dinsmore for three hundred thousand dollars. The entire sale did not take up a quarter of an hour, which is an extraordinarily short time considering the magnitude of the transaction.

Speaking of the Academy reminds me of how the Metropolitan Opera House came to be built. It was brought about by the refusal of Mr. L. Von Hoffman, the wealthy banker,

to sell his box in the Academy to William H. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt was as great a lover of good music as of good horses, and he wanted Mr. Hoffman's box. He sent an emissary to the banker offering forty thousand dollars for the box, but it was refused. Then, with the independence and assurance of a man who is backed by the tidy little sum of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, he became obstinate, expressed the hope that Mr. Hoffman might enjoy his old box, or something to that effect, and declared his intention of building a new opera house to fit a Vanderbilt box. So he got together a few of his similarly comfortably-fixed friends, and the required sum was subscribed in quick order, and the Metropolitan Opera House soon towered toward the sky.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1887.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Benediction.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows,
"Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-cuds—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. I kept an eye
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched doors. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when finching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted,
Under the buddled mass of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old times by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed,—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos Benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall shoot!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Sat upwards, and indomitably stern.
Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr,—with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

—From the French of Francois Coppee.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Theodore Tilton when told of Mr. Beecher's death, and asked whether he had anything to say, shook his head sadly and answered: "No; it will do no good now."

A lady was importuning Lord Rothschild to direct her son into a paying business. "Madam," said he, "any business is good; selling matches even is a splendid business, if you do enough of it."

A Chicago judge having ruled that famous or notorious cases may be "waxed" and exhibited at any time, Miss Nina Van Zandt, the proxy-wife of Anarchist Spies, is now to be found in all the dime museums of the West.

Gen. Robert C. Schenck is seventy-seven, and is living quietly in Washington. He claims to have entirely cured himself of Bright's disease by a strictly milk diet, only varied occasionally by the addition of finely chopped onions.

When John Swinton began the labor fight he lived in a brownstone front, and had a chef de cuisine and \$25,000 in Government bonds, the latter saved by hard newspaper work at night. To-day he is living on the top floor of a Brooklyn tenement house, his property lost, but his spirit cheerful.

The Snook family, from whom Sir Charles Dilke has inherited a fortune, originally bore the name of Sevenoaks. There are many people in England now who spell their name Sevenoaks and pronounce it Snooks; just as lots of Americans write their name Taliaferro and pronounce it Tolliver.

Although the earthquake put an untimely end to it, the season at Nice has never been surpassed. It was closed by a grand dinner-party given to the Prince of Wales by Lady Thompson, which was graced by three young American beauties—Miss Bonynge, of San Francisco, and Miss Grant and Miss Laogdon, of New York.

Secretary Endicott is now having wires laid in the War Department Building which will connect the entrance doors with the elevator. The instant the Secretary arrives at the department the watchman on duty will touch the annunciator. The "elevator-man" thus signaled will at once bring the elevator to the ground floor ready for Mr. Endicott to step right in without pausing to ring the bell like lesser mortals.

They tell in Philadelphia that years ago a boy named Edwin H. Fittler climbed up on the roof of the old Bridesburg ropewalk to shoot a crow. He shot the crow, but the watchman of the building pulled him down from the roof and gave him a flogging. Edwin H. Fittler, the same one, is now Mayor-elect of the city and owner of that rope-walk, and that same watchman is now one of his employees—too old to work, but pensioned handsomely.

Ellen Emerson, the daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is as independent in her movements as her father was in thought. She was out walking the other day, when it began to rain heavily. Along came a rustic horse dragging a swill-cart, with a conventional country boy on the rough plank that served for the driver's seat. Miss Emerson calmly stopped the cart and climbed up to a place beside the driver, and rode home as fast as the boy could make the animal go.

Lieut. Emory, who has been quite a hero in New York since he brought Greeley back, is very popular in Washington, and is known among his old navy chums as Blomery. When Emory was building his house on Connecticut Avenue, he noticed on the peak over the porte-cochère of the British Minister's across the street, the British lion and unicorn. Thereupon, he instructed the architect to put a good-sized tomahawk on the peak of his own porte-cochère, and thus these symbols, the eternal tomahawk standing menacingly opposite the eternal lion and unicorn.

The Fall Mall Gazette relates of Queen Margaret of Italy that, when questioned recently by the French Ambassador concerning the non-appearance of a promised novel from her pen, she assured him that he would have been more disappointed if it had been published, than he could possibly be at its failure to appear. She had sent it over a *non de plume* to one of the best Roman periodicals, and the editor had rejected it. In the Middle Ages, his head would probably have been cut off for such an exhibition of bad taste and judgment. To-day, the royal author merely remarks, with a smile, that she is "content with one crown" and will no longer strive for the laurel.

Miss Wolfe, the hopeless invalid, owner of \$10,000,000, pays Dr. William Todd Helmuth \$5,000 a year to doctor her. Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart retained three doctors at an aggregate cost of at least \$40,000, and called in one of them nearly every day. Mrs. William Astor pays to Dr. Fordyce Barker annually an average of \$20,000, all ways sending a check for double or treble the amount of each bill rendered. Her idea is that by rewarding his skill and vigilance liberally she will get the very best service of which he is capable. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's physician is Dr. W. S. Belden, and though her health is excellent he is consulted often, prevention being preferable to cure doubtless, and the belief is that the prevention costs not less than \$10,000 annually.

The announcement of Mlle. Schneider's wedding with the Comte de Chaponay sets all Paris in a flutter, and revives several notable romances. M. Schneider lives most of his time among his foundries a Creuzot, though he has a splendid mansion in Paris, and his wife has often figured conspicuously in Paris society. She is, by the way, his second wife, and the sister of his first wife. She was a Mlle. Asselin. Both the marriages of M. Schneider proved happy. They were assailed by scandal, however, though groundlessly. Indeed, an exceedingly scandalous novel was written about them by Mme. Ratazzi, which obtained an immensely wide circulation. M. Schneider was a cousin of Napoleon III., and was President of the Corps Législatif. So the bride has the blood of the imperial family in her veins. And it was a kinsman, indeed, none less than the ill-fated Prince Imperial, who once sought her hand in marriage. But M. Schneider put him off. Privately he had an idea that the prince would never regain his father's throne, or be more than a mere pretender. And he knew, too, that to make such a marriage would cause the republican government to look upon him with disfavor, and withdraw perhaps its patronage from his establishment. The Comte de Chaponay is an estimable young man, with a sufficient fortune to make it improbable that he has sought her merely for her wealth. Among the bride's wedding presents are all her mother's jewels, probably one of the finest half-dozen collections in France. Mme. Schneider once appeared at a ball in a dress adorned with no less than two thousand diamonds and sapphires, many of them of considerable size.

Corra Pearl printed her memoirs to make money, for she had squandered her wealth and was in poverty. But the book did not pay, and she died in a garret. Rose Pompon has published hers, however, merely to gratify her desire to get into print. If she makes anything out of the book she will give it to the church, if the church will accept it, which we doubt not. For Rose is rich. She saved her ill-gotten wealth, and now in advanced years is worth half a million dollars, so lives in luxury and the order of sanctity. She is punctual in her attendance at church, at mass, and at confession. But what a confession she would make should she tell, as she does not in her memoirs, the whole story of her bizarre career! She was once a ballet-dancer, and a good one too. Her first lover was the son of a King, himself now a reigning monarch. Another was a great French commander in the Crimea war, and when she had a quarrel with him one day, she danced over to the Russian camp and soon led captive an Imperial Grand Duke. After the war, she went back to Paris, and was for years a brilliant leader in the butterfly world. Her memoirs contain some interesting anecdote of Rachel, with whom Rose Pompon was on intimate and affectional terms. She declares that the famous tragic actress had the smallest and most beautiful feet she ever saw. Certainly a ballet-dancer ought to be a good judge of such things. One of Rachel's admirers one day begged the gift of one of her slippers, and forthwith had a duplicate of it made in solid silver, set with diamonds. This silver slipper, though the exact size of the original, was so small that no one would believe it would go on Rachel's foot. To prove it, however, she put it on, and wore it for an hour one evening.

THE COMPOSER VERDI.

Some Anecdotic Details concerning his Life and Works.

"An Anecdotic History of Verdi," by Arthur Pougin, appears opportunely at a time when the musical world is busy talking about his latest and probably last work, "Otello." It is merely an anecdotic record of the composer's twenty-six ("Otello" not included) operatic productions in the order of their appearance, with details regarding their reception and the principal singers who took part in the first or otherwise notable performances. Inasmuch as of these twenty-seven operas only about half-a-dozen have ever had any vogue outside of Italy, some of these details are necessarily of little interest; yet the author wisely reserves most of his space for the best-known of Verdi's operas, and, moreover, gives a large number of new and entertaining biographic details, especially regarding the composer's youth.

In his first chapter M. Pougin shows that Verdi was born in the commune of Busseto, in the same year as Wagner—1813—and not 1814, as is often stated. But in 1814 Verdi, as his biographer remarks, a second time owed his life to his mother. The Russians having invaded the village Le Roncole, she took refuge with others in the church. The soldiers, however, broke in, and a scene of carnage ensued. But Signora Verdi succeeded in hiding in the helfry with little Giuseppe until the danger was over. The boy received his first musical impressions from a poor wandering musician, whose "wretched violin charmed the little Verdi till he nearly fell into ecstasy," and who is supposed to have been the first to advise Verdi's father to let him study music. At the age of eight he secured an old spinet which a tradesman repaired for his benefit, and the organist of the village church was his first teacher. In three years he had made so much progress that his father sent him to the neighboring town of Busseto, where he boarded with a cobbler for thirty centimes or six cents a day. Every Sunday he went on foot to Le Roncole to perform his duties as organist, for which he received the princely sum of twenty dollars a year. On one of these expeditions he fell into a ditch on a dark night, and would probably have been drowned had not a peasant woman heard his cries and saved him.

Verdi is known generally as a composer of operas—including a quasi-operatic requiem. But from the age of thirteen to that of eighteen, the period at which Verdi went to Milan to study counterpoint, he wrote compositions of all kinds; marches for band up to a round hundred; perhaps as many short symphonic pieces, which served for the church, for the theatre, or for the concert room; five or six concertos or airs with variations for the piano-forte, which he performed himself at concerts; many serenades, cantatas, airs, and a vast number of duets, trios, and various works for the church, among which is a "Stabat Mater." Some of these pieces were utilized in his earliest operas; and subsequently, too, after the fashion of the time, Verdi did not hesitate to transfer to a new opera the best melodies of an earlier one that had failed.

Many of the early compositions were written for the Philharmonic Society of Busseto, at whose concerts Verdi at first played the drum, though subsequently advanced to the posts of pianist and conductor. Nevertheless, when he presented himself for examination at the Milan Conservatory, he was rejected. But his musical accomplishments served him a better turn in the case of the tender-hearted daughter of a friend and benefactor of his. He used to play four-hand pieces with this girl, and engagement and marriage followed. Their happiness was of only a few years' duration. "In the space of about two months," he writes, "three loved ones had disappeared for ever. And, in the midst of this terrible anguish, I was compelled to write and finish a comic opera." No wonder this opera, "Un Giorno di Regno," failed. It was his second opera, the first having been "Oberto," on which his profits were \$350. His next opera, "Nabucco," was a success—so much so, that Verdi was asked to write the opera *d'obbligo* for the next carnival season, and to make his own terms. He asked for it the same sum that Bellini had obtained for "Norma"—about \$1,350. From this date the history of Verdi, so far as known, is little more than the history of his operas. "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "Il Trovatore," put his reputation on a firm basis, and when, in 1869, the Khedive of Egypt asked him to write an opera for his new theatre in Cairo, the sum demanded—\$20,000—was paid without a murmur. The copyright and other profits on his latest opera, "Otello," are said to amount already to almost twice that sum.

As Verdi's fame increased, his patriotic countrymen made numerous efforts to lionize him, but he has been averse all his life to posing as a genius. Even the offers of conducting one of his works in some new "Teatro Verdi" could not induce him to make an exception. Nor did offers of political honors tempt him. When Cavour wanted to unite in his first national Parliament all the men who had distinguished themselves in Italy, he begged Verdi to accept a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Verdi refused at first, saying that he hated to find himself prominent, and wanted nothing but to be allowed to work quietly in retirement. Finally he consented to appear in the chamber, but three months later he sent in his resignation. In 1875 Victor Emanuel appointed him a senator. He took the oath, yet, so far as M. Pougin is aware, has never taken his seat.

With all this retiring modesty, Verdi has always known how to preserve his dignity and insist on his rights as a composer. During the rehearsals of "Ernani" the prima donna insisted on having the score end with a rondo in which she could display her powers of vocalization. The librettist was willing to accede to the prima donna's wishes, but Verdi "went off in one of those fits of artistic wrath which the poet had long been accustomed to submit to with great philosophy. 'Do you wish,' he said, 'to ruin the finest situation in the work?'" And he firmly refused to do it. On another occasion, when his "Vêpres Siciliennes" was brought out at Paris, Manager Perrin begged Verdi to conduct some performances. Verdi consented, but insisted on having an orchestral rehearsal. The members of the orchestra, however, appeared in a sullen humor, playing at first much too fast, and, after being remonstrated with, dragging the tempo in an extravagant manner. "It is a poor joke, no doubt," Verdi remarked to the *chef d'orchestre*, Dietsch. "The fact

is, Maestro," replied Dietsch, "these gentlemen think that they have no need to rehearse." "Really?" "Yes; they have their own private business." "Ah, they have their own business, which is not that of the opera. That makes a difference." With this he seized his hat, left the house, and did not enter it again, although he had his revenge, for Dietsch was discharged three days later.

Considering the obscure and uninviting character of most of Verdi's libretti, one is rather surprised to read that he took great pains personally in having everything to suit himself. He not only always chose the subject of his operas, but drew out the sketch of the libretto, indicated all the situations, constructed them almost entirely as far as regards the general plan, brought his personages and his characters on the stage in such a way that his *collaborateur* has simply to follow his indications to bring the whole together and to write the verses. The best of his libretti is "Aida," the author of which, M. du Locle, wrote it scene by scene, phrase by phrase, under the eye of the maestro. The idea of the finale of the last act, with its two stages, one above the other, belongs especially to him. In his "Otello" Verdi has been still more fortunate in having the services of Signor Boito, who, being an able composer, knows just what a musician wants.

Wagner required two or three years of hard labor to complete a score, every page of which bears evidence of his genius. Verdi did not go to such extremes in the opposite direction as some of his predecessors, who often wrote an opera in a fortnight (their names are still preserved); he usually devoted four months to an opera. "Rigoletto" was written in forty days, and "Don Carlos" in six months. "Aida" owes some of its excellence to the fact that the scenery prepared for its first performance was locked up in Paris during the Prussian siege, which gave Verdi opportunity to retouch and polish his score.

A PARISIAN MASQUERADE.

"Parisina" Tells of the Sights She Saw at Madame Adam's Ball.

Doubtless none of the readers of the *Argonaut* have done Parisina the honor to speculate on her personal appearance. A distant correspondent is an unknown quantity. No one cares to trouble themselves at all about his looks, or his stature, or the cut of his beard if he is a man; and it is much the same if the correspondent happens to be a woman. Yet, if anyone did condescend to picture to himself or herself the humble writer of these lines, he or she did not for an instant imagine Parisina in the guise of a Japanese—a Japanese such as you see depicted on fans and screens, athwart tea-trays and sun-blinds, robed in scarlet, embroidered with gold, a couple of yellow butterflies stuck in her piled-up hair, a fan in her broad sash, tied behind in a huge bow. True, she does not generally affect this sort of attire, and is, in every-day life, a much more homely personage. But once in a way masquerading is a pleasant pastime, especially when it is at the hiding of so charming a hostess as Mme. Adam.

"You must represent a dramatic character and play the personage throughout the evening." So was the invitation worded—not a *banale* engraved card; a half-sheet of vellum, with a monogram in the corner (an A interlaced with a couple of L's), writ in the curved, characteristic *patte de mouche* of the authoress of "Païenne," and "La Patrie Hongroise." And it came six weeks ago, so that the guests had plenty of time to choose a character suited to one's taste, circumstances, personal appearance, and order of wit.

Parisian society was greatly exercised concerning this particular entertainment. The subject was much discussed at afternoon receptions. Those who had got invitations were listened to, questioned, and above all envied, and those who had none, were like Mathews' "dirty little children wot had no money," and shrunk away discomforted. I must say that the "sweet little darlings which are a-going to pay" are quite in the minority—a noble minority who tried not to look too proud and pleased—for Mme. Adam had made up her mind to restrict the invitations so that there should be no unpleasant crowding, and negated all the many attempts that were made to get her to increase her list. Lots of people who were in the habit of getting invitations to the interesting and brilliant "at bones" given by her when she still inhabited the flat on the Boulevard Poissonnière, were left out in the cold.

Every one of course, was extremely anxious to know how Mme. Adam herself was going to be costumed, and on Thursday afternoons the question was put discreetly by all comers—and answered readily enough, though sometimes these things are shrouded in a certain mystery. Yet soon it was an open secret that Mme. Adam would appear in the character and garb of the heroine of the First Revolution and of Ponsard's drama—Charlotte Corday. The costume was designed specially by Bianchini, and a very pretty, tasteful, and in all ways becoming attire it proved.

History has few heroines grander and more attractive than Charlotte—the republican who relieved the republic of one of the worst tyrants that disgraced that period. She has been painted scores of times, and poets and prose-writers have traced her history with their pens as artists have drawn her features with their pencils. Formerly, in the romantic age, when a heroine must needs look sentimental, Charlotte Corday was often depicted as a slight, melancholy-looking maiden; but we have rectified many such errors of late, and now we know that the avenger who killed the hestial Marat was in reality *un beau brin de fille*, rather over than below the middle height, with a full figure and resolute features. And, therefore, Juliette Lamher had chosen well. Although the cruel guillotine put an end to the heroine's life when she only numbered twenty spring-times or so, years have dealt so kindly with Mme. Adam that she looks—as young as her daughter. There are a few women, the favored of the earth, who really seem to have quaffed that blessed draught from the fountain of eternal youth, which so many would sell their souls to obtain.

When Mme. Adam quitted the flat in the Boulevard Poissonnière—the rooms wherein she had gathered about her the flower of the Liberal party, the elder generation, the men of '48, Edmond Adam's colleagues, and the younger politicians of '70, Gambetta, Spuller, Lepin, Freycinet, Ferry, etc.—she pitched her tent in an entirely different part of the town. The Boulevard Poissonnière has long ago been invaded by

trade, and the Rue Juliette Lamher is one of the newest streets of a new quarter, which fashion, after some coquetry, has elected to class among its favored haunts. You drive up the Boulevard Malesherbes from the Madeleine straight as an arrow from a bow—if you have a good horse you are there in ten minutes; if you are being dragged by a worn-out cah-horse the chances are it will take you twenty minutes—past the church of St. Augustin, past the house built by dissipated, kindly Duc Gramont de Cadrouse, opposite which is the former mansion of Mme. Ristori, past the Parc Monceaux to the Place Malesherbes, in the immediate vicinity of which live Gounod, Meissonier, Detaille, and once Sarah Bernhardt (whose studio is now turned into a gallery by an art amateur), and on, past this to within a stone's throw of Thiers's mighty mistake—the Paris fortifications. The street in which is Mme. Adam's house, and which bears her maiden name, turns out of the boulevard almost opposite to the handsome square stone block that harbors Jane Hading and her husband and Director Koning.

Only a few men can boast of inhabiting streets named after them, and there is but one woman in this enviable situation. But, then, Juliette Adam's position is quite unique.

Her house is a charming little bijou residence; three stories, not more, and the drawing-room on the second floor, the dining-room and divan, preceded by an ante room, being on the second.

As I have said, it was understood that we were all to assume a character with our costumes, and so Parisina, when she donned the gown of the Japanese, ceased to be herself and became Kosiki, the heroine of Bursach and Loriot's libretto, for which Lecocq wrote the music. She tried to see things from the standpoint of the far eastern woman, and to wonder what would be the impression on the mind of a real, not an imitation, Kosiki, on entering Mme. Adam's drawing-room. Certainly the surroundings would first claim attention; that exquisite blending of tones; nothing glaring, nothing out of place; everything rich and harmonious; the walls, the floors, the hangings setting each other off to perfection; gold cunningly interwoven with colors; neutral-tinted engravings lighted up by the gold of the frames; huge boughs of odoriferous mimosa nodding in Japanese vases; curtains, presumably new, but so perfectly in their place that they might always have hung there; a certain simplicity and the imprint of actual habitation in the smaller rooms, cosy, homelike, being the very opposite of the typical parvenu residence.

And what an admirable setting this was to the motley crowd of guests. When I first caught sight of Charlotte Corday she was standing near the captain of the municipal guard, whose mission should have been to arrest the fair Amazon. On this occasion he could not have the heart to do it, so they danced a quadrille together instead. Very becoming, madame, very pretty; you never looked better than in that plain shot-silk skirt, chaste white muslin fichu, and white cap with its bunch of blue ribbons. The fan is a relic of the period, the half-high shoes are true copies of the shoes worn at the time.

But what strange sounds are those, and who are those fine fellows in the cloth caps and tunics, leather belts and boots, hlowing into huge instruments made of cardboard? A cortege of mediæval fantassins, followed up by a superb Robert Macaire. Bravo! Jacques Callot could not have designed a more effective group. Having paid our respects to the mistress of the house, we look out for her daughter, and find her metamorphosed into that queen of a day, Lady Jane Gray; mother and daughter both doomed to the block! Kosiki applies to Mephistopheles (he must know everything), "Who is that tall, handsome Duke of Alva?" "Berardi, of course." There were several Fausts, though no Marguerite to keep them company. And widowed Ophelias, for Hamlet was nowhere to be seen either. The most delectable of Molière's heroes, the "Malade Imaginaire," followed by a crowd of leeches and apothecaries, excites much amusement. He is robed in a beautiful flowered dressing-gown and wore on his head the classic night-cap, made of white satin for this occasion only. Another flourish of cornets, and past us float a string of Orientals—Moorish dancing-girls, Greeks, Circassians, Turks in flowing robes and Turbans, one of whom is Boulanger the artist.

Then click-clack go the castagnettes; Berardi is at the piano trolling out a delicious Spanish waltz, while Mme. Sanz, in spangled tulle and red velvet hodie, dances. What a pretty picture she makes in her black hair half hidden beneath the fold of a white lace mantilla; is Waring nowhere with his graphic brush? Mephistopheles seems transformed by the music; he hesitates an instant (Satan has a character to keep up), then doffs his cap and throws down his mandoline, and the next instant he is footing it in front of Mme. Sanz, to the sharp click-clack of the castagnettes.

Prolonged peals of laughter greet St. Antony, with his pig under his arm, a miller with his sack of flour, some friendly hands helping him to carry his load, and the noisy entrance of a circus clown. A group of Merveilleuses make a cortege to Charlotte Corday. Mme. de Sévigné accepts the homage of all comers—she is, in the world, Mme. Napoleon Ney. Behind her looms a grand Inquisitor, while, just now, I caught sight of the brown robe of Torquemada, and of two black dominoes, whom no one recognizes. As the music strikes up the march on "Aida," three magnificent figures make their appearance. Verdi's heroine herself, in white and silver, with a helmet of silver-gray feathers; stately, superb, the milk-white shoulders whiter even against the glistening of the silver, and the Oriental features are those of Judith Gautier. She is escorted by a colored physician well known at the Académie de Médecine, in the garb of an Egyptian, and a few steps behind him walks Pierre Loti, the novelist, in the habit of an ancient Assyrian, a corselet gleaming like metallic plumage, a gold helmet surmounted by the head of an ibis. Twice they make the tour of the rooms, and then take up their stand on the staircase, where each one goes to admire them and question.

Later on there is dancing, and the sound of many feet accompanies the ripple of laughter, and later still there is supper at small tables, where the champagne whets the edge of the wit, and epigrams and jokes season the viands even better than truffles. And every one, in slipping away in the early morning, carries with them a pleasant souvenir of Mme. Adam's charming character ball.

PARIS, March 3, 1887.

PARISINA.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

New Books.

Dr. Isaac Barrows's famous "Sermons on Evil Speaking" form the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A recent issue of the Franklin Square Library contains three of Robert Louis Stevenson's best stories—"Kidnapped," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Treasure Island." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"Victims," by Theodore Gift, is a long and moderately interesting story of European life. The personages are of the same class of Continental society that "The Duchess" writes about in England. Published in the Leisure Momeet Series, by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, paper, 30 cents.

"How George W. Peck put down the Rebellion" is the title of the latest contribution to war literature. Mr. Peck has gained a wide reputation as a writer of a certain broad style of humor, and this volume will afford amusement to those who like that style. There are many, by the way, who do not. The book is illustrated by True William. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by John Cogan, 834 Market Street; price, cloth, \$1.

"Microscopy for Beginners, or, Common Objects from the Ponds and Ditches," by Alfred C. Stokes, M. D., is a valuable text-book of this deeply-absorbing study. The first chapter describes the microscope and its parts, the second discusses some common aquatic plants useful to the microscopist, and the remaining ten are devoted to the various forms of microscopic life with which the beginner is likely to have to do. A short glossary and a useful index are appended. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.50.

The Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, our late Minister to Persia, and the author of a book and several magazine articles on the subject of his experience there, has written the "Story of Persia" for the Story of the Nations Series. It is quite different, however, from "Persia and the Persians." The latter is a study of the people of to-day, while "The Story of Persia" is a history, and, moreover, is devoted chiefly to the legendary and early history and the career of the great house of Sassan. The "Story of the Sassanids" discussed the Sassanid rule in Persia, so Mr. Benjamin merely touches on this period, and passes rapidly on to the present day. The subject is an interesting one, and Mr. Benjamin has treated it in a manner which admirably combines the scholarly and the popular. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"From the Forecastle to the Cabin," by Captain Samuel Smiles, is an excellent autobiography of a man who has risen from a poor cabin-boy to the highest rank of his profession. Captain Smiles ran away from home at the early age of twelve, but this narrative, instead of encouraging would-be deserters, tells of a man who intended running away to sea—even if the extermination of pirates, slavers, and the like had not robbed the sea of its strongest attractions. His account of the cuffs and kicks he endured, the suffering and privation he survived, and the many narrow escapes he has had from sudden and terrible deaths, shows the sailor's life in its true colors. His life, however, was one of adventure and constant change, and the record of it will be found very interesting reading, written, as it is, in a seaman's language and with the vivid picturesqueness which that implies. A number of illustrations add to the appearance of the book. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.50.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have issued a number of Easter publications, consisting of hymns or other religious verse, elaborately illustrated. Each pamphlet, or little book, consists of ten or a dozen leaves of heavy, gilt-edged paper, on which are printed portions of the text surrounded by an appropriate design, with occasional full-page illustrations interspersed. Miss Irene Jerome's familiar "Message of the Bluebird," "Gladness of Easter," "Arise, My Soul, Arise," and "See the Land Her Easter Keeping" are the larger ones (seven and one-half inches by nine), which come in boxes; and the others (four and one-half by six) are "My Faith Looks up to Thee," "Abide with Me," "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer My God, to Thee." They are for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., 120 State Street. Two publications of a similar character come from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. They are: "Easter Lilies," a pamphlet of a dozen or so pages of Easter thoughts from the Bible, with five colored lithographs representing various kinds of lilies; and "Sunshine," a little poem by Katharine Lee Bates, prettily illustrated by a number of dainty vignettes. For sale by the booksellers; price, 35 and 50 cents, respectively.

The lovers of that interesting branch of fiction called strange stories should read "Roger Camerden," a little tale which can be read in half an hour, but which will cling to the memory long. The tale is told at a meeting of "the thirteen club," and three members contribute their quota before the mystery is cleared up. Roger Camerden, who inherits a super-sensitive nature from his father, tries to find the man who, he thinks, had caused that father's death. He does find him, but the man escapes. Roger then meets a girl with whom he falls in love, and when he learns that her name is the same as his father's murderer bore, he fears and hopes that her father is the man he seeks. He goes to see the man, and during the interview dies—of heart-disease, the coroner says. This is the end of the first man's narration. The second, a nephew of the accused, Marville, shows that Roger had died in consequence of learning that Marville had no daughter, that the woman who had promised to be his wife had deceived him when she said she was Marville's daughter. And the third, a medical man, explains it all by declaring that the Marville who had caused Roger's father's death and had been seen by Roger but by no one else, and the beautiful Hester Marville (whom, also, no one else had seen) were both mere creatures of Roger's over-wrought and super-sensitive imagination. The story is well conceived, and told in a way that keeps up the reader's interest until the last word is read. Published by George J. Combes, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A portrait of Thackeray, engraved by Kruell from the crayon drawing by Samuel Laurence, will be the frontispiece of the April number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

The volume "Thackeray as an Artist," which will shortly be brought out here, will contain the novelist's own ideal of Charles Yellowplush, drawn in pen and ink.

Mr. Alva Eugene Davis is proprietor of the Chicago *Current*, and he went to New York last week to offer Mr. Julian Hawthorne five thousand dollars a year to come to Chicago and edit that paper.

Of the 5,325 main words in the third installment of Dr. James Murray's great English dictionary, 3,802 are in current use, 1,379 are obsolete, and 142 are words foreign or imperfectly naturalized in English.

J. H. Shorthouse expresses his regret at his unhappy choice of the name DeLys in his "Sir Percival," as it has caused annoyance and misunderstandings in the DeLys family, although he had no intent to refer to them in his work.

The persistent Mr. Donnelly still toils at his Shakespeare-Bacon cipher, and proposes to bring his book out in July—a deadly season for

books. "The world," says Mr. Donnelly, "will never cease to be astonished, not at my book, but at the marvelous revelations it will contain."

The "title Shakespearean" is popular just now. Ticknor is bringing out a novel called "Two Gentlemen of Boston," and Cassell announces the early appearance of another named "Two Gentlemen of Gotham." New York's characteristics and eccentricities are sketched in the latter.

Mr. Thomas Stevens, he of the famous journey around the world on a bicycle, has become the manager of the bicycling department of *Outing*, and is one of the shareholders and directors of the company. The capital stock is held exclusively by the editorial and business staff of the magazine company.

One of the most diverting of the recent flights of literary fancy has been translated from the French of Paul Célèbre by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, under the title of "The Startling Exploits of Dr. J. B. Quies," and will shortly be issued with a large number of appropriate illustrations by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon add to their Epochs of Modern History series a volume entitled "The Early Tudors," which deals with the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The author is the Rev. C. E. Moberly, late of Rugby. The popularity of this series is shown by the fact that the total sales have exceeded ninety thousand copies.

Writers in Paris are distinguishing themselves now with merciless attacks upon Victor Hugo, so recently worshipped. Henri Taine speaks harshly of the bard who wrote the "Légende des Siècles," and calls him a writer of epileptic verses. Jules Lemaître, one of the best literary critics in France, declares that the dramas of the great master tire out the public.

The Senior Class in English of the California State University have prepared a list of fifty of the best books of the world as published in cheap editions, and find that not one of them costs over thirty cents, while the entire fifty may be had for nine dollars and twenty-two cents. Few, if any, statements about this being the age of cheap books have been more forcible than this.

Writing of the authors who criticize other authors, T. W. Higginson says: "The moral of literary sectarianism is very much like the moral of strikes; if a man is not satisfied with a particular employment he is free to leave it; but when he forbids any one else to take it up he becomes an enemy to free labor. Let those who dislike either realistic or ideal writing simply take their kits and depart as men do who strike in a shoe-shop; but why hang about the doors and knock on the head anybody who wishes to take up the work you have laid down?"

By far the largest library in the world is the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris. It is so large that nobody knows how many books it contains. They have never yet been all catalogued or counted, and when the classification of a great library falls behind, it takes some time to get it in order, especially when no attempt is made to bring up the arrears. Current works and new acquisitions are now catalogued in this library as received, but many old collections—among others the official documents relating to the Revolution—still lie unsorted.

It is strangely seldom that a cry goes up from a stoic public deprecating the lack of capable and intelligent assistance in our book-stores. A spectator overheard the following hurried colloquy between two clerks employed in the same establishment: *First Clerk*—"Say! There's a woman here wants Spencer's poems. What shall I tell her?" *Second Clerk* (hesitatingly)—"Is it Herbert Spencer's poems?" *First Clerk*—"Yes." *Second Clerk* (confidently)—"Tell her we haven't got 'em." Exit disappointed seeker, doubtless to meet a like fate elsewhere.

An elaborate attack on Mr. Rider Haggard appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which accuses the author of "She" of plagiarism on a large scale from Thomas Moore's "Epicurean." This, says the critic, contains almost all the ingredients of Mr. Haggard's masterpiece. Numerous parallel passages are cited, almost every sentence in one of which, it is alleged, will be found duplicated in "She." It is not, however, worth while to compare the "Epicurean" and "She." It is possible that the first suggested the last, but the story of the Memphian priestess, Aetha, has little in common with that of Ayesha.

Dr. Charles Mackay in his recently published "Autobiography" says: "In looking back upon my literary work, I am painfully conscious that my worst has been the most popular, and that my best has received but slight or no recognition. The ballads of 'There's a good time coming' and 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' thrown off at a heat in an hour or two, have earned the acclamations of the million; while the conscientious labors of years have been welcomed only by the choice few, whose numbers might have been counted by the score." There is nothing new in this complaint. It is often made by men of talent who think they have genius.

Writing from Tannerville, N. Y., over an assumed name, Anthony Comstock recently procured from John A. Wilson, of the Globe Publishing Co., of Paulsborough, N. J., a copy of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," and one of Margaret of Navarre's "Heptameron." Wilson was tried for circulating obscene literature through the mails, convicted, and sentenced at Trenton on the 3d inst. to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and costs. There is a bill before the New York Legislature prohibiting the playing of a trick of the kind employed by Comstock in obtaining evidence against this New Jersey publisher.

London publishers are daily showing a sensitiveness to public opinion, heretofore unknown. Mr. Murray, with reference to Messrs. Longmans' proposal to supply vouchers of future accounts with authors, says that this has always been his custom. Other publishers attack Mr. Besant's statements in detail, but it does not appear that Mr. Besant has fallen into any important inaccuracy. Perhaps the most surprising thing about the discussion is that English authors have but just heard of the system under which their French brothers have long thrived. The French law gives the author adequate protection against the publisher, which the English law does not. The English Society of Authors hopes presently to take a position similar to that of the very efficient Société des Gens de Lettres, the existence and object of which has now been discovered. The *Ateneum* adds Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to the list of publishers who, it is able to say positively, never refused to open their books to an author who had a joint interest in their work. Messrs. Smith & Elder send a curious letter to the *Times*, pointing out that Messrs. Longmans' offer is illusory unless they give vouchers for advertising charges also. Messrs. Smith & Elder write with refreshing openness about fraudulent accounts. They propose to remedy the existing grievance by requiring accounts to be rendered in a form which, if the items are cooked, will make the publishers criminally liable.

From January, 1886, to January, 1887, there were received twelve thousand and twenty-four manuscripts by the Harpers intended for their monthly album. Fully one-half of these were poems, and the greater portion of the balance were stories, short and serial. Each one of this vast number was read and passed upon by Mr. Alden, the editor, and hundreds read for a second time where a doubt existed as to their availability. The percentage declined in most discouraging to young authors. The capacity of the magazine allows the use of not quite two hundred articles, stories, and poems per year, averaging fifteen to every number. It is a fixed policy of the house in relation to all their periodicals that as much encouragement be given to young and unknown authors as possible. The pages of the magazine are open to all. Articles and stories are often negotiated for a year, and sometimes eighteen months previous to publication. Articles or stories for illustration are generally placed in the hands of artists six months before they are used. The magazine is made up generally four months before publication, and the first thirty-two pages printed are, as a rule, put to press three months in advance. So that, at present, the editor is at work upon the next July number, while the first of the June number is now on the presses. The manuscripts of Mr. Curtis, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Warner are always the last to come in, and these are usually received one month in advance. Mr. Alden does no actual writing for the magazine, except upon rare occasions, his time being more than occupied with the deluge of manuscripts.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

In the House of Representatives one day Mr. Springer was finishing an argument and ended by saying: "I am right, I know I am; and I would rather be right than be President." He stood near S. S. Cox, who looked mischievously across at him and said as he ended: "Don't worry about that, Springer, you'll never be either."

One day N. P. Willis went, as usual, to his regular tailor and ordered a replenishment of his wardrobe. The man, to whom Willis already owed a considerable bill, was visibly affected and nervous. At last he burst out with, "Ah! Meestare Veelis, I am vera sorry, sare, but I can not let you have some more clothes visout ze money, sare." "You can't eh!" said Willis with the calmest of coolness, "well, I'm very sorry, too, but somebody has got to." And somebody doubtless did.

During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island member of Congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Senator Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole State it would only be petit larceny, and a justice of the peace would have jurisdiction."

Mrs. Lincoln had a very dear friend, Mrs. Richard J. Dodge, who went to school with her when they were both young girls. On the day following the rapid journey of the President-elect from Harrisburg to Washington, when his friends feared assassination, Mrs. Dodge received from Mrs. Lincoln a bouquet in a paper box, without any explanatory note or card accompanying it. She puzzled over this present for some time, and finally wrote to Mrs. Lincoln for a solution. She wrote to answer that the bouquet signified the safe arrival of her husband and meant "Abe O. K."

M. Emile Labiche does not think much of the dramatic censorship. One of his plays was objected to, during the Empire, because a character in it was called "as vindictive as a Corsican." "It is impossible to allow that to pass," said the Censor, "on account of the Emperor, who is of Corsican origin." "Well, let us say as vindictive as a Spaniard," M. Labiche replied. "And the Empress?" queried the Censor. "Let us then put it vindictive as an Auvergnat." "But what about M. Rouher?" again asked the puzzled Censor. "Vindictive as the devil, then," said Labiche, "he has no countrymen at court."

A well-known animal-painter in Boston was struck with the matronly and majestic proportions of a lady who visited his studio recently, and suggested that she have her portrait painted. "I don't paint portraits myself," he added, "so I speak disinterestedly; though, if it were within my talents, I would like to paint you." The lady acted on the suggestion, and called on a portrait-painter. In the course of the conversation she repeated the animal-painter's wish that he might paint her. "I should think he would!" cried the portrait-painter, who appreciated his brother artist's distaste for the monotony his small range of subjects afforded; "I should think he would; he's always painting elephants." It is needless to add that he got no commission from her.

It is a charming sight to see the little passages at arms that are always going on between the "ladies of the army and navy" and the wives and daughters of ordinary mortals. A Washington lady who had long been snubbed by an old school-mate who married a major, aroused her spite to vengeance a few days ago. It was at a luncheon, and civil service removals were under discussion. Leaning across the table, the civilian remarked: "I hope these removals do not affect Major A's position." "Affect Major A's position!" his wife repeated; "Why, of course, not. What do you mean?" "I didn't know," replied the other, sweetly. "The wife of a postmaster wrote to me the other day in a most doleful strain, and I thought of you at once. It must be so trying to be in the government service where you are all right to-day and may be nobody to-morrow."

It was once my fortune (says Maurice Thompson) to see a young man take an axe in his hand and walk across two hundred yards of open ground under the fire of four hundred dismounted troopers, and deliberately cut down a telegraph pole. While he was chopping away at the tough cedar wood I could plainly see the splinters whirling away from the pole from top to bottom, as the whizzing bullets, aimed at him, crashed through it, or seamed its sides with ragged scars. Near by stood a brick chimney, where a house had burned down; a twelve-pound shot struck the pile, and it went tumbling to earth, scattering its bricks about, some of them striking the young soldier's legs. He did not waver. As regular as the beat of a pendulum was the swing of that axe, and when the pole fell friends and foes vied together in yelling their admiration of the young man as he was deliberately shouldered his axe and returned to his place in his command.

A whist club in Portland, Oregon, came to an untimely end a few nights ago. A Mr. Brooks had for partner the hostess, who is a fair average player. During the seventh game—games were even, and Mr. Brooks and his partner had five tricks to their opponents' six—when only two trumps were left, it was Mr. Brooks's partner's lead. She fumbled nervously, undecided what to play. Evidently she held the commanding trump, and was undecided whether if she led trumps she would not find the thirteen in her partner's hand, or it would not be better to lead the odd suit card, trusting to her partner's holding the thirteen trump to save the trick. It was a knotty problem, and Mr. Brooks mentally forgave her for fumbling several seconds. But suddenly the lady laid both cards flat on the table, face up, and inquired of the lady on her right: "Maggie, where did you get those eggs you put under the speckled hen?" Mr. Brooks gasped, gulped, and went silently out into the night. He has registered a vow never again to play whist with women.

The Vicomte d'Arlingcourt once said that he visited the Archduchess Marie Louise, the widow of Napoleon, and from her lips heard that the White Lady never fails to appear in the Imperial Palace of Vienna before the death of one of the House of Austria. She told him: "My grandmother was Queen of the Sicilies, and after the death of my father's first wife (Elizabeth Wilhelmina, daughter of Duke Frederick Eugene of Wurtemberg, died February 18, 1790), he asked for the hand of her daughter (Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand I. of Sicily). My grandmother, anxious about her daughter's welfare, consulted a pious nun, to whom it was allowed at times to see through the veil of the future. Her answer was as follows: 'Your daughter will be happy; but after she has passed her thirty-fifth year God will call her to Himself.' This was clear enough. The new Empress ascended the throne (she was married in 1790 at the age of eighteen) in the expectation of having a short but happy life. She often spoke to her young children about it, but never complained that the term was short. Thirty-five years! She had a long time yet. Alas! time flies very fast. The nearer the ominous term drew, the more did the Empress endeavor to banish the thought of it from her mind. She ceased to speak of it. In the year that preceded her death, a heavy sickness brought her into great peril. 'Be at ease,' said her Majesty to those who surrounded her, 'my hour is not yet come. It heaven calls me, it will be next year.' Her five-and-thirtieth year arrived. One day my sister, the late Empress of Brazil, exclaimed in terror to her mother, 'Behind your elbow-chair, I see—I see—I see—' 'What, child? Speak!' 'The White Lady.' 'She has not come for you, my dear,' answered the Empress calmly, 'but for me. My hour has now come.' Next day she was dead (August 13, 1807)."

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Sharon have gone to their residence in Belmont for the season.

Hon. Chas. N. Felton and Miss Kate Felton have returned from their winter sojourn in Washington, D. C.

Mr. H. B. Smith Jr., went to Los Angeles on Tuesday for a week's trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have gone to Oak Knoll, their country residence, in Napa County.

Miss Dora Boardman is the guest of Mrs. Cantfield in Santa Barbara.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford returned from Washington, D. C., on Monday, after having passed several days in New York City before their departure from the East.

Colonel and Mrs. William R. Shafter and Miss Shafter have returned from a pleasant sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Oliver intend passing the summer at Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Knowles, nee Adams, are now living in Boston, Mass.

Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow have returned from Washington, D. C., where they passed the winter.

Mrs. J. S. Wall, the Misses Wall, and Miss Hart, of Oakland, went to Berlin last Saturday, where the young ladies will pursue a three years' course of study.

Mrs. Dillon and Miss Marie Dillon have returned from a two weeks' sojourn at the Gilroy Hot Springs.

Colonel Harry I. Thornton, who is making an extended tour of Europe, is expected home about May 1st.

Mr. John Hemphill, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mrs. Robert P. Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson will give up their residence on Washington Street next month, to reside at the Palace Hotel a short while before going to the country.

Mr. William E. Waters returned to the city last Saturday, after having passed six months in Australia and New Zealand. He went to Portland, Oregon, on Wednesday, and will be away about three weeks.

Mr. Robert F. Pratt has returned home from a pleasant cruise down the coast in the steamer *Mohongo*.

Miss Maggie Nelson has gone to Santa Barbara, to remain several weeks, for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. A. E. Head, and Miss Anna Head are enjoying a tour in Italy. Mrs. Head has not been in the best of health lately.

Mrs. William C. Ralston and Miss Emelita Ralston arrived here from Auburn on Monday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were in Rome, enjoying the carnival, when last heard from.

Hon. Chancellor Hartson, of Napa, is recuperating at Jena Springs.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. Senator Mahone, of Virginia, is the guest of Mrs. Leland Stanford.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Oakland, is visiting Miss Jennie Martel.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover intend passing some of the summer at Mrs. Miller's ranch in Napa County.

Miss Cora Caduc is visiting Mrs. F. P. Tuttle in Truckee.

Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, returned from Santa Cruz last Tuesday.

Mr. Gay Wilshire is in the city from Los Angeles, on a visit.

Senator and Mrs. George Hearst are at the Hoffman House in New York City.

Hon. George Stoneman came up from San Gabriel on Monday, and passed several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Jesse D. Carr was at the Palace Hotel a few days this week.

Miss Georgiana Mott, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Joseph Stanley, who is now on his ranch in New Mexico, will pay a visit to New York in May.

Mr. and Mrs. L. McDonald, of Santa Rosa, arrived here Monday, and passed a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. J. C. Fall has returned from a visit to friends in San Pablo.

Mrs. E. C. Jobson came down from Sacramento on Tuesday, and remained at the Grand Hotel several days.

Mrs. S. F. Tilton departed for the East on Wednesday to make a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mr. Eugene Gregory, of Sacramento, was in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were guests at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday.

Mrs. L. M. Coit came down from Larkmead early in the week on a visit.

Major J. L. Rathbone is in New York City.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins is expected here in a few weeks and will be accompanied by Miss May Miller, formerly of this city.

Senator James G. Fair is at the Gilsey House in New York City.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner came from Benicia on Tuesday to visit friends here.

Miss Tullita Z. Wilcox, who left the city last June to pay a three weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. Longstreet, of Los Angeles, returned home last week after a prolonged and very enjoyable visit there.

Mrs. S. G. Wilder and Mr. S. G. Wilder Jr., of Honolulu, are at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to friends in Chicago, New York, Annapolis, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. She was accompanied on her return by Miss Allie Haves, who has been East for the past five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hall came to the city from Madrone on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were in the city on Thursday.

Mrs. Hussey and Miss Hussey have returned to the city, after a three years' residence in Cleveland, and are at the Bella Vista.

Mr. M. Theo. Kearney, of Fresno, came to the city last Monday.

Mrs. Longstreet, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis will leave for Europe a week from next Wednesday.

Colonel and Mrs. M. D. Mayer are at the Bella Vista.

Miss Mamie Kohl, who was the guest of Miss Felton in Washington, D. C., during the past winter, is now visiting friends in Philadelphia awaiting the arrival of Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, who will leave here next month to join her.

After visiting through the East they will make a tour of Europe.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley, and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the summer at Del Monte, leaving here about the first of June.

Miss Josie Masten has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Dr. Parkinson, in Sacramento.

Mr. Robert B. Woodward will go to Europe this coming summer on a pleasure trip.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, is expected here next month.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey will be home in about three weeks.

The Misses Corbett will go to their home in San Mateo in about five weeks to remain during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Amelia and Mamie Masten, who have been visiting in Los Angeles during the past three weeks, returned home last Sunday.

Miss Nina Macdonald has returned to Menlo Park, after passing the winter with Mrs. F. D. Atherton.

Miss Minnie Mimer, of Benicia, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will depart for the Caribbean Sea, in Germany, about the middle of March, to remain some time, for the benefit of Mr. Parrott's health, and later on will make an extended tour of Europe.

The Misses Sallie and Nellie Stetson and Miss Grace Bradley have returned from an enjoyable sojourn at Pasadena.

Miss Gertrude Severance will soon leave for the Eastern States, to reside permanently with her married sister, Mrs. George Bacon Kirkbride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are at their residence in Menlo Park.

Mr. Jerome Watson and Miss Jennie Watson are expected home soon, from a prolonged visit to friends in the East.

Mr. Charles Bandmann, who has been snowed in in Idaho for several weeks, is expected to return home on Monday.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from the East with Miss McKim, of Boston. They are at the Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vickery and family will leave next week for a brief trip to the East and Europe.

Mrs. Philip Seldner, of Los Angeles, and Miss Carrie Green, who has been visiting her sister, have arrived to this city and are guests of Mrs. H. Green, at 1620 Geary Street.

Mrs. F. L. Wooster and Miss Irene Tay came down from Napa Soda Springs last Saturday, and returned on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will go East about May 15th.

Miss May Norton went to San José yesterday for a brief visit.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Lindsey G. Bingham gave a pleasant dinner party at his residence on California Street, last Saturday evening, in honor of Mr. William E. Waters who returned from Australia that day.

Miss Edith Taylor gave a theatre party last Wednesday evening at the Baldwin Theatre, and a dainty supper was served at the performance, at her home, 2125 California Street. The party was chartered by Mrs. William B. Collier, and comprised Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Misses Harshorn, Miss Flora Low, Miss McPherson, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Allan St. J. Rowie, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. George Newhall, and Lieutenant Whitlock.

James Otis gave a pleasant dinner party on Thursday evening at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln entertained a party of friends at a dinner party, on Thursday evening, at her residence on Harrison Street.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months leave of absence on account of illness.

Major John S. Witcher, U. S. A., has been attending a general court martial at Fort Bidwell, Cal.

Major Edward Moore, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Clay, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months leave of absence to take effect next Tuesday.

Lieutenant George T. T. Patterson, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has had an extension of one month's leave of absence granted him.

Lieutenant Albert Gihon, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin Hotel.

Lieutenant Paul Barnes, U. S. N., of the revenue cutter *Richard Rush*, has been passing several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant C. C. Marsh, U. S. N., Lieutenant G. D. Strickland, U. S. N., and Lieutenant S. Cook, U. S. N., have been at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant J. J. Page, U. S. N., was in the city on Wednesday.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Adam Slaker, U. S. A., Mrs. Horrell and Mrs. L. S. Foster came over from Alcatraz on Wednesday, and were at the Occidental Hotel for a couple of days.

Miss Tompkins's Lunch Party.

At the residence of Mrs. Samuel Hort, on Jackson Street, Miss Susie Tompkins gave a delightful lunch party on Thursday of last week. Among those present were: Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Alice Decker, Misses Forbes, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Maud Howard, Misses Brookes, and the Misses Ashe.

The Wilcox Dinner Party.

Mrs. David Wilcox gave a dinner party last Tuesday evening at her residence on Bush Street in honor of her daughter, Miss Tullita Z. Wilcox, who recently returned from Los Angeles. Among those present were: Mrs. David Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, Miss Tullita Z. Wilcox, Mrs. Longstreet, of Los Angeles; Misses Arzuell, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Guy Longstreet, Mr. J. Griffiths, and Mr. J. Griffiths Jr., of Los Angeles; and Mr. Joseph Patrick, of Chicago.

The Goad Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad gave a dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Milton Glover, of St. Louis, on Thursday evening of last week, at their residence, on Washington Street. Among those present, other than the above mentioned were: Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, Miss Ashe, Miss McKinstry, Miss Minnie Mimer, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss McMullin, Major Darling, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, and Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie.

Miss Tallant's Card Party.

Miss Anne Tallant gave a progressive euchre party last week at her home on the corner of Bush and Jones streets. A couple of hours were devoted to the enjoyment of the game, which was followed by a number of dances and a supper. Several elegant prizes were awarded. Among those present were: Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Nettie Brown, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Flora Lee, Miss Grace Brown, Miss Eva Carolan, Misses Talant, Mr. Austin Tubbs, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. John B. Casserly, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Sturgis, U. S. A.; Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A.; Lieutenant W. H. Noble, U. S. A.; Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A.; and Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N.

The Fair Musicales.

Mrs. Theresa Fair gave a very enjoyable musicale last Thursday evening at her residence on Pine Street, to which a number of friends were informally invited. The feature of the evening was the appearance of Mme. Zelle Trebelli and M. Ovide Musin. The musicale was inaugurated soon after nine o'clock, and proved extremely delightful. During the course of the evening Mme. Trebelli sang "Noel" and several French songs in a charming manner, being in excellent voice. M. Musin rendered a few selections on the violin in his incomparable manner, including "Russian Airs" by Wieniaski, and his own "Second Caprice." In addition to this, Mrs. Henry Norton, Miss Jennie Dunphy and Signor Dusenzi rendered vocal selections; Herr Steindorff contributed some instrumental pieces on the piano, and Schor Ferrer and the Misses Carmelita and Adele Ferrer played a number of pleasing airs on the mandolin and guitars. An elegant supper was served about eleven o'clock, and the pleasures of the evening were then continued until after midnight.

Among those present were: Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mrs. Samuel Blair, Mme. Trebelli, Mrs. Gillig, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. E. W. Townsend, Mrs. Henry Norton, Miss Tessie Fair, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Lillie Jones, Miss Alene Ivers, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Carroll, Miss Hussey, Miss Lizzie Sinton, Miss Josephine Hale, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Adelle Ferrer, Miss Grace Porter, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. John W. Mackay, Mr. James Dunphy, Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, Mr. Harry Houghton, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A.; Mr. Harry Gillig, Mr. Samuel Murphy, Mr. Daniel Murphy, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, M. Ovide Musin, Herr Steindorff, Signor Ferrer, Signor Dusenzi, and others.

Photographic experiments now reveal extraordinary chemical properties in the sun's rays, while, strange to say, some of the rays are entirely destitute of this peculiar power. It has also been discovered that there are rays of light outside of the solar spectrum, and which are invisible to the human eye.

LENTEN LYRICS.

The Wail of a Lover.

In pious garb Clarinda goes,
Her satchel fits, 'tis tailor-made,
And on her head ashes-of-rose!
A bonnet of religious shade.

Her conversation, once so chic,
Is all of charities and slums;
Her bang looks out of curl and meek,
The curate now in favor comes.

The pompous fellow little knows
Upon what dangerous ground he's treading;
When Easter comes I'll pardon foes;
He shall officiate at our wedding. —Life

A Fair Penitent.

She wends demurely down the street,
With solemn gait, her quiet way,
From drooping head to sober feet,
And if she chance to lift her eyes,

Not for this world her glance is meant;
It vaguely seeks the upper skies—
Because it's Lent.

Upon her modest hat she wears
No warbler's corpse, for Fashion slain,
Nor any gaudy blossom bears,
But a brown ribbon, very plain.
I mind her costuming of yore,
Where art her proudest skill had spent:
Her splendid gown she sports no more—
Because it's Lent.

She shuns the theatre, party, ball;
Her concerts must be classic quite:
Her visits are informal all,
And she's abed by ten at night.
Her thoughts, to serious things awake,
No more on Ficion's charms are bent.
The latest tale she does not take—
Because it's Lent.

With purpose fixed she turns aside
From the confectioner's display;
And even ices are denied,
And frozen-pudding sent away.
In vain ceramic art ensnares,
And jewelers new gauds invent;
No money has she for such wares—
Because it's Lent.

She frequents early church and late,
And when she marks me at one door
She takes another, while I wait—
I never waited so before.
The poor and sick she goes to see,
With mind on charity intent;
She has no charity for me—
Because it's Lent.

Vet ever as she fasts and prays
A gentler loveliness she shows,
And sweetens in these quiet days
As in the summer night the rose.
Oh, would her lips devoutly part,
And give my suit a dear consent,
Or say—"I cannot have my heart—
Because it's Lent!" —Puck.

A Fair Worshiper.

Across the narrow chapel aisle
The yellow gleams of sunlight smile,
Through checkered windows stealing while
She slips responses;
Like truant schoolboys at their play
These straggling messengers of day
Deride the pale, reflected ray
From silver sconces.

Bowed in an attitude of prayer,
Her mellow voice floats through the air;
I see her kneel devoutly there,
With tearful lashes
Asleep upon the rounded cheeks,
Whose gentle glow in sunny streaks
Of this mild Lenten day bespeaks
Sackcloth and ashes.

I read a romance in the eyes—
The tell-tale tears she vainly tries
To smother—and the words which rise
The lips that tremble;
And somehow to my heart there springs
A sudden crowd of questionings,
Which seem part answered as she sings
The holy psalter.

Oh, happy torture! would I were
Bade you gentle worshiper,
Whose soft eyes shine behind the blur
Of tear baptism;
I feel my own eyes moisten, too,
The while I watch and worship you,
And think how hopeless love looks through
This tearful prism! —The Rhymester.

Thro' Forty Days.

Thro' forty days! Alack! each year
They cloud the social atmosphere
And bid us for a time forewear
Those joys, for which we do not care.
Society's dead, and Lent is here.

'Tis well Lent comes to interfere.
A loud and clamorous career
We have endured 'mid crush and glare
Thro' forty days.

Now stillness reigns; each drops a tear
Upon the gay world's sombre bier;
The while my aunt so fat and fair,
Of age two score, yet hopes to snare,
A wiser half. She'll persevere
Thro' forty days. —Anon.

Maidenly Musings.

If you want to know who we are,
We are maidenly all duty devout,
Since the gayeties vanish afar,
And the season of fashion is out,
In a languor of Lenten repose,
We penitents sluggishly doze,
And nurse our overtaxed toes.

In a riot of pleasures untold,
That naught could diminish or mar,
We caught the insidious cold
And captured the roving catarrh.

So now from a doctor of note
We learn of the dangers afloat
That threaten the lungs and the throat.

Yet we make up for pleasures that flee
With thought of the fair summer time,
And the far-away voice of the sea
Is blent with the dirges sublime.
In the meantime we care not to pose
As total abstainers from beaus,
Which you might incorrectly suppose.

We seek for resorts to beguile,
For anything harmless and new,
To banish if but for awhile
This sense of the *déjà vu*;
But don't think us solemn and "blue,"
In that that we think of or do;
You are wrong if you hold such a view.
—New York World.

THE INNER MAN.

About eight years ago Professor Remsen of the Johns Hopkins University was conducting some investigations upon the oxidation of certain derivatives of toluene, a well-known hydrocarbon obtained from coal tar. A part of the research he placed in the hands of a student, Mr. Constantine Fahlberg, who, working upon a given plan and under direction, obtained, among other products, a new compound, which received the name of "benzoic sulphinate." This compound, the "saccharin" of to-day, was found to have a sweet taste, much more intense than that of cane sugar; and an account of it was published by Remsen and Fahlberg, as joint authors, in the *American Chemical Journal* for February, 1880. It proved to be the type of a new series of organic compounds, which are still under investigation at Baltimore, and which have no relation whatever to the sugars. One member of the group, very recently discovered, is as sweet as saccharin when first placed upon the tongue; but an intense bitterness, comparable to that of strychnine, soon follows as an after-taste. The extraordinary sweetness of the benzoic sulphinate naturally suggested the question of its possible utility, either directly, or as an improver of the less sweet glucose. This question has been worked up by Fahlberg independently, who has secured patents, has made the substance widely known under its new popular name, and has begun, apparently, its manufacture upon a commercial scale. It has been found upon experiment that the sulphinate is physiologically inert, passing through the system unaltered, and doing no injury to the eater. Its cost must be considerable, however; many times over that of sugar, pound for pound; but its intense sweetening power partly offsets the expense of making. The diabetic patient, to whom sugar is dangerous, can use saccharin with impunity; and his life, therefore, need no longer be devoid of literal and material sweetness. Furthermore, saccharin appears to be a powerful antiseptic, so that it may be used in place of sugar, though in much smaller quantities, for the preservation of fruit. It may also serve to conceal the tasteless adulterants of sugar in caddies, jellies, syrups, etc.; and for other like purposes of discreditable character. As an adjunct to sugar it is likely to have positive value; as a substitute, it can hardly affect the sugar industry at all.

The *vins de graves* are properly those which are made on the "graves"—the gravelly tracts along the left bank of the Garonne, to the southwest of Bordeaux. The word *grave* denotes a coarse, rough sand, mixed with stones, such as are found on a river bank. Also, the French *grave* is in this sense the same word *grave*, and the much-too-well-known *La Grève* in Paris corresponds closely in significance with the Strand in London. *Graves*, as a name for wine, is best employed in the plural, although it is constantly used in the singular, and is the singular only. For instance, *Litré* himself gives, "*Grave*—A white wine from the environs of Grave, in the Bordeaux country." Now, not alone the best, but the vast majority of *graves* are red wines, and there is no such place as *Grave* in the Bordeaux country. The *Graves* district is a strip of about eight miles wide, running along the Garonne from Bruges, a village four miles below Bordeaux, to Podensac, twenty miles above it. The vineyards are classified, according to quality, into *graves* and *petites graves*. These wines keep a long while, and rival those of Médoc. They can not be said to be rougher, but their flavors are several shades louder, more pronounced, than those of the milder, more velvety Médoc wines. They are more tonic, also, containing a larger proportion of iron. These red *graves* are found mentioned as far back as 1415, the year of Agincourt, when the Mayor and Town Clerk of Bordeaux, setting out as a deputation to obtain from Henry V. a confirmation of the privileges of the city, took with them to grease the wheels a great quantity of *vin de graves*. In 1555 and 1556 the corporation of the town sent forty tons of it to the French Court, as presents for the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Connétable de Montmorency, and the Marshal de Saint-André.

Artificial oyster culture is largely practiced in China, and a bamboo oyster field is prepared far more carefully than a Kentish hop-garden. Holes are bored in old oyster-shells, and these are stuck into and on pieces of split bamboo, about two feet in length, which are then planted quite close together on mud flats, between high and low-water mark, but subject to strong tidal currents. This is supposed to bring the oyster spat, which adheres to the old shells, and shortly develops into tiny oysters. Then the bamboos are transplanted and set some inches apart, until within six months of the first planting they are found to be covered with well-grown oysters, which are then collected for the market.

Truffles in England are gathered at two periods: the white, which are odorless, and are sold for seasoning, in May; the black when hard during a month before and after Christmas, when they have acquired all the peculiar perfume, which frequently, by throwing the hounds off the scent, proves the safety of the fox. The size in England varies from that of a nutmeg to that of a hen's egg. The truffle is never found in low ground or soil covered with decayed vegetation, but where the forest yields light and shade, in open woodland districts, warm yet damp.

The keeper of the archives for the Hungarian county of Marmaros found lately, stowed away with some ancient registers, a packet bearing the inscription: "*Qualitas panis Marmarici in penuria, A. D. 1786.*" (Quality of the Marmaros bread in the year of want, 1786.) The bread is partly composed of oatmeal, but the greater proportion of it is the bark of trees. The county authorities have directed the specimen to be preserved in the local museum.

When Foreign Secretary Lord Dudley, dining with Prince Esterhazy, the Hungarian Cross, who used to strew Almack's with fallen diamonds (the London tradition says about three hundred pounds' worth every evening he attended), was put out at finding none of his favorite humble delicacy, he kept muttering in his absent way, "God bless my soul, oo apple pie."

In the United States there are 2,266 breweries, which produce annually 460,832,400 gallons, or over 7 gallons per head. In Germany there are 23,940 breweries, which produce annually 900,000,000 gallons, or over 20 gallons per head. In Great Britain there are 25,214 breweries, which produce annually 1,050,000,000 gallons, or over 30 per head.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Advice to Train-Robbers.

HEBER, Ark., February 18, 1887.

Bill Nye, Asheville, N. C.:

DEAR COLONEL:—Can you tell me if there is a good opening where you are for a live, go-ahead train-robbing, fourteen hands high and of good pedigree? The industry has been greatly overdone here. When train-robbing is let out to the lowest bidder, the profits are bound to be small. It might not pay in your immediate vicinity, as I am told that you are at a health resort, and I have noticed that where good health runs riot there is very little of anything else, but perhaps you know a locality where it would pay. I own eighty acres of the finest dormicks you ever saw, and I want you to tell me in bold-faced type, what is best for me to do. If you say so, I'll stick to the dormicks until the cows return to their domicile. The chattel mortgage of fate, however, is hard to raise on a flagstone soil. Yours truly,

M. R. WHITE.

Do not murmur or repine over your bard, macadamized lot, Mr. White, or seek to become suddenly wealthy by robbing trains.

If you are determined to go into the train-robbing industry, however, do not come here. This is no place for a train-robbor. You would not wish to rob an invalid on his way here for his health, and just barely alive; and I am sure you would not care to rob him on his way back, when he is strong and well, but penniless.

That is not the worst drawback about train-robbing here, however. It is the running time of the trains that interferes with your trade. A band of train robbers from Missouri came here five years ago, hoping to establish a branch of their great co-operative train-wrecking and robbing emporium; but they were not successful.

It is said that they established themselves up near Round Knob, armed to the teeth, and awaited the arrival of the train.

Time passed on.

At first they were not very hungry, and did not think it advisable to devour any of their number, but at last starvation overpowered good resolutions and reason; so one after another of the younger and weaker of the band yielded to the frenzied and famine-stricken fragment of the once buoyant and self-reliant company.

At last one night just as the moon clomb the picturesque step ladder of stars and looked down upon the wild and beautiful picture of glorified mountain and sombre valley; as the last colossal loiterer had returned from the distant revival, softly humming to himself "Come to Jesus," while a pair of Plymouth Rocks sleepily peered from the pockets of his army overcoat into the glorious night; as the ever-regretful pine of the Old North State gave back to the night wind a hopeless whisper in answer to its light caress, the last of the lusty robbers yielded to long exposure, famine, and the sharp, remorseless tooth of time. His latest fluttering breath went out upon the bosom of the mountain zephyr as a shrill whistle sounded from beyond the "truckle," and in less than two hours, almost before his body had become cold and rigid in death, the train, with a muffled rumble and grumble, and roar, with a mad shriek and a hot box, passed him in its resistless flight.

So you see, Mr. White, that there is no place to rob trains. It is too uncertain. This is a good place for health, but it is no place to rob trains. I can tell you where there are some good, robust chickens, or at least where they were an hour ago; but until the road here has more respect for its time-table, I would not advise a train-robbor in whom I felt an interest to come here.

I know that at times your dormick farm will look bleak and desolate to you, and you will madly yearn for more soil, but it is better than the enervating toil of sitting night after night in a cold culvert, wearing a set of false whiskers a size too large for you, and waiting for a train that may never come.

That is not all, friend White. Train-robbing is not now what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. More people go "heeled" now than formerly. And those who do not go heeled have no money.

In riding through Nebraska some years ago, I was awakened one night while in an upper berth by a train-robbor who was a total stranger to me. He did not move in our set. His weapon bobbed so, owing to his excitement, that I caught hold of it to keep it steady, and also in such a position that if it happened to get itself discharged the contents would go through a medical student who occupied a lower berth. The train-robbor seemed to think that I wanted to steal his nice new revolver, which he had no doubt secured by procuring two fresh subscribers for a child's paper, and so he resisted. We struggled there for half an hour, I presume, before I succeeded in robbing him.

A band of robbers, it is said, tried to rob a train bound north from Florida three years ago, and though they met with some resistance that was about all they did meet with.

One robber got a package of flea-powder, a set of false teeth, and a chestnut-bell.

Another secured a white vest, a buffalo overcoat, and a small wet alligator. He did not know that he had secured the alligator until two hours afterward, when a look of pain came over his face, and one of his companions removed him from the small alligator, which, it seems, had become very much attached to the robber by means of the brow of his pants.

Another got a diary for '73, an audophone, and a truss.

Still another got a cigar-case, a spectacle-case, and a case of small-pox.

In my opinion a man is a fool who will sit up nights and lose his rest in order to rob trains, when he can go to Congress and get in his little work on the surplus.—Boston Globe.

In the town of Jackson, Tenn., there is a shabby-looking house occupied by negroes, one of the rooms of which was, until recently, embellished with paper representing real estate now worth more than two millions of dollars. The four sides were covered with land grants belonging to one of the volumes of the Land Office for West Tennessee that has been missing since the war. Mr. John W. Gates, Register of the Land Office, has carefully gathered up these valuable documents, and will soon have them in shape for future reference and preservation.

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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1887.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the Argonaut had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the Argonaut to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the year we added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory—both to the other publishers as well as ourselves—that we again increase the list for the year 1887. We now place before the public a list of TWELVE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the Argonaut. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. But, despite these low rates, there is not a periodical on this list which is not worth by itself alone the price we ask for it in conjunction with the Argonaut.

Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class. Among the magazines, let us take THE CENTURY. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, containing one hundred and sixty pages (or more), with from forty to eighty illustrations. It has a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of these a large edition is sold in England, where it has been the leading periodical of its class for upward of ten years. The magazine was founded in 1870. In 1881 it took the name "The Century," and the name of the corporation which published it became "The Century Co." It has been called by the New York Nation "the best edited magazine in the world."

Another periodical which we have added to our list is the INDEPENDENT. It is a religious and family weekly, published in New York City. Although religious in its character, it is not denominational, but it is orthodox and evangelical in tone. The Independent is famous also for its minute reports of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies. The National Synods, Councils, and Congresses of all the evangelical churches of the United States are reported by the Independent in detail. This is not done in such a way as to detract from the amount of ordinary reading matter; when the Independent has the proceedings of these deliberative bodies to report, its sizesometimes runs from forty-eight to fifty-six pages.

Much interest has been caused in literary and publishing circles of late by the announcement of a new monthly, called SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the former publishers of the Century, then called Scribner's. The fact that such a firm was to undertake the enterprise proved that it would be a high-class magazine. And such is the competition among the leading magazines that the firm of Scribner's Sons determined to put the price as low as possible, while making the tone of the magazine as high as possible.

Among publications for the young, the IDEAL MAGAZINE is ST. NICHOLAS. It is so well known that all we need to say of it is to mention its name.

Magazines come and magazines go, but HARPER'S WEEKLY is ever with us. It always maintains its standard of excellence never falls below it, does not indulge in spurs, but steadily forges ahead. This is Volume 74, and it does not resemble Volume 1; nothing but the cover, and some of us are so much attached to that, that we would not readily see it changed.

Those of our readers who have taken WIDE-AWAKE during the year will not need to be requested to renew. It is still, as ever, the best of juvenile magazines.

A leading journal, not only pictorially, but editorially, is HARPER'S WEEKLY. It presents, in graphic and faithful pictures, the noteworthy events of the day, portraits of men of the time, reproductions of the works of celebrated artists, cartoons by eminent pictorial satirists, and humorous illustrations of the ludicrous acts of social and political life. Besides the pictures, Harper's Weekly is full of good reading. It always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, with fine illustrations. Its short stories are bright and entertaining. Poems, sketches, and papers on important topics of current interest by the most popular writers, and columns of humorous and personal paragraphs, make it interesting to everybody. It is a thoroughly able, instructive, and entertaining journal for the household. Its general news is well selected, its editorials are judicious and vigorous, its stories are of high interest, its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations are as famous as they deserve to be.

Every family should subscribe for one of the great New York journals. The daily edition is not needed by those living out of New York, but the weekly edition of a daily is. All Democrats should subscribe for the straight-out organ of their party—the NEW YORK WORLD. This paper is one of the best of the world of metropolitan journalism. When the present proprietors took it, three years ago, the paper had a circulation of 16,000 copies. It now has 250,000, and the circulation is still increasing. It has seriously cut into the circulation of both the Herald and the Sun, principally the latter. The Sun during the last Presidential campaign supported Butler; the World, Cleveland; hence the Democratic triumph made the World the party organ in New York City. It has ably carried out its mission. It is the best Democratic paper published in New York City. It makes a specialty of the newspaper illustrating so much in vogue now, and is about the only one of the New York dailies that has made a success of it—its artist, MacDougall, thoroughly understanding that kind of work. The Weekly World is a large eight-page paper, containing a mass of news, foreign correspondence, literary, art, society, and dramatic matter. Its critic is the well known "Nym Crymble" (A. C. Wheeler), who has been a favorite in New York for many years. Lucy Hooper is its Paris correspondent, Julian Hawthorne the literary editor, Joseph Howard

a free-lance staff writer, and T. C. Crawford the Washington correspondent. The World has cable letters from Edmund Yates of the London World and Henry Labouchere of Truth. It is the brightest daily paper in New York to-day.

All ladies who desire an illustrated journal of fashion, fiction, and domestic economy should subscribe for HARPERS BAZAR. Its literary merits are of the highest order, comprising serial stories, poems, essays, etc., from the most distinguished writers of Europe and America. Its brilliant illustrations reproduce, from the original electro-types, simultaneous with their appearance abroad, the gems of the best London picture galleries, the Paris salon, and the great English pictorial journals, and its humorous cuts are on a par with those of Life. Its fashion plates, of the latest Paris and New York styles, accompanied by well-fitting patterns and clear descriptions, enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by making their own dresses or superintending their manufacture at home. Its articles on housekeeping and cookery are eminently practical and useful, and promote economy in the household. Much attention is paid to the popular feature of decorative art, and many exquisite embroidery designs are given from the best sources. Its papers on social etiquette are of the highest interest. No topic is neglected that could be of value to the family circle.

Every Republican should subscribe for the organ of the party—THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. This excellent Republican newspaper is national in its aims and thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times, and a good Republican in any part of the country can hardly afford to be without it. In addition to its own country paper, its war stories, editorials, and special features are all of the best order of journalism. The Republicans of the country can not but be struck with one fact, that in every campaign with a national significance, and in every part of the country, one of their best allies is the New York Tribune. Its fighting, especially for the last two years, has been of a superior order. It was the first to expose the Pan-Electric scandal, and in the canvass for Congress, in which the Republican victories of 1886 have chiefly been won, it has been the Tribune which has laid out the successful line of battle. The Tribune is a faithful newspaper, an element of strength to the Republican party, and worthy of its great circulation. As a general newspaper for the family, and especially for the farmer, it has no superior. The Weekly Tribune contains the best selection of news, literary matter, and art and dramatic criticism of any Republican paper published in New York City. It is famous for its book reviews, and Mr. William Winter, the best-known critic in the United States, presides over its literary columns. Most of its literary matter is copyrighted, and can be seen in no other journal. Its writers are experts in their own fields of political economy, business, politics, criticism, general literature, etc. The Weekly Tribune is, without exception, the best Republican paper published in New York City.

Those who prefer a periodical for the juveniles coming more frequently than once a month can not do better than to subscribe for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is a sixteen-page illustrated weekly for girls and boys. Every line is subjected to rigid editorial scrutiny, in order that the paper shall contain nothing harmful, and that it shall be an effective agency for the mental, moral, and physical education of its readers. Its stories have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, without anything pernicious. Its articles on scientific subjects, travel, and the facts of life are by writers whose names insure accuracy and value. Its historical stories, biographical tales, etc., present attractively the most inspiring incidents in history and the early lives of notable men and women. In every number appear stirring poems, amusing rhymes, and ingenious puzzles, and occasionally articles on embroidery and other forms of needlework. Papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes have their place, while pictures of a conspicuously high order of excellence lavishly illustrate its pages. It contains the best literary and artistic work anywhere to be purchased. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

We have been extremely desirous of adding to our clubbing list an Art Publication. What has hitherto deterred us has been the extremely high price of most of the Art Journals—ranging as they do from Les Lettres et les Arts at \$2 a year down to lower but still high-priced journals, such as The Portfolio at \$10 a year. At last we have made arrangements with THE MAGAZINE OF ART. This, although the lowest in price of all the Art publications, is a journal of a very high order of merit. When we state that it is published by Cassell & Co., one of the oldest and wealthiest publishing houses in London, it will be readily understood that such a house could not afford to send out poor work over its imprimatur. For the coming year they will give, as a frontispiece with each number, an etching, steel engraving, or photograph. The publishers have added a series of representative full-page pictures reproduced in the highest style of wood-engraving. The subjects for these engravings will be carefully selected from the principal art galleries at home and abroad, the editor being guided both by the intrinsic beauty and the representative character of the pictures, while the assistance of the best American, English, German, and French engravers will be enlisted in the cutting of the wood blocks. In Volume XV there are over six hundred illustrations, of which seventy are full-page pictures. Among them are etchings, engravings, after pictures by Madrazo, Jean Paul Laurens, Burne Jones, Delacroix, Verestchagin, Botticelli, Boughton, and many others. No reader of the Argonaut will ever regret subscribing for the Magazine of Art. It is a first-class publication, and more than worth alone the price at which we offer the two publications.

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

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Postmasters and other agents will understand that these rates are clubbing rates, and for subscribers only. We can allow no commissions on these rates.

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco. In that city the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

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Those people who find a lot of comfort in comparisons have been raking up comparisons of the great actors of late. It has been pretty generally admitted that Adelaide Neilson was the great Juliet; Mrs. Siddons, the great Lady Macbeth; Ristori, the great Elizabeth; Rachel, the greatest of actresses; Forrest, the great Lear; Salvini, the great Othello; the elder Booth, the great Richard III.; and the Edwin Booth of our time, the great Hamlet.

No one has yet named the great Richelieu. Some there be who say that the great Cardinal died a second time when the mighty Forrest laid himself down after life's fitful fever. But all the world knows that Forrest loved to make a lion of the mighty prelate, while history gives him more of the craft of the fox. Bulwer made him romantic, and Booth makes him all three—and many things more besides.

No man is all fox, or all lion, or all diplomat. What we all are, depends largely upon what our temperaments come in contact with. But there! Psychology is abroad in the very atmosphere of late, and we have all ascended to such a high intellectual plateau that our heads are giddy with the rarity of the atmosphere. There is a kind of intellectual delirium raging, all fired by the Booth fever. One can not meet one's nearest friend or dearest foe without laughing forth at once upon a disquisition which so teems and bristles with learned things that it would seem a college of professors were talking.

I, for one, feel as if I were walking about on my toes on Alpine pinnacles of abstruse knowledge. I have been buried repeatedly into the very whirlpool of the souls of Othello and Hamlet, Richelieu and Macbeth, to come up struggling and spluttering and choking with adjectives. I would give worlds to get down on commonplace ground, and say, simply, and naturally, and comfortably: "Oh, wasn't Booth just splendid last night!" and breathe the rest of my ecstasy out in a big, round, relieving sigh. But I don't dare to. My little world is up to the clouds of analysis, and will bear no colloquial trifling about its idols.

I believe it is all the fault of the critics. Booth himself is as simple as nature. His slight, fine frame, his dark, wonderful eyes are there just the same, night after night. It is true that each night he puts a new soul into his body when he puts a new garb upon his back. But—ah, that's it!—these critics have studied him, analyzed him, plucked out the heart of this mighty mystery and set it before us in thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

Within a week not less than three critiques have been written upon Booth that are worthy a Sainte-Beuve or a Jules Janin. They have set the town a-thinking, and people are actually having an intellectual riot. People at last understand these men of Shakespeare just as well as if they were walking around among us every day, and we were in the habit of nodding a careless how-d'ye-do to them. Better, for what do we all know of each other? Our elbows touch, but our souls rarely meet.

There comes psychology stalking in again. Is there any commonplace, humdrum chatterer left who will have a good, old-fashioned talk with me, as people used to do, about those points in an actor which appeal to the eye—his face, his hand, his figure, his clothes?

It is curious, isn't it, how many expressions this strange oriental face of his can take on, for it is of pure oriental type. In Hamlet it is the intense meaningful face of the thinker—pale, romantic, poetic. In Bertuccio, it takes on curious curves—is pregnant with malice and bitterness, which slant through his half-shut eyes in the court scenes. How wide are they open, though they droop with melancholy or flash with hate in the pretty scene with his daughter.

This curious diabolic face, with the upward grinning curves, curves downward in Macbeth, and he wears his mustache long, sweeping, drooping, as a man might who would fain hide the treacherous secrets of his mouth. In Richelieu it becomes pointed, narrow, delicate yet strong; in Iago cruel, sharp, malignant, cold. It is not a matter of eyebrow, as a prominent dresser once declared great facial changes to be; it is a complete transformation of the muscles of the face, for out of Hamlet it is always by his voice that Booth is first recognized. Then his hand. Have you noticed that long, white, slender, nervous, supple hand? How happily it fits to the patrician elegance of his Richelieu, how nervously it betrays the restless workings of the soul of Macbeth, how nimbly and maliciously it makes horns for Malatesta. How it seems to grip things as if to crush them in Iago, and in the agony of Othello do not the long fingers in their writhings seem almost to be reaching for the white throat of Desdemona? Ugh! And yet it is not an Othello to cry "Ugh!"

against. It is a beautiful, suffering, tender, poetic thing. It is not at all the Othello of Shakespeare. He was here last February—a great, ramping, tearing Turk of a man, who was like a soothed lion in his love, and like a wild beast in his rage. I remember that he killed Desdemona in a yellow nightgown, which was a very oriflamme of the horrible, and that it took all the genius of a Salvini to carry it off well. But he had genius enough to have killed his Desdemona garbed in a Turkish bath-towel or a bathing-suit, if he had so preferred. These privileges are confined to the Latin race. An English-speaking actor would have found the yellow nightgown a professional pall. But the mighty rush of Salvini's passion swept us out of all petty sense of humor, and left us pale and breathless, and pondering a little where we had been when we left ourselves for a while.

When he came strutting in like Mourzouk, we all used to laugh a little irreverently, and declare that Desdemona never, never could have loved such a one. But Desdemona's little, puny love wasted and fell out of sight before the mighty strength of Othello's.

In Booth's version Desdemona does the most of the loving. For it is a curious thing that this wonderful man touches with a sure hand every note of the gamut of human passion but that of passionate love. This alone seems to be a silent key for him.

His love for Ophelia is a gentle, regretful, mournful love, from which the passion has all burned out. In Bertuccio, his love is the most exquisite tenderness of a father. In Macbeth, it is a curious blending of confidence, admiration, and a sense of some one thing that he can rest in. In Richelieu, it is a fancy, the one sunny nook in a diplomat's cold heart. In Othello, it is protection, tenderness, gentleness, affection, everything but passionate love.

But this is drifting into the current again. What I meant to say was that his Othello is such a pale, dark, Oriental-looking man, such a thorough Moor, that he might be that very Boabdil who sighed his last sigh in the hills of Granada, and passed into endless pathos in history.

Then there is such a picturesque sweep in his long, white gown, with its dash of vivid green, and he does Desdemona the honor of taking her sweet white life in a costume so befitting the coornity of the occasion that she must have had a passing spasm of gratification in between the chokes. For if the ruling passion he strong in death, could a woman gaze unmoved upon that marvel of Eastern embroidery with its skillful color-blending and its needle mysteries? Booth almost always dresses well, and it is a duty which an actor owes his public in these days of universal discrimination. Every one's eye is cultivated, at least a little, and aye crudity offends.

Rude a shock as it may give to those real art-lovers who walk with their beads in the clouds, the masses ask, "What did he wear?" before they ask "What was his interpretation?" I heard one enthusiastic young maid declare that he looked like a gazelle in his Hamlet dress, but she appreciated his soliloquies and his tender, touching scene with Ophelia just as deeply as the most seasoned critic in the lobby.

People have long ago given the company up hopelessly except Miss Vaders, who plays everything prettily and intelligently. The others are stilted, wooden, hard, and monotonous. What is the use of skirting the truth with compliment? There's not one of them puts one touch of nature into anything. They listen with impassive faces and declaim with impassive voices. "Richelieu" might as well have been played with Mme. Tussaud's wax-works for all the character there was in anything around the statesman. The more fools they for not profiting by the school they are in; but considering that the best companies—Daly's, Palmer's, etc.—are not made up of people of extraordinary talent, but of workers with such talent as they have, the principal trouble with this company would seem to be downright laziness.

Why don't they work like that good little company up at the Alcazar, which is getting to be a little top-heavy with actors and is a little short of actresses? But in a crude way, somebody is making a hit up there all the time. It is true that queer little charmer, Minnie Maddern, is playing Frou-Frou with a strong Western flavor, and the De Sartorys household generally is denationalized, but there is so much honest effort in it all that there is a queer kind of enjoyment.

And, as for work, who in all the land works so hard as little Ko-Ko in his wooing of the mighty Katisha? And what a pity that Clara Wisdom was not a voice, for she is the very pink and pearl of Katishas. And Carleton is the only Mikado who gives to the ruler of Japan that delicious Gilbertian touch which it so requires. And Jay Taylor has come out of his shell and is just the simple Nanki-Poo of the story, and sings it quite deliciously. And it is all so grave and punctilious and so genuine, that beside other "Mikados" it is a rare old Satsuma vase standing beside a clay kanger jar. BETSY B.

Marie Engle, the Chicago girl with the still small voice who was here during the last Mapleson Opera season, has been making quite a hit in London as Martha. Mapleson is giving opera at Covent Garden, at popular prices, and does not exact evening dress. The consequence is the good colonel is getting well upoo his financial legs, but he no longer hobnobs with the nobility.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Lewis Morrison begins a season at the Alcazar next Monday evening, playing the Count de Monay, in "A Celebrated Case." The Osbourne & Stockwell Company will support him.

Roland Reed will appear in his musical extravaganza, "Humbug," at the Bush Street Theatre, next week. One of his attractions is a "pocket edition of 'The Mikado,'" whatever that may be.

Mrs. Dion Boucault has been confined to her bed with nervous prostration, and Miss Georgia Cayvan has been playing her part in "The Jilt." The change is said to operate very beneficially upon "The Jilt."

Mr. Booth's bills for next week, his last at the Baldwin Theatre, are as follows: Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, "Hamlet"; Tuesday, "Merchant of Venice" and "Katharine and Petruchio"; Wednesday, "Othello" (Booth in the title rôle); and Friday, "The Fool's Revenge."

Booth, the other night, when called before the curtain after "The Taming of the Shrew," observed a property leg of mutton which had rolled to the footlights. He picked it up gravely, presented it to Miss Vaders as if it were a bouquet, and left the stage smileless as ever.

Mme. Trebelli is the mother of a daughter twenty-two years of age, Mlle. Bettini, who is one of the finest oratorio singers in England. She contemplates going upon the operatic stage, and is most anxious to sing the soprano roles in her mother's best operas. The spectacle will be an unusual one.

All London is on the *qui vive* because Mary Andersson is going to appear in Rotte Row. London is evidently under the impression that she is making ready in a riding-school. It does not know that Mary was "raised" in the blue grass region of Kentucky, and can ride like the Empress of Austria.

Every one is grievously disappointed to find by the announcement of the last week's programme that Booth is not going to play "Don Cesar de Bazan" and "Ruy Blas." Such taste of his comedy as he has given in Petruchio was not exactly what the people wanted, and they have been relying upon Don Cesar for satisfaction.

Edwin Booth at the close of his engagement will go to Monterey to rest for a few days, before again taking up his line of march. He has been playing since October, and his tour does not end till June. He will then rest until the following spring, when he will start out with Lawrence Barrett upon their joint tour, if present arrangements hold.

The Thompson Opera Company announced "Rudigore" for to-morrow evening at the California Theatre, but owing to an unforeseen combination of circumstances the season came to an abrupt end on Wednesday evening. In the language of the stage "the ghost walked, but he was tired," and so the theatre is to remain closed for a week. On the evening of April 3d, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will begin a series of new society dramas.

Mrs. Langtry is coming to California to spend the summer because she dislikes the heat of the Atlantic seaboard, and a California summer is so much like London weather that she will feel more at home here. She does not go to London because she wishes to leave a fair and open field to Mrs. James Brown Potter. Mrs. Langtry will take a house, because, although she has become thoroughly Americanized in the matter of mortgages, she is yet too English to be bappy in a hotel.

The Thalia Company, a large and complete German comic opera and comedy company, will open at the Baldwin for a season of a month at the close of Booth's engagement. It is said to be one of the best balanced companies in the world. All that they do, they do well. The three inimitable German comedians who were here with the Geister company return with the Thalias, and perhaps Geistering herself will fly out for a week or two. The chorus is large and admirably trained, but thoroughly German. They will open in "The Black Hussar," an opera which has never been sung in San Francisco.

Edwin Booth is personally known to comparatively few people, and is such a stranger, even in the streets of New York, that he is a sensation whenever he appears. He is a retiring, seclusive, and very shy man, and the family hearth has a strong attraction for him. He has been twice a widower, and has one fair daughter, "the which he loveth passing well." His affections and friendships are as strong as they are few, and he has no more idea of business than a baby. He is accused of always surrounding himself with bad companions; but he lost a large fortune and became a complete bankrupt in trying to honor Shakespeare with suitable settings. Shakespeare did, indeed, spell ruin for him.

Trebelli and Musin have gone to Portland and will go East by the northern route. Trebelli is due in London in June. She has sung in London every June for twenty-five years, and wishes to be on time for the twenty-sixth. Trebelli is well endowed with this world's goods, and, besides her country seat in Normandy, has a handsome town-house in Abbey

Road, St. John's Wood. Although a Frenchwoman by birth, she considers England her home, and loves the English people because they are so "faithful." Although Trebelli and Musin left in a blaze of glory, their testimonial concert was mismanaged with a completeness which left nothing in the way of mismanagement for further experiment.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending March 26th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee, Bill: Wednesday, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Cast as follows:

Sir Giles Overreach, Edwin Booth; Wellborn, John Malone; Mandell, Owen Fawcett; Lord Lovell, Thos. L. Coleman; Allworth, Charles Hanford; Justice Greedy, Charles Ahrendt; Tapwell, F. K. Harte; Amble, Harry O. Barton; Willdo, Charles Abbe; Order, Edwin Royle; Furnace, Volney Streamer; Waichall, Walter Thomas; Vinner, L. Henderson; Tailor, John Doud; Lady Allworth, Mrs. Augusta Quigley; Margaret, Miss Emma Vaders; Froth, Mrs. Sarah Baker.

Monday and Friday, "Richelieu"; Tuesday, "Hamlet"; Thursday and Saturday matinee, "The Fool's Revenge"; Saturday evening, "Richard III."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, "The Mikado." Cast as follows:

Nanki-Poo, J. Taylor; Ko-Ko, Chas. H. Drew; Poo-Bah, Jos. H. Greensfelder; Pish-Tush, Robert Braderick; Yum-Yum, Miss Fanny Rice; Pitti-Sing, Miss Alice Vincent; Peep-Bo, Miss Jessie Quigley; Katisha, Miss Clara Wisdom; Mikado, W. T. Carleton.

Remainder of the week, "Nanon." Cast as before.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Frou-Frou." Cast as follows:

Henri Sartorys, Frank Mordaunt; Brigard, T. J. Herndon; Comte de Valres, William Morris; Baron de Cambri, Harry Russell; Vincent, Emile Collins; Gilberie, Miss Minnie Maddern; Louise, Miss Annie Adams; Baronne de Cambri, Miss Mary Maddern; Pauline, Miss Ida Aubrey; Governess, Miss Fanny Bowman; Angelique, Miss Lora Hollis; Georgie, Master Richardson; Piton, L. R. Stockwell; Zanetto, Geo. Osbourne.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The May Queen." Cast as follows:

Bardoulet, Ed. Stevens; Bolivot, W. F. Rochester; Narcisse, Arthur Messmer; Macassar, Harry Gates; Gridoie, Henry Moore; Moulard, Henry Norman; Gros-mont, George Harris; Denise, Miss Helen Dingee; Eglantine, Miss Kate Marchi; Javotte, Miss Tilly Valera; Angelique, Miss Lottie Walton; Anjolette, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer; Justine, Miss Minnie Selden; Margot, Miss Julia Pfeiffer.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Acting Manager. Bill: "The Musketeers." Cast as follows:

De Brissac, J. K. Murray; Abbe Bridame, Wm. Wolff; Gouirar, N. Valera; Governor, H. Frillman; Louis, A. Randolph; First Monk, H. Bestie; Second Monk, J. Murchie; Marie, Miss Laura Clement; Lady Superior, Miss Genevieve Reynolds; Simone, Miss Laura Diggar; Louise, Miss Lillie Fox.

Theatre closed after Wednesday evening.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, Edwin Booth in "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Taming of the Shrew." "The Fool's Revenge," and "Othello." At the Bush Street, next week, Roland Reed's Company in "Humbug."

At the Alcazar, next week, Lewis Morrison in "A Celebrated Case."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The May Queen."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

Col. E. A. Belcher has set to music Wallace Duobar's "It's Vera Weel," making a very pretty little ballad of it. It is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and is for sale by Sherman, Clay & Co.

In the White Sea there is a fleet of six steamers which are owned, officered, and manned by monks. They ply between Archangel and the Island of Jolovetsky, where there is a monastery, and their business is to convey pilgrims to the island. As many as thirty thousand people annually make the journey between May and September, the only time when the island is accessible.

Fashions for Gentlemen.

Men nowadays try their best to appear as stylish as possible. To do this it is necessary to have a tailor who keeps a stock of goods to coincide with the latest fashions.

A suit cut according to the design of a fashion plate cannot be called a fashionable, stylish suit, unless the material selected is manufactured for this exact purpose.

On the 26th of this month a large assortment of spring and summer goods that have been specially ordered by the manufacturers in Europe to meet the designs and patterns as selected by the leaders of fashions, in accordance with plates shown.

Experienced clerks have been engaged for said opening day (March 26th), in order to be able to wait on customers. This firm having the facilities for making up large quantities of goods, it enables them to order patterns exclusively for their patrons' use, hence showing patterns not obtainable elsewhere.

The opening will be at 13 Kearny Street, by Gordon Bros., Merchant Tailors, who employ the best cutter in the city and pay the highest salaries to their help.

An Interesting Visit

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Triumph of Genius.

SULLIVAN TO GILBERT.

The name, to me, dear Gilbert, has
Become a bloody bore.
In want of any other thing
I favor "Ruddy Gore."

GILBERT TO SULLIVAN.

My dear Sir Arthur, your new name
Recalls to mind a piggery.
But ah! I have it. Happy thought!
Let's call it "The Ruddy Gore." —Life.

Her Invitation.

In the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow,
Quickly were the minutes litting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear—
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered,
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?" —Tom Masson.

Mudjokivis Mittens.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside. —Unknown Exchange.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

I do not like a girl that's tall,
A girl that's short is worse than all;
A girl that's still I would not woo,
A girl that's pert is odious too;
I sigh not for the girl's fat, fat,
And one that's lean is worse than that;
I would not court the one that's old,
Unless, indeed, she's got the gold;
And one that's young I would not wed,
For youth is fickle, so 'tis said;
I would not have a girl that's fair,
And one that's dark I cannot bear;
A girl of sense I could not rule,
And yet I would not wed a fool;
A flirting girl I would not take,
For she has heart would surely break;
A girl that talks from morn to night
I always look on with affright;
I find it very hard to suit,
Because of having so much fruit;
No pick bad Adam, I believe,
The only woman then was Eve;
But he no doubt desired her a prize—
He took her and lost her Paradise. —Norristown Herald.

Sbe Knew Him

She sat beside me at the play
In all her girlish loveliness,
While in the box across the way
A dowager in gorgeous dress
Sat, while the diamonds glittered bright,
On wrinkled neck and shoulders bare;
"Ah, were those gems my own," I cried,
"I'd find for them a place more fair."
"Sweetheart," I whispered, "need I tell
Where I would have those gems repose?"
She faltered not (she knew me well),
"Why, with your uncle, I suppose!" —Chicago Tribune.

How She Crushed Him.

They quarreled, as lovers sometimes will—
Vowed they'd be strangers evermore,
And never sigh, "It might have been!"
He called one day; she met him at the door.
He said, as he touched his Derby's brim:
"Miss Brown, is it not? Is your father in?"
She eyed him with a crushing grin.
And said, in tones his soul appalled:
"He is not; who shall I tell him called?" —Harper's Bazar.

Hamlet in the Bathroom.

To tub or not to tub, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the man to suffer
The stings and shivers of an icy sponging,
Or take up arms against a tryant custom,
And by opposing end it? To peel—to plunge
No more; not, fresh from sleep, to undergo
The dull ache, and the douche's frigid shocks
That flesh so shrinks from—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To lie—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream—no shuddering scrub,
No dismal thought of what cold chills must come
When we have shuffled our pyjamas off,
Need give us pause! 'Tis the respect for custom
That makes the morning tub of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and stings of cold,
The tumble out, the hasty ice-breaking,
The pangs of the first plunge, the heart's delay,
The tremulous knee-knocking, and the "turns"
That quivering ganglions of the shower-bath take,
When he at ease his morning wash could do
In tepid comfort? Who would goosle his bear,
To grunt and shake under a down-pour chill,
But that the dread of what the world would say—
That "unknown quantity," whose shadowy fiat
No fellow disobeys—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to comfort that we're wishful of.
Thus custom doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the sense and comfort of ablution
Are sacrificed to false ideas of health:
And Sawbones' saws and sanitary twaddle
Make winter's mornings frigid misery,
All in the name of cleanliness! —Punch.

French Without a Master.

Dear sir, I take my pen in hand to tell you my delight;
Your "French without a Master" came six weeks ago to-
night.
I've given it a thorough trial, according to request,
And do not hesitate to say it far outshines the best.

No longer must I stare as I have stared in former days,
When cultured people seated their talk with beautiful Fran-
cais;

I can't express how proud I'll be, no matter if I try,
If any one say, "Parlez-vous?" to answer back, "Ou-i!"
I like all Frenchy things; I think there's nothing else that
quite

So fits one for a place among society's elite,
And wondering strangers all admire the man and woman
that

Can read a hotel menu off with swiftness and eclat.
I feel my standing so advanced I think I'll have to drop
young Tompkins' attentions and inform him he's de trop,
For I'm convinced a college man with glasses on his nose
For one improved as I'm improved is far more apropos. —Judge.

CCCCXXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday
March 27, 1887.

Courtbouillon à la Créole.
Breaded Veal Cutlets, Fried.
New Potatoes.
Asparagus. Mushrooms.
Roast Chickens.
Indian Salad.
Cream Meringues. Lady Cake.
Fruits.

COURTBOUILLON A LA CREOLE.—Slice and fry some
onions in a saucepan, with sliced tomatoes, salt, and pepper;
clean and scale a rock cod; cut it into slices; put it in the
saucepan with the onions and tomatoes and some water, add
a little chopped parsley; cook till the fish is done; then add
a glass of claret or white wine; let it boil up, remove the
fish, which you dress in a dish, on slices of toasted bread;
strain the sauce, and serve poured over the fish.

CREAM MERINGUES.—Whites of four eggs whipped stiff,
with one pound of powdered sugar; vanilla flavoring. Line
the bottom of a baking-pan with stiff white paper, buttered
on both sides; place on this oval tin rings (buttered), the
size you want your meringues; when the meringue is very
stiff, drop into the rings, which should be very narrow, so
as just to keep the foundation of the meringue in shape;
have them half an inch apart; do not shut the oven door
closely, but leave a space through which you can watch
them; when they are a light yellow-brown, take them out
and cool quickly; slip a thin-bladed knife under each, scoop
out the soft inside, and fill with whipped cream.

United States Treasurer Jordan has been adding
to and perfecting his instructions to sub-treasurers for
the redemption of trade dollars. There will be con-
siderable delay in the redemption and payment of
these dollars. The capacity for counting the dollars
is only about one hundred thousand dollars per day.
They have to be received, counted, and, if found
correct, then certified to and paid. Hence the delay.
But a new and big cause of alarm among holders of
the trade dollar has arisen. It is that nearly all the
trade dollars coming back from China are mutilated
or "clipped," and these are only bought as hulkion,
and not redeemed for one dollar. The Chinese had
a habit, and it has proved a bad one, of "clipping,"
or marking with some of their outlandish characters,
each dollar that came into their possession. These
marks told of the character of silver and weight in
each coin. Thousands of the dollars have as many
as six or eight different Chinese stamps, or "clips,"
on them. All the mutilated are no good, except as
hulkion. Now, as the trade dollar was coined for the
Chinese, it is probable that a large majority of the
coin is thus mutilated, and that is what makes the
count at the assay offices so slow. Another scheme
of mutilation was the disfiguring of the Goddess of
Liberty on the face of the dollar. On some of the
coins sent to the Treasury, the poor goddess has
been almost denuded of her flowing robes, and
placed in awkward positions.

A Springfield, Mass., man has discovered what has
long been pretty well known—that the real mission of
the mosquito is purity. He had two hogheads filled
with water, and into one he put a lot of wrigglers or
embryo mosquitoes. The water free from the wrig-
glers soon became foul, but that containing them
remained sweet. So he concludes that mosquitoes
keep our swamps from becoming foul and pestilent.

There is a specimen in the United States mint
which illustrates how a coin may become famous
without the least premonition. In 1849 a law passed
Congress ordering twenty-dollar gold pieces to be
struck. One piece was struck. Something happened
that delayed the work, and the year closed. Then,
of course, the dies had to be destroyed, as no more
of that date could be legally issued. It is marked
"unique," was the only one struck and hence is
"priceless."

Interesting to Know.

A child seven years of age can operate the new No.
8 sewing-machine, it is so simple in construction and
so easy to run. Every lady should see this machine.
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dents wishing to study Spanish, French or any other
modern language. Pacific Business College, 320 Post
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— MRS. STENHOUSE'S BOOK. "AN ENGLISH-
woman in Utah" (now on sale in this city), should be
in every household; it bears the same relation to
Polygamy as Uncle Tom's Cabin to Slavery, and un-
der a different title would pass for an absorbingly
interesting piece of fiction.

The March Winds

Chap the face, but Rachel's Enamel Bloom not only
protects the skin, but improves the complexion. For
sale by all druggists.

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"I cannot very well do without them. There is nothing to
be compared with them."—Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton,
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 obtained. Write for inventor's Guide.

WANTED,

Back numbers of the Argonaut, December 2,
 1882, Vol. XI, No. 23, for which twenty-five
 cents will be paid at the office of the Argo-
 naut, 213 Grant Avenue.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Our recent trip through the southern part of the State, and a more recent one through the Valley of the San Joaquin, disclose the fact that in all the parts visited by us there is a multitude of Eastern people traveling about inspecting lands with a view to purchase. Reliable information from other sections—coast-line and northern—conveys the same intelligence. These persons represent all classes—from the wealthy family traveling in Pullman Palace and private car in search of agreeable homes, orange groves, and vineyards in advanced stages of improvement, to the poor man in an emigrant car, looking for cheap, unimproved lands where he may settle, and by labor carve out for himself an independent home; between these, a great middle class with limited means, seeking lands upon which to employ both their capital and their labor in procuring for themselves comfortable homes. Nearly all these land and home-seekers are Americans, or, if foreigners, they are of the agricultural class who are removing from eastern States to one where their hopes

of better climate and easier conditions of life may be realized. This is a class of immigrants whom we welcome to our shores without reserve. We have never indulged in the desire to invite to our State, or to the Pacific Coast, emigrants from any foreign land. Chinese, Italians, Portuguese, or Scandinavians, of the lower class, are to us equally objectionable. Chinese are, in our judgment, preferable to Molly Maguires who murder and burn in Pennsylvania, or Poles who riot in Detroit, or Russian or Polish Jews whose idea of thrift and prosperity is to overreach their neighbors by transactions on the border-land of crime, or by German or Irish whose highest ambition is to lead a life of villainous ease in keeping gin-mills, or by the refuse of any nationality who look upon dynamite, violence, and strikes as the best modes of alleviating society from the unequal conditions imposed by the fact that one class is economical, industrious, and mentally competent; while the other is lazy, shiftless, profligate, and criminal. These social distinctions have existed since long before the birth of Christ; they are marked by images and inscriptions wrought by the chisel on Assyrian tombs; they are designated in the modes of Egyptian sepulture before the Roman or Athenian era; the line of demarcation between the rich and the poor is seldom broken except by honest industry or superior brains, honorably employed; never by violence, intrigue, or crime. This has been true since the dawn of civilization; it was true before Buddhism, or Mohammedanism, or the system of Confucius existed, and the coming of Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, or Christ, gave very little modification to conditions of human life that seem to be fixed beyond the ability of any church or system of religious teaching to disturb. These unequal conditions have existed in all ages and in all countries—in the ruler days of barbarism and in the eras of a more polished civilization—and they will outlive all creeds and all governments, for, as they are founded in human nature, so will they exist with unimportant changes till some superior creative power shall see fit to remodel the human frame, give birth to a new soul, destroy old habits and appetites, and give to humanity a new, and higher, and better nature. For that time, that millennium of reform, we are not waiting, and are not wearing ourselves to bring it about or hasten its coming. In the meantime, we are looking out for ourself, our family, our State, our coast, and our country. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man puzzles us. At the doctrine of man's equality embodied in the Declaration of Independence we give pause, and we can only say, if the good God is the father of us all we have some brothers we do not like, and, brother or no brother, we will not willingly live in nearness to him, nor divide our earnings with him, nor permit him to blow us up with dynamite, nor come to California from Europe or Asia, if we can help it. So we say we do not desire any more European or Asiatic immigration; we do not want any further extension of our elective franchise; we would not see any more of our public lands sold to English lords, or pre-empted or homesteaded by European peasants. The heritage of our public domain belongs of right to our children and our children's children, and the statesman, or politician, or member of an immigrant society, or agent for the colonization of our country by foreigners, is, if not a fool, a most unconscionable knave, and ought to be punished by laws enacted for defining this class of offenses against our country. And now, with this brief preface, we return to our subject for the purpose of saying some things that are true, and offering some advice to Americans from eastern States seeking to purchase lands and make homes among us. Again we repeat, we have no advice to give to the wealthy Paterfamilias whose fancy may be caught with the pomegranate in fruit or the citrus in flower, or who seeks a villa residence beneath cloudless skies, or a winter resort in an ivy-clad cottage covered with climbing roses, in the midst of vines and olive groves; with this class of immigrants we have one sentiment in common—we desire them all to subscribe for the Argonaut, "price, four dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance," and then, if they should happen to find a fruit diet to cloy upon their appetites, or that the continuous eating of spring oranges and summer strawberries filled them a little too full of fruit acid, or if they began to tire of the eternal sameness of summer skies, or the sometime

dreariness of winter rains, and long for the four seasons of spring, summer, fall, and winter, with their varying attractions—tobogganing on snow-clad hill-sides, skating on the translucent ice, sleigh-riding muffled in buffalo robes, or the fun of a day sugar-making in maple-groves as the grass is springing and the buds are bursting, a month at the sea-side or with the farmer at the harvest-time, a week with gun or rod—if these wealthy people become cloyed with our sweets, and would go back to the corned-beef and cabbage or the roast beef and plum-pudding of their less luxurious climate, they can go back and stay, or they can shuttle-cock between the two sides of the continent, and buy their oranges, and dried figs, and maple sugar of the train boys. But for the working American farmer of small means, who visits our State for the purpose of honest inquiry for a new land where he can invest his money, expend his labor, and secure for himself more of ease and comfort from our softer climate and more productive soil, we have neither badinage or joke. He is making a serious move in life, and the greedy land-owner, the real-estate broker, the flippant and conscienceless newspaper writer, or the man in any line of business who would deceive him and give him interested advice, is doing an unworthy and unmanly act. We have said before, and we repeat, no sensible man buying land should, under any circumstances, take anybody's word for it, but should rely upon his own judgment, after a long and careful investigation. He should not purchase in one part of the State till he has seen and compared its lands with other parts. He should not make up his mind by looking over green fields and at running streams in spring, for the land that is attractive with green verdure, and the brooks that run with full banks in March, are sear and yellow and the streams are dry in October. There can be no better illustration than this very year. The great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, the broad plains of Salinas and Santa Clara, the smaller valleys of the north and coast range, are all now presenting pictures of beauty, and promise, and of abundant harvest. Yet every intelligent Californian knows that unless these lands have late rains there will not be a harvest of half average; and in very many places fields now looking green and beautiful will not produce their seed. There have been years in that greatest, richest, and most productive of all our larger valleys—the San Joaquin—when the jack-rabbit starved for lack of vegetation; we have seen clouds of dust rolling over the plains without enough of grass to keep them down. This was before the era of ditches, irrigating canals, and artesian wells, and before the plow had begun its work, and before fields were enclosed by fences. We have seen the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin when, from excessive rains and floods of melting snow, they were navigable from the foot-hills of the Coast Range to the base of the Sierra. There are thousands of running streams in winter and spring that are dry in the fall; there are ditches and canals which when the rains are falling and the snows are melting have an abundant flow, yet furnish no water at all later in the season. The visiting land-buyer need be in no hurry to purchase. It is a common dodge of the land-agent to represent the necessity of haste because some other buyer stands ready to secure the bargain. This is probably a lie, and the chance is that it is a conspiracy. Nearly all the land in this State is for sale. There are millions of acres awaiting purchasers, and those owning them are as anxious to get rid of them as the immigrant is to buy. A speculative boom is an injury both to buyer and seller, and it is sure to be followed by a demoralizing reaction; a healthful activity in real estate, at fair values and on honest representations, is good for both buyer and seller, and leaves a prosperous and healthy condition of things in the locality where property has thus changed hands. There are very great differences of climate, as must be apparent to all reflecting minds who consider the fact that ours is a State of valley and mountain, of sea-shore and hot interior plains, of sea levels and mountain heights, and that it lies between latitude thirty-two degrees to forty-two degrees north. Air currents and prevailing winds are governed by the physical geography of the country; we have thermal belts and frost belts. In one place, one character of fruit or nuts or vegetables may be successfully raised, while within a short dis-

tance—sometimes miles and sometimes rods—the same fruit will not grow or ripen. Soils are as variable as is the climate; in one place it is sand, another adobe, another rich alluvium; one spot is alkali, or cold, or barren; another, rich, warm, and fruitful; there are places where there is a sedimentary deposit five hundred feet in depth; another, where the bed-rock comes within fifteen inches of the surface; another, underlaid with gravel through which water pours as through a sieve; another, underlaid with clay impervious to water. We have swamp and overflowed lands; dry and desert lands; we have along our Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, tule lands, which, when reclaimed, are of inexhaustible and marvelous fertility, but till reclaimed, worthless; we have desert lands barren and unproductive, but which, when touched with water, are of wonderful richness and of seemingly inexhaustible fertility. The vine produces one kind of grape in one place, and another in a second, and the wine production is as variable and uncertain as the locality; in one section, the phylloxera is a deadly pest, in another comparatively harmless; in one region the apple and the pear flourish, in another they are destroyed by the codling moth; in one place the orange is sour and flavorless, and destroyed by scale, by reason of fogs or cold, in another it is sweet and luscious, and free from scale, by reason of dry air and warm nights; in one locality the raisin and fig can be cured in the air; in another, they will mildew, sour, and rot. And so we might, in detail, go through the peculiar characteristics of climate and soil, of sea-coast and mountain range, valley and mountain side; indicate parts of our State for stock-raising, for grain-farming, for grape culture, for fruit culture, but we have said enough to indicate how hopeless it is for any stranger to form an accurate judgment of what he wants, without long, careful, and patient investigation. Our land-speculators, land-agents, middle-men, and newspapers are as unreliable as they are everywhere—no better, no worse; but the man who is fool enough to lay out his money upon their statements had better invest his earnings in the Louisiana lottery and wait for the drawing.

The American party is not dead in California, nor is it sleeping. It has entered upon a resolute existence, determined to work out a great national political reform. Seeing the evils resulting from an immigration of foreigners of bad character, it is determined to do what it can in an effort to prevent Europe from dumping upon this country its pauper population, and to resist the coming among us of the discontented agrarian element and the political disturbers who, having no appreciation of the duties of citizenship, are constantly endeavoring to set law and government at defiance. This immigration the American party would check, and that part which has found domicile among us it would control by effective legislation and by the enforcement of existing laws. It would repeal the existing laws that give to future immigrants the exercise of political rights, and it would either refuse altogether the continuance of the privilege of naturalization of all men of foreign importation, or so extend the period of probation that they would be compelled to remain unnaturalized till they have had time to acquire a knowledge of their political duties, and until they have imbibed the spirit of our republican institutions. It will endeavor to secure the passage of laws making it criminal and punishable for any body of foreign naturalized citizens to engage in any political demonstration in aid or encouragement of political agitation in countries which are friendly to the United States. The American party—not seeking to proscribe any man of alien birth for his religious opinions, or endeavoring to restrain him in the exercise of any personal right—would compel him to an allegiance to our government, and to a line of political conduct recognizing no ecclesiastical dominion at war with the laws and constitution of the government of the State in which he lives, or of the United States to which he owes obedience and submission. A paragraph which appeared in the *Argonaut*, after the municipal election at Oakland, was written under the misapprehension that in that election the party had not done its duty, and that there was a falling off from the vote of the gubernatorial election. Our mistake was owing to the fact that we had confounded the vote of the city of Oakland with that of Alameda County. Wigginton's vote in Alameda County was 1,476; his vote in Oakland was 913; this election occurred in November—less than five months ago. The vote for Mayor at the election which occurred in March of this year was 1,358. It is seen by these figures that the increase was 445, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. in less than half a year, and this in the most intelligent community in this State. The average vote for Councilmen at this election was 1,400. The Councilman of the Seventh Ward, nominated by the American party and endorsed by the Republicans, was defeated by only 90 votes. Swift and Wigginton's united vote in Alameda County for Governor was 356 more than the entire vote of all other candidates; so that it will be seen to what extent the American party was knifed by Republican politicians. Fisher's vote for clerk, running upon the American ticket, was 1,400, a gain over the Wigginton vote of 487. At this election superhuman effort was made, and it was directed against the young party, which has

already become a terror to both the older organizations. They poured out money like water, and every device of partisanship was employed to defeat and destroy a party which, if allowed to become successful in these its primary efforts, is likely to effect national results. It will also be remembered that this new American party has arrayed against it all the politicians, nearly all the journals, and all the vast material interests that are identified with national politics. The men composing the American party are not politicians, are not office-holders nor office-seekers, but they are independent citizens; men of wealth, intelligence, and social standing; young men of honorable ambitions; patriots who have determined that neither editors, politicians, government contractors, party bosses, nor curbstone statesmen shall cough down, or terrify, or hinder them in laying, deep and broad and firm, the foundations of an American party on American soil. This party is not content, either, to hold the balance of power between parties, but to grasp and hold the reins of an organization that shall ultimately control the destiny of the American Republic. It is a small party to-day, but so was that of Christ and the apostles when they undertook to overturn and uproot Paganism from the world. It is growing and is destined to grow, because it is founded upon principles of right and eternal justice. We know that it is looked upon with contempt and treated with derision by the prominent politicians of the country, but, all the same, it will go on and prosper. It will grow in numbers and strengthen with its growth. The Oakland election is a significant fact. The American party will cut a figure in the next Presidential election. If it does not have a national convention and a Presidential candidate it will have power to influence the resolutions of the other parties, and compel them to choose candidates who shall not dare to make speeches in the encouragement of home rule in Ireland, or intrigue with priests and Jesuits for the Irish Roman Catholic vote in America. The ambitious statesman who can not discern in the signs of the times the coming party, who can not hear the tread of the coming host, who can not feel that the atmosphere is laden with the sentiment of patriotism which is American, is an obscene political ostrich for whose exposed part the Presidential chair is not waiting. In a few days there will be presented the names of one hundred and fifty gentlemen from all parts of the State as a central committee for the American party in this State. They will represent the intelligence, the political independence, the wealth and moral character of the State. When these names are announced and the party formed, it will fling down the gauntlet to the Republican and Democratic parties, to the press and the politicians, and challenge them to lift it as a signal for a conflict that shall not end till Americans have accomplished home rule for America.

In another column of our journal we print a communication from Mr. L. J. Rose, whose estate is one of the most beautiful and extensive in southern California. It has splendid orange, lemon, and olive groves; a magnificent vineyard with great wine cellars and costly improvements; stately, avenues of lemon and orange, and in its center a spacious and elegant family mansion. It has abundant water for ponds, streams, and bubbling fountains. It is an ideal bome of broad acres—how many we do not know; how many citrus trees in fruit, and how many vines in bearing, we do not know. But if the figures of Mr. Rose—if so many boxes of fruit to the tree, and so many trees to the acre, and so many dollars per box—are reliable, and there is no danger of scale or phylloxera, it seems strange that he should have sold this estate, as we are informed he has, to an European syndicate. We shall review the very plausible communication of Mr. Rose in our next issue, and we shall assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that there are lands in this State as fertile and productive as those of best quality in the southern counties; lands where the climate is equally salubrious; where better and more luscious oranges are grown; where every fruit that grows in the south can be produced in quantity and quality equaling the best; where superior grains and grasses are grown, and where the market for future consumption and demand is equally promising. This locality—which we promise to disclose, and upon the character of which we will risk our reputation—is not in a secluded valley nook, bidden away in the hills, but it is as broad and presents more acres available for profitable cultivation than are found in the three counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego. There is water in vastly greater abundance furnished at less cost, and the small orchardist, grain-grower, and stock-raiser may have water in abundance for a small farm at a cost for well, pump, and windmill not exceeding fifty dollars. The lands to which we will call attention are of perfect title, from government and State, and are for sale at from five to forty-five dollars per acre; unimproved lands—than which there are none more desirable in California—can be purchased for five dollars per acre; improved farms, for many years under successful cultivation, fenced and ditched, provided with barns, corrals, and houses of a comfortable description, and soil where crops never fail, can be had at from fifteen to forty-five dollars per acre. Upon these lands have been grown

oranges that have taken the first prize in the citrus fairs of southern California for three years in succession. It is a country traversed by streams from the Sierra, where it is wooded by inexhaustible forests of oak, fir, white pine, and sequoias; a country which is destined to be the home of millions of people, and which may be purchased for one-twentieth the price that, at the lowest estimate, property is purchasable for in southern California. This country of which we write we have visited; what we say of it is the result of personal observation, and for the truth of which we vouch.

While our dispatches of the past few days have dealt very little with European politics, it is not safe to consider that matters have reached any kind of settlement. All the Danubian States are in a condition of great uneasiness, and there are signs of the formation of a defensive alliance between the kingdoms of Roumania and Servia and the principality of Bulgaria, to thwart the designs of Russia in that direction. This shows that popular opinion in these States does not take kindly to the idea that Russian predominance in their political affairs is essential to their happiness, and offers little encouragement to M. Katkoff, and what is known as the Russian Panslavist party, in their aspirations to create a great Panslavist federation in eastern Europe, with, of course, Russia at its head. In other words, these little kingdoms having, at much cost, obtained administrative freedom, can not see the advantage of becoming component parts, on paper, of a confederation which would reduce them to the status of subservient and tributary provinces in fact. The truth is, that the fatherly interest taken by Russia in the Slavonian family of Poland, does not hold out bright hopes to the other families of that stock that their condition would be improved by being taken to the paternal bosom. And, after all, Russia's relationship with the southern and western Slavs—the Slavs of Roumania, of Servia, of Hungary, of Croatia and Transylvania—is nothing but a pleasant little bit of historical and political fiction. The population of these regions, though not truly homogeneous even among themselves, are more nearly related to the Poles than these latter are to the Russians; and if it were expedient to create a Panslavonian confederation and empire along the Danube, there is no social or historical reason why Russia should have any voice in the matter at all. Russia is properly not a Slavonian but a Tartar power, the Slav element having become incorporated in the body politic not by assimilation, but by accretion. The sympathy existing between the court of St. Petersburg and the Slavic race is of the kind that has been meted out to Poland for the last hundred years. It is small wonder that the other members of the family will have none of it. Turning, again, to Western Europe, we note that much vexation is felt in French diplomatic circles over the renewal of the tri-partite alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, the conditions of which are that all three will undertake the protection of individual interests, the infringement of which might disturb the peace of Europe. With this formidable coalition staring her in the face, combined with the fact that her infantry cannot be fully armed with the new repeating weapon for a good many months to come, it is safe to infer that France will not court a conflict, especially as it is well known that defeat means a further loss of territory, Corsica, Nice, and Savoy passing to Italy in the operation. The feeling, too, is gaining strength in Paris that the Government has been made the cat's-paw of Russia, and that power will not, henceforth, have so much predominance in the Cabinet. There is, also, a scheme on foot for dealing with Alsace-Lorraine, which has been hitherto recognized as an individual member of the German Confederation, by absorption into Baden and Prussia; a plan which it is hoped may have the effect of making these dissatisfied provinces more amenable to German views. The political agitation in the Parliament of England over the Irish question continues with unabated force. Gladstone and his lieutenant, Parnell, or we might, perhaps, he allowed to put it the other way, Parnell and his lieutenant, Gladstone, continue to manipulate their home-rule and radical members with great effectiveness in the direction of promoting disaffection in Ireland and defeating healthful legislation for all parts of Great Britain, a contest which, if the Irish party shall win, will be a victory over the law and establish precedents disastrous to the welfare of society, personal rights, and the tenure of landed property in all civilized governments.

With the movement to change the location of the San Francisco Postoffice we have no sympathy. There is no better place for it on the peninsula than where it now is. It is central for both city and country distribution. The point at the ferry from which all our avenue roads radiate is within two blocks. It is from this ferry that the hay steamers take their departure for every part of our State, and it is from their landing at Oakland, Alameda, Sausalito, and Tiburon, that the cars of every interior railroad take their departure. It is more central and more convenient to the business part of our city than any other location suggested. The delivery system of mail and the postoffice boxes for the receipt of all letters papers, and small packages, with the establishment of post-office stations in all parts of the city, is a complete answer

to the question of public convenience. The general Post-office should be near the place where ships, steamers, railroads, and avenue cars arrive and depart. The Government owns the site of the present location, and as it is an entire block of land, 275x412 feet, it is amply large for the accommodation of Custom House, Postoffice, and Federal law courts. It is nearer the business center of San Francisco than the City Hall, and will continue to be when the city contains a million of inhabitants. The agitation for removing the Post-office finds its motive in politics and speculation, and ought to be silenced by the expression of disinterested men.

It has been suggested that the boom now sweeping through Southern California is largely owing to the very fine exhibit recently made of our productions at the New Orleans Fair, under the management of Colonel Andrews, who so well represented the State on that occasion. If that be true—and we acknowledge the force of the suggestion—it demonstrates the unwisdom of not being represented in the American exhibition that is to be made this year at the Crystal Palace, London. All that California needs to attract attention, and to bring to us a large immigration of the better class, is to make our productions, resources, and climatic conditions known. A little money intelligently expended in this direction would be wisely and profitably spent.

The trial and conviction of the vicious young scapegrace Goldenson is a result which tends to give confidence in the administration of the law. The defense of insanity, set up as an excuse for his deliberate and inexcusable murder of a young school-girl, does not commend itself to the approval of an intelligent community. If Tanken Goldenson, the grandfather, and Marcus Goldenson, the father, and the characteristics exhibited by Mrs. Goldenson, the mother, and the brother Goldenson, are examples of the production of the Goldenson family, it is time that the race should be brought to a termination by the hanging of all of them whose insanity, forgetfulness, and contempt of the law culminate in unprovoked and deliberate murder. We have no sympathy for insane minds and ungoverned tempers which prompt their possessors to kill innocent and unoffending people. Society is not safe while such characters are at large. If they are not guilty of murder, they should be hung for being insane. We cannot but think that the action of the attorney employed by the prisoner for his defense, and of the attorneys appointed by the court, has been in the highest degree unprofessional, and if they had the eloquence of Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Brutus, they would have, in our judgment, expended it most unprofitably in the endeavor to shield this young hoodlum from the consequences of his crime. The conduct of Judge Murphy in the exhibition of firmness, patience, courage, and judicial dignity, meets the approval of every intelligent and honorable person who has followed this remarkable trial. The conviction of Alexander Goldenson for the murder of Mamie Kelly meets our approval, and we shall rejoice if the higher court does not disturb what we consider a just and righteous verdict.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Southern Boom Upheld.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am pleased to be one of your subscribers, and have no intention of stopping the *Argonaut* for the utterance of truths, although they may be unpalatable; but may it not be that your deductions are not based on facts, and that, when you understand the conditions that exist in Los Angeles County, you may change your views, and not feel the necessity to deplore the condition of the "unfortunate farmer of Cook or Carroll counties, Illinois"? As I know you wish to be just, you will, in consequence, be pleased to have me give you facts. I am well informed in regard to values and selling prices of lands and lots, for I am, and have been for the last six months, a buyer of both. To begin with the farmer, I may claim to some knowledge for I am one, and have all my life known much about farming. My early life and boyhood days were passed in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa. I have often been in Cook and Carroll counties, and I am aware that for fertility those counties rate with the best in all the Western States. There is much stock-raising and fattening of cattle and hogs. The production of corn would be perhaps sixty bushels on an average in that locality, and for hay, say two tons. Now let us see what can be done in this and San Bernardino County. We have lands here that are moist lands—most all the year and every year, and never requiring irrigation, and with no perceptible variation between one year's production with another, always producing never-varying crops, year after year. We have thousands and thousands of acres of such land in parts of San Bernardino and in this county, in localities like El Monte, Gospel Swamp, Los Nietos, and Santa Ana, where one hundred bushels of corn is an ordinary crop, and one hundred and forty bushels not unusual, and it will be as easy to get about one hundred bushels to the acre. In regard to hay, the growth of alfalfa is especially adapted to these soils, and ten tons an acre may be deemed an average. I have within the last three months bought about seven hundred acres in El Monte, half a mile from Savannah Depot, where we have eight passenger trains daily from and to Los Angeles and the East, and only ten miles from Los Angeles City. This land I bought in small pieces, from various owners, and it has cost me less than one hundred dollars an acre. In this one locality alone, El Monte, there are perhaps ten thousand acres of such land which can now be bought for from \$50 to \$125 an acre, in even small tracts, of say twenty acres. Then again we have large districts of rich valley lands that have not this condition of perpetual moisture, but require more or less irrigation to produce alfalfa, and, in some years, corn. The lands are the bottom lands, lying along the Santa Ana, San Gabriel, Los Angeles, and Puentea rivers, and are rich sedimentary deposit, rich in humus and mold, and produce large crops of almost every farm product that can be grown in the world, and, with irrigation, with never-varying quantity of yield, with no good seasons or bad seasons; no dry season or wet season, such as are the continued varying conditions of the Eastern States. It is true, irrigation is an expense, but this outlay is more than compensated for by the fertilizing quality of water, for lands that are irrigated remain fertile forever.

These lands can be bought from \$75 to \$100 an acre. I do not wish, however, to be understood as meaning that all these lands can be bought at such a price, for there are localities which may sell for four times as much, as there are some colonies or towns scattered along the water-courses, and also by reason of subdivision making specialties in raisin, orange, or other fruit-growing; by prospective values as possible centers of other towns, a higher and possibly fictitious value may now and then prevail; but I do mean to say that lands for farming can be bought by your Cook and Carroll county farmer, of as good quality as any other land in this county or the world, for \$100 an acre, and he can have railroad facilities that are superior to any average locality in Illinois. So, too, in regard to schools, churches, and society. He is near an ocean, and he can ship staple and fruit products to any part of the world, and have fruit of his own growing every day in the year; he can fatten double the number of cattle to the acre; he can rear sheep, pigs, or horses with half the labor and double the pleasure; he has a market which pays more for every product that he produces. Then when you come to climate there is no comparing. The farmer in Illinois works all summer to produce feed to keep his stock from dying in winter. He has to more carefully house stock there; in fact, he does not house them here one day in the year, ex-

cept some pet or fancy article. The Illinois summers are hot, and not uncommonly by chills and fever and other malarious diseases. The winters are cold, the winds sweeping the series with penetrating cold; the springs are attended by slush, and roads are impassable on account of mud. Here, he lives in perpetual sunshine. There is scarcely a day in the year that does not make it enjoyment to be out of doors. The ocean breeze tempers the summer heats, and brings with them health, vigor, and strength. The nights are cool, and each morning brings an awakening of perfect rest and renewed energy, and the farmer begins the day with sun on his heart as well as on his head. He looks out over his pasture clothed in perpetual green, and sees his kine, in fat and lazy contentment, chewing their cud; he sees his lambs and colts capering and frolicking with the excess of animal spirits, begotten by an abundance of never-varying nutritious food, and their mothers with ever-watching eye nipping the tender alfalfa.

If this be true, how can the Illinois farmer lose by selling and buying here? Of course, if he paid \$100 an acre for his mesa lands and sold it for \$45, there must be some reason for your solicitude; but this year price is one of the agitation and not founded on truth, whereas mine is the true state of facts. It is true we have uplands, mesa lands, the slopes of the Sierra Madre mountains, like the land about Pasadena, where lands in small quantities of from one to ten acres sell from \$1,000, or even higher, an acre; but these lands are not bought for their intrinsic value, a value based on production, any more than are the lots of choice localities in your city. These places are bought for homes by people who have means to gratify their wish to build beautiful houses and cottages, and surround them with beautiful lawns on which fountains play their spray continuously, and make miniature rainbows in the perpetual sunshine. There they plant the rose, the violet, the daphne, the heliotrope, the cape jasmine, the fuchsia, the geranium, the camellia, the magnolia, and the orange, and their fragrance and beauty are feasts every succeeding day. Morning is announced by the singing of the birds, and at night the moonlight is made vocal by the mocking-bird. Overhead there is that peculiar blue of our sky; to the west is the Pacific ocean, which can be seen at a distance, glancing back the sunshine with the continuous play of its waves. The background is the Sierra Madre, around whose peaks the eagles are circling and floating in their motionless soaring. Old Baldy, the highest peak of them all, seems to assert his age, as evidenced by the greater growth of his cap of snow.

Now, I ask you, are such conditions worth paying for? Are people foolish to buy such luxuries and realities for enjoyment? And all this is accompanied by a large number of people of refinement, of education, of independent circumstances, and each vying with the other as to who shall have the nicest grounds and houses; thus they not only enjoy the beauties of their own grounds, but those also of their neighbors and acquaintances. Aside from their own homes, their own mountains, their own locality, there are always other homes. There is a hotel full of cultured people on pleasure bent. By stepping on the cars almost every hour of the day, you can be in the City of the Angels in a half hour, and Los Angeles is getting to be a pretty fair makeshift of a city. In another hour you can be at the ocean, with the white-capped waves rolling before you, and hotels where every luxury can be obtained. If Pasadena be uncomfortably warm on exceptional summer days, in a short hour one can go where wraps are desirable.

I will not institute comparisons, for they are said to be odorous, nor am I one of those who believe all good belongs to Southern California. Many of these advantages are common to all parts of California, and every part of California, and the condition flowing therefrom is a great improvement as compared with any part of the Eastern States. If we are the fortunate ones now, if this especial boom now here is the result of accident, if we are nearest to the material that makes booms, then I hope we will not for that reason be the object of envy or have any one pick at us in a feeling of unfriendliness, for it may be taken as a certainty that if people continue to come here in increased numbers yearly, that other places of merit, other places that are adapted for the growing of oranges, other places with desirable climates, will be found and will be occupied by the intelligent and appreciative public.

One fact should be evident to every citizen of San Francisco: that the boom here—in fact, all booms in any part of California—will be of great advantage to San Francisco. For, as it was said, "all roads lead to Rome," so, too, in this State, on this coast, all roads lead to San Francisco. Every one who comes to this State for pleasure is sure to go, too, to San Francisco, and the prosperity of every town contributes to its accumulation again to the chief city of California. San Francisco is feeling this pulsation of new blood continually entering the gates of Los Angeles, and all the advantages and improvements of value are the direct result of this boom of the southern counties. You should help us boom, for you are the gainer equally with ourselves. Were it possible to make Los Angeles a city equal to San Francisco, even then there would be no ground for envious feelings, for the prosperity of the one would always add prosperity to the other. That we have a boom is fortunate for every nook and corner of this State. If the people of the United States recognize the superiority of any particular part of California over any other part, and the winter season, then this belief should be encouraged, and when once here this boom will spread to every part.

As to lots selling in Pasadena for \$1,000 a front foot, that, also, is very wide of the mark. Take the two principal blocks in that city, and lots can be bought for \$225 and even less a foot. There are, perhaps, four corners—the most desirable corners—which may be held at \$500 a foot, but these are occupied by banks and business houses, some of which cost, perhaps, a hundred and a hundred dollars, and such corners would rent for nearly as much as your best localities in your city. All this is not based upon a transient boom; the circumstance may be cited that there are four banks in Pasadena with an aggregate deposit of over two millions of dollars.

But to come back to your editorial of March 16th. In speaking of the estate of J. J. Baldwin—which is a very valuable one—the impression was conveyed that he holds his land at \$500 an acre, and that there are a few fag-ends around the borders that he would consent to take this price for. As to this statement, it is boom talk, and not fact. It is true that much of Santa Anita, a part of Mr. Baldwin's estate, is selling for that price or more in small tracts of ten acres to town lots, for there are several towns of much beauty and some pretension located on that. This rancho is located on the slope and at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where the climate is most perfect, the locality most sheltered, with splendid roads; no difference what rain falls, they are always clean and hard, as the peculiar granite soil absorbs the water and makes no mud and little dust. It is the land best suited for the growth of our highest-flavored and brightest-colored fruit, and especially adapted for growing superior oranges and grapes. This land is not equal to the great bulk of Mr. Baldwin's land, which lies lower in the valley, for the growing of wheat, barley, alfalfa, corn, potatoes, cabbages, and like farm products, yet this land would not sell for one-sixth of the first land mentioned. The one is used for fancy purposes, the other for farming. It may not be generally understood by you or your readers that in the southern counties not even part—not even the greater part—of our lands are adapted to successfully grow oranges, and we have localities that would not even grow the tree. From this it may be assumed that the localities for growing oranges north will be circumscribed and not general.

When you say that there are no twenty acres in California that will yield, with labor, and limited labor, a subsistence for an American family of six, then you are greatly in error. Take our favored localities at the base of our mountains, and, with water, \$500 an acre for oranges would not be an extravagant income. In fact, I believe every mature orange orchard at Riverside will exceed it. Look at it: An acre planted twenty feet apart, makes about seventy-five trees; it is a very conservative estimate to say that each tree will average five boxes to the tree, making three hundred and seventy-five boxes; these at \$1.35 a box, without a box, would make \$500, and no oranges can be bought at Riverside, even for seedlings, at that price; in some of the finer varieties the price runs up to \$1.50 a box. You may say these are exceptional prices, but they are not, and as to yield, I have acres that have produced this much year after year. Now this would be certainly a princely income, and it is only exceptional as to locality, for with the best locality this can be made a uniform fact. Do not wish to say that all is *couleur de rose*. There are troubles here, as everywhere else, and the scale insect is the greatest, but even this can be overcome. Again, grapes can be grown; also, many kinds of early vegetables for shipping, and an income of \$500 an acre would not be unusual. Please to note that we have no phylloxera here. I admit this, as a rule, is not a favorable country for a poor man to come to, for it is not like the estates that are settled by pioneer farmers where land could be had by pre-empting. Here it takes money to begin with, and an especial adaptability, and perhaps education not possessed by the ordinary farmer. On the other hand, there are possibilities here for one adapted to the peculiar fruit-growing industry of our country, which could not be found in the Eastern States.

Our conditions and our immigration are different from all former settlements of any country. The people who come here and pay these high prices for small pieces of land are invalids, retired business men, people of leisure, and lovers of the beautiful; all, as a rule, are educated and people of means. Out of a population of sixty millions of people, one million may be found whose inclination and fortunate circumstances will bring them to California to enjoy our cloudless skies, our uniform temperature, both winter and summer, and our health-giving climate. This million of non-producers will require, for their support, the work to furnish their apparel, to produce their food and drink, to build their houses, to teach their children, and to supply them with necessities and luxuries. This stream of tourists is a fixed fact, and as long as our climate remains the best in America, we may expect, year by year, an increased number, all of whom produce nothing, but leave their money for food and articles of luxury, all of which will again require population to furnish. California, no doubt, will become in time the most densely populated country on this continent. L. J. ROSE.

SUNNY SLOPE, Los Angeles Co., March 27, 1887.

Charles Dudley Warner, speaking of the famous six-mile cut through the mountains into the valley of Mexico, says: "It is not picturesque, the walls being of hard earth, with little rock visible. This cut was first made by the Indians, as a drain for the valley. People have wondered what they did with the excavated earth. Acquaintance with the Indians suggests the explanation that they kept most of it on their persons. They are no longer attached to the soil as peons, but the soil is attached to them, and most of them are dirty enough to be called red estate."

An advertisement in a French newspaper: "Fritz N—, an experienced accountant, desires a place as a cashier. In the interest of the security of patrons he would state that he is afflicted with two wooden legs."

THE LATEST VERSE.

Her Photograph.

A picture of a dark-eyed girl
With pensive, thoughtful air,
Whose pure sweet face looked from beneath
Its frame of misty hair.

My heart was captured by her face;
I loved her at first sight;
"Sweet maid," I whispered, "let me be
Your own true chosen knight."

And then I tried to find my queen,
I sought her near and far;
Her pictured face shone on my path
And was my guiding star.

But oh, how can I tell the grief,
The bitter grief to me,
When I found out, beyond a doubt,
There wasn't any *she*!

For this sweet picture that I loved
(Kind reader, do not laugh!)
Turned out to be a very good
Composite photograph!

And the fair girl whose pensive eyes
Had made my pulses stir,
Did not exist, or rather there
Were forty-nine of her!

One woman's face was in my mind—
How could I then divine
That I, while faithful to one love,
Was true to forty-nine?

O Science! You have done this thing,
On you I lay the guilt;
You've made my honest love appear
Like any crazy-quilt!

And this one thing I ask of you,—
Can you, with all your art,
Unite these forty-nine poor bits
And give me back my heart?

—Bessie Chandler in *April Century*.

The Enchantress.

In a land beyond the ocean,
In the ages long ago,
Lived a lady like a lily,
With a breast and brow of snow.
From far countries, kings and princes
To behold her beauty came;
And it pleased her that they loved her,
To whom love was but a name.

Gallant knights with plumes and pennons,
Pallid beggars at the door—
On whomsoever fell her glances
They were lost forevermore.
And they died of hopeless passion,
Or they lived her abject slaves;
So the air was full of sighing,
And the billows thick with graves.

But one day unto the gateway
Of her palace came a youth,
With a length of golden tresses
And a face as true as truth.
Not to pay her beauty homage,
And to fall beneath its spell,
Did he come; but he was weary,
So be rested by the well.

Riding forth that summer morning
With a merry cavalcade,
The enchantress saw him sleeping
By the fountain, in the shade.
As she passed with tinkling harness,
She looked down in sweet surprise,
And he lifted silken lashes
From his blue and starry eyes.

All that day with knights and maidens,
Through the forest arches dim,
Rode she in a happy silence
And a blissful dream of him.
And at eve returning, eager
Leading forward from her place,
Sought the gleam of golden tresses
At the crystal fountain's base.

But its waters sparkled coldly
To the moonbeams, chill and wan,
And a nightingale sang o'er it,
But the youth—the youth was gone!
Yet upon his stony pillow
He had carved in letters deep
"Love"—his name—and to her chamber
The enchantress passed to weep.

Nevermore beneath the eagles
O'er the gateway carved bold,
Rode she forth to pain or pleasure,
Rode she forth in heat or cold.
But she paced the narrow limits
Of her marble courts by day,
And upon a restless pillow
Wept the weary night away.

Travelers passing by the portal
Used to tell in after years
Of a wan and white-haired woman
Wasted with a life of tears.
Aged crones would wisely whisper:
"Through the land her praises rung,
And men called her the enchantress,
In the days when we were young."

—Minna Irving in *April Century*.

My Grave.

For me no great metropolis of the dead,—
Highways and byways, squares and crescents of death,—
But, after I have breathed my last sad breath,
Am comforted with quiet, I who said,
"I weary of men's voices and their tread,
Of clamoring bells, and whirl of wheels that pass,"
Lay me beneath some plot of country grass,
Where flowers may spring, and birds sing overhead:

Whereto one coming, some fair eve in spring,
Between the day-fall and the tender night,
Might pause awhile, his friend remembering,
And hear low words breathed through the failing light,
Spoken to him by the wind, whispering,
"Now he sleeps long, who had so long to fight."
—Philip Bourke Marston in *April Lippincott*.

DUTCHY'S PARTNER.

That was what they always called him—though, perhaps, no one knew why the old man's individuality was thus lost in that of his partner, or by what freak of fate his name had passed away without waiting for the formality of a headstone. True, he and Dutchy were inseparable friends; you seldom saw one without the other. They worked together on the "Gentle Annie" (as their claim was called), had their occasional debauches together, did nothing together—if sitting in the sun and gazing thoughtfully at one's surroundings can be called doing nothing—and finally, were together in incurring the disapproval of the inhabitants of Dry Gulch. Yet, save this contemplative quality, the two men seemed to have little in common.

Dutchy was rather portly. His grizzled mustache had a jaunty upward twist, and he carried his sixty years with a dignified air which contrasted strangely with his trembling hand and general broken-down appearance. He claimed connection with an old New York family, and also claimed to have brought the first whisky into Dry Gulch.

"Yes, sir," he would say, straightening up and twirling his mustache, "the first barrel that ever came into Dry Gulch was rolled down the hill there, an' I rolled it."

But Dutchy's efforts for the benefit of his fellows had not ended here. His florid complexion seemed to permeate his entire nature, affecting even his conversation, and giving all his plans and views a sanguine character. Many were the schemes that he had devised, only to see his projects fail for lack of proper encouragement. This visionary tendency of his had led his contemporaries to be somewhat suspicious of him; and, in general, his partner was the only one who suffered through these altruistic efforts.

The other man, on the contrary, had little faith in anything. Though he allowed himself to be led by Dutchy, his position was not that of a believer. His entire attitude seemed a continual though passive protest against the hollowness and insufficiency of all things.

"Nothing's what it's cracked up to be," was the phrase with which he was wont to sum up his views of life and its affairs.

He was a quiet, unobtrusive sort of man, with mild blue eyes and a beard flecked with gray. His associates always held that he would have made a good poker-player.

"He's got that kind of a face, an' he's deep; he never gives himself away," said one of his friends, bemoaning the talents thus wasted; "but he's shifless, an' han't got no ambition."

Such were the two men to the vulgar gaze of their confrères; and the general impatience of names and titles that had changed J. Schuyler Van Rensselaer to "Dutchy" had entirely ignored the patronymic of his humbler companion. Yet no one knew much about them, or thought of them as ever having been different from what they then were.

Both had come from the East in early days, and had apparently left no friends behind; though the name of their mine was by some supposed to indicate a sentimental memory. It was reported—on rather questionable authority—that Dutchy had been with Walker in Nicaragua; but of his partner not even so much as this was known; and it was left for their celebrated tunnel scheme to bring them prominently before the public.

Though now forgotten, this project once promised to raise Dry Gulch to all its former glory. Like most old mining camps the place had fallen to decay. The floods of immigration came and went, leaving their traces behind, as the water is left in every little hollow after some sudden freshet; the pools stagnate in the sun; the green mold settles on everything. So with old mining towns; they seem to live only because of the hurrying tides of life that once swept through them. The inhabitants, too, are given over to a sort of intellectual dry-rot. They seem to realize that they are out of the world; and, beyond the mere necessities of existence, worldly things have little charm for them.

Dry Gulch was pre-eminently one of this class. Set in a hollow of the hills, its one irregular street followed the curve of the ravine; its scattered houses were strung along the muddy creek, just as the miners' tents and cradles were in that memorable winter of '49; for in the spring, when brick fronts took the place of canvas, there was no time to change, and the old order was preserved. As it now stands, nothing could be more desolate than the old town. And yet, as though in compensation, still hands are busy about it; the manzanita and chaparral, reasserting their old dominion, have stolen through walls and fences, and have covered the scarred gulches with sober green and gray.

It was in the winter of '70 that Dutchy first thought of tunneling the Poverty Point.

"I tell yer it's a big thing," said he one day, as he unrolled the plan of the proposed tunnel and spread it out on the table, placing an empty bottle on one corner and a yeast-powder can on the other.

The drawing represented the transverse section of a hill, with all its formations—geological, mineralogical, and what not—exposed to the gaze of the curious, as the various ingredients are displayed in a slice of fruit-cake. There were numerous quartz veins rich in washes of yellow ochre; proposed excavations, whose cavernous depths were gloomy with India ink; in a word, all the attractive features with which the mining "expert" invests the most unpromising locality.

"Maybe the ledges are a leetle too thick," Dutchy suggested, after viewing the drawing critically. "Looks like too dam good a thing. Might be a good idea to knock out a few o' them leads down towards the mouth of the tunnel, eh?"

His partner nodded assent, but did not speak. He seldom spoke, and when he did he raised his voice slightly, as deaf persons are wont to do.

Dutchy crossed out a number of ledges in the first five hundred feet or so of the tunnel.

"There, that looks more like it; there's just enough left now to encourage capital to push on," he said, noting the result complacently. "An' when they begin they must push on; for there's no use o' havin' the tunnel unless it's put through the whole twenty-five hundred feet, an' taps the Gentle Annie an' the Crown o' Glory an' all them mines as has paid big."

Again his partner nodded, and Dutchy continued: "Now, all we want is capital an' somebody that'll not be afraid to spend a few thousand before realizing on the investment—somebody like Bliss down there at the Harmon. He treats a mine just as he would a man. He says, mine, you owe me so much, or I owe you so much, just as the case may be. In that way he gives the mine a chance; an' I tell yer, you've got to give a mine a chance. That's the reason I like English capitalists; they are not so dern skeery. Now, there han't sand enough in this community to take holt of an enterprise like this. No, sir, there's no capital goin' into this but English capital. An', then, when we get some o' them fellows to take holt of the thing, you het she'll boom."

"I guess the Gentle Annie's good enough for me, without waitin' for any English capital," his partner said.

"What, yer han't goin' to drop the enterprise, are yer?" Dutchy exclaimed.

Then he proceeded to dwell upon the advantages of the scheme. He feigned more concern at his partner's lack of interest than he really felt. The old man often objected to things on principle—abstractly, you might say—yet still gave them his support; and Dutchy had little doubt of the ultimate result.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "when we get the thing well started, of sendin' East for my niece. She's a nice sort of a girl, I guess; but han't had no advantages to speak of."

The old man nodded, as usual; and Dutchy reverted to the former topic. While he talked the afternoon wore away.

Outside, the day was bright and warm—like a remembrance of summer—the quiet light fell on the gray chaparral and the silvery pines, and broke in ripples on the little stream down in the ravine.

It was late when the two men parted. Dutchy was astonished that his partner would have nothing to do with the tunnel project. Never before had the old man's convictions led him to individual action. He had not said anything that an ordinary observer would have considered hostile to the enterprise. In fact, he had scarce spoken at all. But there are silences and silences; and Dutchy, through long years of companionship, had learned to know his partner's ways. There is no opposition more disturbing than a silent one. It was natural that Dutchy should get angry, and use language that can not be repeated here.

Meanwhile, his partner sat fingering his worn hat nervously, then got up and left the cabin without a word.

As the old man went down the trail, the pines were reddening on the eastern slopes; the whistle of the Harmon mill, below in the cañon, sounded for six o'clock. He paused a moment, watching the white blots of steam whisk into the light and slowly fade away against the dark, wooded background; then turned up the ridge toward his own cabin.

Weeks went by, and still the quarrel had not mended. When the story was first noised abroad, it caused some comment at Poverty Point. Old Mrs. McGinnity, a retired washerwoman with a taste for social intrigue, and the only lady now living at the "Point," had said:

"You jus' mark my words: there's a woman in the case."

But in spite of this and other sapient conjectures, the whole affair was soon forgotten by all, save the two men themselves. Yet neither made the slightest advance toward a reconciliation.

Somehow the enterprise did not succeed either; capitalists held off, blind to their own interests, as usual.

Dutchy brought numerous "experts" to the Point, who talked learnedly of walls and formations, and carried away "specimens" that were assayed with most flattering results. The editor of the *Observer* also came, and crowded a number of "blocks" out of his next week's issue in order to speak of the new undertaking, "which reflects so much credit on the energy and enterprise of its projector, etc., etc., and promises to bring about a speedy return of the palmy days of '49."

Weeks grew into months, and soon a year had passed by; yet no one had been found to furnish the necessary capital.

"By the way, Dutchy, have you decided yet whether you're goin' to have a four or an eight-foot tunnel? Seems to me, I'd make her eight-foot while I was about it; you could have two tracks then—one car goin' in while another was comin' out. You'd save lots o' time that way, an' time's one o' the most vallyble things in an enterprise like that."

They were in the bar-room of the American Exchange. The irony of this remark was evident without the half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders to accentuate it.

Dutchy did not deign a reply.

"That's all right, old man," the speaker continued, pleased with the success of his joke, and wishing to be generous, "wont you take something—a little bitters, say?"

Dutchy would take something; and while he was contemplatively stirring his cocktail, his friend said, drawing nearer and lowering his voice: "I hear some o' the fellows are talkin' about slappin' a notice on the Gentle Annie some o' these nights. I didn't know as yer cared much about the claim; but I jes' thought I'd tell yer, seein' they thought o' jumpin' it."

"Goin' to jump the claim, are they!" Dutchy exclaimed, raising his voice. "By G—, they'll think they've jumped a lead mine, if they come foolin' round there," he added, bringing his fist down on the counter, and turning toward the bystanders, "an' I want yer to know it. Law or no law, the mine belongs to me an'—an' the ol' man."

His companion nodded approvingly. "Here's luck to yer," he said, emptying his glass, and reaching for the accompanying draught of water.

"Mighty well read man, that Dutchy," said Hank Gardner, as the former left the room.

"Yer dead right he is," ejaculated another, "I never see so many papers in my life as he's got at his cabin; there's papers piled up on the floor in the corners, an' heaped up on the table, an' stuffed under the bed—everywhere yer look there's papers till yer can't rest."

"An' he knows 'em too," Gardner interrupted.

"You bet he knows 'em. You can't stick him there."

During the foregoing conversation, the object of these laudatory remarks was making his way along the trail that led to the Point. He was not a little disturbed. That anyone should think of taking the mine had never before occurred to him; he had worked there so long, it was so interwoven with the thread of his life—its success or failure so intimately connected with his own, that it had come to be a

part of his existence, and any attempt to wrest it from him seemed like a personal thrust. Living in the midst of dreams and plans for the future, he had often treated the mine somewhat cavalierly. Neither he nor his partner ever worked much, save when necessity drove them to it; and then only till the finding of a "pocket" rendered a cessation of active operations practicable.

The mine had now lain idle for a year; and, according to the law, was open to any who chose to take possession. Law! Were there not rights beyond the laws? And had not he and the old man owned and worked the mine before these very laws were made? The more he thought of it the greater seemed the interests at stake, and the firmer he became in his resolve to defend them.

That evening, after slinging an old revolver on his belt, he set out to watch. Selecting a place that allowed an open view of the mine and the surrounding country for several hundred yards about, he lay down to await developments.

On the knoll, just before him, was the windlass, with its crazy awning of dead boughs etched against the sky in broken, irregular lines; above, the constellations were wheeling to their setting. The silence and the gloom made the place seem unreal and strange. The only familiar things were the frogs croaking in the ravine. Of a sudden they stopped as though something had disturbed them. Dutchy cocked his revolver, but no one came. After a little, the frogs began again: first, one down in the ravine; then another answered from the mouth of the old tunnel; and by twos and threes the others took up the chorus.

So through the night. Another passed in the same way, and Dutchy began to wonder whether, after all, any one was coming.

"Maybe Hank was lyin', or maybe that bluff o' mine kinder skeered 'em off," he mused.

On the third night, a man came out of the brush, and, after looking about, advanced cautiously toward the mine. He carried a small box, which he proceeded to nail to one of the pines on the declivity near the shaft, using a bit of quartz as a hammer.

There was a flash of light from the chaparral back of the knoll. The man dropped his box, and ran. A bullet sang over his head, and another, and another, then the earth opened about him, and he fell headlong. When he struggled to his feet, there was a numbness in his shoulder, and his head was in a dizzying whirl. Still, he floundered on through the grease-wood and chaparral. The branches swept his face; at times, it was almost impossible to make any headway against the dense undergrowth. It had been raining during the day, and now began again. When he reached the top of the ridge, the wind was up afresh. The rain beat against his face. On his hands, too, he felt a drop now and then; but it was warm, and clotted where it fell. Meanwhile, the numbness in his shoulder turned to a stinging pain. Reaching the trail, he reeled along till he reached a cabin, then dropped before the door; and all night long the rain beat down upon him.

It was near midnight when Dutchy got back to his cabin. "I guess he won't be jumpin' any more mines for a week or two," he muttered, as he slipped three fresh cartridges into his revolver. "I wonder where I hit him? Didn't hurt him much, I guess, or he wouldn't got off so fast. Well, I didn't want to kill him, anyhow," he soliloquized, as he threw himself on his bed.

For a long time he lay awake; but, toward morning, fell into a troubled sleep.

While he slept, he saw a figure lying on the ground. It seemed as though it were his own body that lay before him. He took one of the hands in his; it was cold and heavy. He looked about for something with which to cover the corpse, but could find nothing in the close darkness of the place. Wherever he turned those staring eyes were upon him. Stung to desperation, he plunged into the gloom, and felt himself falling, falling.

He awoke with a start. It seemed as though years of happiness were crowded into that first moment of conscious existence. His sleep had refreshed him; it seemed as though a load had fallen from his shoulders. He felt like a new man. Leaving the cabin, intuitively he started toward the mine. The night's work was forgotten. He walked on like one in a dream.

The sight of a box, lying on the embankment near the windlass, made him start as though a hand had reached out and grasped his arm.

The box was shallow and without a cover. On the bottom was tacked a sheet of paper, which called on all whom it might concern to notice certain particulars set forth below. The paper was written in a cramped, unpracticed hand, with painful flourishes to the capitals, and many "aforesaid" and "whereases;" on the whole, the document was hardly to be commended from a legal point of view. Still it answered its purpose, as Dutchy soon found. He had not got far into the paper before he saw his own name; "J. S. Van Rensselaer & Co." it read. It was soon evident that the entire document was a reproduction, made from memory, perhaps, and under some disadvantages as regards knowledge of legal forms and orthography, and other minutiae, but still a reproduction of the "notice" that he and his partner had put up years ago.

"The hoys have been puttin' up some game on me," he said, with a ghastly smile.

Then he went to the spot where the man had fallen. It had not rained much during the night, so he had little difficulty in finding the place; and hurried on, following the blood-splashes on the leaves. When he reached the path that led to his partner's cabin, to his surprise he saw that the wounded man had taken that course. A chilly feeling swept over him—he grasped the limb of a tree for support. Leaving the trail, he hurried through the brush toward the old man's cabin. When in sight of the place, he saw that the door was closed, the curtains drawn. This relieved him for a moment.

"The ol' man must have stayed in town last night," he said, half aloud.

The next instant he had an unobstructed view of the place, and saw a dark, irregular shape—like the figure of his dream—lying before the door.

A horrible dread held him dumb. In a measure regaining his self-possession, he drew nearer, till he caught a glimpse of the face, then hurried away.

All that day, he stood looking out of his cabin window. At every sound he would start and grasp his revolver nervously, but none came to molest him.

In the west the clouds were forming in fantastic shapes. Toward night they settled into a gray, formless mass, and it began to rain.

When the darkness came, he left the window, and paced the floor. In those hours he lived his life over again—all his past came surging back; he thought of things that the world knew nothing of, saw familiar faces.

As morning broke, he again left the cabin, and wandered about. It had cleared during the night, and the sun was shining brightly, though a few torn clouds still lingered in the west. Under the shadows of the trees, the dew clung to the grass, dimming its green, and spreading a delightful freshness about. The cool morning air, the honeyed odor of the manzanita, ministered to his senses, and he laughed softly to himself.

His walk brought him near his partner's cabin. At the sight of it he passed his hand over his forehead as though trying to remember something. Going toward the house he passed by the spring. He noticed the red-limbed willows laced with delicate green, the old oyster-can that served as a drinking-cup, and the path to the house barred by filmy cobwebs that swayed and glistened in the sun.

"The ol' man han't been down to the spring this morning," he muttered, as he brushed the gossamers from his face.

Climbing round the corner of the house, he started back, then bent over the prostrate figure.

"What's the matter, ol' man? Have yer been here in the rain all night? Get up, won't yer?" he said, laying his hand on his partner's shoulder.

Then some other fancy struck him, and he laughed to himself.

They found him there, hours afterward, still bent over the old man.

"The boys have been puttin' up some game on me," he said, with a heart-rending smile, as they gathered around him. "Been puttin' up some game on me."

April, 1887.

MELVILLE UPTON.

There is no doubt of the value of cocaine, when appropriately and guardedly used by physicians and surgeons. Dr. Hammond, of New York, lately read a paper on the subject before the New York Neurological Society, in which he expressed doubts as to the existence of a cocaine habit which could not be readily controlled by the will. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Dr. Mattison said he had had within a few months seven cases of the habit under his care, five of which were physicians. A physician, in attempting to write a prescription, wrote for a sheriff to come and take the patient to jail. He had also himself noticed hallucinations and delusions. He thought the continued use of the drug more injurious than that of morphine. His patients had gradually acquired their habits. The president of the society referred to thirteen cases reported by a single German physician. In Pittsburgh, a prominent physician, who had formed the habit, became violent, and, under the delusion that he was being attacked by burglars, began firing right and left.

When men die of intemperate habits, the announcement of their fate is graduated by the local paper to the amount of money left behind, as follows:

\$1,000 in debt.....	"jimjams."
\$50 in debt.....	"died drunk."
Square with the world.....	"delirium tremens."
\$50 in bank.....	"mania a potu."
\$300 in bank.....	"occasional spree."
\$1,000 in bank.....	"chronic alcoholism."
\$5,000 in bank.....	"alcoholism."
\$10,000 in bank.....	"inebriety."
\$25,000 in bank.....	"dissipated habits he was led into."
\$50,000 in bank.....	"softening of the brain."
\$100,000 in bank.....	"apoplexy."
\$500,000 in bank.....	"overwork" (of the elbow)."
\$2,000,000 in bank.....	"nervous chill."

While Joseph Ninters, an employee at one of the Negley's Run (Pa.) oil refineries, was riveting a boiler a few days ago, the head of one of the iron rivets flew off and tore a hole in his cheek, causing a good deal of blood to flow. A physician who was summoned probed for the iron, but was unable to find it until his attention was called to a small lump on the injured man's back, between the shoulder-blades. Surmising that the lump contained the rivet-head, he cut it open and extricated the substance. The iron had made its way down along the muscles of the neck, a distance of nearly a foot.

There is nothing like being philosophical under misfortune. The old lady down with the small-pox who could thank God "it wasn't the itch" was a public benefactor in the example she set. But even she has now been surpassed by the editor of the Memphis *Avalanche*, who comforts his readers, saying: "Memphis may congratulate herself that she is not the only city in the United States whose residents are forced to clasp their nostrils between their thumb and forefinger of one hand while they raise a glass of water from the pumps to their lips with the other."

Edward Herrick, a street-car conductor living in Auburn, R. I., wanted to solder a hole in his wife's wash-boiler, and used what he supposed to be an old soldering-iron that had lain around the house for years. He put the iron in the fire, and was scraping the rust from the boiler, when there was an explosion that scattered the stove in all directions and set fire to the house. Herrick has learned since that the supposed soldering-iron was a railroad torpedo.

Professional physiognomists have often pointed out, in portraits of Washington, how well the expression of the mouth indicates the firmness and integrity which characterized the father of his country. Unfortunately, the fact now appears that his peculiar expression was due "entirely to the lack of knowledge of dental surgery existing in his day," to be circumstance, in plain English, that his false teeth did not fit him.

INSANITY AND IRRESPONSIBILITY.

The plea of insanity as an excuse for crime has come to be regarded as one of the common artifices of the forensic art of defense. In the old days an alibi was the last resource of the legal adviser intrusted with the defense of a hopeless case of robbery or murder; now, if the life of a person charged with any capital offense is in extreme peril, an attempt is sure to be made either before or after conviction, to prove that the malefactor is or was insane. It is from no lack of sympathy for the sufferings of those who are condemned to death that I feel bound to join in the protest which is beginning to be made against this abuse of the plea of insanity and consequent irresponsibility. There is something overwhelmingly terrible in the thought that a fellow-creature is about to be put to death by the public executioner, that he counts first the days and then the hours which intervene between his sentence and his doom. The most callous heart must feel for one so placed; and every impulse of humanity seems stirred within us to save him from his fate by any means, no matter what. At the same time we must remember that, if human life is so precious that we cannot bear to have it taken from the culprit who has most grossly misused it, neither can we regard with indifference the death of the murderer's victim. It is strange that all our sympathy should be with the condemned prisoner and his friends, while we forget the cruel slaughter of his victim, and the misery of those by whom the murdered man, or woman, or child, is mourned. There is a maudlin sentiment underlying the fuss we make about the fate of murderers against which the common sense of our sober judgment must revolt. I only offer this remark by the way. It is, however, worth while to bestow a few minutes' thought on the plea of insanity and irresponsibility, and to try to see in what it consists, and how and when it ought to be raised. No one can define insanity. It means unsoundness of mind; but, as few, if any, minds are wholly sound, it is necessary, though difficult to the verge of impossibility, to determine what measure of unsoundness should be held to constitute disease. There has certainly, of late years, been a tendency to elaborate the theory of insanity and irresponsibility to an extreme. This is one fruit of the materialistic philosophy of the day. It is held that man is an organism endowed with inherited peculiarities of character or temperament which pre-dispose him to particular lines of conduct; and, as a corollary of this view of his nature, circumstances are charged with the responsibility which, if man were regarded as a voluntary creature, would be chargeable to him. It is evident that the logical outcome of this line of reasoning must be the establishment of a system of perfect immunity for criminals of every class. Passion, greed, and all the motive forces which impel men to evil actions, are looked upon as essential parts and principles of their natures, so that they can not be held morally accountable for what these make them do or leave undone. The perfect development of the materialistic theory would render society impossible. The first condition of life in a community is law. Something must be conceded by each member of society to the general good; and, if those who break the laws are not to be held accountable for breaking them, there is an end of law and order at once. The way this bears on insanity is this: If man is regarded as an organism working out his destiny—that is, living and acting as his nature impels—he can not be held accountable for his actions, except in so far as he happens to conform to the conditions of social life, and shows a tendency to obey the law. All law-breaking is simply failure to conform; and must, therefore, be regarded as weakness or disease, not crime. This is an important and pregnant distinction. We are hearing almost daily of the "habitual criminal," and already we are beginning to hear of the "hereditary criminal." Lectures have been given, books have been written, and opinions have been expressed in this sense somewhat largely during the last few years. If the movement proceed, we shall, before long, find the community classified on the principle of hereditary dispositions, and those who speak of righteousness and urge the duty of self-discipline and self-restraint will themselves be put aside as a class of creatures acting under an impulse which is the outcome of some peculiarity of organism. Obviously, the materialistic hypothesis is anti-social. It is true that man is an organism which embodies the results of heredity and education, but it is not true that he has no controlling principle within him—call it soul, or spirit, or what we please. He has such an indwelling power, and it is this which makes him accountable.

Insanity or unsoundness of mind ought, in my judgment, never to be pleaded as an excuse for crime, unless there are good grounds for believing the law-breaker to be, or to have been, overtly insane at the time of the commission of the act with which he is charged. When I say "good grounds," I mean such grounds as would be held good proof of insanity if the offender had done nothing against the laws of the community. The particular act for which the individual is arraigned at the bar of justice ought not to be considered in determining the issue of the inquiry whether he is or is not insane. It is reasoning in a vicious circle to argue that a man "must have been insane because he committed a particular outrage," for you are presently going on to contend that "he committed the outrage because he was insane." To make the reasoning good, it is necessary to find evidence of insanity outside the crime, and the proofs adduced must point to morbid impulses or motive tendencies other than that which is alleged to have asserted itself in the commission of the crime charged upon him. Again, it is absurd to claim that a man shall be excused for murdering his fellow-man, or some defenseless woman or child, because he has, perhaps, manifested a little more stupidity, or vanity, or avarice than the average of mortals. There is something degrading to the sense of dignity and self-respect in the enterprise of sweeping together the absurdities of a life, to make a heap of useless rubbish high enough and stupid enough to impress the mind of a jury that a criminal is insane. Those have much to answer for at the bar of public opinion, who lend themselves to this artifice and help the guilty to evade the law. Only in so far as insanity is disease should it be recognized as an excuse for crime. If this principle were laid down and acted upon, we should have few of these pleas. Disease may be variable in its manifestations, but even when these are most evanescent, the underlying malady can be detected. Mere hereditary mind-weakness, or the debility

induced by debauchery of any kind, whether with drink, or drugs, or vice, ought, on no account, to be admitted as an excuse. The tokens of such mind-weakness as would render a man irresponsible for his actions, are not likely to be so slight as to escape notice up to the time of the commission of a crime; and the debauchery which would render a mind incapable of self-control—to such an extent as to render it free to commit a great crime at the bidding of the passions—must be the work of a long period, and in itself an offense against nature which deserves death, wholly independent of its special fruit, the offense committed.

In short, the grasp of the law must be drawn tighter around the criminal. As matters now stand, the plea of insanity is abused by being treated as a resource in all extremities. Up to the very last gleam of self-consciousness, man is responsible for his actions. Even the lunatic—properly so-called—can exercise self-control if he please, except in the worst paroxysms of his disease. Nine-tenths of the inmates of asylums are as truly responsible to their own consciences, though unfortunately not to the law of the land, as the sane folk outside. The figment of irresponsibility is a mischievous fallacy in the great majority of conceptions. If we except certain special varieties of epileptic disease and well-marked homicidal mania, there is scarcely any kind or class of insanity which places its victim wholly at the mercy of impulse or imagination, or renders him the tool of his brutal and passionate nature so far as to give him the excuse of irresponsibility for any crime he may commit. We cannot plead weakness as an apology for wrong-doing. If we are not strong enough to do good, neither should there be strength in us to do evil. It is of the highest social and personal concern that this should be clearly understood. We have in recent years mourned the death of one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, a discoverer whose genius and success equal those justly attributed to Sir Isaac Newton. I speak of Charles Darwin. To his patient industry and laborious intellect we owe the great doctrine of evolutionary development. The pigmies in science who have abused and misconstrued the natural law which Darwin discovered, are solely responsible for the absurd hypothesis that development through the surroundings of life and condition for evolution, implies spontaneous generation. The very thought of non-creation is irrational in the presence of the doctrine of evolution. How can anything be evolved from nothing? The tree grows by the evolution of the forces and motive tendencies—the formulated energies—embodied in its seed. In the same way all organic bodies must have started from some seed which could not have existed if it had not been created, and could not possibly have led to the evolution of anything unless it had been charged with the forces which were afterwards evolved. Any one who will take the trouble to think this out, must clearly see that creation is a primary condition of evolution.

If public opinion were more intelligent than it is, it would make short work of the false, unscientific, and, therefore, wholly unphilosophical views and assertions of the so-called secularists and materialists. They have no place in the school of nature, and wise men will give them little heed. At the same time, it is needful to protest against the mischief they are doing. We see acute and ingenious minds pleading heredity as an apology for crime. If this plea is to be recognized, nothing can be easier than to make out a case of irresponsibility for every wrong-doer. If it be held that a murderer is excusable on the ground of some defect in his inherited character, it must in fairness be conceded that the thief stands excused on the same ground. A vicious person will, therefore, have nothing to do beyond taking a little chloral or bromide of potassium or morphia occasionally, or in some other way debauching his mind, in order to make out a claim to immunity from punishment for any crime, however hideous; while the child of vicious parents will be born free of the law, and be able to indulge in his villainous propensities to the full without fear or compunction. This is not an exaggerated statement of the case. It is the logical outcome of the view and principle now submitted to the community, and which we are asked to accept. Monstrous and incredible as the assertion may appear, there are at this moment men of "light and leading" in the science who regard all that man is or does, whether it be good or evil, as the product or result of his inherited nature, who deny the existence of a soul, who do not believe in a will, who think and teach that we are wholly what circumstances make us. It is against this pestilent doctrine that I protest. Such atheism as masquerades in the garb of science and philosophy is contemptible on the very ground of its absurdity. Those who have any practical acquaintance with the facts of nature, and hold this view, are either the victims of delusion or strangely ignorant of the class of knowledge they profess. I have not the slightest hesitation in making this assertion in the presence of two or three of the greatest intellects of the day, in the recollection of men whose names are household words. These leaders of thought are answerable to their own consciences. I will not pretend to know whether they actually believe the nonsense they utter.

It is time the veil should be stripped from the mischievous glamour of atheism which too many of our savants have spread over their mingled ignorance and vanity. I do not assail it on the ground of any narrow prejudice in favor of what is supposed to be orthodoxy, but simply because it is an insult to common sense to pretend to be a man of science and to deny the existence of the unknown. Charles Darwin made no such ridiculous attempt to go beyond the limits of the known. He was too devout and loyal a lover of truth to pretend to a knowledge which no human being can by any possibility possess—namely, that knowledge of the infinite which would enable him to define its limits, and to affirm that nothing lies beyond. Those who declare that man is simply an animal, that he has not a spirit and an inner life, do this. They presume to found a positive on a negative. They are unable to find the soul, and in their short-sighted pride they audaciously declare that no soul does or can exist. This is not the line of reasoning pursued by the best men of science. It is the affectation of a few who are rather platform and popular retailers of the scientific doctrine propounded by others than themselves investigators. The public should discriminate between the two classes of teachers, and set a true value on what they respectively teach.

R. E. GERTON, Ph. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28, 1887.

THE STEWART GALLERY.

"Flaneur" discusses Some of the Pictures at the Famous Sale.

There are a great many fine collections of paintings in New York, but no private gallery can compare with the Stewart, which is to be sold at auction, beginning to-morrow evening, at Chickering Hall. I do not as a general thing spend much of my time in art galleries; it is too relaxing, and unfits a man for the energetic work, not to say agility needed to secure the great American dollar; but I went to the hall the other day, and passed a half hour or so very pleasantly. There are two pictures which chiefly attract attention. Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807" probably has the largest crowd around it, but Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair" exerts a more potent spell over the connoisseur. The first is a large canvas—the largest Meissonier ever painted, I believe—and is a spirited scene, full of fire and life; but, perhaps on account of its very size, it has not been so carefully elaborated as the few other specimens of his work that I have seen. "The Horse Fair," however, has the reputation of being Rosa Bonheur's best work. It also is large—sixteen feet by eight—but its size in no way detracts from its merit. The animals are of all kinds, sizes, and colors, so far as horses are capable of variety in these respects, and the contrasts are very striking and artistic. The leader is a grand white Percheron, and just behind him come a dark, and then a white charger, rearing in a fiery way that brings out in strong relief the sedateness of the heavy Norman animals to their left. Behind come a troop of noble-looking beasts of all kinds, filling almost the entire picture—and fortunately so, for landscape painting is almost an unknown art to Rosa Bonheur.

The difference, by the way, between "The Horse Fair" and "Friedland, 1807" is all the more striking from the fact that the painter of the first, in which the horses are perfect and the setting of clear sky and dead fat street is wretched, is a woman, while Meissonier, a man, is less powerful, less vigorous and bold by far in his "1807."

Another good thing is Knaus's "Child's Party." It shows a group of children at the tables, each one showing his or her peculiar nature in the way they fight for dainties, devour their own sweets, or share them with others. There are blondes and brunettes all around, and the artist has caught the varying, fleeting emotions of childhood as no other could. There are dozens of other masterpieces here by Daubigny, Fortuny, Verboeckhoven, and others, and a number of famous pieces of statuary; but one has to see them to appreciate their beauties.

The buyers and the prices they will give are furnishing food for much speculation. The Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington is represented by F. B. McGuire, a trustee of the Gallery, and it is currently reported that he has an eye on the great Meissonier. Mr. Walters of Baltimore, who had undying fame thrust upon him by the general assertion that he was the purchaser of the Peachblow vase at the Morgan sale, will be one of the purchasers; and a number of other art lovers from Philadelphia and Boston will be there to pick up bargains, to say nothing of the dealers from Europe and the owners of New York galleries.

The Stewart mansion will probably soon go to one of the numerous clubs that are watching it longingly, and the clubs generally are on the lookout for new quarters. The solemn old Nineteenth Century has been attacked with the fever, and wants a house of its own. The Century, another staid and highly-respectable affair—though it is as lively as a colt compared to the Nineteenth—has a large proportion who favor removal or the erection of a four-hundred-thousand-dollar building; but the conservative element, nowhere so strong as in a club, oppose the scheme, and have printed a circular letter in which they protest that increased obligations would necessitate increased membership, and that if the club did not lose its present selectness it would, at least, lose its present cosy, home-like character.

The interest in the trial of ex-Alderman Cleary, now in its fourth week, has assumed monumental proportions in the last few days in consequence of the advent of Ira Shafer as counsel for the defense. Mr. Shafer is a short, puffy man, with a round, fiery countenance, surmounted by a white, shiny expanse of hairless pate, and marked in the middle by a large, drooping mustache, which looks like the wispy tail of a thin horse in a high wind. I have said that his countenance is fiery, but what it may be when he is in a state of repose, I cannot say. I have only seen him during the trial when he is in a state of high pressure excitement; and for the last three days he has been in such a condition that the spectators have lost all interest in the trial, and merely sit there in expectancy of seeing Mr. Shafer explode and scatter himself over the court-room. The cause of this particular rage is the *World*. A few days ago a *World* artist went down to the court with the reporter, and they together hatched up an article four columns long, which was talked of for at least half a day. It gave the questions of Mr. Shafer and the witness's replies; but they were explained and amplified by passages telling how Mr. Shafer shook his fat finger at the jury, grew tender as a cooing dove when questioning a female witness, roared like a very lion at the witnesses for the prosecution, and "guying" him generally in an elaborate, sincere, and artistic manner. And in addition to this, there were a score or more of cuts showing Mr. Shafer in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes, and making him look like the German saloon-keepers Oppen draws for *Puck*. To say that Shafer was crazy does not faintly convey the condition he was in, and to-day in court he made a remarkable speech, ending up with this reference to the *World*: "That dirty, filthy sheet yesterday reviled and insulted me by the publication of a lot of vile caricatures. And for what? Only because I had been doing my duty before God to my client. A friend said to me this morning: 'Shafer, why don't you shoot that Hungarian Jew? Why don't you horse-whip him?' Gentlemen, wait! The day will come when I will meet that Jew face to face, and when I do meet him let him beware." The judge promptly shut him up, but as there are three Jews on the jury, he probably did his client little good by this outburst. The jury is now out, and there is little doubt of a speedy verdict against Cleary.

New York, March 22, 1887.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church.

ROME, 15—.

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews—sons mine—ah, God, I know not! Well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? And here I lie
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask,
"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:—
Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner south
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit of the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the airy dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet, where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse,—
Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church—
What then? So much was saved ifught were missed!
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find—Ah God, I know not, I!—
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of lapis lazuli,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast—
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lupin poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables—but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm! Ah, ye ho! ye
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's moldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?—
That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life, too, popes, cardinals, and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall, pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet—
Aha, ELUCESCENT quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All lapis, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask,
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
Gristone, a crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
And no more lapis to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row; and, going, turn your backs—
Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

—Robert Browning.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of anæsthetic bullet, which he urges will, if brought into general use, greatly diminish the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anæsthetic, producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. While in this condition, the chemist says, the bodies may be carried off as prisoners.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

There is a rumor from abroad that Mr. Oscar Wilde is no longer the master of his own household. Mrs. Wilde has developed strong home-rule proclivities.

Judgment in the sum of \$384,000 has been obtained by General Russ, of San Antonio, against Count Telfener, who married a relation of John W. Mackay, for alleged violation of contract in the purchase of Texas lands.

Samuel Fox, a wealthy English land-owner, whose death was announced recently, was originally a German wire-worker. He acquired the money to purchase his country-seat by discovering that grooving the steel of umbrellas would lighten their weight.

Frances Hodgson Burnett began her literary career at fourteen. Her first two sketches were printed in *Godey's Lady's Book*, for which she received thirty-five dollars. She gathered and sold wild grapes in East Tennessee for money to buy the postage stamps which covered the transmission of her stories.

Lady Wilde—mother of Oscar Wilde and wife of Sir William Wilde—who is known all over Ireland as "Speranza," the name over which she wrote revolutionary poems during the Young Ireland rebellion in 1848, is in absolute want in London. For six years she has not received a penny of rent owing to the land war, yet she wouldn't consent to a single eviction on her estate.

According to common reports George Gould has settled down into a most exemplary husband since his marriage with Edith Kingston. He has become so engrossed in his business that his old companions at the New York Club are inclined to complain a little of his neglect of them. He has grown tremendously ambitious for vast wealth. He will be a very rich man without waiting for his father's demise.

Four times in the last seven years has Fred. Welcome been found guilty of murder in Utah, and sentenced to death, and three times has the United States Supreme Court reversed the findings of the lower tribunal; but on the fourth appeal the judgment has been affirmed. Welcome now has a choice of death by rope or by rifle—a choice which Utah allows condemned murderers—and it is said that he will choose the rifle.

There lies in a New York hospital George R. Graham who was for many years the leading publisher of Philadelphia. For *Graham's Magazine* Edgar Allan Poe wrote much of his best work. Graham was at one time part owner of the Philadelphia *North-American*. He was, thirty-five or forty years ago, a power in the literary world, but would now be in the poor-house were it not for the kindness of a philanthropic Philadelphian.

Miss Emma Thursby is spending the winter in Paris. Although Miss Thursby has a home in Paris, from time to time she gives concerts in the south of France. The French people think that Miss Thursby should cast aside her prejudices and sing in opera. Her success with the most difficult operatic music at concerts given in Paris in 1883 was almost without a parallel, but the singer herself expresses not the least desire to become an operatic star.

Mr. Garrett's willingness to dispose of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is reported as resulting largely from the terrible accident near Tiffin, Ohio. It is said, by one who pretends to know, that Mr. Garrett had no thought of parting with the road before the accident, and that he has always felt a personal responsibility for the disaster at Tiffin. It has caused him many sleepless nights, and given him a distaste for further control of the Baltimore and Ohio.

"This talk about Lawrence Barrett's real name being Lawrence Brannigan is all bosh," said a Chicago man. "Barrett's father used to teach a Sunday-school class in St. Mary's Church, on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Madison Street. That was a good many years ago. The fellow who started the yarn that the old man's name was Brannigan didn't go to school with Lawrence's brother as I did. The family lived somewhere on Van Buren Street."

The French Government has conferred upon Mme. Minnie Hauk the title and insignia of Officier de l'Académie, on the recommendation of the Faculty of the Conservatoire de Musique. This distinction is in recognition of her services to French musical art by introducing a number of French operas, among them "Carmen," "Manon," and "Mignon," into several cities of Europe and America. This is the first time an American artist has been thus honored by the French Government.

A celebrity seen often at Mme. Carlotta Patti's receptions is the Marquis de Caux, the divorced husband of Adeline. Notwithstanding the separation, divorce, and attending evils, Carlotta has remained a firm friend of the Marquis. He has not changed much since 1868, when in the little Catholic church of Clapham, near London, he married Adeline Patti. The Marquis still wears the square eye-glass which was the admiration of French dukes in 1860, and still considers himself the great pedestrian of Paris. In the morning he is seen in the Champs-Élysées, in the afternoon at the Bois; but he has a rival in the ex King of Naples, who also is an indefatigable walker.

E. A. Abbey is said to make between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. His drawings for "She Stoops to Conquer" are valued at about \$20,000. He is as well liked in England as here, and expects to make that country his home. He is building a fine house there. C. S. Reinhart makes about \$10,000 a year. Thure de Thulstrup, who is under contract to furnish a page or double page to *Harper's Weekly* every week, is earning about \$10,000 a year with his pencil. Charles Jay Taylor, of *Puck* and *Harper's*, is making \$8,000 a year. A. B. Frost, who got a fortune with, as well as in, his wife, makes about \$8,000, but he has a separate income of \$40,000 a year. Harry Fenn, a pupil of Birket Foster, probably earns \$10,000 now by general work, and so does Alfred Parsons.

If Washington Seligman, the young broker, who shot himself without doing any serious injury at the San Marco Hotel, in St. Augustine, a few days ago, did the deed by accident, he may pray to be saved from his friend, Dexter P. Rumsey, of Buffalo. This smart individual knew just enough about the ways of the world to telegraph to the editor of a Jacksonville paper: "Suppress everything relating to W. Seligman's attempt to take his life, both in your paper and Associated Press. I will send you twenty-five dollars." This was sufficient to give the story to the world, since the editor promptly published the dispatch, and offered to pay Rumsey twenty-five dollars for full details of the shooting. If Rumsey had known enough to keep still, Mr. Seligman's family and relatives might have been saved a great deal of unnecessary chagrin and disgrace.

Brewer Ehret's wealth is estimated at between fifteen millions of dollars and eighteen millions of dollars. He is the owner of vast blocks of real estate. A dozen German brewers, such as Jacob Ruppert, John Eichler, Monroe Eckstein, George Bechtel, the Kuntz Brothers and Peter Doelger's Sons are millionaires, and three at least are worth five millions of dollars apiece. For years the lager-beer field was left entirely to Germans. Now, however, the Americans are coming to the front. David G. Yuengling and W. R. Abbott have almost a national reputation as brewers, but the man who is ascending the ladder most rapidly seems to be James Everard. Everard owns half a dozen breweries. He turns out one hundred thousand kegs of beer a month. Sheridan Shook is a silent partner in one of these breweries. He is so silent and confident that he never visited the establishment but once. Then he walked into the counting-room, looked at a huge wart on the book-keeper's neck, said "Huh!" lighted a cigar and disappeared. He is drawing eighty thousand dollars a year profit from the business. Forty years ago New York's favorite brewer was old Charles Wardlow. When the old brewer had made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he sold out and returned to England, where he died soon afterwards. He left his fortune to a son and a daughter, who married an American. The pair came back here, and went into business in San Francisco. There her share of Wardlow's fortune was increased until it reached nearly a million of dollars. It was afterwards lost in one of the mining crazes.

VANITY FAIR.

All American circles get their manners as they get their fashions—from New York. New York society patterns its manners largely upon the easy and graceful code that obtains in France, and only the best features of English customs are embodied in the social forms and usages that now prevail in this country. One of the first surprises offered to many readers by the Appletons' new book, "Social Etiquette of New York," is the frequently repeated assertion that hand-shaking is falling into disuse. "This is not only so where mixed sexes are concerned, but is particularly true among gentlemen. It is still left discretionary, however, for a lady or a gentleman to offer his or her hand to another. Miscellaneous introductions at parties, balls, or receptions are no longer countenanced. All who are present at an entertainment are recognized for the time being as social equals, and may recognize each other, or even speak to each other without an introduction. When an introduction is desired, it should be given only after the consent of the other party is obtained, and when no introduction has taken place there is no excuse for future recognition or salutation unless under the same conditions—when the parties are the guests of the same host or hostess. It is no longer good form to send bridal presents promiscuously, or to intrude upon the sanctity of wedding anniversaries with wooden, iron, china, or silver articles for gifts. The fashion of sending flowers to houses of mourning has ceased to exist in the best society. Kissing the bride at a wedding is no longer fashionable. 'Indeed,' says the book, 'kissing in public is no longer permissible in good society, and a reserved and refined womanhood has been long in rebellion against this usage without having abolished it until quite recently. This public may be her own invited and welcomed guests, but all the same she objects to being kissed in their presence, and very properly. Indeed, few brides are willing to have their veils raised and thrown backward until they have left the church. This also is in excellent taste. The etiquette of the street has not changed much. Between intimate friends it is immaterial which bows first, but in all other cases it is the lady's place to recognize the gentleman, and it is his prerogative to respond. Even though a lady be offended at a gentleman, he must lift his hat. Etiquette permits a gentleman when driving, and he cannot touch his hat, to make a cordial bow. If riding in the saddle, he may lift his hat or touch its rim with his whip. Chaperonage has become a rigid and established law of New York society. A gentleman will not ask a young girl to dance, to promenade, or to go to supper without first seeking permission of her chaperon. He can not ask a lady to accompany him to a theatre or other place of amusement without first asking her mother's or her chaperon's permission, and at the same time extending the same invitation to her also. If she consents for the young woman, she has a right, if she be engaged or indisposed, to ask permission to delegate the office of chaperon to some one else, and her request is likely to be granted. At a small theatre party given by a gentleman one chaperon is sufficient, but two are none too many for parties of eight or ten. The rule is about one chaperon to each party of four. A man may give a tea, a supper, or a dinner at his bachelor apartments, or at a restaurant in a private room, but he must not fail to secure the presence of one or more married ladies who are friends of his guests, and it is even better taste that one of his own married kinswomen preside for him as his hostess."

At a crowded meeting in Boston, not long ago, one of those women whose buckram morality will not allow them to robe themselves in the conventional garb of their sex, was seen to go up to a young girl seated on a stool near the end of the platform, and, without a word of ceremony, pull the stool from under her and hand it to a sub-leader who had just entered the crowded arena. The girl thus unceremoniously landed upon the floor was a young reporter sent by a leading daily to take down an account of the meeting, and such was the courteous assistance rendered toward getting a full and fair report, which would, of course, be expected. Yet who could persuade this champion of women that anything but invincible wrongheadedness afflicted any one of her sex who was not with her?

A very amusing instance of the false notion of society movements that is given to diligent gleaners of newspaper columns occurred just the other day in New York. "What a tremendous success that little Miss Plantagenet has achieved this winter!" said a New Yorker just returned from a round of visits in various quarters of the globe, to a fair friend who had been all the season on the scene of action. "I have never taken up a paper without seeing her name among the prominent guests and as a reigning belle at half-a-dozen teas, dinners, and balls. She is such a slight, fragile creature that she must be very glad to welcome the Lenten lull." The stay-at-home laughed. "Another result of news-mongers' stupidity," she said. "Don't you remember that Polly Plantagenet had a fever this fall and was obliged to have her hair cut short? Well, after a little, it fell out so dreadfully that she was quite bald and a sight to see. Her mother had made for her a most beautiful wig, which was so becoming that she couldn't resist the temptation to wear it all the time, in spite of the hairdresser's cautions to the contrary. And—" "What happened?" asked madam, the wanderer, breathlessly. "Why, at last she began to have such terrible pains and aches in her head that she couldn't keep the wig on at all, and had to be sent away to her uncle's plantation in the South, where she has been for two months or more waiting patiently for her hair to grow and render her once more pre-sectable to the eyes of mankind. I believe she is just come back again, but she certainly has had a miserable winter of it, and spent most of her time in suffering seclusion, newspaper reports notwithstanding." And this tale was told of a debutante who has been everywhere extolled as the brightest and gayest at every imaginable rout.

Recently the young Baron De Lorme said: "In your papers I have seen this and that lady spoken of as the handsomest woman in America. It seems to me that it would be very difficult for any woman to be designated as the handsomest woman in the country. The fact is, that you have so many

different types of beauty here that it would be impossible to decide between them. You have types of the beauty of the entire world. You have English beauties, Irish beauties, Scotch beauties, German beauties, Spanish beauties, Italian beauties, and our own French beauties, besides many others. I do not think I should want to pick the handsomest woman in America, where there are so many handsome women."

Japan is in the throes of an æsthetic revolution. The decree has gone forth that all women shall renounce their accustomed garb, and adopt the costume of the West. The graceful robes which were unrivaled in picturesqueness, must give place to the ever-changing eccentricities of European apparel. This has been determined by the grave statesmen who control the destinies of Japan, and the decision has been ingeniously promulgated in an address from the empress to her faithful subjects. It was feared that a government edict in the ordinary form might be disregarded, whereas a recommendation from the first lady in the land would be sure to command obedience. There can be no doubt as to the result. In the course of a few months, the women of Japan will, to a great extent, have ceased to be objects of interest and attraction, and will be regarded with compassion. In every respect they are unfitted for the change. Their unerring perception of what is becoming in their own fabrics, their skill in harmonizing colors, will avail nothing when they have to do with imported wares of which they are totally ignorant. Their supple frames, unused to restraint, will undergo tortments of compression and distortion. But they will submit, and probably without remonstrance, for the magic spell of fashion will be upon them. The heaviest sufferers will be the heads of families. To them the decree is equivalent to the imposition of an oppressive tax, the simplest foreign feminine outfit involving the expenditure of an average citizen's income for two or three months. It is true that the native attire is often costly, but the stuffs are so substantial, and the modes are so unchanging that they serve many successive generations. There is a possible chance, indeed, that sheer necessity will compel women of the humble order to adhere to the ancient style. If so, their state will be the more gracious. The poorest girl, in *kimono* and *obi*, will afford a wholesome contrast to the cramped, corseted, wired, and "improved" gentlewoman of the capital.

Washington advices indicate wide-spread indignation in that brilliant but somewhat idle capital anent the publication in the New York *World* of the statement that a prominent Senator had asked for the recall of Count Sala, of the French Legation. The reason alleged was a purely personal, not to say domestic one, it being asserted that Count Sala was paying too much attention to the Senator's wife, and had, in fact, already compromised her reputation, to say nothing of her husband's peace of mind.

There are two young ladies in New York who teach whist, and they have all the employment they care for. These whist classes are all the fashion this winter, and the young ladies are not only making money, but their pupils are learning how to play a good game. These classes are exclusively for ladies, and not necessarily for beginners. There is quite a revival of whist playing.

Women can have their upper lips cleared of incipient mustaches by electricity. An illustration of the process was given lately before a class at the Women's College. The students had seats in a small amphitheatre, before a surgeon's chair, which suggestively resembled a barber's chair. The demonstrator was an expert in electricity. He first brought in a battery, attached to which were wires, one ending in a needle and the other in a handle. Then he introduced a girl. She was French, and could not speak much English. He had hired her for the purpose, though she might well desire to submit to the ordeal, for on her upper lip was a decidedly unpretty growth of hair. She was a neat, nice-looking creature, with an olive skin and piquant features. The operator placed the handle of the machine in one of her hands, and told her to grip it steadily. That was to keep up a current through her whenever he touched her with the needle. He fixed a magnifying glass in his eye, bent over her as she lay back in the chair, stuck the needle along down the course of a single hair to its root. "Ouch-h-h!" exclaimed the girl. But she said that she could stand it, that the hurt was not much, and so he went on gently stahing the hairs, the electricity each time removing one of the hirsute offenses. Fifty were thus done away with at this sitting. The operator explained that they could never grow again, but that the process should be carefully conducted in order not to make tiny scars.

Dr. Evans, the American dentist in Paris, made a set of teeth for an English lady, the ivories being chosen from the mouths of twenty Breton girls, who submitted to the extraction for a pecuniary compensation. Shortly after the set was delivered the lady traveled to Mentone, and was aroused from her bed by the recent earthquake. She is now back in Paris with sunken-in lips, having forgotten her teeth in the escape from the shaking Italian hotel. A fresh lot of peasant girls with sound teeth are now wanted.

It has always been said that women wanted the requisite impersonality for club life (writes Mrs. John Sherwood in the N. Y. *World*). The presence of one objectionable woman would be more annoying to the women than any objectionable man would be to all other men, all of which was demonstrated by the attempt a few years ago to get up a ladies' club, when they did nothing for a whole summer but blackball each other until there was nothing left but black-halls. Women must learn self-possession and not be too exclusive or eclectic, to deprive themselves thereby of the comforts of a club. It is a nebulous phrase that women's clubs are an impossibility. We will therefore pierce the cloud by asking, Are mixed clubs of men and women impossibilities? In London they have tried the experiment with much success. At a certain house in Piccadilly a lady can take another lady to dine, always fortified by the card of her husband or brother. To many women of good position in and about London this is a great boon, and it has been the experience

of more than one lady traveler within the last year to be entertained at these clubs in London, which are in the highest degree respectable, luxurious, and agreeable. Women in New York should have the option which men have of escaping from the narrow circle of a boarding-house to the luxuries of the Union League Club or something like it. In traveling, also, she may wish for something more companionable than a lodging-house, and something less onerous than the dinner parties to which she is invited. A man properly introduced in London has nothing to do but to enter one of these admirable institutions called clubs, where his letters can be written and delivered, where he dines or breakfasts or entertains his friends, where his social status is made manifest, where, in fact, he can dispense hospitality, enjoy his own pleasures, read his paper, spend the evening over his whist, and converse with people of his own grade and degree. His wife has no such privileges. If she is traveling alone, or with another lady, she is condemned to the hotel reading-room, or the dingy parlor of a lodging-house, where she is isolated from all that is in the least suggestive of the city she has come to see or of the country whose institutions she is studying.

The London *Saturday Review* has an entertaining essay on theatre parties, which is curious as showing that society in London is very much like society in America. The chief difference between the English parties and ours is that they appear to always arrange that each person shall pay his share. The *Review* says: "A theatre party is always a convenient opportunity for a flirtation with a young married woman, if she be so inclined, for the husband being present, a halo of respectability is thrown over the proceedings, and the poor man, though he may be aware of what is going on, can not hear what is being said, being divided by several others of the party, and the young Lothario has unbounded opportunities of pouring his tale of deep love and life-long devotion into his innamorata's ears."

The young man who is possessed of every bodily and mental equipment, and marries not, fails in one of the most palatable duties of life. He deprives himself of life's most refined and exalted pleasures, of some of its strongest incentives to virtue and activity, and sets an example unworthy of imitation. Nothing has a greater refining and moralizing influence to a young man than marriage. If he remain unmarried, he lays himself open to alluring vices that have no place in his eye or mind when his attentions and affections are centred upon a devoted wife. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. It renders him more virtuous, more wise, and is an incentive to put forth his best exertions to attain position in commercial and social circles. It is conceded that marriage will increase those cares of a young man which he would not encounter if he remained single, but it must be granted, on the other hand, that it heightens the pleasures of life. If marriage, in some instances within knowledge, has seemed to be but a hindrance to certain success, the countless instances must not be forgotten where it has proved to be the incentive which has called forth the best part of man's nature, roused him from selfish apathy, and inspired in him those generous principles and high resolves which have helped to develop into a character known, loved, and honored by all within the sphere of its influence. Matrimony, it is true, is chargeable with numberless solicitudes and responsibilities, and this all young men should fully understand before entering upon it, but it is also full of joy and happiness unknown to the bachelor. To the young man away from the home of his parents, or who is by their early death deprived of a home, marriage is a blessing and a necessity. If he remain single, he may have a pleasant place of residence, his amusements may be continuous, he may have all the luxuries that money can buy, but he will feel that lack of home and that holy love of a good wife which no money can purchase. He may be courted for his wealth, he may eat, drink, and revel, he may have the most faithful attendants and skilled physicians at his bedside when ill, but all these can not compensate for the more quiet bliss of connubial life, or the tender watchfulness of those whose hearts are knit to him by the strong ties of family relationship. To all young men choosing between the two states of life, the single and the married, we commend the words of quaint Jeremy Taylor, who sums up the subject well when he says: "Marriage bath in it more safety than single life hath; it hath more care; it is more merry and sad; it is fuller of joys and sorrows; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, which makes those burdens delightful. It is a school and exercise of virtue, and though it hath cares, yet single life hath desires which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but exercises of piety."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been asking its readers to imagine themselves Dantes, and to people Paradise, Purgatorio, and Inferno with men and women of the century, according to their deserts. The results of this apocalyptic plethysite are interesting. In the Paradisiacal list the late General Gordon takes the lead, with Mr. Gladstone a good second. This latter distinguished gentleman, it is intimated, occupies an almost equally prominent place in Purgatorio and Inferno also. Florence Nightingale is fourth in Paradise; the queen, fifth; John Morley and the Prince Consort come in ninth, and Lord Beaconsfield eleventh. Lord Randolph Churchill, Carlyle, Byron, Shelley, Nelson and Wellington are relegated to Purgatorio. The editor delicately refrains from mentioning the names of living people consigned to eternal torment by popular vote. A member of the House of Commons heads the list; a member of the House of Lords comes second; George IV. is third, and Lord Castle-reagh is a favorite selection.

A well at Yakutsk, Siberia, has been estimated to be frozen to a depth of six hundred and twelve feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never melted out.

A FLIGHT FROM THE HAREM.

By Captain S. Samuels, of the "Dauntless."*

It was at Constantinople. We found ourselves in a fleet of sixty vessels, of all nations. Ours was the only vessel flying the American flag.

The time hangs heavily when ships are waiting for freights or winds to start them into active service. Pera had become dreadfully dull to us, and we had done up Constantinople and the surrounding country to our heart's content. With the exception of an occasional dinner at the consulate, there was no recreation to be had—no theatres or operas. A dozen of us tried to swim the Bosphorus from the point from which Byron was said to have started. He must have accomplished his feat in summer, for we signally failed in the attempt, owing to the temperature of the water, and were glad enough to be taken on board our boats before we got half way.

Our only resort was a hotel, which was kept by the wife of the captain of the port, who was in exile for murder. She was a true type of Grecian beauty, a native of Athens, just such a person as the hard who swam so well would immortalize in verse. Between the hotel and the landing where we took our boats for the ship was a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Most of the streets were guarded by gates, which were closed at night, when no one was allowed to pass—unless sailors, who with a few piasters could bribe the guard to open for them at any time. We never ventured to be out late unless we were a dozen or so strong; then we would sally forth lantern in one hand and pistol in the other, ready to defend ourselves against robbers, who did not hesitate to take life. The Turkish authorities took no notice of troubles arising among foreigners. The consuls were supposed to care for the interests of their own people. I saw a Greek stab and rob an Austrian captain within twenty feet of a Turkish guard, who did not interfere, and who showed less interest than he would have shown at a fight between two packs of dogs.

The street which was our regular route to the ship had a gate and a guard-house at either end. Blank walls about twenty feet high extended some five hundred feet along both sides of the street. Behind these walls were the palaces of two of the grand Pashas. We could only see the windows of the upper stories, the magnificence within was left to our imagination. As we were walking past, one afternoon, one of the windows was suddenly thrown open, and there appeared at it the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. We were fairly electrified by her beauty. She had defied a well-known edict in showing us her face, as we knew. Instantly as she appeared we saw her throw something over the wall, and then she closed the window. It was a note which she had thrown. We all rushed to pick it up. The prize was won by a Swedish captain, who immediately pocketed it.

When we arrived at the landing the Swedish captain invited me on board his ship. We had been so intimate during our stay that the rest of the party could not take offense at this preference; but how anxious they were to know the contents of that note! I insisted that no gentleman could ask, nor would any divulge its contents, which justly belonged to its captor. Once on board, the note was opened, when an agitation seized the captain which made him appear to me like a lunatic.

"Captain," he said, handing me the note, "you are married, and circumstances have proved how much you love your wife. I am unmarried, and have fallen desperately in love. Help me by your advice. What shall I do? My ship is ready to sail, and the wind is fair. I do not own the vessel or cargo, and therefore have no right to detain her. Read, and tell me what to do."

As my own marriage had been very romantic, this affair was doubly exciting to me. The note was written in a good English hand, as follows:

I know you are Christians, and will save me from this life of degradation. Entombed in this harem, from which there is no other way of escape, I appeal to you in mercy to save me. God, I know, will open your hearts, give wisdom, and guide you to-morrow night to a silken thread thrown from this window, near where you found my note. To the thread attach your answer. Death awaits discovery.

The night was spent in devising means of rescue. The captain swore upon the Bible that he would marry her if rescued, and if she would consent. Jewels are most prized when most difficult to obtain. I was in full sympathy with his feelings, and when the day broke our plan of action had been determined. I saw that he was unfitted to go to sea, his head being entirely turned, and to ease his conscience upon the point of his duty, I pointed out that the interest of all parties would be served best if he should defer his departure until the dark moon, when the plan devised could be put into operation. This would necessitate a delay of five days.

Among our friends we were to pretend that no importance attached to the missive which the lady had thrown out. As a reason for his delay in not sailing, the Swedish captain was to say that he had discovered a leak in the ship's top side after he had loaded her, which made it necessary to caulk her for repairs. It required much tact to avoid the captains with whom we had been in daily company, and to make excuses to stay ashore late every night. We stayed ashore to become well acquainted with the guards, whom we thought we could induce, by appearing to be half drunk and by a liberal use of money, to open the gates for us at any time. The first night we half staggered up to the gate, handed the guards one hundred piasters, and then showed them our empty pockets, whereupon they allowed us to pass through the gate, pointing to their hearts to assure us that no one should pass that way to molest us. Each of us carried the usual paper lantern to illuminate the way, and we were well armed with pistols and cutlasses. During the day we had paced the distance from the gate to the spot where we might expect to find the thread, and we now had but to pace off the same number of steps in the darkness. During the day also we had not failed to show ourselves frequently in the street, to let the prisoner know we meant to communicate with her.

We found the thread, and attached our note of reply, first putting out our lights to avoid discovery. Softly pulling the thread, we felt a gentle strain in reply, and the note was pulled up, to reach, we prayed, the hands of her who so

anxiously awaited it. On our return to the gate, it was immediately opened when we had knocked and the guard had recognized our English voices.

Our letter to the lady contained the following:

On the fifth night, counting from to-morrow, we will rescue you by a rope-ladder. At one o'clock we will attach a strong line to the end of your cord. Pull this until the ladder reaches you. The line will be sufficiently strong to bear your weight. Place the line over a hook or post, but do not make it fast. We will hold the end, so fear not. The line will be withdrawn after your descent, so that no one will discover the manner of your escape. There will be no moon. Before daybreak you will be on a vessel under way for England. If you can devise any other means, or have any suggestions to make, you can communicate as before; we will pass nightly, until we have some token from you. We are two who have sworn to save you. One of us will ascend to assist in your descent, if you desire it. May God, to whom you have prayed, nerve you to your task.

The next night we received the following answer:

I will provide the ladder, which you will pull toward you by the cord. I have a trusted eunuch who will assist me, as his life belongs to me. Think well of the danger. I have no right to place you in jeopardy. In case of discovery, a rope-ladder upon you would prove your guilt; you would be seized and disposed of, none would know how except the headman. Your crime and mine are punishable by death. My life is nothing, nor would I be missed, but you have loved ones at home. Should you change your minds on the night appointed, God have mercy upon me! I will not live to see the light of another day. I have often meditated this act. I have felt that God, to whom I have always prayed, would deliver me, and that I would be allowed to thank him in his sanctuary. If you do not find the cord, you may know that I have been betrayed. If all is safe, the cord will be weighted with a silken purse containing jewels to reward you and to assist me in my escape. Should you not find this token, it will be because I have been discovered. Then be on your guard against assassination. I shall not look for you until the hour named.

My friend, Captain H—, had fallen most desperately in love. I say desperately, because he neither slept, ate, nor drank; nor would he give me any rest. It was reassuring to me to see a fellow so fargone; I had thought myself the only one who could be so "cracked." He was always at my heels, and had become my shadow. I learned his whole history. The cause of his going to sea was the removal of a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed school-mate who had been his beloved little friend from his earliest memory. Her parents had moved to Moscow, and thence, as he was informed, to Odessa, from which port he had last sailed, with a cargo of grain for Falmouth for orders. At Odessa he had made the most searching inquiries, and learned that a family of the same name had gone to Alexandria about six years previous. He had been, until our present adventure, remarkably quiet and diffident. He had told me that his diffidence arose from the fact that he was almost a woman-hater, and that he never expected to be happy until he found his early love, whom he last saw when she was eleven and he twelve years of age. His interest in the fair captive was doubtless aroused by the fact that she strongly resembled his early love.

The eventful night arrived. I gave a supper at the hotel to allay any suspicion. Supper was ordered for twenty, and was served at eleven o'clock, which meant an all-night spree. Wine flowed freely, and had its effect upon our friends. At twelve o'clock, by a preconcerted arrangement, a note was handed to me by a servant. I pretended that it had been sent by my second officer, and that it announced that my chief officer had killed one of the crew. Apologizing for my sudden departure, I promised to return as soon as possible and finish the night. My friend, Captain H—, insisted upon going with me. I protested, but he was obstinate, and finally, as the company insisted that it was not safe to go alone, we two left in company.

We arrived at the gate in our usual apparently drunken condition, feed the guard liberally, and passed through. A few minutes later we returned and had our cigars and lanterns lighted, pretending that the latter had been put out accidentally. They were so ready in assisting us that we gave them another handful of piasters, and made them understand not to allow any one to follow us. They earnestly promised, and we started again, our hearts almost bursting with rapid pulsation. We found the cord; a purse was at the end of it. So far all was safe.

Running to the farther gate as quickly as possible, we repeated our former strategy of bribes, and the guards there promised us that while we were in the street nobody should pass them. Thus we had the field to ourselves, with guards on either hand to protect us from interference.

We returned to the spot where the purse lay. It was readily discovered by reason of its brilliancy, being worked in gold and silver threads. A stout cord was attached to it. We pulled gently upon the cord, and drew down a ladder made of silk.

The night was dark, not a star visible. Thus far everything favored us. We put a strain upon the ladder with both our weights, to keep it from swaying, when suddenly we felt a heavy burden upon it, and in an instant a man in a white tunic sprang from the ladder and seized me by both arms, muttering something I could not understand. Letting go his iron grip upon me, he took the captain in the same manner. Then he sprang up the ladder and disappeared.

We were so taken by surprise that we could not have defended ourselves if occasion had required it. Treachery or not we did not know, but we stood at our post. Presently we felt by the strain upon the rope that some one was again descending. This time it was the lady herself. She sprang lightly to the ground, and a moment later came the man who had before descended. He was her faithful slave. He fell on his knees, begging to be taken with us. But this was impossible. He was to be relieved by another guard at four o'clock, and his absence would have caused the discovery of the escape. She advised him to return, close the window, and let go the rope. She would not be missed until noon, when it would be impossible to know during whose watch she had made her escape. It might be supposed she had committed suicide, as she had frequently threatened to do, and might have done, by throwing herself into the Bosphorus through a trap in the floor of a boat-house near by.

She did not speak nor evince any terror, but trusted us entirely. As we heard footsteps rapidly approaching, and feared pursuit or a meeting with street marauders, we lost no time in reaching the gate. The guard opened it immediately. The word "American" had a charm for them, especially as it was followed by a handful of piasters thrown at them when the gate was opened. I presume they imagined we did it in our drunken fun, but it was really to draw their attention from our companion. After we had passed through I locked the gate and threw away the key. The guards were too busy

picking up the money to heed a thundering at the gate after we had gone on. We did not reach our boats too soon, for we could hear muttering voices and tramping feet close behind us. With muffled oars we pulled for my friend's brig. We had proceeded not more than fifty yards from the shore, when we heard our pursuers jumping into boats at the landing. Who they were we could not tell, but they had not the customary lights with them to indicate that they were honest citizens. The extreme darkness favored our flight among the many vessels anchored in the harbor, most of which had their anchor lights up. My friend's vessel had two lights in the main rigging as a private signal. These were put out as soon as we reached the deck.

Entering the cabin, we again saw the face of the lady. As I have before said, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I could not help feeling that my friend was not the handsome fellow that deserved to be united to such loveliness—yet the gods mated Venus and Vulcan. The Swedish captain was speechless with admiration. I acted as his ambassador, and informed her how desperately in love he was, and that he was determined to save her or lose his life in the attempt. She was now free to act for herself, but I was sure that if she married him she would have a loving husband. As I had been concerned in her rescue from captivity, I felt it my right as well as my duty to urge her to accept him. She did not utter a word, but remained perfectly passive. I advised him to leave the cabin and get his ship under way at once. My boat's crew would assist him. The vessel must be outside the harbor, I said, before daylight, and before sunrise be well into the Sea of Marmora. And so we parted.

It was three o'clock when I reached my ship. Sleep was out of the question. The events of the previous few days were like a dream out of which I had just awakened. The consequences might have been serious to me. But I was always ready for adventures, and had been in many a predicament equally hazardous. I lived, as all young sailors live, on romance and daring. The excitement of this occasion was as exhilarating to me as champagne is to the wine-bibber.

In the morning I was visited by several of the captains who had been my guests of the night before. They had felt some fear for our safety when they learned that a conflict had taken place between the guard in the street we passed through and a band of Greek robbers. Two of the robbers had been killed. These must have been our pursuers, who, after we had eluded them, had returned, and attacked the guard. They were overpowered by a company of soldiers from the fort, who were making their rounds to relieve the guard. Of course I knew nothing of what had become of the Swedish captain. I assured them that he went safely on board, and was to have sailed at sunrise, and that, as the wind was fresh and fair, I supposed he was off. I feigned an attack of rheumatism as an excuse for not going ashore that day. The following day our consul, hearing I was sick, came on board. From him I learned one of the wives of a Pasha of the army had made her escape by the aid, it was supposed, of the Greek robbers, some of whom had been captured and would be executed unless they told where their companions and the captive were to be found. It was supposed that she was held for a ransom. A rigid search was made on board all the Greek vessels, of which there were many lying in the harbor, but of course the missing lady was not found.

Our consul, I think, had his suspicions as to the manner of the lady's escape from the palace. He asked me to dine with him, saying that I, being a person so well known in Pera, would be missed if I did not go ashore and show myself at my usual resorts. I took his advice and dined with him, remaining all night at the consulate, which he insisted upon my making my home for the rest of my stay. He was too much of a gentleman to question me, whatever he may have thought, and I deemed it advisable, because of his official position, to keep him in ignorance of my part in the affair.

I will here give the sequel. Nine years later, while in command of the clipper-ship *Dreadnought*, arriving in New York one day I made fast at my usual berth at the foot of Rector Street, when Captain Hope, a Sandy Hook pilot who was harbor-master at the time, boarded my vessel and told me that a Swedish brig was lying at Pier 8, and that her captain was very anxious to meet me before he sailed. The Constantinople episode had nearly passed from my mind in the exciting years that had intervened. As soon as our gang-plank was hauled ashore a lady and gentleman came on board. I was standing on the quarter-deck with some custom-house officers and passengers. The lady, whom I immediately recognized, came forward and embraced me with much warmth, and the gentleman followed suit. The pleasure attending this happy meeting was shared by all who witnessed it. It is needless to say that the pair were the Swedish captain and the lady whom I had assisted to escape from Constantinople. That truth is indeed stranger than fiction is here exemplified. After leaving Constantinople their joy was unspeakable upon discovering that they had been lovers in their childhood. She was the flaxen-haired girl for whom my friend had pined so long. When they parted as children her family went to Moscow, where they remained several years, and where she had the advantage of an excellent education and became a proficient linguist. Her great beauty attracted universal attention. She was courted by many, but won by none. Her father received the appointment of consul at Odessa, but he gave up this place and migrated to Alexandria, where he became a grain exporter. This frequently necessitated journeys into the interior of Egypt, and his beautiful daughter was his constant companion. During one of these excursions their caravan was assaulted by Arabs. The men were slaughtered and robbed, and the women were disposed of among the chiefs. She fell to the lot of one who sold her into the harem whence she was rescued by us. When the pair arrived at Falmouth, after the rescue, they were married, and sailed for Antwerp, where some of her jewels were disposed of to purchase the brig which he commanded when they paid their visit to me on board the *Dreadnought*. They had sailed together around the world, but this was their first voyage to New York. Colonel Graham, now clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, was custom-house officer in charge of my ship at that time, and he lives to bear witness that he heard this remarkable tale told in my cabin by the Swedish captain at that time. My friend the captain has since sold his vessel, and retired from sea-life.

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THE WALES FAMILY.

"Cockaigne" Discusses the Prince, the Princess, and the Princelings.

People who envy princes and princesses, and think they lead a sort of fairy-tale existence, make a huge mistake. From the Prince of Wales and his wife down, none of them occupy a bed of roses. Poor "Tummy" himself, has not such an easy time of it. It is true he has unlimited credit; an income of over a hundred thousand pounds a year; a pretty wife; a clique of toadies, termed his "set," to fawn upon him, and pander to his every wish; the acquiescent smile of (nearly) every woman upon whose attractive form or features he rests his droop-cornered, suggestive eye; the enforced homage of a nation and the position of "first gentleman in the kingdom." He is the honored and honoring guest at every place and on every occasion where and when he bestows his little pudgy presence; he is "the glass of fashion"—if not "the mold of form"—and establishes the mode for men in all such matters as length of coat-tails, tightness or looseness of trouser-legs, width of shirt collars, number of shirt-studs, depth of shirt-cuffs, fullness of coat-sleeves, shape of hats, and color of neck-ties; he is the acknowledged gourmet in food, and the admitted connoisseur in wine, so that his opinion of a dish, or judgment as to a particular brand of champagne or claret, is accepted as final; and his every word and movement are eagerly watched, noted, and inwardly digested as the quintessence of interest and importance by society. He has and is all these things, but well may he say "and yet I am not happy."

Why? There must be some concealed bitter in the seeming sweets which, to the world's eye, surround and permeate the atmosphere of his existence. What is it? One word will answer the question—*restraint*, the restraint which holds in royal check every natural sense and sentiment, and forbids every exhibition of manly nature beyond the narrow limits it prescribes.

It is a popular idea in America, quite as much as if not more than in England, that the Prince of Wales is about the last man in the world to be restrained in anything. All the little naughty tales which have been whispered about him from Lady Mordaunt down to Mrs. Langtry; all the little self-indulgent and familiar incidents concerning his intercourse with Miss Chamberlaine et al., would lead one to suppose that such a thing as restraint had about as much power over his actions as a silktread would have to tether an elephant. It does not follow that all that is said of him is true; indeed it is safe to say that nine-tenths of it isn't. But if he sometimes does overstep the royal boundary; if his spirit does now and then rise up in arms against the forced cramping sought to be put upon his nature, who can blame him? He is only a man after all, even though the British nation are pleased to consider him a good deal more. And then, of course, his slips are more noticed than other people's, and mole-hills become mountains in a short space of time, once *Truth*, the *World*, and *Vanity Fair* get an inkling of the matter.

I often wonder he is as good as he is, poor chap. The princess is rather a dragon, I fancy; and does a good deal of quiet flirting with the good-looking equerries, and lords-in-waiting, as her restraint is less than that of other unmarried "royalties." She enjoys the prerogative of asking men to dance with her at balls. This doesn't look like restraint, certainly; yet there is a restraint in it. It is a right which no nice-minded woman would care to exercise, be she queen, princess or what you like. Her restraint consists in not letting men ask her; for she might besitate about asking men and compelling them to throw over previous engagements, as they would be obliged to do, no engagement for anything—ball, dinner-party, contemplated journey, or dance—holding good against a royal command. Knowing this, a refined woman would feel great delicacy in forcing men to dance with her. The Princess of Wales, however, doesn't seem to be troubled much with sensitiveness in regard to this. Indeed so far from shrinking from royal obtrusiveness, she wields her power with considerable lack of womanly feeling. Some time ago, there used to be a young man who was at all the court balls and other entertainments where the Princess was. He was a good dancer, and handsome; but alas! he had a heart complaint, and his doctor warned him on no account to dance. So he used to stand about and look on. There were loads of lovely girls with whom he would have risked a good deal for a few turns of a waltz. But his physician's orders must be obeyed. The Princess of Wales found out about it, and instead of commending the young chap for his good sense, and sympathizing with him, what does she do? Sends him word by an equerry (that is the "form") that she wishes to dance with him. He turns pale, for he knows he can't refuse or excuse himself. So off he goes, at the risk of his life, lugging round a woman whose lameness does not exactly improve her heavy Danish step, while dozens of his favorite partners are with "other fellows." A woman who can do that sort of thing is not apt to make a husband's home bappy.

If looks mean anything, her eldest daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, who, by-the-by, has just passed her twentieth birthday, is far from being a bappy girl. At Sandown races she looked depressed and miserable. Her high station makes her "superior" to every man she talks to; and she can not unbend and be natural in any way. Restraint, again. When she marries it will be better for her, poor girl. As it is, she sits silent and dull. Her dressing, too, is a disgrace to her mother. Take last year at Goodwood, for instance. There was the Princess of Wales, herself decked out in a light gray satin costume, and her two daughters, Louise and Maud, doddily attired in brown-spotted merino frocks and black cloth jackets! Nice mother that, keeping her girls back so as to remain young herself as long as she can.

I do not mean to assert that the Prince of Wales has not a good time, now and then; for he has. Why shouldn't he? All I mean to say is that his life is not one long uninterrupted dream of fairy-land. He may do silly things to amuse himself, but, on the other hand, he has boring levées to hold for the Queen, foundation-stones to lay, bridges to open, dinners to go to, speeches to make, meetings to preside at, and every heavy drawing-room and other court entertainment to be present at. If he does get away, when he

can, to smoke a cigarette at his club with his set, have a chat behind the scenes at the Gaiety, or take a run over to Cannes or Homburg for a good time generally with any bright, witty American girl who can talk and cheer a man up, who would really blame him? He is only seeking freedom from restraint. He does some unnecessary things, however; things out of keeping with one's ideal of a man, and then he leaves himself open to just criticism. For example, at Sandown races last week, he had young and pretty women waiters, instead of meo, to carry round refreshments, and went so far in fostering the innovation as to personally design the costume they were attired in, viz., black cloaks, three-cornered caps, short skirts, and red stockings! He is getting a trifle too old for such nonsense, is "Tummy"; and one would have a right to expect greater things from the nation's future king, during his mother's Jubilee year; especially, did not one remember that, after all, it is but a species of pardonable relaxation, occasioned by the habitual restraint there is thrown over him.

His eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, is just now experiencing his first bit of severe royal restraint. He has been for some time quartered at Aldershot (pronounced *Auldershol*, by-the-by) as a lieutenant of the Tenth Hussars, the swiftest cavalry regiment in the British Army, and of which his father is the colonel. He has been given a good long line for his leading-string, and allowed to fall in love with every pretty girl he met, so long as matters did not assume a serious aspect. The poor young fellow has kept pretty well within bounds until lately. But it seems one fair young maiden sunk her bright eyes, rosy lips, pearly teeth, and slender ankles deeper down in his princely heart and budding affections than royal restraint permitted; and, as a consequence, Prince Albert Victor is to be shipped off to Gibraltar without ceremony on the 17th in charge of a sedate equerry, there to join one of the line regiments in the shape of the Sixtieth Rifles, to one of the battalions of which infantry corps he has been gazetted. It is rather a severe punishment for a purely natural offense; for not only is he spirited away beyond reach of his lady love, but to go from a regiment like the Tenth Hussars, and all its smart belongings and surroundings, to a commonplace one like the Sixtieth, where his brother officers are in no way equal in "form" to those of the Tenth, where he will be obliged to march on his feet instead of astride a dashing charger, and where a uniform of dingy, invisible green takes the place of blue and elaborate gold-lace trimmings, can, in some respects, be regarded as little less than humiliating degradation. If it had even been the Rifle Brigade—but the Sixtieth!

I daresay his papa has had the strongest finger in directing the penalty. You see, "Tummy" himself, when he was a youngster and quartered at the Curragh Camp, in Ireland, with the Grenadier Guards, away back in '62 or '63, went and lost his head and heart over a pretty Irish girl, and the report was, at the time, actually married her. Of course, the marriage was not legal, for a prince can not marry a subject without the consent of Parliament; but that, instead of excusing the prince, only made it more disgraceful of him. So "he knows how it is himself."

There does not appear to be anything whatever against the young lady who has been so honored as to capture the heart of a future English king. But it has given her a great deal of disagreeable notoriety.

LONDON, March 11, 1887.

Concerning the figures of the entire Jewish population on the globe there is a difference of opinion among the statisticians; but the "Hebrew Annual" declares that France contains 600,000; Germany, 562,000, of whom 39,000 inhabit Alsace and Lorraine; Austria-Hungary, 1,644,000, of whom 688,000 are in Galicia and 638,000 in Hungary; Italy, 40,000; Netherlands, 82,000; Roumania, 265,000; Russia, 2,552,000 (Russian Poland, 768,000); Turkey, 105,000; Belgium, 3,000; Bulgaria, 10,000; Switzerland, 7,000; Denmark, 4,000; Spain, 1,900; Gibraltar, 1,500; Greece, 3,000; Servia, 3,500; Sweden, 3,000. In Asia there are 300,000 of the race; Turkey in Asia, has 195,000, of whom 25,000 are in Palestine, 47,000 are in Russia Asia, 18,000 in Persia, 14,000 in Central Asia, 1,900 in India, and 1,000 in China. In Africa, 8,000 Jews live in Egypt, 56,000 in Tunisia, 35,000 in Algeria, 60,000 in Morocco, 6,000 in Tripolis, 200,000 in Abyssinia. America counts 230,000 among her citizens, and 20,000 more are distributed in other sections of the trans-atlantic continent; while only 12,000 are scattered through Oceania. In short, the entire total of the Hebrew race on the surface of the globe is estimated at 6,300,000.

Thoughtful Americans are troubled by the low quality of emigrants flocking to our shores. A large number of Socialists are found among Poles, Hungarians, and other races who have come to us without any knowledge of republican institutions, or sympathy with them. These facts disqualify them to serve as good citizens. They promise to be a mischievous element in our national life. But Mr. Grant Allen, a recent visitor from England, has discovered a peril from migration which has been wholly overlooked. He says he finds the worst weeds of England, Scotland, and Ireland flourishing luxuriantly on our soil, and also many others from the Eastern countries of Europe. Some weeds have also been introduced from Asia, and he thinks we shall soon have an influx from every part of the world. They are generally, he says, of the very worst quality, and most obnoxious to the gardener and farmer, and when once fairly naturalized, impossible to extirpate.

"I hardly ever see my husband to talk with him," said the wife of a Cabinet Minister, recently, "except at breakfast and a few minutes before and after dinner, when he reads his newspapers, and before he goes to his room, where a table full of official papers awaits him. He sleeps alone, so as to get all the rest possible, with a lamp by his bed-side, and when he is wakeful he turns up the light and reads until he becomes drowsy."

There is a movement among the English Catholics, it is said, to induce the Pope to canonize Mary, Queen of Scots, on the ground that she was the last of the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Scotland.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

They had a german at Hans Schmidt's house the other night. It was a boy.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

It is said that the whole Jewish synagogue will soon be sent over to Pasteur to be treated for rabbis.—*Life*.

The *Sun* says "we have no equivalent for *bête* in our language." What is the matter with angle-worms?—*Life*.

"Well, but if you can't bear her, whatever made you propose?" "Well, we had danced three dances, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."—*Punch*.

Boston Lady (returning a borrowed translation of one of Balzac's novels)—"Thanks very much! I am so fond of Balzac. I think he writes such elegant English!"—*Life*.

The Mayor of Montreal wears a twenty-five-hundred-dollar gold collar about his neck, but never when any members of the American colony are around.—*Washington Critic*.

The old style was to go around loose in tight trousers. Now the style is to go around tight in loose trousers. Styles change, but the young men remain about the same.—*Puck*.

Snaggs, L. S.—"Do you waltz, Miss Biceps?" *Miss Biceps* (stroke of the Vassar eight)—"No, but I'll put on the gloves with you for a couple of rounds."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Ah, Charles," said an indulgent parent to his only son, and heir to his millions, "your wild course will drive me to an untimely grave." "No, father," replied the young man, "that is impossible."—*Tid-Bits*.

Mrs. Hobsonby (returning from church)—"What a very eloquent man the Rev. Dr. Swell is! What do you think of his long prayer?" *Mr. Hobsonby*—"I thought he gave the Lord some very good advice."—*Life*.

A Northern man says: "I came down to Florida to get a little change and some rest." "Did you get it?" some one asked. "No; the waiters got the little change and the hotels got the rest."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Lawyer—"I shall have to charge you fifty dollars for my services in the case." *Client*—"But the amount involved is only forty dollars." *Lawyer*—"Well, make it forty then; I'm always willing to do the fair thing."—*Life*.

The Newburyport *Herald* reports that "Joseph G. Stevens was bitten by a dog at the south end last week, and the dog now sleeps the sleep of death." This should be a warning to dogs to keep away from Mr. Stevens's south end.—*Lowell Courier*.

Omaha man—"Well, those Frenchmen just beat the Dutch. They are bound to have revenge, I see." *Omaha dame*—"Why, have they declared war on Germany?" "No, but they are selling the Germans Panama Canal stock."—*Omaha World*.

"No," remarked Miss Breezy of Chicago, shaking her head depressively, "our city is not advancing as rapidly in the direction of art as it might under more favorable conditions." "To what do you attribute this?" he asked. "To the low price of pork."—*New York Sun*.

"If Mr. Garrett has really sold his stock in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the transaction is the most singular metamorphosis," observed the snake editor. "How can a sale be a metamorphosis?" asked the horse editor. "It converts a Garrett into a seller."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Young Mother—"What do you think of the little darling, Major Boots?" *Major Boots*—"Well—er—isn't he rather small?" *Young Mother* (reproachfully)—"He is only two weeks old, you know." *Major Boots* (hastily)—"Ye-e-es, I know. I-I-I meant small for his age."—*Bazar*.

Dom Pedro's venerable aunt, the esteemed and beautiful Princess Isabella Maria Conception Jane Charlotte Gualberta Anna Francis, of Assissi Xaviera Paula d'Alcantera Antoinette Radhaela Michaela Gabriella Joachina Gonzaga is dead, and Dom has advertised for sealed proposals for a tombstone.—*Life*.

Gentleman (to cigar dealer)—"Have you any 'village beauties' in stock; how are they?" *Dealer*—"First-class, sir; this last lot is an extremely fine one." *Gentleman* (departing)—"Thanks; you wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day."—*Tid-Bits*.

Young Housekeeper (timidly)—"Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am quite sure the price across the way is only thirteen." *Butcher*—"With the feet on?" *Young Housekeeper*—"N-no, I think the feet are cut off." *Butcher* (with a superior smile)—"I thought so. When we sell a turkey, ma'am, we sell it feet and all."—*New York Sun*.

"But your honor," said the prisoner, "I am not guilty of this crime. I have three witnesses who will swear that at the hour when this man was robbed I was at home in my own chamber taking care of my baby." "Yes, your honor," glibly answered the prisoner's counsel, "that is strictly true. We can prove a lullaby, your honor."—*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

Plainly Inherited: "Papa," said fond mamma, "do you know that Bobby told me a deliberate story to-day?" "What's that?" said papa, looking sternly at Bobby; "A story? Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell stories?" Bobby didn't know. "The lions and tigers eat 'em up. You mustn't tell stories, Bobby; it's wicked."—*Bazar*.

Foolish Fears: "Yes," said Mrs. De Hobson, "Clara had an excellent opportunity to visit Europe last year in company with some friends; but I couldn't bear the idea of having the ocean between us." "It seems a pity, Mrs. Hobson," responded the caller; "a European trip does give such a tone to a society young lady." "I know it does. To those moving in the high circles that we do, it is almost a necessity. I s'pose," concluded Mrs. De Hobson, half-regretfully, "that I should have let her went."—*Puck*.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. George Hearst will arrive here next week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina are in Paris.

Mr. George Bonny has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles Peters, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, and Miss Matie Peters will leave for Santa Barbara in a few weeks, to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Romauldo Pacheco, and Miss Mabel Pacheco are in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick have returned to England, after passing the winter here, as the guests of Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Colonel Robert Tobin, Miss Agnes Tobin, and Mr. Joseph Oliver will return from Europe in May.

Mr. James L. Flood is at the Hoffman House in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City.

Miss Virginia Hanchett returned from her Eastern visit this week.

Miss Jennie Dunphy contemplates a trip to Europe this coming summer.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull and Miss Turnbull will depart soon for Europe, and expect to be away several months.

Mr. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, came to the city on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Lundborg will occupy a cottage at Saucello this summer.

The Princess Colonna was delivered of a daughter last Sunday.

Mr. Henry E. Highton has returned from a visit to San Diego.

Mrs. Frank McCoppin has returned to San Luis Obispo, after a visit to friends in this city.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands has been enjoying a sojourn at Pasadena.

Mrs. David Brown has returned from a visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. D. D. Colton is passing a couple of weeks at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, have been in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Alfred Poett went East last week, to pay a visit to friends.

Mrs. John McMullin has returned from a visit to Mrs. John C. White, in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe, of Maltese Villa, are coming to this city to reside. Mr. Ashe's mother will remain at the villa.

Mrs. Vilas, of Washington, D. C., wife of Postmaster-General Vilas, is visiting in this city accompanied by her son, Dr. George Vilas.

Mr. H. B. Smith, Jr., has returned from Los Angeles after a two weeks' visit there.

Mr. Mark Requa, of Piedmont, has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. J. E. Crooks, of Benicia, returned from a trip to Southern California on Monday, and has been stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. S. Wall, the Misses Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart, of Oakland, arrived safely in New York and departed for Europe on Wednesday.

Mr. W. B. Schofield is with the Nevada Bank agency in New York City, and lives on Governor's Island with General Schofield.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker, Miss M. Walker, and Mr. J. Henry Walker, of Salt Lake City, arrived here Monday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss May Norton has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Emma Yoell in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, passed several days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mrs. C. H. Maddox, Miss Mamie Dunne, Miss Katie Dunne, and Mr. P. J. Dunne, of San José, were guests at the Occidental Hotel during the early part of the week.

Hon. Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas City, has been at the Palace Hotel most of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon came down from Virginia City on Saturday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Kate Treat has been visiting Miss Etta Birdsall, in Sacramento.

Mr. Albert Maldonado, a nephew of Mr. I. Gutte, recently graduated from the Bellevue Medical College, in New York City. He will return to this city soon.

Colonel B. O. Carr came down from St. Helena on Tuesday, and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker returned from Sacramento last Saturday.

Mr. Drury Melone, of Oak Knoll, was in the city during the week.

Miss May Miller is visiting her brother at Raymond.

Mr. L. J. Rose arrived here from San Gabriel on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham will leave the city early next week, for a sojourn of a few months at their beautiful home near Clear Lake.

Hon. Samuel G. Wilder sailed for Honolulu on Tuesday.

Miss Madeline Lissak has returned from a visit to friends at San Leandro.

Miss Irene Tay, who has been enjoying a two-weeks' visit at the Napa Soda Springs, has returned home.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks has returned from St. Louis.

The Misses Ella and Minnie Nightingale contemplate passing the summer at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are passing a couple of weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. George H. H. Redding graduated with high honors from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College on March 14th. He will remain in New York a month longer, and will then go to England to study in some celebrated college there. Afterward he will travel through Europe, returning to this city by way of the Suez Canal, India, China, and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson took apartments at the Palace Hotel on Thursday, for a few weeks, prior to their departure to the country for the summer season.

Mr. Lansing Mizner Jr., of Benicia, came to the city on Thursday.

General Williamson and Miss Williamson, of Washington, D. C., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. E. D. Merchant and Mrs. F. G. Merchant, of Oakland, will start for an Eastern trip next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lyons intend passing several months at the Kelsey House, in Oakland, while their residence on Bush Street is being renovated and enlarged.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has returned from a trip to Mendocino County, and is at the Baldwin Hotel.

Miss Iona Boardman has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Santa Barbara.

The Misses Mamie and Edith Findley and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from a two-weeks' visit to San Rafael, where they were the guests of Miss Laura Weller.

Mrs. Stanley and Miss Garber will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. George H. Newhall went East on a business trip last Monday, and will return about May 15th.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman and his niece, Miss Coleman, arrived here from Louisville, Kentucky, yesterday. They are the guests of Mrs. William M. Gwin.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster has been visiting the Misses Carroll in Sacramento.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson and Mr. A. H. Small were in Sacramento last Sunday.

Miss Mamie Masten is the guest of friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will pass the summer at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. Conner and the Misses Carne and Julie Conner will leave for the East in a couple of weeks en route to Europe where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. John McMullin and the Misses McMullin will leave soon for their ranch, Casa Blanca, where they will pass the summer months.

Miss Maggie Gwin has returned from St. Louis after an absence there of three months. She was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Thomas Gwin.

Notes and Gossip.

Last Wednesday night by the 9:15 train on the New York Central Road, Charles Crocker's private car left New York. Mr. Crocker took with him, besides his wife and daughter, Mr. H. M. Alexander, C. B. Alexander, Henry Alexander, Mr. Maitland, a friend of the groom in prospective, and

Miss Grace Green, a friend of the Crocker family. Mr. Henry A. Alexander is to officiate as best man at the approaching nuptials. Rev. Mr. Spaulding will perform the ceremony at Grace Church. There are to be eight ushers, mainly San Franciscans. They will appear in morning dress, the favors being boutonnières of lilies of the valley. Miss Crocker's dress is said to be a marvel of the dress-maker's art. It was made by Worth, under the supervision of Mrs. White and Mrs. Howard, New York's leading modistes. Mrs. White made a special trip to Paris and brought back the trousseau with her. Miss Crocker is already the recipient of a number of costly presents. Tiffany has made a small silver set in the fashionable chrysanthemum pattern, which has drawn crowds of New York's curious people to the groom's gift to the bride is a pair of solitary diamond earrings, for which Mr. Alexander has employed collectors for some months past. They are said to be stones of unusual size and quality. The Crocker party intend stopping a day or two at Salt Lake en route, and will probably reach San Francisco on Thursday before Easter.

General and Mrs. Elliott will soon give a reception in honor of Governor and Mrs. Alger, of Michigan, who are here on a visit.

Mrs. Joaquin Bolado will give a dancing reception on Thursday evening, April 14th, at her residence, 228 Sutter Street.

Mrs. T. G. Walkington gave a delightful lunch party on Thursday, her guests, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. The service was elegant and the menu all that could be desired. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. de Young, Mr. and W. H. Bray, Major and Mrs. Clay, Mrs. N. P. Perine, Mrs. Moir, Miss Moir, and Mr. Moir, Jr.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant gave an elegant lunch party on Thursday at her residence on Bush Street.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad, entertained a party of friends at dinner on Thursday evening.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at Benicia Barracks has returned to the Presidio.

Major Asa B. Carey, U. S. A., has been appointed Chief Paymaster of the Division of California, relieving Major Charles J. Sprague, U. S. A.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver, W. T., on the steamer *Columbia*, but will return in a few weeks.

Colonel Alexander Bliss, U. S. A., arrived here from Washington, D. C., last Saturday, and is at the Grand Hotel.

Lieutenant M. M. Maxson, U. S. A., has been passing several days at the Baldwin Hotel.

A Pleasant Excursion.

At the invitation of Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., a party of ladies and gentlemen embarked on the revenue steamer *Carlisle P. Patterson* last Saturday and enjoyed an excursion to Mare Island. Mrs. Peter Decker and Mrs. James Carolan chaperoned the party on the boat, and upon reaching the island were assisted by Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Fred Rogers. An inspection of the island, a number of dances, and a dainty luncheon were enjoyed during the stay, and the return home was made in good season. Taken altogether the excursion was productive of much pleasure to those invited, who included, in addition to the above mentioned: Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Eva Caron, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Nettie Tibbitts, Miss Anne Tallant, Miss Mary Pope, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas D. Mott, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. C. Marsh, U. S. N., Lieutenant Turner, U. S. N., Commander Rogers, U. S. N., and others.

A Progressive Euchre Party.

A delightful card party was given by Miss Flora Low last Tuesday evening, at her home, on the corner of Gough and Sutter streets. Progressive euchre was the game chosen, and as the participants were all experts it proved highly interesting. Elegant prizes were awarded, and a delicious supper was served during the evening. Among those present were: Hon. and Mrs. F. F. Low, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Clara Low, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Kate Felton, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Clara Taylor, Misses Hartshorn, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Lulu Otis, Misses McKeever, Miss Anne and Jennie Tallant, Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. James Otis, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Augustus Casserly, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Fred Tallant, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Walter Newhall, Mr. Thorn, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. John Doyle.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Susie M. Blair, violinist, will give an orchestral concert at Metropolitan Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 13th.

Miss E. Golman will give a piano recital at Irving Hall next Thursday evening.

A farewell testimonial concert will be tendered to M. Espinosa some time this month, at Irving Hall.

The oratorio "Elijah" will be produced at Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, April 15th, by the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart.

Mr. Samuel Fabian, the pianist, will give an orchestral concert on Tuesday evening, April 12th. He will be assisted by the best available talent, and will play concertos by Beethoven, Weber, and others.

Signor Enrico Campobello has removed from Union Square Hall to the Supreme Court building, 121 Post Street.

CCCCXXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, April 3, 1897.

Potage à la Reine.
Fried Omelette.
Broiled Beefsteak.
Green Peas.
String Beans.
Roast Squabs.
Tomatoes Sliced, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Lemon Pie.
Fruits and Nuts.

POTAGE A LA REINE.—The yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; half a cupful of bread or cracker crumbs; a little milk; white meat of a boiled chicken; one pint of hot cream; liquid from chicken hot; salt, pepper, celery salt, and a little chopped onion; mash fine the yolks of the eggs; soak the bread crumbs in the milk, and mix with the egg; chop the white meat of the chicken until fine like meal, and stir it into the egg and bread paste; add the hot cream slowly, and then mix all into the well-seasoned hot liquor, using one quart or more; salt if needed, and if too thick add a little milk, or if not thick enough, add more crumbs. This is said to be a favorite with Queen Victoria.

A man who imagined himself a telephone, and who has been trying for a year to shout "hello!" in his own ear, has been sent to an asylum at Flatbush, L. I.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

The Pie of Commerce.

I have received a letter from commercial men at large, stating that at the Hallibert House, Red Cloud, Neb., the proprietor cuts a pie into sixteen pieces. They object to this minute division, and ask my advice as to what they should do.

I would like to treat this matter in a way to insure harmony between the traveling man and the hotel, if possible; and yet I must confess that I can not refer to pie to a purely unpartisan spirit. Pie, I may truthfully say, seems to lie nearer my heart at times than anything else within the great realm of groceries.

I know that commercial men are prone to ask too much of the hotels at times, and thus they inflame the proprietors. I have known of many such instances in which the tourist was clearly in the wrong; but the outrages were always perpetrated by traveling men whose early lives had been passed in obscurity. They were men who knew how to catch a traitor, or tell, in a rich, Union-depot tone of voice, how many goods they sold in that town, but they do not adorn society very much. These are the exceptions, however. They are men who represent small houses, and sleep on four seats in the day-coach, with their feet on the velvet collar of the unassuming capitalist who sits in the adjoining pew.

But I was a traveling man once for two weeks, and I have always sympathized with those who followed this business for a livelihood. For some years I had yearned to be a commercial man, with a sorrel traveling-bag and a bold signature. I intimated to several large concerns that my services could be secured at a nominal figure, but there is nothing so puffed up or so egotistical as a prosperous business house, and so they continued to struggle on without me.

Finally, I went on the road in the interests of Warner's White Wine and Tar Syrup—a preparation that would take a pair of second-hand lungs and brighten them up so that a man needn't be ashamed to dress up in them and wear them in the best society.

People say that traveling men are too forward and too bold, and ought to do a little more of the bluish-unseen business, but I found when I was on the road that I had to be bold, especially at the hotels, for the clerks were bold, the porters were bold, and the dining-room girls were also in several instances extremely so. If I did not demand the bridal chamber I generally got tea chest No. 6½, with no knob on the door, and when I would punch the button on the denunciator it would fall off with a low tremulous sound and roll under the bed.

Speaking of door-knobs reminds me of a hotel man in Washington Territory who has a novel way of keeping these handles clean at a slight expense. He has knobs on all doors, and they are so arranged that they may be easily removed. He has two sets for the house—one set being white and the other a dappled bay. When one set gets soiled he removes the knobs, placing them in the soap-dishes of the various rooms, where the guests rinse them off thoroughly in a vain attempt to get a lather out of them. After they are dried the proprietor replaces them on the doors and the soiled set go into the soap-dishes. This hotel is now called the door knob chop-house, and with the slippery elm towel adopted there a polish is given to the guest which he might otherwise never secure.

In conclusion, I hardly know what to say. Pie enters into the life of every true American, and an unfair division of pie will certainly lead to open hostility and possibly intestine war.

The tendency of the age seems to be toward the centralization of pie. This is bound to make the thin man thinner and the fat man fatter. From statistics now in my hands I have ascertained that we have enough pie in America, if properly distributed, to give to each adult, exclusive of Indians not taxed, one-eighth of a full-grown pie, and still leave one-sixteenth pie for each child of school age.

Newspaper Men.

What shall we say of the newspaper man who sleeps all the forenoon in order that he may dawdle about the office of a morning paper all night, thinking thoughts and penciling them off for the public, or pawing around over a wad of "manifold" and writing startling heads to dull telegrams half the night, while his wife, who has taken time by the forelock and done her work during daylight, is in bed?

I know that there are men who have been contented with journalism for years who maintain that it is not a habit, but that with them it is absolutely necessary. For this reason I consulted Mr. James Miggleson, of Asheville, who edits the *Daily Impulse*, a morning paper of this place, and learned from him that it is not necessary to sit up nights in order to run a morning paper.

So the wives and mothers of morning journalists and printers of New York should not longer be deceived by this time-honored fraud upon their trustful natures.

Mr. Miggleson says that a rattling good morning paper can be worked off the press by super-time, and the evening reserved for social intercourse.

And yet, I know a pale, studious newspaper man, with silver in his hair, a man in whose mouth butter would scarcely melt, who has, for twenty years and more, bamboozled his trusting wife and grown-up son with this transparent fraud.

He told me only a short time ago, with genuine pathos, that the first time he had seen his own son by daylight was last fall. He said that his son came of age last October, and through the courtesy of a mutual friend (the young man's mother) he had the pleasure of meeting him on election day, and forming an acquaintance which he says may yet ripen into a strong friendship.

I have another acquaintance who assists in editing a morning newspaper, but he does not believe in allowing his children to utterly forget him. He does not want his boys to think that they are orphans just because he is not always at home. He is a man of very strong will and a strict disciplinarian. So he gets a holiday every two weeks in order to go home and do up his punishing.

One time he found that his eldest or oldest son—I do not know which, because I am away from home without my library—had violated the rules of the house in a sad manner.

As near as I am able to come to at the facts, the boy had taken a quart of corn and sewed a long thread through each kernel, showing great patience and perseverance in so doing. He then tied the ends of the threads all together into one knot and scattered the corn where a large flock of geese had been in the habit of associating and pooling for mutual profit and improvement.

A man who came along that way about dusk, said he saw about thirty geese standing around in a circle looking reproachfully at each other, and trying to agree on some method by which they could all go home together without turning a part of their crowd wrong side out, while behind a high board fence there was a boy who seemed to be enjoying himself in a small way.

The incident was reported to the boy's father, who came home and placed his son under a large dry-goods box in the cellar, after which he piled three hundred or four hundred pounds of coal on top of the inverted box. He then made a few remarks for the boy's good, which were followed by the smothered remark: "Rats!" from the inside of the box. After ordering that the box should not be disturbed till his return, my friend put on his coat and went back to his work.

This was just as the returns began to return in the autumn of '84. My friend did not go home for two weeks and forgot all about the boy till it came time to do up his punishment for the fortnight.

When the truth flashed over him he was filled with the keenest remorse, and went home as soon as he had sent in the last proof, but when he went down the cellar he found the box empty, and the following note written on it with a pencil:

"Dear Paw do not weep for me I have went away from my happy home where I was onct so gay and free do not assassinate me becuze she Pride up the box with a stick Of cord wood yesterday and fed Me she left the box so I could Bug it I am gone Far Far Away do not weep for me it is better for me and you to be Apart ennow it is better for Me to be Apart I like being Apart a Good deal better I think I will take a ham and gar of Preserves of which I am passionately fond but I will Renumerate you some Day as heaven is my jug so No moar at Present from your prodigle Son Henry."—*New York World*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To the Giraffe.

O, quadruped, with a soaring head—
Although you're not a savior—
I've wished and wished, and said and said,
I'd find a heap of glory in
A genuine phenomenon
That would adjust my head upon
Your vertebrae—as might be done
By improvisation.
I'm weary of this lowliness
So spiny-like and Tupperry,
I long to climb from this duresse
To attitudes so supery
That I may antidote the schemes
Of milliners to make my dreams
Attain the very worst extremes
Of phantoms after suppery.

And see, O beastly obelisk—
Cameleopard imperial—
I'd like to swap with you, to whisk
Your share of neck material;
Then, whether in a pew or stall,
I could o'erlook the bonnet all
That loom from this terrestrial ball
Toward latitudes sideral.
—*Vancouver Gazette*.

An Evasive Text.

That was a most evasive text,
I cannot fix upon it;
Perhaps because I'm so vexed
About Miss Mamor's bonnet,
I can't see how our fancies strike
On things so very much alike.
One can't remember all the things
The minister pronounces;
In such array of saques and rings,
Pleats, furberelows, and flounces,
That late arrive and walk the aisle
In silken crisp of rustling style.
And, oh! I pause with startled mind,
My very breathing hushes,
Lest Harry's searching glance divine
My feelings from my blushes.
I caught confusion in the view
Of eyes that daged above the pew.

Dear me—I must recall the text,
Such things are most illusive;
Sequences never follow me,
When times are non-inclusive.
But, oh! The discourse sweet that lies
Within the depths of Harry's eyes.
—*C. M. Snyder, in Texas Siftings*.

Chilled, but Consistent.

In days not old, when nights were cold,
And Jack Frost held his icy rod,
A masher bold, with wings of gold,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
Sang merrily his lay—
"My love is wondrous fair,
With lots of cash to spare,
And though it's cold, 'tis swell, I'm told
No overcoat to wear.
So I'll be bold, and though it's cold,
No overcoat I'll wear."
So this brave wight, in clothing tight,
Went forward to the fray;
He danced all night, but ere 'twas light
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay-hay-hay,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay.
His little chest was sore
With mustard plastered o'er,
But ere he died, he faintly cried—
"I've kept the swart I swore;
A swell am I; you bet your eye,
No overcoat I wore."
—*The Songster*.

Our Allies.

"The State Department has negotiated a treaty of amity and concord with the Tonga Islands."—*Washington Dispatch*.

Let hostile nations romp and roar,
Unmuzzle and loose the dog of war—
We're now, henceforth, and forevermore
At peace with the Tonga Islands;
Let France and Spain bear haughty sway,
Let England rule with blustering way,
Give up the fish to Canada—
Keep peace with the Tonga Islands.

We do not fear the mightiest fleet
Of Old World Monarchies effete,
We challenge war, defy defeat,
At peace with the Tonga Islands;
Wherever they are we do not know,
But the map of the world will doubtless show
Somewhere between Greece and Mexico
Our friends of the Tonga Islands.

We wear our hat on the side of our head,
We fill the world with fear and dread,
On our coat-tail no man dare tread—
On our coat-tail no man dare tread—
We're friends of the Tonga Islands;
Sing, Tinka, Tonka, Tongaleen,
Let Boston bade the Tonga be,
While white-winged Peace will brood serene
O'er us and the Tonga Islands.
—*R. J. Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle*.

A LAND BOOM IN THE COUNTY OF TULARE.

THREE THOUSAND ACRES OF THE BEST LAND IN THE STATE WILL BE PLACED UPON THE MARKET WITH A PERFECT GOVERNMENT TITLE.

This body of rich and productive land, with a depth of soil reaching below where any plough-share can reach, is the accumulated alluvium of millions of years of deposits from the Sierra and the coast range; is productive beyond that of most lands in the world, and equal to the best in California. The climate is delightful beyond comparison with any, except the most favored localities of this most favored part of our Union. It is watered with an inexhaustible supply that comes from artesian wells and that can be indefinitely increased without additional cost to the farmer. It is capable of producing either grain, fruits, or vegetables, or anything that can be raised in the temperate or semi-tropical belt where it is located. It is within nine miles of a great trans-continental railroad that reaches out to all the markets of the world. It is the favored spot for fruit culture, and especially adapted to the vine, and its climate makes it the very home of the raisin industry. It is healthful and in all respects agreeable for residence.

It is for sale, and by honorable men who are not land speculators, except so far as they will retain the half of this property as tenants in common with purchasers, until the time shall come for division and segregation. It is located in the valley of the San Joaquin, in the county of Tulare, between the Southern Pacific Railroad and Tulare Lake, in townships 24 and 25 south, ranges 23 and 24 east, and is composed of sections lying near the south line of that township, about nine miles west of the railroad village of Delano. This land borders upon what was once within the boundary of Tulare Lake; at times of overflow and when all the streams from the Sierra mountains, Kings' River, Cross Creek, Cameron Creek, Deep Creek, Elk Bayon, Tule River, Deer Creek, Kern River, and others, flowed to the Lake.

The waters having been intercepted in their flow and used for irrigation of the dry lands, caused the lake to recede, exposing as permanent cultivatable soil, some hundreds of sections of the richest and most productive lands in the world. These lands now offered for sale are in the artesian belt, and on each of the one thousand acres offered in this scheme there is to-day an artesian flowing well. One yields one million two hundred and fifty thousand gallons per day, another one million six hundred thousand, and the other two millions four hundred thousand gallons per day, or one hundred thousand gallons per hour. These wells go with the scheme without condition or reserve, and are the finest wells in group in the valley of the San Joaquin, indicating that they are in the very center of the artesian belt, and if so in no possible danger of diminution. These wells may be seen by intending purchasers, who will be offered the opportunity of a cheap excursion trip to visit the property before the same is offered for sale.

This property is all in shape for cultivation; the water is now flowing through ditches to every part of it. Something over twelve hundred acres are now under cultivation and seeded to wheat and barley.

The owners will form a joint stock company of three thousand shares at \$15.00 per share, each share representing one acre of ground, each farm of forty acres costing \$600. The promoters will dispose of one-half the shares, retaining the other half for a future enhancement of value, which will naturally arise from selling the land under conditions that necessitate its improvement. At the end of three years the lands will be divided upon such terms as the stockholders may determine. In the meantime, all income derived from crops, with an additional assessment of \$2.00 per acre per annum, will be expended upon the land, planting fruit trees, vines, alfalfa, ornamental trees, and in making such other improvements as may suggest themselves to the parties interested. It is believed that this expenditure will, within the period of three years, bring more than the half of each forty acres under a high state of cultivation, and fence all the land with a rabbit-proof fence, check the same in forty-acre checks and provide ditches to irrigate every part of the entire tract. Thus for \$840, \$21 per acre, the stockholder in this enterprise will secure to himself a forty-acre tract of the best land, fenced, ditched, and under a high state of cultivation, with vines, alfalfa, fruit and ornamental trees. The whole tract will present the appearance of a beautiful garden, attractive and profitable as a home. The purchaser may begin his labor upon the property at once, employment being offered him to work upon it, or he may abide his time, pursuing his occupations elsewhere till the time of the allotment of the lands shall take place, when he can secure his own forty-acre farm. This scheme presents peculiar attractions, is in the hands of two honorable men who will honestly administer it, and when the stock is taken, the purchasers will be permitted to unite with the two original proprietors three other directors in whom they may have confidence, chosen from their own body. This advertisement will appear one more time in the "Argonaut" with statements in further explanation of the enterprise, if anything shall be found to have been omitted. Any information may be obtained by personal interview with Mr. J. J. Haley or Mr. W. B. Bradbury, both residents of San Francisco, who are the present proprietors of the property and promoters of the enterprise.

For particulars inquire at the private residence of W. B. Bradbury, N. E. corner of Van Ness Avenue and California Street, from four till nine o'clock, p. m.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. William H. Russell, who first made "our own correspondent" a title of distinction, is occupied in writing his memoirs.

Ernest Delancy Pierson is devoting a good deal of time just at present to editing a volume of *vers de société* by young American writers.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "A Club of One" which contains "Passages from the Note-Book of a Man who might have been Soberable."

Joseph Howard, Jr., has been engaged by a New York publishing house to write a life of Henry Ward Beecher. It will be one of reminiscence and anecdote mainly.

There will be two editions of "The Century Dictionary," one of ready-reference size, with two columns to the page, the other in *édition de luxe*, in three columns, printed on a much larger page.

Charles Dickens's two daughters and his son Charles, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mark Twain, Edmund Yates, and many other well-known people are contributors to the forthcoming book, "Dickens Portrayed by Pen and Pencil."

The *Athenaeum* thinks it worth while to note that in "The Merry Men" Mr. Stevenson describes the Hebrides "without the borrowing of a single touch from Mr. William Black." This (says the *Critic*) is very much like complimenting Hawthorne on not copying from Mr. N. P. Willis.

Mr. Wm. D. Howells has just finished a volume on "Modern Italian Poets" which Harper & Brothers will publish in the course of a few weeks. It begins with Parini and Alfieri, and includes all the poets down to 1870. Mr. Howells embellishes his work with metrical translations from the poets whom he criticises.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is no longer the literary critic of the *World*, and is consequently six thousand dollars a year poorer than he was a few weeks ago. Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Pullitzer had some disagreement, which resulted in Mr. Hawthorne's resignation. A man by the name of Davidson has taken his place.

"Daffodils," a new volume of poetry by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. next week. It contains the new verse written since "Pansies" appeared, except that which appeared in "Holy-Tides." "Pansies" is also to be issued in a new edition, similar in style to "Daffodils."

Mr. Humphrey Ward, the editor of "Men of the Time," reveals the fact that the "men" are invited to furnish their own biographies. Some very amusing traits are exhibited in the replies. The real celebrities are too modest and reticent, while the comparative nobodies respond with an unlimited mass of weary detail.

On March 17, the first number of a weekly literary and dramatic paper called *The Tatler*, was published at Indianapolis under the editorial charge of Margaret Holmes, author of "The Chamber Over the Gate," recently published by C. A. Bates. It is the aim of its publishers to make it "the leading literary paper in the West."

Mr. Adair Welcker, who styles himself "The American Shakespeare," has been giving a reading of his drama "Louis XVI." at Edinburgh. How the kindly Scots bore the infliction does not appear, but that it was one not to be doubted by any who have seen the remarkable rubbish which Mr. Adair Welcker has produced and called drama.

Mr. Beecher, at the time he was taken ill, had begun an article for the *Century* on his experiences in England during our civil war. He had written out twenty sheets of note-paper. These lay on his desk in the room where he died. The article had been promised for a certain date, and he was anxious to finish it in order to proceed with his "Life of Christ."

William H. Hills and Robert Luce, of the editorial staff of the *Boston Globe*, announce that they will begin at once the publication of *The Writer*, a monthly magazine to interest and help all who make a living by the pen, and all who are concerned with literary matters. The subscription price will be one dollar for one year, and the publication of twelve numbers is guaranteed.

We have received a volume of verse, accompanied by the following note: "Editors *Argonaut*: I send you a copy of my volume of poems, hoping that you will give me a very nice notice. Of course, I know that some are more meritorious than others, but all have been admired. — I think is the best." The lady's opinion of her own poems is like that of the lovers of whisky—"all whisky is good, but some kinds are better than others."

The first number of the New York *Evening Sun* has reached us. The circulation of the *Daily News* shows what can be done with a penny paper, and it is going to be much less expensive and much easier for the *Sun* to get out an evening edition than for a paper that has no morning edition. This move on the part of the *Sun* will knock on the head the intention of a party of Philadelphia capitalists to start an afternoon penny paper in New York.

The announcement of another society novel is made by Cassell & Co. The names of the authors, for they are two, are discreetly veiled, but the book, it is promised, will be filled with real people, real receptions, real dinners, dances, clubs, and all that. Its title will be "Two Gentlemen of Gotham," and the men who christened it are said to be well-known *viveurs* of New York city, one of whom hails from St. Louis and the other from San Francisco.

W. R. Jenkins announces a new edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The old French editions are out of print, and the only ones now procurable are costly and cumbersome. The new edition is to be in five duodecimo volumes. They will be printed from new type, and great care will be taken with all the details. Each volume will be issued separately, and "Fantine" the first, will be ready about the middle of April. The price will put the work within the reach of most people who buy books at all.

New Books.

The third installment of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" (1663-1664) has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

W. Clark Russell's "The Golden Hope: A Romance of the Deep," with a portrait of the author, is the latest issue of Harper's Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard's "Jess," although recently appearing, is not a new story—it was the author's second work, following "The Witch's Head." It has been published in the Franklin Square Library, and in a neat board binding by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is not nearly so good as "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," but it is far from uninteresting. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A new edition—the eighth—of William Wetmore Story's "Roba di Roma" has recently been issued in two volumes, and most opportunely, too, for the earlier editions are becoming hard to find. This new edition differs but little from the seventh, or the sixth—or, in fact, from the

earlier editions. A couple of chapters have been quietly dropped out, a few passages have been modified to suit innovations, and a few foot-notes have been added to explain to the reader some of the more important changes which have come in during the thirty years since the work was written. But the greater part is the same delightful "Roba di Roma" one read three decades ago; it has lost none of the fine charm of graceful language and poetic imagery. As regards typography, binding, and the other mechanical details of the edition, they are very creditable to the publishers. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$2.50.

The fourteenth volume of the series of American Statesmen which is now being published under the editorial supervision of John T. Morse Jr., is "Thomas Hart Benton," by Theodore Roosevelt. It is an excellent piece of biographical work—following the public rather than the private life of the subject, as Senator Benton's character and position necessitate—and gives a clear, distinct panorama of the national affairs of his time. The period is a long one, extending over more than the thirty years of Benton's career in the Senate, and embracing the inception of the spoils system, the struggle with the Nullifiers, the bank question, the distribution of the surplus, and the earlier phases of the slave question. A particularly good chapter is the introductory one on "The Young West," in which Mr. Roosevelt sketches, in a masterful and comprehensive way, the development of the States in the valley of the Mississippi. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

"The Principles of Art," by J. C. Van Dyke, is a calm, dispassionate analysis of art after the fashion of the German metaphysician's dissection of all subjects and topics; and Mr. Van Dyke has certainly formulated his theories in plain, set terms, and backed them up with a lavishness of illustration that shows an intimate knowledge of the subject. He considers the principle of art in two lights—art in history, and art in theory. In the first he follows the evolution of art—Mr. Van Dyke adheres to the Hegelian division into the symbolic, the classic, and the romantic periods—from the symbolic, imitative, or decorative forms of savages, through the ideal purity of the Greeks, to the present emotional, intellectual, and individual phase; and in the second, after demolishing the conception that art is "imitation," "truth to nature," or the like, and substituting for it the theory that art is language, the expression of the artist's ideal, he takes up the question where the first part had left it, and shows in what art is theoretically consistent with what it really is. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"The Jesuit's Ring," by A. A. Hayes, is a prettily conceived story. In the short introduction, we learn the history of the Jesuit's ring, which had been brought to France from the Orient by a Crusader, and possessed the wonderful property of making its owner's wishes come true, while if any unworthy person became possessed of it, it would inevitably be lost before its power had been exhibited. The Jesuit, to whom it had been given by a descendant of the Crusader, died in the short-lived Mission St. Sauveur on the Island of Mount Desert, and an Englishman who robbed his body of the ring, lost it in a little spring. There it had lain for two centuries and more, and is at last found by Herbert Somers, a young American of the best type. Somers's time is spent between love-making in Bar Harbor and fighting railroad strikers in the West—for in his business capacity, he is a railroad man—and in both, thanks to his own good qualities and the benign influence of the ring, he covers himself with glory, not to mention more substantial rewards. There are a dozen or more principal personages, all of whom are clearly drawn characters, two or three love stories, clever descriptions of Bar Harbor customs, vivid scenes of rioting, and a crisp, lively style throughout to attract the reader. In fact, "The Jesuit's Ring" is a very fair light novel. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Dr. Franz von Reber's "History of Ancient Art" has been supplemented by a second volume, a "History of Mediaeval Art," which, like its predecessor, has been translated into English by Joseph Thacher Clarke. Doctor von Reber follows the same logical plan adopted in the former work, tracing the development of art in the track of its highest condition at the various periods. Beginning with the early Christian and Byzantine architecture, painting, and sculpture, he takes a brief glance at the art of Asia, at the Persians under the Sassanids, the Indians and other Eastern Asiatic races, and at Mohammedan art in Egypt, Byzantium, Spain, and Turkey, and then begins the consideration of art in Europe. After a chapter on the Christian art of the North up to the close of the Carolingian epoch, the spread of the Romanesque style in Germany and elsewhere through Europe to Scandinavia is discussed, and then the appearance and extension of the Gothic in England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands. Dr. von Reber's treatment of his subject is masterly and he imparts his wide learning with striking lucidity. Illustrations to the number of four hundred and twenty-two are scattered through the pages of the book, emphasizing and explaining the words of the text. Besides a full table of contents and a descriptive and classified list of illustrations, there are a glossary (supplementary to that in the "History of Ancient Art"), an index of artists, and an index to pages and illustrations of places. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for April contains "Brain-Forcing in Childhood," "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," "Social and Physiological Inequality," "Bird-Migration," "A Remarkable Explosion," "Turpentine-Farming," "The History of a Delusion," "Infection and Disinfection," "Melody in Speech," "Scientific and Pseudo-Scientific Realism," by Professor Huxley; "The Scientific Age," "True Aim of Physiology," "Science and Statesmanship," and "The Growth of Industrialism."

Accompanying the second instalment of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's delightful sketch, "Our Hundred Days in Europe," in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is an admirably etched portrait of the distinguished "Autocrat." Among the other features of the number are an amusing negro dialect story, by W. W. Archer, entitled "Lazarus Martin, de Cullud Lyeier"; "Via Crucis," supposed to be a letter written by a Roman official in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, by Edward I. Stevenson; a poem by J. G. Whittier; "A Suppressed Chapter of History," by Edmund Kirke; "Russia in Asia," by W. H. Ray; and "A Tory Parson," by Louise Imogen Guiney. The number is not so good as the last, but the March number would be indeed difficult to equal.

The April number of *Harper's* opens with a paper, "The Southern Gateway of the Alleghenies," by Mr. Edmund Kirke. Chattanooga is made the subject of a sketch. The same number finds Mr. Warner in the City of Mexico. Mr. Lee Meriwether contributes a paper on "How Workingmen live in Europe and America." Mr. Meriwether lived among the people whose habits he described; in Europe, for a year or more, he wore flannel shirts, carried a knapsack, and slept with the peasants. A weird story is that by Ellen L. Dorsey, "Back from the Frozen North." The "Comédie Française" is treated by Theodore Child in a paper full of interest. The illustrations, however—by Paul Merwath, a French artist—are not much to our liking. In this number Blackmore's "Springhaven" is concluded; "The Stubblefield Contingents" is a sketch of Georgia life thirty years ago, by R. M. Johnston. The regular departments are up to the usual high standard of this periodical.

Scribner's Magazine for April opens with the first instalment of the "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray." These letters were written chiefly to Mrs. Brookfield, who is still living in London, and her husband, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who were among Thackeray's most intimate friends. Some of the letters are enlivened by original sketches, and there is a full-page portrait of Thackeray from the painting by Samuel Laurence. "No Haid Pawn" is the title of a story, by Thomas Nelson Page, which finds its motive in some of the superstitious beliefs of Southern negroes; the descriptive part is good, but it is weak in the supernatural element. Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, of the Navy, contributes a copiously illustrated article on "Modern Aggressive Torpedoes." Ex-Minister Wasburne concludes in this number

his interesting "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris." Of especial interest is his account of the imprisonment and execution of Archbishop Darboy. Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton, has a paper on "American Elephant Myths," and Mr. F. D. Millet contributes a story of artist life, called "Tedesco's Rubina," the scene of which is laid in the island of Capri. Professor A. S. Hill, of Harvard, closes the number with a short article on "English in our Colleges."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Mr. Justice Chitty, of London, recently heard a case concerning some agricultural implements and household furniture. One of the lawyers was very prosy, and after talking about the implements until the court was nearly asleep, said: "And now, my lord, I will address myself to the furniture." "You have been doing that for an hour already," replied Mr. Justice Chitty.

Sir Henry Hawkins is getting a reputation in England as a witty judge. Recently a prisoner pleaded guilty of larceny and then withdrew the plea and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins: "Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury say you are a liar. Consequently you are discharged."

During the cholera epidemic in Nashville, Tenn., the late Dr. Bowling attended an old blind negro, who eked out an existence by playing the flute at the street-corners. He recovered, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, he took his flute and sat under the doctor's bedroom window and played the whole night long. Of all the large fees he ever received, the doctor said this was the largest.

While the elephants were filing leisurely into their new quarters, at Madison Square Gardens, recently, a cowboy from Buffalo Bill's colony was looking on, and being rather in the way, one sagacious pachyderm pushed him aside with his trunk. "— you for a — two-tailed varmint," roared the bull-puncher: "if I knew which end was meant for kicking, darned if I wouldn't give you h—!"

Immediately after the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln sat down and wrote a peremptory order to General Meade to intercept Lee in his retreat, give him battle, and by this bold stroke crush the rebel army and end the rebellion. The order was accompanied by a friendly note, in which the great patriot said to Meade, "The order I inclose is not one of record. If you succeed, you need not publish the order. If you fail, publish it. Then, if you succeed, you will have all the credit of the movement. If not, I'll take the responsibility."

One of the first things Queen Victoria did on hearing that William IV. was dead, and that she had succeeded to the throne, was to call one of her mother's ladies-in-waiting. "Am I really queen?" asked the excited princess. "You are, indeed, madam," replied the lady-in-waiting. "And I can do what I choose, by right?" continued Victoria. "Certainly, your majesty." "Then get me a cup of green tea. Mamma never would let me have it; now I mean to know what harm it can do me." And the young queen drank three cups, had a violent fit of the shivers, and has never liked tea since.

Thomas Moore, the poet, was very orthodox in his opinions. On one occasion he was laid up with a bad leg, and his physician, Dr. C. Morgan, the husband of the authoress of "The Wild Irish Girl," called on him a professional visit. After examining and prescribing for him, he sat down on the bed, and entered into a metaphysical and philosophical discussion. Moore, for a time, sustained his part, until he became somewhat hardly pressed, when he exclaimed: "Oh, Morgan, talk no more; consider my immortal soul!" "D—n your soul," said Dr. Charles, impatiently; "attend to my argument."

A noble lord said one day, ingratiatingly, to a keeper, "I've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?" "Oh, my lord," responded the other, "I've met many a worse, for you never shoot so cleanly." Another keeper had a habit of expressing himself in this way on all occasions. One day he was hunting with a gentleman, who variably missed everything at which he aimed. A pheasant flew up, sportsman blazed away, some feathers flew, and he exclaimed in naive exultation, "I hit him that time, Cox, and no mistake!" The reply was characteristic and to the point: "Ah, sir, they call you a sportsman sometimes."

A celebrated man not long since received a just rebuke. A lecturer stated that the aforesaid celebrated man knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. A respectable minister wrote to him asking for the receipt. His request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit: "I hope this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph." To which the minister replied: "Accept my thanks for the receipt for making coffee; I wrote in good faith, and in order to convince you of that fact allow me to return what you obviously infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me, your autograph."

David Leavitt was for many years President of the American Exchange Bank, New York. Leavitt's principal rival in business was Josiah Miller, a Quaker merchant and ship-owner, and one of the rich men of New York in his day. The two old fellows were always trying to get ahead of each other, and always on the watch for opportunities to cross swords. Hearing one day that there was something of a run on the Exchange Bank, Miller thought it would be a good time to draw a big check and bother Leavitt. Walking into the bank, he coolly wrote a check for all the money he had on deposit, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. The cashier was dumfounded, but he took the check to Leavitt and asked what he should do about it. "Pay it, of course," said the President. "What with? It will take all our money." "Have those kegs of small coin rolled up from the vault," said Mr. Leavitt. The kegs were rolled up, each with the amount it contained marked on the head. Miller asked to have the heads knocked out so that he could see what was inside, and it was done. Walking from keg to keg, he took a handful of coin out of each without counting the pieces, and dropped the money into the capacious pockets of his long coat. Then he said: "Well, I guess that's all I want to-day. I'll deposit the rest," and walked out. How long it took the clerks to count what remained in the kegs, Mr. Leavitt never told.

Josiah Miller went to an insurance company to get a policy on one of his vessels that was about to sail from the West Indies for New York with a valuable cargo. The insurance was heavy and so was the premium, because the ship was not rated very well at Lloyd's. Mr. Miller paid the premium, and was told to call in a day or two for the policy. He called several times, but the clerks always had an excuse to offer. The President had not signed the policy, but would do so when he came in, and the document would be sent around in a day or so. One morning a man came to Mr. Miller, after a breathless ride on relays of horses from near Montauk, and reported the ship wreck on Montauk Point. Mr. Miller went to the insurance office and said in a loud voice to the clerk: "You needn't mind about the policy. I've heard from my ship. You can give me back my premium money." Before the clerk could think what to say, the President of the company stepped out from his private office with the policy in his hand, saying: "I'm sorry, Mr. Miller, but your policy has been signed and waiting for you two or three days. I meant to have sent it to you, but it was lying under some papers on my desk." Mr. Miller took the document and noticed that the ink of the signature was not dry. As he turned to go, he said: "I've heard from the ship. She's gone to pieces on Montauk Point, a total loss."



STAGE GOSSIP

Two of McCaull's opera companies are now playing "The Black Hussar" on the road.

George Osbourne has gone East on a flying trip, to engage new attractions for the Alcazar.

"Ruddygore" will have two productions in this city next week—one at the Standard and another at the Tivoli.

Lewis Harrison is coming to the Alcazar in a few weeks. He will probably play a long engagement, bringing out two new plays.

Emma Merfert, who will appear with the Thalia Opera Company, is the original Nanon, and played that rôle for four months in New York.

Lewis Morrison, Gus. Levick, and the stock company at the Alcazar will produce "Faust," commencing a week from next Monday.

The Thalia Opera Company will arrive here direct from New York to-morrow in a special train, and will appear at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening.

The statuesque Jaguarine will be on the boards at the Alcazar next week in "Not Guilty," during the hattle scene, when she will engage in a sword combat with Vanzandt Bosworth.

Roland Reed completes his engagement at the Bush Street Theatre next week, and will be followed by Harren & Hart's Variety Troupe. Mr. and Mrs. George Knight will come next in "Over the Garden Wall."

The Thalia Opera Company came direct from New York to San Francisco. The opera in which they open, "The Black Hussar," has been remarkably successful both in English and German in the East.

William Gillette is now in London superintending the production of "Held by the Enemy." He will return to this country in time for the production of that piece at the California Theatre in this city next June.

The Standard Theatre will be opened next week by the Thompson Opera Company, in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Ruddigore." Billy Arnold, the minstrel, is now the lessee of the theatre, and he has gone East to secure performers for a good minstrel company.

When it is considered that Booth appeared at the Baldwin Theatre in twenty-eight performances, and that seats were two dollars and a half each, it is certainly the most successful dramatic engagement financially ever known in this city, and perhaps in the country.

"Not Guilty" is to be produced at the Alcazar next week. Louis Morrison, Gustavus Levick, and the Osbourne & Stockwell Company will be in the cast; a sinking ship, a revolving scene, and the battle scene, in which Jaguarine will take part, will be the features.

Pretty Eliza Weathersby, Nat Goodwin's wife, who used to be a marked attraction in his company, died last week under the surgeon's knife. Her will shows a remarkable balance for one in her profession. She leaves eight thousand dollars to her mother, and the remainder, estimated at about eighty thousand dollars, to her husband.

The repertoire of the Thalia Opera Company includes "The Beggar Student," "The Gypsy Baron," "Gasparone," "Czar and Zimmerman," "Black Hussar," "Rat-Catcher," "The Vagabond," "Don Caesar," "Three Pairs of Shoes," "Nanon," and "Die Fliederbusen," all of which, with the exception of the last two, are new to this city.

Roland Reed sings his songs in "Humburg" in a very fetching manner. Years ago, when he was a wandering book-agent, this accomplished stood him in good stead. He would wander into a house, seat himself at the piano or melodeon, sing a song, sell a song-book, and take his departure before the astonished grangers had time to recover from their surprise.

At the Alcazar this week Lewis Morrison has been reviving old memories by appearing as the Count de Mornay in "A Celebrated Case." He is as cruel and crafty a count as ever, and the company support him fairly well in D'Ennery's popular melodrama. Mr. Levick, as Jean Renaud, compares very favorably with James O'Neill, and Miss Morrison and Miss Barry are improving in their methods with gratifying rapidity.

Roland Reed has been drawing large audiences at the Bush Street, this week. Reed has a number of peculiarities which are sufficiently amusing to take the place of wit, and in "Humburg" he shines as his name, Luster, implies. His "pocket Mikado" is a pot-pourri of the principal airs in the operetta, and he sings them—with the assistance of a slender young woman called Miss Patrice—in a way that suggests that the original Ko-Ko was not nearly so bad as some we have seen.

The legal persecution to which Lawrence Barrett is being subjected by Henry Gillig, of the American Exchange in London, is remarkable in two things—the first (which was strongly suspected before), that Barrett lost a considerable sum by his London engagement two years ago; and the second, that the American Exchange extorted thirty-five per cent. interest when the actor was in a pinch, and tried to enforce the terms in the hope that he would rather pay up than to acknowledge that his London season had been a failure.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will start out together next September, and their joint starring tour will cover nearly the entire country. Their repertoire will include "Julius Caesar," with Booth as Brutus and Barrett as Cassius; "Lear," with Booth as Lear and Barrett as Edgar; "Macbeth," with Booth as Macduff and Barrett as Macbeth; "Hamlet," with Booth as Hamlet and Barrett as the Ghost; "Othello," the two tragedians alternating as Othello and Iago; and "The Merchant of Venice," with Booth as Shylock, Barrett not appearing until the afterpiece, "The King's Pleasure."

Edgar S. Kelley has met with rather hard treatment at the hands of the Music Teachers' National Association of Boston, at whose request he went East, some months ago, to conduct the orchestra when his "Macbeth" music was given. He neglected his private business to go, and when the work was given the orchestra was so incomplete and the rehearsal so insufficient that the reputation of the composition was seriously damaged. And now, after wasting Mr. Kelley's time, money, and fame, the Association will not return his manuscripts. Truly, a composer's lot is not a happy one.

The National Opera Company, which will reopen the Grand Opera House week after next, will give us opera in such shape as we have never heard it in San Francisco. The company, while numbering no great stars, consists of singers of established reputation, and produces works with an elaboration of detail which well repays the mints of money which have been sunk in the enterprise. Their repertoire includes Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," with a ballet of nearly one hundred people; two of Wagner's works, "Lohengrin" and "The Flying Dutchman," both admitting of gorgeous spectacular effects; "Martha," "The Huguenots," "Aida," "Faust," and others of the Italian school; two novelties, "Lakmé" and Rubinstein's "Nero"—the latter has been given only in New York; and three ballets: Delibes's "Sylvia" and "Coppelia," and Rubinstein's "Bal Costumé." In these three ballets, ninety-two performers will take part, Mlle. Juri, from La Scala, Mlle. de Gillers, from Moscow, and Mlle. Karozzi, from Milan, being the *premières*; the chorus numbers a hundred voices, and the orchestra of sixty pieces will be under the leadership of Theodore Thomas.

EDWIN BOOTH.

Some Particulars of His Early Career.

"Uncle" Benjamin Baker, an ex-manager of New York City, thus speaks of his early associations with the great tragedian:

"When I first saw Edwin Booth it was as Richard, at the old Chatham Street Theatre in New York City. He had gone on suddenly as a substitute for his father. He was only a boy, but in spite of his lankiness he made a favorable impression, and when he was called before the curtain, John Scott, who acted Richmond, led him out. Ted had played Tresselt in the same piece a short time before in Boston for his debut. Old Booth didn't want him to be an actor. He usually kept the lad in his dressing-room at the theatre to help him on and off with his costumes."

"In '55, when Edwin was twenty-one years old, he came back from Australia with his old friend Dave Anderson, where he had been starring in a vagrant sort of way, and landed in San Francisco. At that time poor Sam Colville was the manager of the Sacramento Theatre, where I was engaged as stage manager. While at 'the bay' as we used to call 'Frisco' in those days, Edwin and I became acquainted. We put our heads together, and the result was that we went together to Sacramento and took the management of the theatre there, being equally interested in the profits. Edwin opened in Richard, made a hit, and played three or four weeks quite profitably. Then several stars came along and he supported them. One was a woman who had escaped from the Mormons at Salt Lake. Edwin acted Chude Melnotte to her Pauline, and the sympathy racket was worked to such an extent as to pack the house nightly. Among the incidents of this venture was the engagement of a stage-struck dancing-master named Clapp. He played Hamlet, and Edwin went on for the Ghost. He managed to keep out of the way of the dead cats and decayed vegetables that were hurled at Clapp, but it was lively and undignified dodging for the perturbed spirit of the melancholy Dane's paternal ancestor. However we made some money. That was what we were both after then. Ted went to 'Frisco' later, and starred there at the Metropolitan with his brother Junius, but the panic of '55 made things dusty. We both became discouraged. I went to the boy one day, and said: 'Ted, there's no use in our wasting time out here,

Laura Keene has sent me a letter from the States, and she says things theatrically are brilliant in New York just now. She wants me to go on and take a place in her theatre. You're too good to be picking up a living here among the miners. Let's go to the States."

"But where's the money to get there?" asked Ted.

"Leave that to me, I said, and it was settled. 'Farewell benefits' were gotten up in Sacramento and 'Frisco,' and they panned out even better than we expected. I had saved some money, and so I started for New York by way of the Isthmus to pave the way for 'the young American tragedian,' as I had determined to announce him. Laura Keene was the first I saw. She wanted to engage Ted as leading man at one hundred dollars a week. I said no to that proposition."

"Edwin reached here in October of the season of '55 and '56. I told him to go to Baltimore and visit his folks, while I went on to Boston to see if I could arrange an opening with Mr. Barry, whose Boston Theatre was then the swell place. Barry was dubious about my position, so I posted off to Baltimore, where John T. Ford consented to present Booth at the old Front Street Theatre at once. He played a fine engagement, opening up in "Richelieu," and following that up with the rest of his repertoire. Then he went to Richmond, where there was a good stock company to support Ted, including Edwin Adams, John Jack, Theodore Hamilton, and others since well known. After that we visited Washington, Pittsburg, and Wheeling. While en route to the last-named place in a stage-coach, there was a breakdown in front of a gypsy encampment. An old hag told Ted's fortune and predicted all sorts of good things. We dined with the rovers, sharing the contents of their black pot. The theatre in Wheeling was on a carriage maker's shop. It was a bare, bleak, whitewashed place, heated in winter by two stoves in the parquet and one in the gallery. That bitter night Ted played Richard. When he went on for the "Now is the winter of our discontent" speech, he looked over the house, and seeing nobody, came toward the prompt side and said to me, 'Where's all the audience, Ben?' The few half-dozen people in front were not visible because they were huddled about the three stoves, trying to keep warm. I remember the stage was so dirty there that I wouldn't let Ted wear a new fifty-dollar Richelieu robe that we had recently bought, and which we set great store by. I made most of the costumes be worn on that tour myself. After the performance I would sit up for a couple of hours in the double-bedded room we always occupied, and sew like a good one, while Ted sat by smoking his pipe, waxing the thread, and threading my needles. We had to do it, for we neither of us could afford to buy wardrobe. I recollect one time we struck Rochester and were hard up for funds. There was a large German population, and I conceived the idea of doing Schiller's "Robbers." Ted had no dress for the part of Franz, but I faked one up out of my frock-coat, to the collar and skirts on which I sewed a lot of imitation fur. Ted had one pair of shoes. I wore boots. He borrowed my boots to wear on the stage, while I arrayed myself in his shoes in preference to going barefoot. The posters were printed in German, and the announcement of 'Herr Edwin Booth' in a drama dear to the Teuton heart served to crowd the house. When they found it was not a German performance, it looked for a time as if the people were going to tear up the benches. But Ned managed to pacify them by his fine acting, and they forgave the little deception and his English speech. The widow of old Booth gave Edwin her husband's wardrobe after a time, and with occasional efforts at ingenious twisting, we managed to make that serve for everything. We used to sew the ermine cap of Richard on to Richelieu's robe, and then rip it off again when the crookback monarch had to have it. In Memphis we met Ada Isaacs Menken, who was the leading lady at Crisp's Theatre. She conceived a violent attachment for Ted, but he didn't reciprocate. The women were always going wild over him, yet he shunned female society, and used to laugh at their ardent letters."

"We went to New Orleans, Charleston and other southern cities before striking northward. Everywhere Booth was liked. In Chicago we played at McVicker's Theatre. One day a lot of us dined at Ed Tilton's, where Mary McVicker, afterward Mrs. Booth No. 2, then a mere child, took a fancy to Edwin, who danced her on his knee. In Detroit Ted took a fancy that he would no longer be advertised as 'Mr. Booth.' 'Go to the printers, Ben,' said he, and tell them to put plain Edwin Booth on the handbills and posters." Off I trotted to do as I was told. I explained to the foreman of the job-room that Mr. Booth wished simple Edwin Booth put wherever his name occurred in the copy. What was my astonishment and Ted's horror next day when all the bill boards were placarded with the cast of the "The Apostle," headed by "Pescara, Simple Edwin Booth."

"One Sunday night in Louisville, a number of people called on Ted, and among them a doctor who had considerable local celebrity. He wanted to see Mr. Booth because he had known the tragedian's father, and he sent word to our room that he wished to place in his hands a valuable relic that belonged to the elder Booth. He was shown up stairs by a little darkey, who carried something wrapped in a news paper. It proved to be a well preserved skull, thoroughly cleaned, and the parts joined by springs and hooks."

"Years before, Junius Brutus Booth had met Morrill, the famous river pirate, and they became friends. When Morrill died he left his skull to the tragedian. Booth gave it to the doctor in Louisville to put in order, but, dying himself soon after, the peculiar bequest was forgotten until the physician brought it to Ted. We used it for Yorick's skull in "Hamlet," and it was one of our most precious relics. It was a nice clean skull, and lighted up splendidly at night in the graveyard scene. Morrill's skull didn't remain long in Ted's possession, though. One time he went home to visit his mother, who lived on High Street in Baltimore. Unpacking his trunk while he was out, she came upon that skull. Not knowing what it was used for, or the history attached to it, she decided to get rid of it along with some

other rubbish. So when Ted came in she told him how she had thrown that nasty skull out of the window, and that a coal cart passing by had a minute later crushed it into a hundred pieces."

"I could tell you many more amusing things that happened while Ted and I were together that season and the next. He was always good, kind, and jolly, and we were like brothers. I brought him first to the Winter Garden, which was under Burton's management. At the close of the season of '57 we parted, he to pursue his vocation with what brilliant results you know, and I to manage stars, direct the stage in various theatres, and finally, after many years of toil, to anchor here in this house."

Edwin Booth has not forgotten Ben Baker. Whenever he comes to New York he looks his old manager up.

The French wine production, which in 1885 scarcely reached 28,536,151 hectolitres, fell below this amount in 1886, being estimated at only 25,063,345 hectolitres, showing a decrease of 3,472,806 as compared with the previous year, and of 11,615,799 hectolitres upon the average production of the last ten years. Atmospheric disturbances, which during the season prevented the ripening of the grape, have largely contributed to bring about this result. Frequent rains, frost, and hail-storms have had fatal effects everywhere, the centre of France only appearing to be spared. The decrease in the wine yield is apparent in forty-eight departments. The causes of this falling off have been accentuated by the continued development of the two pests which have, for a considerable period, ravaged the vines, namely, the phylloxera and mildew, the latter disease appearing to be rapidly on the increase. It has shown itself this year in two distinct forms—mildew, properly so-called, which attacks the leaf, and peronospora which attacks the fruit, which withers and falls to powder. The treatment applied to these two maladies consists in watering the plants with a solution of sulphate of copper. This is, however, seldom used, as the wine-growers assert that the presence of a poisonous element contained in the sulphate of copper has an injurious effect upon the quality of the wines. Two systems of combating the ravages of the phylloxera have been adopted. The first consists of prolonged submersion, and the second, which is practiced on a very large scale, and has been for some time in use in the departments of Midi, consists of a reconstruction of the vines by the aid of American shoots. Attempts made in the latter direction have been eminently successful. Recent investigation, however, appears to show that the importation of American vines is likely to introduce into France a disease known as the "black rot," from which the United States has for a long time suffered. This disease has already shown itself where the system of grafting with American shoots has been largely adopted, but has not assumed very formidable proportions.

SUDDEN RICHES.

How a Clothes Peddler Brought Wealth to a Capitalist.

Gabriel Karsky rang the bell. His business was that of a second-hand clothes dealer and the bell was that of No. 10 Liberty Street, where David Cohen, a capitalist, resided. Karsky kept a little stuffy shop at 335 Sixth Street, and often in the pursuit of his calling he took a turn in the fresh air and gathered up old garments to be furnished up as new. Gabriel had often rang the bell at No. 10, Liberty Street, and when he did so this rainy afternoon, about a month ago and Mrs. Cohen came to the door she said, pleasantly, "Nothing to sell to-day Gabriel?"

"I have thought said Karsky, drawing a crumpled paper from his pocket 'I've got a Louisiana lottery ticket here and that is a coupon of ticket 73,987 and I want to sell it.' Mrs. Cohen, however, would have nothing to do with the coupon; Karsky insisted and the argument went on until Mr. Cohen impatiently shouted from the sitting-room to take the coupon, give the man a dollar and let him go. The ticket and Mrs. Cohen's dollar changed places and Gabriel pocketing the piece went on his way in the quiet contentment of small profits.

On the 16th of February the list of prizes was published in the *Chronicle*, and Mrs. Cohen, looking over it with much curiosity, saw with amazement that ticket No. 73,987 had drawn the first capital prize, and that her coupon was worth \$15,000. She collected the money through Wells, Fargo & Co's bank, and remembering the circumstances of her purchase, sent Karsky \$100.

This was not the only sudden fortune that came to San Francisco from New Orleans last month. Another tenth of the first capital prize was drawn here; \$2000 came in a lump to an old woman who held a coupon of ticket No. 14,105, and two young men with Murphy, Grant & Co., have become \$5000 richer by holding a coupon of ticket 45,151, which drew the second capital prize.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, March 3.

—MISS ADELE AVERILL, ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S belles is in Paris, stopping at the Bristol, and is busily engaged in the shopping incidental to her marriage with Lord Tottingham in August, and during her stay her fashionable mansion here is having its carpets cleaned and thoroughly renovated by Spaulding's Pioneer Carpet-beating Works, 353 Tehama Street, S. F. Telephone 3040.

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JOEL RIVERKING.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC STATES

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending April 2d.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee, Bill: Friday and Saturday matinee, "Richelieu." Cast as follows:

Cardinal Richelieu, Edwin Booth; King Louis XIII., T. L. Coleman; Duke of Orleans, H. C. Barton; Count de Baradas, Charles E. Hanford; Adrien de Mauprat, John Malone; De Beringhen, Owen Fawcett; Joseph, Carl Ahrendt; Francois, Walter Thomas; Huguet, Edwin Boyle; Clermont, F. K. Harter; First Secretary, Charles Abbe; Second Secretary, Charles Bourne; Third Secretary, Volney Stremer; Captain of Guard, John Doud; Page, Miss Ida Rock; Julie de Mortimer, Miss Emma Vaders; Marien de Lorme, Miss Kate Moloney.

Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, "Hamlet"; Tuesday, "Merchant of Venice"; and "Katharine and Petruchio"; Wednesday, "Othello" (Booth as Othello).

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Humburg." Cast as follows:

Jack Luster, Roland Reed; Ned Ramsey, E. T. Webber; Mr. Jackson Luster, Ferd. Hight; Albert Worth, W. C. Andrews; Dick Potts, Julian Reed; Judge Shaw, Jos. Gobay; Jacob Barts, W. W. Plum; A. Servant, Frank Tyler; Mrs. Ponsby, Miss Alice Hastings; Nettie Shaw, Miss Patrice; Mrs. Judge Shaw, Miss Bessie Hunter.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "A Celebrated Case." Cast as follows:

The Count de Morney and Lazarre, Lewis Morrison; Jean Renaud, Gustavus Levick; Count d'Aubertre, Chas. Edmunds; Dennis O'Rourke, Frank Mordaunt; Viscount Raoul de Langey, George H. Trader; Senechal, Harry Russell; Corporal, Emile Collins; Captain of Guard, Van Zandt; Bosworth, Joseph, J. J. Lent; Valentine, Miss Eleanor Barry; Adrienne, Miss Rosabelle Morrison; Chancellerie, Miss Fanny Young; Duchesse d'Aubertre, Miss Helen Avery; Madeline, Miss Annie Adams; Julie, Miss Maude Banker; Louise, Miss Fanny Bowman; Martha, Miss Lora Hollis; Annetta, Miss Ida Aubrey.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The May Queen." Cast as follows:

Bardoulet, Ed. Stevens; Bolivot, W. F. Rochester; Narcisse, Arthur Messmer; Macassar, Harry Gates; Gridoie, Henry Moore; Moulard, Henry Norman; Gros-menu, George Harris; Denissette, Miss Helen Dineen; Eglantine, Miss Kate March; Javotte, Miss Lily Valerga; Angelique, Miss Lottie Walton; Antoinette, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer; Justine, Miss Minnie Selden; Margot, Miss Julia Pfeiffer.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS. Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Thalia Opera Company in "The Black Hussar."

At the Bush Street, next week, Roland Reed's Company in "Humburg."

At the Alcazar, next week, Lewis Morrison in "Not Guilty."

At the Standard, next week, the Thompson Opera Company in "Ruddygore."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "Ruddygore."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

The wires tell of a surprising incident at the Park Theatre in Brooklyn last Tuesday evening. During the third act of Sol Smith Russell's comedy "Pa," one of the characters gives an exhibition of dancing. While this actor was in the middle of his performance, a man in his shirt-sleeves ran down a side aisle of the theatre and leaped on the stage from a box. As soon as he had landed near the astonished actor he proceeded to give a very good imitation of his dancing. He danced a sailor's horn-pipe so well that most of the audience thought that he was one of the company. The impression was heightened by the admirable manner in which the company behaved. Not one of them showed the slightest nervousness. The agile stranger was permitted to finish his dance. Then Russell motioned to him with a fan which he held in his hands to leave the stage. The man looked at Russell in a somewhat dazed manner, and then quietly walked off the side entrance.

The London *Figaro* describes Desdemona's dresses in the Milan performance of "Othello," as follows: "In the first act she wore a light-blue satin; in the second, a lilac and light-blue satin, with long, flowing sleeves, white lace and a flowing blonde wig, and a lilac brocade with panels at the side of white satin edged with gold lace; in the third, the same dress as in the first, with a lace veil; in the fourth, a white silk nightdress."

Jennie Yeamans will commence starring in August in Clay M. Greene's new comedy-drama "Our Jennie."

Personal.

It is now an established fact that the New No. 8 machine is beyond a question the most popular machine on the Pacific Coast. It is by far the cheapest, and the automatic under-tension can be classed among the most radical improvements of the day. Every lady is cautioned not to believe the statements of unprincipled agents, but call and make a personal investigation. Office located at 303 Sutter Street.

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Will execute any orders for art objects which may be forwarded to him to 20 Fairstock St., Covent Garden, London; or through Mr. W. A. Fisher, who will represent him in San Francisco, 931 Market St., under Palace Hotel.

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Styles are always changing. See assortment of latest antique designs at F. S. CHADBOURNE & Co's, Nos. 741, 743 and 745 Market Street.

—AFTER HAVING SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED that vast caravansary, the Palace Hotel, for a number of years, Mr. Alexander Sharon has decided to relinquish his task, and seek much-needed rest and recreation. He will take with him the best wishes of

those with whom he has been associated, as was testified by the presentation to him the other day of a costly testimonial by the employees of the hotel. Mr. Sharon will be succeeded in the management of the hotel by Mr. C. H. Livingstone, a gentleman whose business tact and ability eminently fit him for the place. The position of manager of an immense institution like the Palace Hotel is one which requires a combination of qualities, among which tact is the most pronounced. These qualities Mr. Livingstone possesses in a marked degree, and there is no doubt that his administration of the hotel will be a most successful one.

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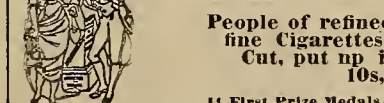
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Associated Press, with an indifference to truth that has ever characterized its transmission of news to this coast, is now in conspiracy with the leaders of the Irish rebellion against government and law to impress Americans with the idea that their actions are not criminal and treasonable, and is carrying back to Great Britain the blazing lie that this home-rule movement meets with the approval and endorsement of Americans. The plain and unpalatable truth is, there is not an honest and intelligent American of native

birth, not in politics and not of the Roman or papal faith, and who has the courage to express his true sentiments, who does not disapprove of the whole business, and who does not look upon the holding of Irish-American meetings, the writing of sympathetic letters, the expression of legislative and municipal bodies, the sending of money in aid of Irish politics, as an impudent interference with the politics of a country with whose people and government we are at peace. These things are not done by Americans, but by Irish and Irish-Americans of the imported and second generation, and by demagogue politicians who are cowardly enough to fear the Irish vote and contemptible enough to desire to obtain it by the sacrifice of their political manhood. It is amazing to observe what a hold these most impudent of aliens have obtained in the politics of this country, and what shameful cowards Americans have become in reference to them, their politics, and their religion. They came to the country starving, and it fed them till they have waxed fat and kicked; they came to the country ignorant, and to those of them having brains we have imparted information, their children we have educated, and now they are conspiring to destroy our public schools; they came from a pauper peasantry, oppressed and persecuted as tenant farmers and laborers, starving with land-hunger, and we offered them lands as a free gift, which they reject and despise, preferring the ownership of a gin-mill for property, and a place on the police or some small official position for occupation. In the enjoyment of their religious worship we gave them freedom of conscience, and they deny to us the privilege of having the Lord's prayer read in our public schools, but claim their share of the public moneys to open parochial schools under the shadow of their churches and the patronage of their saints, where priests and nuns, Christian brothers and holy fathers may mumble their *ave marias* and *pater noster* in unintelligible nose-Latin. We enlist them in the army with large bounties, and they desert; we elect them as aldermen, and they steal; we work with them in party politics, and they boss us. If their maidens intermarry with our sons in forms of solemnization sanctioned by our laws, they are told by their spiritual advisers that they have committed an offense which renders their children illegitimate, themselves concubines, and for which, by recent decree, they must humiliate themselves by confession and apology in open church, and do penance to secure the welfare of their souls. We employ them as domestics, they are impudent to the missus, prig the sugar, and run the house; we give them employment at highly remunerative prices, and they sulk unless watched, they strike or abandon their employment without warning, they refuse to allow even Americans to fill their places, assault them from ambushes and murder them by shooting from secret bidding-places. They come to America as mendicants begging for employment, and no sooner do they find it for themselves than they begin to persecute the Chinese, to drive them from the country, or to starvation or crime if they remain within it. There are, of course, two kinds of Irish, and it is not the other kind that we are describing; the man who confesses his sins to his priest, then goes away and loads up his conscience by getting drunk and abusing his wife and killing his wife's sister with a hammer; who, during his life time, spends his money for whisky, and drinks enough to damn his soul, and then on his death-bed repents by leaving his accumulations to be laid out in masses to redeem his soul from purgatory. With all of these weaknesses and follies that are matters of religious belief we have no concern, but when they are used to cement the members of one church and one nationality into a political power that works together for political purpose, and that purpose is to interfere with the most cherished of our republican institutions, we feel an indignation that has the right to relieve itself in open expression. When we see united Ireland endeavoring to subvert English laws, overthrow English institutions, and violate the rights of property by refusing to pay rent for lands and taxes for the support of government; when we hear the utterances of politicians that lead to practical confiscation of property, and see banded together in the English Parliament Irish members determined to arrest legislation and the enforcement of law by resort to menace and violence, and when we see this Irish party in England and America advocating dynamite, murder, and misrule, and working together on both sides of the ocean

under the inspiration of a common hate to everything that is English and Protestant, we have the right to dread the happening of similar events in this country. This is the more menacing when we consider the number of voting Irish that are already among us, the number that are coming, and reflect that they are under the dominance of the same priests, the same church, and the same sentiments of bigotry and political hatred that inspire their conduct in their native land. This fear becomes the more real when we know that the bome rule Irish is a strong, active, well organized party in all our Northern States, with efficient working machinery in all our Northern cities, sending hundreds of thousands of pounds to promote and keep alive an agitation which, if successful in Great Britain, will direct all its energies to American political agitation, and this in the direction of an attempt to undermine our republican institutions by destroying our free public school system; the more real, when a Cardinal of the Church of Rome gives his apostolic blessing to a secret society, numbering thousands of foreign laborers, which has already accomplished destructive violence and political agitation, and the influence of which has resulted in crimes of the most cowardly character in all parts of our Northern States. This organized opposition to law which manifests itself in Ireland, and which, if successful there, will with other Irish virtues be transplanted to America, is equally dangerous whether it finds its origin in religious or race prejudices, whether it be spiritual or political, whether it be Roman or Celtic, the result is the same. If the lands of Ireland do not belong to those to whom the law has affirmed them, and if the persons by whom and whose ancestors they have been held in possession for seven hundred years are not entitled to own them, then there is no lawful tenure of land by the people of any civilized community in the world. It is not yet four hundred years since the adventurous Genoese set his foot upon the western world when it was in possession of a native race; under the banners of the cross the Spanish conquerors went forth with the blessing of Rome to seize broad domains in the name of the Spanish crown, and in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus; the same arrogant ecclesiastical power, by its bishops, arch-bishops, and cardinals, now uphold Irish politicians in their conspiracy to steal lands, and by their cowardly menaces to prevent an honest tenantry from the payment of just rents. What the exact condition of the Irish in Ireland may be, the writer has no information; but if the condition of poverty and destitution, which characterize a great part of the Irish-Catholic population of America, is to be taken as the standard by which to measure their capacity to acquire and preserve property and rationally to enjoy it, it can not be permitted them to attribute all their troubles to English rule. In this country they may get land for nothing, and yet the Irish possess less land, in proportion to their numbers, than the immigrants of any other nationality. If any one will consider the poverty and crime of the Irish race in America, of the first and a part of the second generation, they will be compelled to find some other reason for it than the supremacy of English power. We find it in the Church of Rome and its bigoted teachings; in its priesthood, with its arrogant endeavor to so exercise the political power of the church that it shall regain the supremacy it abused and lost during the mediæval age; in the ignorance and superstition that bind its membership within the jurisdiction of church bells, matins, vespers, confessional, sacraments, last rites, and burial in consecrated ground, instead of allowing its members to go out to the hills and plains, the valleys and the forest lands, to carve out for themselves homes by the hard, laborious industry which the Irishman is so willing to exercise if he ever does happen to drift beyond the influence of his parish priest. It is curious to observe with what unyielding tenacity the Irishman who has acquired lands and houses holds on to them when once he becomes their owner. We need not mention names to illustrate this, for there is not in America a harder, or more exacting, or more ungenerous class of landlords than the Irish who have from poverty arrived at wealth. There is not an individual Roman Catholic Irishman in the City of San Francisco, or the State of California, who—having made a legal contract in writing with a tenant for a term of years—would not exact his rent to the last cent if that tenant were able to pay. We have said before and again we repeat, we

know no reason why Lord Lansdowne may not enforce his contract for rent in Ireland, and either compel his tenants to pay or vacate their premises if this is the law. It may work individual hardship, but he has a right to enforce the law. He has the same right to his remedy of ejectment as has Mr. James Phelan against his tenants in "Phelan's Block," or has the Murphy estate to enforce its contracts running with land, or any Irish woman to eject a predatory goat which trespasses upon her hired premises to chew shirt-tails and starched cuffs pendant from her clothes-line. The law can not always discriminate in cases of personal hardship, and if there be cases where the tenant can not meet his payment of rent in Ireland or America, he must take the legal consequences of his default. Yet from the pockets of Irish-American land-owners, and from the hard earnings of American labor, there is a continuing outflow of money in aid of the non-rent-paying Irish tenant. The banking firm of Donohoe, Kelley & Co., acting as trustees for Irish accumulations in the United States, and agents for Irish-American landlords who never remit a cent of rent justly due, are conspicuously prominent in aid of the Roman Catholic Irish political conspiracy against law, government, property, and social order in Great Britain. We could name other wealthy Irishmen who, through religious fear or political demagoguery, are doing the same thing. If this cup is ever passed back from over the sea for them to drink of they will bellow like hungry calves turned out to pasture on an asphalt pavement. This is not a discussion of the Irish question as much as it is of a question of law; but it is one which is inviting all the political Irish-American demagogues. There is another attitude taken by the Roman Catholic Irish in social life that is equally objectionable, because of its tendency to divide the community into religious parties. The worst and most demoralizing line that can be drawn is that along the division of creed. When this separation occurs it is irreparable; the difficulties that arise are irreconcilable. It separates families and communities, and leads to conflicts that end in civil war. The darkest pages of history are those which record the bloody acts of religious controversy; and it is a melancholy fact that in this age of enlightenment and of freedom of conscience there is a church whose apparent endeavor is to revive the animosities and passions that have characterized the darkest periods of the past ages. The Roman Catholic hierarchy seems resolutely bent in its effort to revive these buried conflicts; to breathe new life under the ribs of ecclesiastical death and to fan the old embers of long-forgotten controversies over creeds and ceremonials into a new conflagration, or else why did Archbishop Riordan cause that archiepiscopal letter to be read from all the pulpits of his diocese that placed the infamous mark upon the brow of every pure woman who had consummated her marriage vows elsewhere than before the altar of his church, and not under the sanction of the sacramental ceremonial that is prescribed by Rome? It was an infamous assault upon wives and mothers whose lives are as pure and whose conduct in the sacred relation is as much above reproach as the purest and holiest of the women who have been canonized by the sacred ceremonies of the Church of Rome. What is the meaning of that law, framed and promulgated by the late Council of Baltimore, that demands of the Catholic wife of a Protestant gentleman that she must, as penance for her sin, undergo the humiliating ordeal of a public confession of her error in the open congregation of her church? To this humiliating and shameful demand, Mrs. Pritchard, of St. Paul's Parish, New Jersey, was compelled to submit. When St. Paul treated of the duties of wives and the sacredness of the marriage relation, he could not have had in his mind that the ceremony of marriage was a soul-saving ordinance unless performed by some ignorant and unmannerly priest of a church that had no historic recognition until ages after his departure from life. What means this fact that, in the last resting-place of the dead, loved ones of the same family must be buried apart, the one in consecrated ground—that is, priest-blessed—and the others under the flowers watered only by the dew of God? When the resurrection trump sounds its final call, is there danger that the angel of the resurrection will find it difficult to distinguish and choose those who have earned, by their pure lives, the triumph of an immortal reward? A father and his boys are drowned by the act of God, and this is the record of their burial as we read it in the *Morning Call*:

The body of little Walter Haggatt was found yesterday morning, on the Alameda beach. The waves have yielded up all the drowned of this family. The burial of Mr. Haggatt took place in Mountain View Cemetery, at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. The three children were buried in one grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, at two o'clock. The reason for thus burying the father and children apart is, that while Mr. and Mrs. Haggatt were Protestants, the grandmother, Mrs. Adams, had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and, unknown to the parents, had secured the baptism of the children into that faith. They therefore are buried in ground consecrated according to ordinance of the Roman Catholic Church.

Why is it that in the City of San Francisco there is no Roman Catholic charity, no place for their aged sick and poor? And why is it that no good Papist ever gives a dollar to a Protestant or non-secular charity? The Roman Catholic religion, carried to its logical results, destroys social harmony in the community, and leads legitimately to the Inquisition

and civil war. When we consider Roman Catholic politics as working in Germany, in England, and in America, does it not look as though this church of peace was endeavoring to light again the bloody torch of religious war? When we read apostolic letters and laws of priestly councils, does it not seem as though this church was again endeavoring to stir the embers of a dead fanaticism, that they may blaze again upon domestic altars?

Holy week has been celebrated this year in Paris with unusual eclat. On holy Thursday, in the great Cathedral of Notre Dame richly decorated with flowers, a fashionable audience of elegantly dressed women assembled to see Monseigneur Richaud, Archbishop of Paris, wash the dirty feet of twelve small boys and kiss their nasty little toes. By *Herald* cable dispatch, sent to James Gordon Bennett, copyrighted and sold to the San Francisco *Examiner*, the following important intelligence is cabled under the ocean and over the continent and borrowed by the *Argonaut*, for the information of our readers:

At twelve o'clock precisely the archbishop, resplendent in gold and white robes, and attended by all the prelates and clergy in full canonicals, emerged from the sacristy. The boys all sat in the nave of the cathedral, each with his right foot bared. The archbishop, who is sixty-nine years of age, but who looks as if he were eighty, knelt before each boy, washed the foot, then pressed his venerable lips against the great toe of each, pronounced a blessing, and handed a glass of wine, a loaf of bread, and a new five-franc piece and bunch of violets to each boy.

Archbishop Riordan went through the same impressive ceremony, on the same holy day in our cathedral of San Francisco. We have no doubt that this solemn service of the church is sanctioned by divine authority and approved by the early fathers. Ours was a Protestant family and we never got a blessing, or a glass of wine, or a loaf of bread, or a five-franc piece, or a bunch of violets, or had the preacher wash our feet; we were compelled to wash our own feet, and unless we did, were spanked soused into the bath-tub and sent supperless to bed. As we remember, this ancient ceremonial of the church used to be performed on certain old mendicants. We think it an improvement to practice on boys, and we would respectfully suggest to the venerable clergy whether it would not be just as solemn and imposing if the shapely legs of pretty girls could be ungartered, uncovered, and perfumed to undergo this washing of feet and kissing of toes. Toe-kissing seems to be a solemn custom of the Church of Rome, so honored in its observance, that in the Vatican a bronze St. Peter has had his toe nearly kissed away from his consecrated brazen image. We illustrate our love for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship by recording our sanction to the Roman clergy that they may kiss the feet of mendicants, boys, and brass saints, and we indulge ourselves in the freedom of speech by saying we accord the same privilege to the old lady who indulged her taste in kissing her cow.

The kind of evangelical tomfoolery that has been indulged in of late by such divines as Talmage, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Cook, Dr. Scudder, Moody, Sankey & Co., and other sensational revivalists, is now bearing fruit in such irreverent and vulgar blackguards as Sam Jones, of Georgia, and Ned Forrest, as he calls himself, an ex-gambler and criminal, now playing at the Central Methodist Episcopal church, on Mission Street. This most fantastical of all evangelical mountebanks that has ever been permitted to disgrace a church and dishonor God by mouthing his blasphemies in a pulpit, has neither originality nor wit to soften the utterance of his vulgar slang. He is a disgrace to the profession of the green cloth, and if he was ever more than a three-card monte or a string-game sharp, or played other than a hogging game, his own manner, language, and autobiography do him rank injustice. It is probable that he is a mere adventurer, sparring for a living by his wits, and earning a subsistence without work from a lot of soft-headed, all-wooled Methodists. As we do not know who admitted this vagabond blackleg to the performance of the sacred duties of an evangelical office, nor by what road he found his way to the pulpit of a church so eminent for the sincerity and zeal of its clergy, and so honored for the simplicity and purity of its faith, and as we do not know the name of the pastor, or the deacons, or governing body of this Central Methodist Church, on Mission Street, we are not permitted to mention them by name in expressing the profound contempt we feel toward them for their disgraceful and inexcusable conduct in permitting this wretched parody upon religion to be enacted in our midst. It is just such things as these that bring religion into contempt; that disgust intelligent men and pure-minded women, and keep them from church attendance; that arm infidelity with its keenest blades and most pointed shafts; that plume the free-thinker with wings for his most daring flights into the realms of doubt. It is in argument with just such shallow-minded fools as this uneducated gambler that the man of most common intellect dares to measure himself, and when Forrest goes back to the practice of his profession, as he doubtless will, all this his religious experience will become the subject of badinage and ribald jest. The *Argonaut* has neither desire nor space to print extracts from the vile jargon of this man's insufferable balderdash; but if any of our readers think our comments undeserved, let them peruse his sacrilegious and vulgar slang as reported

in the daily journals. We are glad to know that very few respectable men and a less number of respectable women countenance this miserable exhibition which so injures religion, dishonors the Methodist Church, and reflects personal discredit upon the preacher, officers, and members of the congregation that encourages it.

Great ado is being made over an anti-coercion meeting which was held on Monday last in London, and the endeavor is being made to convince the American people that the English are largely in sympathy with the political movement in Ireland. This is the same kind of lie that has been made to do duty in Great Britain, viz., that Americans sympathize with the Irish in their endeavor to shirk their legal obligations in the payment of rent, and in their endeavor to establish an independent parliament in Dublin. Americans of the right kind sympathize with Irish of the wrong kind in nothing. There has been a large Irish meeting in London. London is a city of four millions of people, and largely more than one hundred and fifty thousand of them are laborers; it is an easy thing for English politicians of the demagogue class, to which Gladstone and Morley belong, to martial these idle Irishmen into a parade and demonstration upon Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, and to get up fourteen speakers' stands at the base of Nelson's column, from which English demagogues, Irish politicians, and crazy socialists may harangue an idle throng upon a pleasant day. This parade was Irish, the meeting was composed of Irishmen, the speakers were Irish, the mottoes were Irish, and it was intended to affect the Irish Coercion bill. It will have no effect at all, and the bill will pass though all Ireland should stand on its ears. The English know the Irish, and will neither be influenced nor intimidated by them. It was on a holiday—Easter Monday—when every shop in London was closed; the procession was made up of Irish laborers and Socialists flaunting their red banners, and curiously enough under one red flag was the figure of two priests in black robes hanging by the neck; John Bright was hissed; Gladstone was the idol of the mob and continuously cheered; Irish songs were sung, such as "Wearing of the Green" and "St. Patrick's Day;" the Robert Emmet Lodge was in procession; Irish temperance lodges, working-men's clubs, and social democratic societies, green banners and Irish national emblems were conspicuous. On one of the platforms Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, presided, at another the Irish Coneybar, and at another William Redmond, and at another Michael Davitt, and at another John Burnes, an Irish Socialist, who declared that the state of Ireland justified civil war. It was on a scale corresponding to the size of London, and just about such a scabby parade as we witness here on St. Patrick's Day. We give it the importance of this notice as proof of the conspiracy on this side of the ocean to convince Americans of the growing popularity of the Irish cause in England, and in Great Britain that it has the sympathy of Americans. The cause of Irish nationality is sound and fury, cheek and yawp; simply that and nothing more. It is a device to enable Irish political knaves and adventurers in both countries to live in idleness on the contributions of deluded fools.

An old friend, one in whose judgment we placed great confidence until he differed with us in opinion, took us to task the other day for questioning the ability of an American family to maintain itself upon twenty acres of land in any part of California. This gentleman, who himself is the owner of more than twenty leagues, does not doubt that there are many favored localities where under favorable conditions the soil will yield support from twenty acres to an American family. To one that has no ambition beyond daily labor and daily bread—yes; but to the American family that has for its members aspirations beyond the limited patch of land upon which it toils, we still maintain, with resoluteness, our fixed opinion. That there are twenty acres in certain localities that will maintain six persons and educate them, we have no doubt, for, as we have admitted, there is a garden within view of our window, where, upon six or seven acres, half an hundred Chinese are maintaining themselves in oriental luxury upon rice, desiccated vegetables, dried fish, and tea; but this same land would not maintain an American family of six who were compelled to depend upon their own labor for its cultivation. An American family has no member who can bring compost in a basket from the city, and so manipulate it that it can be sprinkled through a garden-pot upon the land. There is no American family that can live and toil as does the alien from eastern lands, or the immigrant from the redundant populations of Europe, and which, denying itself the indulgence of everything but the material necessities of existence, is content to live and die without making an effort for something beyond. American parents would desire to see their children advanced to some higher life than is afforded in the cultivation of limited acres; they must be educated, and this demands time, money, and books; they must have a pew in church, and this requires dress; they must have the privilege of enjoying social surroundings, and this suggests for the girls accomplishments that come from a broader education than the district school, and, if the boys would ever go beyond the limit of their home, an educa-

tion to fit them for contest in the higher walks of life. Nor is there any reason in the world why any American family that desires land should not have as much as it requires, nor why any American parent should not have enough to give his children all they may require. If the Congress will pass some reasonable law to arrest the invasion of mendicants and political adventurers from Europe, who are now eating up the substance of our children, every American man and boy who wants land can have it in quantities far exceeding twenty acres. If more of the heads of families would move from out the cities and larger towns to the country, they would do a wise and prudent thing for themselves, and save their children from the temptation and ruin that surround them. If more of our fashionable women would deny themselves the frivolities that environ them, and, with a little more of wifely and motherly self-denial, encourage their husbands to the purchase of land and the making of country homes, it would be better for them and better for the children they have assumed the responsibility of rearing. Living in a city, keeping up appearances, hanging upon the ragged edge of genteel life, is to the refined and sensitive mind an enduring torture in comparison with which the ease and independence of a country residence, however modest, upon God's acres and under God's blue sky, to which one has a title and which is paid for, is the nearest approach a poor and honest man can make to heaven till he gets there. It is better to try the experiment on twenty acres of land, than to wear out existence in the constant worry of a city life. This is good advice to the genteel poor, and it would be wise if every prosperous family and every prosperous person would now, while lands are cheap, secure themselves a farm against the adverse contingencies that are liable to happen to every one. Our lands are being gobbled up by aliens. There is a new exodus from Ireland, hence we suggest the idea to Americans of acquiring cheap landed property before the new invasion overwhelms us. Read this:

QUEENSTOWN, April 13th.—The arrivals here of emigrants on the way to the United States are at present enormous. The railways are running special trains to accommodate this class of travel. The number of emigrants now awaiting steamers to carry them to their destination is already greater than can be accommodated in the houses and lodgings, and many are camping in the streets. Fifteen hundred embarked yesterday. Three thousand more are expected to arrive Saturday to take the steamers here.

A movement has been for some time on foot in the literary world having for its object the protection of authors against the barbs which they are called upon to endure at the hands of the publishing fraternity. Up to a short time since, the complaints were directed mainly against those publishers who take advantage of the non-existence of an international copyright law, to pirate the works of authors of other countries, issuing cheap editions thereof, a thing which, of course, they were enabled to do as they had only their own profits to consider in the matter. This has been going on principally, as was natural, between England and America, dramatic authors having, probably, in the matter of immediate profits, suffered most. This question is now being considered widely on both sides of the ocean, and there is little doubt that if energy is used by the parties most interested, it will result in reciprocal legislation favorable to the sufferers. Recently, however, the *casus belli* between author and publisher has assumed a different shape; the battle is to be fought upon new ground, and the war is, on the side of the authors, being carried into Africa. A shell has just been thrown into the camp of the publishers in the shape of an address from the noted novelist, Walter Besant, to the Society of Authors—an English organization evidently not behind the age in its recognition of the advantages underlying the trades-union principle—at a meeting lately held in London. Mr. Besant argues with apparent fairness and directness that the business relations between author and publisher are of a unique and extraordinary character, and that the form of contract under which business is done is such as would not be tolerated in any other commercial transaction. He claims, in short, that the same state of things exists in the present day as existed in the days of Dryden and Tonson, when literature could not be classed as a profession at all; when the man of letters was considered and treated as a child in matters of business—as, in fact, he usually was; and when the publisher assumed to think that he was doing him a favor in handling his work at all, and paid him pretty much what he pleased, or, at all events, did not consider that the author's share of the profits bore any relation to their net amount. He shows that the author, from the time that he hands his manuscript to the publisher, to the time that he receives his final remuneration, is in a state of Egyptian darkness regarding the business aspect of the affair; in short, he must take everything for granted and is totally at the mercy of the publisher, be the latter unscrupulous or honest, no matter which of the four forms of contract constitutes the basis of agreement. Mr. Besant very properly asks why the author is not permitted to see the publisher's books; why the accounts relating to his business are not audited; why he is not allowed to examine the vouchers for sales; and why the final account in which the balance between them is struck, and from which he receives his remuneration is not itemized? Then again, what is the nature and limitation of the "secret profits" which the publisher makes? And why has not the author a right to know beforehand something about the "cost of production"—a dark element which, according to Mr. Besant, looms up in the final accounting in such proportions that the author sometimes discovers his profits to be nil? It is hard to see what valid objections can be raised to the thoroughly equitable and modest demand that the accounts, as between author and publisher, shall be open to inspection and audited; and that the receipts and sales shall be checked. Such, however, is the conservatism of English methods of business, and the veneration in which usage is held that has attained the sanction of age, that it is to be expected the publisher will not yield without a struggle, and when he dies, as die he must, will die hard. This, however, is not the only grievance Mr. Besant complains of. He goes a step further than this diatribe against method, and strikes a blow at a still more tender and vital part. Even where actual fraud is not perpetrated by unscrupulous

publishers, he points out that the remuneration received by authors is inadequate as compared with what the publisher makes for his share in the transaction; the latter taking for his services in introducing a book to the public, more than twice or thrice what he allows the author for writing it. Now that literature has become a recognized profession, and book-writing a trade, the profits of which can be closely estimated, and which conforms to the law of supply and demand equally with one's butcher meat, or groceries, there would seem to be no good reason why such profits should not be fairly appraised, and a division made upon an equitable scale. The publisher of the present day runs no risk with the works of an author of established reputation, and thus there is no excuse for putting "Paradise Lost" prices upon works whose cash value he can gauge with the utmost accuracy. But as there are proverbially two sides to every question, it is only fair to consider what the publishers have to say. It should be borne in mind, to begin with, that the publishing system in vogue in England is not the same as is practiced in this country. It is customary in England to divide the profits on a book between author and publisher, whereas in America the author is generally compensated upon the royalty system—that is to say, he receives a certain percentage on the retail price of the book, his profits being regulated, of course, by the number of books sold. Thus, in this country, the dispute, where it exists at all, resolves itself into a mere question of the amount of royalty to be paid the author. This, it may be said parenthetically for the benefit of outsiders, ranges from ten to fifteen per cent., and though the sum may seem small at first sight, as a remuneration for the wear and tear of brains popularly supposed to be incident to the production of a book, it has been well pointed out by a prominent New York publisher, whose views were asked upon the controversy, that it is in reality as much as a publisher can afford to pay, considering that, when the cost of production, retailer's commission, advertising, etc., are deducted from the selling price, his own profits will not amount to more than twenty per cent. for which he has also to take all risks, the author taking none. There can be no question that the American system is a much clearer and more satisfactory way of doing business, apart from the fact that it does not leave the door open for the practice of those frauds of which the English authors complain, the chief of which seems to consist in the operation underlying that very vague term, "secret profits." These profits, according to Sir Frederick Pollock, who made a speech upon the matters in dispute, lie in the publisher putting down in the balance sheet which he supplies the author, against the items of printing, paper, binding, advertising, etc., those sums which the author would probably have had to pay had he negotiated these matters himself; whereas the publisher, in consideration of his good will and extensive business, actually got the work done for some thirty per cent less. It is evident, of course, that if the publishers' books and accounts were open to inspection, there would be an end to these "secret profits." But apart from the business equity or morality of this transaction, the delicate question suggests itself: Has not the publisher the same right to take sole advantage of such profits as his commercial or professional acumen have enabled him to make, as the author of established reputation has in respect to the increased profits accruing to him from the correlative attributes in the literary sphere? Again it is the author, with rare exceptions, who approaches the publisher in the character of a vendor of wares. If he is not satisfied with the terms offered by that particular publisher, common sense would suggest that he is at equal liberty to take his wares elsewhere, as the purchaser is to state upon what terms he will or will not buy them. One publisher, in a letter to the London press, very naively says that a house doing anything like an extensive business publishes large numbers of books at its own sole risk, and, when it finds them fall flat upon the market, has to recoup itself for those losses, which do not affect the authors of said books, by "making them up in some other direction"—a mild periphrasis for saying that the successful Peter must be robbed to pay for the unsuccessful Paul. It would be interesting to learn the name of this ingenuous publisher, so as to ascertain whether his very candid statement has anything to do with the *hinc ille lachryme* of Mr. Walter Besant. There can, however, be no doubt that the action of the Society of Authors will be productive of benefit in the way of exposing and measurably repressing certain phases of underhand dealing among unscrupulous publishers. In fact, it has already had the effect of making one of the largest firms of London publishers suggest, in response to the expressed willingness of another firm to furnish vouchers to authors, the expediency of doing something far more effectual, namely, rendering their accounts in such a form and giving such particulars of all payments made by them, as will render them liable in person for the legal consequences of direct fraud—a form of rendering accounts familiar to commercial men, and which could be adopted without much difficulty. The letter referred to concludes with grim irony: "All authors must needs be satisfied with accounts rendered them in that manner, and to judge from some recent expressions of opinion the mere fact that they might have a chance of imprisoning these publishers would to some of them be a vision of delight." All of which goes to show that the controversy has had the effect of setting some great publishing houses by the ears, a circumstance which may eventually inure to the benefit of the oppressed authors.

The recently discovered thieving rascalities committed by railroad employees on the Panhandle route, between Pittsburg and Chicago, afford much food for thought, in that they throw into strong relief three most important factors in our latter part of the nineteenth century civilization—the audacity of our criminally inclined, the laxity or lack of vigilance in those whose duty it is, or ought to be, to watch over the interests they are detailed to guard, and, thirdly, the prompt and praiseworthy manner in which justice, by swooping down on them as suddenly and effectively as she did, vindicated the name of our police detective system, and proved the aptitude of the old Roman apothegm, that she rarely escapes the track of the offender whose heel she dogs, albeit credited with a lame and halting foot. It is scarcely credible that an organized system of wholesale robbery could have been going on for the space of two years, upon one of the greatest and most thoroughly equipped commercial highways on this continent, to an estimated extent of three hundred thousand dollars, and how much more no one yet knows, without leaving in the meantime a clue to the perpetrators of the daily recurring felonies. It argues an extreme laxity of administrative and precautionary ability on the part of the officers of this railroad, that the thieving was carried on by its own conductors and brakemen, not in a stealthy and surreptitious manner, but so that, in one instance, as our dispatches relate, "there is evidence that a freight conductor broke into a car, opened a piano, and sat and played it all night, stopping at midnight to eat supper off the polished top." But there is a

graver cause for alarm than the comparatively trifling loss which this rich railroad company has suffered, and that is the state of society which, if it is not responsible for, at all events does not seem competent to check the outgrowth of felonious organizations like this. And as all organizations are merely combinations of individuals of the same way of thinking, the great and all-absorbing problem with which our modern theorems of society and thought have to grapple, is that which leaves the door open to the individual to reason that honesty is a poor policy, after all, in the race for happiness. Man is an imitative animal, with whom an ounce of example goes further than a pound of precept, and may not the examples constantly before a set of intelligent and perhaps under-paid railroad employees, of corrupt government officials, thieving rings, and hoodle aldermen, be more than in a measure responsible for the jobberies that are now going on, not only on the Panhandle, but dozens of other routes that might be named?

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Southern Boom.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read, with a great deal of interest, the editorial in a late issue of your paper, warning poor men from the East against investing in southern California lands at the present crazy prices, and I have also read, with equal interest, the reply made by L. J. Rose to the said editorial. Mr. Rose is prominently identified with southern California, and has made, it is believed, a good deal of money there, owing to the rise in land, and it is, therefore, only natural that he should take the southern California side of the question. The undersigned has traveled quite extensively in southern California of late, and agrees with the editor of the *Argonaut* fully, in the remarks of warning that he has given. There is not a foot of land in that whole section of the country, at the present fancy prices, which will permanently pay for the purpose of either fruit or grain raising. As long as rich men come from the East with a pocketful of money, who propose to locate in southern California for the mere purpose of receiving the benefit of the climate, it is undoubtedly true that the boom will continue and high prices for land be paid; but with such men as these, it is not a question of making money, but simply a question of living in a part of the world where they can escape the winters of the East. Mr. Rose gives us some figures about what an orange grove produces, but he fails to state that these are exceptional, and that as a rule, year by year, no such returns can be realized. There is not, on the part of northern California, any jealousy whatever, as Mr. Rose supposes, concerning the southern portion of the State. On the contrary, on all sides in the north the boom in southern California is greatly relished by the people up this way. While, of course, we should like to have a portion of this travel, and shall eventually turn some of it to this part of the State, yet whatever tends to benefit Los Angeles county, or adjoining counties, in the long run will benefit every part of our grand commonwealth. It is, nevertheless, a well-known fact, to every one who has inspected other lands in this State, that vineyard and fruit property can be bought to-day in Tulare, Fresno, Butte, and Sacramento counties cheap, which will produce as abundantly of raisin grapes, oranges, peaches, apricots, and other fruits, and even, in some of these counties, more abundantly than any of our southern counties. Fresno and Tulare counties, to-day, will produce finer raisin grapes, and more to the acre, than any other county in this State. They will also produce an equal quality, if not finer, peaches and apricots than any of the southern counties, and this land, with an abundance of water, can be bought by poor men with a few thousand dollars at anywhere from fifteen to fifty dollars an acre, according to location. Now, while we admit that it is all right for rich men to settle in Los Angeles, and adjoining counties, and pay fancy prices for lands, we agree with the *Argonaut* that it is wrong to lead poor men into buying property at any such figures as are now ranging there, with the expectancy that they are going to make a permanent living off the land. In the opinion of the writer, nothing of this sort can be done, and when they find out their mistake it is simply going to result in a reaction, which will mitigate against all portions of California.

For town lots in Los Angeles, Pasadena, or other southern towns, land will have a certain value, even if it is fictitious, more or less; but when it comes to raising fruits and paying for bare lands three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre, no one knows better than Mr. Rose that there is not the slightest chance that the purchaser of such land can see his way clear year by year, and that dissatisfaction must inevitably result. Yours truly,
SAN FRANCISCO, April 7, 1887.

OBSERVER.

Why is it that so many women of social cultivation are unhappy in their married life, and discontented with their husbands? asks the *New York Sun*. Is it not because the pursuits and occupations of husbands are apt to unfit them to share the tastes and pleasures of wives who have the ambition and the leisure to perfect themselves in the graces and accomplishments of our elegant society? As many a foreigner of cultivation has observed, and as everybody familiar with our social life must be aware, the women here are generally superior to the men in polish, nicety of adaptation to their surroundings, and even in education, especially so far as concerns the more refined tastes in art and literature. This is because the women have so much more time and so many more opportunities to acquire what is requisite to cultivation and refinement. The husband must rush down town early in the morning and spend his day in the rough-and-ready contest for money, while the wife remains at home with ample leisure to expend the money he wins for her use, in gratifying her desires for solid or superficial accomplishment, and social pleasure and experience. Of course he is likely to fall behind her in such cultivation, and the longer he delves and she profits by the opportunities his wealth secures for her, the greater the gulf between them in that respect. She is an elegant woman of society, and he only a hard-working man of business, whose daily toil leaves its mark on his mind and his manners. Society is the sphere in which such a woman would shine. Her only chance for a brilliant career is there, and the impulse which drives a man to seek fame in politics or affairs, is in her an ambition for power and consequence in the social world. But when she seeks to gratify it, she may find that her purpose is balked because her work-a-day husband has exhausted his energy before the hour of her activity comes. He is tired out at the end of the day, and not until the day is over does the great business of social pleasure begin. With us, too, men are apt to have satisfied their desire for such occupations at a period of life when social excitement may be most attractive to women. Is it surprising, then, that conjugal discords occur in a social sphere where the men are absorbed in work and roughened by affairs, while the women have acquired the tastes and aptitudes of an elegant leisure?

The following paragraph is from the *New York World*: "It has been demonstrated time and again that the most adroit, tireless, and intelligent unravellers of crime mysteries are reporters for the newspaper press. In order to stimulate the zeal of the men who serve the press, and to bring the reporters and professional detectives into direct competition, the *World* offers a reward of \$500 to any recognized newspaper reporter who will furnish it with any information, or a definite clue, that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the slayer of the unknown woman at Rahway, N. J., on the night of the 25th inst. It should be understood that this reward is offered to newspaper reporters generally, including the *World's* very able staff."

King Milan has taken a first prize for a play submitted anonymously, among a mass of others, to a jury of the National Theatre at Belgrade.

THE NOTEWARE HOUSE.

Long years ago, a child, I lived for a time in a town whose environs I learned to know well, in many a long ramble thereabouts, with the father of my mother, who was a man much given to the study of nature. By far, the most of our tramps followed, for the first part of our route, a street that led out of the town to become a road, when it had dipped over a steep-plunging hill. Then traversing a wide glade that was almost a plain, between forest land on either side, this road again ran with a long, gradual ascent toward the blue, glooming sides of Pilot Knob.

At a distance of some four miles from the town, to the right of the road, and several hundred yards distant therefrom, stood a house that has always seemed to me a typical abode of weird dreariness and ill omen. It was a large, squarish structure of rich brown stone, and, as I now know, it had some architectural pretensions. I remember that my grandfather was wont to scan its proportions with approving eye, although it needed all my pertentious persuasions to induce him to tarry near the spot, which, sooth to say, had a wonderful fascination for me. There was no fence about the grounds, though here and there a splintered post told where had run the enclosing line, whose timber had been carried away by foragers in the then comparatively recent civil war, or else by the predatory negro population.

Thus unprotected, and governed by earth's persistent impulse toward a state of nature, the grounds were rapidly lapsing back to sylvan conditions. The season was spring-time, and its tokens were all about the spot. The fragile snow-drop grew not there, preferring ground more trodden; but the untilled lawn was full, up to the very doors, of the newly-sprung scrub-oak, whose singular veneration made the opening leaves look like little, half-clenched, hairy hands, all blood stained; while at the roots of this wild growth hovered great bunches of the shy, retreating wood-violet, single, indeed, but exquisite of fragrance. There were thickly scattered sorrel and springing yarrow, and all the earlier blossoms; there, too, in great abundance, the tropical-looking may-apple plants, whose dwarf shape and palmate leaves, forever a-tremble, gave the scene a forlorn aspect of waste and solitude. If anything could impart an air of still greater desolation, it was amply supplied by the rough "stake and rider" fence over the way, where a great glossy black bull used to come into the weed-grown angles and gloomily bellow challenge to the world at large.

In all this slow lapse of years, with any reference to abandoned human habitation, lonely and forbidding, my thought has always flown swiftly back to the Noteware mansion, silent and gruesome on its little upland. Not long ago, from the descriptive bits of detail in my frequent allusions to this house, and from an ill-drawn little sketch of my own from memory, a clever artist friend, impressed by the persistence with which the picture haunted me, painted it, adapting to it the surroundings of Tennyson's "Mariana." The accuracy of the work was wonderful, perfect, it seemed to me, in every detail, and it composed so well that "The Moated Grange" was the focus of attention at the art exhibit where it was placed. For myself, I never tired of studying the picture, which seemed to me to have some esoteric, supernatural charm, the fascination of the mysterious and dread; and as I spent before it all of my leisure time, I had opportunity to discover that others than myself had felt the spell.

Thus sitting there alone, one day, at an hour when the gallery was little frequented, I was roused from a long reverie by the sound of deep, sobbing sighs, and turning, saw a woman of more than middle age, garbed in deep black, and with a face whose strong, forcible lineaments, indicative of deep passions and intense affections, were lined heavily by the mighty hand of sorrow, whose strokes are most unfailingly skillful in indicating their origin. The woman's bright black eyes, deep-set and somewhat strained in gaze, were fixed upon the picture with agonized concentration. The thin, firm lips of her large mouth, whose normal expression must be of resolution, were piteously tremulous now, and her hands were clasped so tightly that the gloves she held were torn across.

"It is the same," she murmured; "the same house, sinister and doomed—the grave of hopes and loves, the scene of ruin and blood. Yes, O my God! even on canvas the blood-stains will appear!"

She staggered, and fell back as if fainting. I caught her, and as well as I could sustained her heavy frame, easing it back against the row of benches along the room; but, even with the woman in my arms, I could not forbear casting a glance upon the picture—a glance that made me shudder. The artist had painted with a conscientious regard for detail; and, for greater effect, had chosen the hour of sunset, after a day of storm. Breaking through lurid clouds, the crimson sun looked out on the sombre scene, and the red light was reflected in pools of water before the great main entrance, and in irregular, broken lines that marked the roadway to the door. Some alteration had been made in the windows of the gallery—a slat of the blinds had been turned, or had dropped apart, and a long, slanting sun-ray came in, and, falling coincident with that rain-soaked avenue, touched the reddened pools, that gleamed with a smoothness and transparency which gave them the resemblance of palpable, fresh-spilled blood.

The stranger presently, and by degrees, recovered her composure to the extent that she was able to inquire the source of the picture that had so affected her. "I have a right to be curious about it," she said; "my name is Dinah Noteware."

It is useless to chronicle the absorption, amounting to almost mania, which continued to be inspired in her by the painting, which work she eventually purchased and carried away, insisting on paying an excessive price. Suffice it to record here the history of the original house—a history so sad and shocking in its tragic details that I readily understood why it should have been suppressed from me as a nervous, excitable child, already unduly impressed by the uncanny aspect of the theatre of those deplorable occurrences.

Mrs. Noteware had been a Southern woman; but, on marrying a Northerner, she had emancipated the slaves who constituted a large share of her patrimony, and the newly wedded pair emigrated to the West, making for themselves a home in what afterward went into history as one of the hot-

test abolition States, while separated only by the boundary river from one of the strongest pro-slavery entities. Their circumstances were prosperous, and their life conditions favorable. Richard Noteware was a man of brains, of energy, and of fine principle; his wife, while gentle and very quiet, had the noble qualities of the best type of Southern women. The mansion of my childhood memories, which would be recognized as imposing to day and in old communities, was regarded as little less than palatial amid the crude surroundings of that day, in that section. Then, too, its hospitalities were wide and generous. Two children, a girl and a boy, were born to the Notewares, and their family comprised, moreover, Richard Noteware's sister, Dinah, but a few years older than her brother's children. She was a gay and somewhat frivolous girl, who made pleasure her only object in life, and who appreciated and improved to the utmost the social advantages attending her brother's position. Mrs. Noteware was a graceful and liberal entertainer, even eager when were concerned the hospitalities of her own home; but, retiring and modest by nature, she shrunk from participation in outside society, all the more that since the birth of Lot, her son, she had discovered herself to have developed a defect in hearing, that, increasing yearly, had left her almost completely deaf, save to loud, clear sounds, at very close range. Nevertheless, the gentle lady found herself too often dragged hither and thither, and subjected to much inconvenience by the exigent demands of her young sister in law's eagerness to share, or to lead, in all the rather primitive social movements of the district.

When the civil war broke out, Richard Noteware was one of the first to join the Federal army, after making the necessary provisions for the safety and comfort of his family. Edna, the sixteen-year-old daughter, was an inmate of a boarding-school at Chartres, across the border, under the tuition of Professor Dodd, famous as an instructor throughout the Southern States. Lot, a year the junior of his sister, was left at home with Mrs. Noteware and Dinah; three servants, a woman and two men, formed the garrison, and the house was amply provided with arms and ammunition, although it was not anticipated that the day would come when recourse must be had to them, as the tide of war would hardly set that way. But, though the regular armies never invaded that region, from the first year of the war it was contested ground among the bands of irregular guerilla combatants, who, under the cloak of the great national struggle, indulged their natural propensities for robbery, murder, rapine—all deeds of disorder and violence, claiming pseudo-justification of allegiance to one or the other army. The refugee, or "contraband," negroes, too, shortly spread terror throughout the country by the monstrous atrocities they committed, and after the proclamation of '63 this class was frightfully numerous.

The one great terror of Mrs. Noteware's life was the fear of these negroes. She had in childhood witnessed an uprising of the negroes in a slave State adjacent to her home, in which the house of her hosts was besieged and many of the neighboring planters massacred; and the scenes of horror of that episode haunted her memory and overhung her like a dark cloud. At this time, she redoubled the precautions to protect her household, and absolutely refused to leave the house, notwithstanding the urgency of Dinah's entreaties. Dinah, herself, was too obstinate in the gratification of her pleasure-loving instinct, and too reckless, with the inexperience of danger, to heed the alarms of her brother's wife. Naturally, diversions were diminished by the prevailing conditions, and whenever a festivity did take place, Dinah was fairly mad to take part in it. Therefore her eagerness was up in arms when word was received of a festival to be held by the Confederate local branch of the Sanitary Commission at Chartres, which little city had sent forth an ample contingent of the finest flower of her young manhood to the Southern army. When all other means failed to obtain Mrs. Noteware's consent to the expedition, Dinah averred that a young friend lately from Chartres had communicated to her the suspicion that Edna Noteware's health was somewhat impaired, although she would not admit the fact in her letters home, to spare her mother distress. To visit the festival would, so Dinah urged, afford an opportunity to visit Edna, and learn if she were really ill. The mother's tenderness at once rose superior to her personal inclinations and fears, and she consented to the trip, which was to be made in company with several carriage-loads from the town near by, whose citizens still availed themselves of every opening to continue their social intercourse with the Chartres people.

On the day of the fête, and just before the hour of starting, there came to the Noteware house an antiquated gig holding two aged ladies, who lived some fifteen miles away, poor, obscure, and infirm, their greatest pleasure being the occasional visits of a day to Mrs. Noteware. Under these circumstances it was impossible for the hostess to leave home. Her apprehensions for her daughter, however, would have moved her to discourage the abandonment of the trip by Lot and Dinah, if that young lady had entertained such an idea, the which was, however, far enough from her mind. Accordingly, aunt and nephew drove away, and, joining their friends at the adjacent town, they went on to Chartres without incident on the way. As the distance was less than twelve miles, it was thoroughly practicable to enjoy a reasonable amount of pleasure in the early part of the day and then return, reaching home by the set of sun, according to agreement. But Dinah Noteware was too greedy of pleasure to act in conformity with this arrangement, and she managed to avoid the return party, re-assuring Lot, after the departure of their friends, by reminding him of the immunity their immediate vicinity had enjoyed, and making light of his mother's nervous fears. The boy had his misgivings, but he was very young, and he shared in some measure his aunt's mercurial temperament. Besides, as Dinah urged, they had not seen Edna; for the aunt, on hearing that the academy girls were to be brought in the evening to the fair *en masse*, had voted it useless and foolish to waste enjoyable time by driving out to the suburban school. Thus Lot was overpersuaded.

Great was the astonishment of Edna Noteware when, on arriving at the evening session of the fair, she found her aunt and her brother there present. But when she learned the want of consideration they had exercised toward her mother, the young girl's indignation knew no bounds. She was cast in heroic mold, of conscientious and unselfish duty, courage, and affection without alloy.

"And you have left my mother there with only the two servants!" she cried in thrilling tones. One of the men, she knew, had been missing for some days, presumably seduced to the guerilla forces. "You have left her like that, so nervous, afraid, and deaf! Lot, go and get out the carriage."

"You are never going over to-night!" Dinah protested, "you know the road is unsafe for a single carriage by day; to-morrow we shall have the protection of a crowd. Patty is quite safe. What good can our going do her?"

"If no other good, it will relieve her dreadful uneasiness at your failure to return as you had promised. You can stay until to-morrow, if you like. I am going to my mother."

And, by her devotion moved to a tardy repentance, Lot Noteware brought out the horses, and they left the place. Dinah, for very shame's sake, going with them. On through the night they went, through the wide, lonely river bottom, so heavily wooded they could not see the team that drew them, for the shadow; across the perilous ford, with its shifting quicksands, and on over the higher county roads of their own State. Meanwhile, all had gone ill with Mrs. Noteware. Her guests had tarried until very late, hoping her people would return; when, at last, the old ladies reluctantly decided to leave her, fearful of not reaching their own home until after dark, their horses manifested such signs of unruliness, that Mrs. Noteware, ever thoughtful for others, feared the feeble old ladies could not control the animals, and sent her man servant with them. Left with only the old woman who was her cook, the poor lady had made every effort to tranquillize herself, subdue her fears, and explain by some matter-of-fact, prosaic reason the non-arrival of her son and Dinah.

It was, perhaps, ten o'clock when the cook, all wild with terror, informed Mrs. Noteware that some one was trying to effect an entrance. The lady took a rifle, and cocking it, awaited the coming of the intruder, whose successive movements of progress into the house were indicated to her by the serving woman. At last the door of the apartment they were in was wrenched open, and a large and burly negro entered, most diabolical of expression. At his appearance, the servant afterward confessed, she was overcome by an uncontrollable paroxysm of terror, and she rushed from the room, from the house, out into the cover of the darkness, leaving her mistress to her fate.

Mrs. Noteware was of good, brave blood. As the black brute approached, she instantly leveled her rifle and fired, and so close was the range, and so heavy the charge, that the wound in his fiendish breast would have given exit to the life of three such, even, as he. Bleeding, gasping, dying, the negro turned and fled.

After such an experience, what must have been the life for the next few hours of that unhappy lady? What her agonies of mind? Alone, unheard, not knowing whence or at what moment she might expect further attack, racked with apprehension for the safety of dear ones, her senses all overwrought by the shock and the nervous strain, and tormented by the thought that she had slain a fellow-creature, whose death, in self-defense though she had inflicted it, would not fail to lie heavily on her tender conscience. It was easy afterwards to trace her movements—to see how she had re-barred and barricaded the avenue of entrance opened by the negro. It was easy to understand, too, how the awful solitude and suspense had preyed upon her, until the house had seemed like a trap, a prison, a tomb, and following the example of her servant, she had thrown open one of the wide front windows, and stepped out into the refuge of the night, still hovering, however, under the shadow of her home.

It was almost midnight when the party from Chartres halted at the gate, and Edna, bidding her brother hasten to meet and reassure their mother, herself set about fastening the horses pending the arrival of the man to stable them. She had just turned toward the house, with Dinah cowering fearfully at her side, when she saw her brother at the angle of the mansion, in relief against the lesser darkness of the starry sky, and at the same moment a shot rang out on the night, its flash showing the light-colored raiment of Mrs. Noteware, standing at the opposite corner with leveled gun.

Edna sprang forward with a cry of horror. Before she had gone half a rod, she stumbled and fell over some object lying across the path, and, reaching out her hands to help herself to her feet, they rested upon the woolly head of a negro—the man her mother had shot, earlier in the night. The girl was quick and bright, and like a flash her intuition taught her what had happened. She gasped a few words of explanation to the horror-struck Dinah, and again flew toward her mother, thinking naught of self, nothing of the danger she incurred, only of bringing relief to the stricken woman. Taller than her mother, the girl threw her arms about Mrs. Noteware as she reached her, gasping, "Oh, mother! darling mother! it is I—Edna! Are you injured? and oh! have you killed Lot?"

But the poor child's breath was faint from running and excitement, and her voice rose not above a hoarse and husky whisper, which her mother could not hear; nor, in the alarm and haste of the moment, did her sense of tact assist her. She struggled in the clasping arms of her faithful daughter, wrenched herself free, and raising the already twice fatal rifle, fired again. As Edna fell, another shot rang almost like an echo. None can ever know whether the flash of the former discharge had showed Mrs. Noteware, all too late, that she had killed her child; or whether she had, in her frenzy of fear, fancied herself beset by odds against which she could no more contend. But this last time, her gun was turned against herself, and her lifeless body was found across the corpse of her daughter, while, a few yards away, the son and brother also lay stark and cold.

Dinah Noteware was the next morning revived by kindly care, that might almost better have left her to drift into oblivion from her long, death-like swoon. For the frightful cries that rang in her troubled brain indexed another awful act in the tragedy of the night. That morning Richard Noteware came home, on leave for an illness the knowledge of which he had kept from his family until his presence should re-assure them. The scene of dread disorder, the sight of the dead negro, the inanimate bodies of all his dear ones—for Dinah lay on the lawn, apparently as lifeless as the rest, seemed to tell darkly of conditions even more awful than the real facts, and the shock was too much for the man weakened by battle and illness.

From that day on, Dinah Noteware's only aim in life was to care for her maniac brother, on whom such dire affliction had come through her selfish unthinking impulses. At the time I knew her, Dinah's material atonement had but just ceased, with the death of her unhappy brother.

April, 1887. Y. H. ADDIS.

ENGLISH STAG-HUNTS.

"Cockaigne" discusses one of the Fads of the Sporting Briton.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been covering itself with honor and glory. During the past week it has actually had the audacity to stop what in England, and among its domestic sportsmen, is fancifully denominated a "stag hunt."

It appears that one of the supposed chief attractions at the "Olympia"—which, by-the-hye, has been all the rage, and (the weather considered) about as big a thing on ice as London has ever seen in the shape of a circus—was an imitation stag hunt. I dare say a stag-hunt is a comparative novelty in France, whence "Olympia" came, and that it took with the people of Paris. But in England it was too common a sight in every-day life. And besides its so-called imitation was so intensely like the original in the essence of complete and utter tameness which pervades the average English stag-hunt, that what people paid an admission to see was, to all intents and purposes, identical with what they could view any day in the week a few miles out of town, "free-gratis-for-nothing." The deer (*Anglice*, "Stag") was tame, the hounds were tame, the hunters were tame, and the sport was tame. Every one knew just how it would go from the start. The deer had no show. It was merely a matter of time how soon the hounds would "run into" him. In these distinguishing characteristics the stag-hunt at "Olympia" every afternoon and evening, and the stag-hunts all over England, were on all fours with each other. No wonder, then, it was a failure.

So the proprietors determined to discontinue the stag-hunt, and sell the "stag." The "stag" was a tame and timid deer, with about as much go and game in it as a superannuated cow. One would hardly think any one would want to buy it, except as a pet or plaything for children. However, people who thought so forgot that this was England, where the upper classes indulge in "sport," and will spare no money to gratify themselves in obtaining it. The deer-owners, therefore, had no trouble in disposing of the animal for a good price, the purchasers being a party of gentlemen composing the members of a suburban "Stag Hunt," who wanted the deer in order to "hunt" it.

Now, for the information of such of the *Argonaut's* readers as may not know what a stag hunt, as carried on in England, is, let me stop a moment and endeavor to describe one. I assume that everybody out of England has an idea what an actual stag hunt would be. But unless they saw an English stag-hunt, or heard one described, it would be impossible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of what an English stag-hunt was, for as a "sport" an English stag-hunt is *sui generis*. On the morning named for the hunt (generally two or three times a week) the members assemble on horseback at the place named for the meet. There is always a good assemblage of swells; for stag-hunting is a swell sport, as well as a national one, no less a person than the Queen herself owning a pack of stag hounds, consisting of forty couples, the largest pack in England. The "master" of this pack is the Earl of Coventry, who gets fifteen hundred a year, as well as the honor. A covered cart drawn by a stout horse, comes into the field where the gentlemen and women are assembling, and draws up near the "master," the only man in "pink," the other members wearing dark cloth coats. In this cart is the "stag." At the hour appointed for the hunt to begin, the master gives the order to "uncart." Thereupon the "whips" proceed to open the doors at the back of the cart to let out the deer. A novice generally expects to see a fiery, untamed animal, with flashing eye and snorting nostril, spring forth and dash away at full speed. He is disappointed. The "stag" is either an old hand, who knows from experience how much better he is where he is, or a shy and shrinking animal, naturally averse to showing himself in the presence of a concourse of inimical people, and a pack of dripping-jowled dogs. In either case, force has to be used to eject him. He is shouted at, hustled, poked with sticks, dragged by the feet, tail, and horns, and the walls of his secure prison hammered on all sides. At last he is coaxed or dragged out. He looks about him knowingly and timidly, and tries to sneak back; but the door of the cart is quickly closed, and he is favored with a few more boots and shoves. He catches a glimpse of the hounds, and sees there is nothing for him but to take to his heels. He is allowed ten minutes "law," and then the "hunt" start in pursuit. As soon as he is found, overtaken, and "run into" by the hounds, the day's "sport" is over. The hounds are whipped and beaten off him, but not before he has had some rough usage in sundry rents in his "velvet coat," and he is then put back in the cart and kept for another run. Of course there are times when a stag runs away in grand style, and shows fight to the bounds, but I will leave it to any one who knows, to say if the above is not a fair picture of at least some of the stag-hunts which take place in England.

Well, the suburban gentry took possession of the Olympia stag, and a "meet" was announced. The officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got wind of it, and realizing at last the cruelty attending such sport, determined to step in and stop the proceedings if they could. A strong posse was on hand. The stag was brought to the field in a cart, but refused to run. Thereupon the gentle "coaxing" used on such occasions began. It was no use. The poor beast sought refuge behind the skirts of an old woman; and being dislodged from that frail harbor of refuge, ran to a laborer and began licking his hand. Meanwhile the assemblage of "sportsmen" were chafing and grinding their teeth at the delay. But at this point one of the officers of the society formally notified the "master" of the hounds to desist. There was much growling and hard language, and a hurried consultation. They saw it wouldn't do to defy the law, and so the further "hunting" was stopped.

In view of the fact that there are at the present moment in the United Kingdom three hundred and fifty packs of hounds

kept, maintained, and exclusively used for hunting purposes, who still go on hunting without hindrance or interruption, it does not appear as though this single instance of successful interference on the part of the society was such a gigantic achievement after all. No one who does not live in England can conceive the powerful sway that hunting holds in the country. Every "gentleman," and every upstart and snob who wants to be thought one, hunts—the rich on their own thoroughbreds, the poor on hired livery horses. Peers, baronets, country squires, idle young men, farmers (who can't make farming pay), and army officers all hunt. Not to hunt means eccentricity or the absence of an inherent sentiment of true manliness. To be passively indifferent to it is bad enough, but to actively and openly express opinions adverse to it would be social ruin in any man who had moral courage to give utterance to his true sentiments. He has, indeed, been a brave man who has dared to say a word against hunting. That many men have long been opposed to it, not alone for the cruelty it entails, but for the waste of time it occasions, and the injury to crops it so often causes, ought to be certain. But few men holding that position in society which (in England) would give their opinions any value, or their words any weight, have cared to come out, and, standing alone in the cause of right, do battle for it at the certain cost of being "sent to Coventry," and socially cut by not only a neighborhood, or a county, but the high society of the kingdom.

LONDON, March 18, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

In Mr. Rider Haggard's late novel, "Jess," there occurs a poem which is presumably original, as it purports to be written by one of the female characters in the book. Mr. Haggard's enemies, however (of whom, by the way, there has developed a most surprising crop), have discovered that the poem is not original, but has been in print before. Mrs. Haggard writes to the London papers (her husband being absent) stating that the poem was sent in manuscript to Mr. Haggard by a lady living in South Africa, and that he supposed it was original with her. This, however, does not settle the question of his apparently claiming that it was original with him. The poem appeared anonymously in the *Christian Union* a number of years ago. It is as follows:

"If I should die to-night,
Then wouldst thou look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid me in my resting-place,
And deem that death had made it almost fair;

"And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Wouldst on my cold cheek tender kisses press,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

"If I should die to-night,
Then wouldst thou call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some tender words the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my passion and my pride,
And every fault would sure be set aside;
So should I be forgiven of all to-night.

"Death waits on me to-night,
E'en now my summons echoes from afar,
And grave mists gather fast about my star;
Think gently of me: I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
The bitter world has made my faint heart bleed.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

While we are on the subject of Mr. Haggard and his books it may be well to print the dedication of "He," a burlesque on "She," which is causing some amusement in London now. The writer is Mr. Andrew Lang, and from the sonnet we annex, which is printed in dedicating "He" to Mr. Haggard, it will be seen that Mr. Lang is an artist, even in burlesque:

Not in the waste beyond the swamp and sand,
The fever-haunted forest and lagoon,
Mysterious Kor, thy fanes forsaken stand,
With lonely towers beneath the lonely Moon!
Not there doth Ayesha linger,—rune by rune
Spelling the scriptures of a people, hanged—
The world is disenchanting! Oversoon
Shall Europe send her spies through all the land!
Nay, not in Kor, but in whatever spot,
In fields, or towns, or by the insatiate sea,
Hearts brood o'er buried loves and unforgot.
Or wreck themselves on some divine decree,
Or would o'erleap the limits of our lot,
There in the Tombs and deathless, dwelleth SHE!

In an out-of-the-way square in Strasburg the American runs across a very curious reminder of his own country. It is in Gutterben Platz, where is erected a statue to the inventor of types, of which Strasburg claims to have seen the first essays. On the square pedestal are four bronze plates, which relieve figures representing the four quarters of the globe. The American one consists of some thirty figures, with Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin most prominent, and then a whole background of contemporary portraits, all named, and all obviously copied from Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence." The droll thing is that the artist had no idea which of the signers were important otherwise and which were not, but seems to have chosen his men solely with a view to their physical effectiveness. The result is that there are here in Strasburg bronze portraits of a number of Americans who probably never had so much as a plaster cast of themselves set up at home.

Perhaps the largest, best arranged, best furnished and most costly cyclone pit in the country is owned by Ed. Brown of Eatonton, Ga. It is situated near the back of his residence, and is large enough to accommodate his entire family. The walls are of brick, laid in cement, and the floor is carpeted, has a fireplace and a chimney, and the room is handsomely furnished. The family could spend the night there with as much comfort as in the dwelling. In preparing it Mr. Brown had an eye to its permanency, and spared no expense in making it pleasant and comfortable. To guard against the contingency of the house blowing over on it and imprisoning the inmates, a large sewer pipe leads off from the pit in an opposite direction a distance of one hundred yards, through which the family could escape. This unique underground dwelling is thoroughly protected against water rising from below or running in from above.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Never abuse a mule behind his back—*Puck*.

It is a wise child that resembles its richest relative.—*Danville Breeze*.

Sarah Bernhardt drinks stout. But she doesn't look it.—*The Saratogian*.

Waiter—"Do you prefer a dry champagne?" Country Bridegroom—"Oh, no, wet!"—*Life*.

It must be discouraging to the fool-killer to realize how far behind in his work he is getting.—*Life*.

"Say, lend me your umbrella, will you?" "Why, it's raining yet!" "Well, that's the reason I want it."—*Life*.

All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them. This is not a joke; it is the grave truth.—*Washington Critic*.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat." "Oh, pray excuse me! I thought it was my husband's."—*Burdette*.

Landlady—"Can you tell me what is good for bedbugs?" Fogg—"Seems to me that fat boarders ought to satisfy 'em."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lady (in grocery store)—"Let me have a pound of butter, please." Clerk (who used to attend in cigar store)—"Mild or strong?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Way out in Prohibition Kansas there is a traveling dramatic company playing "Ten Nights in a Drug Store" with great success.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The economy of nature made a bad break when it supplied pigs with tails. A pig's tail is of no more use to the pig than the letter *p* is to pneumonia.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Inquisitive Old Party—"My good man, can you tell me who is dead?" Newly Arrived Hibernian—"No, yer honor, but oi think it's the gentleman in the hearse yander."—*Life*.

Lafayette (playing billiards with George Washington)—"You play ze fine game of beeliards, George." Washington—"Yes; but I don't begin to play as well as I did five or six years ago!"—*Puck*.

Mrs. De Hobson—"What a lovely prayer-book, Mrs. Hendricks! Is it a present from your husband?" Mrs. Hendricks—"No; I won it at the progressive euchre party at Deacon Smith's last week."—*Life*.

"In case of an accident, doctor—a broken leg, for instance—what is best to be done while waiting for the physician?" "Well," said the doctor; "I think the best thing to be done is to get his money ready for him."—*Puck*.

A noted pugilist says, that "the man who is handy with his fists can get away from the chap who depends upon a revolver or knife every time." This depends largely upon whether he is a fast runner, too.—*Puck*.

An interesting series of articles is appearing in the *Bazar*, entitled, "How to Live on Five Hundred a Year." This series should be supplemented by another, to be called "How to Get the Five Hundred to Live On."—*Puck*.

"That fellow calls himself a soldier, and he never smelt powder," said Jones to his friend. "Never smelt powder, eh?" "No, sir." "I think you're wrong. I saw him kissing a society girl the other night."—*Boston Courier*.

"Next Sunday," said Father Maguire to his congregation, "the funeral of A. B. will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral service on the occasion, and the man himself will be there—the first time in twenty years."—*Living Church*.

The girl who keeps a diary faithfully wants to be mighty sure that she keeps it under lock and key. And if she doesn't want to bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave she must never read it over when she gets old.—*Journal of Education*.

"My son," said the old man, "do you remember what Polonius said in his parting advice to Laertes—'neither a borrower nor a lender be?'" "Yes, father," replied the young man thoughtfully, "and I think Polonius was just about half right."—*New York Sun*.

Omaha Husband—"Now, I think that is going too far. You promised me you would countermand your order for that dress." Omaha Wife—"I wrote to the firm that very day." "But here is the dress and the bill for it—enough to bankrupt me almost. How do you explain that?" "I gave you the letter to mail and I suppose you forgot it, as usual."—*Omaha World*.

Young Poet (to friend)—"Well, Charley, I've sworn off, Friend (enthusiastically)—"I'm heartily glad of it, old boy; and all of your friends will feel the same way. Let's go and have a drink!" Young Poet—"Didn't I just tell you that I had sworn off drinking?" Friend (disappointed)—"You didn't say you had sworn off drinking. I supposed that you had sworn off writing poetry."—*Puck*.

A Chicago photographer has been much interested in the subject of composite photography, as illustrated in the *March Century*. A few days ago he took a negative of a Chinese idol, by way of experiment, and by successively superimposing thereupon the negatives of a rhinoceros, a donkey, a King Charles spaniel, a pelican, a gorilla, a Flathead Indian, and a Dutch cheese, he has secured a pretty fair photograph of a mugwump.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Marcellus—"Lodemia, can you tell me why your mother's consent to our marriage is like our marriage itself?" Lodemia—"I am sure I can't imagine why." Marcellus—"Because we both thank her for it. See? Both thank her—both hanker—for it." Lodemia (stiffly)—"Ah, that reminds me, Mr. Hankinson, can you tell me why our marriage is like the color of your nose?" Marcellus—"No, dearest; I give it up." Lodemia—"Because I have about come to the conclusion that it can't come off. See? Can't come off. Come off."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A DASH THROUGH SCOTLAND.

III.

One must come from the North into Edinburgh, either by Fife or Stirling. Come by Stirling by all means, for there is no castle in Europe that sits so proudly on its great rock, as beautiful Stirling. But as you love your ease never go into the Scotch capital on a Sunday. Nowhere in all the world does religion cramp its devotees with so tight a fit as in Scotland. Perhaps the Japanese and the negroes are the only people who really enjoy their religion. In Germany no one seems to have any. In France, Spain, and Italy, they pray in the morning for fear of hell-fire, and dance in the afternoon with joy, because their duty is done. In England, they pray because their forefathers prayed, and because it is one of the customs of the country; then they pass the rest of the day as pleasantly as they can, without giving a bad example to the lower orders.

In America—well, in America, it can not be said that religion is allowed to interfere seriously with the comfort of any one's Sunday, and therefore to an American, the full-fledged, divinity-hedged Scotch Sabbath is something of a curiosity.

The Sabbath had already commenced on the Saturday night, as we drove past the great shining hostleries on Prince's Street to a cosy little hotel in St. Andrew's Square. A bustling landlady and three huxom maids met us in the little vestibule, where a great howl of the little, white, frosty narcissus made the air sweet and fresh.

Every one, man, woman, and child, seems to love the little white flower, and to wear it as familiarly as they wear the buttons on their coats. But this was the only frivolity that could be seen in Edinburgh on this holy Saturday evening. For the Sabbath had already begun with preparation and prayer, and there was even a stillness in the streets such as is unwonted on a Saturday night in less holy communities.

Either the bustling landlady or one of the huxom maids left a little notice on the toilet table to the effect that services took place on Sunday, in the morning from eleven to one, in the afternoon from a quarter past two to four, and in the evening from half-past six to eight, and in some more devout chapels from six to half-past eight. The great keeper of items will remember on the last day which one we chose. When we came into the bright, wide, clean streets, next morning, all Edinburgh was there in its best bib and tucker, churchward bound. The curious part of it to an American eye was, that the men went to church just as scrupulously as the women, for at home religion is for women alone.

There never was a Scotchman yet, from Donce David Deans forward or back, who could not reel off the Scriptures by the yard, and the flavor it gives their conversation makes it rich and strong. They looked to be a dogmatic and thoroughly convinced set of men as they plodded along through the Sabbath stillness of the classic city, composing themselves as they went for prayers. Mothers, wives, and sisters were disposed to relax a little of their usual Sunday severity—for there were whole flocks of lads, from fourteen to eighteen years, who looked queerly enough in their short roundabout jackets, tall shiny hats, and high white collars, in the groups. We heard that it was vacation time in the big public schools of Great Britain, and these would-be merry lads were home for their holiday. Solemn little men they looked to be, with something faintly suggestive of Charles Dickens's boys in their mannish clothes, but they became common sights enough as we wandered farther south, and the utility coat of the American youth began to seem old-fashioned instead.

The curious stillness of the streets finally began to explain itself, for every horse in Edinburgh was having his Sabbath in his comfortable stall, and not a wheel rolled in the great, clean, hilly streets. Even the tramways were silent and deserted—no one hears of a street-car from the time they leave New York till they get back again—and every one who wanted to go to church went on foot.

There are plenty of churches for them all, though the traveler cares for little else in that line than historic St. Giles, whose sharp steeple loomed temptingly at us through the mild haze that hung over the classic city only to make it more beautiful.

We did find a godless young fellow standing by a hansom cab, down in Prince's Street, that beautiful terrace thoroughfare which is the pride of auld Reekie, and we did rattle along in it in thorough discomfort for a mile or two, with the vain hope of seeing some sights and not losing an entire day. But we soon perceived by the amazed faces of the multitudes who arrested themselves and gazed in stony horror at the mere sight of us, that we were really shocking their honest prejudices. So we alighted, much discomfited and humiliated. We gave the cahman a sound rating—first, for driving his cab on a Sunday and breaking the Sabbath himself, and then for permitting us, who were strangers to the country, to break it over again.

But the cahby refused to feel badly; proclaimed himself English horn, with no care for Scotch nonsense, and for his part had never seen any American who knew when Sunday came. This gratuitous reflection on the entire nation we passed coldly, and proceeded to do a little sight-seeing on foot. There is a long dip, like the swing of a hammock, between the great castle on its impregnable hill at the one end, and the towers and monuments and column of the Calton Hill on the other.

But one is easily minded to keep the castle and the old town for a *bonne bouche* at the last, and so we strayed up first in the sweet, sunny, Scotch June morning to the Calton Hill.

It must be a delightful thing to have a few brains anywhere in Europe, for the lump of appreciation in the little continent is a marvel.

Monuments, monuments everywhere, make the names of heroes, statesmen, and poets as familiar to babies that play in the streets as to their grandsires sitting by their hearthstones and reading of the deeds of men. But little Scotland, more even than all the others, seems to consecrate her sons to memory upon the slightest provocation.

Out of the window of the little coffee-room there were visible no less than three monuments. A great shaft like the Trojan column, though without its sculptured scroll, rears itself to the sky, and Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, in a

classical toilet which would have amazed the great statesman exceedingly if he had ever really tried its mysteries, looks placidly down upon his passing countrymen. There does not seem to be one of them who seems to know just why a monument has been raised to him; but as they can all tell you glibly enough that he was impeached by the House of Lords for culpable laxity in transactions relating to public money, and acquitted by the same honorable body, he is, perhaps, a sort of modernized Scotch martyr. The Scotch have a strong appetite for martyrs. They are as national as haggis or herring.

Then there was a monument to the Earl of Hopetoun, who stood in aristocratic exclusiveness behind the iron palings which guarded the front yard of the Royal Bank. An inscription tells you that he was the fourth earl of that name; but unless you are pretty well up in the archives of the Hopetoun family this is not very enlightening to your republican density.

Indeed, one feels much better acquainted with the Fourth George than with the fourth Earl of Hopetoun, if you happen to turn up George Street just then. He is a jaunty, debonair, erect looking chap, with such a handsome poise to his head, and such a free open look to his face, as he stands square and strong on the ugliest of pedestals, that he almost dissipates Thackeray's lecture, and his usual reputation, as common prejudice.

Another corner, and the great Roman nose of the Iron Duke, cut, fittingly, in bronze, stands out sharp against the sky. And of course there are monuments to Robbie Burns and to Charles the Second (as they call him), and a plain, lonely tower over the hill there to David Hume, the historian, and half a hundred others to people more or less familiar to us, and more anon on the Calton Hill, if we ever get there.

But the pride of Edinburgh, and the most beautiful thing in it perhaps outside its great castle, is the monument to Walter Scott.

Sir Walter, as they call him, lovingly and familiarly in his own Edinburgh, without any thought of ever putting the Scott on to distinguish him from any other Sir Walter that the realm may at some time have produced.

And Edinburgh is indeed his own. Even if history had not tramped down that long hill that rolls from the Castle to Holywood, and left some of its deepest footprints there, Walter Scott would have made classic ground of it. The humblest Scotchman that you meet knows every man Jack in his pages intimately, and the Wizard of the North did himself so closely blend truth with fiction that his admiring countrymen, who are sometimes a little "dull in the uptake," have never tried to sift it out.

"Yon is Jeannie Deans's cottage," said an honest Scotchman of whom we asked a question one day, upon Arthur's Seat; "and that bit road is the only path the Laird of Dumbiedike's pony knew." He waved vaguely, but with firm belief, to a spot where Dumbiedike's shabby castle may have stood, and was as grave over the matter as the silent laird himself.

Every foot of the ground is Sir Walter's, no matter who points you the way, and so it is no wonder that they have chosen the very heart of Edinburgh, the real heart of Mid Lothian, for his monument.

It looms up tall and graceful, a tall Gothic spire, in the early English style, just in the centre of Prince's street, with all the traffic of Edinburgh rolling past him on the one side, and the great terrace play-ground of the city, the gardens, on the other.

The architect has borrowed some of the features of Melrose Abbey, whose beauty Sir Walter Scott made famous among its kind, and even the Scotch habies can tell you, in good rolling Scotch, the name of every character in the niches.

Walter Scott himself, grave and benignant, for all the seriousness of his poet face, and the dignity of his dome head, seems to look with warm kindness out of his great marble temple, at the passers-by, and they have wrapped him in a classic tunic, with one great kindly fold laid over his club foot, and Maida, his loved dog, gazing affectionately up into his face, has passed with him into marble immortality.

One can see the Scott monument from any point in Edinburgh, and it becomes all the more a beautiful feature in the view as it falls into the haze which makes any one part of Edinburgh look like a dream city from any other part. It is unnecessary to say that there was a monument to the Prince Consort somewhere in our walk. The Queen has succeeded in making that estimable and harmless gentleman a most complete and elaborate nuisance to her subjects, and even the loyal Scotch point out his various monuments with a subdued impatience.

We came across a dainty copy of the famous tomb of Lysicrates on the slope of the hill. It was a monument to Bobbie Burns, but the famous Flaxman statue, which is considered a beautiful thing, but surely libels the handsome Robert, had been, long since, removed to the National Gallery, another Greek copy.

The little temple itself, in its purity and simplicity, is monument enough, but without statues and inscriptions, the city would become something of a Greek puzzle to a stranger. It has often been compared to Athens, and is sometimes called the New Athens, and the Edinburghers are willing enough to live up to the verisimilitude. Indeed, as we climbed the steps that lead from Waterloo Place up the slope of the Calton Hill, it seemed difficult to believe that we were not climbing the Acropolis itself. It is only the Nelson monument, a great ponderous thing on the very top of the hill which dispels this illusion. Ugly as it is, there is an inscription on the door which could not help but fire any young heart to patriotism and ambition. These English inscriptions are all so deftly worded, that it is little wonder the kingdom of Great Britain is a land upon which the sun never sets. A British subject nurses the spirit of emulation and the desire for the acquisition of territory in with his mother's milk. Glory is held up to him as a radiant nimbus with which he may crown his own head if he will, from the moment he can read the letters upon the monuments which rear their shafts in marble forests to his native skies.

The inscription on the Nelson Monument was of such an inspiring nature that it thrilled us with a desire to climb up to the top of the monument. It is neither a heroic nor a patriotic feat, but the tower is dark and grim, and the stairs

are steep and many, so that nothing less than the inspiring inscription would have moved us to the wish. But one is not admitted even to the Nelson Tower on Sunday in Edinburgh, and no less than nine good pennies out of American pockets were diverted from the Scotch coffers.

Everything else on the hill, for this beautiful, sloping common is literally studded with monuments, is in the Greek style. There was another Lysicrates tomb somewhat modified, a little gem of a temple, and in a most commanding position, with the name of Dugald Stewart written across it, but without much further explanation excepting the date of his death and birth.

"I don't know him," I cried, in despair. "All the Stuarts I know belong to the ill-fated royal family which spells its name with a *u*."

Just then, an elderly gentleman—one says gentleman in Scotland even though it has become the fashion to say man—approached us with friendly interest, and observing that we were Americans, volunteered to tell us all he knew of the Calton Hill, every inch of which he said was familiar ground to him.

"This," said he, "is the monument to one Dugald Stewart, a Doctor of Philosophy, and that one over there is to Professor Playfair, an architect and mathematician, and the next one—"

"But," said I, "is it possible they raise monuments to simple mathematicians in Scotland?"

"Simple, if you like," observed the old gentleman, "but they will raise a monument in Scotland to any one who does anything well. That is the reason," observed the old gentleman, quietly, and perfectly unconscious that he was saying anything startling, "that is the reason that Scotland produces the finest race of people in the world to-day. That is the reason that there is more real knowledge in Edinburgh than in any other of the great cities; and, perhaps, that is one of the reasons," he concluded, "why Edinburgh is to-day the most beautiful city in the world."

"Perhaps you are just a little bit prejudiced," suggested my companion; "perhaps you were born here, and have never seen any other city."

"Nay," said he; "I am Highland horn"—and indeed his great height and his long, strong limbs seemed to suggest as much—"and I have seen a goodish bit of the world. I am pretty well at home on the pavements of London or Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Rome, or Vienna. For the matter of that, I put in five years in New York"—and the old Scotchman did not seem to have any very enthusiastic American memories—"but Edinburgh town is the bonniest town of them a', madam"—relapsing for an instant into broader Scotch than he had been using.

He lifted his thick staff and pointed to the north, where the edge of the highlands began to swell against the horizon. "Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi," he said, shortly, as two of the hills asserted themselves to the straining gaze. He swung his staff again, and we saw the waters of the Frith of Forth dancing and dimpling in the sun, while Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, smoked upon its edge. Who shall say how many queer-named islands and hills we saw from the grassy slopes of Calton, half a hundred of them unfamiliar, half a hundred more familiar as a, b, c. For there, down in the hollow, lay Holyrood, where Mary Stuart lived and David Rizzio died, and just beyond is Arthur's Seat, and around the corner, if we could but see them, are Salisbury Crags, where Walter Scott loved to walk and dream, and create the lovely women and brave men who charmed a world's fancy. We had passed his house a little while ago, in one of the pretty terraces for which the place is noted. The brasses of the door-plates, and the knockers, and the knobs shone as they shine nowhere but in Scotland and Holland. We thought of the little room back of the parlor, where he used to write with his dog crouched at his feet and the cat purring upon the molding of the door. It was all very homely and real, but we did not come as near to him as we did one rainy day at Abbotsford.

Then, to return to our muttons, there stands the great frowning castle with its wealth of story, and the high street of the old "Auld Reekie" and the Cannongate and the Cornmarket, and the roofs that cluster around the Grassmarket where they hung Captain Porteous, and many a hapless wretch besides. And up the slope, over in the lee of the castle, perched among the trees is Allen Ramsay's cottage, and down in the very scoop of the green lap of the town are two long, white buildings with Greek porticos, as classical as the temples of Paestum. These are the Royal Institution and the National Museum, both thick with the traditions of Scotland. But all these doors are closed against us to-day, the old Scotchman tells us, for that it is the holy Sabbath day. But he weaves many a quaint story of the old town to make it interesting to us when the Sabbath spell shall be lifted.

We passed by the great National Observatory as we strolled along, and presently we came to that great Greek ruin on the hill which so points the resemblance of the city to Athens. At least it looks to be a ruin, though everything is so tidy and groomed as Holmes says, in trim, well-kept little Scotland, that it is not always easy to tell whether a place has been overthrown by time, or is in process of construction.

"This," said our friend impressively, "is the pride and shame of Edinburgh." And he pointed gloomily to the twelve pillars which raise themselves in good Cragleith stone and in pure Greek symmetry to the sky. It was to have been the beautiful Parthenon once more reproduced, for Louis I. of Bavaria was no fonder of Greek art and architecture than these Edinburghers, but the purse gave out and the building stopped at the twelfth pillar.

"It is in commemoration of the men who fell at Waterloo" said our cicerone sententiously, and there was so much of comradeship in the remark that I immediately ventured the opinion that our old Scot had been in the army.

"Yes," said he, "I did a goodish bit of fighting in the Crimea; but I was a youngster then. In fact, I have been in several ugly places in war. I have had a crack or two at the Sepoy rebels in India, and I went with the Ninety-third Highlanders to the relief of Lucknow;" and he gave us a graphic little picture of the wan and wasted group that gave hail and welcome to the haggis on that dreadful day.

"I like a crack at the savages," he went on, as he warmed with reminiscence, "and I will never cease to regret that I

was not in the Soudan. But I shall always be grateful to heaven that I popped off a Zulu or two when they assailed poor Eugene's little French prince."

Our friend had, indeed, been far from Edinburgh.

We gave him good-bye very cordially and very gratefully at last, for it is possible to exhaust even the views of the Calton Hill. Furthermore, the great time-hall signal on the Nelson monument answered to the castle bell, and we thought of a certain inviting little coffee-room in St. Andrew's Square; for they eat in Edinburgh even on Sunday. But our cordial good-byes to our interesting cicerone so overwhelmed him with embarrassment that he was obliged to flee to his pocket-handkerchief for self-possession, as many worthy people do. And, as he drew it from his pocket, he ingenuously drew with it a silver something which fell to the ground with a clang, yet stopped itself face uppermost as if it were not ashamed, and on its face, in large black letters, was written "Guide."

"You see," explained the veteran, as he permitted it to glint in the sun till we had fully digested its import, "we are not allowed to wear our badges on the Sabbath-day, but there is no law against carrying them in one's pocket," which was true enough, and in the evasion we had found a pleasant morning and much information. But who was going to suspect this veteran of the wars, with his fine address and his fund of knowledge, to be a simple guide.

"And so," we said, "after all your wanderings you have come home to Edinburgh to live."

"Nay," said he, "not to live, but to make a living; but I shall go home to Inverness to die."

And his badge having been suitably recognized he stooped to pick it up, when we caught upon its surface the flash of an imperial crown. It was not the crown of the Empress of India, however, but of Dom Pedro, of Brazil, a royal traveler who marked his footsteps right royally.

"And did you show Dom Pedro over the Calton Hill?" we asked, with interest, "and through the mazes of the castle, and across to sombre Holyrood?"

But the old soldier had probably been fighting somewhere at that time.

"It belonged to my predecessor on the Calton Hill," he said, "and His Majesty presented it to him in token of his accomplishments as a guide. But when he fell into another way of earning his bread, of what use was an emperor's bauble to him? And when I came to the bill, what economy was there in paying full price for a new one when I could get this at second-hand? It serves me just as well, and the arms of Brazil do it no great harm."

Thrift, Horatio, thrift! Can it be that Hamlet's mother was a Scotchwoman? BETSY B.

VANITY FAIR.

The following remarks on society are from an anonymous novel called "Two Gentlemen of Gotham," which has just appeared: "And those scented notes," queried Harleston, glancing at a marquetried table on which a number lay scattered, "will then only win regrets?" "Regrets!" said Aylmer, with an amused look; "not in the sense that I understand the word. Let me read you one," he added, as he went to the table and made a chance selection. "Mrs. Kilian Van Dam requests the pleasure of your company very informally on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock." Pretty and complimentary, is it not? Carrying impliedly the kindest remembrances of the sender, but in reality little more than the perfume that still lingers about it. You smile at my assertion. Wait a moment. I have repeated the note as written, let me read it between the lines. Thus interpreted, it runs: Mrs. Kilian Van Dam will derive little if any personal pleasure from your acceptance. However, you are unsophisticated enough to go. The house is packed to suffocation and the heat intolerable. After a gushing welcome from the hostess, followed by a narrow escape from her daughters, who are bent on the capture of every stray man, you push and wedge through the swarming crowd composed of matrons dressed with the extravagance of queens, and men who either stand around like lonely sentinels, or else collect in little groups and talk over that never-failing topic, business. When you peep into the ball-room you find an assemblage composed of interesting young idiots who bang their hair and delight in giving feebly ludicrous imitations of the English swells, and girls who at the age of sixteen have lost all their girlish freshness and handle their love affairs with the *savoir faire* of a woman of thirty. It makes no difference that the house only holds three hundred, the enjoyment is proportioned to the jam; and a brief allusion in the morning papers to the brilliant gathering repays for three hours of slow asphyxiation."

There is authentic news from London which will cause a small social revolution. The Prince of Wales at Mrs. James Brown Potter's debut, two weeks ago, wore a single sbirt-stud of some dark-green stone. This will interest the gentlemen who have been consistently wearing three studs all winter, and not altogether pleasurably, as it will put them under the necessity of ordering new dress-shirts.

West Point is only a short distance from Poughkeepsie, and the cadets at the Military Academy and the Vassar girls have long been regarded as allies. That the latter should betray a fondness, if not even a weakness, for uniforms might be thought pardonable were it not for the fact that a popular impression exists that when a young woman enters Vassar she is supposed to leave all her romance at home. It is barely possible that glimpses of the uniforms worn at the Riverview Military Academy, seen through the hedges that shut Vassar out from the world, when the cadets condescend to exhibit themselves from time to time, may have inspired the Vassar girls to hanker after some insignia by which they can be distinguished from the other pretty girls of Poughkeepsie. At any rate, they want to adopt a uniform, but the faculty won't have it. That is what all this "tempest in a teapot" is about. The young women are mad because this last pet scheme of theirs has been so disdainfully treated. Some time ago a committee waited upon President Taylor, and requested him to ask the faculty to recommend the

adoption of the cap and gown, such as is worn by the students of English universities. He told them frankly that he did not think it was necessary. It is reported that he cited passages of Scripture in answer to the petition and entreaties of his fair young charges, to point out what awful things happen to people whose pride conquers them. There is no secret that he did actually tell the committee that donning the cap and gown would make them seem affected. This puncture of self-pride was too much for the Vassar girls of spirit, and they determined that they would have a uniform in spite of the president, who hasn't been in the college as long as the sophomores. Secret meetings were held, and some of the leaders held receptions to further the scheme, and for several weeks the liveliest sort of agitation has been kept up. A powerful lobby was organized and feminine arts taxed to win supporters among the faculty. When the question finally came up, at one of the weekly meetings of that body, the cap-and-gown business was voted down by a large majority. Then an appeal was made to the trustees, but with no better result. Though beaten at every point, the cherished scheme was by no means abandoned. The students say they will adopt the uniform any way. Even if the faculty persist in declining to indorse it, the girls declare that they will get as many of the students as they can to wear the cap and gown, and they defy the faculty to dictate to them what they shall or shall not wear. They think it is real mean that Vassar should not respect this relic of ancient academic tradition when even two-year-old Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia, has placed this mark of distinction on her intellectual charges. That is what makes the Vassar girls' cross all the harder to bear. If they have the courage, probably many young women will soon make their appearance in the black skull-cap surmounted by a mortar-board and tassel, and sombre, flowing gown, such as students at Harvard and Princeton wear at the commencement time. The first public parade will be on Baccalaureate Sunday, early in June, but there will no doubt be numerous private rehearsals before the mirror by the fair owners of the costumes.

Two women, looking like mother and daughter, made their way to orchestra chairs in the Brooklyn Theatre, last week. The men and women behind them cast glances of mingled misery and anger at them, but only for a moment. After that one might say, if the audience could be considered as having a single face, that united physiognomy beamed upon those ladies with a fixed stare of glad surprise. The beautiful star of the evening, as she dashed upon the stage, riding-whip in hand, got no more adoration of the eye than did this unescorted couple of play-goers. It was not that they were particularly beautiful. The young one seemed an angel in the eyes of the crowded house, but, to tell the truth, she was rather snub-nosed and coffee-complexioned. The elder one was regarded as a perfect type of lovely matronhood, but she was quite wrinkled and dowdily dressed. No, it was not their looks that made them objects of worship. It was a much lesser matter. The same towering hats that had caused all behind them to make grimaces of disgust were now the cause of general approbation. This was because the ladies took them off—unbonneted precisely like the gentlemen, and put their ceiling-scrappers on their laps. They made no fuss about doing this. They didn't stand up to do it, or look all around after they had done it. They took off those hats precisely as if they had come from the street, and had been trained, like their brothers and fathers, to consider a covered head indoors an incongruity.

There have been more weddings in the rich Jewish families of Boston this winter than ever before, and they have been celebrated with more ceremonial. Many of them have taken place with great ceremony in a fashionable hall, the rite being followed by an elaborate supper in courses, after which there was dancing until the withdrawal of the bride and groom; then another formal feast has been served, and the festivities continued until nearly daylight. In several cases the cost of these entertainments, given by the bride's father, has been about five thousand dollars.

A lady who has crossed the Atlantic many times said, at an afternoon reception, to another lady who had remarked that it was strange that nobody ever wrote a detail of the things necessary for a sea voyage—the impediments of a sea voyage, as it were. "You want to wear a pair of congress gaiters," said the shepherdess of the ocean, in response, "for there is infinite distress in the bending over to button boots, and your maid is sure to have the *mal de mer* worse than yourself. Every small comfort is such a relief from the dreadful nausea that possesses you. No, I know no preventive for the horrible feeling of it. Pounded ice helps a little; it sort of paralyzes the stomach, only; but it is better to eat something, even though you throw it up again, for the retching upon emptiness is exhausting. Be sure and buy your steamer chairs before sailing; the steamship companies ought to provide them, but they do not. You store them in Liverpool until your return. I provide me a blue cloth wrapper with a plaiting about the bottom of it, so that it will look as dressy as possible, and a big double-breasted ulster, that I button upon me, and a hood with an elastic in it, to cover over the hair—very pretty ones can be found in New York; then I carry warm shawls and a nubia to tie about my neck. And if you value your comfort do not fail to wear a pair of woolen stockings, else your legs will be very cold, and over them you must wear a pair of thick cloth drawers. I never wear any corset, but just wrap up in these garments like a mummy. Whatever else you forget let it not be a square of stout linen with pockets in it, like a shoe-bag. Tack it upon the wall of your state-room, and put into it the pocket-combs, brushes, bottles, needles, thread, pins, soap, rags, anything and everything of every-day use you might possibly require. It is of no use to lay out things loose for convenience, for at the first lurch of the vessel away they all go, and you will never get trace of them again on that voyage. My plan has always been to stay up on deck all day, and have the stewards bring me up something to eat, and never go into the saloon. As many times as I have crossed I am always sick. I always think what a fool I am to venture the voyage, but then I feel so well when I get my feet upon the ground and do not remember the discomforts of the crossing. Another thing you will find a great luxury is a

small feather pillow. I cover one with black silk and carry it with me constantly. In Germany they use cotton pillows, and many a stiff neck I have had trying to sleep upon them. Before leaving New York I have my hair thoroughly shampooed and dressed high upon my head, in puffs, and then I only brush it up every day from the nap to the top of my head. One is not able to comb one's hair. Oh, that is only a few of the things I could tell for your guidance," said the sprightly wife of a much-traveled American Minister at foreign courts. And all the women sat entranced, delighted with the practical suggestions so freely given and so gratefully received.

Luxury runs riot in parasols. They are made of the costliest laces, damasks, satins, everything from gossamer to plush, in startling combinations of color. The handles are sometimes gems of art in carving, and Tiffany displays a collection of parasols not many removes from the cameo department. Some of these have double gold or silver tambourines which might serve as a "charity purse," a bonbonniere, a receptacle for a scent bottle, according to the fancy of the proud possessor. Others display carved ivory dryads and sirens, Aurora, Diana, or Aphrodite, and others have knobs or figures of Dresden or Royal Worcester china.

Cardinal Mazarin little imagined when he presented Louis XIV. with certain diamonds for the royal crown of France, that two centuries or more afterward they would be advertised for sale by public auction. Yet seven of these precious stones and thousands of others, in all kinds of combinations and settings, which once adorned the persons of French royalty, are to be sold on May 12th, on the ground where the Tuileries stood until it disappeared from the scene with the last of the French monarchs. The royal jewels of France, with a few exceptions, are to be scattered on the date named among the highest bidders. And these stones once partook of the "divinity" which was formerly supposed to "hedge a king." The "divinity" certainly has no market value now, though the historical associations ought to have. Some of them were worn by Eugene, some by Josephine, some by Marie Antoinette, some, and perhaps the same as those just mentioned, by Pompadour and Du Barry. Some may have sparkled upon Margaret of Anjou and upon Catherine de Medici. All of them shone at the coronations of kings, and many are associated with conquest and rapine. And yet, those who will wear them when the sale is over, will be no more and no less men and women than those whom they have hitherto adorned. Crown jewels they will be no longer, with the exception, possibly, of a few which may be bought by agents of existing monarchies. But they will feed the same human vanity, and gleam as resplendently on the bosoms of the wives and daughters of our railroad, goldmine, petroleum, pork, and cotton-seed-oil magnates, as in the head-piece of *Le Grand Monarque*, or on the breast of his consort. The chances are that many of the stones will come to America. The breaking up of the collection is typical of the fate of the artificial degrees of rank and of the humbug of authority by divine right, which the gems were used to symbolize.

The latest fad has the strikingly novel recommendation of usefulness, and, it is said, economy. It is a double jacket, which may be worn either side out, and a clever choice of material will adapt the one side or the other to any costume. Suppose a woman to be the happy possessor of a mixed chevrot and a Battenberg green cloth. She orders her outer garment to be built of these two materials. The seams must be lapped, well pressed, and adjusted with the greatest nicety to go directly over one another, and the sleeves, collar, and button-holes managed with artistic deftness, so as to be the same on both sides. The edges of the two jackets would be bound with Battenberg green braid, which would match with the cloth and also make a pretty finish for the chevrot. Long redingotes are similarly constructed.

Despite all the ridicule cast upon everything that is "English, you know," London continues to set the fashion in men's clothes, and the garments of the masculine gender are more English this season than ever. The one characteristic of men's spring styles that may be called new is looseness. Every garment is made as loose as it can be worn while yet preserving the contour of the figure, and the looser or more "baggy" the garment, the more it approaches high English style. Trousers are cut extremely wide and full in almost straight lines from the thighs and hips. They are mostly made without any spring at the bottom. Cassimeres are, as usual, the favorite cloth, in different shades of gray and brown and mixtures of the same colors. Stripes retain their popularity, some of the new ones being very wide, but checks are also used, and the very latest patterns are plaids. Among the ultra-fashionables, plaided trousers and even entire suits of plaid will be the rage, and some of the patterns are very striking and what some people call "giddy." The cutaway coat of three or four buttons retains its popularity, and for all but full dress occasions, continues to be the proper thing. It was thought that frock coats would be revived, but very few of them are being made, and the Prince Albert, as it is called, has apparently had its day. The few frock coats being made are much longer, reaching in some cases fully to the knees. Black remains the almost universal favorite, and rough-surfaced rather than smooth-surfaced cloths are in the greatest demand. Both coats and vests are cut much lower in the neck, so as to show more of the cravat, and the aim of the best tailors is to make the collar look as bold as possible. In London, this season, coats are again being built out in the shoulders so as to look square and give a military effect. This idea does not seem to take here, and it remains to be seen whether it will be adopted to any great extent. In business suits all of the same material, double-breasted sack coats are again in fashion, though single-breasted coats are still the favorite. They are not cut away or rounded much in front. Some very beautiful materials are shown this season to make up into full sack suits, especially the Scotch grays in broken stripes and plaids. Entire suits in stripes will be much worn. Spring overcoats are made with strap seams, rather loose and medium length. They are made of light diagonal chevrots, and a good many of rough homespun, the latter for men of individual tastes.

THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

The Streets, Exhibition Grounds, and Cathedral of Lima.

Within sight of the blue Pacific, on the rise of a broad, fertile plain, sloping gently from the foot-hills of the Andes down to the sea, stands Lima, the fair "City of the Kings," beautiful in its stately edifices, its historical cathedrals, its tapering towers; in the brightness of its long rows of small, square, white houses, peeping forth here and there, amid the dense tropical foliage of its numerous public and private gardens. Surrounded by pretty villages and villas, encircled by pleasure parks, with the torts and shipping of Callao in the foreground, she is a lovely picture, indeed, in her frame-work of rugged mountains and bright, sparkling sea. Founded by Francisco Pizarro, a Spanish cavalier, upon the 6th of January, 1535, and named by him "Ciudad de los Reyes" (City of the Kings) in honor of the day, the festival of Epiphany, Lima—the name afterward adopted—has grown and enlarged, shady alamedas taking the place of wind-walls until to-day it is the brightest gem upon the western slopes of the lordly Andes.

It was a bright March morning when I purchased a ticket for Lima at the English depot in Callao, and taking a seat in the waiting train was soon busy, Yankee-like, in studying my fellow-passengers, who represented all conditions and classes to be met here, from the dark-featured, spare-built, lively young dandies to the staid, "grave and reverend signors," with here and there the sparkling eyes and raven tresses of bewitching señoritas, side by side with quiet, motherly señoras, their gray hairs concealed by the omnipresent mantilla or black shawl, for no hats are worn by the women of these countries. The spring bonnet is an unknown institution here. Just opposite, a poor Jamaica negro was complacently lighting his cigarette from the one at which a wealthy ranchero was lazily puffing; the duke and the priest, the rich and the poor, soldiers and civilians, all were grouped together here, reduced to a common level by the all-powerful democracy of a railway-car—an interesting sight surely, and one not easily forgotten. But soon the "All aboard!" of the conductor is heard, disturbing my reflections and breaking up the merry conversation around me; and, after the usual number of late travelers have hustled in, we are, with clang of bell and toot of whistle, whisked out from the shadows of the station into the pleasant sunlight of a summer's day. Lima is distant from Callao about seven miles, and they are connected by two lines of railway—one American, one English; the former was built by the celebrated Harry Meigs, the latter by an English company, which has shops located in Callao. The cars of both lines are built on the American plan, the passenger-cars being very handsome and comfortable, and arranged for both first and second-class travel, the fare being forty and twenty cents, respectively. Trips on both lines are made every hour between the two cities, from six o'clock, A. M., until ten o'clock at night.

As we leave the depot we pass, on our left, the "Old Castle," with its antique canon; to our right lies the beautiful waters of Callao bay, covered with vessels of every description from all parts of the world, with the sandy Isle of San Lorenzo in the distance, raising its barren hill tops against the western sky. Through the dirty streets and filthy alleys, around sweet-scented gardens, and out upon and across the beautiful Rimac plain, dotted with parks and gardens, orchards and lovely villas and villages; past the green fields surrounded by the low, dingy, adobe walls, which stretch away in every direction as far as the eye can see; and which, by the way, proved of so much service to Lima's defenders as breast works upon that fateful morning in the year 1881, when the merciless Chilean host was advancing upon the fair Peruvian capital. They are consecrated, for behind them many a hero fell, giving up his life gallantly for his country. Passing over one of the Rimac's tributaries we enter and pass through the outskirts of Lima, and stop beneath the covered station, where, alighting, I find myself amid some of the strange and interesting sights of the handsomest city in all South America.

At the entrance of the depot stood a long row of cabs, and the din raised by their drivers would have put their American brethren to the blush. One cabman especially, with a face dark as the ace of spades, so harassed me with the brilliant offer of a drive around the city for "only one silver sole," that, to put an end to his noise, I accepted; and soon was being rapidly whirled over the long, clean, cobble-paved streets in the direction of the Exposition Grounds. The houses that lined the streets on either side, fairly teeming with life, seemed innumerable, and stood so closely that their roofs touched. There is no space around the Limeno's residence for the yard—though many have small, square courts within, more or less unattractive—but we miss the grass-plots, flower-beds, and gravel-walks, which enhance the appearance of our American homes so much. Gardens, however, appear here and there along the streets—invariably, if not public, the property of the upper classes—surrounded by the ever-present adobe wall, which detracts much from their natural beauty. Yet mud is a very important factor in Limeno architecture; deprived of it, the city would be but an unsightly mass of ruins. Over one-half of the houses are built of adobe—sun dried brick—plastered within and without with mud, and roofed mainly with red tiles. A couple of coats of white-wash, in lieu of paint, complete the dwelling. The poorer classes, who form the greater portion of the population, live in houses of bamboo, over which a net-work of cane is woven, plastered on all sides with mud, and roofed with bamboo or straw. Lima possesses but two stone buildings—a flour-mill, and the penitentiary, of which I shall have more to say later on. A few of the fine adobe residences of the aristocracy are, however, fronted with marble and encircled with wooden balconies; and those of the foreign residents are, in a few instances, built of kiln-burnt brick—a few being composed of timber. But Lima's archways, her aqueducts, her palace, her cathedrals, her business blocks, and public buildings are constructed almost entirely of mud—grimy, unsightly mud everywhere—a city of mud. The reason of this—a feature common to all these countries—is the great scarcity of timber and good stone, the climate, and the frequency of earthquakes; for which latter reason, the majority of the dwellings are but one storied. And it may

be in place to remark here, that the lower windows of all dwellings and buildings, both public and private, in Lima, are iron-barred—I presume because of the numerous revolutions that occur here so often, with their attendant robberies and bloody street fights.

Another noticeable feature is the extreme cleanliness of the streets and alleys—there is no dirt or refuse to be seen anywhere. The Lima Board of Health, which evidently thoroughly understands its business, has efficient aids in its labors, without which it would have a hard time in fighting those diseases that ever infest dirty tropical cities; these indispensable helpers are known in America as "buzzards," and at all hours of the day they can be seen standing on the house-tops, their glossy black feathers glistening in the sun, or strutting in the streets and by-ways, searching for refuse and filth. They are very numerous, and increase in numbers each year, as there is a strict law against harming them.

Just before reaching the Exposition grounds I passed the Peruvian penitentiary—a large, grim-looking building of stone, surrounded by a high, thick adobe wall, studded with iron spikes. Insecure though it appears, there have been comparatively few escapes. About four hundred convicts are confined here, one hundred of whom are imprisoned for life. The dress of the prisoners, the internal arrangements, and prison discipline are very similar to those of American State prisons. Arriving at length at the entrance of the grounds, I alighted, and paying a paper sole (five cents), entered through the high, iron-barred gate. Following one of the many neat gravel walks, bordered with flower-beds, for a short distance beneath the heavy foliage, I found myself suddenly in the midst of a perfect wilderness of sweet-smelling flowers.

The date, the palm, the banana, the orange, the cocoa-nut—in fact, nearly all the tropical plants—were here in abundance. Birds of gay plumage, hidden amid the thick foliage or circling in the balmy air, were making the gardens ring with their strange noises. Monkeys, with the concentrated mischief of an American school boy, were scampering about upon all sides. Busts and statues stood in prominent spots; and arbors and cosy seats were scattered in cool and shady places. Numerous fountains were flashing in the sunlight, and flowing from them in every direction, keeping everything green, were small, clear streams with mossy and flowery banks, spanned here and there by rustic bridges, where one could watch the little fishes sporting themselves in the limpid waters beneath. It seemed a little Eden, it was so lovely and fragrant, so cool and refreshing.

Leaving regretfully my shady retreat, I entered the chief building of the four—that in which the Lima Exposition was held in 1872, and the one which is also used when the Annual Fair of Peru takes place. But the buildings have been stripped of almost all their valuables—mostly by the Chileans when in possession of Lima in 1881—and little of interest now remains save a few paintings of South American scenery, which show evidence of great care and considerable talent; some pieces of sculpture, and a great quantity of specimens taken from Peruvian mines—evidence of the wonderful mineral wealth that lies hidden in the bowels of the Andes. And these "specimens" from the mines suggest the observation that, from what I have seen, heard, and read, there is no doubt of Peru being, as competent judges have often declared, one of the rich countries, if not the richest, in minerals of the world. But her best mines are closed as yet, and the greater number of those opened are at a standstill; their implements lie idle and rusting; the poverty of the government, the extreme difficulty of access to the ore, lack of good water supply, and the natural laziness of the people standing in the way. Capital—large capital—for the purchase of proper machinery, etc., is what is now required. For this purpose, as well as to enable the people to become acquainted with all the improvements in the science of metallurgy and the working of mines, it has been decided to inaugurate on June 1, 1887, in the machinery building on the grounds, a mineral exposition, under the auspices of the Administration society of the Exposition and the Special School of Mines. Great results are expected from this exhibition, and it is hoped that some foreign capitalists may become interested and extend their aid.

After exploring the other buildings and finding nothing of interest, I passed out into the gardens and visited the wild beasts that were caged in a long, low shed in the southern part of the grounds. But here, as elsewhere, were evidences of the destructive and thieving propensities of the Chileans. Before the capture of Lima these grounds contained specimens of nearly every animal in the world; but, after the valiant Chileans had transported the greater part to Valparaíso—where I saw them some months ago—and began using the rest for targets, their numbers dwindled rapidly to the sorry spectacle they present to day. These gardens, lovely as they are, bear no comparison, it is said, to the beauty and magnificence they possessed before the arrival of the Chileans, who found it the loveliest spot in all Peru, and left it—a shadow of its former self.

From the grounds, I was driven through shady alamedas and clean by-ways to the Cathedral San Francisco, which is located in the northern part of the city near the American depot. This cathedral, one of the oldest ecclesiastical structures here, possesses some historical interest, having been the scene, at the taking of Lima during the late war, of a sharp engagement between a score of Peruvian soldiers, stationed in two belfries, and a company of Chileans, in the street beneath, who were endeavoring to dislodge them; and it was only after the adobe towers had been reduced to their present badly-battered state with musket-balls and cannon-shot that the valiant little band surrendered. This ancient and venerable pile is everywhere dotted, without and within, with bullet holes; dents, seams, and holes innumerable, from Chilean solid shot, let in the light of day freely, brightening up somewhat the otherwise gloomy interior. Situated in the centre of the cathedral is a small court or garden, which, like all else about the building, is not much better than a wreck. Its four fountains are dismantled; the walks are grass-grown; weeds flourish where flowers once bloomed; and everywhere the signs of neglect and decay are visible. Surrounding this court are two tiers of brick-paved balconies, with marble balustrades, broken and stained, fronting which are the rooms of the priests, about a hundred in all; and a worse lot of small, dirty, uncarpeted dens it has never been my

misfortune to see. An iron bedstead, with a mattress and two blankets; a few chairs; a table; several crucifixes and pictures of biblical scenes; a small pile of books, and some change of apparel constitute their belongings. But I have been informed since, upon good authority, that all this parade of priestly simplicity is a sham and a humbug; and judging from what I witnessed afterward, I am inclined to think the above assertion correct. The priests here, of every order and with few exceptions, are well dressed, sleek, rotund, and rosy-nosed—for they not only look upon the wine when it is red, but manage to get upon the outside of it in immense quantities of the choicest; the flesh pots of Egypt are not unacceptable, providing, of course—as is always the case—that the dear people defray the expenses; for your priest dearly loves good living, and has it, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

From the balcony I was guided up a broad, winding stairway, in the niches along the walls of which were images of saints without number, headless, mutilated, and crumbling, silent mementoes of Chilean occupation; huge crosses, bearing the image of Christ, confronted us at every turning, and the eyes of long departed martyrs regarded us mournfully from faded pictures, until we entered one of the noted belfries, where swung the cracked, useless bells from the time worn and shot riddled beams overhead. Through the gaping holes in the wall I could look down upon the street below with its shifting variety; or, gazing across the flat-roofs and domes and spires of the city, away down in the westward, beyond the green meadows, behold the glittering waters of the Pacific. Leaving the belfries, we descended several flights of stairs, seemingly into the bowels of the earth, and passing through two or three ghostly underground galleries, where the intense darkness was scarcely dispelled by the lantern carried by my priestly guide, arrived at last in a small, dungeon like room; whence, after a huge iron door, before which we halted, had been unlocked and opened, we entered the chapel of the cathedral—a very small place, indeed, measuring about twelve feet by fifteen; very quiet, buried as it is deep beneath the surface of the ground. Not a sound disturbed the grave-like stillness that pervaded this holy spot; the hundred ornamented waxen candles enscenced upon the walls and pillars and suspended from the ceiling by silver chains, burnt dimly in candelabra of pure silver; the silken draperies, around the little altar, hung motionless and still; and from between their heavy folds the eyes of the Virgin Mary regarded us from a frame of gold, set with pearls and precious stones. The glitter of gold and silver was visible everywhere—upon the cross, before the altar; beneath the pictures and paintings, upon the walls; upon the organ, the seats, and around the three pillars supporting the roof—a hidden treasure house—guarded by the priests of San Francisco, and the only spot not sacked by the Chilean, for the reason that no person would betray its location. Its contents are valued at many thousands of dollars; and it is a pity that so much wealth lies here idle, doing no one a particle of good, when the government has urgent need for every sole it can scrape together; but it is the property of the church, and the church is thrice sacred in this most Catholic city. After examining several other places not of especial interest, I paid the usual fee and took my departure.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.
CALLAO, Peru, March, 1887.

In the banking offices of Morton, Bliss & Co., in Nassau Street, N. Y., the originals of the draft and check that passed between the United States and England with reference to the Halifax Fishery Award have been placed in a frame in Mr. Morton's private room. They represent a transfer of \$5,500,000. The first document in the series is the following draft:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, Nov. 21, 1878.

\$5,500,000. Pay to the Most Honorable,
The Marquis of Salisbury,
Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—
Five millions, five hundred thousand dollars in gold coin and charge the same to the State Department "Special Account."
JOHN WELSH,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Great Britain.

To Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., Bankers,
Bartholomew Lane, London. Stamp,
Nov. 21,
1878.

The indorsement on the face of this is as follows:

£1,127,847 4-9
Accepted, payable at the Bank of England, 25 Nov., 1878
MORTON, ROSE & CO.

On the reverse of this sheet were these indorsements:

Pay to the Governor of the Bank of England,
SALISBURY
For the Governor and Co. of the Bank of England,
G. MAY, Chief Cashier.

The check which passed to settle this award is also exhibited in the frame, and is as follows:

No. G. 012577
67 Lombard St.
LONDON, 21 Nov., 1878.

Messrs. Glyn, Mills Currie & Co.,
Pay to Halifax Fishery Award or Bearer,
One million, one hundred and twenty seven thousand, eight hundred and forty-seven pounds 4-9.
MORTON, ROSE & CO.

£1,127,847 4-9.

The *Swiss Cross* says that for two hours an immense flight of butterflies passed over the city of Salzburg. They flew from northeast to southwest at a considerable height, and must have numbered millions. Such a flight of these winged insects some years ago passed over Galveston Island.

A Baltimore clergyman told his congregation that on his visiting an accomplished lady at her elegant residence she boasted that during a trip across the ocean she had won at cards enough to pay her passage.

The President has made so far sixteen appointments to the Naval Academy. Eight of his appointees have been either dropped, dismissed, or allowed to resign.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will reprint all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new story for which Mr. Haggard is collecting material in Egypt, will deal, it is said, with Anthony and Cleopatra.

"English as She is Taught," announced by Cassell & Co., is a public-school teacher's scrap-book of actual mistakes recorded in her experience with her pupils.

A new edition of "Lord Beaconsfield's Home Letters," containing material which it was at first deemed advisable to suppress, will soon be published in London by Murray.

The successful Rochester magazine, *The Cosmopolitan*, is to be published hereafter in New York, and an English edition is also planned. It will continue to be an illustrated periodical.

A work of very great value to students of folk-lore has recently been issued with the imprint of Messrs. Scribner & Welford, under the title of "Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations." Mr. W. A. Clouston gives very full and extremely interesting accounts of the best known popular tales.

The first part of the new story by Mr. Marion Crawford, entitled "With the Immortals," appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March. Mr. Crawford's French story, "Le Crucifix de Marzio," began in the *Nouvelle Revue* for February. "Sarracinesca" will be published this month, and Mr. Crawford is also writing a story for *Les Lettres et les Arts*.

Colonel Hay is still engaged upon his "Life of Lincoln," which the *Century* is printing as a serial, preparatory to its publication in book form. He says that it is not so much the amount of new material offered to him and his co-worker, Marshal Nicolay, as the correspondence growing out of the writing of this history which sometimes appals him. He has received and is still receiving, daily, letters from every quarter, offering suggestions, giving hints and advice, counseling this or that, but throwing, in only few instances, a new light upon the character of the great President.

Mr. Austin Dobson's "At the sign of the Lyre" appeared in America nearly a year before it was published in London, and so did Mr. Lang's "Books and Bookmen," just published in London by Longmans, Green & Co. Mr. Lang has followed Mr. Dobson's example in not reprinting in England all the pieces which appeared in the American edition. The papers on "Book-Binding" and "Bookmen at Rome" give place to essays on "Lady Book-Lovers" and "Old French Title-Pages"—a delightful essay with rubricated facsimiles. In general, however, the printing of the English edition is inferior to that of the American, (done by the Riverside Press).

Thomas Stevens, the famous bicyclist, has decided to publish the series of papers descriptive of his circuit of the globe in book form, and the first volume will be issued simultaneously in America and England, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons being the American publishers. The title given the work is "Around the World on a Bicycle," and the first volume will describe his journey from San Francisco to Teheran. The magazine papers have been considerably revised by Mr. Stevens, and a number of illustrations have been added. In addition to becoming one of the regular staff of the *Outing* magazine Mr. Stevens has also adopted the lecturing platform.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in addition to the "Life of Lincoln" now appearing in the *Century*, will publish through the *Century* Company the complete works of the President. These will fill some three to five octavo volumes, including his speeches, addresses, state papers, his public letters, his private correspondence (a great part of which is up to this time unpublished), his official opinions and memoranda upon some of the most important events of the war, and some very curious and interesting and miscellaneous pieces. In connection with his correspondence will be printed many hitherto unpublished letters from prominent persons, which are necessary to a full understanding of Mr. Lincoln's own letters. The works will be accompanied with elaborate notes, historical and explanatory.

M. Taine—why, by the way, do the London journalists persist in calling him "Henri" when his name is "Hippolyte"?—has been bedding on his recent statements in regard to the literary greatness of Englishmen. No critic in any literature, he thinks, can be compared to Sainte-Beuve; the two greatest dramatists living are French; Balzac is the most powerful creator of character since Shakespeare; and five writers and thinkers—Balzac, Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, and Renan, are, in his opinion, the men who since Montesquieu have contributed the most to the knowledge of human nature and society. But for all this, conscience obliges M. Taine to acknowledge anew that English poetry, lyric and descriptive poetry, especially from Byron, Keats, and Shelley down to Tennyson and the two Brownings, is the first in Europe.

The Sultan of Turkey has written to ex-Minister Cox, expressing his pleasure and gratification at the latter's desire to dedicate his forthcoming book, "The Diversions of a Diplomat," to him. The scene of Mr. Cox's book is in the Island of Prinkipos, one of the nine Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmora, about fifteen miles below Constantinople. On this island Mr. Cox resided during the last summer at a villa midway up on the mountain and above the town of Prinkipos. The "Diversions" consisted in journeys to each of the islands, which have a history, and to the Bosphorus and adjacent places. Portraits will be given of the various persons, from the Sultan down, who make Constantinople, at this time especially, one of the most interesting points in Europe. The book, when completed, will consist of over five hundred pages, and is to contain more than one hundred illustrations.

New Books.

"Lower Merion Lilies and Other Poems" is a volume of verses by Margaret B. Harvey. Some of the shorter ones have a certain prettiness; but the versification is generally far from perfect, and there is little to commend in the publication. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Will Power: Its Range and Action," by Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, is a little book in which are given a number of historical anecdotes which show the power imparted by what is called "a strong will," these being grouped under such captions as "inherited character," "self-culture," "circumstance," "in disease," etc., and strung together with a running commentary. Published by Potts & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 5¢.

"Words of Comfort and Hope," a collection of extracts from the sermons and writings of Molinos, St. Augustine, Cardinal Bona, Madame Swetchine, and others, selected by Louisa S. Houghton, is a pamphlet of two dozen pages, handsomely printed and bound in rough-edged white paper, with a sheet of ivory, on which is printed a group of cherubs' heads, on the front cover. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 5¢.

The third part of the French *Principia* has just been published, with the title "An Introduction to French Prose Composition." It is the work of the Rev. P. H. E. Brette, B. D., and contains hints on the translation of English into French, a comparison of the French rules of syntax with the English, exercises on the syntax, idioms, and proverbs, and an English-French vocabulary. The work maintains the high reputation which this series has attained. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"The Lovely Wang," by Hon. L. Wingfield, is a short novel of Chinese life. The writer has a wide knowledge of Chinese customs—acquired in a long residence in the Flowery Kingdom—and has woven them into the love story in a very amusing way. Not that the story may be taken as a true picture of Chinese life; for the author has chosen the humorous side of everything, and dresses his scenes up in a vigorous Anglo-Saxon that of itself makes them more ludicrous. To summarize the plot would be difficult. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 25 cents.

"Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine," is a volume of collected letters by Lawrence Oliphant, written from Palestine to the *New York Sun*, and now republished with a very brief introduction by Charles A. Dana, who also edited the letters. Mr. Oliphant writes as a resident, devoting himself chiefly to descriptions of places mentioned in the New Testament, summarizations of the testimony on disputed archaeological points, and accounts of the results of recent explorations; though the work contains much to interest the ethnologist and reader of books of travel. The chapters are all short, all interesting, and sufficiently disconnected to allow of the book being read at odd times as satisfactorily as if read continuously. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"A Club of One: Being Passages from the Note-book of One who Might have been Sociable," is the title of an odd sort of book which has recently been published without the author's name. It is written in the first person, the narrator being a hypochondriac, peevish and illogical beyond nature; and the only attempt to impart a personal interest, beyond the drivel about the writer's ills and misfortunes, is by the rough device of beginning every other page or so with "My Wife—," and then shunting off to another subject. But when one passes the first few pages, in which the hypochondria is most obtrusive, and learns to disregard the "My wife—" the book becomes interesting. It is a series of rambling *causeries* on every subject under the sun, interspersed with epigrammatic quotations and anecdotes. The mechanical work of production is very creditable, fully endorsing the publisher's motto—"Tout bien ou rien." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. Waldteufel; price, 25¢.

"A Child of the Century" is a novel by John T. Wheelwright; but whether the hero or the heroine is the "child of the century" it is difficult to say. Miss Genevieve O'Hara is certainly taller than her lover, but this need not be the distinguishing peculiarity of the child of the century, either male or female. Thomas Sewell, an American, dazed with admiration at the careless tone with which a friend speaks of "dropping over to the Derby," embarks on an Atlantic steamer, and meets, among other passengers, Miss Genevieve O'Hara. He meets her again at Etretat, and once more at Washington, where their little river of love runs into the lake of matrimony. He is in Washington because he has allowed himself to be elected to Congress by a Mugwump constituency in Massachusetts. This, again, may be the strawberry mark whereby the child of the century is recognizable; else, the child of the century is not in his nature strikingly different from any other child of the last twenty centuries. The book is written in an easy, fluent style, and is very like any other light novel of the century. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland and Pierson; price, cloth, 5¢; paper, 50 cents.

Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, has written "An Introduction to Psychological Theory." In an introductory chapter he defines the science and briefly outlines its progress, past and future. The body of the work is divided into two parts: "The Factors of the Mental Life," and "The Factors in Combination." The subjects discussed in the first part are the subject of the mental life, sensation, the mechanism of reproduction, the cerebral theory of reproduction, the thought factor, the feelings, will and action, and consciousness and self-consciousness; and in the second part, perception, the forms of reproduction, the thought process, and the interaction of soul and body, with a final chapter on sleep and abnormal mental phenomena. The work aims to be nothing more than an "introduction" to psychology and psychological theory, dealing only with the principles; and for that reason, the reader will not find this work what his author calls "an anthology of mad-house and hospital stories." Professor Bowne has treated his fascinating subject for the scholar and not for the "popular" reader; but his style is clear and convincing, and many laymen will enjoy the work. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Some Magazines.

In the *Southern Bivouac* for April, Mrs. Patty B. Temple contributes a paper on "Sidney Lanier." A short article repeats what General Jackson said to General W. G. Harding relative to his duel with Dickinson. The series of articles on John Cleves Semmes is concluded, and the continuation of Judge Hines' story of the "Northwestern Conspiracy" furnishes a narrative of absorbing interest.

Much has been written on the subject of "Manual Training," but Professor T. Davidson presents it in a somewhat new light in the April number of the *Forum*. Rev. Washington Gladden follows this article with a discussion of the social question, and H. B. Blackwell has a paper on the problems arising out of the woman suffrage question. Professor William T. Harris tells about the books that has helped him, and "Do We Need Prohibition?" is answered by the Rev. John Snyder. The author of "John Halifax Gentleman," discusses some phases of the divorce law in an article "For Better, for Worse," and Amos K. Fiske suggests some remedies for municipal misgovernment. Among other articles of interest are "The Hydrophobia Bugbear," whose title suggests the attitude of the writer, by Dr. Spitzka, and "The Reality of the Sea Serpent," by Richard A. Proctor.

The April number of *The North American Review* begins with an article by David Dudley Field on "Open Nominations and Free Elections." Gail Hamilton answers the question "Why Am I a Congregationalist?" Dion Boucault attacks "Opera" as an unnatural and illegitimate creation. "Grant and Matthew Arnold—An Estimate," is the title of a critical paper by General James B. Fry. "Arthur Richmond" addresses Hon. James Russell Lowell. "Some More War Letters" to General Sherman are contributed by Captain Byers. Rush C. Hawkins discusses "The Destruction of Art in America." "Profit-Sharing" is explained by N. O. Nelson. Felix L. Oswald has a scientific article on "Meteorological Predictions." J. C. Welch treats "The Transportation Problem." "A Chaplain's Record" consists of letters and sayings by Henry Ward Beecher, with comments by Col. David E. Austen. The other papers of the *Review* are "Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws," by Thomas M. North; "Storm-Effects on Mentality," by George Sand; and "Donn Piatt on Arthur Richmond."

Those who do not like Russian writers will agree with the following utterances of James Pavn, the English novelist: "I have bought another Russian novel, Count Tolstoy's 'The French in Moscow,' which will be positively my last. It was recommended to me by a private friend, or rather by one who *was* my friend. 'Give me my four-and-sixpence back,' I said, 'or lose me forever; and he preferred to lose me. To praise these books is madness. I protest, though I have read the work from end to end, I don't know what it is all about. There is a certain woodenness about Russians in fiction, which reminds one of the old semaphore; they have plenty of action about them, but no passion. A party of nihilists, who are described in the act of plotting some really fine crime, talk like people at a five-o'clock tea. They have about as much enthusiasm as the old copy-books, from which it seems most of their observations are culled. I am not strait-laced, and rather sympathize than otherwise with the blowing up of a Czar or two, but even when conceiving an ordinary (non-political) crime, their coolness fails to freeze the blood, because it is unnatural; it is murder arranged for by marionettes. When they kiss one another in love scenes it is always on this, and it is plain that the Russian novelist himself feels the strain of such severe deportment, for, without any particular reason for it, all his characters will suddenly 'break out,' 'little sister' and all, and get horribly drunk. If Russian novels are a reflex of the nation, the phrase 'pulling the strings' must have a peculiar application to them.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

George Carleton, the publisher, is in Naples, on his leisurely tour round the world. A day or two after his arrival, he was strolling about, when some one slapped him on the shoulder, and an old friend yelled in his ear: "Hello, Carleton; so you've come to see Naples and die, eh?" "Not much," replied Mr. Carleton; "I came to see it and live—somewhere else."

Several years ago, at one of the meetings of the Nineteenth Century Club Mr. Cable was the lecturer of the evening. On making his bow to the audience as he was introduced by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Cable said he wished to offer an apology for the hurried way in which his paper had been written. "Even now," said Mr. Cable, in his own dry and intemperately humorous way, "the ink is hardly dry on the last few pages, but without doubt you will find the remainder quite dry enough to compensate for the wet ones."

A newspaper vender was recently found in the lake in St. James's Park, London; he was half drowned and entirely drunk, and on being brought to himself acknowledged that the loss of his money had caused him to seek a watery grave. "If I could only have known what had become of it," he pathetically murmured, "I should not have taken on so." His riches, such as they were—four and sixpence halfpenny—seemed literally to "have made to themselves wings." As he was still suffering from inebriety an emetic was administered, whereupon the whole of his property—the six coins—to his immense amazement made its reappearance. He had swallowed his fortune without knowing it.

A dizzy dowager of Boston has been sojourning at a fashionable winter resort for several weeks for the good of her health and spirits. Her toilets have rivaled the late Mrs. Stewart's in extensiveness and expense, and her make-up has been all that blooming two-and-twenty might in safety wear to. The other morning, however, even the blindest was forced to admit something was wrong in the construction. What had happened no one precisely knew until chance brought a keen-eyed young maiden to the breakfast table. She leaned forward, with a bland smile, and holding something between her thumb and finger, said: "Good morning, Mrs. Racamere. I believe this is your eyebrow!"

Magistrate Alex. Bartlet, of Windsor, besides being a wise judge and respected citizen, is one of the pillars of the Presbyterian Church in that town. Descended directly from the Scotch Covenanters, he has inherited all the pious regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath that distinguished that religious body. The magistrate was on his way to the "kirk" one fine Sunday morning, leading by the hand a juvenile member of his family. Mr. Bartlet's face looked stern, almost harsh, his broadcloth coat was buttoned closely about him, his "stock" tied carefully around a spotless collar of great dimensions. Not a word was spoken until the boy, in a burst of youthful spirits, exclaimed, "Isn't this a lovely day!" "Jeems," said Windsor's chief ruler, gravely, "Jeems, my mon, this is no day to be talking about days." The conversation was dropped.

Lord Erskine and Curran (the famous Irish lawyer) met at dinner at Carleton House. The royal host directed the conversation to the profession of the guests. Lord Erskine took the lead. "No man in the land," said he, "need be ashamed of feeling to the legal profession. For my part, of a noble family myself, I feel no degradation in practicing—it has added not only to my wealth but to my dignity." Curran was silent, which the host observing, called for his opinion. "Lord Erskine," said he, "has so eloquently described all the advantages to be derived from his profession that I hardly thought my opinion worth adding. But perhaps it was; perhaps I am a better practical instance of its advantages than his lordship. He was ennobled by birth before he came to it, but it has, bowing to the host, 'in my person raised the son of a peasant to the table of his prince.'"

A curious incident, which resulted fatally to a dog, occurred at an Indian wigwam near Lewiston, Idaho, the other day between Professor McAllister, the magician, and the noble redskins. The Indians had a small dog that the Professor took quite a fancy to, and he made himself quite familiar with the brute by patting and petting him. He asked the Indians how much they would take for him, to which they replied that they did not want to sell him. The Professor said "him very valuable dog," at the same time rubbing him down the back to his tail length, at each stroke taking a handful of money from the end of his tail, also from his mouth, ears and nose. At these strange proceedings the Indians stood in awe and astonishment. After the Professor left their premises, they took the dog down to the river bank and killed and dissected him. But to their great chagrin, they found that the Professor had milked him of all the money.

Charles Mathews once went to perform at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where owing to the depressed state of trade the drama received no support. He was afterwards asked how much money he had made in Wakefield, and replied, "Not a shilling." "Not a shilling?" repeated his questioner. "Why, I thought you went there to star?" "So I did," replied Mathews, "but they spell it with a *ze* in Wakefield." Mathews, seated on a coach-box on a frosty day waiting for the driver said to him when at length he appeared: "If you stand here much longer, Mr. Coachman, your horses will be like Captain Perry's ships." "How is that, sir?" "Why, frozen at the pole." Mathews being asked what he was going to do with his son (the young man's professor was that of an architect), "Well," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses like his father." A friend attending on Mathews in his last illness found that he had given him some ink from a vial in mistake for his medicine. On discovering the error he exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mathews, I have given you ink!" "Never mind, my dear boy, never mind!" said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swallow a little piece of blotting-paper."

Motley, the historian, while at the University of Göttingen, made the acquaintance of a student who is now known as "the man of blood and iron." Bismarck and he became friends, and the friendship lasted until Motley's death. The two students were once arrested and lodged in the guard-house for singing too loudly in the streets of Berlin one night as they were returning from a student's festival. In Mr. Whipple's essay on Motley, the following anecdote is told: When Motley was American Minister at the Austrian Court, Bismarck visited Vienna to settle terms of peace with the Emperor, who had been Prussia's ally in her war against Denmark. Arriving too late to go to the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, he drove to Motley's house, and found the American Minister just rising from a family dinner. The old friend joined hands, fresh viands were brought in from the kitchen, and the old collegia chatted merrily over their student life. It was long after midnight when Bismarck departed, unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that the brain of every foreign ambassador at Vienna had been wondering at this incident for hours. What meant this mysterious visit to the American Minister? Was there to be an alliance between Prussia and the United States? Telegrams flew to London, Paris, Turin and St. Petersburg. Diplomats taxed their ingenuity to discover who the long visit meant. Charles Sumner, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, received private letters from eminent persons abroad, nervously asking what the interview signified. Has the United States, they asked, determined to depart from non-interference in European affairs, as recommended by the immortal Washington? Mr. Sumner, knowing the intimacy between Motley and Bismarck, smiled and years after, the two gentlemen laughed heartily at the one humorous incident in American diplomacy which disturbed the peace of Europe for two days.

SOCIETY.

The Haggin Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave an elegant dinner party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Taylor Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Griswold and family of New York, who are here on a visit. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, Miss Edith Griswold, Miss F. Griswold, Miss Rita Haggin, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, and Mr. J. L. De Ruyter.

Miss Low's Luncheon.

A dainty lunch party was given by Miss Flora Low last Monday at her home on Gough Street, in honor of the Misses Hartshorn, of New York, who are residents of this city some ten days. There were six young ladies at the table, which was prettily decorated with fragrant lilacs and roses. Delicate little gilt baskets of bon-bons were the favors. The event was one of much pleasure to those in attendance who comprised, Miss Flora Low, the Misses Hartshorn, Miss Tallant, Miss Kate Felton, and Miss Edith Taylor.

Mrs. Toland's Tea.

An informal five o'clock tea was given by Mrs. C. G. Toland last Monday evening in her apartments at the Palace Hotel. It was Mrs. Toland's custom to give these teas through the winter, but they were discontinued during Lent. This one was specially delightful, and music and conversation made time pass most agreeably. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Toland, Mr. and Mrs. N. Gregory, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. D. C. Nichols, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Lawler, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Hodgden, of New York, Miss Cooner, Mr. Hugo Toland, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Melnecke, Captain Rose, H. B. M. N., Mr. B. Peyton, Mr. Grant, of the *Triumph*, and others.

Luncheon on the Triumph.

Captain Rose, of H. B. M. ship *Triumph*, gave an enjoyable lunch party on the vessel last Wednesday to some lady friends. The repast was served in the Admiral's cabin and the table was handsomely decorated. A Canadian birch-bark canoe filled with orchids was especially noticeable. After partaking of the delicacies provided, the guests passed the remainder of the afternoon on the ship, and were entertained by the selections rendered by the *Triumph's* excellent band. In the evening the entire party went to the theatre. Those in the party were Captain Rose, Lieutenant Dick, and Mr. Grant, of the *Triumph*, Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Toland, Misses Murphy, Miss Lillie Lawler, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, and Mr. Hugo Toland.

Birthday Surprise Party.

Thursday night was the eve of Mrs. M. H. de Young's birthday, and on that evening a number of friends gave her a sheet and pillow-top surprise party. About thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of the Misses Ferrar, on Pine Street, and after they had donned their ghost-like habiliments, they marched to Mrs. de Young's house in a body, and took her completely by surprise. The identity of the intruders was not known until they unmasked, in about half an hour. Dancing was indulged in throughout the evening, and at midnight the party dispersed. Mrs. de Young's health was proposed in a toast, which was eloquently responded to by Judge Stonehill. She was the recipient of many handsome floral tributes, and her husband presented her with an elegant concert grand piano.

An Eastern Wedding.

The Hyde Park (Mass.) *Times* of March 12th says: "At the residence of bride's uncle, General H. B. Carrington, Fanny May, youngest daughter of Mrs. F. C. Coochower, and Mr. S. H. Hickox, of Los Angeles, Cal., were married March 5th, at two p. m., the Rev. P. M. Davis officiating. The bride was elegantly dressed in light blue satin, with a long train, and carried a large bouquet of pearls and natural flowers. In her young, childish beauty she made a perfect bride. They left immediately for New York city, and will visit all the prominent cities of the Union, reaching home by the middle of May. Her many friends join in best wishes."

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. H. arrived in Los Angeles on March 2d, and will make that city their future home.

The Boardman Dinner Party.

An elaborate dinner party was given by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman last Monday evening, at their residence, 1730 Franklin Street. The decorations of the reception and dining-rooms and the hall were in perfect taste. Roses, pinks, and other fragrant flowers were clustered here and there, and streamers of smilax wound their way over pictures and mirrors in contrast to the polished gilding. Orchids of peculiar shapes and odd coloring graced the dining-table in addition to the beautiful exotics whose perfume filled the air. Rich service of silver and crystal gave added beauty to the table. A course bouquet of flowers, a boutonniere for the gentlemen, and pretty hand-painted menu and name cards completed the complement. Covers were laid for eighteen, and at half-past six o'clock the guests took their seats and passed two hours and a half in enjoying the repast. At its conclusion a couple of hours were spent in the parlors, where conversation and vocal and instrumental music made the remainder of the evening extremely pleasurable. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Lulu Otis, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Mamie Elliott, Miss Elsie McKeever, Miss Tompkins, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, and Mr. James Otis.

A Charity Entertainment.

In aid of the Pioneer Kindergarten an entertainment will be given at Platt's Hall on Monday evening, April 25th. The cause is certainly a worthy one, and should receive liberal support. The programme will include the drama "Pygmalion and Galatea," which will be presented with the following cast:

Pygmalion.....Mr. Davis.
Leucippe.....Mr. Toland.
Chryseis.....Mr. P. Davis.
Mimos.....Mr. Sloan.
Agamemnon.....Mr. Weaver.
Galatea.....Miss Aldrich.
Cynisca.....Miss Craddock.
Daphne.....Miss Smith.
Myrine.....Miss Waters.

The participants have been thoroughly drilled by Mr. Robert M. Eberle, which is an assurance that the play will be produced acceptably. Tickets are \$1.50 each, and can only be procured from the following lady patronesses:

William Alvord, Mrs. C. Ash, Mrs. F. D. Atherton, Mrs. F. Barreda, Mrs. F. Castle, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mrs. G. M. Pinckard, Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mrs. R. G. Hooker, Mrs. M. Salsbury, Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mrs. P. Lillenthal, Mrs. S. M. Holladay, Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. L. A. Garnett, Mrs. E. Goad, Mrs. M. M. Toland, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. D. W. McRae, Mrs. M. H. Hedges, Mrs. H. M. Jewell, Mrs. C. H. Mann, Mrs. F. Hess, Mrs. M. C. Grinbaum, Mrs. C. Kohler, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. J. R. Spiers, Mrs. H. S. Moore, Mrs. Timothy Paige, Mrs. W. Levy, Mrs. E. J. Minton, Mrs. W. M. Stewart, Mrs. S. A. Davis.

The Bolado Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bolado recently issued invitations to a reception to about five hundred of their friends, and the majority were accepted. The event took place on Thursday evening at their residence, 523 Sutter Street, and was very

enjoyable to the many who called. The various apartments were canvassed, and beautiful stands of flowers were distributed around with pleasing effect. Ballenberg's band furnished the music, and dancing was indulged in until midnight, when an elegant supper was served. The festivities were then continued until early morning.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goud, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Judge and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Van Deussen, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Edward A. Tamm, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cooper, Mrs. W. A. Holladay, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bessie Gorham, Miss Clara Luning, Miss Hill, Miss Shinn, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Sophie Gibbs, Miss Maggie Jones, Miss Duret, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Malarin, of Santa Clara, Miss Ord, Misses Blethen, Misses O'Connor, Lieutenants W. H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. Brant, U. S. A., Lieutenant Van Deussen, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. P. Cotton, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. E. Runcie, U. S. A., Lieutenant Menoher, U. S. A., Captain Fletcher, U. S. N., Mr. Edward Le Breton, Mr. C. C. Crocker, Mr. E. C. Green, Mr. E. C. Green, Mr. R. F. Morrow, Mr. Burke Holladay, Mr. Fred. Johnson, Mr. W. Wethered, Mr. Henry Stillwell, Mr. Robert Sherwood, Mr. Quay, Mr. Harry Gibbs, Mr. M. Malarin, and others.

The Wood-Grimm Wedding.

A pretty home wedding took place last Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. John Wightman, 309 Sutter Street, when the bride and groom were united in marriage by Dr. William Wood, of Sacramento. The contracting parties are well known here and in Sacramento, and have many warm friends. In honor of the event, the spacious parlors had been decorated in exquisite taste. In the bay window were tall tree ferns, forming a bower, and mingled in among the fronds were little clusters of white gladioli, and a dainty trail of white roses. Extending from the corner of the left side was a delicate drapery of white silken gauze, and white silk ribbons were extended from one side to the other, to bar the entrance. The mantel mirror was draped with a combination of new spring green and white silk, and among the folds were sprays of ferns and bunches of red roses, while orange blossoms decorated the mantel. On the left side of the entrance was a large white knot, and a trail of brilliant exotics, and a beautiful display of flowers was seen in a birch bark basket before the grate. A pendente beneath the entrance to the rear parlor, was an immense cluster of calla lilies and ferns suspended by fancy ribbons. A festoon of Bon Silce roses adorned one side of the Turkish portiere, and on the other side a large cluster of pink roses and ferns. Gracing the side wall, was a peculiar scarf drapery of golden brown brocade, with flowing ribbons of crushed strawberry and asbisthe-green silk. Hanging below it was an array of ferns which supported a wicker basket holding lilacs and pansies. A profusion of marguerites adorned the mantel, and the pale blue and light yellow tints of the piano, and rising above the beautiful cluster of exotics, were golden color harmonizing with the lighter tints below. The rooms were lighted by gas and looked very attractive.

The invited guests, comprising only relatives and intimate friends, arrived about twelve o'clock, and at high noon the bride party entered the parlors to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march. The bride, Miss Lillian Brown, of Oakland, and the best man, Dr. Maurice Sullivan, came first, and were followed by the groom escorting the bride's mother, while the bride and her brother, Dr. Charles Grimm, were last.

The bride, a handsome demi-bruette, was attired in an elegant toilet of white tulle, fringed with lace, and with a long train, and carried a large bouquet of white lilies tied with cream-colored ribbons. Her only ornament was a small diamond pin at the corsage.

Miss Lillian Brown appeared in a becoming costume of pink tulle, fringed with lace, and with a long train, and carried a large bouquet of white lilies tied with cream-colored ribbons. Her only ornament was a small diamond pin at the corsage.

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Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. George Hearst gave a delightful train Washington, D. C., on the afternoon of Saturday, April 2d, from four to seven, and her guests, Mrs. Jasper McDonald, Miss Hues, and Miss Butts, of St. Francis, among others. Those present were Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. MacArthur, Mrs. and Miss Patten, Commodore and Mrs. Sicard, Mrs. and Miss Burrows, Miss Cheatham, Mr. Acklen, Mrs. Cole, Miss Lawton, and Miss Acklen.

Sir Michael Colme Seymour of H. B. M. Ship *Triumph*, was entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening by Mrs. J. K. Nuttall.

Mrs. S. W. Sanderson has sold her residence on Gough Street to Mr. Henry Williams.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman will give a reception to-day at her residence, 1430 Sacramento Street, in honor of her niece, Miss Coleman, of Louisville, Ky., who is visiting her. The cards call for attendance between three and six o'clock.

The hops at the Presidio, which were such a feature in social life last winter, will be resumed soon.

The members of the Cosmos Club will give a reception next Friday evening at their club-house on Powell Street.

Miss Edith Taylor gave a tea party on Monday evening at the Baldwin Theatre in honor of the Misses Hartshorn, which was supplemented by a dainty supper at the Maison Dorée. Those in the party were: Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, Misses Hartshorn, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank Carolan, and Mr. Maud Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Webb Howard, gave a charming lunch party last Monday at her home on the corner of Buchanan and Sacramento streets. Handsome decorations and a dainty menu made the event very pleasant for her guests.

The Misses Elliott gave a delightful german at their residence, 1920 Franklin Street, last night. The parlors were canvassed, and about twenty couples enjoyed the dance. A supper was served before the departure of the guests.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, passed several days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mr. Charles N. Shaw expects to leave for the East in a few days.

Colonel B. O. Carr, of St. Helena, came to the city on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Carlisle have moved to Berkeley.

Dr. J. C. Shorb is in New York City.

Hon. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have been passing a week at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. L. Filkins and Miss Jennie Filkins returned from Marysville on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman has returned from Europe.

Mrs. O. F. Willey has been enjoying a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands arrived in New York City last Tuesday, and sailed for Europe yesterday with his family.

Miss Alice Taylor, of this city, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Verdi in Washington, D. C.

Misses Ouellette and Alice Mau contemplate passing the summer at Blithedale.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Mrs. M. Herzstein are at the Wallace Ranch in Tulare County.

Mrs. Adam Grant is entertaining Miss Bloodgood of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey have returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit here.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding will leave for the Hawaiian Islands on May 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis departed for New York City last week, en route to Europe, and expect to be away about ten months.

Mrs. F. L. Wooster has returned to the Napa Soda Springs after visiting Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson in this city.

Miss May Wickham, of Petaluma, will be the guest of Miss Alice Mau next week.

Miss Ella Jennings contemplates passing the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Edith Tracy has returned from a three weeks' visit to her sister in Fresno.

Mr. J. Q. Brown, of Sacramento, passed several days in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples will depart for Texas in a few days to visit their daughter, Mrs. H. W. Yemans.

Mrs. E. B. Rail, of Carson City, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Mrs. and Mrs. Moody went East on Wednesday.

Mr. Bert Sherwood has returned from Fresno.

Miss Minnie Clark, of Sacramento, has been in the city during the week.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has been passing the week in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were in Vienna during the first part of the week.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will pass most of the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Jennie Liddle, of Sacramento, has been visiting friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ashe are in the city from their country home, Maltese Italy, and intend remaining here for some time.

Mrs. F. A. Gibbs and Miss Mary Gibbs will pass the summer months at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and the Misses Tessie and Birdie Fair will go to Santa Cruz on June 1st, to remain a couple of months.

Dr. R. E. Williams will leave for an Eastern visit in a fortnight.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne, and Miss Christine Parrott came up from San Mateo on Monday, and remained at the Palace Hotel a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from Menlo Park, where they were sojourning for a couple of weeks.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton intend passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Nina Macondray has been visiting Miss Florence Atherton during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado will go to their ranch in San Benito County, next week.

Mr. Henry Redington is visiting Mr. William Babcock at his residence in San Rafael, and will remain there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan are visiting Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanley Dexter have returned to their home in Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are visiting San Diego for a few weeks, and upon their return, they will go to Santa Cruz with Mrs. D. D. Colton, to remain during the summer.

Miss Tompkins, of San Rafael, has been the guest of Mrs. Samuel Hurl during the week.

Hon. and Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb and Mrs. Shorb, of San Gabriel, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Miss Turnbull, and Miss Jennie Dunphy will leave soon for Germany. The young ladies will enter the Conservatory at Leipzig, to complete their musical education.

The Misses Corbett are at San Mateo.

Mrs. General Mahone and Miss Otelia Mahone, of Virginia, went to Los Angeles on Monday, for a two weeks' visit. They will return here prior to returning East, and intend going to Europe in July.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre, of Menlo Park, has been in the city most of the week.

Mr. John F. Miller and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover have returned from a short visit to Laverne, the Miller country seat in Napa County.

Mr. Chauncey Winslow will leave for the East soon.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore returned from Ogden on Wednesday. Senator Leland Stanford is at Vina, inspecting his ranch, and will return on Monday.

Miss Florence Reed has returned from a three weeks' visit to her country home in Volcano.

Mr. George Cheesman will return from his ranch in Mexico about June 1st.

Miss Annie Gregory, sister of Mr. J. N. Gregory, of this city, is now in Italy. She had somewhat of an exciting time during her recent earthquake there.

Mr. D. D. Ridout came down from Marysville on Wednesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Kate Treat will depart for Europe in about six weeks, and expects to be away about two years.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant John Adams Perry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to his station at Fort Selden.

Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, Second Artillery, U. S. A., went to Vancouver, W. T., last week on official business, but is expected back soon.

Captain M. S. Healy, U. S. Marine Corps, was at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

Captain C. Bryant, U. S. A., was in the city early in the week.

ART NOTES.

The opening of the spring exhibition at the San Francisco Art Association has been postponed until next Tuesday evening.

Tom Hill returned from Alaska last week, with quite a number of sketches of the region he visited.

Raschen, who has been passing the winter at Fort Ross, returned to the city recently. He has been doing considerable out-of-door sketching, and has a few ambitious pictures finished.

Mr. Henry Alexander departed for New York yesterday, via Panama, with the intention of locating there permanently. He has resided here for several years, and by his conscientious work in the world of art has made many friends, all of whom regret his departure.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Fabian Concert.

Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian, the young pianist who recently returned to this city after a six years' absence in Europe, gave a concert last Tuesday evening at Metropolitan Hall. The hall was crowded with his many friends, and the concert partook somewhat of the nature of an ovation, as Mr. Fabian was warmly welcomed and applauded and received many flowers. Mme. Julie Rosewald was also present with some beautiful flowers. The programme was as follows:

Concerto, E Flat Major.....Beethoven
Soprano Aria—"I will Exult There".....Costa
Mme. Julie Rosewald
Piano Solo—(a) Valse—Op. 54.....Raff
(b) Polonaise—Op. 53.....Chopin
(c) "If I Were a Bird".....Henselt
Contralto Solo—"O Ra, sull'onda".....Mercadante
Mrs. Eunice B. Westwater
Violin Solo—"Souvenir de Haydn".....Leonard
Mr. J. H. Rosewald
Concert Stuck, F Minor.....Weber
Mr. Sam. Monroe Fabian.

The Espinosa Concert.

A farewell concert was given by Señor Miguel Espinosa last night at Irving Hall, which was well attended, and proved very enjoyable. He was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mrs. W. C. Lewis, and the Hermann Brandt Quartet in the rendering of the following programme:

Sonata—F sharp minor, op. 8: First Movement.....Hummel
M. Espinosa.
(a) "A Dream".....E. Grieg
(b) "Moonlight".....Schumann
M. W. C. Lewis.
Menuet and Fugue.....Beethoven
Mess. H. Brandt, H. Siering, L. Schmidt and E. Knell.
Fantasie and Fugue, from Suite op. 91.....Raff
M. Espinosa.
Romanza.....Nicodé
Hermann Brandt.
Aria—"Com e bello" Lucrezia Borgia.....Donizetti
M. W. C. Lewis.
(a) Canzonetta.....Mendelssohn
(b) Music of the Spheres (by request).....Rubinstein
Mess. H. Brandt, H. Siering, L. Schmidt and E. Knell.
"Kermesse" Faust.....Saint Saens
M. Espinosa.

Miss Blair's Concert.

A complimentary benefit was tendered to Miss Susie M. Blair on Wednesday evening at Metropolitan Hall, and the patronage of many prominent citizens. The beneficiary was greeted by a large audience, and had the assistance of Mr. Alfred Haymanson, Miss Bessie Marshall, Mr. Charles Goffrie, Mr. M. Solano, Miss Annie Van Arman, and a full orchestra. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"Semiramide".....Rossini
Full Orchestra.
Aria—"Semiramide".....Rossini
Miss Annie Van Arman.
Violino Solo—"Grand Concerto," Op. 31, in D.....Vieuxtemps
(With full Orchestra and Harp Solo Accompaniment)
Miss Susie Blair.
Song—"As I View Those Scenes so Charming,"
(Sonnambula).....Bellini
Mr. Alfred Haymanson.
Piano—"Romanza," Op. 99.....Fr. Bendel
Miss Bessie Marshall.
Quartet—For Piano, Violin, Violon, and Cello.....Mozart
Miss Bessie Marshall, Miss Susie Blair, Mr. Charles Goffrie, Mr. M. Solano.
Bolero—"Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Miss Annie Van Arman.
Violin—"Hungarian Airs".....Ernst
(With full Orchestra Accompaniment)
Miss Susie Blair.
Finale—"March de Concert".....Goffrie
Full Orchestra.
Conductor of Orchestra, Charles Goffrie; Accompanist, Miss Bessie Marshall; Harpist, M. Solano.

Miss Goldmann's Concert.

A soirée-musical was given by Miss Ernestine Goldmann on Thursday evening at Irving Hall. She was assisted by Miss Lulu Klein, vocalist, Mr. August Hinrichs, violinist, Mr. Toepeke, cellist, and Mr. Abe Sichel, pianist. The following were the selections:

Trio.....C. Reissiger
Miss E. Goldmann, Mr. Hinrichs and Mr. Toepeke.
(a) Romance.....Tschakowsky
(b) Luetzow's Wilde Jagd.....Kullak
Miss E. Goldmann.
Marurka de Concert.....Ovide Musin
Mr. A. Hinrichs.
(a) Elfenreigen.....E. Heymann
(b) Spinning Song.....Wagner—Liszt
(c) Invitation à la Valse.....Weber—Goldmann
Miss E. Goldmann.
(a) Verwelkt.....Proch
(b) Brindisi.....Donizetti
Miss Lulu Klein.
Hungarian Fantasie for two Pianos.....Liszt
Miss E. Goldmann and Mr. Sichel.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah" was rendered last night by the Handel and Haydn Society at Metropolitan Hall. Almost every seat was occupied, and it was a social as well as a musical success, being given under the patronage of Bishop and Mrs. Kip, Mrs. F. D. Atherton, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Coleman, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jobe, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mr. J. J. Stewart was the organist and conductor, and the principal vocalists were Mrs. Mariner-Campbell, soprano; Mrs. Eunice Westwater, contralto; Mr. Ben. Clark, tenor; Signor Enrico Campobello, basso; and Miss Fannie Denny, Mrs. Fred C. Courtney, Mrs. Julie Pracht, Mrs. Archie McLaughlin, Mr. Leonard S. Clark, Dr. W. H. Tarran, and Mr. Fred C. Courtney, and an orchestra and chorus of one hundred and fifty performers. The oratorio was rendered in an exceptionally excellent manner, and elicited considerable applause from the appreciative audience.

"La Mandolinista Club," the musical organization of guitarists and mandolinists, which held so many pleasant meetings last winter, has been holding weekly rehearsals during the past three months preparatory to a series of musicales at the residences of the members. Among the pieces lately added to the repertoire of the club are "L'Ingenue," Adolphi, a beautiful gavotte, so popular during the Patti opera season; Olivier Metias's "Serenade Espagnole," "El Turia," the Spanish waltzes of Walteufel, the popular waltz composer, beside a number of Spanish and Mexican quicksteps and dances. The club now numbers seven members.

The Orpheus Instrumental Club of Oakland, will tender a testimonial concert to Mr. Edward S. Taylor, on Tuesday evening, May 3d, at the First Congregational Church in that city. Mrs. Norton, soprano; Mr. W. C. Campbell, basso; Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violin; Mr. L. Knell, French horn; and Mr. Hugo Mansfield, piano, have contributed their services, and a fine programme has been selected from the works of Schumann, Liszt, Haydn, Mozart, Liszt, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Sodermann, and Scharwenka.

Mr. August Hinrichs will give a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall this evening. An excellent programme will be presented.

ESTHER'S LOVELY EYES.

"I know what I'm taking about," Mr. Stanwood remarked, "and I repeat the bet. I'll wager a breakfast for the party that no man at the table can go into six old clothes shops on Baxter Street, between Leonard and Franklin, and price an overcoat without buying one."

The five other men at the table looked at the speaker with a mixture of amusement and perplexity. It was a Sunday morning breakfast at the most prominent of the Fifth Avenue clubs.

"I don't see where the difficulty comes in," said Mr. Rochester; "I'll take the bet."

At eleven o'clock on the following Wednesday morning, therefore, six men left the club-house, and a Broadway horse-car carried them to Worth Street. Thence they walked to the corner of Worth and Baxter streets, and from that point Mr. Rochester strolled up the west side of Baxter to Leonard. His companions were half a block behind him, watching. They appeared to be occupied with their cigars to the exclusion of all other objects of interest, and the old clothes stores being on the other side of the street, no attention was paid to them. Mr. Rochester, the morning being raw, was attired in a rough heavy sack traveling suit. He hails from Buffalo, and consequently had no difficulty in appearing guileless and verdant.

Rochester had just passed under the arcade of trousers and vests in front of Funkenstein's, when a little old man with a gray beard and sharp eyes, seized his arm.

"I know vot you vand. 'You vand a Shpring overcoat, ain't id'?"

"Have you got any Spring overcoats?" asked Mr. Rochester.

"Haf I? Der finest in der world. Come insite. And they were inside."

"Vot price?" asked Mr. Funkenstein.

"I'm not particular. I want something that will not show the dust."

"Rebecca, get down dem Theodore Roosevelt goods and don't be loafin' dere," said the vendor sharply. "I wouldn't show 'em to eberybody, my friend. [In a theatrical whisper.] Dese vas send ofer to Mr. Roosevelt py der Prince of Wales. Dey vas too small for him and he gafe 'em to his man vat sold 'em. You don't gif it away!" said Mr. Funkenstein suddenly checking himself and staring suspiciously at Rochester, fearing that he had told too much.

"I will not," said Rochester.

"Dere now. Cbust see dot," said the vendor admiringly. "Vest of England goods. Cost you sefenty-five tollars mit dem up-town sbtores." He exhibited an overcoat which in the dim light looked perfectly new. It was faced with ostensible silk, and was of the latest cut.

"How much is it?" asked Rochester.

"Tvelluf tollars, vort forty if it's vort a cend."

Had it not been for the bet, the bargain would really have been tempting. Mindful of his mission, however, Rochester shook his head and edged away.

"Holt on; wait a minid. I got all kinds of Spring overcoats. Twenty dozen here and twenty cases up stairs. Maybe you don't like der color? Vat color you like? Prown? Veepein Rachel, you ought to see der prawn vuns." And in a second he had conjured three from somewhere in three shades, and had one over Rochester's right arm and two in his hands.

"Take der middle vun. Fits your complexion wonderful. Nefer seen vun fit a man's complexion like dot. Chust your size." Rochester found himself encircled with a tape around his chest.

"Vell! vell! vell!" cried Funkenstein astonished.

"Vat ees it, Isaac?" screamed Rebecca, startled.

"Oh! vot a splendid chest. Oh coat cracious. You was a brize fighter, my friend. I tink so when you come in. Rebecca, is dot a brize fighter's overcoat you got dere? Dry it on, my friend, dry it on."

Before Rochester could protest his arms were half way in the sleeves and Rebecca and Isaac skillfully slipped it over his shoulders.

Rochester looked sheepish. He wished he was out of it. He seemed to be under some kind of an obligation to purchase an overcoat that he had not foreseen.

He felt fatally sure that if he didn't get that overcoat off his back he would buy it. All this ran through his mind in the dark little shop while Isaac was bunching it up in the back and saying, critically:

"Nefer seen anyting like id. Fits like it vos mate to orter." "Like der shkin on a sossitch," echoed Rebecca.

Rochester acted with decision. He took a dollar bill from his pocket and said:

"Here, I—I have an appointment. This will pay you for your trouble." He stripped off the coat and fled in the temporary astonishment he had caused.

"Vy didn't he take der coat vit him?" said Rebecca grinning at Isaac, as she looked at the bill.

But Isaac was already outside and had hooked another fish.

Rochester felt that he needed time for reflection. He did not dare look in the direction of the five broad grins which he felt sure were a short distance away bearing due north-east. He lit a cigar and ruminated. He must keep the overcoat away from him; that was evident. This was the only conclusion reached when a voice said:

"I got id. Ten dollars."

It was Motzenhauser. Motzenhauser was pointing to an overcoat on a dummy. Motzenhauser had watched all the Funkenstein proceedings except the finale. He had agreed with Mrs. Motzenhauser that Rochester was from the West, and planned accordingly.

"Gone insite," said Motzenhauser.

Rochester hesitated. He wished to refuse, but it was part of the bet to enter.

"I had a son go oud to Denfer," said Mrs. Motzenhauser.

Rochester is polite to all women. "Indeed," said he.

"Chacab Motzenhauser vas his name. He sold sosbenders and cowlar-puttons, put now he has a pig shitore in der Vindor Model. You know Chacab?"

Rochester thought he had met several Chacabs in his travels, but still denied it. He did not know what subtle logical sequence might lie between acquaintanceship with Chacab and buying a coat.

"Try dis on," said Motzenhauser, himself and wife grabbing the customer's hands.

He knew the dodge, and stepped backward just in time.

"Thank you. I won't try it on," he said. "It's too—too light," he added, at a venture.

The mates to it in six darker shades were instantly forthcoming. Rochester felt that he had put his foot in it. He didn't know what to say.

"I mean it's too thin for the weather."

They held up their hands in astonishment, and waved them in horizontal parabolas from the wrist-joint above their shoulders.

"Suffern' Lazarus. You vos nefer a summer in Nyorick. Too tin? Vy, you year someting heffier as dot und you purn to a grip."

"I'm not going to be in New York," said Rochester.

"Vere you goin'?"

"To—to Greenland!"

He rushed out without more words.

Montzenhauser and his wife stared at Rochester from the doorway, and made some kind of a sign to the street, for the street was watching intently wherever it was not occupied "inside." The sign meant that he was a crank. The street nodded, but still watched. The crank was going into Katzenyammer's. What would Katzenyammer do with him? That was the question.

Baxter Street is like a city of prairie dogs. On ordinary occasions the patriarch dog is watching at the door of his shop hole. The patriarch and the progeny of various generations are scattered about at short distances. As you approach the hole, the younger one dives in. The old one waits and catches you, and inside is a reserve force which can be called upon, sufficing for any emergency.

Katzenyammer was the acknowledged king of the street. He would sell a suit of clothes to a wooden Indian. He would sell a man a tin watch at the top price, and make him think he had got the Strasburg clock with the cathedral thrown in.

One winter he sold the shoes off his feet in East Brooklyn, and walked home on the ice, chuckling all the way over a profit of five hundred per cent. What would Katzenyammer do with him? That was the question in which the street and five club-men were deeply interested.

But Katzenyammer's place showed no signs of life. It was either unheard of carelessness or a bold stroke of genius. The historian is enabled to state that it was the latter. Katzenyammer had not missed a point of the preceding encounter, and had his own theory. Rochester saw the neglected doorway, and argued favorably. He would not be very much bothered in that place, and he entered with a sigh of relief. It was half-lighted, like all of them. Katzenyammer was seated, quietly smoking a long pipe. Two young men and a woman were seated about, to bolster him up.

"I want to price an overcoat," said Rochester, thereby fatally committing himself.

"A Shpring overcoat?" asked Katzenyammer indifferently.

"Yes."

Katzenyammer did not move.

"Vot brice?" asked he.

"Anything under \$15."

Katzenyammer smoked.

"Vat color?"

Rochester was a little nettled. "Any neutral color," said he.

"Something that is light and will not show the dust."

Katzenyammer considered. "I don't tink—" he began doubtfully. "You wouldn't come in here foolin' vit a man and takin' up his dime ven you didn't want to pay no overcoat, would you?"

"Of course not," said Rochester angrily.

"Show der chentlemen a coad, Simon," said Katzenyammer.

There were twenty-seven coats all answering the description Rochester had given, and all his size. He examined one and refused it. With another he did the same. Another would not do. Each time he had to find the faults. Each time he was looked at with suspicion. His ingenuity was taxed beyond its limits. He was at his wit's end. There were twenty-four coats still to battle with, and pretend to find fault with. Rochester is conscientious. That is his weakness. He turned to silent Katzenyammer.

"I have changed my mind and will not buy an overcoat to-day. I will, however, pay you for your trouble and time. How much is it?"

Katzenyammer knew it all the time. He smoked indifferently. His feelings were hurt.

"Vat's der brice of dot coad, Simon?"

"Six tollars."

Katzenyammer nodded at Rochester. Some people would not have done it, but Katzenyammer would have found a weak spot in them, as he did in Rochester. The latter handed him six dollars, and then went meantly out.

The street was amazed. Katzenyammer had missed him; wonder of wonders! The quintet was uneasy. Rochester's staying powers were a marvel entirely unexpected. Next door, however, all was excitement.

It was the chance of a life-time, and Hammerschmidt rose to it. The sale was nothing; the prestige was all. "K-vick! K-vick! K-vick!" the old man cried in his excitement as he drove the representatives of four generations into the back room. All depended on Esther. She alone could take the trick that Katzenyammer even had failed in.

This door, too, was unattended. Rochester, with many misgivings, passed in.

As he stared about the half-lighted place his eyes fell on those of a girl of seventeen, who sat under a row of spring-bottom trousers hanging on the wall. They were beautiful eyes that met his view—large, lustrous, loving, and sad—the historic eyes of the Jewess of romance. Esther had been dressing when duty called her. She had thrown a red shawl over a corset-cover, and there was a faint undulating shadow above where the shawl was pinned that told—that told a great deal to the eyes of the man of the world.

"I wish to price an overcoat," said Rochester gently.

"My father is not here, and I don't know the goods," said Esther with a troubled look.

"Oh, I guess you can find me something," said he relieved. "I'm not particular."

"Is it for summer?" she asked.

"Yes; such as they wear at Manhattan beach. Do you ever go to Manhattan beach in the summer time?" asked Rochester.

"I never have been, but I should like to go," said Esther. She smiled. Her teeth were even and white. She was undeniably pretty. She walked well. Heredity had been kind to her. Twenty generations of peddler's packs had curved her back not in the least. He watched her, for Rochester is artistic, as she fumbled among some overcoats. That red shawl and that head certainly formed a picture.

"Will you try this on?" she asked gently, holding it out to him.

It was the critical moment. Hammerschmidt was peeking through a crack in the door and giving mo-

mentary bulletins to his wife. Every knot-hole in the ceiling had an eye to it, and there were several knot-holes. Funkenstein, Motzenhauser, and Katzenyammer were ill at ease, notwithstanding they had not all done badly. The street was in a painful state of suspense, and the quintet were betting wine in a trying state of doubt.

"If you will put it on for me," said Rochester, tenderly.

Hammerschmidt's long breath of relief was audible in the shop, though foolish Rochester heeded it not. The agony was over. Esther would never let him get that coat off again. If she did he would disinherit her.

Dimpled hands raised the overcoat to his shoulders; warm fingers pressed it forward about his neck, and as they did so touched his cheek. Esther's purchases in the perfumery line were not imported, but as she buttoned the top button it seemed as if it was "Brisas de las Pampas" in the dark, heavy folds of her hair.

"Will it do?" she asked timidly. "I never tried before."

"Of course," said Rochester, gallantly. Then he stopped: a look of consternation crept over his face, and he gritted his teeth.

"Of course," he repeated, smothering the thought and smiling on the beautiful girl. "How much is it?"

Esther, with some difficulty, found the card on the starboard coat-tail, and said: "Fifteen dollars."

Esther was not slow herself. He gave her a ten and a five, and she thanked him gracefully.

"You say you'd like to go down to Manhattan Beach this—"

"Esther go-fer-to-Mott-Street-und see-vat-timder-teakettle-vill-be-done-already-don't-be-vaitin'-round-here-ven-dere's-no-tea-Esther-be-quick-about-it!" yelled Hammerschmidt all in a breath, as he burst into the front shop.

She went like the startled fawn. Hammerschmidt did not look like an invitation to dinner, but he looked like a biased expression of a meat-axe.

He looked as if he might have a great deal to say, but Rochester did not care for conversation. He bowed and went out hurriedly.

As he struck the sunlight with the overcoat on, a yell sounded down the street. Five men roared, and slapped their thighs, and laughed like lunatics. The street looked at them in amazement. As Rochester went toward them they laughed harder and harder.

He had on an old melton overcoat, pale-green under the collar, faded gray in various shades in the skirts. It was frayed at the cuffs, worn out and sewed up at the buttonholes, and had a small patch on one of the sleeves.

"You needn't laugh," he said with suppressed anger. In fact, I want have it," he added, hotly.

"I've lost the bet, and that's enough said."

They stopped laughing, but looked very queer. Now and then they inspected him furtively out of the corners of their eyes, as he took the lead, scowling. But there was imminent danger of an explosion all the way up town.—H. J. W. D. in New York Times.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Kiralfys will produce Sardou's "Le Crocodile" this winter, with Eleanor Carey in the leading female part.

The Thalia Opera Company will play three or four weeks more at the Baldwin Theatre. Sarah Bernhardt follows, with her own French company; and after her Dixey will show us his much-lauded "Adonis."

Edgar S. Kelly's "Music to Macbeth" will be heard in New York on the 27th of this month, at a concert; and in the fall it will be played during McKee Rankin's spectacular representation of the tragedy at Niblo's.

The bills for the third week of the Thalia Opera Company at the Baldwin Theatre are: Monday, "Don Caesar"; Tuesday, "Czar and Zimmerman"; Wednesday, "The Maid of Belleville"; and Thursday, "Gasparone."

The latest triumph in the way of mechanical aids to stage realism is to be tried in a new play in New York in a few days. One scene is laid in the interior of a fire-engine house, and all the devices incident to an alarm of fire are brought in.

Louis Harrison will play one week at the California Theatre at the close of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's engagement, beginning on the 25th. "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" will be the bill, with James O. Barrows in John Gourlay's part.

The Madison Square Company, which has been playing "Jim, the Penman" for three or four months consecutively in New York, will go to Boston for the month of May, and thence come out to San Francisco, playing in all the large cities.

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will play the rôle of the French adventuress in "A Desperate Game" at the California Theatre next week, commencing tomorrow (Sunday) night. This will be her last week here, as she goes to Chicago on the last Monday of the month.

The Hallen & Hart First Prize Ideal Company—a boastful name, but the company is as good of its kind as we have had in San Francisco—will play another week at the Bush Street. Mr. and Mrs. George Knight follow in "Over the Garden Wall," and other pieces.

The Grismer-Davies Company is back in town after a flying trip in the interior, and will play a short season at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday in "The Wages of Sin." Besides Mr. Grismer and Miss Davies, there will be in the cast W. H. Thompson, Frank Mordaunt, H. Davenport, Miss Sarah Stevens, Miss Adams, Miss O'Connor, and other members of the Alcazar stock company.

The managers of two New York stock companies do not speak as they pass by. Last week W. J. Le Moyné, of the Madison Square company, signed an engagement for the next season at the Lyceum Theatre. As soon as Mr. Palmer heard of it, he not only discharged Le Moyné, but brought over young Salvini from the present Lyceum company, in which he has been a star in no wise inferior to Miss Dauvray herself.

That Mr. Thomas's band asked for a guarantee of ten thousand dollars before leaving New York caused no surprise among people familiar with the ways of German orchestras. In respect of conservatism, prudence, and economy—to resort to parliamentary expressions only—an organized force of German musicians has no parallel. The guarantee demanded by Mr. Thomas's men, however, was given in some shape or other. Mr. Thomas's word, in truth, is regarded by his musicians as good as his bond. To engage and carry about the sixty performers that make up Mr. Thomas's traveling organization is no small undertaking. Salaries range from forty to sixty dollars a week per man; a few soloists receive even better pay; the management defrays all hotel expenses—which the Musical Protective Union, with paternal care, declares shall not be less than ten dollars weekly per capita—and for all performances exceeding six a week the performer gets a supplementary pro rata honorarium. Thus, six concerts or operatic representations a week with the Thomas orchestra imply an investment, exclusive of the outlay for transportation, of about \$3,500 merely for the services of the band.

Mr. Sam. Monroe Fabian had a welcome home the other night that was worth having. Every one remembered the young boy who used to play so well

by inspiration, and who, four or five years ago, went to Germany, the home of the piano, to learn to play it by all the rules and canons. He has succeeded well—all technical difficulties have been mastered by him completely, and he plays with a fluency, an ease, and an enjoyment which are delightful. His technical skill is something extraordinary, and he still retains the taste and originality of interpretation which always distinguished him, but which often disappear with the advent of such technical dexterity as distinguished Fabian's playing. His programme was short but versatile, heavily classical in the two concertos, but relieved by a wonderful Chopin Polonaise, a Raff Valse, and a Henselt song. The latter was an exquisite little bit of daintiness, and for an encore he gave a still more airy morceau—a Lysberg minuet. Fabian plays *con amore*, and is one of the players who put you into a happy mood with listening to him. The remainder of the entertainment was rather dreary, but as people only went to hear Fabian, and the concert was a short one, the intervals of depression were not fatal.

The American Opera Company open next Monday in "Faust." It will be given for the first time in its entirety here, including the interior of the church scene in the third act, and the Walpurgis Night and grand bacchanal ballet of the fourth act, which are usually omitted. The cast is as follows:

Faust, Charles Bassett; Mephistopheles, William Ludwig; Valentine, Alonzo Stoddard; Brander, Joseph Silver; Siebel, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Marguerite, Emma Juch; Martha, Mathilde Phillips.

Emma Juch on this occasion will make her first appearance here in grand opera. Miss Juch has been described as an ideal Marguerite. Jessie Bartlett-Davis, a favorite here, will make a charming Siebel. Mathilde Phillips, the well-known contralto and sister of the lamented Adelaide Phillips, will appear here for the first time. The opera is said to be superbly mounted. The American opera ballet will appear in the first act in the Kermess, with the grand waltz by Mles. Deasy and Morando and the corps de ballet, and in the fourth act in the grand bacchanal ballet. A spectacularly magnificent production of Verdi's "Aida" is promised for Tuesday evening, in which Bertha Pierson, the new dramatic soprano of the company, Cornelia Van Zanten, the leading contralto, and William Candidus, the famous tenor, will be heard here for the first time. The following is the cast:

The King, William Hamilton; Amneris, Cornelia Van Zanten; Aida, Bertha Pierson; Radames, William Candidus; Ramfis, Myron Whitney; Amosaro, William Ludwig; Priestess, Clara Mears; Messenger, James Dubois.

The ballets occur—in the first act, sacred dance, by sixty coryphées; in the second act, dance of negro children, by pupils of the ballet school of the opera, and the grand march, by Mles. Carra, Coralli Morando, Deasy, Falugi, Paporello, and sixty coryphées. The first novelty of the season will be on Wednesday evening, when the first performance of Delibes's opera, "Lakmé," will be given, in which Pauline L'Allemand will make her debut here, taking the part of Lakmé. The cast is as follows:

Lakmé, Pauline L'Allemand; Nilakantha, Alonzo E. Stoddard; Ceran, Charles Bassett; Frederic, W. H. Lye; Ellen, Amanda Fabris; Rose, Rose Richter; Mrs. Benson, Mathilde Phillips; Mallika, Jessie Bartlett-Davis; Hadji, William Fessenden.

A feature of the second act will be the grand ballet of the Bayaderes, in which the principal dancers, Mlle. Theodora de Gillert and Mlle. Corrozi, will be seen here for the first time, with Mles. Riccio, Vio, Astegiani, and Mavoroff as first dancers, and Mles. Carra, Coralli, Deasy, and Morando as second dancers. Gluck's classical opera, "Orpheus and Eurydice," will be heard here for the first time on Thursday evening, the opera concluding with a grand ballet-divertissement, entitled "The Triumph of Love." The opera gives great scope for brilliant scenic and elaborate electrical and mechanical effects.

Orpheus, Cornelia Van Zanten; Eurydice, Emma Juch; Queen, Amanda Fabris.

On Friday night, Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be given. The following is the cast:

Henry I., Myron W. Whitney; Lohengrin, William Candidus; Elsa of Brabant, Bertha Pierson; Frederick Telramund, William Ludwig; Herald, William Merton; Ortrude, Cornelia Van Zanten.

At the Saturday matinee "Faust" will be repeated and on Saturday night Delibes's grand ballet, in three acts, will be given for the first time in this city. The male dancer, Mr. Cammarano, will be seen for the first time in this city in "Coppelia." The cast for the ballet is:

Swanilda, Marie Giuri; Franz, Felicità Carozzi; Coppellius, Manet Bibeaux; Hellfringer, M. Cammarano; Landlady of the tavern, Caterina Coralli; Lord of the manor, and Burgomaster, M. Romeo; His Assistant, M. Spinaconti; Coppelia, Mlle. Paporello; Companions of Swanilda, Mles. Vio, Astegiani, Riccio, Mavoroff, Amelia Coralli, Carra, Deasy, and Morando; Character dancers, Mles. Falugi, Manzone, Zemietzki, Pessione, Spinaconti, Corsi, Maccari, Elvira Rocca; Peasants, MMs. Bossi, Danielli, Marzetti, Gioni, Dell'oro, Barozza, Perelli, Colombo, and Cerato.

The ballet will be preceded by Massé's one-act opera "Galatea," with the following cast:

Galatea, Pauline L'Allemand; Pygmalion, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Mids, William Hamilton; Ganymede, William Fessenden.

There is more adulteration in spices than in anything else, and the making of the adulterating agents is also a business in itself. It has not been long since there was a mill in Camden where fruit-importing firms, and those that manufactured prepared coconut, sent their cocoanut shells, which were then ground into powder and used for adulteration.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

A Correspondent on the German Opera in New York.

"Tristan and Isolde" is best described as a wonder-song of love, and the two leading characters sustain the principal interest throughout the opera. It is a love tragedy, so full of passion and dramatic interest that it has been called the "Romeo and Juliet" of Wagner, and it is full of rich, soulful melodies. In order to fully appreciate and to understand Wagner, the intelligent listener will keep a large share of his attention in the heart of the orchestra, where the suggestive and wonderful motives are interwoven with such profound thought, gorgeous combination of tone-color and varied rhythm. There is no especial aim for effective *mise en scène*. "Tristan and Isolde" stand forth prominently from a background painted with strength and power, but only with the intention of portraying the time and spirit of the action and of making the drama realistic. In the orchestra we count the life-pulse of the work. Here the mighty tones are made to utter in a new way the old world-song of love, and Wagner's plastic hand has treated this passion in a wondrous manner. The overture begins with the love-potion motive, which is the keynote to the whole development of the drama. This is a mystic and dreamful melody, whose weird, soft strains seem like golden wine of love. The first act opens in the prow of a vessel, which is conveying Isolde, the fair Irish maid, to Cornwall, where she is to become the bride of King Mark. Tristan, his nephew, has been sent to escort her thither, and, true to his honor, refuses to see her during the voyage. We hear a sailor in the mast singing, "Waft us, waft us," as Isolde, full of love and disappointment, sends her maid, Brangäne, to summon Tristan into her presence. Brangäne parts the heavy tapestry and the prow of the ship with its carved head becomes visible. The sailors, an artistic group of rude Celts and Anglo-Saxons clad in picturesque costumes, show us how our forefathers who dwelt on "Albion's chalky cliffs" appeared. Some of the men haul in the ropes, which action is accompanied by a most suggestive motion in the orchestra, which ends with a sort of musical twist or accentuated knot, as it were. Tristan refuses to appear before Isolde, and again the curtains are drawn. However, he shortly sends his attendant, Kurwenal, to announce that he will enter, and Isolde bids Brangäne mix a deadly poison. Isolde hands Tristan the cup, but before he has finished she seizes the cup and drinks the remainder. Instead of the poison Brangäne has secretly mixed a love-potion, the magical influence of which so intensifies their love that they stand motionless with wonder in a long and silent pause, with an enchanted gaze, until so filled with love that, regardless of all else, they rush together. At this moment we hear the sailors announcing the arrival at Cornwall; and in a joyous motive the ships seem to ride over the gay waters to the shore. The king approaches to meet his bride, who lets her crown fall unheeded to the ground, unconscious of all save Tristan and her wondrous love. In act two we see a garden adjoining Isolde's apartment. The Vienna scenery used here is of most exquisite workmanship. The branches of the tall trees, many of which stand singly, are mounted upon fine wire, and each delicate leaf is separate and perfect in design, giving the effect of rich and dainty foliage. A torch is burning in the doorway of the quadrangle, the extinction of which is to give signal to Tristan. Distant horns are heard, which indicate the king's hunting train in the depth of the forest. This is a ruse, however, on the part of Melot, one of the courtiers, who, jealous of Tristan, has warned the king. Isolde refuses to heed the suspicions and warning of Brangäne, and extinguishes the torch. She is a beautiful picture, in her long robes of white samite. Over her golden hair is thrown a snowy veil, which she waves in rhythm to the "veil-motive" before she rushes to meet her lover. A very beautiful love-duo is now sung, which is interrupted by the arrival of the king's party. He reproaches Tristan, who is finally stabbed by Melot. In the last act Tristan is seen lying upon a couch in the courtyard of his castle in Bretagne, where Kurwenal has conveyed him after the fray with Melot. He has sent for Isolde, and a shepherd is stationed upon the rocks to watch for the ship. He plays upon his pipe a plaintive melody, which afterward becomes agitated. Isolde arrives in time to see Tristan die. At this juncture the shepherd announces another ship—the king's. Kurwenal attempts to barricade the entrance, and is wounded by Melot. He falls by the side of Tristan. King Mark, having heard of the love potion, has come to give Isolde to Tristan, but too late, for she is now bending over his body, singing what has been called the "Swan-song of Love." This opera is difficult to produce, for artists must be found who possess great histrionic talent as well as great voices. The long situations and pauses of the opera, where the musical thought is predominant, must be interpreted in an ideal manner and with a stern following of the dictates of Wagner's purpose and idea. Unless these portions, as well as the great climaxes, are well done, what is most expressive in the flow of the drama, what is most delicate in sentiment and thought, will become either tiresome or ridiculous. Tristan and Isolde must possess fine physiques to sing these dramatic and powerful rôles. This opera has

been given with repeated success during the season by the German Opera Company, with Lilli, Lehmann and Niemann in the title characters, and those who have seen their Tristan and Isolde will agree in thinking this one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, musical romance and tragedy—a new "Romeo and Juliet" indeed. E. S. NEW YORK, April, 1887.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending April 16th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Monday and Thursday, "The Trumpeter of Sackingen." Cast as follows:

The Count, Herman Gerold; Margarethe, Selma Kroll; Magistrate, Otto Meyer; Gertrude, Mrs. Albertine Habrich; Kuno von Hildenstein, Felix Schaele; Werner Kirchof, Otto Rathjens; Girl, Camilla Clairmont; Carlo, Paula von Vandal; Officer, Edward Elsbach.

Tuesday and Saturday, "Die Fledermaus"; Wednesday and Saturday matinee, "The Beggar Student"; Friday, "Don Caesar"; Sunday, "The Maid of Belleville."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: Hallen & Hart's Specialty Company, as follows:

The Derville Family, Herr Grais, Master Eddie, Hallen and Hart, Baggensen, the Lucier Family, the Funny Monkeys, Fox and Van Auker, Ella Wesner, Bryant and Richmond, May Howard, McAvoy and Hallen, Polly McDonald, the Russell Brothers, and John Dylson.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Not Guilty." Cast as follows:

Silas Jarrel, and Col. Ormond Willoughby, Mr. Lewis Morrison; Sergeant Wattles, Mr. Frank Mordaunt; Joe Triggs, Mr. L. R. Stockwell; Jake Snipe, Mr. Geo. C. Staley; Mr. St. Clair, Mr. Albert Hosmer; Isaac Vidler, Mr. J. E. Fox; Polecat, Mr. G. Trader; Mr. Trumble, Mr. S. C. Stevens; Governor of prison, Mr. Van Zandt; Bosworth; Sepoy Chief, Mr. Bosworth; Robert Arnold, Mr. Gustavus Levick; Margaret Armitage, Miss Carrie Carter; Alice Armitage, Miss Eleanor Barry; Polly Dobbs, Miss Rosabel Morrison; Mrs. McTavish, Miss Annie Adams; Captain of Scotch Guards, Jaguarine.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Alfred Bouvier, Manager. Bill: "Won at Last." Cast as follows:

Grace Fleming, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis; Miss Tracey, Miss Jean Clara Walters; Mrs. Bunker, Miss Charlotte Tittel; Flora Fitzgibbon, Miss Ida Aubrey; Jane, Miss Conole Fordyce; John Fleming, E. J. Buckley; Prof. Tracey, James O. Barrows; Will Tracey, George Wessells; Major Bunker, Sam Morris; Dr. Sterling, George McCormack; Baron von Spiegel, Albert Bruening; Sailor, Scott Cooper; Robert, A. K. Feely.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Ruddygold." Cast as follows:

Robin Oakapple, Ed. Stevens; Dick Dauntless, Harry Gates; Sir Despard Murgatroyd, Henry Norman; Sir Roderick, W. K. Rochester; Adam, M. Cornelli; Rose Mayboud, Miss Helen Dineen; Mad Margaret, Miss Hattie Moore; Dame Hannah, Miss Mamie Taylor; Zorah, Miss Kate Marchi; Ruth, Miss Stockmeyer.

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PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, the National Opera Company in "Faust," "Aida," "Lakmé," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Lohengrin," and "Coppelia" and "Galatea."

At the Baldwin, next week, the Thalia Opera Company in "Czar and Zimmerman," "Gasparone," "The Maid of Belleville," and "Don Cesar."

At the Bush Street, next week, the Hallen and Hart Variety Company.

At the Alcazar, next week, the Grismer-Davies Company in "The Wages of Sin."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "Madame Favart."

At the California, next week, Miss Jeffreys Lewis in "A Desperate Game."

A passenger on one of the outgoing Grand Trunk Railway trains drew the attention of the conductor to the absence of saw and axe from the racks at both ends of the car. The reply received was that as fast as they were put up they were carried off by thieves.

Beatrice Lieb, who made such a bit in the East in her comedy drama "Infatuation," is said to have a figure that would put Langtry to blush.

Homer B. Sprague lectures on "Shakespeare's Youth" and "Shakespeare as an Author" at the Unitarian Church on the evenings of Thursday, the 21st and 28th, for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Newspaper Japan

No land like this has ever been!
No folk like this was ever seen!
'Tis of the world the peerless queen!
All travelers must in words like these
Describe whate'er is Japanese.

I love to lie upon the floor
And hear my healthy neighbors snore
Until they shake the paper door.
And as these cadences increase—
I do not care—'tis Japanese.

'Tis nice to sit upon the heels,
Till through one's limbs the prickles steals;
And broken back delightful feels,
When 'tis combined with aching knees
From sitting à la Japanese.

What though the houses have no locks;
What though teeth chatter while one talks
Around the little fire-box.
'Tis charming thus to sit and freeze
With all surroundings Japanese.

The roads so soft they'd float a raft.
Each room has got a special draught;
Weary and wet one's not so daft
As having stopped a bit to sneeze,
To cry "blank blank these Japanese!"

'Tis good to eat of living fish
Served in a dainty, moss-filled dish.
What better food could mortals wish?
Soft hearts are easy to appease
When cruelty is Japanese.

Then there is sea-weed dipped in blood,
The pickled bamboo's spring-time bud,
The lotus root, which, born in mud,
Finds an æsthetic end in grease,
Fried in a hash quite Japanese.

And if the wild jiriki-sha man
Fast turns a corner, as he can,
And tips you out in soft Japan,
He begs your pardon on his knees.
All right—that dirt was Japanese.

And Fuji-yama, glorious dome,
Is grander far than those at home—
Excuse me when from truth I roam,
Because in everything one sees
He yields the palm to Japanese.

The little houses, little men,
The bantam cock, the bantam hen
(All things are little but the yen),
And tailless cats, and boney geese
Are always good when Japanese.

But then the girls (I do not say
That word in any flippant way)
Can charm one all the livelong day,
Yet do not always go in threes
As in that opera Japanese.

Japan, alas, needs yet more leaven
Before she rises quite to Heaven,
Though good enough seven days in seven.
Forgive for what I've said—do, please,
Good, truthless travelers Japanese.

P. S.

I write these lines in winter time,
And do not stop for lack of rhyme;
While summer in this glorious clime
Affords me better rhymes than these,
As bees, pease, trees, squeeze, breeze, and fleas,
And Miyonoshita waiters' fees.
The monosyllabic fund are these;
Polysyllabics in fives and threes
Flow from all pens with greatest ease,
When on a subject Japanese.

Nikkō, February 17th. —Chas. A. Gunnison.

CCCCXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday,
April 17, 1887.

Curry Soup.
Fried Soft-shell Crabs.
Brains in Paper Cases.
Asparagus. Green Peas.
Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Boiled Custard. Savy Cake.

SAVY CAKE.—The weight of four eggs in pounded loaf
sugar, the weight of seven in flour, a little grated lemon-
rind. Mode—Beat seven eggs; put the yolks in one basin
and the whites into another; whisk the former, and mix
with them the sugar and the grated lemon-rind; beat them
well together, and add the whites of the eggs, whisk to a
diff froth; put in the flour by degrees, continuing to beat
the mixture for one-quarter hour; butter the mold, pour in
the cake, and bake from one and a quarter to one and a half
hours.

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now and keeping houses, and they and all their
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ing Works, 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

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street, S. F.; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles;
and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

—THE SUMMER SEASON IS ALREADY UPON US,
and Santa Cruz is now thronged with summer visit-
ers. The two favorite hotels, the Pacific Ocean
house and the Pope House, again under the excel-
lent management of Mr. E. J. Swift, are rapidly filling
up, and those who desire accommodations should
write to Mr. Swift at once.

—THE FIRE AT MONTEREY WILL CAUSE A
tremendous increase of visitors at Santa Cruz, and
Mr. E. J. Swift of the Pacific Ocean House and the
Pope House, is already in receipt of many requests
for rooms during the summer season. Those who
intend visiting the pretty watering-place, during the
summer should arrange for rooms at once.

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Is still undiscovered, but perpetual beauty may be
attained by the use of Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For
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THREE WEEKS' SEASON OF

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH!

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GRAND BALLET
Monday, April 18th, first time in this city, in its
entirety, of

FAUST!

In the fourth act—GRAND BACHANAL BALLET.
In the Cast—Emma Juch, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Mathilde
Phillips; Messrs. Bassett, Ludwig and Stoddard.

Tuesday, April 19th.....AIDA.
In the Cast—Bertha Pierson, Cornelia Van Zanten; Messrs.
Candidus, Ludwig, Whitney and Hamilton.

Wednesday, April 20th.....LAKMIE.
In the Cast—Pauline L'Allemand, Amanda Fabris, Jessie
Bartlett-Davis, Mathilde Phillips; Messrs. Bas et,
Stoddard, Lee and Fessenden.

Thursday, April 21st—ORPHEUS AND EURY-
DICE.
In the Cast—Emma Juch, Cornelia Van Zanten, Amanda
Fabris.

Friday, April 22nd.....LORENGRIN.
In the Cast—Bertha Pierson, Cornelia Van Zanten; Messrs.
Candidus, Ludwig and Whitney.

Saturday Matinee.....FAUST.

Saturday Evening April, 23d.
FIRST GRAND BALLET NIGHT.
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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It is a trait of the Irish character to exaggerate in every matter that affects Irish nationality or the Roman Catholic Church, till it is recognized and on all sides admitted that very little credence can be placed in statistics or figures compiled by them for their use. Vainglorious boastfulness is the most prominent trait of the Celtic race. It is usually a harmless sort of vaunting gasconade, and whenever the glory of Ireland or the prowess of the Irishman is under consideration, there is no limit to the exaggeration. The burden of our last week's discussion was in illustration of how wildly

false was the assertion that Americans sympathized with the traitorous conspiracy now going on in the Parliament of England for the disunion of the British empire, the attempted overturning of the British constitution, and the subversion of all English laws for the maintenance of personal and property rights in Ireland. One of the fields of exaggeration in which the Irish most industriously labor is that which over-estimates their numbers; because we know the fecundity of the race, and that its members breed like Australian rabbits, we are apt to accept Hibernicisms without considering how far they are reliable or true. The expression of "the twenty millions of the Clan-na-Gael" is a common one, and if we were gullible enough to give credence to the impassioned Irish orator, when, in his lofty flights of patriotic eloquence, he estimates the numbers and the influence of the Irish race and the power of the Roman Church, we should write in greater fear of the Irish vote and the priestly power in America than we do now. It is not an uncommon assertion that there are ten millions of the Irish and their descendants in America. It is not probable that there are that number in all the world, while it is highly probable that there are more Irish in America than in Ireland. There was no emigration of any importance previous to the great famine in Ireland, which occurred in 1847, and nearly all the Irishmen in existence must be descended from the seven and a half millions of people who survived that awful calamity. The greatest increase of the Irish race was in the half-century preceding that event, in which time it amounted to fifty per cent.; assuming a proportionate increase for the last fifty years, the present number of Irish, at home and abroad, in the world would be less than ten millions five hundred thousand. From this number subtract those in Ireland, and those who are now in England and its colonies, and in other parts of the world, and there are not five millions of Irish or of pure Irish descent in the United States of America. To see a San Francisco primary election one would think the whole Irish world had assembled. If the Irish race is prolific they do not all survive. They gather as a rule in the great towns of all countries to which they emigrate, where sanitary conditions are unfavorable, and it is estimated that in New York City eighty-five per cent. of Irish children die young. It is questionable whether, in America, they maintain their original numbers—whether in the conflict with the saloon and corner grocery they are beating whisky. It must also be remembered that Ulster Protestantism composes about two-fifths of Ireland's population, and that in race, religion, and national habits this portion of the race is as distinctive from the balance as is Catholic Ireland from Presbyterian Scotland, while the emigration from the more prosperous and Protestant North of Ireland has held its proportion to that from the Catholic South. Two-fifths of the Irishmen in the United States are Protestant; they are only less conspicuous than the Catholics because they do not hug the gin-mill and church quite so closely, but go to the country and more largely engage in agricultural industries. The constant process of amalgamation of Roman Catholic Irish with persons of different religions and nationalities is a factor which must be taken into account when we consider the Irish question, either from a political or religious standpoint. Children born of these mixed marriages are largely Protestant, and almost universally American, while a very large percentage of children, especially of boys, born of Irish Catholic parents, do not continue in the religious faith of their parents, and are both patriotic and American. In the last St. Patrick's Day procession in San Francisco there were not ten boys born upon the soil who paraded, while the orders of Native Sons of the Golden West, and Native Sons of America, and the new American party, now in process of formation, are filled with native-born sons of Irish parentage. The free schools, with their thousands of Irish children, may be contrasted with the parochial schools, and their empty rooms and unoccupied benches, as indicating the amalgamation of the races in sentiment and patriotism. This train of reflection was suggested to us by reading a communication in the London *Spectator*, whose editor says, in commenting upon its figures, "Our correspondent has not given half the truth. The careful estimates of the Catholic Church show that there can not be more than three millions of Catholic Irishmen in America," not more than one in

twenty of our present population. If we should consider this as a political question, there is less reason to feel anxiety at this church's increasing numbers, for it is not increasing as a political power, and it is from this direction alone that we have the right to experience any uneasiness. The Catholic Church, with an extravagance that is not justified by reliable figures, falsely boasts that one-seventh of the population of the United States are Romanists. This is not true, and, if it were true, is not alarming as it would be if all Catholics were as over-zealous in political affairs as are those of our fellow-citizens whom, for purposes of segregation, we style "Pope's Irish." There is in America a very large number of intelligent and liberal-minded Irish Catholics of the class that have immigrated, and a very much larger number of their descendants, who compose our best citizens; they are intelligent, liberal-minded, and patriotic, of good habits, industrious, and highly moral, and are, in the highest and best sense, in all respects good Americans. They keep their religion distinct from their politics; educate their children at the public schools; exercise their own judgment in party affairs, and mind their own business. With this class there is no controversy. There are more Germans in the United States than Irish, and of this nationality we assume that about one-half consider themselves Roman Catholics. Their religion does not run away with their reason, they are but little subject to the influence of priests, their women seldom if ever go to confession, and their men never. There are more than half as many German as Irish Catholics in San Francisco, and they but feebly maintain one church of less than three hundred members. In politics they divide, and in all social and business relations they mix with Americans to an extent that leaves no well defined class line between their descendants of the first generation and those of a longer line of American descent. There are French Catholics, whose religion is not intense enough to render them offensive to the native-born, and who are never heard of in our politics as a class. English and American Roman Catholics, representing with other intelligent foreigners a very considerable percentage of the Roman Catholic population, can not be rated with the uneasy and ignorant priest-ridden and boss-driven Pope's Irish, who are in constant agitation over English-Irish political disturbances, who are in continual war against our common schools, and are in constant danger of breaking their necks by falling over their own feet in scrambling for small municipal offices. Nor must we deny the fact that among the Irish Roman Catholics who have been most subservient to church influence and obedient to the power of the clergy, very many are growing restless under the tyranny of ecclesiastical power, which undertakes to interfere with their opinions or their independence of personal action in matters other than those of religious faith. Rome hurls its anathemas against secret societies, and yet we hear of no withdrawals from Masonry. Cardinal Teschereau places the Canadian Knights of Labor under the ban of his displeasure, while Cardinal Gibbons favors the American branch. Rome has not had power enough, or influence enough, in Ireland to suppress Fenianism, nor in any appreciable sense to interfere with political action in that country, and in one direct contest has been compelled to favor Irish home rule. Rome has sent its mandate to America summoning Father McGlynn to the Vatican, and admonishing him to change his views upon the land question. Father McGlynn does not go to the Vatican, but he does go to Cooper's Institute and inaugurates the crusade of a direct antagonism with the views held by the Roman Church upon the land question. This he does upon the broad basis that, as an American citizen, he owes no allegiance to the holy Roman Church, except in matters of faith, and that because he is an American he has the right to hold and to express any opinion he pleases upon all questions outside the dogmas of the Papal Church. In this attitude of disobedience—for which he would in earlier ages have been subjected to the tortures of the Inquisition—he is upheld by his congregation and by all Roman Catholics who acknowledge a true and loyal allegiance to the laws and constitution of the United States, and who do not hide away in the secret recesses of their jesuitical souls a recognition of the supremacy of the papal throne over all human institutions. If, then, there are but three millions of Irish Catholics in America,

many of whom we may rank as loyal Americans, intelligent, level-headed and patriotic, there can not be more than half a million Irish voters who are influenced by priest or church, not more than one voter in twenty-five. If these figures are true, how does it happen that our politicians of the Democratic and Republican parties stand so much in awe of them? Why is it that legislatures are passing resolutions in sympathy with Irish home rule? Why do our journals and orators style an act of parliament for maintaining the law in Ireland a measure of "coercion"? Why did Blaine, whose best and highest popularity was founded in the belief of his "Americanism," put around his political neck the amulet of the cross and bow down with such abject humiliation to the influences of the holy Roman, only true and apostolic church, while the country was given to understand that he was a "Congregationalist," and attended divine service in a meeting-house of that denomination at Augusta, Maine? Why does General W. T. Sherman deem it politic to allow his son to become a Paulist Father, and himself to denounce our free school system? and why does his brother John write letters endorsing Irish home rule aspirations at the expense of English supremacy and union? Why do Mr. Ingalls and other senators of the United States, feel it necessary to outbid each other in eloquent indignation over English insolence, except as a bid for Irish support to their presidential aspirations? Presidential aspirants are in the midst of a dense and blinding political fog, with their eyes shut, if they think their chances for the Presidential office are to be advanced by pandering to this Irish vote or bowing their necks to a Roman Catholic priesthood. Do they not remember the patriotic thrill that ran throughout the nation when on one occasion at Dubuque, Iowa, General Grant put his finger upon the elective button? He just touched the patriotic chord, and it has not yet ceased to vibrate. The electricity is in the atmosphere; the political heavens are charged with it, and either by accident or wise design some statesman will, and that ere long, undertake to unloose its thunderbolts, and direct its lightnings in defense of American independence, the preservation of republican institutions, and the emancipation of this country from the power of an alien church and an Irish political conspiracy. The power of this republic is not along the curbstones of great cities; it does not lie in the purlieus of towns; it is not expressed in the caucuses of Tammany, nor in gin-hells where bosses congregate; it is not directed by political demagogues, or the shallow-headed editors of sensational and mercenary journals, but it lies with the intelligent, working, non-political, middle class who toil in factories and till the soil, and work for honest wages. This mass is inert, not easily excited, slow to move, but when it shall be aroused by the approach of any real danger, it moves like a moral cyclone, purifying the political heavens by the destruction of every object that lies in the way of thorough and radical reform. The cyclone is now gathering in the shape of a great, irresistible, national, American party that charges itself with the duty of purifying and preserving all that is best in our American commonwealth.

California is threatened with a speculative mania in lands; threatened with an invading immigration such as it has never had before in the history of its existence. From all parts of our own country, and from foreign lands, we hear the notes of preparation of those who are contemplating a permanent change of residence. From the Eastern, Middle, and Western States there is evidence of a very large emigration of people and of families who intend to make California their permanent home. We were informed by a friend, who has spent the winter in London, that there was a great deal of inquiry for California lands, and of the agricultural tenant-class many were contemplating a removal to the Pacific Coast. An American and English immigration of the farming class is very desirable; an immigration from Germany, Holland, Denmark, the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, from Sweden and Norway, is more desirable than that from Ireland, Portugal, the Azores, from Italy, Belgium, France, or Spain. In a word, not to mince matters nor drive the devil around the stump, a Protestant immigration is more desirable than a Roman Catholic one, and even in those countries divided in the religious faith of their people, such as Germany, Ireland, and Switzerland, the Protestant element is preferable to any other. Of foreign Jews, the less we import the better, because they do not, as a rule, become agriculturists or manufacturing producers, and God knows we have enough traders, lawyers, editors, and pawnbrokers already. Of the Irish, we have more than enough, because they congregate too much in our cities, drink too much whisky, and are too much disposed to run our politics. We could very easily dispense with any more German immigration, if by keeping them all out we could have immunity from Socialists and Anarchists. The fact is, we are just illiberal and selfish enough to wish that a law could be passed by Congress preventing the further immigration of any class of aliens who come with the intention of permanently residing among us. The United States of America is getting to be very small, the population is getting to be very large, land is becoming valuable and difficult to acquire; we are getting somewhat advanced in years, and, as a nation, our digestion

is somewhat impaired by a most voracious and uncontrollable appetite, which, for the past century, has greedily gobbled up every foreign thing that presented itself. Every social rat and reptile, and all the political vermin that could find their way from any continent or island across any ocean, have been welcomed as desirable for transplanting to our soil, or engrafting upon our stock, or amalgamating with our race. We know our own history, and how recent a thing is that plant which we call "Americanism," but every nation must have its youth before it enters upon its manhood. We have passed the period of pupillage and apprenticeship; we are now masters and of mature age, and with age and mastership come the responsibilities and duties of both. Hence, we wish we had no more immigrants and no more citizens of foreign birth; we know that foreign immigrants are coming, and our own people from Eastern States are not going much longer to permit us to monopolize this best part of God's earth without their participation. We would preserve the last acre of our public domain as a heritage to those born upon the soil, and if we can not prevent the invasion with which we are threatened, there ought to be no hesitation in so amending our naturalization laws that no foreigner should become a citizen until he has been at least fifteen years in the country, and not then unless he is a man of good moral character, law-abiding, and of sufficient intelligence to understand the spirit of republican institutions. Under the impulse of this immigration from Eastern States and Europe, it is probable, indeed almost certain, that our lands in the country and real property in the towns will largely and rapidly increase in value; there is danger that we shall experience a speculative fever that will produce an unnatural excitement, and that buyers will work themselves into unhealthy conditions over land transactions that will cause as much loss and disappointment as did the craze which some years since sent everybody wild over mining stocks. It would be a good thing if our own people would more largely invest in lands and town lots. There are some sixty millions of accumulations now in our savings banks in the City of San Francisco, earning something less than four per cent. per annum. A great deal of this money is invested in government bonds. If the owners would withdraw this capital for judicious investment in city lots and country lands, homes in towns and farms in the interior, it would be a good thing for investors, and such a movement would give prosperity to the State. If our capitalists would advance money upon easier terms in aid of improving farms and developing industries, it would be a movement in the right direction. The land bubble that has been blown in our southern counties is an illustration of a danger that threatens the State, and there is a probability that the same craze will visit the more northern part. There can be nothing more desirable for us, and for the new immigration, than that we should receive it kindly and treat it honestly. There is nothing that can result in more serious consequences than that this immigration should be dealt with dishonestly and imposed upon by the choice of homes in which it will not be content, and be induced to purchase lands beyond their value. We shall see all sorts of land schemes inaugurated to impose worthless lands upon innocent purchasers; all sorts of wild romances will be invented to deceive the unwary. Colonies will be planted everywhere, advertised with every enticing device to mislead the unwary; every broken-down speculator and gambler will turn his attention to selling real estate; every city, town, village, and hamlet in California is now moving, by its boards of trade and its immigrant associations, to set the trap baited with land. California is the best of all the States; its climate is best of all the world, but it has an immense area of land undesirable for residence and unprofitable for cultivation, and, curiously enough, our most salubrious and delightful climate is over and around our bad lands as well as our good. We have splendid soils, worthless for want of water; we have tule swamps and overflowed lands of inexhaustible wealth, valueless because of the cost of reclamation; we have soils upon which the wild flowers bloom, lacking depth, underlaid by gravel, and too near the bed-rock; we have adobe hard to work, sandy soils easy of cultivation but lacking strength for vegetation; we have, in the midst of fertile valleys, alkali tracts that are barren and worthless. Hence, great care is required of the purchaser, if he would not be defrauded of his money, to avoid the possession of lands that are not desirable for the use to which he proposes to put them. This advice is not intended for the land speculator, but for the immigrant who seeks our State for the purpose of making for himself and family a permanent home. It is not for the rich, but for the man who purchases land upon which to expend his own labor in the endeavor to benefit himself in changing his residence from the Eastern States or Europe. There should be no need of mistakes; the foreign colonist has here his consul, or some honorable merchant, who is his countryman, of whom honest information may be obtained. If any man from the Eastern States shall part with his money in exchange for land till he knows all about it, he may thank his own folly. We have honest real estate dealers who make of these transactions a legitimate business, and there is no man coming from the East

who can not find some old friend, neighbor, or acquaintance who will give him honest advice. The State will be filled with speculators, gamblers, and tricky and unscrupulous real estate dealers, who will thrust themselves impertinently under the nose of every stranger who comes here seeking land. Of these we advise strangers to beware. In concluding this gratuitous advice, we inform strangers that nearly the whole State is for sale; that we are as anxious to sell as they are to purchase; that if they will keep cool and go slow they can find bargains; but if they lose their heads as they did in Los Angeles and the south, they will have occasion to complain, if the small-pox does not come in time to drive them out of the country.

There is one journal in America that rejoices in the triumph of English civilization over the Irish conspiracy. The so-called "coercion bill," over which the Parliament of England has been struggling for these many weeks, has finally passed to its second reading by the decisive vote of 370 to 269. Parnell and Gladstone, after all their obstructive proceedings, and the bullying of the Irish contingent, marched into the lobby, with the English radicals and Irish home-rulers tailing at their heels, overwhelmed and defeated after exhausting all the resources that demagogues and agitators could command to resist the passage of an honest law. Riot and crime among the peasant mob in Ireland, violence and criminal resistance to the law by Irish agitators, insolence and vulgarity by Irish members in the House of Commons; menace and intimidation by Irish politicians, spiritual threats by the Irish Catholic priesthood; misrepresentation by Irish editors in Ireland and America; three years of agitation, dynamite, and demagogism; ten years of Fenianism, Clan-na-Gaelism, and land-leaguery, accompanied by cruelty to animals, by destruction of property, by murder and violence, by secret conspiracies and intrigue, by overturning the law and in its place setting up the irresponsible, secret, and cowardly league that punished by assassination and the boycott, that was supported by contributions wrung from the patriotic sentiment of Irish working-men and servant girls in America, and the political fears of Irish-American politicians—all these things have finally culminated in a defeat of Mr. Gladstone from which it is to be hoped he will not so soon recover. He went to the people of Great Britain square on the question of home rule for Ireland, and was beaten. Leading the opposition, with his Irish allies in support, he has made a bitter and prolonged contest in Parliament, and is again beaten. He has had his great demonstration in Hyde Park, with Ireland's most famous orators to whoop the mob of Irish in London; he has stirred to action the dissenting clergy; he has aroused all the political sentimentality of the British nation in aid of the oppressed and cruelly treated Irish peasant; he has invoked all that was possible in the way of prejudice against the Irish landlord; he has stirred to its depths all the passion and hatred of religious and race prejudice, and he is beaten by a vote of 370 to 269. Now let our press lie down these figures; let our politicians explain them away; let our San Francisco Irish call together their twenty-seven Catholic priests, vice-presidents, and wait over this result in a public meeting and make a victory of it if they can. A victory it is from our standpoint—a victory of law over violence, crime, and disorder; a victory of civilization over barbarism. Of the grand and splendid triumphs ever won by the Parliament of England, the suppression of this agrarian rebellion, the exposure and defeat of this Roman Catholic Church conspiracy, is not the least.

Governor Green, in response to an invitation to preside over an Irish anti-coercion meeting at Trenton, New Jersey, declined, and gave as his reason this: "The United States, being at peace with England, he, as representative of a foreign State, could not with propriety preside at a meeting which questioned, or criticised, or protested against a proposed legislation of that country." Let this honorable position be contrasted with that of the Governors of Pennsylvania and Iowa; with the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Colorado, and one or two other Western States with the course pursued by Blaine; with the letters written by Randall, Morrison, General Sherman, and his brother John; with the speeches made by Ingalls and other senators with the humiliating anglewormism of our press and politicians in their cowardly attitude toward the Pope's political Irish. When Mr. Gladstone speaks of "American manifestations" as indicating sympathy with Irish home rule, a statesman it is a "national movement," he discloses his ignorance of national opinion, or else exhibits a determination to use a demagogic argument based upon a misrepresentation of facts. Mr. Gladstone is too intelligent to misunderstand the position assumed by all honorable Americans who are both intelligent and independent. The position is fairly stated by Governor Green. Governors, mayors, senators, representatives, public officials, clergymen, and "highly responsible persons" who favor "home rule" and "anti-rent" and "no coercion" meetings in America, do so in the interest of obtaining for themselves or the party with which they are connected, the Irish vote

this is their sole and only object, and there is no man on earth who knows it better than Mr. Gladstone. There is no city in the northern States of America where a street parade in demonstration of Irish sympathy will not find ten times its number sneering at it from the sidewalk. No such procession can be gotten up in any city of any southern State. In the rural districts north and south there is no sympathy with Ireland. The people of the United States do not believe that Ireland is oppressed, nor that its honest people are persecuted, nor that tenants are unjustly dealt with by landlords; they do not think it honest to refuse to pay rent; nor humane to hamstring horses and cattle; nor decent to resist the eviction of tenants who, having the ability to pay rent, refuse; nor shoot landlords from behind hedges; nor within the code of civilization to use dynamite for the destruction of railroad depots, bridges, and public buildings; nor courageous to boycott; nor right for a land league to supersede the government; nor fair to pack juries and intimidate witnesses; nor to subvert the courts by secret and criminal conspiracies; nor to overawe and terrify a community by political bosses; nor for a gang of long-tongued, empty-headed, brazen-faced Irish adventurers to control the Parliament of England. The intelligent people of the United States think it right and proper to amend the criminal laws that the Queen's writ may run to any part of Ireland, and the decrees of courts be enforced in any part thereof for the protection of life and property, and that such amendments to existing statutes are not properly styled as "coercive legislation." *They are only coercive as against criminals*, and for the kind of criminals that Ireland is now developing the honorable, high-minded men of no civilized country on earth have any sympathy.

There is perhaps no man who served in the Confederate armies whose name is more kindly remembered by Northern men than that of Albert Sidney Johnston. There are among us here in California those who knew and honored him. There are those of us, Northern men, who recall the time when our lives, and homes, and property lay under the shot-guns of Alcatraz, and notwithstanding his somewhat sensational removal from the command of that post, there are few if any who did not then trust in his loyalty, and there are few who have since had occasion to change their opinion of his high sense of military honor. There are those of us who think he severed his connection with the old army, marched away from the standard of the old flag, and cast his fortunes with the new Confederacy, with great and painful regret. The story of his life forms one of those sad chapters in the history of a civil war which are filled with pathetic incidents, recording disastrous disappointments to the young, the ambitious, the brave and honorable. Albert Sidney Johnston had all of these qualities. Love and loyalty attached him to the flag. Had this been a foreign war, he would have leaped to the highest honors of a chief command, which would have given him the opportunity of displaying those military qualifications of which he was the acknowledged possessor. Remaining in the old army, he would have been under a constant suspicion by the meaner politicians because he was of Southern birth, and would have doubtless chafed under a life of inaction and jealous espionage. Should he abandon the flag he loved, lay down the obligations of loyalty he had assumed, or should he remain and fight against comrades, friends, family, kindred, and State traditions? We may imagine the conflicting emotions of an honorable, proud, and brave man when considering them. Then came the unjust suspicion of his loyalty, and his removal to a way that was calculated to deeply wound his sensitive nature. Perhaps this decided his final course of action, and he went South, tendered his sword to the Southern Confederacy, it was accepted, he was placed in high command, and was killed on the battle-field. His comrades of the Army of Tennessee would honor his memory by the erection of a memorial statue at New Orleans. There, on the sixth of April, were assembled his comrades in arms, and there the chiefs of the conspiracy against the American Union. There was Jefferson Davis, nourishing in his bosom unforgiving resentments that are ever the natural growth of unsuccessful treason; keeping alive in his withered heart the memories of blasted hopes and a had ambition disappointed, and a criminal design frustrated by a loyal people. There were Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter, representing the undying resentments that live in the hearts of women, preachers, politicians, and non-combatants after the smoke of civil war has lifted from the battle-field, and the clear, effulgent sun of peace has dried the battle stain. There was "General Beauregard and staff," contributing by his presence to preserve the unpleasant memories of a lost cause and to advertise the Louisiana Lottery. There, too, were the brave soldiers who had risked their lives and their fortunes in the upholding of a slave-holders' rebellion that has little to commend it except the recollection of the sacrifices, the gallantry, and the heroism of the brave men who endured the perils and hardships of war by risking their lives on bloody battle-fields. There, too, was the new generation that is growing up in the South, willing to forget the history and bury the resentments of the strife in the observation of a new South, a new prosperity,

and a new progress, the growth of new conditions, that have resulted in the emancipation of men and women from personal slavery because they were black. In unveiling the statue of the brave soldier who fell serving the "lost cause," Mr. President Davis, in his address, styles it the "just cause." To this ceremony the President of the United States was invited, and he responds, expressing "regret" that "official duties" so far "demanded his attention that he could not be present on the occasion." President Cleveland had no business to write such a letter, nor would he have been doing his duty as chief executive of a preserved union if he had given the moral sanction of his presence at the unveiling of a statue erected in honor of the best and bravest man who yielded his life in the endeavor to destroy the government of his country in the strife of a civil war. The War of the Rebellion was treason. Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and Johnston were traitors. A generous nation has forgiven them their criminal endeavor to destroy the American Union. The war has been in a measure forgotten; the gulf has been bridged; the Union has been restored and linked together in more indestructible bonds. The Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray have laid down their resentments, cooled the hot fever of their battle blood in the interchange of social and friendly acts. When the day comes to commemorate the dead fallen in battle, no Southern grave in Northern land, and no Northern grave beneath a Southern sky goes neglected. This is right, and as it should be. Southern soldiers may be permitted to preserve the memory of their dead heroes in molten bronze, chiseled brass, or carved marble. But, none the less, Mr. President Cleveland has no business to "regret" that he could not meet Jefferson Davis to shed tears over the loss of a "just cause," or bid for the Southern vote by hypocritical pretense of sympathizing for its illustrious dead. There is not a Southern man of even ordinary sense who can not see through this thin varnish, and there is not one of comprehensive intelligence who will not be willing to keep war memories out of politics. If there is a place where the political demagogue has no right to intrude himself, it is beneath the cypress that shadows the graves of the Confederate slain. Mourners who stand in sorrow over the sepulcher of loved dead ones, can not mingle their tears of tenderness and pity with those who antagonized the cause for which their dead lie buried; they desire no sympathy in a grief which can only be inconsolable to them, and they can not endure that political merchandise should be made of tender recollections that have no other value to the Northern politician than the price they will bring in a dominating convention or at the polls.

Sarah Bernhardt, the French actress, will shortly appear in San Francisco, and will, as a matter of curiosity, draw. That she is a great actress, as Patti is a great singer, no one can question. A community agreed upon this proposition will still divide upon the question whether a woman of her life should become the subject of an ovation—whether, in admiration of the artist, good society has the right to forget the private character of the woman, and whether the "petit accidents" of her journey through life may be forgotten and her triumphs on the stage be alone remembered. There are many pure and honorable women, and there be some meo, respecting the memories of their virtuous mothers and recognizing chastity as a priceless jewel for the adornment of woman, and desiring to present the female of stainless and honorable career as the only model for their sisters and their daughters, who will not visit the theatre during the Bernhardt engagement. There is a wide difference of opinion upon this subject, and while there are many who look only upon the public life of the actress, and upon the stage see only the presentment of the ideal character, there are others who can not dissociate the private from the public career—who, through the thinly veiled and vaporous image of the counterfeit angel, see the real presence of the darker spirit that crouches behind. Perhaps if the public demanded a higher moral standard the stage would elevate itself, and its men and women pay a higher regard than they do now to the requirements of respectable society. Perhaps they would assume virtues though they have them not.

Unless the managers of the North Pacific Coast Railroad use something more of sense than they displayed last year, and as they have so far displayed this year, they will deserve to lose the patronage of all respectable people. A railroad company has no better right to introduce boudlums and prostitutes to its boats and cars among decent people than the proprietors of theatres, hotels, public grounds, or any place of resort or amusement have to do the same thing. Their summer Sunday picnic excursions are becoming a terror to the community. For vulgar and indecent language, drunken, boisterous, and violent conduct, they are becoming notorious. Unless the country is to be turned over to this vile mob, to the exclusion of reputable families and laborers who desire the enjoyment of a Sunday excursion, some different action must be taken by all the railroad and steamboat companies who are engaged in the transporting of Sunday excursionists. The people who reside in Marin county have a just cause of complaint against the

railroad company. We are not quite certain that the continued indulgence of this disgraceful custom of transporting criminals, and indulging them in drunkenness and fighting on Sunday, would not work a forfeiture of charter, and we are not quite certain that an action at law would not lie for damages against the company for subjecting a passenger to the peril of such traveling association.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, lives in a princely marble palace which is equipped and maintained for him free of cost. From cathedral funds he receives a salary of five thousand dollars; from each church in the diocese a "cathedral tax" of two hundred dollars a year, amounting to fifteen thousand dollars per annum. He receives one dollar for every interment in Calvary Cemetery, estimated at forty thousand dollars per annum; add to this fees and gifts of the wealthy, say twenty thousand more. So that it is probable that this proud Prince of the Royal House of David, this successor to the fisherman of Galilee, has a right royal income upon which to maintain himself and his marble palace of not less than one hundred thousand dollars a year. The Son of Man, the meek and lowly Jesus, had not where to lay his head.

No grain taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus and sown by agriculturists has ever been known to germinate. It is not that the thing is impossible, for grains are all the better preserved that they are protected from the air and from variations of temperature or humidity, and certainly these conditions are fulfilled by Egyptian monuments; but, as a matter of fact, the attempts at raising wheat from these ancient seeds have not been successful. However, if the germination of mummy wheat is not sufficiently authenticated, there is the case recorded by Dr. Lindley of some raspberries "raised in the garden of the Horticultural Society from seed taken from the stomach of a man whose skeleton was found thirty feet below the surface of the earth, at the bottom of a barrow which was opened near Dorchester. He had been buried with some coins of the Emperor Hadrian, and it is therefore probable that the seeds were one thousand seven hundred years old." And some years ago, in Paris, when a number of very old houses were being pulled down in the "Cité," to make room for Haussmannian improvements, some dark-looking earth taken from the foundations of one of those houses was found to contain seeds which, being carefully planted under a glass bell, germinated in due time, and proved to be seeds of *Juncus bufonius*, L. This plant affects damp, marshy places, such as the island was on which Lutetia Parisiorum grew up. It was therefore admitted as very probable that those seeds must have been dormant in the ground ever since the time when the "Cité" marshes became dried up, and the ground began to be occupied by houses.

The postoffice in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter-boxes are worshipped. In one case a man posted his letter in the box and shouted out its destination to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be inside. Another native nimbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after posting his letter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humility.

Some one has taken the time and trouble to figure out the various combinations of coins that might be used in changing a quarter, and places them at 215. The pieces used in making the changes are the 20-cent piece, 10-cent piece, 5-cent piece, 3-cent piece, 2-cent piece, and 1-cent piece. To be able to make all the changes would require one 20-cent piece, two 10-cent pieces, five 5-cent pieces, eight 3-cent pieces, twelve 2-cent pieces, and twenty-five 1-cent pieces, making in all fifty-three pieces of money, representing \$1.38.

An English paper gives an account of a new ammunition which is being adopted by the German Army, and which is about to be manufactured under British patents at Millwall. The bullet is partly of lead and partly of steel, and is said to have a great penetrative power, and it is shot from the barrel by compressed powder. The new cartridges will keep for any length of time without deterioration and with safety, for the explosive portion need not be attached to them until they are required for use.

Dr. Chudnowski recently experimented on twelve Russian soldiers with a view to discovering the effect of cold applications to the epigastrium on the rapidity of digestion. Each soldier was regaled heartily; his epigastrium was properly refrigerated, and the exciting contest began. Unfortunately for lovers of the weed, the competitors were divided into smokers and non-smokers. The rival teams digested their very hardest, but the non-smokers outdistanced the others by the space of one hour.

A young woman of sixteen was walking up Broadway, wearing a Newmarket which closely fitted her figure, and which had a small cape that covered a third of her back. One of the best-known of American painters observed her in silence as she proceeded on her way, and then exclaimed: "Did you ever see a garment that so maltreated a female figure? Every line of physical beauty is concealed by it. Dress-makers have no taste."

Mr. Ruskin uses the English language as vigorously as ever. Pitching into the obnoxious Ambleside Railway job, he pays his compliments to railways in general. "They are to me," he says, "the loathsome form of devilry now extant; animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty; carriers of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves."

HIS STORY.

The Strange Experience of an Inventor.

I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday. You know what State fairs are throughout the Middle West? Always held in midsummer, when the weather is hot and sultry. A great, barn-like building, with narrow galleries running around above, and crows hanging from the rafters. Thousands of people, bustling in and out, asking questions, disputing over the state of the crops, and quarrelling over premiums. Little boys and big boys hawking peanuts and lemonade; children crying from the heat; men sopping their faces with their handkerchiefs; the air reeking with the smell of machinery, hot cakes, preserves, and over-ripe fruit; everybody hot and miserable, and the exhibitors all wondering why the committee couldn't have fixed the time a month or so earlier or later.

I was no rushing business man, or great stock-raiser, or thriving horticulturist. Only a plain farmer. Shiftless, the neighbors called me, and wondered why Jane Markham had thrown over Tom Jones to marry me. Tom was a pushing, enterprising young man, with a nice business in town, plenty of money, good looks, and a bright, taking way with him. I, James Brown, was almost middle-aged when I first saw her; old for my age, too, with a sober way of looking at things, that came, perhaps, from the hardships I had always known. Shy of women, too, and with nothing to offer my wife but a shabby little house a mile out of town, with a few acres of good grain land about it, and a pair of hands that had never been soiled by a dishonest deed, and were willing to work to the bone for the woman I loved.

Well and I did work, but not in a way that told. We got along well at first, selling our small crops at fair prices, raising chickens and sending eggs to market, with now and then a firkin of butter to spare; living close, with no luxuries, and few comforts to speak of, but setting out young fruit-trees, and training vines about the house, until it began to take on a slightly look, and we had as happy a little home as anybody for miles around.

Until our second baby came—the first had been a boy, but this was a girl—up to this time I had been tolerably content to keep on as I was going, and build up slowly and surely for the future. But looking at that frail, delicate little creature, and thinking what helpless creatures girls are in this world anyhow, and how bad it would be if anything happened to me, made me wish I could have some quick, splendid stroke of luck that would set us all ahead in the world, beyond chance of want. And then it was that a notion came into my head. I had always had a hankering after machinery since I was a boy, and a knack for putting things together. I was out in the field, I remember, the sun blazing down upon me, mowing grain with an old-fashioned scythe, and thinking of all the labor before me in binding it up into bundles, when the idea struck me. Thinks I, if only some machine could be planned out now, that would cut the grain and lay it in heaps ready for binding, what a lot of work it would save. Yes, and be a fortune, too, to any man. Perhaps one might construct something that would bind the grain at the same time. But how to go about it? I drew a stump of a pencil from my pocket, took out a little account-book that I always carried, and there, in the broiling hot sun, began to draw a plan of the machine.

Well, to make a long story short, I worked four years upon it, day and night. Often and often I've got up in the middle of the night and gone out into the little shop where I worked, and studied upon the thing, or put bits of brass and tin together to see how they'd work. Four years I kept at it, and the weeds grew all over the place, the fence broke down and cattle got in, and everything was well on the road to ruin. To finish up my model and get the patent put through, I mortgaged the place, and then, when it was all done and the patent secured (this was late in the fifties), I found there was another man already in the field with a machine that did the same work, and it was an open question whether his or mine was the best. That was what I had come down to the State fair for. Both our machines were to be taken out into the field for a test trial, and upon whether I won or failed depended all the results of four years' labor.

I lived among a very practical set of people, and you may readily believe that I hadn't a friend or neighbor but what had pronounced me a "poor stick" long before this. Everybody but my wife; she always had a patient smile and a cheering word, though I don't believe she ever had a grain of faith in my success. She came out on the porch when I started off, Rob by her side, and Ellie, the little girl, in her arms. She was a wee creature, was Ellie, small for her age, but like a dove in her ways. She stretched out her arms to hug and kiss me. As I took her I noticed that her poor little shoes were fairly falling to pieces.

"Papa get Ellie some new shoes," said the child, smiling up into my face. Poor little dear. The shame of it! My wife hadn't a decent dress to her back, and Rob had gone barefooted since early spring. I looked at Jane, and it seemed to me for a moment that a quick spark of indignation shone in her eye.

"Yes, yes, papa will get Ellie some shoes," I said hastily, then put her down and started off. At the gate I turned an instant and looked back, and there still stood my wife in her faded print dress, Rob barefooted and ragged, and Ellie in her shabby little shoes. Even as I stood there looking, I felt a short, quick throb of pain, like a presage of the future, and something warned me that memory had received the picture, to fling it back, barbed with anguish, in years to come.

Well, as I was saying, there I was in the State fair in charge of my machine, sometimes showing it off to people, sometimes listening to my rival, who had the section adjoining mine, as he cried up the merits of his invention. The contest was not to come off until the last day of the fair, so, to while away the time and keep as far as possible from the man who threatened to ruin my chances of success, I neighbored a good deal with the occupant of the next stall beyond me on the other side. Oddly enough, of all men in the world, this was Tom Jones. And oddly enough, of all things in the world, he was there with an invention of his own, a machine for hatching chickens by artificial heat. A most ridiculous and impractical venture, every one agreed; but

Tom talked in quite a lofty way, of how it was no new thing, but a practice among the old Egyptians, who used men instead of coal-oil heaters, and somehow or other Tom had contrived to get out a few chickens, sickly little creatures that went chipping round and looking the miserable little orphans they were. However, Tom was rational on every other subject, and we overlooked old scores and grew quite friendly and sociable.

Well, as I was saying, the weather was close and sultry until we reached the last day but one. Then it grew so choking and oppressive that people began to predict a change in the weather. And sure enough, just after noon, dark clouds began to loom up in the southwest, and the storm came down upon us; came with a loud roar and flashes of lightning, and the rain falling in sheets. I remember looking out of the window and thinking that the grain would be so wet the trial of our machines would very likely be put off. But the air was fresh and cool, and it seemed to me a day or so would make little difference.

Just then Tom Jones came along, complaining of the heat. Tom's section was near the big engine that kept the machinery running, and the cool air from outside hadn't reached him yet.

"I'm cool as a cucumber," said I. "Hullo! You've got on a thick coat and I've got on a thin one. Let's change about." I never saw a man more relieved than Tom, when he had handed over his cassimere to me and got into my linen duster. "Ten thousand thanks to you, Brown," he said. "If your mowing machine turns out a failure, I'll give you an interest in my chicken-hatcher."

"Much good your old wooden hen will do anybody," I shouted back, good-humoredly. Tom laughed back a reply, waving his hand in mock pride toward his little poultry-yard, when something awful happened. There was a terrible and deafening roar, the air was thick with smoke and steam and flying objects, drops of some horrible fluid spattered everywhere, and I felt a stunning blow on the top of my head.

The next that I remember I found myself sitting on a pile of lumber outside. Somebody yelled:

"The engine has blown up!"

Some people were running out of the building and a great many were running toward it. There was a great deal of screaming and crying, but I couldn't understand what it was all about and didn't care to. The pain in my head was intolerable. I put my hand up and found that my hair was sticky and wet with blood. I stole around to the rear of the building and washed myself there, but there were stains on my clothing that wouldn't come off. Some people who were standing around looked at me curiously, but I kept my head turned away, for it vexed me to be noticed. After awhile I went back to the pile of boards. It was dark then, and I felt stupid and tired, but had no inclination to go back to my boarding-place. In fact, I was so confused and mixed up that I wasn't sure I could find it if I tried. Gradually the noises became distant and indistinct, the lights receded, and the big building faded away.

The next that I remember I was sitting up, wide awake. Not awake in the ordinary sense of healthy, cheerful activity of brain and body, but with that dreadful pressure on my head still weighting me down, while all my faculties were unnaturally sharpened and strained. I knew now, as well as if I had been told, exactly what had happened. Tom Jones had tried to blow up my machine and kill me. It was a vile conspiracy to get possession of my wife and property. Yes, and Jane was in it, and Rob. I hadn't a friend on earth but poor little Ellie, who was too small and innocent to take part in their villainous schemes. Or, perhaps, he was going to steal my patent. I would foil him there. My papers were all safe in my breast-pocket. I reached into my pocket and drew them out, and spread them before me in the pale light of dawn. Good heavens! They were all descriptions of the egg-hatcher, with cuts of the machine. Then I remembered the change of coats; all a part of the same cruel plot. My whole mind became concentrated upon the thought of revenge. How to get even with them—how to expose their blood-thirsty, diabolical attempt to the world. I held my head tightly between my hands, for it seemed as if it would burst. Something came peeping and yipping over my foot. It was one of those poor, little, half-feathered monstrosities that Tom had hatched out of his infernal machine.

At the sight of this a brilliant thought entered my mind. I would steal Tom's patent. Not there where people knew all about it, and be had friends who would work against me, but I would go away off somewhere and get some rich man to take it up. There was a wealthy railway president in New York, whose name I had seen in the papers, and who had a reputation for enterprise and bold speculation. I would go to him, lay down the case, and get him interested in it. Once get capital enlisted on my side and Tom would have no sort of show.

I took the chicken and stuffed it into my pocket for a sample. Somebody came along, and I knew it was a spy Tom had sent out to hunt around for me and see if I was still alive. So I crouched beside the pile of boards to wait for the man to pass. The chicken in my pocket peeped—I squeezed it to stop its noise; it fluttered a little, but pretty soon it was still. Then I rose cautiously and made my way down to the big Union Depot, keeping on the outskirts of the town and dodging everybody I saw. Luckily my wallet was in my trousers pocket, and I had enough money to pay my fare, with a little to spare. I found it hard to count the money when I paid for my ticket, and was sure the agent cheated me out of a dollar. I told him so, with dignity, but would not make a fuss over it for fear of attracting attention. I got into the car and found a seat behind the door where I would be free from observation. The more I thought it over the more I disliked the idea of asking a big capitalist to go into chicken-raising. There seemed something mean and trifling in the very suggestion. But why bother with such insignificant things. Since the principle would apply to hens' eggs, why not to turkeys? And if to turkeys, why not to ostriches? Ah, I had it! Alligators! That would be an enterprise worth taking up. We would supply alligators for the New York market. We would see that every town in the United States had an alligator pond. We would fill orders from menageries, dime museums, zoological gardens. We would have great tanneries for curing alligator skins, and supersede calf-skin and goat-skin and kid. I was so elated

at the idea that I clapped my hands and tossed my hat in the air.

"Here, you!" said the conductor, angrily, coming up from the other end of the car; "what are you thinking about?"

"Alligators," said I, smiling shrewdly at him, as I leaned forward with a hand resting on either knee.

"Well, behave yourself, anyhow."

He looked at me very queerly, and it struck me that he had a similar enterprise in view himself, but I thought to myself that I'd get ahead of him. When I reached New York, I went first to a shoe store and bought Ellie's shoes. Then, I tell you, I lost no time in hunting up the president of the B. and O. Railroad. A darkey who sat outside his door tried to keep me out, by telling me he was engaged.

"Engagements go to thunder!" said I; "I've come five hundred miles to see him on a matter of the greatest importance."

The darkey saw I meant business, and he wilted. I pushed my way past him, and burst into a big office beyond. There were four or five men in the room. One of them sat at a big desk covered with papers, and I knew he was the man I was after. I put my hand to my head, to ease it and collect my thoughts, for I knew everything depended upon my putting the matter in an attractive and favorable light. All the while that intolerable pressure, that awful sense of weight, as if somebody had bound an iron weight on my head.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, sir, but the business I wish to see you on admits of no delay," I began.

He interrupted me, a little fretfully, it seemed to me:

"I wish you would put it off until another time; I am engaged just now. Call to-morrow."

I knew if I waited till to-morrow I should lose him. Besides, I felt queerly. Something might happen to prevent my coming, and so the chance would go by. Tom Jones would get Jane and the farm, and where would I be? The fear drove me to desperation.

"What! and lose the chance of being called the 'Alligator King'?" I shouted. "Think of walling in New York harbor and devoting it to alligator culture! Alligator meat and alligator soup! And tanneries for the skins. Think of the wealth, the fame in store for us! Hundreds of baby alligators hursting the shell at once."

He was listening very attentively now, and so were the other men.

"All friends?" said I, winking at him and waving my hand in their direction.

"All friends," he repeated; but I noticed he looked queer, and the other men looked queer. He began to play with a little knob on the wall beside him.

"But how are you going to manage this thing?" he asked, politely, and I saw I had him on the hook at last.

"Ah, my dear sir, that is the secret, you see. I have the plan of a little device for hatching chickens, which, I am sure you will agree with me, are not worth handling by men of really large minds. Nevertheless they hatch out. Here is a specimen."

I drew the chicken from my pocket and proudly displayed it. Its eyes were shut, and I couldn't get it to open them; and its legs were stiff; but there it was, all the same.

"Asleep," I said, in explanation.

"Ugh! ugh!" they exclaimed, putting their handkerchiefs to their noses.

I saw that they were not interested in chickens, and so coolly returned it to my pocket.

"Alligators," I began with dignity, recalling something in an old school-reader, "are oviparous animals, laying fifty to sixty eggs in a litter. All we have to do is to capture a pair and let them begin laying. You are a financier, my dear sir."

I picked up a steel eraser from the desk and jabbed it in the air, to emphasize my statement. The three men, who were standing, stepped back a little, and the railroad president jumped out of his chair and backed up against the wall. Again I saw the queer look in their eyes, and this time I understood it. Every one of them was stark, staring mad.

This horrible discovery so dumfounded me that I did not know what to do. Then I made a dash for a window, but somebody caught me from behind. I fought desperately, but it was no use; they were too strong for me. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was overpowered, dragged down stairs, put in a carriage, and was soon rattling away over the cobblestones.

When I came to look at my captors, I saw that their faces had changed. They wore blue coats and brass buttons, and looked like soldiers. I begged them to let me go, and tried to explain the matter to them. One of them snickered, and the other wouldn't look at me. It was plain that he was deaf and dumb. They took me to a big building, and into a large room, where three men were sitting on a raised platform. They asked me some very courteous questions, and I answered them as politely as I knew how. Some things they asked me—simple inquiries, too—bothered me most unaccountably. What was my name, where did I live, how old was I? If they would only get into business matters, I knew my head was clear there.

A new man came into the room, small but powerfully built, and looking like a professional man. There was a good deal of hand-shaking. One of the three said to him in a low voice:

"Glad you came in just now. Got a curious case. You question him."

In a few minutes the stranger turned to me and began to talk. He had such a kind, genial face, that I warmed to him at once. Here was a man to trust, one who would appreciate the glory of becoming an alligator king—one who would push the enterprise ahead with a will worthy of such a glorious cause. I got him off into a corner, and commenced to develop my scheme. He assented at first, but presently I noticed that he had lost interest in what I was saying, and was exchanging signs with the others.

Ah! I had him at last. The demon! The arch-fiend who was persecuting me and driving me to ruin. Anger rose about and within me like a dark cloud. I sprang at his throat. They were all upon me, trying to hold me back, but I fought like a tiger. I just managed to lay his cheek open with my nails, when my brain seemed to seethe and bubble. I was falling—falling—falling. Of what occurred next I have only the faintest recollection. I was shut up in a room with

only one window, and that high up in the wall. I cared neither to eat, drink, nor sleep. There were horrible noises around me, and some of them I made myself. Still that awful sense of pressure and of weight upon my brain. I could not think connectedly, and I gave up trying.

One morning I awoke a new man. A bar of sunshine fell through my window, and I could have knelt and worshiped it, so beautiful did it appear. It seemed to lift me up and restore me. The ugly sense of pressure was all gone. I looked about me and tried to remember how I came there. The room was disgustingly dirty. There was little furniture in it, and what was there was of a sort I had never seen before. Hastening to the door, I turned the knob. To my surprise it was locked. I beat upon it, and called out for some one to open it. There was a narrow grating in the center, and at this grating a man's face appeared.

"Why don't you open the door?" I asked, quietly.

He looked at me oddly for a moment and then disappeared. A few minutes later he returned with another man. I recognized him in a moment. He was the man I had assaulted. An older man than I thought, his shoulders a little hunched, and his hair quite gray. I declare I felt ashamed of myself when he opened the door and came in.

"Well, Mr.?" he looked at me quite curiously.

"Brown, sir, James Brown," I said promptly.

"What can I do for you to day, Brown," he said kindly, still keeping his eye upon me, with that keen, searching look. "I must go home, sir," I said earnestly. "The folks won't know what to think of it. The fact is, I've had a horrible headache. I'm afraid I've done and said some queer things," and I looked at his cheek. To my surprise it had all healed over, leaving only a faint white scar.

"Never mind, never mind!" he said hastily. "But now I want you to answer a few questions."

"All right, sir," I said respectfully, though I was in a great hurry to be off.

Then he asked me all about who I was, and where I came from, and I told him; and when I asked him civilly if he'd be kind enough to tell me who he was, he only said he was Dr. R——, and had looked after me because I seemed to be sick.

"Well, doctor," I said, rising up, "I'm afraid I've made but a poor return for your hospitality. I acted rough when I first saw you. But if you only knew the state my head has been in. I've suffered the tortures of the damned. It's blunted all my faculties—the pain. If you'll believe me, I couldn't tell, to save my life, whether I've been here two days or a week."

A strange expression came over the doctor's face as he listened to my apologies.

"Brown," said he, "suppose you come to my private office after you have washed and dressed. I want to have a talk with you."

Looking down at my clothes, I declare I felt ashamed. They really looked as if they had been slept in for a month. Then the condition of my hands and finger-nails! I had a beard, too, of a week or so growth, stubby and rough, looking as if it had been jagged off with a scissors.

The doctor hurried me through a long hall. I did not have time to look round, but I noticed that there were many doors, like my own, opening off from it on either side. For this and other reasons I concluded that I was in a large private hospital. He turned me over to another man, who led me to a bath-room. What a refreshment it was to feel the touch of the cool water upon my skin. I was loth to leave it, but when I finally came out of it, and dressed myself in the fresh clothing provided for me, I felt like a new man.

"Would you like to take a shave, sir?" asked the attendant in whose hands I had been placed. He put the question a little doubtfully, but there was no hesitation in my mind as I ran my hands over my chin.

"Indeed I would," I replied heartily. "Show me the way to a barber, there's a good fellow."

For answer, he took me out of a door and across a little open court, to what seemed another branch of the establishment. There were a knight of the razor and his assistant, both stout, hurly looking men, and shelves filled with bottles and shaving-mugs, looking as if they did a rushing business.

There was no one else there when we entered. I threw myself down in the chair.

"Now give me a nice, quick shave," I said, "for I'm in a hurry and no time to spare."

The man who came in with me posted himself near by, as if he took a friendly interest in the operation. The barber tied a towel round my neck, lathered my face, and went about the operation. He probably did the best he could, but he was a very bungling fellow. I stood it until he had cut me a couple of times; then, as he tried to staunch the blood with a napkin, I snatched up the razor and ran my finger over it.

"How on earth can you shave with such an edge?" I exclaimed, taking up the strop and beginning to run the blade along it. You would have thought I meant to cut their throats, such an expression as all three wore; and they began to move off from me.

"I'll finish this job myself," I said, coolly, and walked up to a mirror. It was really absurd to see how they gesticulated when I turned my back to them, but by the time I had got through and laid the razor down, they appeared to feel relieved. Looking in the glass, I was really surprised to see how little trace there was left of all that I had suffered. My face was a little sharp and thin, that was all.

"How much shall I pay you?" smiling at them rather contemptuously, until I happened to remember that I had on a suit of clothes I had never worn before, and that as I had already been lodged and boarded and had medical attendance, my financial condition must be rather shaky.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," they assured me; "the doctor makes all that right."

Aye, the doctor. I had yet to see him, and find out how much my bill was, and have some understanding about paying it. I had already firmly made up my mind to go back to the farm and work it, and leave all nonsensical inventions to men who had money to spare for experiment—men like Tom Jones, for instance.

The doctor was in a sort of study. Books all around him, on every side. He looked very serious.

"Sit down, sit down, Brown."

I obeyed him, wondering.

"Now, my man, think a little. Can you tell me where you were, and what you were doing, before you came to New York?"

"At the State fair, in Smartsville," I answered, promptly; "showing off my machine and waiting for it to be tested. It was awful hot weather. All over the country the first of this month, you know, I got clean fagged out. Then there came a thunder-storm, and the air was so cool I changed coats with a friend who was near the engine, and then something blew up. My head was gashed—I believe in my heart that had something to do with my headache."

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" said the doctor. "Brown, are you strong enough—is your brain clear enough, are your nerves steady—able to hear a severe shock?"

"Yes, sir," I said, calmly, but my heart commenced thumping like a trip-hammer. I knew something had happened to Jane or the children.

"Tell me quick, sir," I said. "I don't feel overstrong, and if it's anything hard to hear, I'd rather begin to get used to it right away."

"Where do you suppose you are, and how long do you think you've been here?" said the doctor, heating about the hush, like.

"I suppose it's some sort of hospital," I said, slowly. "And as to the time—maybe it's a week—I hope it's not more. The folks at home would be worried at not hearing from me."

"My poor fellow," said the doctor, and this time I shrank from the pity in his voice, "my poor fellow, this is the State Insane Asylum, and you have been here sixteen years."

"Oh, my God!" I cried, and could get no further. The awful horror of it. The pity of it. What was the use trying to comfort me, what was the use telling me to keep up my spirits? Sixteen years gone out of a man's life, and he not know it! And my wife and children! Where were they, what could they think, and what had they suffered?

"Brown," said the doctor, at last, "control yourself for their sakes, if not for your own. There is some mystery about this thing that I can't understand, and you must help me to get at it. Why is it you were not missed when that explosion occurred, and why were not your friends inquiring after you? You came here as a man whose identity could not be made out. The only papers found upon you were some circulars containing cuts and a description of an incubator, with the name of the inventor torn off. Let me see—what year was it when that explosion occurred? Ah, 185—; and the month? August. Correct. Let us look up the matter."

He went to a cupboard, beneath the book-cases, and overhauled the files of an illustrated New York weekly paper, until he came to the account of the affair. There isn't space to tell you here about the long illustrated description they had. Enough to state that twenty men were killed, and my name was on the list. "Blown to pieces," the paper said, "and only identified by scraps of clothing and certain papers, and an old coin in the coat-pocket." Tom Jones was said to be missing.

"That was the friend who had on my coat," said I.

"By Jupiter!" said the doctor, "that's the way the thing came about. They mistook him for you."

"Wait a bit," I said—I wasn't used to thinking, you see, and it took time for me to follow him. Do you know what it is for a man to decipher your own history for you, word for word and page after page, and scarce be able to follow him?

"Then he was killed," said I, soberly, and the thought oppressed me. Such a dreadful death, and our last words together in joke. I could see how Tom looked that last day, when I chaffed him about his chickens.

"Now, Brown," said the doctor, "I suppose you'll want to be off at once. Or would you rather write on first, to make sure, and prepare your friends a little?"

"My Lord, doctor!" I burst out, "I can't go back now. What would be the use? Even if Jane is living, which is perhaps likely, she being far younger than I—I wasn't always a kind husband, doctor, I was moody and out of sorts, soured and disappointed by failure. She's even better off without me. Perhaps she's married again. I don't doubt she is. I'll leave her alone. If my machine had been a success—if I didn't have to go back an old man and empty-handed!"

"What was your machine, Brown?" The doctor had been running over the file he held, and had stopped at some item that seemed to interest him.

"It was something for harvesting and binding grain," I answered carelessly, for there was nothing in the world I cared less for just then than my invention. "It ran like fun, but everybody was laughing at it. Of course it was a fizzle. I, myself, can see now that it could have been improved. But, my Lord, what's the use of talking about it now!"

"Simply because I've run across something that concerns you. Look here," he said.

There, among a lot of personal notices, was something that read about like this:

"The sudden and shocking death of Mr. James Brown, at the time of the recent explosion at the State fair in Smartsville, has the elements of a double tragedy. He had spent four years of unwearying labor on the invention of a machine for harvesting grain, which was generally looked upon as utterly chimerical, and on which he had spent his entire capital. On the day of his funeral the machine was tested by competent judges, and pronounced a complete success. A leading manufacturing firm have made overtures to his widow, and it is understood that they have offered a large sum for the use of the patent."

"Why, Mr. Brown," said the doctor, cheerfully (I noticed that he used the Mr. from that moment), "all you have to do is to return home like the prodigal son, to be welcomed and feted, and rejoiced over."

Stupid and slow-witted as I am at best, I knew better than the doctor. Who would hold a jubilee over the resurrection of a man who had never been a favorite, never of any account in the world, and who had only found luck in going out of it? Even when the doctor wrote on and found that Jane and the children were still living, and that the widow had never married again, and had naught but good to say of me, I felt no courage to go back. The widow! Do you know what it is to come to yourself after years of worse than oblivion, and find yourself a dead man, piously laid to rest and buried in the memory of your friends and family? To be a ghost, a desolate, wretched ghost, of no kin to the next world or to this, caring for nothing for new

friends, and afraid to go back to the old! Who would not be better off with six feet of clay above them?

I should never have had the courage to try it if it hadn't been for the doctor. He cheered me up and urged me, and finally got me down to the depot and aboard the cars, with my ticket in my hand. He gave me something else—a small paper parcel, looking away as he laid it on the seat beside me.

"We found it in your pocket when you came to us," he said.

I knew what it was as quickly as I laid eyes on it. The shoes for little Ellie. It did me good to hold them, for it seemed a link between the pretty darling and me, but it weakened me unaccountably all the same.

I had a little plan of my own, that I didn't confide to the doctor. I meant to happen in upon her as a stranger, and sound them like, myself, for I was sure she would never know me. Then I should be sure. If I found that she was content and happy without me, that life ran on smoothly and my coming would be a break in any way, there would never be any resurrection, but Jim Brown would remain as dead as if he were really laid away in the little graveyard.

I stopped there on my way out from town. Somehow it seemed to me I wanted to go there first. It was easy to find the place. There, beside my dear old mother's grave, was another mound, and on it lay a fading wreath of flowers.

The sight of them heartened me up. A strange thing, you will think, for a man to be cheered by the sight of flowers lying on his own grave, and he himself alive and well beside it. But it told me something more. It told me that in somebody's heart love and memory were still living, that somebody held me in tender remembrance.

A plain white shaft marked the grave. One thing about it puzzled me. It read:

TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES BROWN.
OUR BELOVED HUSBAND AND FATHER,
AUG. — 185—

That was all. Just the date of the explosion. No "died," no commending my soul to the Creator, nor any other of the pious formalities usually seen on grave-stones. What did it mean? I couldn't make it out. Yet somehow it seemed as if it bore a message for me.

It brought many things back to my mind; of how patient Jane had been when she saw me loafing round, and the farm going to rack and ruin; the impatient answers I had often given her; the way she had smiled and slaved, and I had forgotten so much as show her that I realized it; and whether it wouldn't have been much better to have done the plain duty that lay before me, and not busied myself with ambitious plans. Thinking over these things, I looked up and saw a young lady coming alone up the path. She was tall and fair, with a rosy flush on her cheeks from walking. In one hand she had a little bunch of flowers, and in the other she carried a roll of music.

I can't tell you, to save my life, when the thought first came to me that this was my little Ellie, grown up to be a beautiful young woman, with new friends, new interests, lovers, maybe, and yet caring enough for her plain old father who ill-provided for her and neglected her, to come all that way, over the long, dusty road, to lay flowers on his grave. But when she saw me she looked at me, resentful like, and drew herself up, and waited, expecting me to go away.

Now, it may seem a very amusing thing to you who read it, that a man shouldn't be welcome to visit his own grave. But to me it was the most pitiful thing in the world. You see, by that time I had quite made up my mind to go off and never show myself to my folks. The other day somebody who knows my story put into my hand a poem about a man called Enoch Arden, and it fixes me more strongly than ever in the belief that when a man has been so long away, and his own people have got used to living without him, and their ways have grown apart, it's a very risky thing to come back and try to pick up the dropped threads of life. I thought then I'd just quietly slip away, and write to the doctor to say nothing about it, and let things go on as they were. So, if you'll believe me, it seemed to me at that moment the most pitiful thing in the world that I shouldn't be wanted even there, at that low mound, with the sun shining on the grass that covered it, and the tall white stone rising above it. And to see her, my own little girl grown up, standing there, hesitating and trembling, half afraid of me and half provoked at me for being there.

"Whose grave is it?"

I had risen up and was starting off, but I thought if I might only listen to her voice a moment, it would be music that I could carry with me all the rest of my darkened life.

"My father's."

She spoke softly now, re-assured because she saw I had no mind to trouble her; but, oh, the gentleness and tenderness with which she spoke those two words? To think that she should remember me so kindly all those years.

"And your mother—" Then I was dumb; I couldn't say another word; I was so unused to talking, and all the past and all the hopeless future seemed to rise up around me, and shut me in, and stifle me. And she. What business had a stranger talking to her in that way? no doubt she was thinking. There we stood, father and daughter, I knowing her for my own little girl, who had clung about my neck and kissed me but yesterday, she believing that I lay there under the sod, and a stranger stood in my place. Was ever a situation like to that? Is there any flesh and blood could stand it? Scarcely knowing what I did, I pulled a package out from my pocket and opened it, she gazing curiously on as I did so with that half-frightened look on her face. There were the little shoes—shining black morocco faced with pink kid. I thought of the little child who should have worn them, and my eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Ellie! Little daughter! They were for you. Don't you remember?"

Slowly the frightened look on her face gave way to wonder, and wonder made way for certainty, and my little child was back again, sobbing over me and caressing me in the dear old way.

After awhile I told her a little, just a little, of what I had been through, and she, heaven bless her, told me of how they could never quite believe me dead, but had hoped for years that some day they would hear from me.

"Come home, come home, to mother," she cried.

But all my doubts, and fears, and questionings seemed to rise up again and bar the way before me. Ellie understood.

"You shall see!" she said, with the same proud ring in her voice that Jane used to have.

And so we went down the road together, and took the old path I knew so well. It led alongside a level, graded road now, shaded with tall trees. But when we came to the farm I held back and looked at Ellie, to make sure it was the same and that memory was playing me no tricks. For there was a tall, gray house in place of our shabby little cottage, and the front yard was laid out in winding paths and drives, with flowers and shrubbery, and a lawn where a fountain was playing. Still I could have sworn the same roses and honeysuckle we used to have still climbed over the front porch.

"The very same, father," said Ellie, seeing how taken back I looked. "You know mother sold the patent. It is all your work."

A tall young man came down to meet us. My mind had gone back to the past, and I never thought of its being Rob, my boy. We had planned, Ellie and I, that she should go on and speak to Jane first, that she might not get too great a shock, and so I turned down a side path, while Ellie went on to the house. I walked on until I had come to the side of the house, where there was a sugar maple I had planted. The tree had grown tall and stout, with broad, branching arms that cast a grateful shade. There was a seat beneath it, and a delicate-looking, elderly woman was sitting there sewing. I had not forgotten my manners, and so I raised my hat and begged her pardon, and started to go away. But she rose to her feet, dropping her work upon the ground, and cried out in a tone I could never mistake.

Is it the constant beating of the human mind against its walls of flesh, the conscious pain and anguish of spirit, that age the body? As truly as I live to-day, the years that had passed over me, almost without a trace, had turned my blooming young wife into a feeble, faded woman, and her hair was white as snow. But oh, never so beautiful in her fair maidenhood, never half so dear in her noble womanhood, as now, when I held her in my arms, my heart full of thankfulness for the truth, the love, the faith that had survived the most cruel test to which ever woman was subjected.

NILES, Cal., April, 1887. FLORA HAINES-LOUGHEAD.

IN PARIS STUDIOS.

"Parisina" tells what Some American Artists will send to the Salon.

My visits to the studios this year did not take the form of an official pilgrimage. One gets tired of doing things in an orthodox manner, and for once I thought I would suit myself and only just go and see whom I pleased.

I was intensely curious about Charles Stanley Reinhart's picture, of which we had all heard more or less this year. Hitherto, the artist whose talent helps to make *Harper's* what it is, had only cultivated painting as a secondary matter, but I was told that great things were expected of "Washed Ashore," and I found that for once rumor had spoken no more than the truth—less than the truth perhaps. There is the revelation of something higher than talent, of genius, in this pathetic, highly artistic, admirable conception. Unless the jury is blinded by that horrible thirty per cent business, it will reward Mr. Reinhart as it would reward him if he were a Frenchman, and not an American.

It sounds, at first, like damning with faint praise to say that Mr. Reinhart's figures are perfectly drawn, but everybody knows that to build up full-sized representations of humanity is a very different matter from drawing small-sized figures correctly. His personages, actors in the scene or mere spectators, are real flesh and blood people, ordinary individuals assisting at a too common incident in sea-side existence, the finding of a dead body washed ashore after a wreck. It is pitiful, but not tragic. No one recognizes the corpse. The man in front has bent his knee and doffed his cap out of respect. He is moved by no deeper feeling, neither is the gendarme who is busy with note-book and pencil, nor any of the rough fishermen who compose a little group around the public functionary; and if the women yonder are wiping away a tear or two, their emotion is due to the thought, "To-morrow it may be Jan or Prosper! Heaven help the poor sailors at sea, and their wives and mothers at home!" The cruel wives are quiet now; it is low water, and a wide stretch of shingly beach is uncovered, while in the background rise the white, frowning Normandy cliffs. Very harmonious the coloring—the russets and browns of the men's clothes, the rusty black of the women's gowns, and the blue and white of the gendarme's uniform rich in the delicate tints of sea and shore.

Howard Russell Butler was one of the few so-called foreigners whom the French considered worthy of honorable mention, and William Home is another. Therefore, it was natural enough that I should direct my wandering footsteps to their studios. Physically, there were never two men more unlike than C. S. Reinhart and his neighbor, Howard Butler, but they meet on common ground in their love of nature and their striving after a lofty artistic ideal.

I am bound to confess that further than is roughly indicated in the rhyme about the nine wives of St. Ives with their nine sacks, and nine kittens in each sack, I knew nothing of the place at all. To be quite frank, I must even add that I was utterly ignorant of its whereabouts. It was, therefore, with the delightful feeling of adding something to my meagre store of British geography that I listened to Mr. Butler's description of St. Ives, and gazed my fill on the pleasant view of the dike and the broad sands with the urchins at play upon it, and fancied to myself that I was watching the moon rise from a bank of clouds over the sea, while yet the land and water were illumined by the lingering light of "parting day." Cornwall is almost unbroken ground for the artist. Though I shall be much mistaken if this picture of Mr. Butler's does not do something to bring it into notice, and we shall hear of others of his profession journeying to St. Ives.

As I have said, William Howe was also one of last year's laureates. He is a realist in the best acceptance of the word. The cows he paints are living, breathing animals, when chewing their cud in the straw of the cow-house, or sauntering with lazy tread over the short rich pastures of the Nor-

man bills and dales. The picture he sends to the Salon is large; the beasts are coming down a rough path toward the observer, and a timid female, with a dread of horned cattle, would certainly be put to flight if she happened to be met by such a phalanx. However, it would be very unlikely that she would be out at all in such a place on foot, for it is rough walking at best in a mountain cattle-path, and there has been rain of late, to judge by the pools of water in the foreground.

Everything was *en fête* when I visited Ferdinand Chaigneau's atelier, one of the veterans here among the French animal painters (as successes at the Salon are counted, though not by years), and now well known in America by reason of the propagation of his admirable etchings. It was Mi-Carême; a crowd of children, great and small, some dressed in fancy costume, were seated in the broad band of light that fell from the studio window, and were following with great attention the spirited dialogue of a pleasant drawing-room comedy, written for the occasion by Mme. Chaigneau, and performed by four of his charming, black-eyed little girls. When it was over, and we had applauded and called on the youthful actors, I begged my host to show me his picture, for, like many great artists, he is modest and retiring.

"You know the place, of course?"

Yes; many a time have I walked that road and seen the sun set behind the old farm, and watched the lights kindle in the cottages. It is night, here, in the roughly-paved street of Barbizon, though there is still a glow of sunlight in the yellow sky—a sky that betokens more rain; all is soaked around, and the sheep huddle more closely one against the other in vain attempts to keep dry. Certainly, it is one of Chaigneau's best pictures, and the print from the plate on which he is now busy will popularize it on the other side of the Atlantic, while the painting itself will find its place, we have no doubt, on the wall of the Luxembourg.

Two more pictures that have been painted at Barbizon, due to the brush of Mr. Weldon Hawkins, were on show at the studio of a friend here before sending-in day. A corner of an old cottage garden, with some white pigeons fluttering round a gabled roof, a distant view beyond of corn-fields, and in the foreground a quaint little figure clad in black, seated on an old wooden bench with her closed prayer-book on her knees. Rustic innocence and pastoral quiet and peace. An idyl without a hero. Soft shadows in front where the girl sits, and light and air out yonder where the pigeons are billing and cooing. In the other picture we have the same landscape bathed in sunshine—early summer sunshine—and a pair of children have found a bird's nest, and are looking, wondering at the half-fledged inmates, pondering on the wonderful mystery of life. The author of "Les Orphelins" is a philosopher, and his art is of a sufficiently high order to carry it off.

Somehow I fancy Henry Bacon is a philosopher, too. Certainly he can put his thoughts into very good prose, and I should not be a bit surprised if I heard that he had perpetrated a poem or two in an idle moment—not that he allows himself many idle hours while the light is good, though he is man-of-the-world enough to give one afternoon in the week to society. If you call in on Henry Bacon on Saturday, ten to one you find a bevy of charming women, not the least charming by far being that sweet little woman his wife, who takes so graceful a part in the conversation, and is her husband's referee in all matters, his chum at home, his companion abroad. I know no pleasanter house to call at than Mrs. Bacon's. It would be delightful without the studio and the pictures; with them it is perfection. There are those who linger by preference around the hostess's tea-table; for myself, duty and inclination soon carry me beyond the drawing-room, and the last time I went there I was, of course, immediately invited to view the Salon picture just finished and put in its frame.

Have you ever been to Etretat? If so, you will doubtless have often watched the process of bauling up the boats on to the beach by means of a rude, creaking capstan—such a machine as the Norse forefathers of those sturdy fishermen might have constructed. Those who man the boats have a right to a certain portion of the profits: the master takes half, perhaps, the rest is divided, and each must provide a pair of brawny arms to work the capstan. The fisherman who has no wife, no sons or daughters (the women work with the rest), must procure substitutes. I am told a fine young woman may earn five dollars a year at this work, so you won't say there's no field for female labor in this fair land of France. In Henry Bacon's new picture the tide is coming in fast, there are sportive "white horses" dancing on the waves, and light bunches of breezy clouds in the blue. Half a dozen men, young and old, and a pretty young wench are pushing with a will, the boat is heavy, and the shingle banks are steep; a brawny fellow, who has hold of the same pole as the girl, puts out all his strength that he may save his companion's arms. He won't, perhaps, be quite so gallant ten years hence, when she is his wife and there are babies at home. But courtship and marriage are two very different things; that we all know when other people are in question, though we often find it a rough awakening in our own cases.

If I left many a studio unvisited in this idle tour of mine, it was surely not those of the two young San Franciscan artists who, since Mathilda Lotz went home, have alone sustained the credit of your city in the Parisian world of art. The house by the church at Senlis knows Miss Lotz no more; Miss Strong, however, still owns her square, whitewashed tenement with its fruit-garden, wherein she has built a glass studio for the painting of outdoor effects, but she spends the winter in Paris, and has a nice studio on the top of a house near the Quai Voltaire. It was there I went to see her the other day, and found her at work on the figure of a child, which she was painting as the companion picture of a splendid Gordon setter—the watchful guardian of the little one's slumbers. Dogs are Elizabeth Strong's forte, but she means to become quite as clever in the painting of horses, and if one may judge from the portrait of her own shaggy little pony (the same that drove Mathilda Lotz and her mother on the first stage of their long journey to the Golden Gate some six months ago) she will succeed.

Anna Klumpke is the eldest sister of Dr. Augusta Klumpke of whom I wrote to you a while since, and they have another sister who has lately passed an excessively stiff examination

in mathematics, and intends going in for the study of astronomy, while a fourth distinguishes herself (as seems the way with this gifted family) by her genius for music. "Catino," is the title of Anna Klumpke's picture for the Salon, a peasant girl seated on a jutting rock, peaceably knitting in the midst of the wild scenery of the Black mountains of Languedoc. The effect of distance between the rocky crag with its solitary figure in the foreground, and the purple wall of mountains behind, is very well managed. The picture is as effective as it is interesting and ambitious in conception. Both this, and the "Interior of a Stable at Jaccamnassy," were in great part painted while the artist was staying in the south of France, the guest of a French landed proprietor of the Tarn, whose daughter is the wife of the well-known American journalist, Mr. Theodore Stanton. PARISINA. PARIS, March 28th, 1887.

"CARMEN SÆCULARE."

Lord Tennyson's Jubilee Ode.

I.

Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

II.

She, beloved for a kindliness
Rare in fable or history,
Queen, and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great, and Queenly.

IV.

You then loyally, all of you,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of it,
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the great Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.

V.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,
Glorious in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

VI.

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
Make their neighborhood healthful,
Give your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maid in his heart rejoice
At this year of her Jubilee.

VII.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,
Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers,
E'en her Grand sire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII.

You, the Patriot Architect,
Shape a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this year of her Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

X.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing "Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee!"

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Duke of Westminster has got into hot water for parting with a portrait of Mr. Gladstone for three thousand pounds sterling for which he had given but one thousand pounds sterling. It is said that this was a mean thing to do just because he no longer agreed with Mr. Gladstone's political opinions. If he had parted with it for less than he gave for it there might have been some reason in this accusation. But a transaction by which one makes two hundred per cent. seems explicable enough on other grounds. Moreover, the duke is very rich, and seldom can a rich man resist the temptation of doing a good stroke of business. One should be fair even in politics.

A communication to the London Meteorological Society, by Captain Toynbee, states as his conclusion, that clouds of not less than two thousand feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, or, if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops; with a thickness of between two thousand and four thousand feet, the size of the drops is moderate; with increasing thickness of the clouds comes an increasing size of the drops, and at the same time the degree of temperature becomes lowered. When the thickness amounts to more than six thousand feet, hail is produced.

CLOISTERS AND SCHOOLS OF LIMA.

The Methods and Polity of these Institutions in Peru.

11.

In my last letter I gave a description of the Cathedral of San Francisco, but probably the object of highest interest in Lima is the great Cathedral of Santa Rosa, which stands upon the eastern side of the grand plaza. This cathedral is the first object that attracts one's attention upon entering the plaza; it is certainly the most imposing edifice in all Lima. A gigantic building it is, about four hundred feet long by three hundred and fifty wide, standing upon a raised platform of stuccoed adobe blocks, hard as stone, and built wholly of adobe bricks worked with straw; it is adorned with two tall belfry-towers, one at each front corner, which are superb pieces of architecture, each thirty feet square at the base, and two hundred and fifty feet high, diminishing by stories as they rise to where swing the bells, brought from Spain and hung there over a hundred years ago; each tower is surmounted by a huge cross. The walls of the entire building are decorated with richly carved cornices, openings, and balustrades, and the roof presents a bewildering vista of turrets, crosses, peaks, spires, and domes, flanked and supported by many fine examples of flying buttresses and open arches. To get a general idea of the interior of this cathedral, you must lay aside all notions of ecclesiastical architecture derived from the appearance of our ordinary American churches. With us a church is simply an assembly room, more or less ornamented, in which the people congregate to hear a clergyman read the service and preach a sermon. There is supposed to be a good seat for each person, and from each seat there is a good view of the reading-desk and pulpit. Here, as in other cathedrals throughout the country, the sermon is quite a secondary consideration. There is a pulpit, of course, but the main service is ceremonial, replete with action and music, and is participated in not by one priest but by many, the audience standing through it all, there being but few seats.

The interior of this cathedral is divided lengthwise into seven spaces or aisles—those next either wall being raised off as chapels, about thirteen in all, wherein are the altars, the shrines, the pictures, and the statuary. The roof is supported by a series of arches resting against the side walls and upon the columns. The choir is partitioned off by itself in the middle of the building, containing the singers, the instruments, and the wonderful organ. Beyond the choir is the glittering chancel, with its jewels and pictures and burning candles; with its costly hangings of silken and velvet draperies, their folds fastened to the roof—one hundred and twenty-five feet above—while their gaudy fringe brushes the dome floor; and with the lecterns, the seats for the priests, and the bishop's throne. Midway between the chancel and the choir, set against a massive column, about fifteen feet from the floor, and reached by a narrow stairway, is the richly carved pulpit—supported by a solid pillar of pure silver, five inches in diameter. When it is further considered that the interior details are worked out with minute elaboration and delicacy—witness the wonderful carving in rich woods, in marble and in bronze; the windows of rare stained glass, and the walls and ceiling most beautifully frescoed with scenes depicting memorable events in Scripture—possibly a strong imagination may body forth something of this great cathedral.

A celebrated painting by Monteros, representing "The Descent of Atabalpa," held a place of honor here for many years, being esteemed by Limeños as something sacred. It was stolen by the Chileans and sent to Santiago. There is little left now of the beautiful sculpture and statuary from the hands of the noted Ayacucho sculptor, Medina, whose works excited so much admiration during the exposition, all of them having been sent to Chili. Before the late war this cathedral was one of the richest in gold and silver decorations and ornaments in the world. Built in the sixteenth century—Pizarro's old cathedral having been razed to the ground—it was enlarged, enriched, and adorned during the subsequent centuries, until the fatal year of 1879, when Peru became involved in the disastrous conflict with Chili. It was literally a massive store-house of precious metals and gems—a second temple of the Sun, and a magnificent prize for the needy Chileans. Upon the occupation of Lima, in 1881, it was the first place levied upon, being stripped entirely of its richest treasures, the silver pillar supporting the pulpit excepted, the object of cupidity being so firmly fixed as to defy all attempts at removal, and accordingly it was reluctantly suffered to remain. Another act of these marauders was to demolish the greater portion of Lima's famous National Library—the building is situated one square to the eastward of the cathedral—which contained many thousands of rare old volumes and manuscripts. This was a most dastardly proceeding, and is only paralleled by the destruction of the Alexandrine Library by the fanatical followers of Mahomet many centuries ago.

In the catacombs beneath are the embalmed remains of the great Francisco Pizarro, transferred from the old Cathedral in the year 1607. They lie on a moldy shelf, beside the body of the good Viceroy Mendoza. His bones are fast crumbling to dust; and the few remaining pieces of skin which cling to them, dry and withered as they are, are fast disappearing under the inroads of those lunatics at large—relic-hunters. A grand and massive monument, in truth, beneath which the bones of the restless, the energetic, and zealous Francisco Pizarro rest well.

The services held here—as also in the other smaller cathedrals, about fifty in number, scattered throughout the city—are very impressive, and constitute a spectacle which thousands flock to see, especially at Christmas or upon saints' days—of which latter there are too many, in all conscience; nor, not satisfied with the large number prescribed by mother church, the Peruvian priesthood have canonized over one hundred and sixty of their priests and bishops, prominent among whom are Saints Toribia and Rosa, archbishops who led their saintly lives here, and extorted the *mita* from a people poor as the proverbial church-mouse, many years ago. In past times the priesthood here was a power in the land, but its members overreached themselves, as of old in countries of Europe, by their insatiable greed for wealth and desire for power. And to-day, numerous as they are,

and comprising many orders, their influence, though still great, can not be compared to that of former times. Another reason for this, I believe, was the introduction of popular education, a few years ago. The superstitious ideas and misty doctrines inculcated by priests; the chains which keep the ignorant in bondage to the iron will of the priests of Rome, are being fast stricken off, and the mists of superstition dissolving before the glorious beams of popular enlightenment. The abolition of the heartless *mita* was the first step, and it will precipitate others; and the day is not far distant, it is to be hoped, when this army of priests will be treated as they really are—paupers preying upon the people. A few would suffice for Lima's needs, but the "woods are full of them." Archbishops and all, they number over two thousand.

One evening, during my stay in Lima, I paid a visit to the Cathedral Santa Loria, where services entirely musical were being held in honor of some saint, whose name I have forgotten. Imagine a vast hall separated into three aisles, spacious and roomy, by two rows of lofty pillars; the roof arched, and, like the walls, most beautifully frescoed; the adobe floor crowded with a vast multitude, rich and poor, great and small, the idle spectator and the devout worshipper, massed together in a truly democratic fashion; the constant passing and repassing, the seemingly endless exits and entrances, and the sonorous voices of the priests chanting the responses, all gave life and interest to the scene, lit up, as it was, by the brilliancy of thousands of tapers, suspended from the arch above, encircling the pillars, and illuminating the dazzling chancel, with its treasures of gold and silver. Through the air, heavily laden with the scent of flowers, came floating, all-pervading and powerful, now rising clear and strong, now sinking to the faintest murmur, the full, rich music of the vast organ mingling with the melodious chant of the cathedral choir. But the sight that attracted most was the fifty or sixty plump priests, attired in the whitest of garments, sitting in two rows on either side of the main entrance. They seemed to have nothing to do but rest their fat bodies, and display their delicate, womanish hands, and to ogle lewdly every beautiful señorita who entered. While watching, I noticed the hot blood mantle many a lovely face that encountered the bold, brazen stare and sinister smiles of these "shaven-heads," and many drew the heavy fringe of their mantillas more closely around their faces, as a protection against the ordeal to which they were invariably subjected. This sight is to be met with in every cathedral in the city.

But to continue; of the places of worship here there are but two that are Protestant, and these are only attended by foreign residents; for Catholicism, introduced into Peru by the priests of Pizarro's expedition of conquest in 1631, prevails among all classes of Peruvians. Besides the two churches mentioned, there is a Protestant Anglo-American school, conducted by an American and an Englishman. The other schools and colleges and universities of the city are controlled by the Catholic church, and conducted by priests and members of the Catholic sisterhood. There is also one university of the first rank in Lima, having an average attendance of seven hundred students; a large, venerable looking pile, and noted as the oldest university in the New World. It is called the University of San Marcos. The remaining colleges are of lesser standing, and unworthy of special mention. There are also about eight primary schools, where education is free, being so guaranteed by the new constitution.

I visited one of these schools one afternoon, and was very much astonished at the novel sight that there met my eyes. In a long, plain room, furnished with desks, charts, blackboards, etc., and upon a small platform at his desk sat the teacher, calmly examining some papers, while about fifty boys—boys and girls are placed in separate rooms—were ranged around the walls with their books, committing their lessons to memory by reading them aloud, almost at the top of their shrill voices. Just imagine fifty small lads reading very fast and loud—no two in the same lines or in the same tone—and you may conceive what an unearthly noise they made. It would drive an American teacher crazy, but these Peruvian pedagogues are perfectly at ease in it.

Of medical institutions there is but one here—the College of Medicine—and this is in high repute. Its Botanical Gardens, founded by Dr. Miguel de los Rios, are very interesting; they contain specimens of nearly all known plants in the world. Its shady and fragrant walks are daily visited by scores of students and strangers. While passing some of the Catholic colleges before mentioned, I remarked to a friend upon their damaged and forsaken appearance. He explained this circumstance by the fact that, during the occupation of Lima by the Chileans, May 17, 1881, until the year 1883, they were used by the enemy, together with some cathedrals, as barracks and stables. Not satisfied with this desecration, the Chileans extorted money from private citizens, stole and destroyed in all directions, making the unfortunate inhabitants drink the cup of sorrow and humiliation to the dregs, capping the climax by threatening to burn Lima. They were kept from committing this outrage only by the presence of the American and English fleets lying in Callao Bay, to which the foreign residents appealed for protection.

I have omitted to mention the beautiful Catholic cemetery, which lies upon the outskirts of the city. It is very large, and contains some fine specimens of monumental work. Everything is fresh and green, and all is kept in first-class order. At stated periods celebrations take place here in honor of dead and gone patriots. The graves are then bedecked with flags and flowers, and speeches and orations delivered. Such occasions are highly appreciated, and always attract large crowds of both natives and strangers.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

CALLAO, Peru, March 1887.

In one of his clever "society dialogues" in *Puck*, Mr. Philip H. Welch speaks of a *chef* as a *cordon bleu*. A *chef* can not be a *cordon bleu*—a *cordon bleu* is a female cook, so that, after all, Bridget Magillicuddy, in his sketch, may have been a *cordon bleu*.

C. L. Jones has started a town in Southwestern Kansas, called "Eli," probably in the expectation that it will "get there."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Manchester, who left his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite to the building where he had been a servant, and put up a sign which read: "I. Came—from over the way." Somewhat like this was the sign of a tavern-keeper named Danger, near Cambridge, who, having been driven out of his house, built another opposite, and inscribed it: "Danger—from over the way." The successor retorted by putting up a new inscription: "There is no danger here now."

The recent illness of Bishop Lee, of Delaware, recalls one of the many *bon mots* of the late Miss Katharine Bayard, who was noted for her cleverness at repartee. The Secretary's daughter was one day walking the streets of the sleepy old town of Wilmington, when a friend who met her said that he had just seen her uncle, the bishop. "He was looking very rocky and ill," said the Wilmingtonian, "and tottered from side to side as if he were sea-sick." "It is much more probable," replied Miss Bayard, "that he is only sick of his see."

Mr. H. O. Seixas, the New Orleans banker, is now almost as much in New York as in his tropical home. He is a fluent conversationalist, and is fond of Latin. One evening at the Hoffman House he was missed from the parlor, where a gay party of Southerners were making merry. "Where have you been, Mr. Seixas?" asked a young lady when he returned. "Oh, just outside in the cuspidor, walking *pro* and *con*," he replied. He was once deeply offended at a covert sneer in a Washington paper. "Why," said he, "that is catamount to calling me a fool!"

Lord Rosebery, who married a wealthy Jewess of the Rothschild family, once took her to India with him. They attended a dinner in Calcutta at which the Duchess of Manchester was seated next to the Rajah of Bundelcote. The Rajah asked: "And this Lord Rosebery of your great country—has he brought his wives with him?" "S-sh!" exclaimed the Duchess, blushing scarlet. "That's Lady Rosebery over there, next the viceroy!" The oriental regarded Lady Rosebery for some moments, and then remarked with a sigh: "Poor young man! I hope they allow him a nicer one at home!"

A well-known Boston man has recently found himself somewhat straitened in his purse, too fond a devotion to the poker table having depleted his fortune. He thought over the situation and at length concluded to discuss it with his wife, who had more than once remonstrated with him for his dissipated habits, and who was especially bitter in regard to his habit of being out every night until the hours were of the smallest. "Why, dear," he said, "I think we ought to get something out of this great house. It is too large for just you and me; and I think we had better take in a few lodgers." "Yes," she returned, with a cold and awful glitter in her eye, "we will take in a lot of milkmen. It will be so convenient to have men who will be going out to their day's work just as you get home from yours."

The late Professor Diman, of Brown University, once had an examination of the senior class in the Constitutional History of the United States. The special topic was the condition of the thirteen colonies, and their readiness for the Declaration of Independence. One day he called up a student who was a natural blunderer, yet whose willingness to work excited his respect, and put a number of questions, which the poor fellow did not answer. At last, the professor, anxious to favor the student, asked him a question which it seemed hardly possible that one who knew anything of history could not answer. "Under what were the colonies living previous to the adoption of the Constitution?" asked the professor, the answer being, "Under the Articles of Confederation." "Before the Constitution, sir?" replied the student, hesitatingly, "why, I suppose they were living under the *Preamble*, sir."

Once [writes Edmund Yates] I was in a Paris omnibus, when a young woman, carrying a big milliner's box and looking very fagged and weary, jumped on the *plateforme*, and prepared to stand the jolting, there being no room inside. My opposite neighbor, an aristocratic-looking gentleman, advanced in years, rose from his seat, stepped out on to the *plateforme*, and said to the young milliner: "Mademoiselle, permettez-moi de vous céder ma place." The girl looked at him a second, and replied: "Pour qui me prenez-vous, espèce de vieux saigaud?" "Pardon, mademoiselle, je ne savais pas qu'une *attention* pouvait être prise pour une *intention*." And so saying, the gentleman, who was no other than the Prince de Joinville, resumed his seat, and I understood why Frenchmen never offer their seats in an omnibus to ladies, whether young, old, or middle-aged. It is not the custom of the country, and the kind "attention" might therefore be mistaken for a wicked "intention."

There has been some talk in Paris about the split between M. Taine and the Princess Mathilde, of whose salon he has long been a habitué. While at work on his book on Napoleon, M. Taine told the princess that he was afraid that she would not read his judgments with pleasure. The princess very kindly replied that she naturally could not judge Napoleon so severely as M. Taine probably would, for, bad it not been for the great emperor, she might have been selling oranges in the streets of Ajaccio instead of receiving her friends in the Rue de Berri. "Nevertheless," she added, "I trust to your tact and good taste." Well, since the publication of his two articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Taine has not appeared at the princess's receptions, and, irritated in his neglect, the princess has deposited her card, with "P. P. C." in the corner, in the safe-keeping of M. Taine's concierge. The story runs that, at the Academy last month, Taine opened his soul to M. Renan, and said, "I shall never cease to regret having lost so old a friend on account of a book." "Mon ami," replied M. Renan, "in order to have the right to speak freely my thoughts, I broke with a greater lady than the princess." "What lady?" "The Church."

Nubar Pasha, the present Prime Minister of Turkey, is exceedingly brilliant and witty in conversation, and an amusing diplomatist. A few years ago he was forced as Prime Minister to proceed in full uniform to the French Legation at Cairo to present to the Chargé d'Affaires the excuses and regrets of the Egyptian Government for the inadvertent arrest of a French consular official. The Chargé d'Affaires, who had been instructed from Paris to return a most severe and dignified reply to Nubar's set speech, awaited the Egyptian Premier in the grand salon surrounded by his staff and by the captains of the French squadron then at Alexandria. Nubar entered in his usual breezy manner, his fez cocked as is always the way on one side of his head, and having quickly repeated his short set speech, without giving time to the unfortunate Chargé d'Affaires to reply, addressed himself to the naval officers present, exclaiming: "I am so delighted to have an opportunity of meeting you gentlemen. I know you have recently been in Cochinchina, where the country is frequently devastated by floods. We are much embarrassed just now with the question of how to deal with our cemeteries here during the annual inundations of the Nile. How do you manage in Cochinchina?" This sudden leap from an official set speech to the question of floods in Cochinchina proved too much even for the versatile Frenchman, and they were completely disconcerted. "But do me the pleasure of coming to see me about the matter, I beg of you." Then turning to one of the secretaries of the Legation who was known as a great scandal-monger and as being devoted to wild-fowl shooting, he added, "And you my dear M. de B. Faites-vous toujours la chasse aux canards?" Then making a sweeping how to all present he quickly added, "Delighted, gentlemen, to have had the pleasure of meeting you. Good morning," and he stalked majestically out of the room, leaving the Frenchmen staring open-mouthed at each other, and feeling that it was Nubar who had been receiving them and not they Nub.

VANITY FAIR.

The late ball of the Incoherents was the final one, the organizers of that maddest and merriest of the Bohemian festivities of Paris having decided to close the series before the mirth should wax commonplace, and while yet the reputation of the organization for wild wit and headlong fun was at its height. Some of the costumes were exceedingly droll. One young man went as a window-curtain, with rod, and rings, and cords all correct. Another personated a reading-table, with a lamp-shade on his head, while the table, with its green-cloth cover, encircled his waist. A third went as a toilet-table, with an oval mirror on his breast, and the rest of him shrouded in draperies of pink, glazed muslin, and cotton lace. There was a Tour Eiffel in wood, arranged like a pair of lazy tongs, so that the wight who was ensconced inside could shoot it up to a great height or lower it at pleasure. The female element, unfortunately, was conspicuously lacking, as ladies, even of the demi-monde, do not care to wear comic disguises in which no charms, either of face or figure, are of much avail. The great success of the evening was accorded to a group of "earthquakers," a party of young men who were attired in overcoats, crush hats, night-gowns, and drawers, while each of them carried a black leather hand-bag. The realism and appropriateness of the disguise called forth much laughter and applause, and so the last of the Incoherent balls came to a merry end.

In the United States one can say "Thank you" in return for some service without incurring the danger of being taken for a servant or a person in a position where he is not above being tipped. To say "Thank you" in England, puts you at once on a level with the people who have their heads set at an alert angle, on guard for the coy shilling, the nimble sixpence, the familiar "thrippence," "tuppence," penny, or ha'penny. "Thank you!" pronounced either "Thank yo!" or "Thank yew!" meets you at every turn. You cannot say a word to any of the small tradesmen or the servant class without hearing it as a reply to your every sentence which is not a direct question. Among the few people in the limited circle where tips are not expected or received, grateful acknowledgments are expressed by the phrase, "Thahns!" or "Thahns awfully."

A fashionable lady recently said to a New York *Sun* reporter: "The efforts of mankind will never bring about the abolition of the hat in the theatre. There are numberless reasons, each more potent than the first, why the idea is impracticable. Those women whom Washington Bishop styles 'carriage people' will take kindly enough, as they always have done, to the fashion. But the great majority, whose transit is on the elevated roads and the street cars, will never yield. Bonnets that have been adjusted with infinite care and patience are not to be twitched off and surrendered to the tender mercy of a dressing-room attendant, to be ticketed and jammed on shelves. Then think of the rush and crush to recover your property, with an impatient husband, or the other fellow, cooling his heels outside while you frantically struggle for an inch of the looking-glass to see whether your hat is cocked on your hair or quite off your head. Why, the thought is preposterous. But the one grand reason is this: Like the man who was accused of owning a cannibal of a dog—he claimed his dog couldn't have bitten any one because his teeth were gone, because he was amiable, because he was tied up, and because he never had a dog. So, after all the small reasons come in, the weightiest is that, in the present style of woman's dress, she can no more put on her hat with her corsage buttoned, or take it off, than she can stand on her head. The next article that goes on a lady after her skirts is invariably her bonnet. After a dress waist is buttoned you can no more put your hands to your head than a trussed turkey can scratch its wish-bone."

There are three epochs in the life of a woman in which dress has a peculiar significance; the first is when she makes her debut in society, the second when she marries, the third when she has reached that estate of matronhood verging upon middle age, which admits of all that is regal and sumptuous in attire—in which, indeed, dress culminates, for when this period is past age comes, and clothing takes on that dignified uniformity, that stately air of calm repose which belongs to those who have ceased to take a part in the active, struggling, pushing affairs of life, and are more or less in the condition of waiting without expectancy.

A man in Nice, shortly after the earthquakes, went around the hotels to see what unclaimed properties were lying in the bureaus. To be able to inspect them well, he pretended to have something to claim. The show of jewelry was small. When caskets were not carried off in the flight, they were claimed by telegraph. But aids to beauty and evidences abounded of how, when nature fails, art steps in to set tottering mouths right, to cover denuded heads, and to fill out flattened chests. He had no idea to what extent contrivance had been pushed in the manufacture of supplemental busts and hips. Of the former he was able to bear away a few specimens, which he has dissected, not with the scalpel, but with the scissors. They are beautifully elastic, a quality derived from the fine wire springs inside. These springs are set in a layer of horse-hair, and have an outer coating of soft and tough silk into which the eider-down is quilted. It keeps out of sight and touches everything harsh and metallic. The artfully-contrived bust resists the tight, tailor-made corsage just like natural roundness, and is sufficiently yielding not to start the seams. Its effects would take in the most practiced eye.

Metal neckties are the latest. They are products of German ingenuity. Gold, platinum, and silver strips are welded upon a metallic ground, and afterward rolled into sheets. The neckwear made of this material is practically indestructible, and said to be handsome.

A great many more Americans go to London to stay than to any other city in Europe. Paris used to be their favorite city. Now the tide has changed to London. During the

days of the last French Empire, Americans were made very welcome at Napoleon III's court. The gayeties of his reign and the welcome given to Americans made the attraction which drew the crowd. Now Americans are better received in London than they have been for many years. It has been discovered by the practical business men of London that there are a great many very rich people in America, and that they spend their money freely. The English encouragement to Americans dates largely from the desire of the mercantile class to have American visitors come to London.

Among the presents contained in the corbeille of a fashionable bride of Paris who was married recently, was a necklace or collar composed of brilliants, mounted so delicately, and strung together by such fine links of metal, that at the distance of a few paces the latter were quite invisible, and when worn, the stones would have the appearance of lying in a dazzling circle of unconnected drops around the throat. Another of this bride's gifts, also possessing the charm of novelty, took the form of a porte-bonheur bracelet, composed of seven rows of precious stones—sapphires, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, pearls, cats-eyes, and turquoises—all equal in size and set in plain gold.

Your New Yorker of the present generation is gorgeous to behold. He wears, to begin with, a tile, the latest Piccadilly style, smooth and shining enough to bespeak him the proprietor of an excellent valet. The covert coat he has long since relegated to wearers of ready-made clothing, who are, of course, beneath consideration, and in its stead he either wears a short coat of black cloth, or, if the weather permits it, appears in public without that very useful article of gentlemanly apparel. A pink shirt and white collar and cuffs must be sported by him who would be in the very height of fashion, for though the effect is weird in the extreme, has it not been introduced by that social autocrat, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales? The swell adds to the roseate splendor of his shirt a tie of white piqué, which he knots himself into the approved form with a care not unworthy of Brummel. In this he inserts a pin, sometimes a precious pearl, an Oriental cat's-eye, a ruby set in diamonds, a single pearl of great price, but more often the quaint and curious conceit of some famous jeweler, which is more than worth its weight in gold. His waistcoat is cut after a most décolleté pattern, but it is fashioned from some figured material. The cutaway coat remains unaltered in any way and is still preferred by nearly every one to the frock-coat, which has long since seen its best days. As for trousers, they are getting so much more voluminous than those of last season that, as the club wits say, the fashionable youth might just as well adopt Lady Habberton's divided skirts. Most of them came from the other side of the Atlantic, and are therefore beyond criticism, though they strike the ordinary observer as being nothing new in texture or material. The young man's shoes are less pointed than of yore. They seem to be generally made of patent leather, and gaiters, now brown, now dark blue, now of tan-colored leather, add the finishing touch to their shiny elegance. A fob dangles at the waist-line of the young man of the period. Several rings adorn his fingers, and he carries a cane with an immense head of buckhorn.

The bonnet has ceased to be an emblem of barbarism. It no longer records the slaughter of the innocents. It has left the plane of the feathered head-piece of the savage and risen to the proper level of the crown of a goddess. How long it will stay there remains to be seen. It would be interesting to know if the change has been brought about by the plea for the lives of the birds. If so, it is the first time that fashion has been known to yield either to argument or persuasion. Ridicule or dangers to health have never had any effect upon it. Possibly its only vulnerable spot is reached through the merciful side of womankind. The contemplation of the murder of the little birds, after her attention has been called to it, would enable women to rebel against the capricious tyranny of fashion if anything would. The flowers are to be welcomed, especially as their slaughter is not involved by substituting them for birds. There would be many a garden completely robbed of its glories if the decorations of the bonnets were real. As it is, the flowers only supply what makes them none the poorer—the idea.

Those who are proficient in deciphering handwriting on the walls predict an early arrival of the day when New York will have a superfluity of clubs. The increase the last half-dozen years has been great. For years the Manhattan, Union, New York, and Knickerbocker were the only ones on Fifth Avenue; whereas, now that fashionable thoroughfare has no less than eleven club-houses, leaving out the Century, University, Canadian, and four or five more on side streets, east and west. Of all these clubs, only a small proportion are free from debt, or are in what can be termed a healthy or even satisfactory condition. Indeed, it is an open secret that more than one really struggles in making both ends meet. The question of increasing the membership of the Union Club is now agitated among the members of that organization. The suggestion came from the present members of the governing committee. The proposition is to add 200 members to the list. This will increase the membership to 1,200 inclusive of officers of the army and navy, who number about fifty, and the life members, of whom there are a dozen or so. The idea of taking in a few hundred new members at one election was very popular in the Union Club a few years ago, when about half the men in the club were anxious to build a handsome club-house further uptown. It was then pointed out that the initiation fee of 300 new members at \$300 each would put \$90,000 into the club treasury, and this would make a very comfortable nucleus for a building fund. After the club decided to stay where it is for the present all talk of increasing the club membership died away. Within the past week it has been renewed with vigor. As to the probable destination of the \$60,000 which will accrue from the initiation fees of 200 new members, a large portion would go into the sinking fund and another slice would be used to square the club's accounts, the restaurant having run very much behind recently.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herr Krupp is going to start a first-class daily newspaper at Essen for the use of his twenty thousand workmen.

Prince Montebello, who died the other day, has left the whole of his fortune, estimated at two and a half millions sterling, to the Queen of Italy.

Miss Fortescue made a rather conspicuous failure in this country, both artistically and financially, and she purposes a terrible revenge by publishing a book on the United States.

Kaiser Wilhelm was greatly disappointed at not being asked to a recent party given by Count Radolinsky, at which his granddaughter Princess Victoria, appeared in the guise of Yum-Yum.

Queen Victoria recently set the Russo-maniacs of London a-howling by wearing the Bulgarian Order of the Red Cross at a drawing-room at which the Russian Ambassador and his family were present.

Mr. Story's idea of a Grant monument, which he has shaped into clay model and sent to New York, is a base of mausoleum form, surmounted by a dome and statue of Grant, with the figure of Victory front over the entrance, and a frieze on the sides illustrating events of the war.

Poor Mr. Ruskin! In an advanced English school the question was asked in examination, "What do you know of John Ruskin?" On replied that he was lately Prime Minister; another that he was editor of *Punch*, and a third that he was a gentleman who wrote for the paper and used bad language.

In London now everybody is saying, under his breath, that the story that the Prince of Wales coolly stayed in his bed when called at the time of the earthquake at Cannes is all bosh. A lady who was at the same hotel declares that Albert Edward left the building as quickly as any of its less distinguished occupants.

Mr. Winslow Homer saw Gérôme's picture of the chariot races in the Roman amphitheatre, just when an architect's clerk had brought it to Gérôme's studio, with the amphitheatre drawn in, according to the rule of geometrical perspective. Other French artists, before frescoing the walls of churches and palaces, often employ the services of young architects in similar fashion.

Paris has not yet done gossiping about Michael Michaelovitch's infatuation for Mme. Théo. He went there before last Christmas on leave of absence from his naval duties. The first evening of his stay he saw Théo and was captivated by her charms. Week after week he was a nightly visitor at the theatre where she was playing. The piece was "Paradise Lost," a pretty broad opera bouffe. Théo took the character of Eve, and played it in a most fascinating manner. You can imagine the opportunities it afforded for eccentricities of costume. So he infatuated did he become that he got his leave of absence extended month, and even since his return he has slipped back for a day or two on every possible occasion.

The heroine of the Café d'Orsay adventure, who escaped under the nose of her husband and of a commissary of police, disguised as pastry-cook's boy, from a room where she was dining with the Prince of Orange but one, is to be seen at the Lent sermons at St. Philippe de Roule in Paris. She has a soft, subdued air, and wears handsome mourning, that harmonizes therewith. This fair penitent drops coins into the hands of all the beggars around the door and in all the poor-boxes. She is said to be engaged to a Polish count wealthy in blazonry, but without fortune, all his paternal estates having been confiscated by Russia. However, as she has plenty for both, as they are devoted to each other, this does not matter.

A description of a visit to the Czar shows him to be guarded and protected to an extent almost inconceivable. Louis XI, surrounded by bear-traps, and pitfalls, and soldiers, in his castle at Blois, was a more protected babe lying on the grass in the garden compared with the Czar. A story in the Hungarian papers shows what precautions are taken against the Nihilists. A Hungarian gypsy band, who played on several occasions before the Czar, was not received with frank confidence which does so much to make life pleasant. On one occasion their musical instruments were carefully examined by the police before each concert. The first examination lasted two days, during which time the complicated instruments were taken to pieces, and each concert each musician played with a policeman stationed behind his back.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, devoted such a large amount of time to singing that her attendants lately assured her that her voice enticed her to rank with the most celebrated of singers. The flattery bore fruit for the Queen began to ask herself if these rare vocal gifts ought not to be dedicated to her people. She determined first to have the unbiassed opinion of a musical critic, and so went incognito to the French professor, Dumanois, and sang before him in Bucharest. The professor caused the Queen to run over the scales and then to sing a song and opera air. Then, turning to her, he said, seriously: "You have voice at all, though plenty of musical feeling and excellent phrasing, would train you to the operetta, but that, to be sincere, you have the right face." The Queen handed the professor several gold pieces with her card, buying, before she left, a dozen opera airs for private study.

At the first appearance of Mrs. Potter at the Haymarket, Lady Cabel sat in the back part of the section of the theatre occupied by stalls. She was in full evening dress, and was accompanied by brother. Although she was surrounded by a large number of social people who knew her perfectly well, no one spoke to her or recognized her in any way. She is a striking looking woman with more than ordinary claims to be considered handsome. She is tall, with a slim figure and the small waist so much admired in English society. Her complexion is clear and fresh. Her eyebrows are well arched and delicately defined. Her nose is not classical. It is irregular in line, belonging to the retro type. The lower part of her face is delicate in line and pleasant. Her dark eyes are expressive and full of fire. Her hair is very dark; was worn high, twisted into a cornet shape, upon the top of her head. She wore an elaborate evening dress of a pink lavender color. Her features were in her hair. She leaned back in a position of extreme repose as she fanned herself idly with a fan of white ostrich feathers. She appeared perfectly serene, self-possessed, and indifferent. There was not upon her face the slightest sign of worry or care. Her brother, a fresh-colored, modest-looking young man of a type fully as dashing as his sister. He never left her for a moment, not even during the moment which occurred between the acts, but sat faithfully at her side if he were on guard against the studied indifference of her surroundings.

The three daughters of the late F. A. Drexel, the wealthy banker Philadelphia, who were traveling abroad, have reached home. Great deal of attention has been shown them in the Eternal City. They have been entertained by some of the Roman nobility and many of American and English residents. They were also presented in private audience to the Pope. Their late father gave outright \$1,500,000 Roman Catholic charities. The remainder of his fortune, amounting over \$13,000,000, he left, share and share alike, to his daughters. If the young ladies marry, the fortune will go to their child. If any remain single, it will go to the children of the one or two who marry. If all remain unmarried, the entire fortune will, after the death of all three, be divided in equal proportions among the charities mentioned in their late father's will, and to whom the \$1,500,000 has already been awarded. The same result will follow if they marry and have issue. The immense fortune in the hands of the three young girls really overcomes them. They don't know what to do with it. Millions and more in the hands of each of the three girls. They live in a town house in the fashionable quarter on Walnut Street, and a beautiful country place about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. They have fields and the river, and spend only about three months in the year in the city. They care nothing whatever for fashionable society. Their recreations are chiefly out-door pleasures. They have a stable of horses, and one meets them riding miles around their country-place.

A THREADBARE FRAUD.

"Cockaigne" discusses England's Estimate of Irish-American Sympathy.

Irish home rule sympathizers in the United States, from Mr. James G. Blaine down to O'Donovan Rossa, make a big mistake in thinking they intimidate the English people, as represented by the Unionist party, by either vamping speeches, indignation mass-meetings, bombastic resolutions, or sympathetic cablegrams to Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell. The Union party and its co-leaders, in the persons of Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—not forgetting John Bright—have not been, are not, and can never be, swerved one hair's-breadth from their purpose and intention to not only keep Ireland under the absolute control of the Imperial Parliament, but to put down with a firm hand the lawlessness which has so long held such rampant sway among the Irish people and been a standing reproach to the weak-kneed governments of the past few years. The English people only laugh. The idea, too, that the American people are in favor of Irish independence is fast being dispelled from the British mind. Whatever to the contrary may once have been believed, it is now rapidly becoming understood that so-called American antagonism to England, means merely the antagonism of transplanted Irishmen from Cork, Tipperary, and Galway, who have become Americans (save the mark!) through the agency of America's most obliging naturalization laws in conferring citizenship upon them, the sole rights and responsibilities and duties of which, as comprehended by them, consist of "voting early and often." And the gradual removal of whatever false impressions have existed in the matter is mainly due to the repeated expressions of sympathy which have of late flowed in so unbroken a stream across the Atlantic cable to the unionist leaders. Instead of doing good to the cause, they have actually done harm.

The conviction that America and the American people were *pro* or *con* any proposed measure of British legislation, might have some influence in England. While it might be perfectly true that neither America nor any other foreign country would have the right to interfere, by expressed opinion or otherwise, in the domestic policy of English statesmen in regard to English internal affairs, yet those opinions coming from the legitimate people of a friendly nation would command a certain respect, and might receive respectful consideration. It is true, no doubt, that nine-tenths of the English people would mentally resent any meddling by Americans with their national affairs, just as they would the meddling of any other foreign power. But there would be the one-tenth minority who might find some weight in the objections suggested. But this would be solely because they came from the American people. English statesmen, and the better-conditioned English press give frequent expression to admiration for America, and her intolerance of treason, sedition, and lawlessness. The splendid nerve and determination displayed by the North in putting down the Southern rebellion is quoted with enthusiastic regard as indicative of a sentiment adverse to Irish separation. I know, it comes rather late in the day, this admiration. Had it flowered and ripened into fruit some years ago, it might have saved the British Exchequer the payment of the *Alabama* claims. It is painfully inconsistent with past utterances. But who, after all, is not inconsistent, and especially what public man? Take Bismarck, the greatest statesman to Europe. He is a patchwork of inconsistencies and self-stultifications. He glories in the fact, for he holds that to be successful one must make use of circumstances as they arise, and not be bound by them through fear of contradicting to-day what you said yesterday. It doesn't signify much, however, which way it is, whether inconsistent or not, the fact remains that to-day, the successful coercion of the South back into the Union by the North is constantly cited as authority for England to do the same with Ireland for the purpose of maintaining the law in that most turbulent land.

American opinion and American precedent have undoubtedly a certain influence in England, as much influence anyhow as have the opinions and precedents of any other foreign country at peace with Great Britain, and likely to remain so. The chance of war has, we know, and no one can deny it, ever had a most potent force in engendering respect in the breast of the English nation for the opinions of any first-class power with whom the chance of war became imminent. Just at present, there seems to be no occasion to fear war at the hands of the United States. The fishery question seems to have been but a tempest in a tea-pot, like Senator Ingalls's speech, "full of fury, signifying nothing"—so the English people think. Therefore, the respect which England entertains for American views, suggestions, and remonstrances, is only that which she ever entertains for the sentiments of a peaceful country. It is not overwhelmingly great; but it exists to a certain degree. But it does not follow that she will heed, in the very least, the howlings of a pack of office-seeking politicians of the Blaine school, masquerading as Americans for the purpose of currying political favor with, and making political capital out of, the Irish. To call either these political demagogues or their Green Isle pets Americans, is a parody on the word; and to have the English people think them so is now not so easy. Time was, I am aware, when the majority of English people you met, thought that every red-mouthed scoundrel who came over from New York loaded with dynamite, to blow up the Tower, Westminster Hall, Buckingham Palace, and the Prince of Wales, was an American. They didn't stop to think that the red-mouthed scoundrels' names were O'Rafferty, Mulcahy, O'Donahoe, O'Shaughnessy, O'Toole, McGinnis, or Delany. Now, they do. And thanks to the agitators and sympathetic cablegram senders, it is so. These constant ebullitions of Donnybrook fair oratory, and "come shtep on the tail o' me coat" rhetoric, instead of paralyzing the English nation with fear, have only "put the English people upon inquiry," and, with the help of the Conservative press, opened their eyes to the true state of affairs.

If anything further were needed to bring about this result it was found in the cablegrams last week to Lord Salisbury, and Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, conveying the "sense"—or rather *sins*—of that indignation meeting of three thousand "Americans" in New York. It has brought out a strong, and well-written leader from the *Morning Post*, which is as cogent

in its arguments, as it is truthful in its facts. The *Morning Post* is a paper which does not ordinarily trouble itself about American affairs at any great length, or about any other affairs, for the matter of that, than those which directly affect and appertain to royalty, the aristocracy, and "high life" generally. To have it devote a column of its space—more willingly surrendered to elaborate descriptions of the doings of the nobility, or the progress of the Primrose League—to an exposition of the real condition of things concerning "American sympathy" with the home rule cause, shows that the current of thought among the upper circles of English society is being turned in the right direction at last. Many, many times have I, myself, striven to impress upon the minds of people who believed the reverse, that Chicago Socialists, New York Fenians, San Francisco anti-Chinese hoodlums, and dynamiters generally were not Americans. I have generally had my trouble for my pains. People would only shake their heads, and say "Oh!" and "Really!" It was like the idea so common in England, that all Americans are "Yankees." Their sympathies with the South had become such a misty recollection that they could not even remember that in the days of the early sixties, Yankees were only to be found in the North. Least of all did they know that "Yankee" was but an expression having its origin in the word *Yengee*, a term applied by the early North American Indians to the English themselves, and was in fact the Indian way of saying "English." So all Americans are with many untraveled and unenlightened English people, Yankees; just as every man coming from America, be his name Von Schnieder, Sanchez, Cipriani, Biouchaussee, or O'Biggy, has been considered an American.

I think after a perusal of a *Morning Post*'s leader the swells will want no further teaching on the subject. In their eyes their own particular organ "can't be wrong, don't you know. It must be so if the *Morning Post* says so, by Jove." To show the tone of the article, and how thoroughly to the point it goes, let me just here give an extract or two:

Three thousand Irishmen can easily be brought together to support infinitely more extreme resolutions than those propounded at the New York meeting, but they do not thereby constitute American opinion any more than a crew of Parnellite rowdies represent the sentiments of the British Empire. Facts are somewhat stubborn in this case, and there is no denying the obvious circumstance that America is not ruled by Irishmen. The Teutonic element is there by far the strongest, and it is absolutely to the prevalence of this that the position of the United States in the van of Democracy must be ascribed. In that position there is nothing to indicate a sympathy with Parnellism; indeed, there is everything which denotes a radical antagonism to its methods. Where can we find a single trace of any invertebrate dalliance with crime or lawlessness in the history of North America? When crowds are set on foot, they are promptly fired upon. When people commit the dastardly offenses familiar to the moonlighter of Ireland, they are not uncommonly lynched. Finally, when even a combination of States of far greater relative importance to the whole than is the case with Ireland and the British Empire tries to revolt from the Union, it is coerced at the cost of a sanguinary and exhausting war. American sympathy is based on the wide traditions connected with these matters, not on the incidental vapors of Fenian incendiaries. It is, indeed, as little influenced by them as the stream of the vast Mississippi would be by the overflow of some municipal sewer. If there is one fact concerning American politics which is more specially notorious than any other, it is that the Irish agitation in the United States is reluctantly condoned as an inconvenient evil rather than really approved by the great majority, who would sweep it away with sword and gun did it direct itself against any of their own stable institutions. Until some one can get up and disprove this with something more cogent than the rhetoric of the advocate, it seems to us merely puerile to beat the big Home Rule drum because there are three thousand revolutionary Irishmen available for a party agitation in New York.

After some comments upon the fustian resolutions of the meeting, and pointing out the unconscious satire and the painful ignorance of the one which calls John Bright an avowed and unflinching Unionist—"the greatest English statesman" (poor Gladstone), the article concludes:

It is needless to comment further upon this incident. Enough has been said to show how trivial was its origin, and how inadequate its sentiment to the real gist of the question before it. In ordinary times it would not have been noticed at all. But as an impostor, skulking beneath the skirts of "American sympathy," it has required a simple effort of detection. There is enough bogus capital manufactured over here without extending the doctrine of free imports to what comes from across the Atlantic. There is absolutely no reason for English readers of these reports to trouble themselves about American antipathy. Americans are too watchful of their own national rights to make any authoritative onslaught upon their neighbors. If ever the unhappy day should arrive when they so far departed from the traditions of international courtesy as to do so, this country would not be found unequal to the responsibility of meeting such criticism with befitting dignity and self-possession. But such a day no man of common sense need anticipate.

After this, I think the Irish Nationalists of the United States, with their vote and office-hunting American backers, had better quit cabling over their Milesian buncombe and wire-pulling stump oratory to anybody. It is now pretty well understood what it all amounts to. Lord Salisbury treats it with dignified contempt, while it only gives Gladstone and Parnell an opportunity to re-air in their replies their now most commonplace and nationally exploded views on a defeated issue.

LONDON, March 25, 1887.

Rare pleading under the infancy act has been heard at the Norwich County Court, in England, recently. A rascally young farmer, Edward Brett, evaded a claim of forty four pounds sterling for the maintenance of his illegitimate child by declaring that he was under twenty-one years of age when the child was born, and entitled to protection under the Infancy Relief Act on the ground that an illegitimate son was not a necessity. The question of necessity was gravely discussed and decided in Brett's favor, so that the unhappy infant gets no support from his infant father.

A story is told in art circles of a young American painter who returned from a course of European study with not a cent in his pocket. His ambition was equal to the situation, and he hired a magnificent studio in New York, filled it with choice stuffs and bric-à-brac, and proceeded to take fashionable pupils of the gentler sex, having borrowed his equipment from a fashionable house-decorator, whose business he "boomed" at the houses of his pupils' parents in return for the loan of the bric-à-brac and stuffs.

A Philadelphia man has conceived the decidedly ghastly notion of coovertiog corpses into statues of gold, silver, and copper by electro-plating them.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Nothing," writes Balzac, "is irredeemably ugly but sin." Balzac died without seeing Ben Butler.—*Life*.

The author who wrote "There is beauty in extreme old age," probably never tackled an over-nursed egg.—*Chicago Merchant Traveler*.

An exchange has an article on "The Rise and Fall of the Poet." One important point is omitted, however, and that is the length of the stairs.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Young Physician (who has just lost a patient, to old physician)—"Would you advise an autopsy, doctor?" Old Physician—"No; I would advise an inquest."—*Puck*.

He—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" She—"I'm going a-milking, sir," (she said). He—"Can I not help you, my pretty maid?" She—"You can work the pump-handle, sir," (she said).—*Puck*.

First lady caller—"Is your husband at home?" Young wife (playfully)—"No; he has left me for a time." Second lady caller (aside)—"And a pretty big one as usual, I suppose."—*New Haven News*.

Next Morning: Chappie—"Haw, Cholly, how feel?" Cholly—"Immense. How you?" Chappie—"First Class. How's head?" Cholly—"Immense." Chappie—"Haw, naturally." Cholly—"Haw."—*Life*.

Social co-operation: Debutante—"What beautiful china the de Jones have." Old Stager—"Tis rather pretty. It looked much better at Smythe's last week, though. Smythe's mahogany table rather set it off."—*Life*.

The rage among millionaires for great paintings is increasing. Rockefeller has just offered one hundred thousand dollars for Millet's "Angelus." Rockefeller knows a good thing in oil when he sees it.—*Cleveland Sun*.

"That man over there has made seventy-five per cent. of his fortune from watered stock." "He looks like a bloated monopolist. Some railroad magnate, I suppose?" "No. He's a milk dealer."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Theodore Caldwell was the recipient Saturday of a beautiful floral offering, in commemoration of the advent of her first-born son, which came to her by express from Baltimore, Md.—*Canton (N. Y.) Advertiser*.

"Don't you find the people round here very sociable?" asked Cob-wigger of a new neighbor. "Yes, indeed I do," was the hearty response. "Only a moment ago I met a beggar, and he held out his hand to me."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"A fine oil painting you have there, Mrs. Silvadolla." "Beg your pardon, Mr. Easel, but that is not an oil painting. It is a replica. I don't wonder that you were deceived, however. Everybody who has been here has made the same mistake."—*Boston Transcript*.

We are told that all the fifty millions of people of this country could be put into the State of Texas without crowding. This is because they have a habit in Texas of suspending persons from trees and telegraph-poles. This makes more room below.—*Norristown Herald*.

A letter has just been disintombed in Pompeii, just where the district messenger-boy lost it three hundred thousand years ago. The boy is supposed to be still alive, and slowly wandering along in the direction of the house at which the letter was to be delivered.—*Burdette*.

De Gilt—"Come, Miss Passée, here are the wraps, and the evening is charming for a stroll. It will put new color into your cheeks." Miss Blunt (in a loud whisper)—"Yes, do come, dear; you've worn that shade so long, now, it's getting noticeable, you know."—*Puck*.

"Have you 'Hours of Idleness' here?" the maiden asked, as she sauntered into the book-store. "No, we haven't, miss," said the youth behind the counter. "The boss is an old skinkfin, and when we ain't doing any business he keeps us dusting the books."—*Boston Courier*.

The Base-ball Fever: Rector (with tremendous force)—"Do you ask me to believe that even after this shameful treatment Jacob was put out?" Sport-loving Deacon (waking up suddenly)—"Yes, he was; as 'Kally never'd a reached second if"—(And the organ played softly).—*Judge*.

Between husbands—"Say, do you ever read the letters that are addressed to your wife?" (With indignation). "Never." "What! you have absolute confidence in her?" "O, it is not that. I am afraid that I would find something in them that might be disagreeable for me to know, and I adore her!"—*French Fun*.

"I ain't much in a city like New York," said Colonel Blood, who had been drinking all the evening at Dumley's expense, "but down in the Blue Grass region I am reckoned a pretty big gun." "Yes, colonel," asserted Dumley, as he paid for another round, "you are a big gun, and it costs money to load you up."—*New York Sun*.

Omaha dame—"Of all things! Mr. Blank, the dry-goods man, has bought that beautiful house across the way." Omaha man—"He can well afford to. He is worth a million." "Why, who left it to him?" "Nobody. He made it in his business." "I don't see how. He's always selling goods below cost."—*Omaha World*.

Boston Girl—"Oh, mother, I did something awfully immodest at the party to-night." Mother—"Why, my dear child, what was it?" B. G.—"That horrid bouquet Mr. Beacon sent me had some cinnamon pink in it; they made me sneeze, and—but I can't say it." Mother—"Go on." B. G.—"My glasses fell off, and Mr. Beacon saw my bare face."—*Life*.

Mind-reader (with pistol)—"You started from the bank an hour ago with a pile of ten and twenty dollar bills, which you have at the present moment in the inside pocket of your waistcoat; you have also two rolls of gold coin in your trousers pocket. Will you kindly throw up your hands for a few moments whilst I convince myself whether I am right or wrong in my surmises?" (He was right).—*Life*.

A lady returning home on an ocean steamer was much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the fair passengers. One day, when the breeze wafted strongly in her direction, these words were borne to her from the loving couple: "It's so chilly," said the young lady, "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave." "Do you?" asked the surgeon, tenderly, "I wish I was that goose."—*Ex*.

Colonel Bally (standing in his customary attitude with his vest in front of a bar)—"Gentlemen, it is perfectly astonishing to what extent personal canvassing enters into all kinds of business nowadays. I actually had a chap come into the office to-day to ask me if I had made any provision for the disposition of my body after death." Young Fresh-field (interrupting)—"What was he, colonel, a distiller?"—*New York Sun*.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher; "what kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches." And the only sound that broke the ensuing silence was the sound that a real smart bad boy makes when, without saying so in just so many words, he seeks to convey—and usually does convey—the impression that he is in great pain.—*Burdette*.

In accordance with a time-honored custom the Boston evening papers suspended publication upon fast day, April 7, and the issues of Wednesday contained notices like the following from the *Record*: "To-morrow being fast day the publication of the *Record* will be suspended. The early editions of Friday will contain full accounts of the day's observance." Fast day is one of the seven great holidays of New England. The other six are the opening of the cod-fish season, January 14 to February 2; the organization of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, October 4; forefathers' day, November 7; the matriculation of Mike Kelley, the base-ball pitcher, June 30; and John L. Sullivan's day, September 22.—*Chicago News*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have played sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves boldly of the necessity of sending any application to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Central America in the Nineteenth Century

In the latest volume* of his "History of the Pacific States of North America," Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft narrates the history of the Central American States during the present century. It includes the severing of the allegiance to Spain, nearly three centuries after Pedro de Alvarado, with his three hundred conquistadores, had won the country from the aborigines, and the subsequent political changes, which were as numerous and as surprising as a kaleidoscope could afford. It records the petty wars, internal and with their neighbors, of a people whose only constancy was in their perpetual desire for a new government. In view of the fact that even now these sovereign states do not know what to do with their independence, their institutions seem too unsettled to need perpetuation in history. But their geographical position between the two oceans gives them an importance—to be augmented in the future by a direct means of interoceanic communication in their territory—they could not otherwise claim, attaching to them the possibility of a future significance equal to that which the Golden Horn, Suez, and Gibraltar enjoy at the present day. Undoubtedly the time will come when these five little squabbling states will possess the greatest gateway of commerce and of naval importance in the world.

In this volume, which deals with the period from 1801 to 1887, the events of chief import have been the gain of independence from Spain, the alliance with Mexico, the foundation and dissolution of the Central American Confederation, the Walker filibustering expeditions, and, more recently, the endeavor of Barrios to unite the States of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, and Costa Rica into one homogeneous nation. As they now exist, and as they have existed throughout this nineteenth century, they are of no greater political importance than the petty German kingdoms of the last century, which have long furnished food for satire, in literature and the stage, from Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" to Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto." Honduras at one time rejoiced in a period of political quiet of five years duration; but with that exception, an insurrection, a coup d'état, a "war," or a disturbance of some kind has occurred every few months.

In the opening chapter the historian discusses the last days of Spanish rule, from 1801 to 1818. The people in all this period were growing more and more disgusted with the exactions of the home government, and the extortion and injustice of the local magistrates. And so one would imagine that the forced abdication of the King of Spain in favor of Napoleon, in 1808, would afford an opportunity to throw off the Spanish yoke, of which the Central Americans would be only too glad to avail themselves. But the real effect was quite the reverse. The loyalty of the Central Americans and their pride of race prevented their taking advantage of the troubles of the Spanish throne; and, later, generous concessions from the new Cortes—together with decisive action on the part of Lieutenant-General Bustamante—kept the Spanish power in control until accounts of the success of the revolutionary party in Mexico led Guatemala to declare her independence. The priest-ridden condition of the people, too, retarded the movement.

"Absurd doctrines and miracles were implicitly believed in [says Mr. Bancroft], and every effort made to draw the ignorant people out of that slough was in their judgment treason and sacrilege, a violation of the laws of God, an attempt to rob the king of his rights; certain to bring on a disruption of social ties, and the wrath of heaven." The lower orders had been taught that freedom signified the reign of immorality and crime, while fealty to the sovereign was held a high virtue. The daily exhibitions of humble faithfulness, the kneeling before the images of the monarch and before their bishops, and the more substantial proof of money gifts to both church and crown.

In 1821, in the months of September and October, the five States, together with Chiapas, which until then was not a portion of Mexico, seceded from Spanish rule by vote of their assemblies, and with the exception of Costa Rica—whose geographical remoteness gave her comparative immunity from Iturbide's machinations—became States of Mexico in spite of the general opinion that with their independence they had achieved the right of forming such associations as might be mutually beneficial.

"Iturbide had large ideas of imperial sway [writes the historian], and was bent on the acquisition of entire Central America, aided efficiently, as he was on this side, by the aristocrats and other dissident elements, who, perceiving the insignificance they would come to if the nation finally became constituted under a democratic government, which their opponents were aiming at, labored with might and main to defeat the plan. They won over with money and fair promises a part of the people, and with Guzman, who expected high rank and office from the new empire, bound Central America hand and foot.

It is notable, by the way, that the independence of these provinces was achieved without the spilling of a drop of blood. Their legislative bodies, or even popular mass-meetings, declared independence, Spain made no attempt at opposition, and the affair was done. It is not to be wondered at, however, for Spain had her hands uncommonly full just then.

During Iturbide's occupation of his rickety throne the Central American States were represented in the imperial congress; but these representatives were merely the appointees of the persons in power, and by no means represented the people—who, indeed, many of them, never accepted any political connection with Mexico. And so, at Iturbide's fall, the States once more became independent in October 1823, which Mexico recognized in the following year. Of the results of this union with Mexico the historian says:

"Central America then, after a fifteen months' connection with Mexico, was again in the same position it had occupied at the time of separation from Spain. No advantages had been derived from that union; but, on the contrary, numerous heavy taxes had exhausted the country, though the treasury was invariably empty. The whole country was suffering from other consequences of the internal wars, in the form of abuses on the part of unscrupulous political parties and military chiefs; none worse, however, than the military sway imposed by Mexico.

The Federated States of Central America then became a nation; but at the first Congress, the representatives of Salvador and Costa Rica withdrew, and from that time on, the States have been virtually separate and independent, except for the brief period when Barrios held a few of them together by military force. There were wars and insurrections without number, political strife in the several States, struggles with each other for territory or other advantage, an attempt at invasion by the United States of Colombia, and even an insignificant diplomatic affair with England over the Mosquito claims. All of these the historian, following the plan he has pursued in the previous volumes of this monumental work, describes clearly and minutely, allowing not the smallest fact, name, date, or other jot of information to escape him, and reviewing the testimony on disputed points with impartiality and painstaking. But there is a great sadness in them, and the next event of any importance was the appearance of Walker in the field. The inception of this remarkable affair is thus described by Mr. Bancroft:

"The legitimist government of Nicaragua, in May 1855, felt certain of ultimate triumph over its democratic opponents at Leon. Circumstances seemed to point that way, when the infusion of this foreign element at this time came to defeat all preconceived plans. News arrived from the United States of the organization in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, by H. L. Kinney, Fabens, American commercial agent at San Juan del Norte, and others, of an expedition ostensibly to establish a colony on the Mosquito Coast for the purpose of developing its resources, but really designed to overthrow the governments of Central America, and usurp sovereignty over the whole country. Remonstrances against the scheme were duly made to the American government, which partially succeeded in their purpose. However, an American named Byron Cole, who had conceived plans with respect to Central America, and was well informed on her affairs, arrived at Leon, in August 1854, when the democratic leaders became convinced that they could not take Granada. They entered into a contract

should receive grants of land. Cole transferred his contract to William Walker, who at once set to work in organizing the expedition. He sailed from San Francisco, California, May 4, 1855, on the brig *Vesta*, with fifty-eight men, and on the 13th of June reached Realajo, where he was made a colonel of the Nicaraguan army, and with fifty-five foreigners and one hundred natives was despatched to the department of Rivas."

With him to bring an expedition of foreigners, under the garb of colonists, who Walker was joined by many native democrats, and soon his power so augmented that he was able to change the ministry as he saw fit, finally reducing it to one man, who was his complete tool, levy taxes, declare property of absentees confiscated, have the president executed, and generally conduct himself as a military dictator. His force of foreigners received accessions by every steamer—though the terrible mortality nearly counteracted this—and he even had the assurance to endeavor to obtain diplomatic recognition from the United States, which, it is needless to say, was unnoticed—though the American Minister to Nicaragua did recognize him. But disease, famine, and desertion decimated his forces, and he was compelled to capitulate in May 1857, and returned to the United States with four hundred of his men.

"But [says the historian] he was not satisfied with the misery and desolation he had wrought upon a foreign and unoffending people. He must play the vampire further; he must conquer Nicaragua and be a great man. Taking advantage of the rupture between this republic and Costa Rica, he prepared another expedition, with which, eluding the vigilance of the United States authorities, he sailed from New Orleans for San Juan del Norte. He was arrested, however, at Punta de Castilla, December 8th, and sent back by Commodore Paulding, commanding the American home squadron. But like a wild beast maddened by his wounds, Walker was still bent on blood, if blood were necessary to subjugate Central America to his will. He fitted out a third expedition, and landing with his avant guard at Trujillo on the 6th of August, 1860, seized the funds of the custom-house, which were pledged to the British Government for the payment of Honduras's indebtedness to its subjects. The British war vessel *Icarus* entered the port on the 20th, and her commanding officer, Norwell Salmon, demanded that Walker should forthwith leave the place, which he did, fleeing to the eastern coast, where he and his men underwent the utmost suffering in that uninhabited marshy region. A party of Hondurans harassed them, and Walker was wounded in the face and leg. Finally, General Mariano Alvarez arrived with a Honduran force at Trujillo, and together with Salmon proceeded to the mouth of Rio Tinto, arriving there on the 3d of September. Walker surrendered to the *Icarus*, and was turned over to Alvarez, who had him tried at Trujillo by court-martial. He was sentenced to death, and executed on the 12th of September. Thus ended on the scaffold the career of William Walker, filibuster, pirate, or what you will."

The remainder of the history—consisting of insignificant quarrels and chronic revolution, Justo Rufino Barrios's attempt at the unification of the States, and the Colon affair of 1882—is matter of recent newspaper comment, and too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation here. The remaining third of the volume is devoted to a bird's-eye view of the present condition of Central America, a description of the people of the five States in morals, habits, and customs; an account of their intellectual advancement, their judicial and military institutions, their industrial progress and their commerce and finance, and a consideration of the question of interoceanic communication, the latter being as elaborate and careful as one could wish. An alphabetical index to the three volumes of the "History of Central America" is appended.

New Books.

The ninth number of the "Eureka Collection of Recitations and Readings," compiled by Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, comprises prose and poetry. Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 12 cents.

Steele's papers in the *Tattler*, collected in a volume called "Isaac Bickerstaff, Physician and Astrologer," with an introduction by Professor Henry Morley, form a recent issue of the National Library, published by Cassell & Co. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Two recent issues of the Putnam's Questions of the Day Series are: "American State Constitutions: A Study of Their Growth," by Henry Hitchcock, LL. D., and "The Interstate Commerce Act: An Analysis of Its Provisions," by John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., 3 Sansome Street; price, 50 cents and \$1.25 respectively.

R. D. Blackmore's new novel, "Springhaven," is exceedingly long; but one forgets its length in the interest of the story and the charm and vividness of the language. It introduces incidents of the Napoleonic wars in the beginning of the present century; but it has a greater historical value for its accurate pictures of the customs and characters of the time. It has been reprinted from the English periodical in which it first appeared in two American editions, by Harper & Brothers, New York—in the Franklin Square Library, and also in green cloth, uniformly with the 16mo edition of Blackmore's novels. The illustrations in the latter edition are notably good, and add much to the reader's pleasure. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price: paper, 25 cents; cloth, \$1.50.

It is a great delight to be out in the country, rambling about through grassy meadows, by purling streams, or through woodland glades, noting nature in all her loveliness; and when one has a mentor to point out and explain all the curious things that are lying about unseen, the pleasure is increased ten-fold. Akin to this is the pleasure of traveling in the library, of observing nature through the medium of such a book as Dr. Charles C. Abbott writes. His latest work, "Waste-land Wanderings," takes us over another charming nook in the Delaware country, along Crosswick's Creek, which empties into the Delaware from the East. Birds, flowers, trees, and fishes, all forms of vegetable and animal life, provide material for pleasant, instructive talks; and the book is permeated with the atmosphere of the free, open country. The index seems almost to drag the book down to the level of a dry text-book, but it is a great convenience. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A fifth edition, revised and enlarged, of "Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men; with Historical and Explanatory Notes," by Samuel Arthur Bent, A. M., has recently been published. Says the author in his preface: "Of some one of the many thousand brief and pithy remarks which the great men and women of history have uttered, generally without premeditation yet stamped with the seal of immortality, the question is often asked, 'Who said it? When was it said? Under what circumstances?'" It is to answer this question that the book was written, and it well fulfills its mission. The personages whose remarks are included in this book, over seven hundred in number, are arranged alphabetically; and each name is followed by brief biographical details, the person's most famous sayings, and a few lines which describe the circumstances which called them forth, with similar quotations from other personages of history. It is an amusing, indeed a fascinating book to glance through; and as a work of reference it is very convenient. There are indexes of authors and of sayings, and an addendum—in which, among other things we find Cleveland's "Public office is a public trust," "offensive partisans," and "innocuous desuetude." Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Whatever Is, Was"—such is the unique title of a remarkable book by George A. Young, of this city. In some respects it may be regarded as the most remarkable book yet written in this State. It is a profound philosophical treatise, displaying great research and erudition, and written in a style clear and forcible, which those who best appreciate who have attempted to unwind the involved sentences of Spencer or penetrate the obscurity of Kant. The style, indeed, is often as transparent as that of Hume or Berkeley. The idea of introducing two such characters as Professor Jubal and Professor Credo, each of whom seems to combine the simplicity of ignorance with a familiar acquaintance with the teachings of the various schools of philosophy from Plato to Darwin, to discuss the most abstruse subjects in a popular style, is as daring as original. The work is the most cogent and satirical attack upon the doctrines of evolution and natural selection that has ever fallen under our notice. Tyndall seems to have anticipated some of the objections here so sharply raised, and endeavored to forestall them by admitting an original creation of matter. In that he fatally impairs the symmetry of the theory. If there has been a general creation, why not special creations? Fiske, the ablest American Darwinian, destroys his own theory by introducing at a certain stage a variable quality to account for the human soul. What is that but a special creation or an interruption of the human laws, the immutability of which is the foundation of the Darwinian doctrine? Henry Ward Beecher, by the magic of his eloquence, may define it away to the popular mind, but the theory of evolution is essentially materialistic. We will endeavor to state the theory logically as we understand it. "The creation of matter from nothing, and the self-existence of matter, are alike inconceivable; but we know that matter exists, why then invent an inconceivable hypothesis to account for it? What we call the laws or forces of nature and the properties of matter are interconvertible terms. Hence, philosophically considered, matter is self-existent, and natural laws eternal and immutable. The universe as it exists to day is the result of these unchanging laws or forces operating upon primordial matter." To this Mr. Young replies: "Immutable laws acting upon inert matter must produce a certain result in a given time. Now, as we can not imagine a point in time so far back that an eternity has not gone before, the final result must have been attained an eternity ago! This cause and effect are one, and 'whatever is, was.'" This is Mr. Young's *reductio ad absurdum*. The argument may have been suggested before, but never, we think, stated with so much clearness and force. In speculations of this kind the assailant always has the advantage. Demonstration is impossible. Mr. Young's theory is that of orthodox Christianity. It is logical in terms but inconceivable in its assumption. Given—An Eternal Being who can create something out of nothing, and govern all things by His Omnipotent Will, and you can account for anything. If you add to these attributes "All-Loving and All-Wise," the problem of rationally accounting for the present condition of the world and the history of humanity becomes more difficult. Whoever attempts the solution of this problem must substitute faith for reason. While Mr. Young has shown eminent ability in considering those speculative questions which have engaged the attention of the loftiest intellects since the days of Plato, there is a good deal of padding in the book which, for his own sake, we wish he had omitted. The intelligent reader will do some judicious skipping. The references to municipal affairs, purely local, and to national politics, evidently partisan, and the commonplace satire about woman's tongue, might well be left out of future editions.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Academy* is the only English literary journal which makes it a rule that all reviews shall be signed.

A new manual of the French and Spanish languages, by Professor T. B. de Filippie, will be published this summer.

Wide-Awake for May will contain a full-length portrait of Mrs. Carlyle and her pet dog Nero, the same being made from a photograph in the possession of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

Since the discontinuance of Julian Hawthorne's connection with the *New York World* he has employed much of his time on fiction. During the coming year he proposes to busy himself chiefly in this department of literature.

Chief Inspector of Police Denning, who has had charge of the police division on duty at the Houses of Parliament for a great many years past, is soon to bring out a volume of personal reminiscences covering the dynamite plots and many other sensational and personal experiences.

Munketrick of *Puck* is annoyed because people who read his poems in the *Atlantic* will not take them seriously. "Great Jove!" he said, the other day, "a man has just complimented me on my poem on a dead child, 'very funny, very funny,' he told me, 'but why did you choose such a serious subject?'"

A new history of "The War of Secession" is to be published in the fall, says *The Dial*. It is said to be written by Mr. Rossier Johnson, much of whose matter has appeared in an excellent series of articles in the *New York Examiner* during the past year. It is understood that the volume will be illustrated.

General John S. Mosby, of ex-Confederate cavalry fame, is the next who has decided to write his war reminiscences, and hopes to finish the book before the end of the year. He is again in San Francisco. General Mosby recently visited the War Department at Washington seeking information regarding the forces and other data of the federal troops against which he contended.

The new edition of Shakespeare upon which Henry Irving and Frank Marshall have been engaged is intended mainly as an acting edition, and is adapted to those who wish "to read Shakespeare aloud, either in private or in public." The stage directions are fuller than in any previous edition, and Gordon Browne, son of "Phiz," one of the illustrators of Dickens, has had charge of the illustrations.

"The most successful American book to-day," says the *American Bookseller*, "is 'Ben Hur,' yet for some time after publication it was not a success. Nothing but the consistent and persistent advertising of the house that manages it, and their immense command of means of distribution, made its merits known and worked it up to its present enormous sales." "Ben Hur," it is said, is read in religious institutions of all sects, Catholic as well as Protestant.

Swinburne's income from his royalties is small; William Morris finds wall-paper designing far more profitable than "trading in song"; and it is known that Matthew Arnold has for years been obliged to contribute to the daily press to supplement his income. The profits from his essays and verse up to the past few years have been very small. But last year Mr. Ruskin received from Mr. George Allen, his publisher and agent, about twenty thousand dollars, which represented the earnings of old and new work.

Laurence Oliphant is about to issue the first portion of his autobiography. Mr. Oliphant has been everywhere and seen almost everything. He was one of the parties of the famous Brook Farm experiment described in the *Bithledele* romance. He has traveled in Ceylon, Canada, Central America, Russia, Japan, and China, and has lived in the East as an Oriental. He has acted as war correspondent to the *London Times*, has been a spectator of many revolutions, and is one of the keenest observers of current events.

Mr. Seligman is already learning that the path of a new literary journal is not sown with roses. If report be true, the *Epoch* has not met with any great amount of success, and the enthusiasm of its projectors is rather on the wane. Some very bright features have been introduced into the paper, but these have created only a temporary talk. The career of a distinctively literary journal is a very trying one. The *Critic* never paid its editors and managers for the work and trouble spent upon it. The *Nation* does little more than pay expenses. The *Boston Literary World* (fortnightly) is barely self-sustaining. It is possible, however, that Mr. Seligman, with his wealth, may eventually place the *Epoch* on a paying basis.

We are soon to have another posthumous volume of letters and penlandscapes by the author of "Les Misérables." The moment is ill-chosen, for the reaction against the dead poet is setting in strongly. The young generation is against Hugo and in favor of Lamartine, who will be set up on a definite pedestal, while Hugo will be dragged in the mire and covered with opprobrium, both as a man and as a poet, until his turn shall come some twenty years hence for a final apotheosis. An amiable biographer is already preparing a narrative of the unclouding details of Hugo's private life—of the consolatory *liaison* of Mme. Hugo with Sainte-Beuve; of the counter *liaison* of the poet with Mme. Dutot, the actress, and of the sadness of the later years of the poet's life, as seen from behind the scenes and not through the glare of the perpetual and often grotesque glorification of which his memory is now the victim.

Britton & Rey have issued a handsome "street guide map of the city and county of San Francisco." The map is accompanied with a thorough index, and has also George P. Schild's patented attachment for finding at once any point or distance on the map. This consists of a tape, with a scale of feet and statute miles corresponding to the scale of the map. Upon the tape are numbers, and on the margins of the map are letters. If you wish to find Rose Place, for example, the index gives you "H-49," stretching the tape to the letter "H," the number "49" on the tape is exactly over Rose Place. It is a very useful attachment. All the street railroad lines are indicated, and the boundaries of the different wards. There are also concentric half-mile circles drawn around the New City Hall. The map is lithographed on linen, varnished, and handsomely mounted. In addition to its usefulness, it makes a neat addition to any office. For sale by Britton & Rey and their agents; price, \$2.00.

* History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume III. Central America, Volume III. 1801-1887. xv-776. San Francisco: The History Company, 1887.

nell, by Miss Mary L. Sullivan, and others. The date
the concert is next Wednesday.

Mr. Eugene O'Connell, of Oakland, a violinist of much promise, is soon going to Europe to study. Before his departure he will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall, being assisted by his sisters, Misses Mary and Margaret O'Connell, by Miss Mary L. Sullivan, and others. The date of the concert is next Wednesday.



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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Interstate Commerce Bill.

HUDSON, Wis., April 4th.—I arrived here last week just a little ahead of the biting blasts of the I. C. B. By the I. C. B. I mean to imply the Interstate Commerce Bill.

I noticed while en route that the new law had stimulated travel to a wonderful degree. On my way from the South, where I was during the winter, I noticed that the sluggish arteries of trade had already begun to palpitate, and crowds of people filled the cars on every train.

I said to myself, Congress has at last solved this great question of financial stringency and broken the great dam that held capital captive. On the Piedmont Air Line, people crushed each other together in a mad attempt to travel. On the Richmond & Danville and E. T. V. & G., as well as the L. & N., humanity crowded day-coaches and sleepers till the walls cracked. At Cincinnati I could not get a sleeping-car at all, and I had to telegraph twenty-four hours ahead to get one from Chicago. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, there seemed to be a wild and restless desire to get somewhere else. Several companies had to put on extra coaches to carry the eager tourists.

I arrived here just in time to witness the last moments of a Northwestern pass as its spirit took its flight. Had I postponed my journey for a single day I would have been too late.

It was still young. Life was before it. Barely a quarter of the span of its life had been passed when it curled up and expired. It was a cute little thing, with an olive complexion and large, mournful, upper-case eyes.

A few weeks ago I noticed that it did not look well. It did not complain of illness or pain, but I thought I detected a condition on its back, and so I hurried home in order to be here in case it should expire. As soon as the conductor looked at it and felt its pulse, he said that he could do nothing for it. The Interstate Commerce law is one of those things that will have to be tried before we can pass upon it, I presume, though some claim that it is going to be very difficult to pass upon it even then. This thought occurred to me just after the gate-keeper pushed me back yesterday and told me to go and get my ticket.

I then realized what it was to be rudely ground under the heel of a cold corporation that is devoid of heart, devoid of soul, devoid of noble thoughts, devoid of refined instincts, devoid of kind impulses, devoid of milk of human kindness, devoid of bowels of compassion.

From force of habit I walked up to the gate with a joyous nod and the old pass-word, only to be coldly repulsed by the bared bouncer of this heartless, soulless, impulsive corporation.

But the railroads will get the worst of it, for I know that travel on some of the lines has fallen off since April 1. I can see it already. I have fallen off myself since the first of the month and others will do the same.

That is not all. A friend of mine who runs a paper, and whose pass got the hollow horn on Friday last, says that his columns are now open to those who wish to complain of the management of this road. He states that the first hot-box will be duly chronicled, and that he will no longer close his eyes to the wrongs we have heretofore suffered at the hands of this unjust and ruthless vampire that has been sapping the very foundation of our institutions and smearing its long, dark trail with the remnants of our best milk cows, reluctantly paying for them the price set at the tail of an unjust and enervating trial by a corrupt, venal, and driving jury.

He says that "the time has come for the press to arise and assert itself," and when the train runs off the track and kills a lot of people who have led exemplary lives, his paper will hereafter tell why and how it was done. Heretofore he has not had sufficient help in his office, he claims, and he frequently ran short of type, but now he is going to give all the particulars of the first smash-up that occurs on the road if the paper falls into the relentless maw of a sheriff's sale on the following week.

I asked a railroad official at St. Paul yesterday what effect the new law would have on the freight rates in the North west, and he said he thought they would not be much higher than they were before! This announcement will fall like healing balm on the sore place where the shipper's annual pass was ruthlessly torn from his bleeding heart last week.

The real estate boom along the shores of Lake Superior still continues. It is equal to the palmy days of mining speculation in the Far West. The boom, in fact, extends from Ashland and Washburn, West Superior and Duluth, through Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City to El Paso. I consider it a good time to sell, and shall dispose of my Lake Superior property by wire to-morrow. I do everything I can by wire now. Last year I generally went in person and transacted my business.

Three years ago, however, I bought a block by wire in a Dakota town, intending to sell as soon as I could double my money on it, but the agent failed to sell until I got irritated and wrote him a short, crisp letter, asking him, in scathing terms, why he did not dispose of the lots and remit.

He replied that he had tried to do as I instructed him, but had been unable to sell them at any price, although the town itself was growing. He said that the town was growing in the other direction, mostly, and lots generally sold better in the direction of the growth of the town. "By-and-by," said he, "the town will reach the Minnesota State line, and then it will have to grow the other way. Your lots will then rapidly advance. The worst trouble with your lots, however," continued the agent, "is the fact that in the spring, when real estate is booming, your property is under seven feet of water, and this water is so strongly impregnated with mud that buyers cannot look through it to get a good view of your lots."

I finally mortgaged the property as heavily as possible and continued to lose it on the mortgage. I do not think I have ever seen a better piece of property to float a first mortgage on than this same property referred to.—*New York World*

Answers to Correspondents

Rodney L. Pangborn, of Tucson, A. T., writes as follows:

"I dearly love a young lady here, who a year ago led me to believe that she was not displeased with me. I know that she is my superior in many ways, as her folks keep a girl, whereas my mother does her own work, but need that cause us to drift apart?"

"I think that where two fond hearts throb in unison, and where a young person of my sex earnestly and devotedly loves a young person of diametrically different sex, and he desires her to be his and would not mind being her's, ought our difference in station to make any difference in our destiny?"

"What do you think of my penmanship?"

It is difficult to answer you, Rodney, without being flippant, but I know by the tone of your letter that you do not feel flippant, and you would resent it if I were to treat your query in that way, so I will talk to you the same as I would discuss the matter if it were my own.

Socially, we are always at war, Rodney. If your mother had kept a girl your own father might have kicked you into a shapeless mass, cursed you, and disinherited you for loving a young thing whose mother did not keep a girl, or you might have fallen in love with one whose parents kept two girls.

I once knew a young man who was socially blest in every way, but he loved above his station, just as you have done, and his whole life was embittered. In an evil hour, he fell madly, passionately in love with a girl whose parents were haughty, and only kept an all-round girl to do the work in the house, but hired a man to come and to toy with the wood-pile and grease the buckboard and squirt water on the lawn.

He saw that he must in some way bridge this social chasm or lose his ideal, and so he entered the lists to compete for a prize of five hundred dollars offered by a purse-proud plug tobacco establishment for the largest number of words to be made from the sentence:

"Cbeu Ruminator's Succulent Plug Tobacco and take no other!"

He made over one thousand words from this sentence, and accompanied them with over one thousand tin tags from Ruminator's celebrated tobacco, but a rival with five more words and one more tin tag than he had, walked away with the five hundred dollars, and this young man is now striving to butt out his teeming brains against a padded cell in one of the costliest lunatic asylums of which our own fair land can boast.

So I would say to you, Rodney, as I would say to any other man who had come to me to lean on me, and sob against me, and ask me for aid and encouragement, do not seek to bridge over this great social chasm at one bound.

You might injure yourself. I know another case where a young man named Randall, whose parents were plain people, his father having been in the well-digging and pump industry, aspired to the hand of a young woman whose hands had never yet been immersed in dishwater.

Her parents also maintained a cottage organ and a Brewster side-bar buggy with red running-gear.

One day he was riding on the same train with her, and heard her express a desire for a bunch of beautiful periwinkles that grew in beauty on the railroad right of way, regardless of and entirely oblivious to the interstate commerce bill.

The train only halted at that point for an instant, in order that a man with a sledge-hammer and a dash of tar on his nose might pound on the car-wheels in a desultory kind of way.

Mr. Randall was anxious to procure the entire group of periwinkles, and so he delayed too long.

In jumping on the platform, hampered as he was by the bouquet, he missed his footing and also one of his legs.

I will not go into detail, Rodney, for it would be useless and vain.

Suffice it to say that his great sacrifice availed him naught.

The periwinkles for which he swapped his fair young leg on that bright and balmy spring day have long since faded and as Mr. Randall, in the gloaming, sadly unbuckles his white-oak leg and hangs it at the head of his lonely bed, he may be heard to ejaculate something in regard to the folly of striving to leap across a broad social chasm.

But you are still young, Rodney, and you might yet win the object of your love by winning a place upon a social plane equal to that of the party you refer to.

Your penmanship is good. It is highly ornamental, and reminds me of a woven wire mattress. The red ink you use also enhances the effulgence of your chirography a good deal.

You would succeed in a large counting-house, I think. You could prop the door open with yourself in summer-time, and in winter you could be a railroad cut-rate sandwich.

James B. S., Duluth, Minn., wishes to know what class of people are referred to in the South as "poor whites."

I do not know, unless James refers to the people who bring butter into town in the spring and purchase snuff with the proceeds. When you see a tall, pale woman coming into town in February, wearing a black calico, slat sun-bonnet lined with pink, and carrying a pound of ghastly grease done up in a red

pocket-hankie, with the little soiled end of a snuff-stick hanging out of the corner of her discolored and neglected mouth, dressed in soiled garments that smell like a haunted house, you may safely state to yourself, James, that a poor white trash of the female gender is in town for the purpose of trading mis-matic butter for moldy snuff.

The male poor white trash is a feeble party, with the same odor clinging to him, to which he adds the fragrance of raw spirits and flat tobacco. He wears a full beard, in which he collects little mementoes of forgotten meals. His hair is full of ashes, burrs, and leathers. In winter he is half frozen to death, and in summer he is so lazy that you have to walk around him or fall over him. No one ever knew him to move from the middle of the walk for man, woman, or child. He stands in the busiest part of the town, and while people with an object in life jostle past him, he remains a blot upon creation like a poor boy at a frolic or a tin ear upon the brow of beauty.—*Boston Globe.*

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"If there is anything going I want to be in it," is the familiar saying of one of our dashing society leaders. And there is not much going, unless it be a spice of English grammar and a touch of that refinement of manner which this estimable person calls "puttin' on airs," which is left out of the comfortable scheme of her life.

In a large way this is the attitude which our own America is beginning to take upon art matters. Our Americans have long been the best patrons of new art in the old world. And, indeed, upon bow many of the portly dames of our *nouveaux riches* has not that well-worn story of the art world been saddled of the patronizing lady who intended, while abroad, to have her portrait painted by one of the old masters?

Travelers tell us that driving through the wide, light streets of the new Paris, out there by the Avenue de Villiers, and in its pretty neighborhood where celebrities are thick, if one sees a little hotel looming up jauntily and saucily with the eloquent skylight for its roof, it is easy enough to know that the prosperous painter who is lord of this little domain has gathered in a harvest of American dollars.

There is scarcely a studio in Munich, Dresden, or Berlin that has not its American order upon the easel.

In the big bronze foundry at Munich half of the great clay models have passed through the huge casts into American immortality in bronze. Most of them in South America, it is true, but then they do not know over there that we do not know very much about South America, and that we look upon it as a sort of vague leg-of-mutton-shaped thing that is dangling down in the watery space south of the equator somewhere, and hanging on by its eyelids to the little Isthmus of Panama. All rich Americans know the bronze-man in Naples, and he will rattle you off a list of his customers that sounds like a good page in the home directory.

It began to be time that we should have our opera upon the European plan. Everywhere else in the world they were having marvels of scenery and splendors of costume, choruses and ballets that were a delight, and orchestras that gave wandering Americans attacks of ecstasy. And here were we like Don at his well-pagging along "in the usual ridiculous way" with a handful of grand principals, and, for the rest, the rag-tag and hobnob of the Italian stage.

Now, bow great is the change! We have everything but the principals! An orchestra to make the music melt in your ear. And an orchestra, this, to catch the eye as well as the ear, for when we went sailing once more into the chill, draughty opera-house with that little air of importance which people always wear with their operatic togs, the first thing we saw, if we were fashionable enough to drop in a little late, was the little forest of green lamp-shades in the erstwhile sombre orchestra. All these years the orchestra people have come stumbling up that little dark stairway, generally humping their beads against the solitary gas-jet which flared palely and disconsolately on each side of the meek leader.

But Theodore Thomas does not put up with any such nonsense at that. He has had a large platform erected in the very middle of the orchestra, as if the instrumentalists were the main consideration, rather than the singers, and around him are grouped, in most accurate lines, the sixty members of his orchestra. There are not placards bidding you to count them, such as the Mastodons carry with them, and there may not be sixty there. It is wisest to accept the number with blind faith. Take comfort in the refreshing elegance of an orchestra in conventional evening dress, while the little lamps fantastically light up that usually sombre spot. One must notice these things, for it is to the eye that the National Opera Company constantly appeals, or rather appeals first.

As for the ear, we have all listened to "Faust," under many and various conditions, but we never before heard the music of Gounod so truly revealed in orchestration as on last Monday night. The perfect time has not yet come when singers and orchestra are evenly balanced, or rather when the singers should lead the orchestra just a little. Often and often again, as the orchestration sang along its undercurrent of aching sweetness, it has penetrated beyond the song and claimed the ear; but this time it was the orchestra that seemed to be singing, while the singers contributed a faint little far-away voice accompaniment.

This is not at all as it should be. Indeed, there were some complaints that the Thomas orchestra played the voices down, and drowned them out with superior sound. It is true they are all tiny little voices, but if there is one thing in the world more than another that Mr. Theodore Thomas does pride himself upon, it is the *pianissimo* of his orchestra. And whatever may be his prejudice in favor of an orchestra as against the human voice, he is too thorough a musician to commit so fatal a fault as that.

The plain truth is, there is not a really fine voice in the National Opera Company, while the orchestra is so superb that it can not be but that the veriest tyro's attention will be charmed by it.

In the absence of voice, the leader has sought to so blend effects that we shall gaze upon the operatic picture from afar, and be sensuously charmed by sound without taking that vital interest in the leading figures which characterized our old operas.

In fact, Faust and Marguerite, Aida, Rhadamès, and Lakmé move through such a wealth of beautiful things that their stories do indeed become matters of secondary consideration. For the spectacle ranks next to the orchestra. If poor, quaint, picturesque, dirty little Nuremberg could come out of its Bavarian nook, and see how it has passed into marvels of spectacle, it would hardly know itself.

If old Egypt could rear its ancient head and see its splendors reproduced, it could almost be moved to wake itself from its endless cycles of slumber, and be beautiful again. And if India were the beautiful green Eden that it is in "Lakmé," why then there would

be land booms without end in the land of talismans and jungle. The fine management of the lights has much to do with the marvels of the scenery. In "Faust," in one scene alone, the garden changes first from the bright dazzling light of the afternoon to the scarlet flush of a brilliant sunset, and dies from that to cold, gray night. It is not at all the stage radiance of the stage moon, but that dim, sombre night when the sky is still blue, but the trees stand out with a spectral solemnity, and one almost expects to hear the frogs begin to croak.

There is another night in "Aida" where the lotus shines palely on the green Nile under the light of a haggard moon—even the moon can not be young in Egypt—and Aida and Amonasor seem to be a part of the deep Egyptian gloom. It is here, too, that Aida sings her pretty plaint for her country so sweetly, and tempts her lover so surely to his doom. For here Bertha Pierson's voice was at its best. It is touched with malaria, and is attacked at times with acute ague shivers, but just here its sweetness—however, what is the use of beginning to talk of voices just yet? They are the very last things one comes to in the National Opera, and between here and there lies yet a lot of wonderful costumes, picturesque, quaint, characteristic, telling, and clean, oh, so clean that they actually smell fresh across the footlights. This latter sensation is entirely new in opera and thoroughly bewildering, but it is very pleasant.

Do you remember—oh! do you remember that awful little band of hapless Italians, all of them lantern-jawed and hollow-chested, most of them with high cheek bones and many of them with crossed eyes? They were of all ages, from that of the "Rubina del Tedesco" down to a poor little maid of fifteen with the romance of Italy as thoroughly squeezed out of her as if she were a Santa Barbara lemon, and of all sizes, from the prettiest of matrons down to the merest boy suggestions.

When the curtain swung upon that beautiful cathedral scene in "Faust" on Monday night and those fresh young voices rang out through the vaulted aisles—we will say the vaulted aisles because it sounds well and they really looked like it—it gave a pleasure as keen as the scent of a fresh rose. And in the ballet, the pretty ballet which will be a very fine one, one day when they have learned to dance—for our national opera, ballet and all, is young yet, it must not be forgotten—they are all so young and so supple, so symmetrical and so nearly of a size, that one likes to look at them.

They seem too to have brought the true spirit of the ballet into the opera at least, for the ballet has its language, and should not be a violent interruption in the shape of a *pas seul*, as we had it with the beautiful Cavallazzi, but should be the story told in the graceful mazes of motion, and blended where we may not see the join with the music and poetry of the tale.

So do they blend it in "Lakmé," a queer, dreamy, sensuous little opera, but cast too much in a minor key to be an unequivocal delight; so do they blend it in the semi-barbarous splendors of "Aida," and so too do they weave it into the wonders of "Faust."

One finds one's self constantly getting back to "Faust," which, thus far, is by all odds the best thing they do. It is, indeed, something superb in everything but the principals. Among these, Miss Juch is, of course, the choice of the prima donnas. Miss L'Allemand is more in the operatic style, and excels in the *fortissimo* which the public loves so well. She is a nice little Lakmé, with some considerable skill at oriental posing, and a very marked understanding of the part, as if she had learned it well. Its florid music is quite in her style and she does some good execution, notably in the bell song. But her voice itself is disagreeable, and while some of her high notes are clear and sweet, her middle voice is not only flat but harsh.

Miss Juch is a classicist. Such voice as she has she uses exceeding well. It is not a wonderful voice, by any means. It will never electrify or startle or dazzle, but she will always give a musician's ear great satisfaction. In fact, Miss L'Allemand is the only one in the company who will ever dazzle, because she is the only one in the company with any virility or snap.

An exasperating tameness pervades them all. It is the great defect of all these singers. Candide came with a reputation bad enough to handicap a Tamagno, and astonished every one by the limpid sweetness and fine quality of his voice. Then they give him the virile, vigorous, robust music of Rhadamès to make his bow in, and he plodded through it as tamely as if he were the man who carried that most unmanageable bird banner in the procession. Where were the passion and the fire of our familiar and beloved "Aida"?

We have had it in great splendor before, but never in quite such splendor as this. The marches and the players, the ballet and the chorus, the beat of drum and the blare of trumpet stirred us to our deepest musical depths. But why could we not mourn over the loves of Rhadamès and Aida, or send a little waft of pity across the footlights to the struggling soul of Amneris?

Miss Cornelia Van Zanten tried to give the Egyptian Princess all the dramatic force she could, and only her command of dramatic gesture saved her from utter rout. But when the lady attempted to sing, she was either inaudible or she gave vent to a series of metallic shrieks which set the teeth on edge.

She was as helpless as Mr. Bassett in the "Salve Dimora," and Mr. Bassett struggling with the "Salve Dimora" has been the most melancholy feature of the season. Mr. Bassett has quite a nice little voice, and in a small drawing-room might achieve quite a success as a ballad-singer. As yet, he should not try a larger sphere. It was observed that he sang much better, and he certainly did look much better, in "Lakmé," but it is not easy to discover how any one recognized the difference, as the gentleman was almost inaudible in both.

Pauline L'Allemand has "Lakmé" all to herself vocally, although Jessie Bartlett Davis's rich, though small, voice, gave much depth of color to the pretty duet beginning, "Neath yon dome where jasmies with the roses are blending." And Alonso Stoddard, who was but a weak Valentine in "Faust," gave one very nice little bit as Nilakantha.

One gathers up the vocal hits very scrupulously, they are so rare. It was a pleasure to hear Whitney's voice again, for it is a voice, though temporarily obscured by the climate, and Ludwig has a voice which if not richly musical is a pretty good voice. His Mephistopheles is fashioned upon the best of models, and we have been accustomed to such dashing devils that we are all well up in demonic lore. He is a very impressive-looking Amonasor, too, but he is not the wild, impetuous Ethiopian that we have been accustomed to know. However, impetuosity may be forbidden in the National Opera Company, and punishable by fine.

Perhaps the absence of the star element may account for the absence of all thrill. As a lover of music very sapiently remarked the other day, the American company gives opera without any stars, but, unfortunately, the operas have all been written for stars.

If there is any comfort in the knowledge, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our national opera is given very much as the French national opera is given—with a magnificent orchestra, a fine ballet, marvelous scenery, beautiful costumes, a fresh chorus, and a very light batch of principals. If that is the best that the capital of civilization can do, surely we should be satisfied with our national beginning.

Opera has become one of our daily needs; and, as they sing it in Italian in Italy, in German in Germany, and in French in France, it is only right that we should have it in American in America.

And apropos of this, one other pleasure of the season is that when one can distinguish the singers' words, which is about twice, and sometimes as much as three times in the course of an evening, it is pleasant to know that the translations have been made into good, idiomatic, and poetic English.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Pauline L'Allemand was encored twice in the bell song in "Lakmé," the first encore of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Knight come to the Busb Street Theatre next week in "Over the Garden Wall."

Miss Emma Juch is twenty-six years of age, and was a church and concert singer till the establishment of the National Opera Company.

Louis Harrison will play bis "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" at the California Theatre, with James O. Barrows in the rôle formerly played by Gourlay.

Juch is an Austrian, Van Zanten a German, Candide a New Yorker, Pierson, L'Allemand, and Bassett Americans, Bartlett a Chicago girl, and Ludwig an Irishman.

The National Opera Company have committed an anachronism twice. They have had Japanese fans in Egypt in "Aida" and in Hindustan in "Lakmé." There is a compliment in this brief paragraph.

It is reported that Marie Guri, the première danseuse of the National Opera Company, terrified by the mention of the Interstate Commerce Act, which she took to be a wild beast of the plains, turned incontinently at Omaha and fled back to New York.

Dixey has abandoned his intention of coming to California, which country he never liked, as he thinks the dramatic criticism too severe for a provincial. According to the custom of companies coming to California, he was going to leave Amelia Somerville, his principal and most expensive attraction, in New York.

Edward Adams's version of "Enoch Arden" will be given at the Alcazar next week by the Grismer-Davies Company. The cast is a long one, and includes Miss Phoebe Davies, Miss Barry, Miss Adams, Miss Avery, and Messrs. Grismer, Osbourne, Stockwell, Mordaunt, E. L. Davenport, Harry Davenport, and others.

Theodore Thomas was reputed to have said, the last time he revisited San Francisco, that he was perfectly willing to come, although he knew himself to be personally unpopular, because San Francisco genuinely loved music. This time he wears a constant smile on his voice, as though satisfied that it now loves him. It does like him better than it did, but still the first encore of the season came under Gustave Hinrich's baton.

John T. Raymond always considered himself a deeply injured man because the public would not accept his pathos, and bore a life-long grudge against any critic who disputed his genius in that direction. George Jessop and Brander Matthews had just finished a play for him which introduced a touch of pathos so slight that Raymond hoped the public might be induced to swallow it, and that it might prove to be the opening end of the wedge for him.

The Hanlons have been making a tour of continental Europe with enormous success. This has been due to the fact that they have caused their company to be drilled sufficiently in the language of whatever country they were passing through, to make their play intelligible to the masses of the people. The Hanlon brothers themselves, who are accomplished men of the world, can turn a flip-flop in all of the Romance languages as well as in Gaelic and Celtic.

Mrs. Langtry is reported to have changed her plans about taking a house on Nob Hill for the summer, and will take a cottage at Yosemite instead. As she is a famous walker she will make all the great tours on foot. Mrs. Langtry, who is the most enjoyable way of making them. Mrs. Langtry, who is always celebrated for being dressed suitably for the occasion, has provided herself with a set of mountaineering toils, which are only a little less elaborate than those of "Tartarin sur les Alpes."

Mary Young, who used to play Juliet to Rignold's Romeo at the Grand Opera House, and who was seized with a panic the first night of that tragedy, because she thought the impetuous Romeo was really going to climb the balcony, has changed her name to Miss Loduski Young. She relates that the most terrible experience of her theatrical career was her submission to the Rignold kiss during the run of "Henry V." Rignold meantime has grown too fat to play, and has become an Australian manager.

The Thalia Company, a very good stock combination, is much astonished at the coldness of its reception. It is true they do some very good work, but in New York they are almost weekly being freshened by relays from the old country. On the male side they are still very strong. They have an excellent tenor, and some good comedians, but as they left their most attractive and most expensive female attractions in New York, they have drawn exactly as they would draw in New York without these attractions.

In the performances of the American Opera Troupe nothing, even in the smallest detail, has been slighted which would contribute to the artistic value of the performance, whether in a musical or a spectacular sense. Viewed as complete representatives of grand opera the National Opera Company's productions are far finer than any operatic performances that have been given here. Manager Locke has arranged an admirable repertoire for the second week of the

American opera season, beginning at the Grand Opera House next Monday. In the week's programme the following composers are represented: Wagner, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Delibes, and Massé; the repertoire being, Monday, "The Flying Dutchman;" Tuesday, "The Huguenots;" Wednesday, "Lohengrin;" Thursday, "Lakmé;" Friday, "Faust;" Saturday afternoon, "Lohengrin;" and Saturday evening, Delibes's famous "Coppelia" ballet in three acts, preceded by Victor Massé's one-act opera, "The Marriage of Jeannette." "The Flying Dutchman," by Wagner, is said, taken all round, to be the best performance of the National Opera Company. Miss Juch, as Santa, and Mr. Ludwig, as Vanderdecken, have become famous in those parts, and the duo of the second act has also been sung by them with the greatest possible success in the Thomas Concerts. The spectacular feature of this opera is the clever handling of the ships, and the weird and almost terrifying grandeur of the great storms of the first and second acts are said to be wonderfully carried out. The storm-clouds fly over the horizon as if impelled by the fury of the gale, and the lightning supplied by the electrician of the National Opera Company plays about the scene with vivid effect. The following is the cast of "The Flying Dutchman":

Vanderdecken, William Ludwig; Santa, Emma Juch; Daland, Myron W. Whitney; Erik, Charles Bassett; Mary Mathilde Phillips; Steersman, William Fessenden.

A grand production of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" is promised for Tuesday evening, and the opera will be given with a very strong cast, and with elaborate scenery, costumes, ballets, etc., which have never been attempted in previous performances of the opera here. Pauline L'Allemand, who made such a hit in "Lakmé," will be heard as the Queen, in which part she will have another opportunity for fully displaying her brilliant powers of vocalization. The principal characters in the opera will be taken as follows:

The Queen, Pauline L'Allemand; Valentine, Bertha Pierson; Urban, Jessie Bartlett Davis; St. Bris, William Ludwig; Nevers, Alonso Stoddard; Raoul, William Candide; Marcel, Myron Whitney; Maenereb, William Hamilton; Taverne, William Fessenden.

Beautiful ballets are promised in the second and third acts, with Mlle. Carozzi and Madame Cammaro as principal dancers. New and elaborate scenery has been painted by Hughson Hawley, Leo Mohn, and R. H. Halley, this opera being one of the latest productions of the National Opera Company. The feature of the repetition of "Lohengrin" on Wednesday night will be the appearance of Emma Juch, who is said to make an ideal Elsa. Miss Juch appeared in this character when "Lohengrin" was first produced by this company in New York, and made an immediate success in it. The repetition of "Lakmé," with Pauline L'Allemand as Lakmé, on Thursday, and of "Faust" on Friday with Emma Juch as Marguerite, will be sure to draw crowded houses. And "Lohengrin" at the Saturday matinee should prove a strong card. The second grand ballet night on Saturday will give for the first time here Delibes's famous three-act ballet "Coppelia," which will be given with the following cast:

Swanilda, Theodora de Gillerit; Franz, Felicia Carozzi; Coppellius, Manert Elbeyran; Bellingier, M. Cammaro; Landry, of the tavern, Catarina Coralli; Lord of the manor and Burgomaster, M. Romeo; His Assistant, M. Spilanti; Coppelia, Mlle. Paporello; Eight Companions, Swanilda, Mlle. Vio, Astigiani, Riccio, Mavorfer, Amalia Coralli, Carra, Deasy, and Morando.

The ballet will be preceded by Victor Massé's one-act opera, "The Marriage of Jeannette," with the following cast:

Jeannette, Pauline L'Allemand; Jean, W. H. Le Thomas; G. W. Williams; Pierre, Kate Osterle.

In the third week of the season we may expect Rubenstein's grand opera "Nero," with which the National Opera Company recently created such a sensation at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

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Thursday, April 21st—**ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.**
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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LONDON, April 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone this afternoon, upon invitation of Bill Cody—"Buffalo Bill"—visited the grounds of the Wild West encampment, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne and other eminent guests. Gladstone was presented to "Red Shirt," and had a brief interview with him through an interpreter.—"Special cable service from New York World." Copyrighted.

That Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone should visit Buffalo Bill's circus of trained horses and hogs Indian chiefs is, perhaps, very surprising. That Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Lorne should have gone on a deadhead invitation, and

had a free lunch set out for them, is quite within the limits of reasonable probability. Mr. Bill Cody—or Mr. Buffalo Bill, as he pleases to call himself—having a keen eye for business, appreciates the value of the advertisement involved in the capture of three such eminent persons as an ex-Premier of England, leader of the Irish rebellion, his wife, and the husband of Her Majesty's most eccentric daughter. The obtaining of such an advertisement, that received in its sending a momentum sufficient to propel it across ocean and continents, and into ever so many thousands of journals free of cost, illustrates that Buffalo Bill is as successful a showman as is Gladstone a parliamentary hand. Nothing could be more neat than the introduction of "Red Shirt" as a "type of the American citizen." We are glad of this, for it will disabuse Mr. Gladstone of a misconception and delusion under which he has apparently labored for several years, for he has been under the impression that the true American wore hair on his teeth and spoke with a brogue; that he was a cowardly assassin who used dynamite in the dark, and shot his enemy from behind hedges, and whose dauntless courage displayed itself in maiming animals and murdering men. We are glad that Buffalo Bill had the opportunity, in displaying the untutored Red Shirt, to exhibit to the great leader of the Irish conspiracy a better and a braver type of the American race than he has heretofore estimated it to be. "After lunch Mr. Gladstone spoke," and speaking as he did from a full stomach he was kind enough to say most agreeable and pleasant things of America and Americans. First, he expressed the greatest interest in Buffalo Bill's show, in which he saw "a demonstration of the progress of American institutions, in which he had always taken a lively interest." In seeing Buffalo Bill's wild hroncos and their circus tricks, and the clown and Red Shirt, Mr. Gladstone had "become aware of two things"—first, "the magnitude of the destiny reserved for the people of America," and secondly, "that the history of the American States was of more interest than any other it was possible to study." Mr. Gladstone made no allusion to the fact that when the Confederate States were engaged in a war for the preservation of human slavery, his sympathies were with the slaveholders' rebellion, and that he congratulated himself that in his official capacity he had "aided to lay the corner-stone of a new nation." No thanks to Mr. Gladstone for the magnitude of America's destiny; no thanks to him that our Union was not divided, and that the earth to-day is not cursed with an institution holding in bondage ten millions of souls as white as his own. Mr. Gladstone is charged sometimes with political inconsistency. His course to-day in aiding the treasonable Irish to divide the British Empire is in moral harmony with his endeavor to aid a treasonable South to divide and destroy our republican Union. We hope he fully explained this to Buffalo Bill, and that, through his interpreter, he made plain to "Red Shirt" his patriotism to England, and his devotion to the human family in these, the two most important efforts of his life. We are proud that "American horsemanship," as exemplified by our Buffalo William and our primitive red man with a red flannel shirt, has attained the dignity of "a noble art"; we are more than proud that in feats of horsemanship England is surpassed by our Yankee showmen, and that in the two-horse and harehack acts Gladstone himself has something to learn. The distinguished statesman of England is mistaken in one thing—Buffalo Bill is not perambulating the European world "for the purpose of bringing American life before the English people"; he is traveling for coin, and he does not care a tinker's dam what Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, or Mr. and Mrs. Marquis of Lorne, or anybody else in Great Britain, thinks about American life or American manners. Buffalo Bill is of the class that thinks and boasts that we have more people, and more money, and more pluck than England, and that we are the great English-speaking nation of the earth; that we speak the language and write it more accurately than cockneys or Cornishmen, and that we can defend ourselves and take care of ourselves on land or ocean. Out of the rot and twaddle of this demagogic speech we pick this plum:

About sixty years ago there existed, as he believed [said Mr. Gladstone], a prejudice against England in America, and a prejudice in England against America. He believed that every workman engaged on

the Exposition rejoiced in being employed in the task, the execution of which would bring England and America more closely together. God Almighty had made Englishmen and Americans kinsmen, and they ought to have affection for one another, and if they had not, humanity would cry shame upon them. He rejoiced that the clouds that parted them had almost disappeared from the political sky, and that the future was as bright and promising as the warmest-hearted among them could wish it to be.

Yes, Mr. Gladstone, and about twenty-five years ago there existed such a prejudice in England against America that a member of the House of Commons was permitted to fit out an English cruiser in an English dock-yard, and arm it with English guns, and man it with English seamen, to act as a pirate to roam the seas, and to hunt and destroy unarmed American merchant vessels. This prejudice was so strong that English banks loaned money on cotton bonds, and English ships ran blockades, and English merchants engaged in smuggling, and English popular sentiment favored the dismemberment of our national union, and the British aristocracy gave its countenance to every effort that could injure us. English statesmen [in which rôle you were then playing a part] favored the recognition of Southern belligerency, and you personally sought to have the South recognized, and if it had not been for Her Majesty, the Queen—with whom you are not in favor—and her royal consort, and the mechanical and manufacturing classes and common people of England, you would have embroiled the "English and American kinsmen," that you are generous to admit are the creation of God, and not the work of your own hand, in war. May we not remind this ex-Premier of England that these prejudices, which have survived the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the conflicts over national boundaries, the burning of our national capitol, the cowardly depredations of the Alabama pirate, will never be laid aside, or forgotten, so long as he and his treasonable confederates in the English Parliament continue to stir the hateful animosities of the Irish in Ireland and America against everything that is English? The revolt of Ireland against the British Empire, its endeavor to secure recognition as an independent nationality, with a Parliament in Dublin, and its Land League and National League criminals intrusted with the power of making and executing the laws of Ireland against land-owners and Protestants, will keep alive and active the prejudices of Irishmen on this side of the ocean. There are no surviving prejudices, no existing animosities in America against England or Englishmen that are not either directly or indirectly connected with Irish and Papistic politicians, and there is no man living who is doing more to keep them alive and active than Mr. Wm. E. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone knows this, and when he seeks occasion to become the guest of an ignorant and vulgar American showman for the transparent purpose of parading such platitudes as these, and affects to see in them "true representatives of American citizenship," and in their vulgar horse-tricks "a noble art which would, he hoped, stir up emulation and lead to further development," he makes us unwell; we become tired, disgusted, and weary, with the drivings of this elderly specimen of the second childhood of statesmanship. Perhaps, however, we have no right of reasonable complaint, for if the English people are willing to take Buffalo Bill and a dilapidated old Indian wrapped in a red woollen blanket as representatives of American citizenship, we shall be compelled to accept this Pecksniffian hen-talk as a specimen of Parliamentary eloquence, and Mr. Gladstone himself as a fair sample of the strong-minded, robust, patriotic John Bull.

The Church of Rome keeps the Argonaut very busy; no sooner do we suppress it in one direction than it pops up in another; no sooner do we assault it for one crime than it perpetrates another; no sooner do we expose one folly than it perpetrates another. This church reminds one of the gopher, which every one knows is an industrious, smooth-furred, underground, predatory little rodent, who works in the night, secretly, and along intricate passages makes his way from one succulent root to another, which he eats, and thus destroys the shrub. Now and then the hurrowing rascal pushes himself up to the daylight for the purpose of taking an observation of what grows within the vicinity, upon which this vicious little pouched rat may exercise his

sors and fill his thieving cheeks; it is then only that he leaves a mark to indicate his destructive career. If you spade for him, his hole is deep and hard to find; if, in the endeavor to drown him, one pours water in his hole, it is led away by underground passages; if one undertakes to smoke him out, there is discovered a score of chimneys where the smudge escapes; if poison is set for him, he cunningly avoids it; if you catch him, he only squeals and dies, and leaves a nest full of vexatious little gophers, that grow up just as bad and vicious as himself. The only thing the gopher can't endure is daylight—the moment he looks upon the sun he becomes blind. Nothing worries him so much as the cultivation of the soil; good, thorough husbandry, that plows deep and mixes the soil with rich fertilizers, that keeps the spade at work, breaks him up entirely, exposes and disarranges his subterranean passages, cuts off his feeding grounds, disturbs his commissary department, his incisors grow dull for want of use, his sleek and glossy coat grows brown and shabby, and finally, all gaunt and shriveled, he slinks away to some obscure place to die. If the farmer grows idle and indifferent, and neglects his farm and garden, the gopher thrives for a time, grows bold, and waxes fat; but only for a time, because he soon exhausts the soil; the grass and shrubs, defrauded of their support, languish; fruit-trees, despoiled of their roots, die; and where once was beauty of lawn and field, of orchard and garden, there is seen only desolation and ruin. So, in every land on God's earth where the Church of Rome has ever been permitted to exist with the exercise of civil authority to mold the institutions of society and direct the morals of mankind; whenever its priests and secret orders have been allowed to burrow and intrigue, and ecclesiastical authority permitted to conspire for the carrying out of the ambitious designs of Rome, then has followed mental and moral desolation; man has dwindled and mind decayed; ignorance has thriven and superstition held sway. As the church has become enriched, the community has become impoverished; as the church has grown bold and insolent, men have become cowards, and lost courage to resent the wrongs to which they have become slaves, or to resist the encroachment of a spiritual power which has brought to them an ignominious and degrading subjection. There is not to-day a nation nor a community on earth where intelligence, independence, prosperity, science, moral courage, or personal liberty is not held in inverse proportion to the power of the Papal Church; where it rules supreme, there is ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and poverty; wherever it holds partial sway, there is partial degeneracy and demoralization. The history of sixteen hundred years has these facts written upon every page. There has been no age in the past so dark that it has not been made darker by the Church of Rome; there has been no era in civilization so brilliant that its radiance has not been dimmed by the presence of the same cloud. Although the time has passed when this cloud is charged with danger, it has only passed to those nations whose people have the intelligence to watch the manoeuvres of this ecclesiastical gopher, the industry to follow and the courage to expose its secret intrigues. All that is needed is to drive it out of its tortuous paths and underground hiding-places into the broad sunlight of intellectual day; confront its jesuitical casuistry with common sense, its perverted history with the truth, meet its lies fearlessly, and while yielding to it all that it has the right to claim under the law, concede to its threats or to its cajoleries nothing. These reflections are prompted by the action of the Papal Church in reference to our working classes. The "Knights of Labor"—composed only in part of papists, and all of whom claim to be American citizens and to be governed by the law—have appealed to His Holiness the Pope for his sanction to exist and for his authority to act. He has instructed Cardinal Gibbons, through the Propaganda, as to what his views are, and what his action will be under certain conditions. Regarding his Holiness with the same respect as we would any other bishop who has no business to meddle with American citizens, in other than their spiritual concerns; according to him the same authority we would accord to the Primate of all England, to the Metropolitan of the Greek Church, to the Bishop of South Africa, to the Grand Lama of Tibet; looking upon paparchy as we would upon Buddhism or Mohammedanism, meaning thereby to be understood as admitting no other or higher authority to the Pope of Rome in our civil affairs than ought to be conceded to the man in the moon—we say he has no business to seek to obtrude his counsels upon our people. Not one in twelve American citizens acknowledge his right to guide them in matters of faith, and not one in twenty, in affairs political; hence we say that his interference is sheer, inexcusable impudence, an interference that is not permitted to any other spiritual power in the universe, and that would be resented by an indignant people if any civil government of the world should attempt it. The attitude of the Papal power—announced by the Propaganda in summoning Father McGlynn to Rome, and in depriving him of his pastorate because he persists in entertaining certain views upon the question of taxing land and asserting his right as an American citizen to promulgate them outside the pulpit and church—is another

evidence that Papal Rome proposes to limit the individual liberty of American citizens, and to suppress the free utterance of political opinions. In this, Rome seeks to abridge free speech and the freedom of conscience. In the threatened denunciation of the *Catholic Herald* from all papal pulpits and the effort to destroy its circulation and influence, we see an endeavor to interfere with the freedom of the press, and in all these things a disposition to govern the ballot-box and to direct and control the Roman Catholic vote. We see the Pope and his priests controlling Ireland, and holding it in hostile antagonism to England. We see the Pope issuing directions to his ultramontane party in Germany, through Windhorst, its partisan leader. We hear his Holiness offering himself to Germany and France, as an arbiter of their political difficulties, while he makes to Italy—from whose throne he has been deposed by the revolution of Garibaldi, and the diplomacy of Cavour, and by whom civil authority has been taken from him by consent of the people of Italy, and ratified by the peaceful reigns of Emmanuel and Humbert, kings of Italy, within the restored and ancient capital of Rome—he makes to the Italian Government a proposition of compromise. The Vatican approaches the Quirinal, and offers peace upon the following terms: "First—The Pope will advise the royal, archducal, and ducal families of Naples, Tuscany, and Modena, to renounce all claims to the sovereignty in favor of the Holy See. Second—The Pope will crown Humbert King, granting him and his Catholic descendants the territory, clear, of Italy. Third—The King will govern the whole kingdom with full temporal rights, but will acknowledge the Pope as superior, and pledge himself to rule according to the dictates of the church. Fourth—The King will reside in Rome. Fifth—Territory, including the Leonine City, and part of the Tiber shore, will be allotted permanently to the Pope, with absolute ruling and proprietary rights. Sixth—A special convention will be concluded, fixing the amount Italy shall pay to maintain the papal household." When the King of Italy consents to acknowledge the Pope as "superior," and pledges himself to rule Italy "according to the dictates of the church," we take it, the Pope will have attained just such a compromise as would content him with Germany, England, and America, and just exactly what he and his jesuitical conspirators are intriguing for, all over the world. When he achieves this triumph, there will be no place for Protestant civilization, independent civil government, or self-respecting citizenship, outside the infernal regions over which his Satanic Majesty holds disputed sovereignty; for, curiously enough, the Church of Rome is not willing to leave him undisturbed in his jurisdiction—it must, resorting to confessions, masses, indulgences, and other spiritual tricks, try to steal condemned souls from their purgatorial imprisonment. Although Mr. Powderly—a Roman Catholic and man of alien birth—who stands at the head of the Knights of Labor, is endeavoring to subordinate the organization to the dominance of the papal hierarchy, and for that purpose there is called at Baltimore a convocation or council, to consider the American labor propositions, we are quite confident there is enough of Americanism, Protestantism, and independence to shatter the order to a million pieces before it will permit itself to be carried over by an alien and papal majority, body, boots, and breeches, to Rome, to be governed by a party of foreign-born, snuffy priests, who know nothing of the labor question in America, and care nothing for it, except to squeeze Peter's pence out of hard-working men and women to maintain the papacy, and home-rule subscriptions enough to carry on the struggle in the English Parliament for the national independence of Ireland. When the American people have their eyes opened to this conspiracy against their liberties, they will make its exposure and extermination a matter of quick consummation. In the meantime, the gophers of the Papal Church are running their little underground paths beneath the soil, over which the splendid march of liberty's increasing millions is going on, unimpeded, and, as yet, too busy to heed or care for the small vermin that crawls and hides and tunnels holes under their feet. When this multitude halts for one hour and begins to set its traps, let the vermin look to themselves, for their day of extermination will have come.

Lord Lansdowne is a landlord in Ireland and in Wiltshire, England. His Irish tenants, under menace of the secret league, are afraid to pay their rent, though abundantly able to do so, and his lordship has gone into the courts to secure rents fixed by a judicial tribunal, and has been compelled to push some four cases to eviction. This action within the law has brought down upon him the ill-will of all the political and other vagabonds of Ireland. The tenants of his lordship's estate in Wiltshire pass an eulogistic address expressive of gratitude for his generous treatment. Lord Lansdowne is Governor-General of Canada. William O'Brien, an Irish political agitator of the national party, in company with Bishop Ireland, a papal bishop, has left Ireland to visit Canada, for the purpose of "avenging" the Irish tenants; for the purpose of "dragging Lord Lansdowne from his seat," and to "arraign a tyrant landlord." (These extracts are from headings in the *Examiner*.) The *Examiner* professes to be independent. From Dublin to Queenstown

demonstrations of approval greeted Mr. O'Brien. Thurles, the President of a Roman Catholic college priest—welcomed him, saying: "I am commissioned Archbishop Croke to wish you success." "A tremendous gathering of people and priests were there." In replies to addresses from the Mayors of Cork and Queenstown, O'Brien said: "These addresses and this magnificent welcome prove that I do not go alone on my mission, but I carry hearty good wishes and approval of the Irish priests and people." The truth is undeniable that Lord Lansdowne is a generous and liberal gentleman, kind-hearted and just in the treatment of all his tenants. His only offense is that he is firm enough, and rich enough, and brave enough not to be intimidated by criminal disturbers and political agitators from seeking in the courts remedies for crimes against property. For broken contracts he simply asks the intervention of the law. His case is this and nothing more, yet for this he is pursued to Canada by an "avenger," with the approval of the people of Ireland and the bishops and priests of the papal church. In the mean time the "repression of crimes act" for Ireland, which Irish criminal style the "coercion bill," and which demagogic American politicians seeking the Irish vote, oppose, is passing through the Parliament of England, section by section, with an increasing majority, Gladstone and Parnell, side by side, walking into the lobby, carrying their tails behind them. When Mr. O'Brien says, "I am firmly persuaded that Lansdowne will not long resist the tremendous force of American and English public opinion now focused in the question of Ireland," he deliberately and willfully, for a dishonest purpose, assumes that the sympathy of Irishmen and Americans is against the enforcement of law in Ireland. This is not true, and whenever a test can be made in America, outside of Papists and political demagogues will be ascertained that there is an overwhelming opinion against Irish political agitation, and against the despicable interference of the Pope, his cardinals, bishops, priests, and party laymen in the civil affairs of the United States.

The temperance question, in one form or another, is coming the most important political issue that is at this time being presented to the country. There is no State, and no localities in the Union, where the question is not being discussed and an issue framed for decision and settlement of the polls. The question of how far the traffic in alcoholic liquors shall be restrained, and to what extent and in what manner it shall be controlled, has passed beyond the limits of sentiment into the domain of political economy, where property-owners, business men, and practical legislators are considering to what extent the material interests and the welfare of the community are being affected by unrestricted traffic in political parties are being compelled to consider the question, as they are beginning to realize the growing strength of organizations whose members persist in making all questions subordinate to that of the alcoholic liquor traffic. That this question assumes different phases in different localities only indicates how widespread is its consideration, and how important is the question in the minds of thinking men. Prohibition, high license, local option, the suppression of saloons, the Sunday traffic, are but some of the phases which the question has taken in different communities. A national candidate, by virtue of whose presence the last Presidential election, it is, by many, believed Blaine was defeated, and thereby the Democratic party brought back to power; the nomination of temperance candidates, upon temperance tickets, in State, county and municipal elections all over the country; the resolute determination of a strong and respectable minority to regard the question as of higher importance than any other political issue, will compel the two great national parties to take position or lose the temperance vote. As a matter of course parties will endeavor to avoid taking definite position on the sentiment is becoming so strong, and the temperance vote so numerous, that they will not much longer be able to avoid meeting and giving it direct recognition. The Democratic party will not dare to take sides in favor of temperance because so many of its rank and file are keepers of gin-palms and directly or indirectly interested in the alcoholic traffic. The Republican party, on the contrary, will probably be compelled to take side with the temperance movement. American feeling, which is also becoming very strong throughout the country, and is awaiting its opportunity for either a strong and respectable alliance or an independent movement, would, we think, favor an union with temperance people within the lines of the Republican party. It is improbable that the Republicans will be compelled to turn to their organization this reform element, and put itself forward to the people with a platform recognizing, in distinct terms, the right of Americans to home rule, the right of labor to protection against the importation of foreign merchandise and foreign laborers, and the necessity of controlling the alcoholic traffic by strong repressive legislation, and such other reform measures as look to the welfare of the better classes. It ought to be a necessity for no new political party in opposition to the Republican party. The American and the

perance movement are strong in the Southern States, stronger at the South than at the North, and if all could be united and act in harmony, there would be another quarter of a century of minority for the Democracy. There is a very strong feeling of Americanism among men of foreign birth—especially among Protestants; there is a very strong temperance sentiment in the Papal Church, strongly upheld by the most respectable of the Roman Catholic clergy. A party thus organized might get some Irish votes. It would secure a very large part of the American labor vote and would command the confidence and political support of all classes of society interested in advancing good morals, economy and honesty of administration, and protection of the rights of property and persons. It would, with a candidate whose personal character gave confidence in his sincerity and honesty of purpose, meet with an unquestioned and overwhelming victory. The country demands these reforms, but if the Republican party shall meet in convention at Chicago, squabble over a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and formulate a cowardly non-committal platform of resolutions, there will be enough of revolt from its ranks, enough of abstention from voting, and enough of independent parties to insure the renomination and re-election of President Cleveland.

The cootest of Porter Ashe with his wife, for the possession of a girl babe two years of age, is not reconcilable with any idea of gentlemanly and honorable conduct. If the pretext is that the custody of this girl should be taken from the mother because for any reason she is not to be regarded as its safe and natural protector, then for the same and an hundred other and better reasons the father should not be preferred to the mother. The true guardian of the child is its grandmother, the widow of Judge Edward Crocker, and with her is where every right-minded person would place it. With family dissensions we seldom interfere. In family disputes that are not made public the press has no right to interfere. The press has no right to expose family skeletons. But when the husband and father, he being a prominent citizen, takes the initiative in proclaiming his domestic grievances by abducting from his wife her child, the public may indulge a rightful curiosity by inquiring whether the life, history, and conduct of this gentleman justifies him in the course he is pursuing; whether he can complain that in the matrimonial contract entered into by him, anything was withheld from his information or hidden from his knowledge; whether he can find justification in any endeavor to expose the secrets of a home, which, if they exist, were made possible by his absence from it in horse-racing; whether, as a gentleman living upon the generous indulgence of his wife and her family, he has maintained inviolate the honorable relations which it is the duty of all gentlemen to preserve, when by marriage they enter a wealthy family, being themselves entirely impecunious and dependent. If Mr. Porter Ashe cares for the good opinion of honorable folk, it will be regarded by him as a friendly act when we suggest to him that he is himself on trial before a very wise and very impartial tribunal, viz., that of intelligent public opinion; a very high court from which there is no appeal; a court which is not governed by written codes and formulated statutes, nor from the consideration of which any testimony is excluded for technical objections; a tribunal whose best members do not deny they entertain prejudices; who do not pretend that there are not certain laws, such as humanity, and gratitude, obligation for favors, recognition of domestic relations, that throw over the wife the mantle of the husband's charity, and around her the shield of his chivalrous defence, and over his home the security of a watchful vigilance that defies the intruding spies of slander and defamation. These best members of society's high court think a mother should not be robbed of her female babe except under circumstances of cruel necessity, and can find no condition of domestic affairs that gives to the husband the right of acting in the rôle that Mr. Porter Ashe has marked out for himself. The solution of this problem is an easy one—that is, easy if Mr. Ashe is seeking the welfare of his child and is not endeavoring to secure future pecuniary favors for himself. Let the little Alma be turned over to her grandmother, and let her natural love be trusted as bonds for her safe keeping and her good behavior.

One of the conditions contributing to the prosperity of California is the increasing occurrence of cyclones in the northwestern country—that lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. These tornadoes are becoming of more frequent occurrence, and of more destructive force. Scarce a week during the summer period passes, that there is not chronicled some terrible cyclone that, in its track, leaves wide-spread desolation and ruin. Farm improvements, cattle, hogs, out-buildings, and fences are seized by the swirling tempest, borne aloft through the air, and dashed to earth; property and human life are destroyed; public and private edifices, of the most substantial structure, are not able to withstand the terrible power of these storms; villages lying in their track are swept from existence, and there is an ever-present, haunting dread lest the wind shall hush from its imprisoned caves to desolate the earth. Every cloud upon the

horizon is a terror, every gathering shadow a menace. So common and destructive have these tornadoes become, that every family, that can afford the cost, provides itself with a cyclone cellar, as a place of safety and refuge when the storm-fiend is abroad. Here, underground and within brick walls, the terrified inmates listen in trembling fear to the war of the elements going on above them, content to save their lives, well knowing that their property above ground is the plaything and sport of an irresistible and destructive force. Residence in such a country must be a source of constant anxiety and terror. If one leaves his home for business or pleasure, he may be overtaken and destroyed. No man can go to his bed at night without a possibility of being aroused too late to seek his shelter, for, although the moaning tempest gives warning of its approach, it often finds families unprepared. There can be no inducement of soil, productions, market, or employment in profitable enterprise that can compensate for the risks of such a home, and it would seem as though the future residence of the cyclone region, both for man and beast, would be in caves and cellars of stone and brick beneath the surface of the earth. Even then, there remains the risk to crops. It is, therefore, strange that the farmers of the North and Middle West should desire to plant themselves and families in this land of greater safety, climatic comfort, and productiveness of the soil.

The New York *World* under Mr. Pulitzer is becoming ambitious, and it is rumored that he is seriously considering the proposition to establish local editions of the *World* in Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. The Philadelphia part of the scheme is already an accomplished fact, and hereafter the *World* will be issued from that city entire, with "an outside" of Philadelphia local intelligence. The same movement, we are informed, is under consideration for Chicago and San Francisco, with this modification—all the news gathered for the *World*, by cable and otherwise, and all matters of general importance and information, will be telegraphed for use by the Chicago *World* and the San Francisco *World*. The difference of time between New York and the cities of Chicago and San Francisco is an important element in carrying out the project—especially important in San Francisco, where the difference is over three hours. Under this arrangement, the cost of gathering news outside of the city of New York—cable intelligence from Europe and such matter as is supplied by the Associated Press dispatches—can be divided between the four *Worlds*, of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. This arrangement would enable the consolidated establishment to secure paper, presses, ink, type, and all the paraphernalia for use by the four concerns, under most advantageous terms. Speaking for San Francisco, we should think it would give us a better daily journal than any that has as yet been in existence upon this coast. It would relieve our community from the annoyance incident to the jealousies and small agitations that seem to be indispensably connected with the personal interests of local journals. This proposition was once submitted to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for the establishment of *Heralds* at Chicago and San Francisco. If he had entertained the suggestion, there would to-day have existed in this city a *Herald* that would be a valuable property and would have had an extensive circulation. It would rejoice us to see a successful newspaper experiment in San Francisco that would make it convenient for all the present journalistic proprietors to go into voluntary bankruptcy, and cease their nasty personal altercations over matters that concern nobody but themselves.

Monsignor Galimberti, who represents the Pope at Berlin, is in high feather at this moment by reason of an utterance, credited to Bismarck, upon some recent occasion when the two were confabulating together. The utterance which so delighted the papal legate took the shape of a formula, in use during the middle ages, to the effect that "there are only two authorities, the Pope and the Emperor." The reason that it so delighted the heart of Monsignor Galimberti was because it recalled visions of the most brilliant period of the Papacy, the golden days of Alexander VI. and Leo XI., and the great Innocents and Gregories—the last ad brightest flicker of the candle which was so soon to pale and go out before the strong, clear dawn of the Reformation. It is difficult to tell which to admire most, the childish glee of the worthy Monsignor on being presented with a toy in the shape of a "formula," or the grim irony of the wily Chancellor in making him a present similar in character to the empty phrases and ceremonies in which he deals. The incident, however trifling as it may seem to be, is significant as showing that Bismarck is alive to the contingency of presently needing the countenance of the Pope; for it must not be forgotten that the south Germans of Bavaria and its adjacent States are largely Catholic, and the Chancellor is too astute not to know the value of church countenance in political complications which may presently arise. As for the Pope, on the other hand, he may tickle his fancy with the idea of some more solid concession as the price of his services, in the event of its becoming necessary to call him in professionally for mediation or reconciliation; for he yet sustains the character,

most convenient to the powers of Europe, of a political fetish who, as occasion serves, he elevated to the position of arbiter, without derogating from the dignity of the power which employs him, or consigned to the limbo of nonentities without regard for his querulous displeasure, should his services as a political convenience no longer be required. Still it may be assumed, that if it should ever be requisite for Bismarck to throw a sop to the papal Cerberus more substantial than a formula, that sop would not take the shape of any great temporal concession. Monsignor Galimberti, in reply to a question whether Bismarck was likely to interfere in Italy for the restoration of the secular kingdom of the Pope, replied in the negative; adding, however, that what Italy would be obliged to do would be "to give the Holy Father a sufficient slice of independent territory extending to the coast, that he may hold free and unchallenged." There is, again, a touch of grim irony in the idea of restoring to the Papal See of all its vast, salubrious, and fertile possessions, which once stretched from the plains of Lombardy to the gates of Capua, merely that portion over which brood the malaria and desolation of the Campagna and the Pontine marshes. The parallel which would then exist, if this programme is carried out, between the Suzerain and his fief is a remarkable and a suggestive one.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The National Opera Company.

The National Opera Company has given the San Francisco public a very fair opportunity of judging of its work, having, during the last two weeks, presented nearly all its repertoire. It has made a very profound impression upon all music-loving people. We have never had any performances here before that in any wise can compare to the representations given by this organization. The first night audience was a cold and critical one. First night audiences in San Francisco are always critical, but the coldness and lack of enthusiasm were due to the indefinite and unpleasant rumors afloat regarding the internal workings of the organization prior to the arrival of the company, more than to anything else. The machinery of the performances is marvellous; the stage management, the groupings, the treatment of colors, the scenic effects, the elaboration of every detail of the *mise en scène* are all worthy of the most exalted praise. The orchestra—as an orchestra, and not as the component part of an operatic production—cannot be surpassed. Theodore Thomas, as a leader of his own orchestra, is without a rival. The principal singers, taken together, are as good as we have ever had here in an operatic performance. The criticisms on their individual merits by the press have been to a certain extent, erroneous and unintentionally unjust. Nevertheless there is a defect in all of the company's representations, and the auditor goes away dazzled at the brilliancy of the performance but not thoroughly satisfied.

The cause of the defect and of the feeling of dissatisfaction to the auditor arises from the fact that very little freedom of expression is allowed any of the principals, and in no number that has been sung by any of the artists, be it solo, duet, or concerted piece, there has been one single phrase wherein the inspiration of the artist has thrilled the audience. This is not because there are no singers in the National Opera Company; Emma Jack, Pauline L'Allemand, and Jessie Bartlett-Davis are possessed of voices that will rank high in any part of the world, Ludwig and Whitney likewise. Yet all of these voices have been criticised as if they were those of amateurs on trial. The cause of these criticisms is that the voices have to sing to the orchestra, instead of the orchestra playing to the voices. It may be very well to refuse to concede and to allow no period in the progress of the opera, but the San Francisco public is more demonstrative in its approbation than that of any other city in the country, and what made the Patti season as much as anything else, was the vociferous applause and enthusiasm which greeted the end of each number and for which ample time was allowed.

The orchestra of the National Opera Company, not to derogate from its intrinsic merit, is too large and too loud, and because it is a metronome that sits as a pendulum swinging to and fro at which every artist is compelled to look cross-eyed while singing, for fear he or she may be left behind. Let the auditor shut his eyes and listen to the orchestra and the treat is a delicious one, but let him take in the representation as a whole, and he involuntarily says to himself, "The singers are lacking in power, in inspiration, and the performance as a whole seems somewhat flat." There may be some artists in the world that can cope with an orchestra conducted in this manner, like Mme. Materna for instance, but who does not remember Arditì leaping far over his music-stand with eager eye and ear, watching to lift up and bring out the voice of each artist, from Patti down. Put Patti behind the Thomas orchestra, conducted on the principle as it has been here for these operas, and her individuality would be blurred; in fact, she would be swamped. It is not that we would have too much freedom or latitude given the singer, but no artist can impress his individuality on an audience unless he knows that the orchestra and the leader are in sympathy with him and are there for that purpose. In the performance of "Martha" this defect was most noticeable, although Mr. Hinrichs led, who has not yet become quite so petrified as Mr. Thomas. A worse performance of "Martha" never has been given in the city, and yet there was present, taken all in all, better material for a good performance than ever before seen here. The performance was dull, rapid, and colorless. That there was any humor or merriment in the libretto or music never entered the mind of any one connected with the performance.

But the orchestra played the score from beginning to end with the utmost precision and finish, and the singers sang so that the orchestra did not leave them behind. There was one exception when Miss L'Allemand sang the "Last Rose of Summer," it was the only *ad libitum* bit of work that has been given during the entire season. We do not wish to be understood as preferring the Italian school to the German school, or that we prefer "Martha" to "The Flying Dutchman." We can conceive that one of Wagner's operas can be given with the utmost continuity, precision, and solidity, to the intense satisfaction of a German audience. But this is not a German opera company. The object of it is to give operas in English to English audiences, and the performance never can be a thorough success, especially in San Francisco, unless the condition of things is reversed, and the orchestra becomes a subordinate part of the performance. The above criticism can not apply to the choruses. They have been beyond criticism, and have lent great expression and vigor to every performance. This is for the very good reason that the system adopted by Mr. Thomas, although erroneous as regards individual artists, is admirable for the chorus. They need to be drilled like a regiment of soldiers, right up to the tap, no individual freedom whatever, to come here and go there like clock-work; then, being well trained, they produce a harmonious whole. But the soloists, after they have become letter perfect and absolutely familiar with the situations, must feel free and unrestrained in the interpretation of their parts, not free to violate any of the rules of singing or stage business, but free to reach the audience and get their sympathy and appreciation.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5, 1887.

R. J. Dawson, V. S., writes us as follows: "Knowing that many of the readers of *The Argonaut* are the owners of carriage horses, and feeling certain that they would not knowingly inflict pain upon them, allow me to make a few remarks upon an important matter—important, at any rate, to the poor horses. I allude to the use of the 'bearing' or 'check rein,' admitting that occasionally its use may be necessary, yet it is positively harmful to the animal, and it is unnecessary to rein his head up as high as is frequently done. As a veterinary surgeon, I assert that the muscles of the larynx are often by this means affected, and thereby respiration interfered with, to say nothing of the pain to the animal, his want of comfort, and inability to recover himself in the event of stumbling, etc. Anyone accustomed to the evidences of pain shown by the horse, will very plainly recognize them by the way in which he slowly throws his head from side to side, and the stretching out of the neck when his head is released from the check rein."

MONTENEGRIN VENGEANCE.

The Ballad of Jane Stilich.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin, and where the outlying countries stretch away to the gleaming blue sea, there also are hearts to whom vengeance is sweet!

Dragho! Dragho Stilich! where is he now? He who was blest with wife, and child, and wealth; whose flocks of sheep with twisted horns roamed the vales of Montenegro. And where, too, is Arnold Mieniesky, for whom, in vast plantations, the plum trees were hearing fruit to enrich his coffers, and whose white mulberries were thick in foliage? Listen! It is a casino at Nalassi-Mali, and Dragho and Arnold are quarreling hotly. Word leads to word, and rage mounts high in both their breasts. Ah, hold your breath! What deed is this? Arnold draws his dagger, and Dragho, smitten, falls to the earth murmuring "Vengeance."

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
And now who is this who comes, weeping, to claim the dead? Jane—Jane Stilich, the widow. And the neighbors lift the body to their arms, and carry him where the fire is smouldering upon his own hearth, and lay him on the mat, where the dying flames send a strange glow upon the pallid cheek and light up his wide-open eyes. What is the meaning of that significant gaze from those staring eyes? The priest who comes with holy water to bless the dead is strangely troubled. Only Jane understands, and when they have placed beside him his weapons and his pipe, she goes forth to seek the Sardar. The hour-glass marks four o'clock.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
Behold, it is the widow who enters the house of the Sardar. She speaks: "Hear me, oh friend! My son is young. An ear of corn is the heaviest sword his little hand can hold, and I have no brothers. You are rich in brothers, and four sons who hear your name are of an age to carry arms. You were Dragho's friend, punish his murderer." And Jane falls upon her knees at the Sardar's feet. He fixes his gaze upon her and replies:

"But, look you, Dragho Stilich has been no more my friend since last year's Christmas feast was held, when, rich in flocks, he refused to give me four sheepskins to clothe my four brave sons. But you—you are fair and comely—my sons and I will search the country for the murderer, and then you shall give yourself as wife to the Sardar." Jane's eyes blaze with fury, and she departs. All night long Jane is weeping over the body of her lost husband, and Dragho gazes steadfastly before him with ever open eyes.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
The skies are bright with the light of another day. Far and near hurries the tortured widow. Among the friends of Dragho she looks in vain for one who will arm himself and seek the fugitive. With one accord they answer, "Ah, but Arnold, too, has always been our good friend." And then, with despair in her soul, Jane turns her steps toward the house of the Sardar. "It is well—I accept the compact."

The eyes of the old Sardar flash beneath their hoary brows; he rubs his wrinkled palms together in satisfaction. And Jane, once more is she alone in her widowed home; once more she weeps over her dead; then, hending low, she whispers in his ear, and lo! the open eyes close in quiet rest and Jane weeps on, and the hour glass marks four o'clock.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
"Awake—hasten, my sons—let us prepare powder and hall and rations for the days we shall wander far from our home. Where are the hunting-knives? Tighten your belts that the gurrine may closely protect your chests; bring forth the deer-skin robes, that the dews and showers of night may not destroy our arms and our stores. Arnold Mieniesky has flown to the mountain heights, and we go to take his life, for is it not he who has killed Dragho, our dearest friend?"

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
Skillful is he and wary—the old Sardar, and soon the fugitive shall feel the danger that is near him. The Sardar discovers his tracks, and on the first day they meet, one of the four brave sons falls dead—and wheo the second day breaks, behold another son is slain. The Sardar hesitates, and questions his course. Arnold, the murderer, hethinks him if it would not be well to surrender. The priest seeks the widow and urges reconciliation. With fury and passionate words she refuses, and as she speaks, the sand falls and the glass marks four o'clock.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
"She refuses in wrath" is whispered through the streets of Nalassi-Mali—but the people, still hoping, send to the Lord Bishop a hundred sequins—the price of a head. With the Lord Bishop rests the charge of calling a tribunal of reconciliation. In the great church all is prepared for the mass of peace. Ring out, O bells, for the blessed mass of reconciliation, and ring for the twelve young mothers who come, carrying their babes in their arms, to knock at the widow's door. "Jane, Jane, open the door to us—we bring gold and 'broidered kerchiefs." But no response comes from that close-fastened door.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
"Jane, our good neighbor Jane, in the name of our children we ask forgiveness. Arnold repents. It was but a dispute. Malice there was none. It was the dagger which slew Dragho. The dagger alone is guilty—only listen, the priest will come to shatter it and to pronounce it accursed. Open the door Jane, open to us." But Jane Stilich is silent and relentless. She has sworn an oath to her dead, and woe befall him who breaks his oath.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
Dragho's murderer wanders once more through the forest's depths. This time, supported by his two brothers and by the two sons whom death has not stolen away, the aged Sardar again essays the capture. Fear seizes upon Arnold; to fly or to search a place of hiding, in both lurks danger. Enveloped by the dark shades of night, wild beasts beset his way, and his breast is filled with terror—his days are days of hurrying, fearful flight from his memories. The aged Sardar sounds a note of triumph! Arnold abandons his defense. He surrenders—he is the Sardar's captive. And the vision arises before the Sardar of Jane—the fair widow waiting for him in her lonely home. And now behold the victorious procession that enters Nalassi-Mali. Men, women, and the

children in the streets, follow in the train of the Sardar and his two brave sons, the prisoner Arnold Mieniesky in their midst.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
From afar the drone of the pipes and the noise of many feet reaches Jane, and sends a thrill to her heart as she reads in the din the announcement that the Sardar has returned. No time for thought. She opens her coffers and takes out the rich marriage robe which has lain untouched since the joyful day that saw her Dragho's bride. Its folds shake out the scents of lavender and asperule. How beautiful she is in this bright garb! Her fingers sparkle with gems, and jewels shine in her ears; on her head-dress rings together a double row of Turkish sequins. In one hand she holds her distaff, in the other her household keys. "He has avenged Dragho to possess Dragho's wife and Dragho's flocks. It is well. I am his."

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin!
"Make way, make way for the procession!" The heralds proclaim the Sardar's approach. His brothers and his sons still follow him. Jane, happy Jane, climbs to the topmost story of her house to bid them welcome. The old Sardar thinks upon her charms; his wrinkled visage is full of ardor. He hastens to open the door which alone separates him from the woman he longs to possess. As he knocks, a voice from above falls in clearest tone upon his ears: "Behold your bride!" He turns quickly, eagerly, with anxious longing, and Jane flings herself from the lofty roof as the echoes repeat to the affrighted Sardar, "Behold your bride!" Where is now the spirit of Jane, Jane Stilich, as she lies dead, dead before the Sardar and his followers?

And the glass marks four o'clock, and the Sardar has not Jane Stilich, nor has he Dragho's flocks of sheep with twisted horns which roam the vales of Montenegro.

Sweet is vengeance to the heart of a Montenegrin, and where the outlying countries stretch away to the gleaming blue sea, there also are hearts to whom vengeance is sweet!
—Translated for the Argonaut by A. T.

The publication of "English as She is Taught," or genuine answers to questions in the public schools, as collected by Miss Le Row, throws a very curious and suggestive light upon the schools. The schools are not to be summarily denounced for such illustrations of grotesque misconception of the methods of education. But the extent of such waste of time and study should lead to reform, and the extent is much greater than is supposed. This may be inferred from some notes of the same kind as those of Miss Le Row, made by another teacher. Here are some of the children's exercises:

THE LEGEND OF THE TROJAN WAR.

"The son of the King of Spata abused the hospitality of the King of Troy by carrying off his most beautiful daughter Helen, at this the Grecians flew to arms to discover the faithless woman. Troy held out for three years and at last the Grecians were defeated and Ulysses had some trouble getting home."

THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

"There were some virgins who could tell whether any one was going to die. One of them married. It was not right for virgins to marry, so they put them in a basket on the tiber. When they grew up they built Rome, and restored the throne to their grandfather Alba Longa."

"Christ was crucified at Antioch in Syria."
"Christ was crucified in the 19th year of his age."
"Christ was crucified 19 year B. C."
"Christ was born at David." (Luke, ii, 11)
"Christ was crucified in the reign of the Roman Emperor Pharaoh."

ACCOUNT OF JULIUS CESAR.

"He conquered all the known world—There was more known than when Augustus reigned—He crossed the Rubicon to Alexandria—He made a conspiracy against Rome, but was successful—He came into Spain and to Rome—At the Senate they pulled their cloaks around him and he said, 'What Brutus! thou too Casca?' And in the year 27 B. C. in the 44th year of his reign and the 76 of his life he left a wife."

The fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" was read, with the exception of the moral. The pupils were asked to write the story and supply the moral.

"A horse passing along saw some delicious grapes hanging. He picked two then threw them down and went away saying 'The grapes are sour.'"
"The moral is—he got the grapes."

CLEOPATRA.

"Cleopatra was a very wicked woman. She was persecuted by Antony and died of the bite of an asp, or the prick of a poisonous needle, and then she found she had to go to Rome in chains."

Moore's "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea" was read, and the cause of rejoicing explained, and the pupils were requested to write the substance of the stanza.

"Moore has beautifully pictured in verse how Jehovah and his people escaped from Ferro by crossing a sea. He says thus sound the loud tymol Jehovah has escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing the sea thus separating themselves from Ferro and his army by the sea; both men, horses and chariots of Ferro went down."
"When the tempest sounded over the sea, the people cried Jehovah is free."

"Charles Martel was famous for conquering the Sarons and himself King. He was the son of Pepin the first Colovian monarch. He was called by a French name Charlemagne although he was not a French man."
"Mohammed succeeded Charles Martel."

ACCOUNT OF MAHOMMED.

"Mahommed was born in the sacred city of Mecca in the year 570. He did not go out into Public life until he was about 40 years of age he had always been a rich merchant he could not read or write after his fortyeth Birthday he became a christian and went to the old communion of God. He died July 15 622, and died in 632 A.D. Hegira was the wife of Mohammed."

In the tropics the finest orchids are often found in the tops of the highest trees, at such an elevation that they can only be reached by cutting down the tree; while few are seen in the lower shades of the forest, which are singularly bare of bloom. Instances are not uncommon of expert collectors having been sent thousands of miles across the ocean to some remote part of South America, India, or the Malayan Archipelago, to secure some orchid of which a specimen or two may have been brought home.

A curious strike has been inaugurated at Menasha, Wis. The girls working in the woollen mills at that place have quit work because the proprietor had a coat of paint put on the windows facing the street. The paint intercepts the view, and prevents the girl workers from seeing the passers-by and the daily panorama of the busy street. The strikers refuse to resume work until the paint is removed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Queen's Ride.

AN INVITATION.

'Tis that fair time of year,
Lady mine,
When stately Guinevere,
In her sea-green robe and hood,
Went a-riding through the wood,
Lady mine.
And as the Queen did ride,
Lady mine,
Sir Launcelot at her side
Laughed and chatted, bending over,
Half her friend and all her lover,
Lady mine.
And as they rode along,
Lady mine,
The thistle gave them song,
And the buds peeped through the grass
To see youth and beauty pass,
Lady mine.
And on, through deathless time,
Lady mine,
These lovers in their prime,
(Two fairy ghosts together!)
Ride with sea-green robe, and feather!
Lady mine.
And so we two will ride,
Lady mine,
At your pleasure, side by side,
Laugh and chat; I bending over,
Half your friend and all your lover,
Lady mine.
But if you like not this,
Lady mine,
And take my love amiss,
Then I'll ride unto the end,
Half your lover, all your friend,
Lady mine.
So, come which way you will,
Lady mine,
Vale, upland, plain, and hill
Wait your coming. For one day
Loose the bride, and away!
Lady mine.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Song.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn, thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew."

"This morn in merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair,
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bride reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

—Sir Walter Scott.

The Fated Bride.

Down by the river bank, green and shady,
Through the valley ride court and king,
Seri and sycophant, lord and lady,
Quaffing the breath of the scented spring.
Coy birds lurk in the tangled bushes,
Daises peep from the verdant mould,
Delicate May blossoms hide their blushes
Under the leaves that the sun turns gold.
And gayly the glittering pageant passes,
Flashing with crimson and purple dyes,
Over the wealth of the bending grasses,
Under the blue of the cloudless skies.
Merry the canter and light the laughter
That ring from the lips of the courtier throng,
Sudden and silvery following after
The bluebird's call and the finch's song.

Only the king, with sad eyes drooping,
Warily, wearily rides apart,
Over the mane of his palfrey stooping,
Musing thus in his inmost heart:
"Love, my love, shall I find you ever,
Bride, my bride, whom I seek in vain,
Through lands that sunder and years that sever,
Through nights of vigil and days of pain!"

"I shall know you, dear, by your golden tresses,
And gentle voice that is sweet and low,
And soft eyes shining with tenderesses,
Oh, love, my love, have I far to go?
Wind, have you met with my soul's ideal,
In the glad sweet South you have wandered o'er?
Shall I clasp her, cling to her, find her real?
But the wind just rustles the leaves—no more."

Yet who is this, by the wayside sitting,
Where waters murmur and green boughs meet,
Where bees are humming and birds are flitting,
And the scent of a hundred flowers is sweet!
A girl's lithe form that the leaves half cover,
A wavy shimmer of shining hair
That rolls and ripples and mantles over
The slender arms that are brown and bare.

A scant gown, tattered and torn and frayed in
Long leagues of travel by mount and plain;
And the courtiers smile at the beggar maiden,
Who shrinks abashed from the dazzling train;
But the king leaps down from his charger lightly,
With glad cheeks glowing and eyes on fire;
Though her lot be lowly, her garb unsightly,
He knows the face of his soul's desire.

"My love!" he whispers. O blest the wooing
That's brief a-doing when hearts are kin.
The maiden lists to the monarch's suing,
For a king is a goodly mate to win.
The sweet face flushes, the faint lips murmur,
But fall and quiver and speak no word,
"My wife!" he cries, when her voice grows firmer,
And straight she answers, "My king, my lord!"
—Walter Cru

VANITY FAIR.

The death of the rich Catherine Wolfe calls attention to the rich women of the United States. The richest woman of them all is, perhaps, Mrs. Hetty Green of New York, who is worth \$30,000,000, and has been estimated as high as \$40,000,000. She is a sharp business woman, and cuts her expenses more closely than many a woman who is worth a thousand times less. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, who is building a \$2,000,000 palace at Great Barrington, Mass., is nearly as rich. She is worth somewhere between \$20,000,000 and \$40,000,000, and her money comes from her husband, Mark Hopkins, who made a fortune out of the Central Pacific Railroad. Mrs. Hopkins spends her large income generously. Mrs. Terry got one-third of her husband's fortune of about \$80,000,000, and in case her baby dies, she will get the rest. This baby is a girl not yet two years old. She is worth at least \$50,000,000, and is said to be the wealthiest baby in the world. Mrs. John Jacob Astor of New York, is said to be worth \$8,000,000. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, the widow of the railroad president, is worth \$5,000,000, and Mrs. Joseph Harrison, the widow of the man who built the first railroad in Russia, \$4,000,000. Mrs. Jayne, the widow of the patent medicine man, is worth \$3,000,000. Mrs. Josephine M. Ayer, who gets her money also from patent medicine, is estimated to be worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000, and Mrs. Edwin Stevens of New York, has \$15,000,000. New York has a number of other rich widows. Mrs. Martin Bates was left \$1,500,000, which her husband made in dry goods, and Mrs. Jane Brown received from her husband's estate about \$4,000,000, which was accumulated in banking. Mrs. W. E. Dodge, estimated at \$4,000,000, sends much of her income to the heathen, and Mrs. Robert Goellet, worth \$3,000,000, owes her fortune to hardware. Mrs. John G. Green is said to be worth \$10,000,000, and Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt has increased the \$1,000,000 which she received from her husband's estate, until it is nearly \$2,000,000. Clarkson Potter's widow has an immense income. Mrs. John Minturn is worth \$2,000,000. Philadelphia widows are numerous, and there are rich women of all kinds in the City of Brotherly Love. Mrs. Disston, the widow of the saw manufacturer, is worth \$1,000,000, and lives in a marble palace. Mrs. John Ray Barton is worth \$7,000,000; Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, the widow of the locomotive builder, is estimated as worth \$2,000,000, and Mrs. Charles Bromley, the widow of a carpet manufacturer, is worth about \$1,000,000. In Chicago, Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick is said to be worth \$10,000,000, and Washington's wealthy widows are many. Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren has several fine houses in the fashionable part of Washington, and Mrs. John O. Evens, the widow of the late President of the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, owns much Washington real estate. Mrs. Craig Wadsworth, of New York, has a fine residence on Massachusetts Avenue, and is said to be worth \$1,000,000. Mrs. Patten, the mother-in-law of Congressman Glover, lives in a house worth \$75,000, and keeps, it is said, \$1,000,000 in Government bonds in the Washington banks.

Leaving widows for rich young women, there are numerous good catches in the United States. Miss Elizabeth Garrett, the sister of the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is said to be worth between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000, and she is both bright and businesslike. The three daughters of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, are worth \$4,000,000 each. One of the richest young ladies in Washington is Miss Jennie Riggs, and there is a Miss Berenice Morrison in St. Louis, who, several years ago, was down on the tax lists as being worth \$964,990. Miss Clothilde Palms, the Detroit beauty, whom Senator Jones in vain tried to woo, is said to be worth \$2,500,000, and she is as beautiful as she is rich. Miss Benson of Philadelphia, inherited \$1,500,000 from her father, who was a well-known Philadelphia banker, and Miss Helen Erben, another Philadelphia girl, the daughter of a wealthy wool factor, is also worth a million. The richest widow in Colorado, was the wife of the late John W. Iliff, who was known some years ago as the cattle king of Colorado. There is a cattle queen in Texas, near Corpus Christi, Mrs. Rogers, who is said to be worth \$1,000,000. Another cattle queen is the widow of General Meredith of Illinois. One of the wealthiest women of Ohio is Mrs. George Ward Nichols, who is said to have an income of \$200,000. She is the daughter of Joseph Longworth, and she is the founder and proprietor of the Rockwood pottery, which is now noted for its exquisite workmanship both in Europe and America. Mrs. Nichols took up the pottery craze when it came over the country a few years ago. She developed the art tastes of Cincinnati and established this factory. She works in it about five hours daily, and is constantly at work improving her ware. Her works sell well in New York, and they have an international reputation. Mrs. Frank Leslie has made \$1,000,000 in four years, and there is no brighter business woman in the world. Amanda Eubanks, who lives near Sparta, Ga., is the richest negress in the world. It is said that Miss Eubanks received \$400,000 from the estate of a wealthy Georgia planter, who died in 1885. Many of our prominent public men have added to their fortunes by good marriages. Whitelaw Reid's wife, the daughter of D. O. Mills, is worth a fortune. Mayor Hewitt of New York, dates his prosperity from the time he was made tutor to Peter Cooper's daughter, whom he afterward married. Senator Payne's wife brought considerable real estate into the family. Secretary Whitney married a prospective fortune in Henry B. Payne's daughter, and Mrs. Whitney or her children will probably fall heir to the dozen and more millions which her bachelor brother Oliver owns. John Hay was made a millionaire by his marriage with the daughter of Amasa Stone. Congressman Tom Bayne, of Pittsburgh, has made a good deal of money himself, but his wife, who is the daughter of Smith, the partner of Hostetter who made the stomach bitters, has a fortune which runs high into the hundreds of thousands, and Senator Hale's wife inherited a fortune from her father, Zach Chandler.

The sale of the French crown jewels occurs on the 12th of this month. The famous Regent, the gem of the collection, although down in the catalogue, is not to be offered. This one magnificent diamond is believed to be the finest in the world, and cost three and a half million francs. There

are already many large and valuable collections of gems in this country, particularly among the wealthy people of the Pacific Coast; and the possessors of these collections will possibly strive for some of the historic jewels of France to add to them. Of course the gossips say that Mrs. Mackay will get the best; or Mrs. Hopkins, who already has a boudoir literally studded with precious stones; and the Fairs and Sharons and Hearsts are names that occur to every one. The purchases of the Vanderbilts and Astors of New York are eagerly speculated upon. In fact, the name of every wealthy woman is mentioned. Several weeks ago, the gentlemen of the commission made their first visit to the vaults of the treasury, for the purpose of sending an instalment of the "condemned" jewelry to the melting-pot. Inspectors of the finances, the director of the mint, representatives of the Ecole des Mines and the Museum of Natural History, a number of experts, a photographer, and an electrician—all these notables and accessories—were in attendance, in addition to the commissioners. The jewels are kept in a large strong box, which is deposited in the safe of a vault. There are three locks to the safe, each requiring a different key, and one of these keys is in the possession of each of the three members of the commission. Consequently the safe can be opened only when all three are present at the same time. The jewels were then taken from the box and placed upon the table, where a silvery shower from the electric light fell upon them, and at the same time illuminated the faces of the company. In cases of all shapes were necklaces of pearls, rivières of diamonds, jewels, crosses enriched with precious stones, swords of heavily engraved gold, and the imperial crown. They lay upon the table one blaze of splendor. First, the jewels which were to be preserved on account of their historic associations or their artistic rarity had to be identified and laid aside. The principal of these were the Regent, a wonderful reliquary brooch of triangular form, enriched with brilliants in the style of Louis XV.; a sword which is said to have belonged to Charles X., mounted in 1824; a watch of the Dey of Algiers, presented by him to Louis XIV.; a small black elephant of Danish workmanship, a marvelous specimen of enamelling; a large engraved ruby, representing a chimera which figured in the Golden Fleece; a parure of precious stones of the time of Louis XVI.; one of the Mazarin diamonds, and finally a small dragon, ornamented with a pearl mounted on a plaque of enamelled gold.

The stones which are to find a resting-place in the museums were next examined. They include three diamond ornaments, three rubies, twelve amethysts, twenty-one opals, thirteen pearls, one lot of small pearls, two lots of turquoises, one lot of emeralds; one lot of topaz roses, one lot of pearls, one lot of green stones, one diamond portrait, and a miscellaneous lot, destined for the School of Mines, and composed of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. There remain for the sale of the 12th of May, 51,403 brilliants, 21,119 roses, 2,963 pearls, 507 rubies, 136 sapphires, 322 emeralds, 528 turquoises, 22 opals, and 426 miscellaneous stones. A large part of the stones which are to be sold are still mounted in necklaces, parures, and diadems, but the mountings will be destroyed or their identity disguised, without wholly sacrificing those of historic significance, and the gems will ultimately shine upon the table of M. Escribe, the auctioneer, in all their naked splendor. The work of destruction was meanwhile going on. A few blows of the hammer, made of the imperial crown a mere lump of gold, ready to be taken to the mint. M. Benjamin Raspail, who, smarting under the recollection of his treatment at the hands of Napoleon III., had been one of the leading spirits in this profanation of the manes of royalty, had claimed for himself the retributive satisfaction of destroying the royal crown, but, owing to a severe fall, he was confined to the house, and was therefore obliged to rest content with the instrument of destruction, the hammer, as a souvenir. His absence is to be regretted, for the spectacle of a man calmly knocking to pieces, with his own hands, the crown of a monarch by whom he had been persecuted, would have been strangely dramatic. The sale, which is to take place at the Pavillon de Flore, in the Tuileries, will be an imposing "ceremony"—the last sad rites of royalty. It is proposed to ornament the auction-hall with the most gorgeous tapestries, and furnish it with easy chairs and tables from the "Garde Meuble," for the sale has attracted so much attention since the announcement that it will, doubtless, be attended by people of rank and wealth from every quarter of the globe, as well as by hundreds of dealers.

In discussing a recent kirmess in St. Louis, a writer in the *Spectator*, of that city, says: "From a front-row study of the kirmess dances, I have come to the conclusion that the St. Louis type of the American girl is very graceful—that she has very pretty arms, and, to a certain rather elevated point, plump and pleasing underpinning. I say to a certain point, because my front-row observation was limited to an extent. I was, also, in justice to the sex, forced to the conclusion that the St. Louis girl has no idea of the effect of a short dress upon an audience, when its wearer is elevated to the surface of a very high stage; and, particularly, that she has no idea of the range of vision which is permitted an observing spectator, by the swing of a short skirt in a simple waltz movement. Possibly, the American girl will know more about these things when the next kirmess is given here. Perhaps the effect of that knowledge may be to curtail my range of vision next time. I have taken no chances on 'next time.' The young men have not taken any chances, either. From the moment that it became known that some of the revelations of the kirmess dances were very like those of the regulation ballet, the front-row seats came to be in demand. The news spread like wildfire on Tuesday, every young man who had been there Monday night giving the information to sundry friends. The dudes began to infest the parquet. They waited with suppressed excitement, till the pretty little Tyrolean girls began to execute a waltz movement. Then the ballet commenced, for the outward impetus given their skirts placed twenty well-filled black stockings on view. The applause from the parquet was spontaneous and prolonged. When the fur-trimmed Russian maidens stamped their little feet, and, whirling about, demonstrated to the front part of the house that their understanding was all right, there was a lively interest taken in the dance, which showed that it was

appreciated. When the little Dutch girls clasped one another lovingly by the waist, and revolved with a pivotal motion that sent their skirts out at an angle of forty-five degrees, the dudes moved forward, and sat on the edge of their seats."

We have in "America Heraldica," a compilation of coats of arms, crests, and mottoes of prominent American families, recently prepared by Mr. E. de V. Vermont, a complete and "final" list of the American families emigrated before 1800, who have an ancestral right to a coat of arms. The number admitted by Mr. E. de V. Vermont, among the first families, is only four hundred and twenty. This is very few for a nation of fifty millions—which shows what nice persons the members of the first families must be. Mr. E. de V. Vermont finds them among Cavaliers and Puritans, Knickerbockers and Huguenots; and he points with pride to the use of coat-armor by Washington, and other fathers of the State, as a proof that reverence for such matters is deeply planted in the noblest hosoms. Undoubtedly, Washington belonged to the gentry, but his best general, Greene, would have been among Mr. E. de V. Vermont's social outcasts; Franklin was a workingman, and the son of a soap-boiler; Samuel Adams was an unsuccessful trader; John Adams has been wittily described as a self-made aristocrat, in fact, precisely one of the impudent intruders. The bulk of the Knickerbockers were Indian traders and small shopkeepers, who bartered rum for heaverskins with the red men, and sold groceries and tallow candles by the penny's worth to the fat burghers of New Amsterdam. If a cavalier looks closely into his ancestry, although he may like the family, it is doubtful whether he may find much to be proud of in the particular member of it who brought the name and coat of arms to America; for it was mostly the ne'er-do-wells whom the aristocracy sent to the plantations. After all, the forty-nine millions and odd who are not in the book may ask, what constitutes a right to armorial bearings in this country? As our government does not, as yet, recognize property in coats of arms, it can not make much difference whether a candidate for the first circle derives his coat-armor from a man or woman, from his step-father's first wife's previous husband, or the second cousin of his great-aunt, or follows the example of the late William M. Tweed, who, having ordered at a heraldry shop something neat and appropriate, was promptly supplied with the armorial bearings of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which he wore to the penitentiary. And for the comfort of those aspirants who still cling to their crests, although they are not of the four hundred and twenty, and who believe that there is some magic virtue in heraldic badges, we are glad to be able to say that, in making out his list of families, Mr. E. de V. Vermont is not so ruthless as to specify the existing branches which are or are not entitled to use the arms. There are Browns on the roll, and Smiths, and Joneses, and many other common names, and there is nothing to prevent the thousands of bearers of those patronymics from affiliating themselves to the armor-bearing ancestor commemorated in this volume, and then trotting away, happy and emblazoned.

The Vienna Carnival closed recently with a court ball and a redoute at the Opera. The Vienna artists gave their annual fête costumée, which was a magnificent success. The guests were all required to imagine themselves in the year 1987, and to devise costumes which they might consider suitable to that coming year of grace. Fancy ran riot in contriving eccentric travesties, and the result was indescribably amusing. A series of exhibitions, representing the developments to be expected in art and science one hundred years hence, was one of the most attractive features of the fête. Some of the leading painters contributed caricatures of their own works, and some good-natured prima donnas and musicians regaled the company with the music of the future. There were, of course, endless varieties in the application of the telephone, the telegraph, and photography to the uses of domestic life; and a lady of the future was shown listening to an operatic performance in her boudoir, and bringing up ices from a distant confectioner's shop by the touch of an ivory knob. Almost everybody of note in Vienna attended this well-managed fête.

The Goulds have not yet made a move for entrance into society, nor given the faintest indications of intending to. At the Patti operas, which have crowded the Metropolitan Opera House, the conceded prettiest girl in the boxes has been the bride of young George Gould. That doesn't imply as much as it at first seems to. The two extensive tiers of proprietary boxes contain, of course, the wives and daughters of swelled, not by selection, but by the chances of birth and fortune. These women represent the average of all New York as to comeliness, and a glass can be swept along for a dozen boxes before focusing a tolerably pretty face. But drop your gaze to the big area of orchestra chairs, where a goodly proportion of the girls have been invited on their looks, and see how immensely higher is the attractiveness. Men do like to take out lovely maidens, and so it is, that, while beauty is plenty at the Metropolitan, the boxes do not contain anything like their proportionate share of it. But Mrs. George Gould is beautiful anyhow, and, posed at the front of the Gould box, she has been the belle of the Patti week undeniably. If she is ambitious to enter the society which adjoins her in the boxes, she has to curb her desires, for Jay Gould has not yet undertaken to introduce himself to the Vanderbilts and the others of exaltation. As several clubs have declined to welcome him, and the Stock Exchange will not permit him membership, it is a puzzling question how strenuously society would resist him. A common idea is that one winter of gorgeous entertainments would prove irresistible.

The New York *Sun* declares that the development of scrimmage may be traced back through the French *escarmouche* and the Italian *scaramuccia*, and the scarmishe of Chancer and the scarmage of Spenser to its origin in the old High German.

A Philadelphia economist figures out the reduction of car fare in that city from six to five cents as a positive loss to poor people. He says that when they walked before they saved six cents, and now they only save five cents.

THE AMERICAN SHRIEK.

"Iris" discusses the Callopie Voices of our Maids and Matrons.

It is an established fact in contemporaneous history that American women, while they are pretty, clever, charming, all that is most agreeable and attractive, are strangely lacking in "that most excellent thing in women," a pretty voice. Where can you put your finger on an Eastern woman whose voice, like Annie Laurie's, is "low and sweet"? She is a *lusus nature*. One might as well expect to find an Englishwoman with small feet, a Spaniard with pink cheeks, or a New Yorker with a large waist. The species, if it ever existed, has, like the musk-ox and the behemoth, become extinct. Singularly enough, this defect seems to be ineradicable. It looks as though it were a race characteristic. Americans are aware of it; they even go so far as to try and hide it under a veneer of English accent. But with poor success. We are known the world over as the possessors of ugly voices; and alas, that one has to acknowledge this disagreeable truth—we deserve the reputation.

Foreigners—in which generic term one may include the English—are just a little out, however, in their estimate of our voices. As when they attempt to write novels of American life, they make the Westerners say "Dew tell," and the Yankee allude to "we-uns," so, in passing judgment on our voices, they generally err through ignorance. They are prone to regard the American race as perpetual sufferers from catarrh. In this respect we resemble the "Hunkey Kid," who, if I remember rightly, "always had a broken nose, and always had catarrh." An American who does not talk through his nose is regarded in Europe as only half an American. He is looked upon askance as an imposter, or at best a mongrel, talking through the nose being the salient point of the great American people. If he says "Why, certainly," and talks with a nasal twang, he is immediately recognized as a "typical American."

This is a mistake, to put it mildly. New Englanders talk through their noses and charge it to the climate; occasionally Philadelphians do, and charge it to anything that comes handy, from an hereditary family characteristic to hay fever. But Westerners, New Yorkers, and Southerners hardly ever fall into this error. They clip their r's, roll their r's, and play all kinds of pranks with that inoffensive letter, but it never reaches the outer air through their nose. What strikes all foreigners is the false chord in our voices, and what after a cursory visit they deem as nasal, is, that the voices of American women are almost invariably pitched an octave higher than they ought to be. They don't talk, they shriek. They know no other mode of conveying their ideas than by bawling them—that is, when they have ideas to convey. They are like Giles the dwarf. They have musical voices, it is true, but their music is the music of the callopie.

Californians—to whose manners the modern novelist has done such injustice, from Lawrence Oliphant, who makes a belle from the Golden Gate say to a bashful lover, "Shove ahead, old chappie," to Bret Harte, whose heroines have a happy, colloquial way of addressing their admirers as "Cully" or "Pard"—are renowned as the possessors of the most musical voices in the United States. They are low and sweet and tender, soulful, thrilling kinds of voices, quite like that of the ideal woman of old-time romance, before she grew realistic. Not so New Yorkers. Those charming girls to be seen any fine day on Broadway or the avenue, so high-bred and handsome, neat and sweet, and fine as a clove-pink, with the manners of a Récamier, have voices to which the skreel of the bagpipes is music. Their grammar is unimpeachable, their choice of words is always good, if not elegant, they are sometimes immensely amusing, and are always as full of gossip as an egg is of meat; but oh! the slogan of the Macgregor is not more ear-piercing than their dulcet tones. A group of them together make a noise like that produced by a colony of peacocks. You, an idle loiterer, loafing luxuriously down Fifth Avenue in a blaze of spring sunshine, casting a potentially bucolic eye on the burstin' buds of the park trees, dreaming of the country, of woods misty with tender leaves, of lawns faintly tinted with a green haze, wrapt in a spring reverie, suddenly are rudely awakened by a strange conglomeration of sounds. You start and gaze about, palpitating. What is it? Where did it come from? It is like a maelstrom of cacklings, out of which a sentence is every now and then violently flung. Half a dozen girls stand in a knot at the corner, their heads bent gracefully toward each other, from under the right arm of each protrudes an angle of a white cardboard box, the passer-by delicately picks his way between their exuberantly spreading bustles. The noise which arrested and alarmed you is nothing but the gossip of these dear girls. It fluctuates as you approach, contracts to a low murmur, expands to an uproar, swells to a shriek, drops suddenly, like the wind at sea, to a zephyr-soft murmur. You sink along by the area railings, beaten and bruised with sound, as Stephen the Martyr was with stones.

When two women talk together it is much more amusing and profitable; that is, your brains are not taxed to follow, for New York women, being public-spirited creatures, don't want to deprive you of a little pleasure, and so talk loud enough for everybody to hear. In this way you become the recipient of innumerable confidences. You are constantly hearing the most exciting things. You know all about everybody. Skeletons in closets are tranquilly exposed to your wondering gaze. You have the Alpha and Omega of Aunt Lydia's flirtation with Uncle James; you have the last sad details of the dreadful day when little Matilda swallowed the tube of Prussian blue; you have an epitome of the tremendous conjugal dispute which separated Mr. and Mrs. Jones; and, above all, you have a number of the tender disclosures which young women so delight in.

Some days back, I overheard one of these confidential talks between two girls on the elevated railway. They boarded an up-town train at Cortlandt Street. They were pretty, well-dressed, well-looking girls, with trim English hats on, and filmy veils tied down over their rosy chins. They came on laughing and talking; when half-way up the car they stopped, dismayed. "There are no seats," said the second, a handsome, tall, dark girl, with scarlet flowers, the same color as her lips, in the front of her hat; "good

gracious, how horrid!" They scanned the car from end to end, looked at each other with faces of comic despair, then simultaneously burst into frantic giggles. Suddenly, gravity fell on them like a pall; for the fraction of a second they were funeral; in the next breath, their eyes meeting, they shrieked in concert, and went off into paroxysms of acute mirth, in the midst of which the train started. As usual the start was sudden, it nearly threw the girls off their feet, they made wild lunges for the straps over their heads, grasped them just in time, swung together in a confused heap like sleeping bats, and untangled themselves, amid bubbling gasps of laughter. The next lurch sent the smaller of the two, a little, brown girl, not much over five feet high, upon the knees of an adjacent old gentleman. He gazed about for protection, with the look of a hunted animal in his eyes. The girl, red as a poppy, rose with a suppressed cry and clutched her companion, observing in a strained whisper, audible throughout the car, "How perfectly awful! Do you suppose he thought I did it on purpose? What on earth will I do? I trod on his toe besides; I suppose I had better apologize."

She turned with a contrite air, and said in a suppressed voice, "I'm so sorry. I hope I didn't hurt—" Then off they both went with strange, explosive shrieks, clinging to each other and swinging out or in with every movement of the car. The old gentleman looked at a man next to him; consent was mutual and instantaneous. They rose simultaneously and bowed to the girls, designating the vacant seats with their left hands. The girls, with gurgling acknowledgments, fell confusedly into the seats, and sat silent for some time, glancing furtively at each other, and then giving vent to sudden, strangling sounds. When they had recovered enough for speech, they bent their heads together, and confidences, evidently of a tender nature, ensued. At first they whispered; then, under the stress of excitement, occasional remarks assumed distinctness. The people in the car began to listen. One could see the men holding their papers up with a studious air, but their eyes were fixed, with the intent appearance which only comes when listening, on the advertisements above the windows. The remarks, though disjointed, took shape.

"And he says," said the dark one, who was doing most of the talking, "that he won't stand it any longer"—whispers—"Jack thought it was very mean of me"—whispers—"no, no, a new ring—a pearl and two diamonds"—whispers—"cut V-shaped, like this, with valenciennes and ribbon;" various passes across her chest like curtailed signs of the cross illustrated this latter mysterious communication. Several of the reading men softly lowered their papers and peeped over the tops. The girls went innocently on.

The small one had the floor now. Her voice was not as deep as her companion's, and broke into hoarse undertones: "Yes, it was at Mrs. Jones's," she said; "the most gorgeous moonlight night! I had on my gray tulle; you know, the one with the moire waist; and such a bouquet of La Frances!"

"Who sent it—Fred?" breathlessly. "No, how silly of you; Jack, of course. Fred is too poor. Well, as I was saying, I wore my gray tulle, and that's awfully becoming. I couldn't help feeling that I looked unusually well. No sooner had I got inside the door, with awful emphasis and sparkling eyes, 'when who should come up but Harry, and insist on having the first dance!'"

"Good heavens," in a lugubrious tone, as though "Harry" was synonymous with the foul fiend. "What did you say?"

"Of course, I refused. I was very cold to him. But, my dear," her voice rising, in the horror of the situation, to conversation pitch, "he would have it. I was frightfully rude to him," all the italics in the world would fail to give the proper emphasis; "I treated him like a dog—but it was no use. He would have it. He turned as pale as a ghost, so I had to give in or else have a scene."

"Poor girl," said the dark one, sympathetically; then, settling herself down in her seat in preparation for the further unfolding of the tale, "what did you do then?"

"I took his arm and we went into the little sitting-room on the left, the one with the Dresden china mirror, and"—her voice sank to a whisper. A florid old gentleman opposite had slid to the very edge of his seat, and was leaning forward with his right ear—evidently his best—turned toward them. His jaw dropped sadly as their voices fell. There was not a person at that end of the car who was not listening. The men with newspapers had resolutely fastened their eyes on "Try Pitcher's Castoria," but their look was glassy and betrayed them. A messenger boy, carrying a large bundle, leaned his elbows on it, and sat staring up into the girls' faces with parted lips and rounded eyes. Presently she broke out again in her penetrating undertone.

"Yes," she said, "the poor boy said my conduct was heartless and unfeeling. My dear, there were tears in his voice when he said it. You may imagine how ghastly I felt. If I'd murdered him with my own hands, I couldn't have felt more wretched. I was just going to expostulate when he seized my hand and—" Here she glanced up, encountered the gleaming eyes of the entire carfull, blushed furiously and guiltily, and went on in a whisper.

The despair of the listeners was deep. They were afraid to move for fear she might take flight altogether; the boldest held his breath for a time. No one laughed; then the dark girl's voice rose to distinctness:

"What did you say?" "My dear what could I say? What would you have done? I just said—"

"Twenty-third Street," cried the conductor, banging open the door.

"Oh, I must get out here," chirped the blonde with a start of stimulated memory.

"So must I," said the other, "we can finish at Sterne's. Where's my parcel? I've got to exchange some collars, they're too big. I only wore them one day, so I suppose they'll change them. Hurry up, or we'll be carried on," and they rushed out cackling.

How that interview which took place in the little sitting-room with the Dresden china mirror came to an end will never be known. It will forever remain a mystery, to which that of the man in the Iron Mask is the merest of bagatelles.

IRIS.

NEW YORK, April 29, 1887.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Louis Kossuth is alive. He is living at Turin at the advanced age of eighty-five. He spent last winter with his son, Major Kossuth, who resides in Naples, and who is the magnate—the Tom Scott—of the whole western network of Italian railroads.

The late Marquis of Hastings was about the toughest of all that tough generation which revolved about the Prince of Wales before he had the typhoid fever and was frightened into decency. The Marquis of Hastings lived on his yacht a good deal, and he had the panels of the saloon decorated with naked women, painted after free Pompeian models. When the pious Marquis of Bute bought the vessel soon after his conversion to Catholicism, he had dresses painted on these fantastic figures, and changed the composition from a wild bacchanalian debauch to a pious representation in allegory of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

By the decease of Mme. Jacques Offenbach, the last bearer of the famous composer's name has passed away. The musician's only son died soon after his father, and all the daughters are married. Mme. Offenbach, whose father was an Irishman, was a woman of great beauty and amiability. She was particularly popular at Eretat, which charming fashionable resort the Offenbachs and Bertali, the celebrated designer, made known to Parisians long before its reputation as a watering-place was established. Mme. Offenbach had been a sufferer from heart disease for many years, and in the Eretat residence a trap-door was cut in the floor of the invalid's bedroom, through which an arm-chair was lowered into or hoisted from the salon below.

The affection exhibited by Mlle. de Sombreuil, a political spy, for the asphalt of Paris, has attained the proportions of a veritable mania. She has been kept out of France by more decrees than have sufficed to exile the present generation of "pretenders," and yet she insists on returning periodically to the scene of her sorrows and joys. She was arrested as she was watching from a box the performance of "Ninon," at the Nouveautés. It is true that Mlle. de Sombreuil protested, and, pushed to extremities, even went so far as to resist by force. But she was driven off in a cab to the police station. She has been condemned to two months' imprisonment, at the end of which she will again be conducted out of the country, only, it is to be presumed, to return on the first opportunity.

After having governed Chicago to his own entire satisfaction, for almost as many terms as have been kindly applied to him by the Chicago papers, the Hon. Carter Hoopemup Harrison is about to circumnavigate the globe, and reap the honors of his toil. He will penetrate the jungles of Siam, and teach the sapphirine autocrat how to work the gang; he will set up a kindergarten of reform for the Ahkood of Swat and the Maharajah of Buggulaboo; he will lecture to the soapless Zulu in his native tongue; he will tell the Kafir and the Congo how to set up a platform to please the boys. He will be all things to all men, will Carter. Meandering over the steel-blue bosom of some Scandinavian fjord, he will be Cjarter Hj. Harrison; in Bolivia, he will be Señor Don Cartero H. de Harris y Sono, and under the shadow of the Kremlin he will be known as Carteroff Hski Harrisonich.

The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, elder brother of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, who was for a short time Ambassador in London, has just died suddenly at Cannes. The late Duke was a "grand seigneur" of the old school. His stables at the Chateau de la Gaudinière, near Vendôme, which he had built in a style of great magnificence, were capable of holding upward of one hundred and fifty horses, and during the Empire the Prefect of the Department was horrified to see him scour the country with an escort of mounted guards and bandsmen. Latterly, the Duke had led a retired life, chiefly at Cannes; but he was well known for his team of four ponies, which he drove with all the skill of an accomplished whip. He was the son of the famous Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, Director of the Department of Fine Arts under the Restoration, who distinguished himself by lengthening the skirts of the ballet dancers at the opera, and by attiring certain statues at the Louvre in paper fig-leaves.

"I saw recently Lady Cook, formerly Teonie C. Claffin, of New York," says a London correspondent. "I had always imagined that she was a dashing looking woman, but no Roman matron ever looked more grim, sedate, and respectable, than does Lady Cook. Her face is regular in its lines, and almost hard in its regularity. Her eyes are cold, steely blue, and are small. She looks to be at least forty-five years of age. Her light, sandy brown hair is beginning to show gray. She wore a long seal-fur mantle over a dark green cloth dress. Her boots were of the stoutest thick-soled English make. Her bonnet was a square, ugly brown, tied in grim lines in the most Puritanical of knots under her angular chin. Her husband is worth several millions. The position that Lady Cook occupies is a most conservative one now upon all social questions where she used to provoke so much discussion and attention. Her sister, formerly Mrs. Woodhull, is also married to an equally rich man, who is a cousin of the present Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. Lady Cook's husband was recently created a knight on account of his success in business."

When the *Richelieu*, meeting the Duke of Edinburgh's flagship off Cannes, recently, paid him the personal compliment of saluting the *Dreadnaught*, on which his flag was hoisted, the latter ship did not return the compliment, because the Royal Admiral was in the arms of Morpheus in his cabin. The excuse offered to the captain of the *Richelieu* was to the effect that no guns of the right calibre were on board. When the Duke learned in what bad part the incivility of the *Dreadnaught* to the *Richelieu* had been taken by the authorities at Cannes and the Paris press, he called on the commander of the French man-of-war, and gave an explanation. When the Duke is in Paris with his children and the Duchesse, he only takes them to theatres where the Foreign Minister sends him a box-order for some of his subsidized playhouses. But he always goes by himself, and unattended, to the ones at which he has to pay an entrance fee. He beguio his acquaintance with the musical world under the auspices of Mlle. Schneider. As Prince Bismarck said, the natural function of Queen Victoria's second son is to play second fiddle to an orchestra. Nobody understands better in detail naval technicalities than this English prince. But he has not an intellect to go beyond them, and he eats and drinks too much to have a bright, clear, and steady mind. When he eats, he sticks his nose almost into his plate, and is insensible to everything but the gratification of his palate.

At Sandringham the Prince breakfasts with his wife and daughters, but at Marlborough house his habits are less regular, and as often as not his first meal consists of sardine on toast with a cup of coffee, or on occasion—tell it not in Gath—a brandy and soda. This "small and early" is partaken of in the airiest of costumes before the dressing-room fire, and during its progress His Royal Highness sorts and reads his letters. The next business is the choice of the suit of clothes he means to wear. It depends, of course, on the programme for the day. If his diary tells him that he has to open a hospital or attend a "heavy" meeting of learned professors, or run down to Windsor to see "mamma," as he still calls Her Most Gracious Majesty, the black frock coat with the silk facings, with a pair of quiet unmentionables to follow, is the order given to his trusty valet. Should Sandown, or a little luncheon "somewhere" with Charley Beresford, be down in the day's bill of fare, the latest thing in wonderful chessboard checks is called for, but whatever suit is offered to him the Prince is sure to reject it if it has been worn five times before. His Royal Highness never wears a pair of trousers more than six times. As soon as he is arrayed in purple and fine linen the Prince has Sir Francis Knollys in, and over the first cigar of the day instructs him as to the proper treatment of the pile of opened letters. Then he makes his way to his wife's morning toilet, where he is sure to find the Princess in the daintiest of morning toilets hard at work on "crewels," with two of her daughters making wonderful garments for the Sandringham poor, while the third little maid is reading aloud either from the *Times* or *Morning Post*. The papers and the crewel work are both laid aside when the Prince enters, and when his youngest daughter has brought him the weight-carrying chair in the room, half an hour's chat follows. During the season this is all the home life the Marlborough House people have together. Unless he has a dinner party at home or some function to attend which entails the presence of his wife and daughters, the Prince sees them no more till next morning.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LIMA.

The Palace, the Market, and the Plaza by Night.

III.

Having gone pretty fully into church and school matters as carried on in Lima, I shall now have something to say about the government offices. The Palace fronts the northern side of the Grand Plaza, and is a one-storied, flat-roofed, spacious, and rather uninteresting adobe structure. Painted a bluish color, with high, iron-barred windows, after the Spanish fashion, it is built around two connected courts, and occupies a whole square, extending from the plaza to the American Depot. In it are all the government and city offices, with the apartments of the President, the state officials, and foreign ministers; also the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives. There are four wide, arched entrances—one on each side—all heavily guarded by detachments of the red-capped Peruvian soldiery, who are quartered in the Palace in order to be at hand in case of necessity. Before a stranger can enter its sacred precincts the permission of the officer in charge is necessary, and accordingly to him I repaired; and, after satisfying that functionary as to my innocent intentions, I was suffered to enter. Passing through the first court, I entered the second, which, like the first, is small, paved with cobble-stones, and very dirty—in fact everything around them was in a dilapidated and ill-kept state. Clustered around one of the office windows were a number of badly dressed women and some seadily attired men, whose clothes were traditional in that they looked as if they had been handed down from father to son for many generations. They were drawing their "pensions," I was informed, and there can be no doubt about their needing the money. The floors of the offices and halls are of white marble, and the walls and ceilings very handsomely rescoed. The different departments are furnished very tastefully and expensively, with such articles as full-length mirrors with silken draperies; marble-topped tables and luxurious sofas and chairs; commodious libraries with mahogany desks and railings—everything bespeaking a taste or the luxurious and elegant, which, however, this distracted country can not now afford. In a long chamber in the western wing are a large number of full-length paintings of all the Viceroy of Peru, from Pizarro to Mendoza. They are well executed and worth a visit.

The Senate Chamber, in the eastern wing, is rather a small affair, arranged somewhat similarly to our own, containing a gallery for visitors, and desks and chairs for its members, who number about forty in all. Beneath a silken canopy and upon a small platform of white marble stands the elegant desk and chair of the president of the Senate. During his session—held once a year—it is occupied by the First Vice-President, there being two vice-presidents of Peru, elected, with the President and Senators, every four years. His chamber at first sight is somewhat uninteresting, the vast lying heavy upon the shelves of musty books, the rusts, and the rich folds of the silken draperies; yet it has been the scene of many exciting debates, which would have reflected credit on a South Carolina mass-meeting just before the rebellion. In this room, on the 16th of November, 1878, the great ex-President, Don Manuel Pardo, met his death at the hands of a cowardly assassin; and just without its rear doorway is the spot, marked by a cross, cut in the marble floor, where stood that brave sentry, Juan Rios, over fifty years ago, defending the Senate, alone and unaided, against a hundred revolutionists, till he fell mortally wounded—faithful and heroic to the end, like that grim Roman sentinel at the gate of doomed Pompeii.

Across the hallway from the Senate is the House of Representatives, with seats for the one hundred and fifteen members allowed by the new Constitution; otherwise, furnished similarly to the Senate Chamber, only upon a larger scale. The Treasury Department attracted my attention next, but I will not tire my readers by attempting a description of that somewhat ironically named place. The last apartments I visited were the rooms of the President of Peru, and what a marked contrast was there between the Jeffersonian simplicity and plainness of his office and the glitter, elegance, and luxury that characterized the apartments of the lesser officials! Seated at his desk, busily writing, was Peru's most famous resident—General Andres Avelino Caceres, who was proclaimed and took his seat as President upon the 3d of June, 1886. General Caceres was born in the Province of Ayacucho, Peru, upon the 10th of October, 1844, of Peruvian-Spanish parents of the upper class. Educated by his family, for a military career, as is the custom among the higher class, he entered the Peruvian service in 1865, and fought during the recent war with Chili, distinguishing himself especially upon the bloody heights of Tarapaca, rising splendidly from the lower grades to the rank of colonel, and reaching the position of general at the close of the conflict.

After the fall of Lima, the leaders either surrendered or fled the country, taking with them all the funds in the treasury, with the exception of General Caceres, who, gathering a devoted band of hardy mountaineers around him, withdrew to the hidden recesses of the Andes, determined to wage war of extermination to the bitter end against the Chilianist holding high carnival of robbery and riot in his country's fair capital, rather than surrender to the unjust terms imposed by the victorious southerners. After a few months, the Chilians established a government in Lima, placing General Iglesias, one of the Peruvian leaders who had surrendered, upon the presidential chair; he, by a proclamation issued by him shortly after the evacuation by the Chilians in 1883, declared himself President of Peru and General Caceres outlaw. General Iglesias was merely a tool in the hands of the Chilians, who supplied him with money and troops for maintaining his government; and the Chilian ironclad *Esmeralda* lay in Callao Bay subject to his orders. It was a awful spectacle, to say the least, and none understood it better than General Caceres; he, during all this time, being silently engaged in waging a most bitter guerrilla warfare on the towns held by Iglesias's "blue-caps." Large numbers of troops were sent time and again to capture this shy and daring Marion of the Andes, but as often returned defeated, beaten, and discouraged. And upon one pleasant morning in the year 1886—the third attempt—while the enemy were searching for him in the mountains, he, at

the head of his gallant band, marched into Lima, quietly took possession of the palace, and declared himself Dictator until a general election could be held. General Iglesias fled for his life and took refuge aboard the *Esmeralda*, and his officials scattered in all directions.

The palace in Caceres's hands, his victory was assured. As Iglesias's troops came in they were disarmed and sent out of the country; and after the election, a month later, which declared General Caceres President, he put in force several admirable measures of reform—reducing his own and other officials' salaries one-half, discharging large numbers of government employes, and stopping the supply of provisions regularly furnished the Chilian fleet in Callao Bay free of charge during General Iglesias's administration. His policy is retrenchment and reform, rigorously and to the letter, and the many wise measures inaugurated by him are being carried out faithfully, and the country, burdened as it is with an enormous debt—over £33,000,000 or \$165,000,000, mostly held in England—with its principal seaport, Callao, controlled by a French company, its trade almost gone, its mines idle and treasury empty, is already realizing the wisdom of Caceres's policy. In appearance General Caceres presents marked characteristics. Tall and slender in build, with hair black as coal, and moustache and side-whiskers to match; his remaining eye a very dark brown; his face pale, with square lower jaw, and large mouth, expressive of resolution and determination; his appearance is, in truth, remarkable; but his otherwise handsome countenance is marred by a long, frightful scar—a sabre-cut—extending from the left temple over the left eye, now replaced by a glass one, and down the cheek, destroying the bridge of his nose. In fact, his whole body is covered with scars and seams, mementos of many hard-fought battles. He was attired, when I saw him, in a plain suit of black. He is quick and nervous in movement, speaking both English and French as fluently as his native language; is well educated, polished in manners, a skillful general, a statesman of resources, integrity, and sagacity, and a perfect gentleman— unquestionably, the right man in the right place. And to-day, his name and the fame of his wonderful exploits are household words in every city and hamlet of this vast southern land: the peer of Bolivar; the Washington of South America; the Liberator of Chili and Peru; tireless in the interests of his countrymen; just, upright, and economical in all his measures for the public weal, he is the idol of the people.

After leaving his apartments I took my departure from the palace. The Grand Plaza, bright with its fountains, its flowers and trees, has upon its northern and eastern sides the Santa Rosa Cathedral and Palace, as I have already stated, while fronting its western and southern sides, stand the principal business buildings of the city. Restaurants and cafes here abound, and stores of every description. The fashionable shops of the aristocracy are here, where costly fabrics are retailed, and drugs, cutlery, fruit, and groceries sold. They are arranged upon the American plan, and are mainly owned by progressive Yankees. There is one very noticeable feature about this business centre, and indeed, the same is true of all other portions of the city, and that is, its extreme quiet; the almost Sabbath-like serenity that characterizes it, so different from the bustle and hurry of American towns. One block east of the Plaza, just in the rear of the Grand Cathedral, is the Lima market, where fresh vegetables, fruits in endless variety, meats, and wearing apparel of the richest description can be bought. In many respects it much resembles the French Market at New Orleans. It is the principal market of the city, and taken all in all, is a very curious place. Here are heaps of fruits and vegetables of all kinds; liquors, the choicest and best; paintings and furniture to suit the most fastidious fancy; silken finery and delicate lace-work are hung in gorgeous festoons from the frames above; toys and books, candies and bon-bons are here in profusion—in short, almost everything in the market line is here exposed for sale. There is maize, too—the finest in the world; and now the visitor stops to admire the huge piles of *chunno* or preserved potato of Peru, which, prepared by a process of freezing and drying, is said to be highly nutritious. The potatoes here are very fine and large; and with justice, since it was from this country that they were introduced to the world. Judging from the vast heaps of silky wool from the backs of mountain sheep, one would suppose the Peruvians would manufacture their own goods; but on the contrary, not a loom is to be heard throughout the entire country, all, or nearly all their wearing apparel coming from the factories of Yorkshire, England. Peru is backward in the matter of manufactures, lacking the spirit, the enterprise, and the thrift of colder climates. At any of the many little tables scattered about the crowded market and presided over by dusky-faced women in bright costumes, one can regale one's self, for a very small sum, with fresh milk and eggs, and delicious rolls, with butter in which the taste of the flowers of dewy meadows still delightfully lingers. Coffee, rich and stimulating, is handed to you by the pleasant Inca maids, gracious as Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods. One can certainly pass an enjoyable hour here, and the market certainly well merits a visit.

The Grand Plaza, before mentioned, besides its other attractions, is the one spot whither a stranger, anxious to study the people in public, should repair. The evening is the best time for observation, for then the beauties of the plaza, enhanced by the radiance of the electric lights, the stirring music of the military band, the perfume of flowers and sparkle of fountains, all combine to make it deliciously attractive and refreshing. Yonder, the moon has just appeared above the rugged peaks of the Andes, mounting ever higher and higher; the soft blue of the sky is ablaze with twinkling stars, and upon the dark southern horizon glitters the Southern Cross; a cool, soft breeze fans the leaves and sports playfully among the passion-flowers; it is, in fine, a delightful summer's eve. Now the people of all degrees come hither, singly and in parties, to rest and enjoy themselves after the heat and labors of the day. What a grand panorama it is, of shifting and mingling color—of folk of every fashion and degree; of rustling silks and sheeny satins; of sparkling beauty and flashing jewels side by side with poverty and rags and dirt; of sombre crape and gaudy ribbons; of faces wreathed in smiles and faces dignified with frowns. Joy and gladness, pain and sadness, all are here to-night;

passing and repassing before one's vision in seemingly endless procession. Here, with slow and haughty step, comes a richly-attired gentleman of the upper class; an aristocrat, dignified, and of stern countenance; a devout Catholic, and generally the possessor of much wealth; a descendant of the nobility of the vice-regal days, proud of his name and ancestral blood; he still possesses much influence in the councils of the State, but he's a shadow compared with the pomp and glory of former times.

And the ladies of the "upper ten"—the stately señoras and lovely señoritas, resplendent in silks and satin, and dazzling with jewels—they, too, are well represented here tonight. The dark mantillas they almost invariably wear add much to the novelty of the scene, as from beneath the web-like lacework of the fringe peep their raven tresses, heavy and luxuriant, while their large, sloe-like eyes flash, and their pearly teeth sparkle as the rosy lips are wreathed in smiles—glorious types of the dark, passionate Spanish beauty, so famous in song and story, rivaling, if not sometimes excelling, the proverbial loveliness of Circassia's daughters. Gay and pleasure-loving, like their noble ancestors in the days of the viceroys, fêtes and balls are for them in almost constant requisition; passionate, too, are they, queenly, intellectual, and even heroic when the interests of loved ones are at stake. A striking story told by Markham, which I will repeat, affords proof of my last statement: General Juan Bautista Zubiaga, who was Prefect of the Province of Ayacucho in the year 1840, was wedded to the youthful Doña Micaela de Tello, of the wealthy family of Tello y Cabrera. A year had scarcely elapsed after their marriage, before General Zubiaga had to take the field against insurgents in the cause of constitutional right, and a few days after he had torn himself from the last embrace of his wife, their child was born. Doña Micaela was counting the days to the time when she might show her husband this pledge of their love, when one dark night an Indian messenger rushed breathlessly into the court-yard. A battle had taken place in the wild and remote mountain region of Yucahuasi, and the general was believed to be mortally wounded. The night was pitiless; rain was pouring down in torrents, and a thunder-storm was bursting over the town. Micaela had not reached her seventeenth year. She resolved to start at once, with her child in her arms, to soothe the last moments of her beloved. No persuasion could stop her, and at midnight the fair bride, with her child before her, and the faithful Indian at her side, galloped out into the storm on her good roan horse. Sixteen hours brought her to Yucahuasi. Her husband was still alive. He lived to clasp his child to his heart, to hear the words of love, and expired in his wife's arms. ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

CALLAO, Peru, March, 1887.

An Eastern man writes thus of "a typical California town": The town is in the heart of by far the vastest wheat-field on earth. You see miles and miles of wheat-bags piled up in little mountains, all the way to San Francisco, by the track waiting for the freight cars. And yet the town does not seem to be overly prosperous. Perhaps, I ought to repeat that it is only one of about a thousand like towns that have set out to "grow up with the country," with very indifferent success. Red Bluff has too many petty rivals, perhaps. And, perhaps, they are all modeled too much after the same miserably provincial pattern. In these California towns you hear the click-clack of the billiard balls as you enter them. You see some red-faced barkeeper, in shirt-sleeves, bustling about in every one of the dozen or so "saloons," two or three "dead-beats" leaning over each one of the many billiard-tables, a few old blossomed noses poking about the corners, looking out for some one to treat, a dozen or so of loafers, sitting cocked back on broken chairs before the doors of the "saloons," a lot of big, lazy boys, leaning against posts or shade-trees, staring at the strangers, and smoking cigarettes or chewing tobacco, and that is about all. These pretty little California towns, for which God has done so much and man so little, are all alike—weak, worthless, helpless. They all have the leprosy, the deadly, damning leprosy of laziness in every bone and fibre of them.

Mr. Gladstone is disposed to resent inquiries about his health, or, indeed, anything which can be construed into a suggestion that his physical or mental powers are waning. He was particularly annoyed at the publicity given his droll midnight adventure in the fog, when he and his wife tried to drive home from a dinner and got lost in the opaque streets, the horse finally ending the thing by walking up the front steps of a mansion miles away from their destination. This happened a night or two before his visit to Windsor, and he had already been nettled by some hundreds of queries about it, when the Queen came into the room where her guests were standing. She walked straight to the ex-Premier, and said, affably: "Do tell me all about your adventure in the cab, Mr. Gladstone." The old gentleman drew himself up and frowned. "The incident, mum," he said, loftily, "has been most unwarrantably exaggerated. It was merely a start, a failure, and a return." The use of the word "mum" has perhaps struck the reader. Probably there are not many people outside the Court circles who know that this is the invariable form of addressing the Queen. It must not be "Your Majesty," or "Madam," or even "Ma'am," but the straightforward, unequivocal "Mum."

More than thirty years ago, a young girl was in the act of placing a pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina Railway, five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms, and cyclones, and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.

There has just been completed in London another tunnel under the Thames, a mile long, starting from a point just north of London Bridge. It took only about four months to build, cost £25,000, and is expected to be one of the best paying enterprises of the day.

A PARISIAN HORROR.

"Parisina" discusses the Triple Murder in the Rue Montaigne.

I know women who are passionately addicted to horrors, who follow a murder case as if it were the plot of a novel, revel in every make-up-flesh-creep detail, and who would stoop to almost anything to obtain a seat in the Court of Assizes when the culprit is brought for trial, and might almost be persuaded to go and see his head cut off, if the Place de la Roquette were not quite so far removed from fashionable quarters, and the hour of this ghastly rendezvous rather early. In a general way I have very little sympathy with such morbid fancies. But I must confess that the affair of the Rue Montaigne had a wonderful fascination. From the very first it took hold of my imagination, there was something so unusually horrible about it. The reader is perhaps not *au courant* with the story. A woman of less than questionable reputation found with her throat cut—her head almost separated from the trunk in one room, on the threshold of another a servant killed in the same horrible manner, and a poor innocent child foully murdered in her bed.

When we opened our papers on the eve of *Mi-Carême*, exclamations of horror burst from every lip, who and where was the perpetrator of this devilish hydra-headed crime? Surely M. Taylor would not allow so mighty a criminal to escape, surely he would be brought to justice, and not be permitted to run loose upon society, like the murderer of M. Bareine, and of many another besides.

The monster, too, had not come and gone and left no sign. Between eleven and twelve on the night of the murder, a man had rung the bell of a house in the Rue Montaigne, and the concierge, awakened out of his first sleep, had heard him ask for Mme. de Montille. Such visits were not infrequent, and Cerberus was paid to be discreet. No wonder, therefore, that he had not seen the man, no wonder that he closed his eyes again. He did not even notice, when morning came, that this nightly visitor had not again disturbed him. This, too, was in the usual order of things. Mme. de Montille was free to act as she chose, and each one knows his own business best. Thus argued the easy morality of the porter. At nine o'clock a female, who acted as cook, made her appearance as was her wont, but after ringing several times and getting no answer, ran as quickly as her legs would carry her, first to the *loge* below to impart her strange tidings to Cerberus and Cerberus's better-half, and then to the police office. When the commissary, obeying her summons, arrived upon the scene, he too, rang the bell, but, also getting no response, ordered the door to be broken open, and the direful spectacle was revealed.

The suite occupied by the victim is on the third floor—imagine the feelings of those who live below; the murderer must have passed their door with stealthy tread, and how was it that no scream disturbed the slumbers of those overhead? An ante-room, *salle-à-manger*, salon, dainty little boudoir, two bed-rooms, and a kitchen, are all it contains. The furniture is of the well-to-do bourgeois type, rose-wood in the principal bed-room, the chairs and sofa and the curtains of crimson reps—horrible detail, the crimson coverlid is saturated with blood! A long passage divides the room in which Mme. de Montille—or rather Marie Regnault—slept, from the one which Annette Gremeret occupied with little Marie—a fitting separation, the *demi-mondaine* on the one hand, youth and innocence out of ear-shot. This May the child was to have made her first communion. She went by the name of Gremeret, but many people think she was the mistress's, not the maid's child. Marie Regnault leaves a will, and in it bequeathes everything to this Marie Gremeret. In the fearful *quart d'heure* that doubtless intervened between the murder of the woman in the rose-wood chamber and that of the little girl in the room at the end of the passage, therefore, she was an heiress; for in a strong box in Mlle. Regnault's boudoir are shares and title-deeds to the amount of some forty thousand dollars. This heiress of a quarter of an hour of course died intestate and without relations of any kind; the will which made over the money and valuables becomes waste paper, unless—and this is a knotty point in French law—unless a father turns up.

You know that, according to the Napoleonic code, a man may recognize a natural child at any period of its existence. The law admits his claim without inquiry—inquiry, indeed, concerning paternity, being strictly forbidden by this same code. In many cases it is only a method of adoption. A man marrying a woman with a child who has no acknowledged father, may "recognize" the latter when he marries her, and henceforth it enjoys almost the same rights as his legitimate offspring, or he may do the same and remain unmarried, which leads to much legal jugglery. It is said that there are needy and unscrupulous men who will thus recognize other people's unclaimed children for a consideration, and extend to them the questionable honor of their own tarnished names. It was not probable, but possible, that some father of this category might present himself in the double character of a dilatory parent and an anxious heir, and no one seems to know exactly what, in such a case, might be the decision of the courts.

Had the assassin found the way to force this strong box, you may be sure the forty thousand dollars would have been transferred to his pockets. As it was, all he could lay his hands upon was a pair of very beautiful solitaires, a watch in the shape of a heart and set with pearls, a few other miscellaneous articles of jewelry, and some loose cash. Marie Regnault was known to have some very handsome jewelry—a knowledge that doubtless tempted the murderer. Her lovers *en titre* were gentlemen of the great world, and in the clubs she had the reputation of a beauty, not to be won save at some expense of time and money. If she had a soft place in her heart for a handsome fellow of her own rank in life she paid dearly for her weakness. There was even an attempt at respectability in her mode of life. If she was Marie Regnault to the young *gommeux* and the old bucks of the clubs, when they came to call they asked for Mme. de Montille, and she was treated in public with the deference which women of the *demi-monde* are wont—we are told—to exact, drawing a very decided line between themselves and their less fortunate and perhaps no more erring sisters, lower in the social though not perhaps in the moral scale. She was a *brune*, and, as I said, very pretty, and looked hardly

more than seven or eight and twenty, albeit in reality thirty-five. A few years since an artist of considerable reputation painted her as Danaë. I remember the picture well, and I believe it obtained a medal. Some one else executed a portrait of the fair one, which now hangs in the drawing-room in the Rue Montaigne, and, in an incident in connection with it, may help to lead to the condemnation of the murderer. If a good deal is known about Marie Regnault's life in Paris, down to the very day of her death—for a gentleman dined with her that very evening and left her about ten o'clock—her origin seems shrouded in obscurity. Her relatives were supposed to live at Chalon-sur-Saône, but they have made no sign, and now a mechanic of Marseilles crops up to claim her wealth, declaring her to be a kinswoman of his, a native of Arles, adding that she left that town in the company of her lover in 1871. One might launch forth into moralizing on this theme—the great capital drawing to itself the scum of the provinces, and the artisan inheriting the wages of sin—but a question of more vital interest claims our attention: Who did it?

At first no one seemed to think there would be much difficulty in discovering the criminal. Several of Marie Regnault's visitors were known by sight to the people of the house, and besides, a belt was found in her room on which was written the name of Gaston Geissier, and a pair of cuffs with sleeve-links exhibiting two G's interlaced. And immediately a hunt was instituted for one Gaston Geissier, the presumed criminal. But he had dissolved himself into thin air.

Then commenced a war of words between the press and the police. The former, I think, behaved very badly, ridiculing the Police de la Sureté in every possible way, and throwing in its teeth the non-success which has of late, on several occasions, attended its efforts to discover the perpetrators of horrible crimes. M. Taylor, M. Guillot—all the chiefs—were vilified in a disgraceful way. Even a worm will turn, and so at last, exasperated beyond endurance, the Chief of the Police was foolish enough to declare that no communications should be made to the press at all, which gave the journalists an arm against them which they were not slow in availing themselves of. There is no doubt that the press is a powerful auxiliary in such matters, but it should not use its powers to throw discredit on a system having its basis in law and order.

While the police here were scouring every questionable Parisian haunt in search of Geissier on the one hand, and fighting its enemies of the press on the other, the police force at Marseilles scored a point which immediately earned for it the applause of the journalists. The proprietors of a questionable house carried to the commissary a watch in the form of a heart presented to one of their wretched inmates by an unknown customer, who signified his intention of returning and bringing something still more worthy his passing *inamorata's* acceptance. This, and the value of the bauble, had excited their suspicion. For two whole days the police of Marseilles lay in wait, and at last a man answering to the name of Pranzini was arrested and recognized. But here, in Paris, we had all so thoroughly made up our minds that it was Gaston Geissier that we did not take Pranzini at all seriously. He was an accomplice, doubtless—a receiver of stolen goods, perhaps—nothing more. Gradually we began to look upon the matter in another light.

This Pranzini was certainly an adventurer, an "Alphonse" who lived at the expense of women and expedients. He admitted almost immediately that he had known Marie Regnault, and that he had left Paris to escape possible molestation; but he could, he said, prove an alibi. He had passed the night of the murder at the house of his mistress—a Mme. Sabattier. This woman being brought before the magistrate confirmed what he said. Then once more the police recommenced hunting up and down for Geissier, the undiscoverable.

Little by little, however, matters began to look black for Pranzini; he was found to have thrown away some more jewels, the property of the murdered woman; and at last Mme. Sabattier came forward and declared that she had not told the whole truth. Her ill-assorted lover—Pranzini is thirty, and she fifty at least—was not with her on the night of the murder, as she had at first asserted, but he came in next day and they dined together and went to the theatre. He was unusually moody and queer in his manner, and on returning home burst into a fit of crying. Unable to keep his fearful secret any longer (for so we read the matter now), he began babbling of horrors, inventing an improbable story to account for his presence in the apartment of Mme. de Montille; how he had been invited thither; how, in the midst of the interview, there had come a ringing at the door; and how he had been thrust into a cupboard, and, afraid to move lest he should betray himself, had been the unwilling witness of the butchery. Now he was, he said, in mortal dread of being accused of the crime.

The woman never once questioned the truth of the story. By his own account he was unfaithful to her, yet she never doubted him. You see, he was handsome (poor Marie Regnault had been taken with his personal appearance), and he had made love to her—Antoinette Sabattier—at an age when she might with reason have considered that gallants would give up riding her way. His attentions had been remarked at the millinery establishment where she worked—Mélanie Porcheron's, in the Rue de la Paix—and when, at last, she succumbed to his irresistible attractions, never asked herself whether it was not the comfortable home that had made him so pressing, for, of course, he came to live with his dear Antoinette, who had a nice little lodging, and, you may be sure, treated her youthful admirer to the best of everything. "He never asked me for money," sobbed the unhappy woman during her interrogation, "and was ever kind and good to me." Yes, indeed, that would have been killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, and the cossetting and the cuddling came very opportunely in Pranzini's checkered career. All the same, Antoinette had a loving woman's failing, she was jealous, and one day she confessed to have rifled a portmanteau for letters and to have found a big pointed knife.

On the day following this little scene at Mme. Sabattier's in the Rue des Martyrs, it was decided between the two that Pranzini should go away. Antoinette sold all her little ornaments to procure the necessary money, and went with him herself to the station, he staying in the cab at a post-office—

and, it is presumed, registering a box containing the incriminating gems he had stolen from the murdered woman, for Marseilles, where he received it at the hotel in which he put up. The cabman who drove them has been found; also another, who recognizes Pranzini as one who chartered him on the day following the crime, and led him a queer dance, first to one place then to another, and finally—having taken up a friend and subsequently set him down—to the Rue Montaigne; when, looking behind him as *jehus* given to curiosity will look, he noted that one of the blinds was drawn down—on the side of the house wherein Mme. de Montille and the others met with their cruel deaths. Afterward, a glass of brandy, offered and accepted, reconciled him somewhat to the strange behavior of his fare.

Witnesses of one kind and another have not been wanting a woman of Marseilles acknowledges that she took the pris oner home, and that after giving her a twenty-franc piece he threatened to kill her if she did not return it to him. The evidence of a picture-dealer is of importance. She—Pranzini preferred to have to do with the softer sex—was in the habit of employing him to sell pictures on commission at the hotels, and he usually gave his address there. He called upon her in the interval which elapsed between the murder and his own departure, and volunteered some remarks on the subject; seemed strangely moved in speaking of it, and declared he was still trembling from the sight of the corpse exposed to view at the Morgue. Now, it is a matter of fact that they never were so exhibited, there being no question as to their identity. A very similar account is given by the two women who reside in the tobacconist's shop on the Boulevard des Capucines, where Pranzini used to call for his daily supply of cigarettes—he is an inveterate smoker—and when he turned his back one of them said, "How queer he looks perhaps he is the murderer!"—as people will say without meaning much. A cutler recognizes him as the man who two or three weeks ago, brought a knife to be mended and carried away a sort of cutlass, "to see if it would not do to carve wood with," and brought it back again, saying, "it was not the kind of thing he wanted." Three nights before the crime, Pranzini went to a barber's shop and ordered a false beard for a *Mi Carême* masquerade. Finally, he was known and suspected to be rather a queer character, at the America Exchange, where he applied several times for employment as a courier or interpreter, and was seen by one of the employees hanging about the door of the fashionable club known as the "Mirlitons," and one day he followed two ladies who were coming out from thence. On another occasion, I sold a quantity of jewelry to some Russians who have since quitted Paris, and this has led to the supposition that he is also to answer for another crime—the murder of Mar Agutant—to which no clue has hitherto been found. At that time Marie Regnault lived in the same street as Mar Agutant, and was known to most of the *dames galantes* who inhabit that quarter, and was at one time or other *amant en titre* of several of them. It was his handsome face which took their fancy. It was the knowledge of two or three languages that brought him into contact with the chance inhabitants of the hotels.

According to his own account, Pranzini is a citizen of the world, born in the East. There is little doubt but that he served with the British Army in the Soudan, or that he was for some time in India. In the course of his wanderings he has known many people and, perhaps, gained the foreign accent which now distinguishes him, since he is now vague proved to be a Frenchman after all. I don't suppose a nation cares particularly to claim him for its own, or w quarrel over his nationality.

No one (perhaps not even Antoinette Sabattier, who has been turned out of Mme. Porcheron's establishment and in a very poor plight indeed) believes in his innocence completely; but the general hypothesis is, that he has an accomplice, and the reason why he does not declare his name that the other fellow knows enough to endanger his (Pranzini's) head. This, however, is endangered enough already. Not the most mildly disposed of juries would allow him "mitigating circumstances," and there is very little doubt but that he will end his long and hitherto sufficiently prosperous career on the Place de la Roquette, and the last mistress subject to his embraces be Mme. la Guillotine.

PARIS, 10th April, 1888. PARISINA.

As there are five hundred thousand more women than men in England, it is obviously impossible that every woman should have a husband. This state of things is as bad in Germany also. The preponderance of the women over the men is greatest in the professional and upper middle class. Among the richer aristocracy of England, and the absolute working people, the sexes are still equal in number, a woman can still marry. But the sons of clergymen, office civil servants, lawyers, doctors, and some of the country gentry find the struggle for existence too great in that kingdom they emigrate, or leave the country by joining the military naval service. Their sisters all remain at home, unable to find husbands, and uneducated for work, even domestic work. These "superfluous women" most undoubtedly, as a woman perform the first duty of their sex—that of being charming they are often handsome, are generally well-mannered, a well-dressed. They are "charmers," but there is no one charm. They know very well that their chances of marriage are almost nil; therefore, should a solitary suitor with even a modest competency appear, they feel driven to accept the first man who asks them, whether they care for him or not, and most generally they do not. Their parents wish to rid of them, so they will marry without love. An evil arising out of this, more ghastly than can be described. The marriage of convenience is a recognized social institution abroad. In England, in this nineteenth century, the women of the upper middle classes adopt it without acknowledging it. However we may affect to deny it, there is a vast amount of married unhappiness in all classes. The fault is sometimes ascribed to the present degeneracy of women, and sometimes to the deterioration of the men. The fault really lies in the social system, which gives a woman neither work nor money, and obliges her to sell herself before she has lost her only valuable commodities—youth and beauty.

It is said that Senator Don Cameron is making \$100,000 a year by real estate operations at the National capital.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Outings of the British Lower Level.

England, so far as London and the towns are concerned, especially, is just getting over a dose of "Bank Holiday." To those of the *Argonaut's* readers who may not be aware of it is meant by an English "bank holiday," and what it is, let me say that it is one of the six legal holidays which by act of Parliament are annually set aside for the recreation of the people at large. The six days are Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the first Monday in August, Christmas Day, and the day following Christmas Day, called "Boxing day," from the time-honored ("more honored in the breach," etc.) custom of bestowing and soliciting Christmas "boxes" (or presents) on that day. Boxing-day is, no doubt, a delightful anniversary to the people who get the "boxes" (usually money "tips") and to the children who throng the theatres to see the first-night production of the annual pantomimes at the different play-houses, whose managers still cater at Christmas-tide to the juvenile taste. But to householders, who from dawn until dark have their doorbells kept ringing by hat-touching tradesmen's employees, policemen, postmen, gaslighters, and choir-boys, it is a different affair. The man of the house must live with his hand in his pocket on "Boxing-day" if he wants himself and his family well served by the aforesaid menials during the ensuing year. But Boxing-day came and went three months ago, and the bank holidays—for there were two of them close together—which we are now considering, are Good Friday and Easter Monday. Except at Christmas time, when two holidays follow each other consecutively, all the other bank holidays are weeks, if not months, apart. But at Easter the holiday, to all intents and purposes, consists of four days. It is true that Good Friday and Easter Monday are separated by Saturday and Sunday, but the Saturday becomes a virtual holiday to the better of the working classes. Be sure that "city" men who leave their desks and offices on the Thursday evening do not (if they can help it) show their faces again at the treadmill until the following Tuesday. Of course there are thousands who must be at their work again on Saturday, even though it may "close at 12" or "2." And it is really the small tradesmen and their clerks, the London "Arries" pure and simple, who give the distinguishing characteristic of gigantic "outing" to every bank holiday, and make it what it is. Extra and cheap excursion trains are run on all the railways, and are thronged with holiday-makers, going and coming, from sunrise until midnight. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, Richmond Park, Ampstead Heath, Kew Gardens, the "Zoo," Highgate Wood, the South Kensington Museum, and the Tower, all have their thousands of visitors, while the Thames river steamboats are packed with excursionists to Rosherville, that home of earthly bliss in the Cockney heart.

From the sedate and well-to-do green-grocer, who goes out in his Sunday best, with his "missus an' the kids" to the loudly-attired draper's clerk in flaming neck-tie and big checked trousers, arm-in-arm with his sweetheart, the "nursery maid across the way," from the strapping Life Guardsman in tight red jacket and small skull-cap tilted over his ear, with his arm fondly embracing Lady Jane Haut-ton's own maid as they walk through the park, to the cleaned-up costermonger giving his cracked voice a rest for twenty-four hours, while he treats the young party with whom he is "keeping company," to beer at every "Pub" they come to—everyone is abroad on a bank holiday. The banks, offices, and shops are all shut. There is nothing to do but amuse one's self. It is an English Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday. That is to say it would be, but for several peculiarities which make the British bank holiday dissimilar to American holidays. There are no processions, orations, fireworks, or national or patriotic displays of any sort, and the day is solely devoted to the middle and lower classes. While the east and north ends and central districts of London are out of doors, the west end stays in the house. To go anywhere or do anything on a bank holiday would be about as *infra dig* a thing as a gentleman or lady could do. It would be "awfully bad form don't ye know" to be seen anywhere. The swells, you see, have all the year to amuse themselves and fritter away their time while others work, and don't need a bank holiday. And so they sit indoors and bolder their aristocratic noses up, and only venture out next day when the streets have had time to air, and get freshened from the contaminating effects.

I have said that the Bank Holidays are not marked by processions and orations. In this I speak generally, for the second of those just past, viz., Easter Monday, was not embellished or dignified by either, but marred and disgraced by both, in the shape of a gigantic gathering of Irish home rule sympathizers, led by a handful of political demagogues, (among whom were Mr. Labouchère, and the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's son and heir, who ought to have known better). The cause of Ireland may be a sincere sentiment in the breasts of some people, and not merely an issue made for the purpose of obstructing the House of Commons, in the hope of tying the hands of the government. To such people, whether they be in England or America; whether they hold their anti-coercion demonstrations in Hyde Park or Tammany Hall, or whether they march in procession through Piccadilly or Broadway, I say: You will never do the cause you have at heart a ha'p'orth of good with right-thinking people, until you give up threats, dynamite, red flags, and all such unmanly tactics. The English people don't "scare worth a cent."

The Gladstonites are decidedly on the ragged edge. Not only has the "cloture" been applied to the utterances of their ally, Parnell, in the House of Commons, and the Crimes Bill—a measure intended to bring Ireland to her legitimate senses—been as good as passed; but they have suffered a rude and ruthless awakening from a delusion which, for three months or more, they have hugged lovingly to their breasts. Lord Randolph Churchill has addressed the electors of South Paddington, whom he represents in Parliament, and, in one of his best and greatest speeches, has told them that he is just as good a Conservative as ever. At the time of his resignation from Lord Salisbury's cabinet, in December last, and for some time after, the Grand Old Man's

henchmen, in various ways, made overtures and concocted stratagems to get Lord Randolph to enlist under the Gladstonite banner. This is, I believe, pretty well known. "Oh, yes," they would say, "Lord Randolph Churchill is one of us at heart. All he wants is a little adroit and tactful management. It's only a question of time, after all, how soon he joins us openly." Basing their opinions on this sort of idea, Messrs. Gladstone and Morley, and Sir William Harcourt—the worthy triumvirate who rule the destinies of the Home Rule wing—have for more than a quarter of a year lived in a fool's paradise. They don't however, live there any longer. Lord Randolph Churchill has driven them out. It is just as it was with the Tories fondly imagining that Lord Hartington was "really a Conservative, don't you know." A month or so ago he made a speech which burst like a bombshell in the Tory camp. The Tory party experienced a harsh shaking-up when their supposed convert coolly informed an assemblage whom he was addressing, that, "the Liberal party was the party of the future."

The shock of that day was only equaled by the general convulsion and moral earthquake which Lord Randolph's latest speech has subjected the Gladstonites to. So far from being in the faintest respect a Liberal, either at heart or otherwise, he is, if possible, more dyed in the Tory wool than ever. He is, at the most, on but one subject a sorehead. That subject is the public expenditure, as exhibited more especially in the War and Admiralty departments. He is fearless and merciless in his denunciations of those two branches of the Government. But while, on that one subject, he is at odds with Lord Salisbury and the rest of the Cabinet, he is, on every other, in absolute accord, and on none more so than the Irish question. One almost can find it in one's heart to feel sorry for Gladstone and his devoted followers, they have made such a big mistake. There can be little doubt that the temporary defection of Lord Randolph was a great blow to Lord Salisbury and Conservatives; who knew his real value to a party, either in the House of Commons or on the stump, lived in the hope that the quarrel would be of short duration. It is true that he has not been invited to resume his seat in the Cabinet; but, while he has vacated that, he has not left the party. He particularly and pointedly explains that fact beyond the glimmer of a doubt, and, in language as forcible and incisive as he knows how to make it, knocks the Gladstonian hopes into smithereens. If Gladstone wants, or expects, any more followers, he must look elsewhere than in the direction of Lord Randolph Churchill. To his one pet hobby, no one could be a more vehement and uncompromising foe than Lord Randolph. In his opposition to, and detestation of, Irish Home Rule, or any other measure for the destruction of the Empire, he is equal to, if not actually in advance of, Lord Salisbury himself. Small chance of Lord Salisbury becoming a Gladstonite Liberal, one would think. One might almost say there was less chance yet of Lord Randolph Churchill. For the last three months he has been the "best abused" man in England. He has been, politically, decidedly under a cloud. But it was a cloud of his own making, and he is coming from under it again. His Paddington speech let in the sun's rays upon him once more. Indeed, it seems that he thrives and grows fat upon abuse. "I like vilification," he said; "I enjoy denunciation. It does me good, though I pay no heed to either. I snap my fingers at them. I don't suppose there is a man in England, who cares so little about being abused. The abuse of my enemies has brought me success. I have thriven upon it." It isn't every one who can say as much. But Lord Randolph Churchill, inconsistent, vacillating, obstreperous, excitable, hot-headed, self-willed, and flippant though he may be, or seem to be, is a remarkable man, and one whose utterances have, in some respects, more weight than those of any other man in the kingdom. He was accompanied on the platform by Lady Randolph Churchill, which rather gives the lie to the scandals that have been floating concerning them both.

Mrs. James Brown Potter still goes on at the Haymarket, though I don't see much mention of her. You see, only first nights are reported in the London daily press; there is the regular every-day reference to the plays at the different theatres, but apart from this fact, the critics—well, I rather fancy Edwin Booth, Augustin Daly's troupe, and others from "the other side" could explain the peculiar tactics of the London critics, when foreigners come interloping.

The United States Legation has been suffering from a demoralizing condition of depletion. It is run by two officials. Not that one man, or half a man, would not be amply sufficient for all the work which the London Legation has on its hands. But Mr. Phelps, the Minister, and Commander Chadwick, the Naval Attaché, are both absent from their posts, and Mr. Henry White (and wife), the first secretary, as Chargé d'Affaires, poor fellow, has to go to all the Court drawing-rooms and levées, and all the titled receptions and balls, quite alone and unassisted, except by Mr. Phelps's son, who, now and then, shows himself at some aristocratic assemblage. It must be rather hard upon Mr. White, for, of course, as a true-born, true-minded American, and especially one who officially represents the great republic, it must be abominably irksome, and not at all to his taste, to be from morning till night hobnobbing with, and bowing and scraping to, princes, dukes, marquises, earls, and lords and ladies generally.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, April 16, 1887.

The introduction of soap, says an exchange, is doing much to civilize the people of the Holy Land. A large soap factory has been established on the site of the ancient Sechem, and the people are beginning to use it on their persons instead of trying to eat it as they did at first. Along with the introduction of soap other reforms are going on. Bethlehem has been rebuilt, and the streets are lighted with gas. Cesarea is having a building boom. Nazareth is becoming the headquarters of big olive oil speculators. Corner lots in Joppa are going up with a rush, and real estate in Mount Carmel is largely held by speculators for an advance. The ladies of Jerusalem take all the Parisian fashion journals, and know all about the latest styles of hair-dressing.

One of the queer translations of names in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is that of *Cap d'Espoir*, which, instead of being translated into Hope Point, now bears the phonetic opposite of Cape Despair.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

If you want to see a wildcat, simply hold up the domestic article by the tail.—*New Haven News*.

A friend just returned from Canada says the song of "Yankee Boogie" is very popular over the border.—*Buffalo Express*.

"Yes," said Fogg, "as a success I have always been a failure, but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."—*Accident News*.

A Chicagoan in knee-breeches and silk stockings, anxiously inquiring the price of pork, will be worth going a thousand miles to see.—*Puck*.

Poverty is a telescope through which we look at distant pleasures, as stars in the sky, and see them magnified a thousand fold.—*Washington Critic*.

"Hush!" said a woman at the Authors' readings in Boston, as the next man rose to read; "that's Mr. Aldrich; you know he wrote 'Peck's Bad Boy.'"—*Norristown Herald*.

One of New England's inquiring philosophers wants to know whether Adam smoked or not. Figuratively speaking, we believe that he did, and that Eve was the cause of it.—*Philadelphia Press*.

He (at dinner)—"May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar? Miss Vassar (just graduated)—"Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!"—*Puck*.

After a midnight lunch on mince pie, a South End citizen complained of having horrid dreams, in which he was chased by pirates "Mince-pirates, probably," calmly observed his wife.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Fotherhedge (at the club)—"That Skattabwain is a dreadful awes. He's such an awes he makes my head ache every time I see him, wondering how the dayvil he can be such an awes as he is."—*Town Topics*.

"Arrah, thin, Mrs. Divins, will ye go to the circus wid a select party this day?" "Faith, thin, Mrs. Moriarty, minny thanks, but I xpict a little circus of me own. This is the old man's day for gittin' drunk."—*Life*.

New Yorker (to Dakota man)—"You have a good deal of snow in Dakota, I suppose?" Dakota—"O, no; it never gets so deep that we can't tell what kind of a day it is, by looking out of the chimney tops."—*New York Sun*.

The late Professor Conington could recite the works of Virgil and Homer from beginning to end. But his friends always went away and left him, with charming unanimity, whenever he started out to do it.—*Somerville Journal*.

"And how do you like my play?" "Splendid! So original you know." "Yes? I fear you wish to flatter me." "Not a bit of it. The characters are quite unlike anything one sees in real life, you know."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. R. De Pell (with asperity)—"The proprietor wants to know who I am! I'm Mr. Philip Ferdinand Horton Rhinelander De Pell." Waiter—"Well, yo' oughtn't ter git mad at me, sah; I hadn't nuffin ter do wif given yo' dat name."—*Life*.

Young Man (in Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon)—"Waiter, I want a beefsteak, unpeeled potatoes, and a couple of eggs fried, on one side only!" Waiter (vociferously)—"Slaughter in the pan," a Murphy with his coat on, an' 'two white wings with the sunny side up!"—*Puck*.

Old Gentleman—"Here, sir! you are a regular fraud. My hair's coming out as bad as ever. This stuff isn't worth a continental." Barber—"I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out. I said it would preserve your scalp. Your scalp's all there, isn't it?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

"You are a prominent agitator in the Henry George movement?" "Yes." "You don't believe that any one has a right to private ownership in land?" "No." "I suppose you make a great deal of money by your lecturing?" "Yes." "What do you do with it all?" "Invest it in real estate."—*Judge*.

Wife (witnessing the play "Ten Nights in a Bar-room")—"What a terrible curse run is, John!" Husband (feeling for his bat)—"Awful! awful! Such a play as this ought to point a moral of incalculable good." Wife—"Where are you going, John?" Husband—"I'm going out to see a man."—*Life*.

Lady Visitor—"I am very sorry to see you here, my young friend. You look as if you had a good education." Convict—"Well, madam, I have been through Yale College." Lady Visitor—"Is it possible?" Convict—"Yes, that's the reason I'm here. They caught me as I was going through."—*The Judge*.

Mrs. Poppingjay—"I saw Mr. and Mrs. S.—at the party the other night, and I tell you they made a show of themselves." Mrs. Robson—"How so?" Mrs. Poppingjay—"Why, Mrs. S.—was in full evening dress, and Mr. S.—was full and in evening dress, and I don't know which was the worse."—*Burlington Press*.

Bank President—"Sorry, but I can't accommodate you; your paper is not good." Indignant customer—"I remember when you were a poor man, twenty years ago, I lent you a thousand dollars without security." Bank President (pleasantly)—"I remember the circumstance, and I also remember how I wondered at your greenness. You probably have more sense now, and so have I. Good morning."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Miss Cockett—"Yellow roses are supposed to indicate flirtatiousness, and moss roses mean love, do they not, Mr. Nevversmile?" Mr. Nevversmile—"So I'm told; and white roses mean silence." Miss Cockett—"Well, what do these large cabbage roses and jacks mean?" Mr. Nevversmile—"Bankruptcy, Miss Cockett—bankruptcy, every time."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"There are three things," said Broughne to his wife, "that a woman can't be persuaded to do without." "She can't, eh?" said Mrs. B., in an incredulous tone; "I guess she can do without them as well as man can, if not better. What are they?" "Food, clothes, and life," quietly replied Broughne; and his wife retorted: "You think you're smart, don't you?"—*Drake's Magazine*.

Some Rhode Island Freethinkers in a quite unorthodox discussion of divine mysteries appealed to a silent listener to give his views on the subject. "My opinion is," said Mr. H., "that one man knows just as much about unknowable things as another," a proposition which called for so much study in order to seize the point of attack that it broke up the discussion.—*Providence Journal*.

Bagley—"Going to Newport this summer?" De Baggs—"H'm—well, I dunno. Maria inclines to Cape May, Tom wants to take in the Yellowstone, Horstense thinks there is nothing like Saratoga, and Mrs. De Baggs has a hankering after Europe." "And where do you want to go?" "Me? Oh, I'll take my outing on the street-cars, riding to the office every day. Just the same as last summer—just the same."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"No, sir," thundered the old gentleman; "I have made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker." "She might do a great deal worse, sir." "Impossible. Poker has proved the ruin of thousands of men, and its victims never recover from the infatuation. She could never do worse." "Excuse me, sir, but I am sure she could. She might marry some fellow who thinks he plays poker." The old man thought it over.—*Washington Critic*.

Two Irishmen, unknown to each other, appeared at the delivery window one day, at the same time. One stepped forward, and asked: "Anything for Patrick Maloney to-day?" The clerk looked through a certain number of letters, and replied: "Nothing for Patrick Maloney," and Patrick walked out. The second man then inquired: "Anything for Patrick Maloney?" "Just looked for Patrick Maloney," said the clerk, with a smile, "and there's nothing here." "Faith," explained the waiting man, cheerfully, "it's a different Patrick Maloney I am."—*Elmira Gazette*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSSs when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSSs to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSSs.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An explanatory volume on the Interstate Commerce law is in the press of Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati.

Mr. Guthrie—"Anstey"—has joined the staff of *Punch*, and that rather doleful paper is already brighter.

A superb and perfectly clean copy of *The Nuremberg Chronicle*, 1493, by 12 1/2%, with the portrait of Pope John, the maps, etc., in the original boards, Nuremberg Koberger, 1493, is for sale in New York.

Many people who have waited many years for an English translation of Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" can at last obtain it. It is published by Vizetelly of London, with seventeen engravings by Champollion, after designs by Toudouze. The price (in London) is ten shillings and sixpence.

"It" is the latest imitation of Rider Haggard's "She," imitations that will exhaust the pronouns for titles. "They" will be the next one on the list and "We" and "You" as appendices. "It" is called in sub-title, "A Haggard Conclusion," hristles with frantic adventures in Central Africa, and is illustrated with cuts from the geographies.

Through the London house of the Macmillans, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop has received this message from Lord Tennyson concerning the dramatization of "Elaine" which he has made with Mr. Harry Edwards: "He bids us to say that he wishes you all success, and he will be glad to hear that you have effectively written the story for the stage and that the people like it."

The *Athenaeum* announces that the public will soon be entertained by a very interesting book, the title of which is "Miss Bayle's Romance." The heroine is the beautiful daughter of an American millionaire, who has a train of suitors after her wherever she goes. She breaks many hearts on the Riviera, and then proceeds to London, where she captivates and marries the son of a peer. A hundred curious persons in society circles are guessing who the American girl is.

Next October Mr. Charles Dickens will begin in New York city a course of public readings from the works of his father. He is about forty-five years old, with brown hair and moustache, and of nearly the same height and build as the elder Dickens, but less pronounced in dress. The indications are that he will make a fortune, as the demands for his services are already many. He has already had two years' experience as a public reader, and is supposed to reproduce his father's original conceptions of the characters in his father's novels.

Mark Twain's successful reading tour two years ago, in company with Mr. George W. Cable, was his own business venture, and by it he netted, clear of all expenses, sixteen thousand dollars, from the first week of November to the first week of March following. He paid Mr. Cable five hundred dollars a week and his expenses. It was he who first introduced Mr. Cable to the business of public reading, having started him in Hartford the year before the joint tour. His idea was that two authors on a platform, reading from their own works, would be less monotonous, and therefore more attractive, than one.

Referring to a paragraph in the *Argonaut* of April 16th, a correspondent writes: "The poem 'If I should die to-night,' which appeared in Rider Haggard's 'Jess' as original, may be found in Hill's 'Manual of Business Forms,' page 329, credited to F. H. Crosby. Another correspondent writes: 'I enclose a clipping of what appears to be almost the same verses. I cut it from the Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star* a day or so after Mr. Beecher's death, and it was embraced in an obituary notice in which the authorship was, without any qualification, attributed to Mr. Beecher.' Mr. Beecher's family deny that he wrote this or any other published poem.

With the May number, the *Southern Biographic*, of Louisville, Ky., will cease publication, and its good-will, plates, etc., will pass into the hands of the Century Company, of New York, who will fill unexpired terms with *The Century Magazine*. It is not probable that any of the unused material will appear in *The Century*, but it is expected that some of the war articles which the *Southern Biographic* has printed may be used in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," the subscription book which the Century Company is about to bring out. Two years ago, the *Southern Biographic*, which had been the journal of the Southern Historical Society, was purchased by B. F. Avery & Sons of Louisville. It has been a creditable representative of Southern letters, its contents consisting largely of articles on the civil war.

New Publications.

Lord Macaulay's two famous essays on the Earl of Chatham form the latest volume of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"About Chataqua," by Emily Raymond, is a consideration of that great educational institution, the Chataqua Literary and Scientific Circle, as an idea and as a power, and a description of the place. In an appendix are given various Chataqua poems and the like. Published by the Blade Publishing Co., Toledo; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit" is the title of a volume of quotations from the writings and sayings of the late Henry Ward Beecher, selected by William Drysdale, but revised in part by Mr. Beecher and under revision by him at the time of his death. The extracts are generally short, terse, and epigrammatic, and all are striking and quotable. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Octave Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man," which was so popular in an English version a few years ago, has almost dropped out of sight in consequence of the growing rarity of that translation. But a new lease of life will be given it by J. Henry Hager's new translation; it is well done, preserving the author's spirit very closely. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, paper, 50 cents.

"Livres des Enfants pour l'Etude du Français," by Paul Bercy, B. L., L. D., is a well-prepared primer for young students of French. It is divided into forty lessons, each consisting of a short vocabulary, an appropriate illustration, a reading lesson, and a few sentences to be learned by heart; and as an appendix are given a few simple *chansons* suitable for the nursery. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

Mr. William M. Ivins, the City Chamberlain of New York, who has become pretty widely known through his sensible papers on corruption in municipal elections and administration in New York—and his remarks are not inapplicable elsewhere—has collected these papers and published them in Harper's Handy Series, with the title "Machine Politics and Money in Elections in New York City." The book is well worthy the attention of all interested in good government. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

A striking little volume in a pretty white and yellow cover is "Daffodils," a collection of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's recent verses. They are included in three divisions: "By the Way," poems of nature and reflection; "With the Children," a score or so of the pretty, simple songs and stories for children which Mrs. Whitney writes so well; and "Especially," consisting of occasional verses. They are all graceful in thought and diction, and are well worth reading. The mechanical work on the book is appropriate to the contents. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

"The Factors of Organic Revolution," by Herbert Spencer, consists of two essays originally published in the *Nineteenth Century*, but now reprinted with some details which limitations of space then excluded. The essays bear directly on biology, but psychology, ethics, and sociology are indirectly affected by the arguments; we must accept some theory of the beginning and development of life before we can speculate with any confidence on its future. This Mr. Spencer discusses in the present volume, and makes it one of the most interesting of the entire series included in his Synthetic Philosophy. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Story of Ancient Egypt," by George Rawlinson, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, is the latest addition to the Putnam's Story of the Nations Series. The first two chapters are devoted to the physical aspects of the country and the origin, language, and customs of the people; the remainder narrates Egypt's history from the dawn of history in the early Egyptian myths down to the conquest of the Empire by the Persians under Ochus in the fourth century before the Christian era. Much attention is paid to the condition and customs of the people at the various epochs; the varying extent of Egyptian territory is shown in maps; and archeological remains are reproduced in numerous illustrations. The table of contents is made with itemized references to pages, and there is an index. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

George B. Davis, the assistant professor of law at the United States Military Academy at West Point, has prepared an admirable volume, called "Outlines of International Law." It is intended only for a textbook for class or private study, the absence of citations and technical phraseology unfitting the book for formal reference; but the author gives long lists of authorities in each chapter. The origin and sources and the gradual growth of the science of international law are shown at length, and in such a way as to firmly impress the principles on the student. The table of contents and index are full and useful; and, in appendices, are given Lieber's rules for the government of armies in the field, and other regulations for the conduct of armed forces toward each other and toward outsiders, which have been accepted by international conventions. The volume contains four hundred and fifty pages, and is well printed and bound. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

There is no doubt that the French have a pretty humor and one which, while not departing from true humor, is as distinctively national as Mark Twain's or Charles Dickens's. Daudet's two stories of the adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon are good examples of this, and a third has recently been put before English readers in "The Startling Exploits of Dr. Quixot," which has been translated from the French of Paul Célèbre by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Dr. Quixot is a *savant*, a gentleman, a good fellow, all that a man may be without walking or traveling. He is stout and physically lazy, and never moves even from one room to another if he can avoid doing so. And so this French author has trotted the round little doctor up to Paris from his quiet provincial home; has put him on the wrong train when he is to return; has made him cross the Mediterranean to Algiers; ride mules, horses, everything that can be ridden, even down to a wild dash of ten hours on the back of a terrified ostrich in the desert of Sahara; has dragged him to Cairo, and thence up to Buda-Pesth; and after sending him flying through the air in a balloon, and wrecking him on a desert island, he returns the good doctor to his home in Saint-Pignon-les-Girouettes, and allows him to read an eulogy at the side of the statue which his admiring fellow-townsmen have erected to his memory. The book is one of the most genially amusing in humorous literature, and the clever illustrations which adorned the original have been reproduced, and add much to the attractiveness of the translation. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Some Magazines.

Mr. John Burroughs opens the May number of *The Popular Science Monthly* with an article on "The Natural versus the Supernatural." Other articles are: "The Present Status of the Greek Question," by Professor Edmund J. James; "Creation or Evolution," "Social Substance," "Origins of Comets and Meteors," by R. A. Proctor; "Influence of Soow-Masses on Climate," "Hygiene as a Basis of Morals," "Prairie-Flowers of Early Spring," "The Cause of Baldness," "Megathic Monuments of Spain and Portugal," "Mexican Antiquities," "The Sun's Heat," "Among the Transylvanian Saxons," and the usual attractive departments.

The May Century contains: "Finding Pharaoh," by Edward L. Wilson; "Pharaoh the Oppressor, and his Daughter," by Professor J. A. Paine; "The Composition of Our Bodies and Our Food," by Professor Atwater; "Whitman, Harp, Regulator, a short Southern romance by Octave Thanet; this is a very powerful story. "Washington Living at Home," a chapter of personal recollections by Clarence Cook, with a portrait engraved by Johnson; "Among the Apaches," by Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka; "Louis Blanc," by Karl Blind, accompanied with portrait. The Lincoln history is continued, and there are two war papers. The number, as a whole, is a remarkably good one, and is very handsomely illustrated, particularly the two "Pharaoh" papers.

In the *Forum* for May, Judge Edmund H. Bennett, who strongly favors the second way of making divorce less frequent, shows how lightly the contract of marriage is treated in the legislation of most of the States. Andrew D. White, the first president of Cornell University, weighs the beneficial influence of college secret societies against their alleged injurious effects. General William F. Smith proposes a plan for the consolidation of many of the so-called bureaus at Washington into one Department of Public Works. Professor William G. Sumner has an article on "The Indians in 1887." His views of the outlook for the Indian population is the reverse of rosy. "What is the source of natural gas, and what is the limit of the supply?" These questions are discussed by Professor N. S. Shaler. There are a number of other interesting articles.

Lippincott's for May begins with a complete novel of army life, "The Deserter," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A. "Social Life at Vassar," by L. R. Smith, is the second of the series of under-graduate essays on social life at our principal colleges. It is a very trivial paper, and trivially describes a trivial life. Vassar, as seen through this young woman's under-graduate spectacles, does not impress us favorably. A. E. Watrous has a paper on "Reporters in Journalism." Mr. Watrous is an enthusiastic reporter, but all his enthusiasm can not enable him to make a good defense of the disgraceful proceedings of the metropolitan press on the occasion of President Cleveland's marriage. This defense he attempts. He dwells pathetically on the hardships of one reporter who, owing to having been deprived of food, rest, and sleep for sixteen hours, fell lifeless to the ground just as his comrades greeted President Cleveland and wife "with an ironical cheer," as they arrived at their retreat. Fortunately, this Casabianca-like newspaper person came to life again. These "hardships" of the reporters are indeed pathetic. In time they will come to have maladies peculiar to their profession, such as keyhole ophthalmia.

The *Atlantic* for May is opened by "The Courting of Sister Wisby," a New England study, by Miss Jewett; there is a striking poem on an episode in French history, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; a paper by J. Elliott Cabot—"A Glimpse of Emerson's Boyhood," Mr. Hamerton adds another installment to his "French and English" series. In "China and the United States" some fallacies about our diplomatic, business, and missionary standing with the Chinese are discussed by A. A. Hayes. A study of Italian politics is contributed by Rev. Wm. Chauncey Langdon, in the form of a sketch of the statesman Marco Minghetti. "The Decline of Duty," by George Frederic Parsons, discusses the indications of the prevailing want of conscientiousness in the words of labor, politics, and theology. The third installment of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "One Hundred Days in Europe" records visits to Tennyson and the various universities where the autocrat was duly honored. In this connection it may be said that the only "chaffing" the genial doctor heard at Oxford was the question from one of the galleries, "Did he come in the One Hoss Shay?" Clinton Scollard has a poem, entitled "The Madnads," and there is a touching tribute to Edward Rowland Sill (Andrew Hedbrooke) who died February 27, 1887.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known mathematician who lives in Macon, Ga., and who has published a series of arithmetics, recently received a letter from a teacher asking him to send him a key to the Third Grade Arithmetic. The mathematician wrote back: "Dear Sir: It has no key; it is a stem-winder."

Frank Shelley, the only surviving relative of Percy Bysshe Shelley, made a *mot* one night at Delmonico's when the Duke of Sutherland was dining with him, Edmund Yates, and Nugent Robinson. The duke had brought an unknown lady with him. He nevertheless remarked several times that the Americans were singular. "Ah, yes," Shelley said, "they go out with their wives."

Mr. Mallock's works do not appear to be admired by the members of the Athenæum. He was put up for that respectable club the other day, and was rewarded by a hail-storm of blackballs. "I can not express how much I feel delighted and honored at having met you, Mr. Carlyle," quoth Mr. Mallock, after a conversation with the Sage of Chelsea. "Eh! well, I hope I may not meet you again!" is said to have been the pleasant reply.

An Englishman, the younger son of a lord, married several years ago, the daughter of a wealthy Boston gentleman. He spends three months every year in Boston with his wife, and the other nine months in England alone. He has never taken his wife over with him to his own home. He was asked by a friend on one trip, why he did not bring his wife. "Oh," said he, "she is kept at home by a baby, I believe, or something like that."

A feeble but facetious applicant for employment in Boston called upon the Alderman from his ward, the other day, and pressing his claims to consideration upon the ground of services rendered upon election, urged the Alderman to secure him a place. "Why, my dear fellow, you are too sick to work. I would gladly do anything I could for you, but it is out of the question; there is no one of the departments that would fit your case." "Isn't there? What's the matter with the Health Department?"

The Dowager Duchess of Rutland had been a renowned beauty, as a most lovely engraved portrait she gave to Miss Linwood bore witness. One day, when her grace's little granddaughter was with her, she, stroking the pretty young cheek, exclaimed, with a sigh, "Ah, my dear, what would you not give to be as beautiful as I was?" The young lady was equal to the occasion, and, raising the fair jeweled old hand to her lips, replied: "Just as much, grandmamma dear, as you would be to be as young as I am."

Mrs. J. G. Blaine, Jr., is an uncommonly handsome woman. Mrs. Blaine, for all her gentleness, has no little force of character. Shortly after her romantic marriage, her husband counseled her to see no reporters during a brief absence of his. A certain irrepressible reporter sent up his card seven times in less than half as many hours. Each time word was brought him that Mr. Blaine was out. This intrepid scribbler finally sent up a message saying that if Mr. Blaine did not come down, he (the reporter) would come up. Mrs. Blaine returned for answer: "Mr. Blaine is out. Mrs. Blaine is at home and will see him if he comes up, but he will regret it." He did not come up.

Who would ever have supposed that the late Paul Feval, once the chief of the sensational school of fiction, but always the mildest of men, and in his last years a sincere Christian, was one of the undiscovered assassins of Paris? The author of "Le Bossu" ("The Duke's Motto") was attacked late one night, in an outlying quarter of the capital, by a footpad. Feval succeeded in flooring his enemy with a vigorous kick below the belt, and went his way, leaving the aggressor unconscious. Next morning, the police found him there dead, and active efforts were made to find the murderer; but Feval did not think it worth while to give himself up to justice. And the world would not have known of the adventure but for a note found among the papers of the dead author.

A number of years ago, when Sunday through passenger trains were practically unknown, a Boston man found himself one Sunday in an eastern city about one hundred miles from Boston, with no prospect of getting through by passenger train until the next day. He ascertained that a way freight train would be started for Boston Sunday afternoon, and on applying to the local authorities he was given permission to travel in the caboose car. The train dragged along, and the solitary passenger tossed in the conductor's bunk all night long. At almost every stopping place he noticed the suspicious sound of ripping, tearing, and breaking up. As the train drew toward Boston, Monday morning, he mentioned to the conductor the queer sounds he had heard. "Oh, that's all right," said the conductor, "You needn't be worried about any fright you've got on the train. That noise was the boys on the train tearing down fences for kindlings. Pickets make bully fire-wood. I tell you we mean to keep comfortable in the caboose, and save up a little wood for use at home besides."

There was a Frenchman who boasted of having killed a dozen English officers, and promised to go on in this work. One evening he swaggered as usual into his café, and, to his astonishment, actually saw one of those hated "Anglais" occupying his chair, a chair that no one hitherto had dared to sit upon by himself. Mastering his passion, he undid his sword-belt, and having placed his sword on one side, began to insult the perfectly inoffensive English officer who sat so unconsciously in his (the Frenchman's) chair. He trod upon the English toes; he deprived the Englishman of his caudles; he went from one thing to another without at all being able in the least, apparently, to disturb the other's placidity. At last he snatched the newspaper out of the Englishman's hand; and then the Briton slowly rose up, displaying to the astonished eyes of the Gaul a guardsman some six feet six inches high. The giant, bending across the table, seized hold of the Frenchman's nose with one hand and his chin with the other, and wrenching his mouth open, spat down his throat. With a howl the Frenchman, holding his under jaw with both hands, ran out of the room. His jaw was broken; and neither he, nor any of his comrades, was seen again at that café. The English officer was the late Gen. Sir James Simpson, who for a time commanded in the Crimea, and who was, in his time, the tallest man in the British army.

Hundreds of persons in Boston recently stood several hours, on a cold forenoon, to obtain tickets for some lectures to be given by James Russell Lowell. Again and again did late-comers attempt to gain a place in the ranks by unfair means, sometimes with success, but often with deserved failure. A handsome woman, richly dressed, and endowed with that mysterious something which the fashionable call style, walked up to a gentleman in the line, saying, with the air of conferring a favor, "Will you kindly allow me to step in before you?" He hesitated; it was a trying position, and he was about to yield, when the little blue-eyed woman behind him interposed. "Do you think," said she, politely, but very firmly, "that would be quite fair to the rest of us, madam? Some of us have been standing since seven o'clock." "But I am in a great hurry," said the other, endeavoring to preserve her dignity unimpaired. "So are the rest of us," said the little woman, courteously, "it is a very busy world." "This is a particularly busy day for me, and I cannot possibly go to the end of this long line." "I am busy, too, all days as well as this. I am a work-woman. Perhaps it is because I have been one all my life that I do not like to be defrauded." The other woman turned, and walked slowly away. She had been convinced that she was in the wrong, and had the good sense to make use of her lesson.

The amount of provisions, groceries, etc., on board an ocean steam-ship at the time of sailing are very large. For a single passage to the westward one of the steamers, with 547 cabin passengers and a crew of 287 persons, has when leaving Liverpool on the 28th of August last, the following quantities of provisions: 12,550 pounds fresh beef, 760 pounds corned beef, 5,320 pounds mutton, 850 pounds lamb, 350 pounds veal, 350 pounds pork, 2,000 pounds fresh fish, 600 fowls, 900 chickens, 105 ducks, 30 geese, 80 turkeys, 200 brace grouse, 45 tons potatoes, 30 ham-bones vegetables, 250 quarts ice-cream, 1,000 quarts milk, and 11,500 eggs. In groceries alone there were over 200 different articles, including 150 pounds tea, 1,200 pounds coffee, 1,600 pounds white sugar, 2,800 pounds moist sugar, 750 pounds brown sugar, 1,500 pounds cheese, 3,000 pounds pulverized sugar, 350 pounds ham, and 1,000 pounds bacon. The consumption may easily be accounted for, when it is considered that the crew (each member of which is allowed two pounds of beef per day) use 374 pounds, that 350 pounds per day will be used in the cooking beef-tea, making a total of 924 pounds for the crew and the single item of beef-tea; then breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper for 547 passengers account for the remainder. Eleven thousand five hundred eggs appears to be a large consumption for an eight days' passage—it is in reality one egg per minute, from the time the ship sails from Liverpool until her arrival at New York—but they are prepared in many ways for breakfast, and disappear in hundreds at supper; in fact, it is not an unusual thing to see a lady or gentleman finish off a supper of grilled chicken and deviled sardines with four poached eggs on toast, and it is the same with everything on board. The quantities of wine, spirits, beer, etc., put on board for consumption on the round voyage comprise 1,100 bottles of champagne, 850 bottles of claret, 6,000 bottles of ale, 2,500 bottles of porter, 4,500 bottles of mineral waters, 650 bottles of various spirits. Crockery is broken very extensively, being at the rate of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine-glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles in a single voyage. Passengers annually drink and smoke to the following extent: 8,030 bottles and 17,613 half-bottles champagne, 73,941 bottles and 7,310 half-bottles claret, 9,200 bottles other wines, 489,344 bottles ale and porter, 174,921 bottles mineral waters, 34,400 bottles spirits, 34,360 pounds tobacco, 63,340 cigars, 56,875 cigarettes.



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COLLARS.

How a Man Goes About Buying Them.

They say women make a great fuss about their shopping. Well, they do. But how about this sort of thing?—and you can hear it any day in any haberdasher's shop:

Man (entering, and gazing vaguely about him, as if he wondered where the rhinoceros was kept)—I—

Clerk (affably)—Yes, sir; anything to-day, sir?

M.—I want a—[long pause]—want a collar.

C.—Yes, sir. Stand-up, sir?

M.—Eh?

C.—Stand-up or turn-down, sir?

M.—Oh, stand-up, I guess. Yes, stand-up.

C. (running his hand over a wall of green boxes)—What size, sir?

M.—Eh? Whojersay?

C.—What size, sir?—sixteen?

M.—Sixteen? No—that ain't my size. Lemme see—fifteen-and-a-half, I guess. Fifteen-and-a-half

or fifteen—or maybe it's sixteen. I never can remember.

C. (measuring him)—Sixteen, sir; I think you'll find that's right.

M.—Suppose I ought to write that down. That would be a good scheme, wouldn't it?

C.—I should think it would be a first-rate idea, sir.

'Tain't much to remember, though, when you come to think of it. Any particular style, sir?

M.—Yes—now—oh, pshaw! what is that name, now? I can't remember.

C.—The "Gladiator"? Very popular just now, sir.

M.—"Gladiator"? No—that ain't it. Something like a fish, the name was.

C.—"Dolphin," maybe?

M.—No, not "Dolphin," exactly. More like Megatherium, or something.

C.—"Mastodon," p'raps?

M.—No, I guess not. Began with A.

C.—"Asterisk," wasn't it?

M. (brightening up)—"Asterisk"—yes, that's what it was. "Asterisk"—or—now—oh, yes, I've got it—the "Aspasia." "Aspasia," yes, I remember now.

C.—All out of "Aspasias," sir—haven't handled that style in six years, sir. 'Twas n't a linen collar anyway—only made in paper.

M. (with a leaden gloom on him)—Guess I was mistaken. Whotter you got there?—Le's-see.

C. (displaying collars)—Here's the "Criterion"—cut kinder high in the back, but it goes.

M.—(recovering himself)—It don't go with me. I ain't a lamp post. Show me a collar. I don't want a Japanese screen.

C.—How's this—the "Mikado"?

M.—Ah-h-h—chestnut!

C.—Here's the "Swiveller"—know why it's called so?

M.—Nah.

C.—Cause of the flip. Turns over in front—see?

M. (sternly)—Turn it over that side of the counter.

C.—Yes, sir. How does this suit?

M.—Ain't it kinder low? I don't want to show my chest-protector. Haven't you got anything higher than that?

C.—Here's the "Opera." That comes perfectly high; but we must have it.

M. (grimly)—I ain't letting out space for advertising on my collars. Gimme something to put around my neck. I don't want to fence in a base-ball ground.

C.—How'll this sucher?

M.—Too Bowery, altogether! I don't wear a red shirt and one suspender.

C.—It's called the "King of the Dudes"—one of the latest things we have in stock.

M.—Oh, well, I don't want to be always trying these new things. I like to get a collar that I can stick to, and wear right along. Something I can get every time I call for it.

C.—Yes, sir. You don't remember the name of any particular style, that used to sucher, do you?

M.—Well, I've been hunting for the sort of thing I want for years—never got just the sort of collar I wanted, yet. Hi, there—that's a good one! Lemme see that one.

C.—This? That's the "Criterion"—same one you looked at a while back.

M.—Is it?—guess that wasn't the one I meant. No—there it is. Why didn't you show me that one before? Now, that's a white man's collar—neat and quiet—just what I wanted.

C.—Nice collar, sir. How many?

M.—Eh?

C.—How many, sir? Dozen?

M.—Dozen? No—guess I don't want a dozen, Lemme see—oh, well, gimme one, just to try how it goes with the boys. Then, if I want more, I can come back and get 'em. Whojersay the name was?

C. (rolling one collar up)—"King of the Dudes"—fifteen cents, please. Cash!

M. (mechanically producing a quarter)—What's that?

C.—Kingerthedoodles. Thank you. Cash! Fifteen out. [Curtain.]—Puck

An English justice recently decided that bigamy is no crime when a woman commits it in self-defense.

A poor woman who had married a habitual criminal when she was seventeen, was deserted by him after her first baby was born. He had never made any provision for her, and in the intervals when he was not in prison, he used to come back to her whenever she got a situation and compelled her to keep him.

The poor creature thereupon married a second husband, who undertook to protect her from the first, who was always threatening her. Husband No. 1 therefore gave her into custody for bigamy. When all this was proved, the justice said he should be wanting in humanity if he were to order her to be imprisoned for one single hour beyond that time, and the sentence was that she be imprisoned for half an hour.

The generally accepted statement, that the largest nugget ever found in California was worth a little more than \$21,000 is an erroneous one. J. J. Finney, "Old Virginia," found a piece of gold about six miles from Downieville, Sierra County, on August 21, 1866, that weighed 5,000 ounces and was worth \$90,000, the largest piece of pure gold ever discovered, so far as accounts go. Heretofore, the Australian nugget, found in the Ballarat gold fields, has been considered the largest; it was valued at \$60,000.

Captain Anderson, who sailed the *Coronet*, is a skillful painter of marine views, and sometimes takes a flyer in Wall Street too.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Last Word.

If you love me, tell me so;

Coal is very high;

Father thinks it isn't right

You should come here every night,

Staying till the fire is low

Just to spoon and sigh.

Calling me your "little sweet"

Does not pay for gas;

While your lonely heart may yearn,

In the chandeliers there burn

Jets that make a thousand feet

O'er the meter pass.

Love, I know, completely fills

Life's void gallery;

Yet, while these dear moments haste,

Think how many dollars waste—

Coal and gas and other bills—

Father's salary!

Then, I prithee, dear one, brace!

Do but speak the word:

Else must I to father yield,

Else must you waste the field,

Else must some one take your place;

"Stocks and bonds" preferred. —Life.

An Ominous Anagram.

If, delving for an anagram,

In RUDDYGORE you try

(The used-up vein's not worth a d—),

You'll find the ORE DRY.

—The Rhymester.

Tbat House in Fla.

A man in St. Augustine, Fla.,

Built a house which was almost all ca.,

There was nothing so nt.,

As he thought, in the st.,

But his guests said that nothing was ha. —Life.

The Song of the Czar.

In a coat of mail, with an iron tail,

I sit in my bomb-proof palace

With a steel-ribbed hat and a copper cravat

I'm joyous, and happy, and careless.

With asbestos hose, and brass under-clo'es,

I defy the Nihilist shooter;

Oh, I never shrink, in my jacket of zinc,

And my vest of copper and pewter.

I sing merry tunes in my steel pantaloons,

So gay and so free from all dread,

No harm can reach me, I am happy and free,

With my powder-proof hat on my head.

In a coat of mail, with an iron tail,

I sit in my bomb-proof palace,

With a steel-ribbed hat and a copper cravat,

I am joyous, and happy, and careless. —Tid-Bits.

The Lost Chord

Whispering tender words I bent above her—

Soft and gray the evening twilight fell—

She a maiden fair and I her lover—

While I guess a chance my love to tell.

"Dear, for these my heart is nearly breaking;

Wilt thou not my life forever bless?"

And I paused, my heart too full for speaking,

As she answered loud and sweetly—"No!" —Harper's Bazar.

Method in her Madness.

When your wife employs a cross-eyed girl whose talent is to

shirk:

Who takes four afternoons a week and never does her work;

Who talks back constantly, and her dire clatter will not

cease;

Who wears an apron spotted o'er with stains of dirt and

grease;

Whose grammar is distinguished by its most surprising bad-

ness.

You may think your wife is crazy,

But there's method in her madness. —Merchant Traveler.

The Circus at Butte.

We kinder calkulated—that's Bill, an' Ike, an' me,

We'd all go down to Sentinel Butte, and hev a sort o' spree;

The day the Greatest Show on Earth were thar in one big

tent,

We jedged 'twere something in our line, so nat'rally we

went.

Inside we struck a table with a cur'ous sort o' creeter,

An' a sign, as said his name were Pharoah Salt Peter;

An' thet he was a 'Gyptian king as long ergo went hence—

The show hed got the mummy at stupendous expense!

We stood an' sized it up erwhile, when Ike turned 'round

and said:

"It 'peers ter look erbout ter me 'sif this gentleman were

dead,

An' as I'm cor'ner I 'low without no further fuss,

We'd better stop an' kinder see what killed the onary cuss!"

Then Bill remarks: "I reckon it 'ud be a good idee,"

An' I chimes in with: "A inquest would jist erbout hit

me;

An' then we sot upon the corpse of Pharoah Salt Peter;

An' fixed a reg'lar verdict in surprisingly short metre!

"Whereas, this P. S. Peter, bein' thar layin' as dead's a

stone,

Therefore, this jury finds he croaked uv causes quite un-

known!"

We 'lowed thet fifty dollars were what the job were worth,

An' collected from the treas'rer uv the Greatest Show on

Earth. —Dakota Bell.



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the most lovely part of the year—will be kept open in its well-known good style until June 1st. Elegant apartments are set apart for bridal parties. Address letter or telegram to

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As a matter of course, no one speaks of anything in the theatre world except the wonderful production of "Nero."

Now and then some one will be found who has been thrown into a convulsion by Louis Harrison at the California, or has been weeping a tear or two at the Alcazar, where Grismer's iron-bound, copper-fastened patbos has at last given way to the tugs of nature.

Then comes another rumble from old Rome at the Baldwin, where Fred. Ward's fine old Virginus stains the streets of the historic city with the blood of his gentle daughter, even as that of the lovely Chrysa is spilled in the same brutal Rome.

But one really hears of little else than the Rome of Nero.

It was said on Monday night that the people of San Francisco were so stunned by the daring magnificence of the production that they simply could not attest their applause in voice, so sat silent and amazed, and let their dollars speak for them. The managers are perfectly contented with this sort of jingle, but then one takes a proper pride in one's city, and one does not like to see one's city in this curious spirit of silence when a beautiful picture is presented them.

What is this mutter and mumble, like the distant roar of the traditional Roman mob? The music? Ah, yes. Well, perhaps it is a little dismal, and there must be something wrong with it from the guarded way in which the connoisseurs go about venturing the mildest opinions, and saying that it requires a number of hearings. But the *vox populi*, which doesn't care a rush for musical criticism and makes up its mind with the most dashing promptitude at a first hearing, has said flatly and frankly that the music is tedious. The plain, cold fact is that Rubinstein is a pretty big gun, but a Wagneresque opera is too big a thing for him. As a pianist he is a virtuoso. Perhaps even here in his own domain, if he were to play out of sight, the effect would be different. He has a pair of enormous hands, a wild shock of Russian hair, and the peculiar crankiness of manner which is permitted to genius. It is astonishing how much expression these things give the piano, but they do not affect an opera. As a composer, it has hitherto been found that some of his piano transcriptions are exceedingly pretty, that his songs are delicious, quaint, and curious, and that his ballet music is most striking and characteristic. His operas do not often cross the Russian frontier.

Perhaps "Nero" itself would still be confined to the opera-houses of Moscow and St. Petersburg but for its magnificent spectacular opportunities. It is not probable that even its gems would have crept out of their magnificent setting, for the reason that it takes a short lifetime to sing them.

Both of the duets between Vindex and Chrysa are beautiful numbers, and are beautifully sung. Indeed, this charming Emma Juch grows upon one like a pleasant spell. There is a wining sweetness, a natural girlishness in her manner, that is infinitely prepossessing. Perhaps she fits better into the simple part of Senta than anything else, though many find her Marguerite to be just the simple German maiden that Goethe intended. But in Senta she has just that quiet, northern intensity that would stir a dreaming girl's heart to a romantic but genuine love for the melancholy portrait over the chimney-piece—for, after all, it is the picture that she falls in love with. To this she does not differ from her sex south of the cold belt, for it is not the real man that any woman falls in love with, but the picture of him that she draws in her own mind. Then, too, she is so very Norwegian looking that everything about her takes on a certain northern naturalness, and makes one imagine fjords, and midnight suns, and all sorts of Norwegian things just outside that quaint little front door.

And then she sings so well—so very, very well. Although that something is lacking in her voice to make her one of the great singers of the world, she has a purity of style and an excellence of method that are as refreshing as mountain water in the noon-day heat.

The rôle of Chrysa in "Nero" is a most trying one. It is true Rubinstein does not send her up into the E's and F's, as Wagner does, and leave her dangling around there in a rush of terrifying crescendo, till every one in the audience takes a long breath when she comes down to comfortable altitudes again.

Rubinstein can not help being melodious now and then, but he is what the Scotch call very "drieh." He stays too long.

"What a pretty thing!" thought every one as the stunner song began. "What a long number!" they thought, as, like Tennyson's brook, it seemed to go

on and on forever. "What an endless thing!" they were beginning to say when Nero's harsh laugh broke in upon the pretty tableau.

Poor little Chrysa! her voice almost broke in her effort to be dramatic as she spurned the cruel emperor. But then it is not an easy thing to repel emperors in clarion tones. The emperor's own voice broke, with well-simulated rage, but even that did not seem amiss in the action of the moment. Indeed, Candidus has just the conception of Nero to a nicety, and it is not a part which it would be easy to find a tenor to fill. One can not help feeling that it should be a baritone part, he is such a big monster of a man, although Nero's own voice, a baritone of which he was not a little proud, is said to have been but a small affair.

Candidus has adapted his face to the cruel emperor's disposition, and has the carriage of habitual command. He makes an imposing figure, even in the vastness of this wonderful spectacle, and, as a spectacle, it really almost beggars description.

Those who have looked upon Couture's great canvas, "La Décadence," will remember that curious weight of satiety which the picture carries. It exhausts one with the splendor of Rome, even after that splendor has been dead a thousand years. There seems to be no more juice left in the grape, no more intoxication left in the wine-cup, no more fire left in their play at love, and no more good in anything.

When the curtain rises upon the first act of "Nero" in the splendid atrium of Epicharus, it rises upon the Rome which was still drunk with pleasure just before "La Décadence."

The little Chrysa coming in for refuge in her white simple robes, among these singers and dancers and merry-makers, these revellers and maskers and wine-bibbers, is like a little snowdrop thrown upon a blood-red hot-house camellia.

It is a terrible scene, and as brilliant and beautiful as it is terrible. The dashing, indolent, imperious-haughty, splendid Rome of the first century seems to be actually before us, as these parasites of Nero jeer and scoff at helpless innocence; as Epicharus, the powerful Roman courtesan of the day, finds herself helpless to shield her child; as the people, drunk with song and wine and dance, make the mock bridal hideous and pitiful.

It is, by all odds, the best act in the opera, dramatically, musically, and tersely, if there be such a word.

Musically, it contains a most beautiful duet, which Ludwig and Juch sing most beautifully, as well as the marriage song, a rich bass number, which poor Vindex sings with most bitter emphasis and scorn.

Dramatically, it is as strong as "Virginius" itself, though the Emperor's victim is obliged to come to life again, in order to keep the opera going.

As for the ballet, animated perhaps by the old Roman spirit—for it has long been said that "in buried ashes live their wonted fires"—they danced with a fervor and an inspiration which they have not yet shown. De Gellert, who is a robust rather than a poetical dancer, but a marvelous technician, is an admirable *poseuse*, and gave a most exquisite scarf dance with Camarano, the *maître de ballet*. This latter, however, came later in the wonderful hachante dance, but there is such a confusion of beautiful things that one finds one's self tied up in a hard tangle of the beautiful and the wonderful, and the tangle is too pleasant to try to extricate one's self; still, one can not help remembering that De Gellert, like Beethoven, if musicians will pardon the coupling, is greatest in her "adagios."

Time out of mind the Roman mob has been the jest of the theatre-goer. But in the National Opera Company we have a mob that is not to be sneezed at. No group of men and women ever worked so thoroughly and conscientiously in a mimic scene.

Apparently not one of them had ever seen the procession before. Apparently every detail it was of the deepest and most vital interest to them. They passed their comments on Caesar as freshly as though they were the inspiration of the moment. The costumes and the malcontents were as equally divided as to every group of people that ever sat upon sidewalks to watch processions go by.

The inherent love of display and parade was there, that passion which has helped so many monarchs to ride over their peoples' necks to triumph and popularity.

The consequence was, the mob enjoyed the procession so thoroughly and so heartily that they worked the audience up to an acute state of interest, so that by the time Nero came in, in his great, red-starred chariot, we were all as ready to cry "hail, Caesar!" as any Roman of them all.

The fire scene, while a very beautiful and admirably managed spectacle, was not as thrilling as this triumph of Nero on the steps of the Temple of Evander. As he stood in the classic portico, with the vestal fires burning palely around him, with his priests and vestals grouped around, and his shouting populace acclaiming him, it did not seem strange that the inflated young monarch mistook his identity. It was enough to turn a cooler head than that of this passion-ridden monster of indulgence. And if it slightly stunned us with its marvels in this great mimic reproduction, what must it not have been in the great, splendid Roman reality?

Every one must see "Nero" at least three times

to take it all in. Once for the spectacle, once for the music, and once for the combination.

It is rather hard work this, of digesting a new opera every day or two, especially such serious works as these, when one's musical digestion is in rather a placid state after such recent operatic sweets.

But the National Opera Company have concluded to remain with us a week longer, so that music-lovers may digest Wagner and Rubinstein a little more at their leisure, and theatre-goers may have some opportunity to return to their allegiance at the Baldwin, where Fred Warde is playing a most interesting engagement in a round of legitimate characters.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Fred. Warde's "Galha, the Gladiator" will be the bill next week at the Baldwin.

Louis Harrison will produce another of his amusing comedies, "Nita's First," at the California next week, commencing to-morrow (Sunday) night.

Hoyt's "A Rag Baby," with that remarkable contortionist Frank Daniels, his dog "Handsome," and his company in the cast, will occupy the Bush Street stage next week.

"The lady and the tiger" will arrive in San Francisco three days before the opening night at the Baldwin, in order to have full time for rest, though Sarah is a tireless traveler.

J. O. Barrows makes up as a distinguished local chirpologist, and the shout of recognition is such when he appears, that all the world seems to have been having its corns cut.

L'Allemand and Juch each receive a beautiful basket of La France roses, every time they sing, from a well-known patron of the arts, who believes that one of the best ways to foster music is to keep the prima donnas in good humor.

O'Keefe's comedy "Wild Oats" will be given at the Alcazar next week, the last of the Grismer-Davies engagement. "Harbor Lights" is to succeed it, and an elaborate production of the melodrama is promised.

Coquelin has concluded not to come to America, and his contract has been officially destroyed. Coquelin's admirers on both sides of the water will be glad to learn of his decision, as it was feared that disaster and humiliation awaited him, the average American audience being not yet quite up to Coquelin.

Fred. Warde, who has become the popular legitimate actor of America, always after Booth, has invested a lot of his money in Los Angeles, where he played a remarkably fine engagement. He expects it to be almost ready to double itself by the time he gets back there, in which case he will be able to act during the remainder of his life for ambition and pleasure rather than for profit.

Madame Patti's Carmen has not elicited the unlimited adulation she is used to receiving. "Her performance," says a New York critic, "was tame, and when it is remembered that of all heroines Carmen is the wildest, the most capricious, it will be understood that that objection was fatal. She will have to search far in her memory for an audience less appreciative than that which witnessed her Carmen on Monday, with disappointment plainly written on every face."

Madame Gerster is in excellent health this spring, in Paris, receiving callers, driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and devoting herself with characteristic charm to her duties as wife and mother. Her two children, Linda and Bertha, bright little girls of five and two years respectively, give her more pleasure than she ever received during her triumphs on the lyric stage. But Amina in "La Sonnambula" is still her favorite rôle, and she expects ere long to resume it.

L'Allemand owing to every one's regret, was cut out of "Nero" owing to the length of the performance, bad but one number, a presumably characteristic song. If it had been possible to cut out Van Zanten instead, the change would have been accepted. Van Zanten works so hard, is so faithful and conscientious, and is so dramatic in action that every one hates to find any fault, but that voice, even with its wonderful range and volume, is something very barrowing.

Celia Adler, a San Francisco girl who has been studying in Vienna and has just finished an engagement at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, has returned to San Francisco just too late to join the Thalia Opera Company, and is supposed to be now looking for an opening in the National Opera Company. She made her debut in San Francisco under Mme. Fabbri in one of her periodic and disastrous introductions of German opera, but does not like to think of her voice then, as compared with its present state of cultivation.

If the National Opera Company had exhibited their jewels in the window, and opened in the opera of "Nero," there would have been a fight for seats all the season. If they had given the ballet of "Coppelia" before "Sylvia," wild horses could not have kept the crowds away on Saturday nights. It is always best, in stage affairs in San Francisco, to lead with the highest trump. No one ever sees Marcus Mayer or Henry Abbey do otherwise, and they take the town clean of its superfluous money at least once a year.

The performance of "Martha," on Tuesday evening, was nothing less than dire. It has been better done by the Emma Abbott Company, in so far as the principals are concerned, half a score of times. It was handsomely set, and the score was more faithfully adhered to than is usual, but the sparkling little opera was tame and spiritless. The ballet which followed was very interesting, owing to its national character; and Rubinstein's bizarre music, as interpreted by the Thomas orchestra, was something delightful, and sent every one home after the "Martha" disappointment in most excellent humor.

The National Opera Company, as originally composed, had Fursch-Madi in such parts as Pierson now sings, and Hastreiter in Van Zanten's parts. Hastreiter, a very powerful contralto, is another one of the long list of American prima donnas now holding the stage. Although horn of German parents, she comes from Wisconsin; but she is exceedingly popular in Europe, whither she has been recalled by the powers that be. Bismarck is beginning to look with

an eye of severe distrust upon American opera, and all the German singers of any value find themselves being mysteriously fastened in their places by some iron-bound contracts.

The man who works the curtain at the Grand Opera House must have officiated at some time as Lord High Executioner. Night after night he succeeds in almost decapitating some of the most useful members of the National Opera Company. The prima donnas are safe as they stand gracefully in the background to receive their floral tributes, but the adventurous baritone or tenor who steps gallantly forward has been obliged to learn to dodge the murderous curtain-man thus far with unequivocal success. But the audience nightly palpitates with strange alarm when the flowers begin to appear, the shave is always so very close.

The Bernhardt season opens at the Baldwin theatre on the sixteenth of this month, and the sale of seats for the season will accordingly begin next Monday morning, at the Baldwin box-office. The season includes fourteen performances, the prices of seats for the series being: Orchestra or dress-circle chairs, \$40; mezzanine boxes, \$20; and proscenium boxes, \$30. For single performances the prices are, \$35; mezzanine boxes, \$16; proscenium boxes, \$30—the same schedule as obtained in New York and all the other large cities she has played in. The sale will be opened with a clean box-sheet, none of the usual first-night reservations being allowed. The repertoire is as follows: "Fédora," "La Dame aux Camélias," "Frou-Frou," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Le Maître de Forges," "Le Sphinx," "Théodora," "Ernani," and "Phédre." "Fédora" will be given on the opening night, and there will be four changes of bill each week.

Francisque Sarcey, the dean of the French critics, announces gravely in one of the French papers that he is going to see "Lohengrin" when M. Lamoreaux brings it out, whether the French people like it or not, and forbids them to accuse him of any lack of patriotism in so doing. He says, truly enough, that the Germans have had the benefit of Gounod's "Faust," Massenet's "Le Cid," Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII.," and what oot more French operas beside, yet in Paris Wagner is tabooed. He is probably one of those who assisted at the stormy first night of "Lohengrin" as telegraphed a day or two ago, but it is not announced that the mob attacked their aged oracle. He was bold enough to say in his announcement that he would have liked to know "Lohengrin" long before, that it irritated him to know that every other critic in Europe was familiar with it, but he had never wanted to go to Germany, and never found it convenient to go to Brussels. And Brussels is almost as far from Paris as Monterey is from San Francisco! Citadelle Parisian! Naïf enfant!

Mr. Hugo Tyrrell, a dramatist, actor, and littérateur of Australia, is at present in this city, where he will stay some time, preparatory to going to New York, en route for London. Mr. Tyrrell has achieved some success at the Antipodes, and also in the United Kingdom, as an author and playwright, and has been awarded an amount of praise from the press on both sides of the Equator. This gentleman's chief successes have been a nautical drama entitled "Tempest Tossed," a comedy called "Chequered Lives," and a play of sporting proclivities, written in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Hart, the novelist and critic, entitled "Queen of the Turf." Mr. Tyrrell's latest work, and the one for which he is known best in Australia, is an adaptation to the stage of the late Marcus Clark's famous novel, "For the Term of his Natural Life," which is said to be a very strong play. Mr. Tyrrell is also the author of many other dramas and comedies, including an eccentric comedy called "Goliath," a comedy "The Tradesman," and the dramas "One of Two," "Moody," "Rights of Man," and the "Bride of Chaos." It is his wish to make arrangements in this country for his dramatic work, more particularly "His Natural Life."

The continued public interest in the American opera performances has induced Manager Locke to keep the National Opera Company here another week, and for next week, which will be positively the final week of the season, an interesting and attractive repertoire is offered. On Monday next, the National Opera Company will produce for the first time here Otto Nicolai's famous opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Pauline L'Allemand and Jessie Bartlett-Davis as Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and William Hamilton as Sir John Falstaff, a part in which he is said to be extremely clever. In the third act occurs the Elfin ballet, which is said to contain some very attractive dances. On Tuesday, there will be the last Wagner night in the performance of "Lohengrin." On Wednesday, the Coppelia ballet will be given, preceded by "The Marriage of Jeannette," and on Thursday, the last evening performance of "Nero" will be given. In response to a numerous signed request from many who are anxious to hear the famous Thomas orchestra in concert, the opera season will be suspended for one night, Friday, and a grand concert will be given by the Thomas orchestra, conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. Several of the leading artists of the National Opera Company will appear in the concert. A good programme has been arranged, and the concert will doubtless draw about the largest audience of the season. The final performance of "Nero" will take place at the Saturday matinee, which will be the last opportunity to hear the National Opera Company in grand opera. The announcement of the attraction for Saturday night, the closing night of the season, will be made during the week.

About the only relic of the flip age are the dozen or more flip irons which now occupy a conspicuous position behind the trim bar. Sugar, eggs, and cider were metamorphosed by these uncouth utensils into a mellow and foaming beverage, which slipped down our ancestors' throats so smoothly. The flip irons are much like a soldering iron in shape, though the extremity which is heated, is more bulbous. In making the famous concoction, the expert taverneer will have the component parts well mixed by the time the iron has blushed rosily in its nest of hot coals. It is taken red hot from the fire and allowed to cool a trifle, so that the mixture may not be scorched. The artist watches its ever-changing hues as closely as though tempering a Damascus blade. With a dextrous turn of the hand he inverts the globe over the leaden cider mug and carefully touches of the liquid till the heat covers it with a creamy foam. Then the iron is let down to the bottom and the apple juice is gently stirred till it froths up to the rim of the vessel and the delicious compound is ready.

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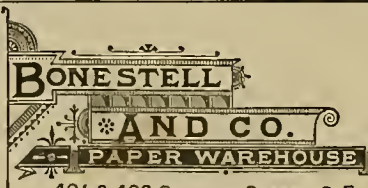


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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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When the slah of grey sandstone was laid in the earth at Palo Alto on Saturday last by Governor and Mrs. Stanford, the presence of trustees and guests, it was an important event for this State. It was an important event for the world if the eneficent intentions of the donors are wisely carried out. It seems to us that we have enough of universities and colleges dedicated to the study of dead languages, and to the investigation of the ancient and forgotten in all the branches of learning. While we would not underrate the value of an education that consumes years of study without any apparent advantage other than that of the mental discipline acquired by the mental toil expended upon it, there might, we think, be a ne American university in this nineteenth century not modeled after those of Europe or New England—one seat of learning where the practical is kept steadily in view. No one can the better afford to make the confession that the higher and more abstruse branches of learning are not indispensable to success in this world, than Governor Stanford.

That the classics and higher mathematics aid one in attaining happiness in the world to come, is not claimed by any school of theology; that the learning of the olden time is superior to that of the present, no one pretends; that lost arts and arts preserved from the middle ages are superior to those of the present era, is a sentiment that is melting away. It is quite absurd to stand in an European art gallery and listen to the rhapsodies of some dilettante over a painting faulty in drawing, imperfect in color, yellow with age, and deficient in everything that makes a picture attractive and pleasing, because it is "old," the "work of an old master." If it is just a hit beyond the border of decency, it is the more attractive; if it delineates something horrible, some supposed early martyr enduring torture, or some mythical creation of the monk-period climbing the stairs of suffering, through physical pain and torment, to the heatification of saintship, it is the more precious. It is a "holy" picture. The chances are that the man who writhes in delight before one of these works of art, does not know a Michael Angelo from one of Edward Bosqui's chromos, or a Titian from a Tojetti. If the best Greek scholar from the most learned university in Europe should become waiter in a San Francisco restaurant, it is doubtful whether the best Greek scholar from the most learned of the universities of New England could order his dinner in Greek without a dictionary. The study that enables a graybeard with dictionary and grammar to translate a passage from languages of the past, is not to be despised; it hands down to us the learning, literature, and philosophy of a remote age. But there seems to be no very good reason why in every institution of learning that is established, why in every village seminary for boys or girls, why in every cross-road school-house, why at Berkeley or the Boys' High School in San Francisco, Greek and Latin should be taught. There is not, probably, any boy or master at Berkeley who can give free and ready translations from any Greek or Latin hooks through which he has not been drilled, or who can easily converse in Latin or Greek, or who can write a Greek or Latin letter upon a given proposition, or who ever will be able to do so. This remark need not be confined to Berkeley, but applied to the alumni of any college or university who reside in California. This we know—that in the professions or business circles the graduates of learned universities are not the successful men over and above those who are not thus educated, nor when we remember that the pupils of our larger and better endowed universities, of our military academy at West Point and our naval school at Annapolis, are the sons of our wealthier families, and that from birth they have enjoyed superior advantages, do we think they have achieved enough of distinction to make it apparent that the higher education makes abler or better, or more successful or useful men than those who have not been thus educated. West Point and Annapolis reach out their arms over the continent, gather in the brightest boys of the better class between the ages of fourteen and twenty, already qualified by preliminary instruction for a career of study; they are clothed, educated, and turned out upon the world finished and equipped for the battle of life. Harvard and Yale receive the sons of wealthy men, and by hundreds they annually enter the field of competition for the prizes and honors of life. It would present curious statistics if the number could be ascertained of those wrecked by whiskey, indolence, cards in the barracks and wardroom, who have been educated at the expense of the nation—those who drifted along the stream of life leading a *dolce far niente* existence, leading the German, serving society, and spending their lives in effort to win prizes in the lottery of marriage, and those who have achieved great fame by some honorable service for the country. Take a thousand graduates of those higher universities, and a thousand bright boys graduated from our public grammar schools, our select academies, and our lesser colleges, and after fifty years measure them by their achievements in life; it is our judgment that the more coveted prizes and the most numerous would be found with those who had not enjoyed the the privilege of education without having first struggled for an opportunity. The Leland Stanford Jr. University will, as we are informed, throw wide its portals for the admission of all who desire the opportunity of study. Its liberal endowment is not for the purpose of enabling the

curled darlings of fortune to achieve college distinction in the gymnasium, or with bat and oar to win rowing matches and games of hase-ball or cricket; nor will opportunities be afforded for the luhherly cub of accidental wealth to display his father's money in vulgar extravagance. The range of studies will broaden at the base, so that the industrious and painstaking pupil will enjoy the opportunity of stepping from his college home out into the great battle of life armed and armor-clad with practical equipment for success. Nor is it to become a charity institution, where the stupid son of some idiot sire is to be educated, simply because the family is poor and the parents ambitious to have their child attain graduating honors as an excuse to he above honest physical labor. In this university, to give a practical education will be the first desire of its founders—a technical education in the trades, in the mechanical arts, in agriculture, in practical science, and in that every-day learning that is demanded for real use in the journey for human existence; and if along this curriculum the student should develop genius for higher studies and shows a taste, ambition, talent, and industry to gain farther heights in science, philosophy, and recondite learning, he will be aided along his ambitious, toilsome way. If the student has faculties that will enable him to become a good blacksmith or carpenter, a good farmer or viticulturist, he should be aided as he makes progress, and he should be turned out as soon as he ceases to make progress; no boy or girl should be retained in any school or college an hour beyond that point of time when their growth, development, or expansion ceases; on the contrary, no pupil should be wrenched away from the necessary books, masters, and scholastic opportunity so long as he is making progress. Progress of the real, earnest, competent, ambitious lover of learning for the sake of learning never ends except with life. We hope everything from the Leland Stanford Jr. University. We have reason for confidence in its success, because of our confidence in the man who founds it, and in the character of the men who compose its governing board. There is only one rock upon which it can be wrecked, only one dangerous direction in which, in our judgment, it can drift, and it seems almost presumptuous for us to utter it. But that hidden peril and dangerous direction is toward an imitation of any other existing university or college in this world. We are in a new age, under new conditions, an age of change in every respect, and of progress and hope in some directions. Old universities, within their cast-steel links in a cast-steel chain, can no longer hold the world in bondage by cast-iron forms of education. That it can not be so manacled is indicated by the triumph of every statesman, diplomat, military man, scientist, practical politician, man of affairs, man of wealth, and man of learning who has achieved his success by fighting his way around the great universities and triumphed without their aid. The era upon which we are now entering is a new one; the age that is dawning is a new and more brilliant one; above the horizon we see the rising of another and better day; we can not arrest or change it, and as we cast our eyes back we see—think we see—the old universities sinking somewhat into the shadow and out of sight, and in their places new ones arising that are to run their courses in harmony with the new light of the new day. The period of class education is going by; the period of class advantages is slowly drifting down the stream; the new universities must help the strong-armed who are helping themselves to hreast the angry torrent by buffeting it. Of this class we hail the University of Leland Stanford Jr. at Palo Alto.

Miss Mary J. Dunne, of Newark, New Jersey, a soprano singer, accepted, with consent of her parents—she and they being Roman Catholics—a position, at a large salary, to sing in the North Reformed—Protestant—Church at Newark. Monsignor Doane, a Catholic priest, called the attention of the young lady and her parents to the fact that she was violating a strict rule of the Papal Church by taking part in the services of a Protestant Church, and in "vigorous and mandatory terms" threatened her with excommunication unless she gave up her engagement. Miss Dunne was indignant at the priestly interference, fled her father's house, and there was a parrot and monkey of a time till, in deference to her parents' feelings, the young lady yielded, and restored that

peace which passeth understanding, to the church built upon a rock and impregnable against any assault that shall ever be made against it by the gates of hell if they ever happen to get off their hinges, and in their warlike raid swing earthward. Monsignor Doane had fermenting within his narrow brain an amount of bottled theology upon the relation of good people (papists) to sinners, (all the remaining people upon God's earth), and he preached a sermon from which, with a liberality that characterizes all our writings in this direction, we pick out the plums and serve them as a separate course and dessert to this ecclesiastical last supper: "The church forbids her children from taking any part in Protestant worship, such as singing or playing the organ, except in cases of extreme necessity where there is no danger of perversion." . . . "It is not considered a sin to be present at a Protestant funeral provided that no part is taken in the religious ceremony." . . . "As the Roman Catholic Church is the one only Church of God, we can not co-operate with those religious bodies that deny her authority and doctrines." . . . "The true Catholic obeys the voice of the church as the voice of God. Many a poor servant-girl has lost her place by exercising the moral courage to refuse to join in family worship." . . . "Obey your prelate; obey those who rule over you by divine appointment and right." . . . "There is a spirit of schism and insubordination. In New York, for example, Catholics are quoted as saying and writing things in utter contempt and defiance of ecclesiastical authority." (This reference is to Father McGlynn and the parish congregation of St. Stephens.) "Keep up the discipline of the church and render a willing obedience to her decrees. She tells the Catholic physician what he may or may not do, so the lawyer, so all in every estate in life." Yes, good Father Doane, there is schism and insubordination in the air against the Church of Rome. There is an uprising in the church itself, and around its very altars there is a gathering rebellion of honest, independent men and women. It is not a schism of faith, not an uprising against the spiritual teachings of the one only true (?) church, but it is the earnest protest of self-respecting persons who think for themselves, against a priestly insolence that asserts its right to interfere with gifted young women like Miss Dunne to prevent her from earning an honest living in the use of her voice by singing to a respectable congregation of Protestants. This priest would not have exhibited this indignation, nor "in vigorous and mandatory terms" would he have threatened Miss Dunne with excommunication if he had found her singing in a beer-hall, or toiling for an honest living near to crime and within the influence of its temptations. The Church of Rome is nicely discriminating in its anathemas. It disciplines Father McGlynn and summons him to Rome in answering apology for his daring to exercise his unquestioned privilege of American citizenship in entertaining and expressing his personal opinions upon political questions while it leaves the apostles of murder and assassination to proclaim their bloody doctrines of agrarianism unrebuked and unrestrained. It does not interfere with the cardinal, bishops, and priests in Ireland who counsel the subversion of the English Government, the overthrow of English law, and the confiscation of landed estates with titles old and unassailable. It interferes in the marriage relation; it comes between man and wife in their domestic and family association; it claims obedience from the Catholic physician and lawyer, and the right to dictate to them what they shall and what they shall not do. It is this sort of thing that leads to insubordination. If the infallible head of the Papal Church should come to San Francisco attended by an army of red-legged cardinals, with his three-story hat upon his consecrated head, with his Propaganda and Swiss Guards, and whatever else he may have of pomp and power, of dress and jewels, and undertake to intermeddle with Doctors Bowie or Buckley in their distribution of pills, powders, or purgatives, or with John Doyle, or Mr. Bergen, or Mr. Loughborough in their professional engagements with clients, or their conduct of cases in court, his eminence would wish himself back in Rome and on the other side of the Tiber, and in the safest cell of Saint Peter's with his Swiss standing guard around him. This intermeddling of the church and its alien priesthood in the political, social, and personal affairs of the United States is an insufferable and unpardonable offense against good manners, against good sense, against the law, and against the amenities of social life. It is insolent and aggressive, and is calculated to make hot blood. If the church, as an organization, would keep out of politics and mind its own business, the *Argonaut* would not mention its name till millenium day. Its purely religious quarrels and dogmatical discussions it would leave to the parsons and preachers.

The career of Dr. McGlynn, the conscientious priest of Saint Stephen's, becomes the more interesting as events develop themselves. It was the universal opinion of the satellites of the papal power, echoed by the ecclesiastical and political press of America, that the moment Dr. McGlynn became a suspended priest and severed his connection with the ecclesiastical organization, he would sink into insignificance and be forgotten; that he would lack the courage to refuse to go to Rome, and that the menace of ultimate excom-

munication from the church would compel him to an humiliating surrender and penitential confession. It seems that Dr. McGlynn is composed of sterner stuff, and that he does not fear, in this age of enlightened progress, the repetition of the cruel tortures that attended a breach of the rules of church discipline in the days of Torquemada. The Church of Rome has demanded of this, its servant, that he should recant his land-tenure and land-taxation heresies, and no longer give utterance to his political opinions. His answer is: "I am a servant of the Church of Rome, and I owe it to it and its authoritative head allegiance in spiritual matters. But I am an American citizen, and as such I have the right to hold express opinions upon all political and secular questions entirely independent of Rome." The Archbishop of New York suspends him from his priestly duties, and orders him to Rome upon a penitential journey. He refuses, and instead of going to Rome he goes to the Cooper Institute; from his ecclesiastical superior he appeals to the great tribunal of popular opinion; he throws to the popular breeze the banner of a new crusade, and under it all his old parishioners, thousands of intelligent Roman Catholics, thousands of his Irish countrymen who do not fear Rome and who are Americans, and ten of thousands of laborers and working-men who admire the courage of the man and the independence of the priest, rally. When, the other night at Chickering Hall, in New York, this anathematized priest of Rome—having freed himself from the chains and manacles that had bound his conscience and restrained his voice for all these years—stood up before a vast audience and, repeating from the Lord's prayer its simple invocation that "God's will might be done on earth as it is in heaven," all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, and democratic laymen of the organized papal industry must have seemed small to him. Is there an American Romanist within the broad boundaries of this Republic who does not in his secret heart admire the courage of this native-born Catholic American priest and gentleman, and uphold him in his revolt against the arrogant claim of an alien ecclesiastical authority which has the insolence to attempt to dictate to an American citizen what views he shall hold in reference to landed property, how and from what source he would raise revenue for governmental use, whom he should favor for president of the United States or mayor of his native city, and whether he should or should not ride in an open carriage from poll to poll on election day with his political friend, or make political speeches if it pleased him to do so? We are watching the career of Father McGlynn with great interest; not that we believe in his doctrines of land-tenure, nor his opinions of land-taxation, borrowed from Henry George; nor that we consider it of any particular importance what opinions Father McGlynn or any other priest may entertain upon any political question, but it is important that an intellectual, strong-minded, and popular clergyman of an influential Roman Catholic church should have the courage to defy the authority of that church as to his right to entertain and express such opinions as he may please to hold upon political questions in America. It is important that his parishioners of St. Stephen's stand by him, hold up his hands, and strengthen him in his courageous attitude of self-asserting independence. It is known that this relentless persecution is founded upon two facts—first, Dr. McGlynn refused to support Blaine for the presidency, when, through Bishop Corrigan and the Roman clergy, Blaine entered into a conspiracy with Tammany Hall to get the electoral vote of New York, and did support Cleveland; second, Dr. McGlynn was always the friend of the free, public, non-sectarian, educational system, as against the parochial schools, and was always opposed to agitating for a division of school moneys among religious denominations. Dr. McGlynn's offences are that he is honest, courageous, self-reliant, and independent; that he thinks more of his American birth and citizenship than he does of his Irish lineage, and that he has discernment enough and intellect enough to see how impossible and how undesirable it is for an Italian hierarchy at Rome to endeavor to control the politics of America. Dr. McGlynn is fighting along the same line of controversy as the *Argonaut*. He believes more than we in the dogmas of the Roman church, but he is resolute in his attitude of opposition to the right of this alien church to interfere in our political affairs. In this contest we regard him as an ally. He is himself a chief in command of independent forces that we could never reach. Who shall say that this spirit of independent Americanism is not beginning to make itself felt when from within the enemy's lines there come forth such champions to make battle for the cause as Dr. McGlynn?

The Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Southern California, in convention recently assembled at San Francisco, has accomplished a master-stroke of business. It owed to its bishop—a most excellent and pious gentleman, who has spent his life in its faithful service—the sum of eleven thousand dollars. The debt had been long due, and at times the bishop has been sorely pressed for the comforts of life. Let this page be turned down, for it is a shameful one, and had better be forgotten; there are other pages, which, when

the history of this church is written, will bring the blush of shame to those of the Anglican communion who profess to believe—not in charity, which is a lowly virtue, but in justice and right, in that Christian precept which teaches the payment of just debts and the keeping of honorable obligations—for this duty has been evaded by the church in its business relations with its bishop. In a moment of generous emotion, a few individuals effected a compromise with the bishop, and for eleven thousand dollars due, he accepted seven thousand five hundred in full settlement and final discharge. The church—as a church—has no moral right to compromise an honest debt by paying less than the amount justly due. What may be an act of commendable generosity on the part of individuals seems an act of worship to mammon when accepted by the church as a cancellation of the amount due its bishop. There remains due an unpaid balance to the Bishop of California, which is not cancelled on the books of St. Peter by this most commendable act of individuals. The financial history of the Episcopal Church of California with its bishop, is fitly rounded off by this "compromise" in derogation of his just rights. It is an act of voluntary and dishonorable bankruptcy that ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every professing male member of the church, and to every gentleman who expects salvation through the mediation of his pious wife.

For the latest and best specimen of Scotch star-spangled-bannerism, Mr. Andrew Carnegie takes the cake—he takes the entire bakery, he forestalls the oat market and bags its meal. Mr. Andrew Carnegie came from the Scottish Highlands a poor lad and became an American millionaire; he has driven through England four-in-hand and written a garrulous book; he has traveled in foreign lands and written a dull book; he has written a stupid political work—all of which he had the right to do, because he pays for printing and binding his own works and gives them away. He has written some exceedingly good communications upon the subject of iron and labor, for he is a successful iron manufacturer, and having been a laborer he manages his working-men with political sense and with generosity. English residents of New York desiring to honor Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, considering how best to celebrate the day and how best to convey to this lady their appreciation of her pure and womanly character, invited Mr. Carnegie to their counsels and asked his coöperation. The occasion and its commemoration of her majesty's fiftieth anniversary upon the English throne is not intended to have any political signification. It was, therefore, deemed appropriate for her former subjects, those who have not sworn their allegiance to her majesty, and those who have become citizens of the republic, for Americans native-born, for gentlemen of foreign nationalities who have respect for the domestic virtues and womanly qualities of this venerable lady, to give some social recognition of her worth as a woman and her character as queen and empress. In the carrying out of this idea, Mr. Andrew Carnegie was invited to participate, because he was by birth Scotch and by accident rich. The answer to this invitation, with the bad taste that characterizes his ambition for notoriety, he sends to the press and ostentatiously proclaims that he "does not sympathize with the proposed jubilee," because "I am an American and a very staunch Republican, and I regard monarchical ideas as insulting to my manhood, and I should stultify myself were I to celebrate the reign of any hereditary ruler. When Johnny Horner sat in the corner gorging himself with pudding, drew forth with his thumb a fat plum and exclaimed 'what a great boy am I!' it was a prophecy by Mother Goose of the coming to America of Carnegie and his development into a millionaire. It had not occurred to us that the steady growth of monarchical ideas in Britain for twelve centuries had been a continual insult to the manhood of Andrew Carnegie. Nor did it strike us when first this jubilee was suggested, that its celebration in honor of an hereditary queen would so deeply wound the tender sensibilities of this Scotch-American millionaire; nor that England's history from the Heptarchy had been a studied insult pointed at the American foundryman at Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. 'I was born free as Cæsar,' exclaims this Colossus of Liberty enlightening the world. This too had never occurred to us and now we think of it, let us change the sex of the Goddess of Liberty, and stamp the image of Carnegie on our coins. 'I am at a loss to see what naturalized American citizen have to do with celebrating the reign of any sovereign monarch. If they are not loyal republicans and true to the land of their adoption it is open to them at all times to leave its shores and find homes elsewhere. I rejoice that no New York men of position could be found who could so far forget themselves as to appear upon republican soil as 'eulogists of monarchy.' In this quotation from Mr. Carnegie's letter there is a studied insult to better and more patriotic and more honorable men in every line, and there was never a letter printed that exhibited more of vanity, egotism, and demagoguery than this. His allusion to the Fourth of July as the proper day for political demonstration is unadulterated sham, and the whole thing is the attempt of a shallow brain to impress the stamp of 'Americanism

upon the brass of counterfeit coinage. We take the liberty of saying to Mr. Carnegie that it won't pass. We only stamp the eagle and the stars and the Goddess of Liberty upon pure coin. Genuine Americanism does not require the adopted citizen of any nationality to forget the land of his birth or the respect due to his sovereign, or the worshiper at any shrine, devotion at the altar of his faith, or any gentleman to forget what is always due to a good woman, whether queen upon the throne or virtuous maid upon the milking stool. America and Americanism has passed out of and beyond the period when it is supported or strengthened by anything that is not genuine, true, and honorable.

Lotteries are prohibited by the constitution and the code of this State, and penalties are provided to prevent the sale of tickets and to punish any person who shall in any manner aid in promoting, encouraging, or carrying on a lottery scheme. It is especially provided by the laws of California that every person who sells, gives, or furnishes a lottery ticket to another, or who aids or assists by advertising, publishing the selling, or disposing of lottery tickets, is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by fine and imprisonment. In the City of New Orleans is conducted a swindling lottery enterprise under the nominal control and direction of Generals Beauregard and Early. We are informed that the people of California, and especially of San Francisco, are the especial patrons of this Louisiana scheme of robbery; that more than a hundred thousand dollars are milked from our people monthly by a sorry lot of Jews, who sell these tickets openly, and who are known to every police officer in the city; that clerks, apprentices, boys, girls, and feeble-minded women are constantly being robbed and swindled by this most nefarious of all modes of plunder. An occasional prize is dropped among the eager crowd—just enough to keep up the fraudulent conspiracy. Not only are tickets sold openly, but several daily journals are silenced and bought off from exposing this crime by lengthy advertisements. The *Alta*, *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Examiner* use their columns in aid of this illegal and criminal scheme, and every second Tuesday in the month these advertisements appear, while upon their bulletin boards are proclaimed the prizes; and scores of poor people may be seen around them, pencil in hand, taking the lucky numbers to see if they are winners. There is a curious secret history as to the manner in which certain of our daily journals succeeded in securing their journalistic plum. "Blackmail" is charged, and we believe the charge. At all events, there is an open violation of the law against lotteries perpetrated by ticket dealers, newspaper proprietors, and others, that is costing the poor, ignorant, and credulous folk of this city more than a million of dollars a year. If an honest gambling game is opened in his city for dealing faro, or a Chinaman spreads his tan game or sells lottery tickets, the place is raided by our efficient police, and our newspapers are enthusiastic in commending their vigilance. Whether the police or the courts are bribed to silence and inaction we do not know.

If we did not thoroughly understand the Irish character and thoroughly appreciate the mendacious disposition of our news agencies, and the cowardly conduct of our daily newspapers, we should think the Irish O'Brien had been persecuted and denied free speech in Canada. We should think is address at Toronto was evidence of something more than an Irish scrimmage, but as nobody was killed, and nobody's head was broken, and only an occasional shillalah used, and at a brick cast, we are convinced that the "immense concourse" and the "tremendous enthusiasm," as represented in display type by *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, was only a poor Donnybrook, and the "eloquent" oration of O'Brien only the usual "yawn" of an Irish politician. When the anapa papers come to hand we are confident that O'Brien's triumphal march "through the provinces will be as important as the shriek of the Irish banshee, and perhaps like it will foretell the doom of a cause that lives by agitation.

IMPORTANT NEWS SPECIAL TO THE "ARGONAUT."—The Irish are contemplating a counter-demonstration in Paris on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee. The leader of this movement is James Stephens, the notorious American-Irish Fenian.

The Irish are boycotting a French tea-dealer in the Rue Royal, Paris, for consenting to take part in the jubilee.

The Irish are very indignant with the "Passionists" of venue Hoche, in Paris, because they are helping the jubilee end.

The Irish O'Brien is endeavoring to incite the mob spirit in Canada by speeches against the governor-general.

The Irish are endeavoring to defeat legislation in the Parliament of England by obstructive proceedings.

The Irish of Buffalo are going to Toronto in a body to protect O'Brien while he abuses Lord Lansdowne.

The Irish College at Rome has pronounced against Parliament and crime in Ireland, and hails with joy the passage of the Coercion Act. This action is approved by the Pope. Under the advice of Cardinal Taschereau, the Knights of Labor in Canada are withdrawing from the order.

The Pope has not given his sanction to the Knights of

Labor in America. Cardinal Gibbons declares that the doctrine of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn in reference to the ownership of land is in opposition to the teachings of the Roman Church.

Roman Catholic priests will not again, in San Francisco, exhibit themselves as platform statuary to encourage Irish political agitators to kick up a muss. The Pope reads the *Argonaut*, and he won't have it.

Three fat, lanky, sauer-kraut Dutchmen have all the week been parading in front of Clark's Bakery on Montgomery Street, to boycott an American woman with girl waiters from earning an honest living, and there is no law to suit their case.

The Irish "plan of campaign," which was an ingeniously contrived conspiracy to confiscate landed property for the benefit of an Irish tenantry, and which went from victory to victory until the government grasped the nettle, has now utterly broken down. The *London Telegraph* says:

"Confronted firmly by Lord Lansdowne, in the Queens county, it has not saved a single tenant, and the whole estate has been cleared. This is a serious loss to the owner, but it is a loss to the tenants as well, and they will soon realize that pensions from the National League are poor substitutes for comfortable farms held at moderate rents. For, while America pours in plenty of money to the 'farnellie coffers' in Dublin, the best share, as the accounts show, goes to the eighty-six members of Parliament, and the crumbs from the table to the ejected Lazarus at the gates."

This accounts for the hatred entertained by Irish politicians against Lord Lansdowne, and hence it is that O'Brien has been sent to Canada to annoy him. How this war of "vengeance" will come out we can not determine till the "avenger" gets out of Canada and safely home.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Fair Play.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: An editorial in the *Chronicle* of May 9th, under the heading "Arranging Rates," is as absurdly unfair and as undisguisedly socialistic in its sentiments as anything I have yet read on the much mooted question of rates.

Let us take another case; let us put the newspapers for the railroad companies and see how it will read: "We desire, nay demand, that the price of newspapers be reduced, and to this end we, the people, will do all we can to encourage competition and consequent cutting of rates. We have paid a uniform rate for years, but now we demand lower rates. Our patronage has built up these papers, our money has made their owners rich; now we want to have something to say as to what disposition shall be made of the riches; we want to be asked what price we are willing to pay for our papers, not told what their owners wish us to pay."

If that is not socialism I am at sea on the subject. A man who has built up a successful newspaper has done so by putting forth almost superhuman effort, not on one occasion only, but constantly, unceasingly, and in the face of all sorts of obstacles. He has held on where weak-willed, easy-going people have let go; he has kept up his courage and fought bravely when inferior, less ambitious men have retreated and looked calmly on. He has succeeded where a hundred have failed—failed not from lack of opportunity but to him, but from lack of the necessary will, energy, untiring zeal which the one successful man has brought to bear, with prosperity as a result. The hundred who fail have our commiseration; the man who wins, in the face of everything, has, or should have, our cordial good-wishes. We should be proud of him, proud of his work, and glad if it has brought him a large reward.

To return to the railroad companies. There is, perhaps, no other great interest in which the residents of this coast are more vitally concerned than that of the prosperity of the railroad companies. True, the people's money went to build the railroads, but who among the people has not directly or indirectly been materially benefited by the railroads? Who, if the railroads were to be done away with in a single night and the people and the country wake to the condition of matters which existed in the ante-railroad days, would not, fore-knowing the course of events, quickly vote to invest the same money in the same way?

True, the companies have grown rich. Why not? A few men of enterprise, resolution, and indomitable energy, in the face of sneers and derision, conceived and pushed to a successful ending their gigantic scheme for a Pacific railroad system. It is no more than right and just that they should enjoy a prosperity proportionate to the risk they ran, the courage they displayed, and the benefit they have conferred on the country.

I honor them for their energy; I rejoice in their success; I glory in their wealth. I have nothing but contempt for those who, envying them, connive at their downfall. And I am one of the people. C. B. D. NEVADA, May 12, 1887.

There is a newspaper museum in Germany, whose directors are anxious to possess a copy of every rare journal. They recently wrote a courteous letter to the editor of *L'Avenir du Tonkin*, the journal founded by the French in Hanoi after the conquest of Tonquin, requesting him kindly and out of fraternity to present two numbers to the museum. They received a letter, of which the following is a translation: "Hanoi, January 14, 1887. To the Manager of the Zeitungs-Museum—I thank you for giving me an opportunity of making myself disagreeable to the Germans, and inform you that I refuse to send you the two numbers of *L'Avenir du Tonkin* which you wished to possess. Receive the assurance of my implacable hatred to the German race. J. Cousin."

A German paper prints this correspondence between a university student and his father: "Dear Father—I am thankful to say I am still alive; a special providence has been watching over me. I have had a very narrow escape. As you are probably aware, a balcony fell to the ground in the Langentrasse, and I had only passed the spot a minute before. Your affectionate son has been mercifully preserved to you. Dear father, pray send me another fifty marks—Your Fritz." Reply: "Dear Fritz—We are truly grateful for your preservation, but are shocked and pained at the discovery that you have got into bad habits, for I read in the paper that the catastrophe in question occurred at 4 A. M.—Your Sorrowing Father."

It is asserted that at least 605,000,000 trees are now growing in this country where none were seen before the beginning of the movement known as arbor, or tree-planting day, originating about fifteen years ago. Twenty states now have a day set apart for planting trees, and the remainder of the commonwealths are likely soon to follow the examples of their neighbors.

When the last census of Germany was taken there were seventy male and one hundred and six female centenarians in the empire. The oldest woman was one hundred and seventeen, and the oldest man one hundred and twenty years of age.

An Alsatian who tattooed himself all over with "Vive la France" was imprisoned for six months when he came to be examined for admission to the German army.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lifeboat.

Been out in the life-boat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough. When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what we call rough! It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break On the shore with a roar like the thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake; When the sea is a hell of waters, and the harvest holds his breath As he hears the cry for the life-boat—his summons may be to death— That's when we call it rough, sir; but if we can get her afloat, There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last year? You be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here; The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had, And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad, The beach here was strewn with wreckage, and to tell you the truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men. The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered, But most on us here is married, and the wives that night were skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives, But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives; Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead, 'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread; So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away. I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end, She'd been allin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed, With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet be staved.

I heered the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm; The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife, 'Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life, And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights, To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh, But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie, For we'd one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son— He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done; Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk call wild. From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled. We heered no more about him, we never knew where he went, And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent. I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse, So it eat away at her heart-strings, and her health grew worse and worse;

And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands, I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands, She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide, And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side; Then half to herself she whispered, 'Where's Jack to say good-bye? It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!'

I was stoopin' to kiss an' soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,

And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak, When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside

With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!" their leader cried.

"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right." There's a dozen of lives maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night. 'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt.

We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—

"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.

I can not go and leave her to die in the night alone."

As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;

And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me, While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea. Then she heekoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done!

For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinkin', maybe, some day For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away. "Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you; and spare me to see the light.

And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night." Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears, And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers; But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said, "I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view, And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through; But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak, We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek. But just as we came upon her she gave a fearful roll, And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul! We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark— But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry, And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by; I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then I stumbled, and struck my forehead, and fell like a log on Ben. I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more, Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore. My forehead was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed— I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rulluck had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a huzzin' sound; But as soon as my head got clearer and accustomed to hear 'em speak, I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week. I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake, I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break; So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here! I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out, And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about? And can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?" Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head; I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!" And thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon; For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my wife. And who do you think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him I'd saved from drownin' the night as the life-boat went To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*; 'twas that as the vision meant. They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed, And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead; And mother and son together had nursed me back to life, And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife. Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—

He's allus the first aboard her when the life-boat wants a crew.

—George R. Sims.

AT THE RANCH ON THE DIVIDE.

By A. A. Hayes.

The ranch was not large, nor particularly noticeable, as ranches go, but its situation was splendid. The road from the valley of the Platte to that of La Fontaine Qui Bouille crosses the Divide, or ridge; and, just over it, and sheltered by it from the northern winds, were the ranch-house, sheds, and corrals. At the west one saw the foot-hills, and glimpses of the great peaks behind them; and not far from the house opened a cañon between whose steep and verdure-clad walls ran a clear and rapid stream, chafing in its restricted channel, and seeming impatient to hestow the largess of its beneficent and priceless waters upon the arid plains stretching far to the eastward. Looking to the south again, one saw the rolling country, rising at intervals into *mesas* and dotted with scanty groves of trees.

The sun had passed beyond the range, above which rose a wealth of clouds of airy texture and gorgeous colors; and the edge of the shadow in which the ranch lay could be seen creeping steadily over the buffalo-grass toward the eastern horizon. Converging towards the house came parties from the four points of the compass; and, awaiting them, and standing on the door-step, looking first in one direction and then in another, was a quaint and curious youthful specimen of that alien race which has had so sorry a reception on our shores, the Chinese.

His sharp, almond-shaped eyes caught a glimpse of the great flock of sheep the moment they surmounted the slight elevation over which he had often seen the sun rise; and with the two watchful Mexican herders behind them, they came straight toward the water-troughs. Those same eyes saw Uncle Jim Boyle, as he tramped slowly and deliberately down the sloping side of the nearest *mesa* at the south, and even caught the smoke of his pipe rising in the clear air. Ah Fong knew that Uncle Jim had promised to sleep at the ranch while his master was absent, and, baving a profound respect for the strength and prowess of this redoubtable frontiersman, he thought the arrangement excellent. Then they saw the pretty bit of color which Fanny Carroll's dress made against the dark background of the cañon wall, as she climbed over the rock at its mouth; and the tassels of silver thread on the cord around the crown of young Sam Ruxton's *sombrero* as he assiduously helped her, bolding her little hand perhaps somewhat longer than was necessary. This made something as near a smile show itself on Ah Fong's face as was ever seen on those emotionless features.

When, however, the Chinese boy again walked to the rear of the house and chanced to look to the northward, he stopped and gazed intently at two men who were coming over the ridge. He stood perfectly still for some time, and then, making his way quietly toward a rude out-building, concealed himself therein.

Farther and farther crept the line of shadow to the eastward; nearer and nearer the ranch came the different parties. At last the berders shut the bars of the corral behind the last of the bleating sheep, and, unslinging their canteens, began pumping water for their charges. Uncle Jim Boyle mounted the steps of the rude piazza with firm and heavy tread, and the two young people—she swinging her large straw hat by its ribbons, and he walking decorously at her side—came round the corner of the shed.

Everybody on the divide took an earnest interest in Fanny Carroll. When her father, old Tom Carroll, up at Georgetown, made his great strike, and sold out to the eager "tender-feet," there was a general sentiment of satisfaction; for Tom had worked faithfully, and had plenty of hard luck, and was a good fellow through it all. When, too, he came into possession of a solid bank account, he behaved particularly well; declined to be "interviewed," bought no diamond pins, extended liberal help to some old "pards" whose luck had deserted them, and, as the boys expressed it, "wa'n't stuck up and didn't go back on 'em."

Miss Fanny was sent to an Eastern seminary, whence she had returned as accomplished and pretty, refined and well-dressed, as heart could desire. When she came down to the Divide to make a visit at the ranch, it was unanimously decided by the population of that region that she "just ever-lastingly laid over" anything from the U. P. down to New Mexico. She was indeed a charming girl by any standard, and, with her chestnut-brown hair and mabogany-colored eyes, and lithe, slender figure, would have attracted attention anywhere. Small wonder, then, that this gracious young creature soon reigned an uncrowned queen over many loyal and devoted subjects. Now, as she came near to him, old Uncle Jim's face relaxed, and his eyes took on a tender expression.

"Bless her heart," said he to himself, "she's the pootiest creetur I've seen in many a long year. That young feller's masbed pooty bad on her. Waal, I've been young myself, an' I know how it is. I kind o' think she kin do jest anything she likes with him. I don't believe thar's a man livin' thet could say no to her, let alone do her harm." He doffed his hat, and, with a curious timidity, took her little hand, proffered as she greeted him, in the firm grasp of his own large and rough one. Then her aunt, whose guest she was, came out upon the piazza and invited Sam Ruxton to sup and spend the night at the ranch, instead of taking the long ride to his own quarters.

Meantime, the two men who had been approaching from the north had stopped and held a consultation close to the out-building in which Ah Fong was concealed. Their appearance was sadly against them. One was a tall, thin fellow, with a sullen countenance and shaggy black hair; the other a smaller man with a freckled face and red whiskers, looking for all the world like a ferret. A precious pair of ruffians, Ah Fong thought them, as he strained his ears to catch the dialogue, thickly interlarded with profanity, which lasted for five minutes and until, having apparently made up their minds what to do, they started in a direction which took them round the corner of the ranch-house and toward the party on the piazza.

The Chinese boy, when they had passed his place of concealment, emerged, ran round the house in the opposite direction and approached Uncle Jim before the latter saw the pair.

"Master," whispered he, "hah got two piecee man come.

Wantchee stop this side to-night. More better you talkee he no can stop. Mi can secure he b'long lallee-loon man (I can prove that they are ladrones or robbers)."

"Waal, now," said Uncle Jim, "I didn't never have no use for a cuss that wears a pig-tail and eats rats. 'The Chinese must go,' says I. Clear out now and go washee washee, or whatever you call it."

As Ah Fong well knew, Uncle Jim's hark was much worse than his bite, nor was there any fear that he would disregard a warning. The Chinese boy drew back just as the two rough fellows came in sight. They approached the piazza, and one could see the look of repulsion come on Uncle Jim's expressive face, as his experienced eye took in the details of their obnoxious appearance. The smaller fellow advanced as spokesman.

"I allow yer disremember me, Mr. Boyle," said he, in a voice which he tried in vain to modulate, and which contrasted curiously with his unctuous manner. "I knowed yer when yer was a-sinkin' a shaft up to Central, and I was prospectin'. My name is Martin, William Martin; but the boys call me Beaver-Dam Bill. This yere's my pard, Mr. Moses Smith; him they call Mustago Mose. Say, Uncle Jim, we allowed y'd give us a shake-down fur the night, fur we've tramped nigh on tirty mile to-day and we're jest everlastin'ly played out."

Uncle Jim's keen eyes were fixed on the unwholesome pair; evidently, while he did not recognize them, some vague and fleeting memory was suggested by their appearance, and he was trying to fix it clearly in his mind. The larger of the two shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he glanced away to the eastward, and the spokesman found himself unable to look the old frontiersman fairly in the face. Indeed, his uneasiness was increasing each moment under the scrutiny to which he was subjected.

At last Uncle Jim spoke, in slow tones, and with marked deliberation. "This yere house ain't mine," said he, "and the owner be's down to Pueblo. Ef ye keep on along the trail thar to the left of the *mesa*, and nigh on three mile, ye'll strike Dutch Pete's ranch, an' he's all fixed to take folks in and give 'em a square meal an' a shake-down. It's right over them trees yonder, whar ye see—" Here he was interrupted.

Fanny Carroll, who had been inside the house, suddenly came out and stood on the piazza.

"Ob, Mr. Boyle," she cried; "do not let any one be turned away from these doors. These poor men are weary and foot-sore. They must not be compelled to go farther. Let us give them shelter, and supper, and a good night's rest."

She made a beautiful picture as she stood there, in a graceful attitude, with heightened color, eyes sparkling, rosy lips slightly apart. Uncle Jim's face relaxed in an instant, and the effect of this lovely apparition upon the two wanderers was marvelous. Beaver-Dam Bill took off his shabby hat, shuffled with his feet, and made an attempt to stammer out his thanks; and Mustago Mose, turning to look at the exquisite young girl, showed his astonishment and interest by a complete change of countenance. Never in all his life of vicissitude, and worse than vicissitude, had anyone seen on his face such an expression of surprise, then of almost wondering delight; and natural enough, to be sure; for never in all this same life had he seen such a sight, much less beard pity for him expressed in such gentle, dulcet tones.

"Waal," said Uncle Jim, "thet settles it. I allow the young lady's boss. Here, you pig-tailed Chinaman, show these men a place where they can wash the dust of Colorado off of 'em, and give 'em some grub."

Ah Fong obeyed, with a curious reluctance, and the two men followed him, more than once turning to look over their shoulders.

Then came supper, and some pleasant evening hours on the piazza, under the bright stars and in the soft air. The two strangers had supped heartily, and now sat by themselves, at some distance from the rest of the party. When Fanny Carroll sang, in her lovely and well-trained voice, Mustago Mose took the pipe from his mouth, and let it go out as he held it in his hand. When most of the inmates of the house had retired, Uncle Jim told Ah Fong to take the two men to a chamber at the head of a small stairway leading from the main room of the ranch. The boy obeyed, and then returned to this main room, in which, on the wide hearth, burned a cheerful fire of logs. He approached the stalwart frontiersman, who sat before the fire gazing into its blazing depths.

"Master," said Ah Fong, "be t'lully b'long lallee-loon man. Mi hear be talkee. (They are really robbers. I heard them talkee)."

Uncle Jim looked at him gravely.

"Ah Fong, or whatever your blamed beathen name is," said he, "I didn't never think I'd come to say it to a Chinese, but I wouldn't be surprised ef yer head was level. Now you skip to bed, an' I'll stop right here. *Skip, I say!*"

Ah Fong went out, closing the door behind him, but he proceeded no farther than the passage, where he crouched in a corner, quiet as a mouse.

In the solitude in which much of Uncle Jim's life was passed, he had formed a habit of talking to himself, as Ah Fong could now hear him.

"Knowed me, did he? Perhaps he did, and perhaps he didn't. But I could swar I'd seen the mean little cuss before. Wonder whar it was. Could be have been one of them cusses we bounced out of the old town down to Pueblo? Or in the crowd thet tried to jump Tom Carroll's mine? Or in thet thar outfit we was after for stealin' mules up to Fairplay? Waal, I disremember." He sat silent for some time, then suddenly started and struck his knee with his hand. "I've got him," he said. "Why on airth didn't I catch on before? It's the feller thet we catched with aces in his sleeve up to Bill Larned's ranch, the winter of the big snow-storm. An' I heerd next year thet he was in with the gang thet stopped the Fairplay stage. He don't mean no good in this yere place, he an' thet unrighteous-lookin' pard of his'n, and they're two to one. I allow I'd ought to be well beeled an' all ready for 'em, if they is up to any little games."

He drew a large revolver from behind his hip, re-loaded and copped it, making every motion with marked deliberation; then, taking a piece of cord from his pocket, he bound the trigger to the rear of the guard. He laid the formidable weapon on a chair by his side; then lighted an old pipe and

hegan smoking. Thus, through the night hours, he kept his vigil. What his thoughts were, no one could tell; for no sign of them appeared on the rugged features lighted up by the cheerful blaze. It was just daylight when he heard sounds overhead, and, after an interval, steps on the stairs. He arose and stood erect, and with the six-shooter in the firm grasp of his left hand, covered the door, holding his right hand in front of the hammer, ready for that quick and deadly motion called "fanning." Another moment, and the door softly opened and Beaver-Dam Bill entered, followed by his companion. They must have been looking cautiously downward and picking their steps, for they were both in the room before they saw the weapon pointed at them, and the fierce eyes behind it, and heard the grim command:

"Hold up your hands, — ye!"

They obeyed in an instant, in unmistakable surprise and panic.

Uncle Jim advanced a step. "I don't know why I didn't shoot the pair of ye on sight," said he in concentrated tones. The small man, cringing before him, managed to command his voice.

"Mr. Boyle," he stammered, "don't shoot, don't shoot! We ain't a-doin' no barm. Hope to die ef I ain't givin' it to yer straight. Our guns ain't loaded; yer kin see fur yerself."

Uncle Jim's face relaxed slightly. He approached the men, who dared not lower their hands, and took the revolver from the belt of each. Sure enough, they were not charged. He felt for concealed weapons, but found none.

"All right," he said. "I allow ye ain't very dangerous jest now; but I'd like to know what you cusses is a-doin'."

Then Mustago Mose spoke to him, for the first since his arrival at the ranch. "I'll tell ye," said he. "Me an' this yere pard o' mroe we struck a streak o' bad luck; an' we had to light out of Denver in a hurry, an' we come down here. We might as well be bung for a sheep as fur a lamb, and we wouldn't 'a' made no bones of makin' a strike in this yere ranch; but, when you was a-givin' us the grand bounce, an' that pooty little gal come out an' looked at us two toughs with them gentle eyes o' her'n an' spoke in that pityin' voice, waal, blamed ef thet didn't jest fetch me; an' when I got my pard alone, I sez to him, 'No funny business here, an' he sez, 'You bet.' An' we allowed to light out of this at daylight an' strike fur the mountains. Say, mister, ye ain't got no call to keep us, bave ye?"

Uncle Jim hesitated one moment; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he said:

"You're right; I ain't got no use for ye. *Git!*"

The men needed no second permission. In five minutes' time they were well on the road to the foot-hills. Uncle Jim watched their progress.

"A precious pair o' toughs, an' no mistake," said he to himself. "They'd 'a' got away with us last night ef they'd 'a' wanted to. An' they let up because the little girl was good to 'em. Wall, I said there wa'n't no man thet would harm her, an' even them cusses—thet, when ye come to size 'em up, wa'n't men, but brutes—they couldn't do it. Now I allow they've heen up to a sight o' wickedness, but they done one squar' thing, an' no mistake."

An hour passed, and still Uncle Jim sat in the bright sunlight, gazing toward the foot-hills. Then the sound of galloping hoofs was heard; it came nearer and nearer, and six horsemen, splendidly mounted, rode round the corner of the house and pulled up. To any one familiar with the west a glance would have told their character and their purpose. On their stern, but not angry nor excited faces, in their curiously unmistakable air of grim, persistent determination, was written, as if in plain type, *Vigilante!*

"Hullo, Jim! shake!" cried the leader.

"Wat's up?" asked Uncle Jim, returning the salutation.

"Have you seen the pair of cusses we're after?" asked the leader. "One was tall, and the other short, with red hair."

"Why," said Uncle Jim, "we put 'em up for the night, an' they ain't heen gone more'n an hour."

"You put them up?" cried the leader, with an air of astonishment, some sign of which appeared even on the stern and stolid faces behind him. "You put them up, and there's any one of you alive to tell the tale this morning? Well, I haven't time to talk now, but when we come back I shall want to ask you what on earth you did to keep them quiet. Now, which way did they go? Straight up that road to the range? All right. Good-bye. Come on, boys," and they were off on a gallop.

Uncle Jim sat as before, looking straight before him. Close to the foot-hills the mountain road forked, one branch leading toward the south, another to a pass; and the frontiersman had seen the two men take the former.

"Ef John had asked me, of course I'd 'a' told him which way they went," said he to himself, "but he didn't wait. I allow them cusses is a-going to be took, but I swear I'd sooner hev 'em took some other time than jest when they've done the one squar' thing o' their lives." Then he lighted his pipe. Ah Fong had come noiselessly behind him. Later on he heard the latter cry, "*Hi yah!*"

Uncle Jim looked up and saw the Chinese boy gazing to the westward. Following his glance, he caught the last glimpse of the vigilantes spurring up the road to the pass—the wrong road!

"Good moring, Mr. Boyle," he heard, in a soft voice behind him. "Where are our guests?"

"Waal, ye see, miss," he replied, "they was in an awfu hurry, an' they've been gone nigh on an hour."

Then he looked at the charming girl, standing there with the sun shining on her brown hair; and thought, almost with a shudder, of what might have been in the long night watches just passed. She had indeed heen the benefec fairy who had exorcised the demons; the good angel who had set at naught the powers of darkness. All this Uncle Jim thought from the depths of his honest heart, but, alte the manner of his kind, he expressed himself very laconically, just as the call came for breakfast.

The sun was shining more brightly than ever. The plain at the east and the mountains at the west were bathed in flood of golden light. The happy party were gatherin' around the well-spread table; and then Uncle Jim drew long breath.

"Blame me," said he, "ef she ain't a daisy!"—*EPOCH.*

Adam and Eve were the first married couple, and th devil was the first mutual friend.

PRIMROSE DAY.

"Cockaigne" tells how England Venerates a Great Statesman.

"Primrose Day" is now as firmly established an English custom and anniversary for universal celebration as Guy Fawkes's Day, Coronation Day, or Lord Mayor's Day, each of which date back for centuries. To people out of England who don't know what Primrose Day is, as I dare say there are many who don't, let me say that it is the anniversary of the day when the Earl of Beaconsfield, better known as Benjamin Disraeli, departed this life. It occurs on the 19th of April, and Tuesday last was the sixth anniversary of that memorable, and (especially by the Tory party) much lamented occasion. The form of celebration of the day is very simple. It partakes of the character of a carnival of primroses. That is all. Where the idea was got, or from whom or whence it originated, I don't suppose anybody could really tell you, for I don't suppose anybody really knows.

There is a vague sort of impression yielded to by a kind of common consent that the primrose, one of England's earliest wild flowers of the merry spring-time, was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower. No one seems ever to have heard him say so, that I know of, and it is a matter of serious doubt whether that cunning, wily, cynical, wits-working, worldly, and totally self-made man ever descended to the indulgence of so commonplace and useless a sentiment as a preference for any particular flower, or indeed, for anything else in which he did not see self-advancement and the acquisition of worldly power. He might write as many trashy and love-sick novels, dealing with love-lorn swains and heart-broken maidens as he chose, and, with a dash of politics here and there, throw in all the sentiment and romance the most ardent novel-reading damsel, sighing for some gallant to pen a sonnet to her eyebrow, could wish for, but he didn't let sentiment affect himself. Had he done so, he would never have gained the eminence he did. That he should have made a simple wild flower the adoration of his heart, which seems now to be the popular idea, is as really unlikely as anything well can be. Indeed the only reference to the primrose he is known to have made in any of his books, occurs, I believe in "Coningsby, or, The Young Duke," and there he prosaically remarks that "it makes a capital salad." This rather knocks the stuffing out of the romantic side of the sentiment which the Conservative party think they are doing homage to every year out of regard for his memory. According to his expressed sentiment on the subject, one would think the yearly decoration of his statue in Parliament Square, and the ornamentation of hutton-holes, and horses' ears with primroses would be more gratifying to him and decidedly more to his taste, if the flowers were first liberally given a rich mayonnaise dressing, or plentifully besprinkled with pepper, salt, mustard, oil, and vinegar. This is the realistic side of the picture which presents itself to the mind's eye; for one can not help thinking what would he say of it all if he could see what goes on every year in his honor? One almost expects to see the dry old matter-of-fact parchment face of the statue twinkle with a cynical smile as it looks down at the wreaths, and bouquets, and devices of primroses piled and heaped up about it, and hear the stony lips part and say: "What on earth does this all mean?"

But, after all, what's the odds? Let people worship at an empty, meaningless shrine, rather than at none at all. In these days of prosaic and matter-of-fact reality, when, in the cause of the progress of stern facts, romantic idealism and poetic sentiment are pushed to the wall, it is better to encourage than to ridicule any and every attempt at the exhibition of heart before head. We don't want mankind to become machines, yet awhile, anyhow. Let's put it off as long as we can. Therefore, I say, even though the idol be a false one, better worship it than none at all. And so let us regard Primrose Day, and the sentiment embodied and enunciated in its observance, as sensible, consistent realities. Certainly, in so far as it gives occasion for popular expressions of regard for a great and good man—as no doubt in many respects Disraeli was—the day is worthy of all respect. Just at this time, too, when the Conservatives, and their staunch allies, the Hartington Liberals, are fighting, shoulder to shoulder, against Gladstone, Parnell, and their heterogeneous army of separatists, disunionists, obstructionists, boycotters, and dynamiters, it is eminently fitting and proper that the memory of one whose powerful mind and voice were exerted in the cause of his country's expansion and advancement, instead of its disintegration and humiliation, should be honored and revered as a hero. In this respect, the homage paid his memory on Tuesday last may be said to have sprung, in one sense, as much from the fact that he was so tried and true a Unionist and Anti-Home Ruler, as that he was the Earl of Beaconsfield, the once great leader of the Conservative party. If, therefore, Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James came into the House of Commons after midnight on Monday, with primrose "hutton-holes," and sported them with as much pride and gratification in the eyes of Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenant, Sir William Harcourt, as could Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Chaplin, it was because Lord Beaconsfield was a Unionist as they were.

Never was the day so generally commemorated in London. Nearly every second man you met had a bunch of primroses in his button-hole, and ladies by the score had bouquets on the front of their jackets. Shop-windows, house-windows, horses' bridles, and even dogs were decorated with the pale yellow "posy." I was in a florist's in the morning, and saw one young man having an enormous collar of primroses made for his Newfoundland. In a certain sense it seemed not exactly a respectful method of treatment to subject the flower to on such an occasion, and the dog didn't appear to be as willing a wearer of the "honor-heaping herb" as his master, when the rather awkward necklet was tried on; but I daresay the sentiment was right enough, if its expression was not quite in as good taste as it might be. Of course, the chief point of attraction for the reverence-doers was the earl's statue in Parliament Square. Here the tributes began to pour in shortly after twelve o'clock on Monday night, and until long after daylight and well into the following day the process of depositing primroses, from wreaths and other elaborate designs to humble bunches, went on. Crowds surrounded the statue from morning until nightfall, many bringing bunches of primroses to add to the already overloaded

statue, which fairly bubbled over with flowers until the grass and flower-heds at the base of the pedestal were covered with affectionate offerings.

The day was further commemorated by the annual meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League. The Grand Habitation is equivalent to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. The meeting took place at the Albert Palace, and was presided over by Lord Harris in the place of the regular Grand Master, the Marquis of Salisbury. Many of the swells of the league, including Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Cranborne, Sir Algernon Bothwick, and Mr. Howard Vincent were present. The most interesting of the proceedings was the reading of the report of the Chancellor, showing the marvelous increase of the league since its foundation in 1884.

It has, I know, been a common, and a popular thing to laugh and sneer at the Primrose League. I myself, have had several shots at it. But it can't be ridiculed or underrated any longer. It is a great power in the land, and its influence has won many an election for the Conservative party, and wrested many a seat from the Liberals. I don't quite agree with or exactly admire some of its methods of influencing votes. But it is working for the Union now, and that makes amends for many shortcomings. If the ladies do try a little gentle coaxing and use the handshandments of their sex in winning votes; and if Gladstone tradesmen experience a little mild exclusion from custom in the nature of temporary "hoycotting," it is giving them only a taste of what their master's new allies deal in by wholesale, and is at the same time done in a good cause, which the other isn't. And so, I'm all for the Primrose League.

To show its enormous increase even during the last year, let me append the figures furnished by the Chancellor's report, which declares that since last "Primrose Day," the number of members has more than doubled:

Year.	Knights.	Dames.	Associates.	Total	Habitations.
1884.....	747	153	57	957	46
1885.....	8,071	1,381	1,914	11,366	169
1886.....	32,645	23,381	181,257	237,283	1,200
1887.....	50,258	39,215	476,388	565,861	1,724

This doesn't look very much as though what Mr. Gladstone calls "the reflective stage" of his home rule bill had been productive of very satisfactory results from his point of view.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, April 22, 1887.

The Salle du Zodiaque at the Grand Hotel in Paris was crowded on Wednesday night, April 20, with doctors, journalists, and well-known Parisians, who had been invited by M. Hepp, the editor of the *Voltaire*, to witness some interesting experiments of a newly discovered hypnotizer, M. Moutin. M. Moutin does not put people to sleep, but makes them obey his will while thoroughly awake. He began by choosing his subjects among the people who presented themselves by placing his hand on the nape of the neck. While talking to them he inquired whether they felt an unusual heat under his hand. If an affirmative answer was given he knew he had a good subject, and, while telling him to stand up straight, soon brought him on his knees by simply placing one hand lightly on his back and holding the other in front of his knees. It was extremely curious to witness the efforts made by some people to keep their feet, but it was useless; they had to go down on their knees. One gentleman, well known in Parisian society, was dragged around the room among the spectators by M. Moutin, who put that gentleman's hand first on his shoulder and then on his head, and told him to follow him. When they got back to the platform he told the same gentleman, when sitting on the ground, that he forbade him to rise. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, he could not rise until he had received the magnetizer's permission. One of the writers on the *Gaulois* was operated on in a yet more astonishing manner. Placed at the extremity of the long hall, with his back turned to M. Moutin, he was told to do all he could to prevent himself being drawn backward toward the platform. He used what seemed to be almost superhuman efforts to stand where he was; but soon his legs began trembling violently, and in spite of all he was soon walking backward toward the operator. After that everybody was made to laugh heartily at the same gentleman being made to dance in a most amusing manner. M. Moutin also fought a mock duel with him. Asking for two walking-sticks, he gave one to the gentleman, and, after crossing swords with him, paralyzed his arm at his will. After releasing his adversary from that disadvantageous position, M. Moutin told him that he defied him to touch him with the stick. The operator failed in this instance; for, after a prolonged effort, during which the journalist seemed to strain every nerve and muscle in his body, he at last touched M. Moutin's chest. The operator, however, won great applause by recommending the experiment. He stood perfectly still and offered, as before, no resistance but his will or magnetic power. The gentleman, with his stick, struggled, so to say, against the air; but he failed to touch the operator. One of the ladies present was then told by M. Moutin, while she was sitting among the spectators, that he defied her to say "Nebuchadnezzar." It was ridiculous in the extreme to hear her try in vain, till the operator gave her permission to say the word. The same lady was evidently a good subject, for M. Moutin, placing two chairs in the middle of the platform, sat down on one, and then told the lady she would come and sit down on the other and lean her head on his shoulder. She protested, but in a few minutes she was seized with a most violent trembling in her outstretched arms. She got up, and then trembled her way among the spectators in what seemed to be a nervous trance, for she trembled most violently. Some people thought she would trip on the platform steps, but M. Moutin, who was sitting quietly awaiting her arrival, reassured them by saying: "She cannot fall; I forbid her." She sat down on the chair, and, when there, seemed determined not to put her head on the operator's shoulder; but in a few moments she closed her eyes and let her head fall. At the same instant M. Moutin started to his feet, and, blowing in her face, restored her instantly to consciousness. Other equally astonishing experiments were made by M. Moutin on people who cannot be supposed for a moment to be accomplices to the trick.

The Sultan has just had the ladies of the seraglio vaccinated.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What makes the noonday air so strong?" asks the poet. Boiled dinner, likely.—*Burlington Free Press*.

If you think nobody cares for you in this cold world, just try to play the fiddle in a populous neighborhood.—*Providence Indicator*.

A married man remarks that the principal difference between a man's hat and a woman's bonnet is about twelve dollars.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

A woman who growls at a shad having so many bones about it doesn't often stop to realize how her own corset is built up.—*Fall River Advance*.

Very few men keep a diary nowadays. It is not worth while. If a man does anything good or had worth recording he will find it in the papers.—*Omaha World*.

Mrs. Smith—"Good afternoon, Mr. Robinson; excuse my left hand." Mr. R. (who is rather deaf and thinks she is alluding to the bad weather)—"Yes, it is rather dirty!"—*Life*.

Women are frightful gossips, we know, but if they were not, their husbands would miss a great deal of entertaining information about the neighbors.—*Boston Journal of Education*.

Husband—"My dear, there's only one thing that this angel-cake needs." Wife (who has offered him the result of her first attempt)—"What's that, John?" Husband—"Wings!"—*Tid Bits*.

If the Czar wants to be perfectly safe he should come to this country and take up his residence in a soap factory. No Anarchist would dare to approach such a building.—*Baltimore American*.

An agricultural exchange asks "how to make hogs pay." This is a hard question to answer. The best way to avoid the difficulty is not to sell a hog anything unless he pays for it in advance.—*Traveler's Record*.

A lady who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air and asked where the lighthouse was situated.—*New York Herald*.

Mr. Waldo (of Boston)—"What a curious young person Miss Shawsgarden of St. Louis is, Miss Breezy. So very bizarre, one might say." Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—"Yes, she gives me a pain."—*Boston Record*.

Patron (to harper who breathes heavily)—"Excuse me—have you been eating garlic?" Artist—"No." Patron—"Well, before you go any farther, won't you run out and get a little? I'll pay for it."—*Tid Bits*.

"Why didn't you stop?" said the fat passenger as he clambered on the car. "Ye didn't signal," replied the driver. "I stood on the corner." "Well, I'm no mind-reader," said the driver, lashing his horses.—*New York Sun*.

A young lady sang with great success at a concert Molloy's song, "The Laddies in Red," but was rather surprised to read in the weekly local paper that "Miss —" gave a very fine rendering of the patriotic song, "The Ladies in Bed."—*Topical Times*.

Tommy (who wants to prove things that be bears)—"Mother, do you think our big dog Lion would save a little girl's life if she fell into the water?" Mother—"I dare say he would, dear." Tommy (enthusiastically)—"Oh, then, do frow Topsy in."—*Harper's Young People*.

"Can you tell me, sir, whether this is the *Christian at Work*?" inquired a stranger, mildly. "No, sir; blank those blankety blank blacksmiths to blank. You will find the editor of the *Christian at Work* two flights down-stairs, back room. I'm the proof-reader."—*New York Mail*.

"Ah, Miss Porker," observed young Gusber to a Chicago young woman visiting friends in this city, "what a charming writer Browning is! I suppose he is admired in Chicago?" "Well," replied Miss Porker, "I can't say for the whole town; but I can tell you that I'm just dead stuck on him myself."—*New York Mail*.

Tough (in apothecary's shop)—"Say, young feller, gimme ten grains of strychnine right away, in a big hurry, and don't you forget it." Clerk—"Rats?" Tough—"Now, look a-here, I don't want any of your slang, or I'll jump over there and spoil that dude collar o' yours in 'bout four seconds." He was waited on immediately.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Life in the oil country: Agent (to woman at the door—"Madam, I desire to call your attention to our new sewing machine hutton-hole attachment. It has fairly revolutionized the business, and no family can afford to be without it!" Woman—"This family can! We've just struck a two-hundred bar'l fourth-sand gusber, an' we're all goin' to Yurrope!"—*Puck*.

A small boy in Boston, who had unfortunately learned to swear, was rebuked by his father. "Who told you that I swore?" asked the bad little boy. "Oh, a little bird told me," said the father. The boy stood and looked out of the window, scowling at some sparrows which were scolding and chattering. Then he had a happy thought. "I know who told you," he said; "it was one of those d—d sparrows."—*Sunspot*.

Notes and Queries: If a woman becomes a widow by losing one husband, how many does she have to lose to become a widow? Should a runner wear rubber shoes because he's eraser? If Nature is indulging in athletics by having a backward Spring, will she continue them when Summer-sets in? Is the signature to a cheque a *signe qua non*? Are sugary remarks made from *verb. sap*? When a lady and gentleman are walking should the lady walk inside the gentleman or *vice versa*? In view of the editorial *we* employed on the *New York World*, is it proper to say "Mr. Pulitzer is a crank," or "Mr. Pulitzer are a crank?" Is Browning or Camera Obscura? Do Bostonians take Buddha on their Brown Bread?—*Life*.

SOCIETY'S BUFFOONS.

"Iris" on Professional Wits and Merry-Andrews, Male and Female.

There is fast developing in New York a class of people who live by their wits. By this I don't mean the *chevalier d'industrie* and all the directs and collaterals of his great family whose surname is Adventurer, I mean literally people who live on their wits; whose cleverness gets them a dinner every other night, a lunch four days out of the seven, a dozen invitations to the opera during the season, a summer holiday at Newport or Long Branch; who are tolerated for their wit, made much of for their wit, sought after for their wit.

They are poor. Poverty, as is the case with all geniuses, has spurred them on to greatness. Had they never known what it was to have to be satisfied with a dinner of herbs, when they wanted a dinner of twelve courses, they would never have reached that enviable stage in which they are alluded to as "the clever Miss Tompkins" or "that Mr. Jenkins who is so witty." Their end in life is to be amusing. They are society's fools. When they cease to be huffoons their occupation's gone, their brief summer is over, they must fall back into the obscurity from which they rose, like the stone of the spent meteor. Poverty, and a yearning for the flesh-pots of Egypt combine to create these chevaliers of society. When a man wants to lunch at the Down Town Club every day, and has twelve hundred a year to do it on, he lives on his wits—that is, of course, if he has any to live on. Men are sometimes born unfinished. He selects a patron and makes himself indispensable. He is never stupid; with the brightness and hardness of a diamond, he never says a dull thing, and never lets a sharp thing prick his self-esteem. You must be a pachyderm to make a living on your wits pay. His patron, who is kind-hearted and blasé, asks him to lunch. This is the thin end of the wedge. He makes himself so amusing, says such funny, racy things about everybody, tells such exceedingly droll stories, that his host, who hasn't laughed so much in the past year, thinks he must have him again tomorrow. This develops into to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, an arrangement which charms both parties. To the patron it gives the warm, expansive feeling only enjoyed by the conscious benefactor, that sensation of being good, charitable, worthy, with the certainty of being entertained the while. Moreover, though he never admits this even to himself, the patron feels that the patronized is his creature. And where is the man who can resist the seductive sweetness of this thought? In his heart of hearts he knows this hitherto irreproachable young man would run any amount of errands for him, get him off jury duty, choose his horses, buy his wines, pacify his duns, all for the sake of a few lunches which are to him mere bagatelles.

From the lunch—which, after all, is only the vestibule to what he covets—the man of wit rises to the dinner. This is the Alpha and Omega of his ambition, the focus toward which all his aims and struggles have converged. But, like most men who realize their ideals, he has to work for it. He is the Wandering Jew of talkers. He must never rest. One dinner spent in silence, and the work of years is wrecked. He soon learns to appreciate that

"It's a very serious thing
To be a funny man."

He can never indulge in that negative pleasure of Tom, Dick, and Harry, an interval of restful stupidity. To him is forever denied the joy of exciting surprise, either by his dullness or brightness. He never has a lazy interval—his whole career is one long, demeriton grind. He is only spoken of comparatively, as "Mr. Jenkins was not quite so clever as usual this evening;" or "How wonderful witty Jenkins was last night." In fact, he soon loses his individuality altogether, and becomes personified wit. Nobody believes in or tolerates his likes and dislikes; the public do not recognize his existence as a man, any more than it does that of a jockey or an actor.

Ah, how dear those twelve-course dinners come to be after a time! When he has to talk to Mrs. de Montmorency, who must be the original of the lady described by Victor Hugo as "the ermine of stupidity, without a single spot of intelligence," or he witty with Miss Rosebud, who is just out, and is at that stage in her evolution when to her the universe is Miss Rosebud *et al.* At this price, a twelve-course dinner with Baron de Rothschild would come high. Then, too, even a professional wit can not be nice in his choice of invitations. There come days when he has got to dine with the Smiths; and there are such quantities of Smiths that these days eat a big hole in the three hundred and sixty-five. He soon agrees with Lady Mary Wortley Montague that "the globe is inhabited by men, women, and Smiths." As, in the course of time, his gastronomic evolutions transform him into an epicure in food, he becomes, at the same time, an epicure in listeners. He can only talk well to a select few. He feels that there is no spontaneous eruption of wit when he is with the Smiths; instead of making its appearance in geyser-like outbursts, it trickles forth slowly, sluggishly, unwillingly, as molasses drips from a stone jug. No one is so much galled by an unresponsive listener as a real wit. As this grows upon him he begins to feel he is losing ground. He can not have his audiences made to order, he must trim himself to fit them. Sometimes this is so bad that he fears he may die of overwork—his vein, so rich at first, is becoming exhausted. He feels, with a chill at his heart, that his art is slipping away from him. Opportunities come which erstwhile he could have wreathed with a *bon mot*, decked with an epigram, which now he sadly lets pass unadorned. And so he fades away. Over the harrowing details of his decline let us draw a veil.

Professional wits among women are daily becoming more in demand. A witty woman is a rare bird. She is a unique creature, enjoying the isolated renown among her fellows that Pegasus and Medusa must have enjoyed among their contemporaries of archaic Greece. She possesses a magic gem before which all doors fly open. There are quite a number of professionally witty women now in New York society. The demand, and, to a certain extent, created the supply. These women have reached the top of the social ladder by their brains. It is said that in New York poverty is an insuperable barrier to entering society. In a certain measure this is true. No poor family can boldly hope to enter "the swim," and live on society, as the eagle did on

Prometheus, without giving any substantial returns for all it gets. These returns, if not to the more solid emoluments of dances and dinners, will be accepted by society in the small change of wit or beauty in the women. As in France, where the flower and pride of each village is sent to Paris to distinguish himself, so in New York every family boasting a beautiful or clever girl strains every nerve and leaves no stone unturned to give her that social position for which her peculiar gifts specially qualify her. Provided she is a lady, she can thus climb to the summit of the social heights, leaving her family watching her with dazzled gaze from the obscure valleys of second-class "sets."

Real professional wits among women, the female counterpart of the man just described, are now generally in their first youth. To make professional cleverness successful, one must have passed the stage when flirtation yet allures, and when shreds of the "corner habit" still cling to one, as the broken filaments of a cobweb cling to the blade of grass when the wind has destroyed the dainty structure. And this does not often come till after thirty. A woman cultivates cleverness when she is too old for frivolity and not old enough for religion. Her wit only ripens when the "possible He" of her girlhood's dreams has become thoroughly impossible. Up to that time he has filled her mind. Moreover, as in the man's case, she also has felt the pressure of a keen necessity. Not, as with him, a love of high living—women are hardly ever epicures. But she is beginning to realize that to be old and ugly and of no account in this world is one of the saddest things of tongue or pen. Why, if one can command the ear of society, should not they do it? No one would hegrudge her this, for in truth she doesn't command much else. As the beauty is asked "because she furnishes the room," because she pleases the eye, so the wit is asked because she entertains the people, tickles the ear. The only difference between her and Madame Squallerini, who comes and sings an aria and a ballad and then goes, is that Madame Squallerini is paid and she isn't. Still her position is not so bad. She dines well with fine people almost nightly. She knows just what is expected of her. If she is conscientious she has worked up a few subjects, read up a funny story or two in her hook of anecdotes which she will weave into the conversational as original. There is an unspoken but perfectly distinct understanding between her and her hostess as to what is expected of her. Just before dinner the hostess drifts to her side and says: "I have put you in the middle of the table, near Mr. Jones, who is so clever. Pray try and draw him out." Then, with a keen glance at the Professional Wit, she passes on. The Professional Wit, when she knows her business, knows by this glance that she and Mr. Jones are expected to pay for their dinner.

In some cases, when she has taken the degree of B. A. among wits, her talent forks into two great branches. These are, the branch of amusing others and the branch of letting others think they amuse her. The latter gift is as rare as a *San Spirito* orchid, or a pure tenor voice. Poor Professional Wit! She works hard sometimes for the toleration of society. One sees her often at dinner parties in her unstylish, limp-gown, angular figure—the cultivation of the art of being amusing has a thinning tendency—with her gray hair frizzled on her forehead, and the lamp-light glowing o'er the tight, smooth, yellow skin on her prominent knuckles and the bridge of her nose. Her smile, as she listens to the artless prattle of some half fledged boy, is at once amusing and sad. She evidently has been told to "draw him out." She is only a good listener now, quiet and stupid, beside whom he enjoys the privilege of being an eagle. She must conceal her own weariness and boredom, throttle her rising yawns, inject sudden interest into her eyes closing with sleep, ask intelligent questions, which will draw him gently back to the path from which he has strayed, and set him jogging ahead again on his solemn-paced hobby-horse, and all this with the knowledge that he is inwardly chafing because he was not put next to Miss Rosebud.

Wits among young girls are as hard to find as genuine Sebastian del Piombo. They lack the sense of responsibility necessary for a wit. The burden of having a reputation to live up to is too irksome for them. Consequently, such among them as are clever talkers are only so spasmodically. The wit of young girls, like their bodies, requires long rests. They will not forego the luxury of moods any more than they will forego the luxury of lying in bed in the mornings. They know that it is not necessary for them to be clever to be tolerated, that it is merely an agreeable accessory to the charming whole, so they insist upon keeping their stupid days, and having their festivals of silence. Moreover, the true wit must have thoroughly eliminated the personal equation, not only from her conversation, but from her mind. She must have reached the point from which she can placidly regard herself as all people regard her—a creation without individual personality, an embodied book of wit and humor. The young girl is not born of woman who could do this. As well expect Narcissus to cease being vain, or Bellona to cultivate the domestic virtues. Her brightness all radiates from a centre, which is herself. Withdraw this inspiration, and the heavenly music ceases.

IRIS.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1887.

The present given by Mr. Frederic Brooks, of New York, at a dinner given by him at the University Club, to his six ushers and host man, a few days before his marriage, was novel and interesting as well as handsome. It was called a Tesserà, and was used on similar occasions in ancient times by the Egyptians. It consists of a strip of "heliotrope," or bloodstone, about two-thirds of an inch wide and five and a half inches long, on which is engraved a vine of ivy, signifying lasting friendship. This stone was marked across (by a diamond) dividing it into eight equal pieces which could easily be broken apart. Each of these parts formed a slide on a fob chain. Across the under part was a band of gold with the initials "H. B." in cipher. A piece of black silk braid passed through the slide, having on one end a small gold chain with a closed hook for the watch, and on the other a chain and bar, the latter having the date of the marriage. According to the old custom, when the friends again met after sharing the Tesserà, instead of shaking hands they matched the pieces they had received, in proof of their fidelity to friendship.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain Boycott, the original Boycott, is now the agent for the Flixton Hall estate, near Bungay, in Suffolk.

It is one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's whims to wear nothing but white indoors. Usually it is some sort of white satin Kate Greenaway robe, high-necked and long-sleeved in the morning, short sleeves and square neck at night.

When Jacob Shaelkopf, the millionaire tanner of Buffalo took his wife around to look at a five-hundred-thousand-dollar residence which he recently bought, her only criticism was, that she was afraid if she lived there she "would have to keep a girl."

Donald G. Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," lives on a farm a little way out from New London. He does no literary work now, and for several years has devoted his energies to finding what a New England farm is good for. He takes great pleasure in his agricultural pursuit.

Mr. Eadward Muybridge has just completed the plates of his work on "Animal Locomotion," with reproductions of nearly twenty thousand instantaneous photographs of men and animals in almost every imaginable position, representing part of the investigation carried on by the University of Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, who will presently go to Japan to reëngage in mission work, belongs to a family of missionaries. His father, John Scudder, founded the Arcot Mission in India, and spent most of his life there, and seven of his sons, including Henry M. Scudder, were at one time associated with him in that work.

The government of Italy is very generous to archaeological explorers, and allows them to become the owners of all their "finds," but requires them to notify it of the places where they are exploring, and of their results. Professor Lanciani attributes the difficulties experienced by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, of the American archaeological expedition to Italy, to his failure to meet these requirements.

Last week, Judge Bookstaver, of New York, made an order allowing Mr. George Alfred Clapp, the negro minstrel, to be hereafter—as herebefore—known as Lew Dockstader. So Dockstader was a choice, and not a necessity. Suffering Jupiter! Why Dockstader? Why not Lucullus Montmorency, or Podophyllin Maltravers, or Lucius Carbonate Bungstater, or Seidltz G. Jones, or Jehoshaphat Perkins, or Obejoyful Catapalm Sincure Van Renasseler? Anything, anything, but that cacophonous dactyl Dockstader!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is as strong physically as he is mentally. He is a constant marvel at the seaside resorts, where he spends his summers, on account of his long-distance swimming. He picks up a great deal of material for literary work during the season, and resorts unblushingly to flirtation in order to get it. At the close of a vacation on the Isles of Shoals he had good-bye to a young lady, with whom he had carried on a flirtation, with the words: "I am very glad I met you; you have been worth at least five hundred dollars to me."

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, who seems destined to be the next Governor of Kentucky, is a man of middle stature, with small, piercing blue eyes, snow-white mustache and imperial, and a rather ruddy face. He is between sixty-five and seventy years of age. He is wealthy. His real estate in Chicago is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars. About two years ago he married, as his second wife, a reigning belle of Richmond, Va. They have a bouncing boy a year old. The general's name is Bolivar, and his wife's Betty. Hence, the alliterative war-cry of the Bucknerites now ringing through Kentucky, of "Bolivar, Betty, and the baby."

The unfortunate Princess Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland, will never regain her sanity. That, at any rate, is the opinion of the doctors at Dohling, where she is. The Dohling asylum has been the place of confinement of many noble patients. It was, at one time, intended to put poor Carlotta, the ex-Empress of Mexico, there, and arrangements had been made for transporting King Ludwig of Bavaria thither, when he committed suicide. It is a private asylum, most luxuriously equipped, and managed by a staff of the ablest physicians in Europe. The cost of treatment there shuts out all but the very rich. The Duchess of Cumberland is paying, or her relatives are paying for her, more than one hundred dollars a day.

The colored graduate of West Point, Lieutenant Flipper, who was dismissed from the service for malfeasance in office, seems to have fallen upon his feet, and is destined to be a millionaire. Flipper went to Mexico and there took service in the Mexican army. Lately he has been in the employ of a Chicago syndicate engaged in the discovery of "the traditional mines of Mexico." These were seven in number, from which the early Spanish conquerors drew great wealth in gold and silver. Lieutenant Flipper's party is reported to have discovered two mines—the Guaynopa and the Layonda. One is a gold and the other a silver mine with inexhaustible supplies of ore. Lieutenant Flipper is en route to Chicago, will have a share, and the prospect is that he will in time be the wealthiest negro on the continent.

Among the loveliest of all the lovely daughters of the tropics is Eugénie Bazaine, daughter of the French exile, Marshal Bazaine. While in Mexico, he became enamored of a Miss De La Peña, a lovely Mexican girl, and ere returning to France left a boy and girl, babies, fruit of a lawful marriage. As a French exile he is now in Spain, where his Mexican son is also an officer in the army, but his Mexican wife and daughter are living in a quiet way on the north side of the Alameda, in the City of Mexico. His possessions were naturally confiscated by Juárez and the Liberal party, so that the income of the wife and daughter does not afford them opportunities for extravagant display. The Mexican Government, however, has generously allowed them to retain a home, but, though a fine, substantial residence, a stranger would ask, in passing, an explanation of the gloom that seems to surround and overshadow it. Señorita Bazaine is one of the prettiest girls in Mexico. She is nineteen years old.

M. Dupin, or "papa," as he was affectionately called, is dead at the age of ninety-six. He was the oldest dramatist in France. His first piece was produced in the days of the first empire. Think of it! seven years before Waterloo! It was a great success, and has often been revived since. Others of his plays are now among the best-paying standard pieces. It is said that he wrote about two hundred plays in all, of which about fifty have been produced. He was also a great theatre-goer. Probably he went to the theatre more times than any other man that ever lived. He began it in boyhood. When he was a young man he went every night. From the age of twenty to seventy he went on an average six times a week all the year round. From seventy up to a short time ago, he went four or five times a week. It is a pity he did not keep a diary. He had seen almost every play and player that has appeared in Paris for eighty years. Certainly his impressions of them would be most interesting. He was a perfect fountain of sparkling anecdotes on every conceivable topic.

"Unser Fritz" is superstitious. The idea constantly haunts him that he will never be emperor. A premature and sudden end, he thinks, is in store for him. Not long ago the young princesses were taken down with the measles. The precautions resorted to to prevent the sickness from reaching their father are said to have been almost absurd. Everybody had to be fumigated, or had to subject himself to a sort of quarantine before he could hope to be admitted to the royal presence. Even husband and wife did not see each other while the sickness lasted. The Crown Princess preferring to stay in the sick-room, in a secluded part of the palace, rather than add to her husband's feeling of alarm by sharing his company. An unfortunate and indiscreet army chaplain to whom "Unser Fritz" was induced just about this time to listen one Sunday, accidentally referred at the close of his sermon to the Angel of Death hovering over "high places," and his worldly career as an army chaplain came to a sudden and mysterious close. The present sickness of the Crown Prince is believed to be more serious than is officially admitted. The throat trouble from which he is suffering is of a cancerous growth, discovered for the first time about a year ago. The surgeon's knife has already been employed to arrest the progress of the disease, but so far, it is feared, with only indifferent success.

VANITY FAIR.

There seems to be nothing left in Paris (says *Vanity Fair*) of all that was once so fascinating, so enviable, so unapproachable by less lively and clever people. The newspapers are no longer trifling, clever, and bright; they are either savagely personal or intolerably dull. The *Figaro*, for instance, which under M. de Villemessant was so original and so brilliant, is dull as ditch water. The *Journal des Débats* and the *Temps* are solemn and silly, most solemn and most silly above all in foreign affairs, and the little glimmer of cleverness in Henri Rochefort's *Intransigeant* and M. de Cassagnac's *Autorité* is wholly lost in brutal and savage personalities. Journalism in France has lost the art of using the rapier; it deals now with bludgeons; it has descended from the refinements of the salon to the coarse brutalities of Billingsgate—it is wholly a different thing from what it used to be. The monthly reviews are no better. Then as to plays. There is simply nothing worth going to see. The proof that there is nothing written now for the Parisian stage equal to the pieces of twenty years ago, is that those very pieces are being revived in despair, and that the walls are crossed with announcements of the "Belle Hélène," of "Orphée aux Enfers," and of "La Chatte Blanche," the plays that delighted us when we were scarcely out of our boyhood. There are playgoers enough; but the authors—aye, and even the actors and actresses—are wanting. As to books, there are none. The days when every week produced some new work of art, if not of genius, from Octave Feuillet, Edmund About, and Gustave Droz are past and gone. The only book of any originality that the last few years have produced is Daudet's "Tartarin sur les Alpes." There is, indeed, a certain Guy de Maupassant, who writes novels inferior and less decent than Feuillet; but his books, though fairly skippable, are not, like Octave's, fully readable. In short, in all those departments of art wherein Paris was formerly preëminent and unapproachable, the great city has, in fact, disappeared. There is still the same immense and amusing self-conceit, still the same lordly contempt for every created thing that is not a "Boulevardier;" but the creative power, the delicacy, the wit, the admirable trifling which once justified the conceit and contempt are no longer there. Nor is it better, so far as one can judge, with regard to fashions. The Parisian glove and Parisian boot are still preëminent, but the dress of the Parisian woman seems to have lost its charm as completely as the books and the plays. There is a vast deal of ornamentation, but there seems to be no idea in their dress there. The head-gear consists either in a hat with a broad brim broken down on one side and turned up at the other, or in a particularly ugly bonnet surmounted by feathers or flowers running up to a point a foot high. The one thing, unfortunately, that remains is the old conceit, the old swagger, the old assumption that Paris is the centre and soul of the world, and the boulevards the only road to any earthly paradise. This conceit, when there was something so to be said for it, was amusing enough, but now it is only pitiable. To those who have known it in former times Paris has gone, and in its place there is nothing but a Jew-ridden, money-grasping, owl-crowned ruin of a city, inhabited by Anarchists and triflers. Paris can no longer make even a bonnet or a joke, and it never could make anything else. Poor Paris! It is no longer *chic*.

A neat idea for the friends of ocean travelers is thus discussed by Arlo Bates in the *Providence Journal*: "The friends of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who sailed last week for Europe, put together a very entertaining packet for her ocean voyage. A young lady took charge of the matter, and provided a mail-bag of leather, into which were put the letters and so on. There were original poems, notes, sketches, with books especially prepared for the occasion. Nora Perry, Clinton Scollard, Oscar Fay Adams, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Louise Imogen Guiney, Lillian Whiting, and I do not know how many more were among the contributors. The bag was confided to the stewardess, to be given to Mrs. Moulton as a surprise after the steamer gets to sea, and I should like to assist at its examination."

I was told the other day (writes "Brunswick," in the *Boston Gazette*) of a young lady who went to a prominent jeweller of Boston, and told him that her father was going to buy her a pair of diamond ear-rings, and that she would like to look at some. The jeweller knew her father by reputation, and he spread out his choicest gems before her. She looked them over, and, choosing the handsomest pair, asked if she might take them home and examine them more at her leisure. He granted the permission. The next day she brought them back, and said that she was not quite satisfied with them, and she thought that after all it might be some time before her father would indulge her taste for diamonds. "That's a great pity," replied the jeweller; "I was at the reception last night, and I thought them very becoming to you." The young lady blushed to the roots of her hair.

A visitor to Cuha, writing of the smaller tribulations, says: "The operations of the toilet are sometimes very much retarded by the necessity of rubbing the starch out of any articles needed from the last week's wash. I have not yet succeeded in convincing the laundress, that when I say 'No starch,' I mean precisely that, and am prepared for no compromise whatsoever. The Cuban practice is to starch all garments, without exception, to the utmost degree of stiffness. How they manage to wear them, I cannot imagine. The sensations of a foreigner are best described by a certain Herr Wagner that I met in Havana. 'The first time that I sat down in a clean shirt from a Cuban laundry,' said he, 'I thought I must have landed on a pile of broken crockery. And when it became necessary to put on a Cubanized night-shirt, I sat up till two o'clock in the morning, trying to rub the scratch and the crackle out of it. As for pocket-handkerchiefs, you might as well use sand-paper!'"

The prettiest ballet girls are to be found in Brooklyn says a ballet-master: "Nice plump figures and rosy cheeks there. Boston is a good place for looks, and Montreal is a gem. You get clear complexions up in St. Paul and Minneapolis,

but poor constitutions. Detroit girls have bad complexions, and are usually of bad figure. Perhaps you wonder why I go so strong on complexions. I will tell you. In the first place, it is hard to paint a half hundred women for the ballet. When you get it done they invariably smirch the colors and look like frights. If you allow them to dress their own faces they put on the colors too heavy and have the appearance of candy statuary early in the holiday season. Good, strong complexions need little or no touching up. I can just tell how a woman will look in tights by one glance at her figure. It isn't any particular feature, but the general appearance and carriage that indicate the qualifications for my business. The shoulders should be round and convex, the bust full, and the back straight. Some people have a theory that a well-formed arm certifies to nicely-moulded legs. This is all wrong. The index to the legs is the ankle. I never saw a poor ankle and a well-shaped leg, and vice versa."

Twenty nice-looking young ladies in a Massachusetts town, a little more than three years ago, looked about them and saw there were many spinsters in that portion of the country. They bethought them of a scheme. They formed themselves into a society and adopted a constitution, declaring that marriage is a humbug, that the wedding-ring is a fetter, and that men are a nuisance. They pledged themselves very solemnly that they would never marry. Time passed. Those girls immediately came into good demand. They were forbidden fruit, as it were. How the boys did long for them! To-day the society exists no longer. It has been deadlier than Cleopatra for almost two years. Eleven of those girls have husbands and babies; six others have husbands and no babies, and two are engaged to be married.

There has been much discussion of the new feature in matters matrimonial of a bride's farewell dinner, which Miss Work inaugurated recently in New York. Mr. Hewitt gave his farewell bachelor dinner at Delmonico's on one evening, and at the same time Miss Work gave a farewell dinner to her bridesmaids and several other girl friends at her residence, from which even the men waiters were excluded, and where it is said toasts were drunk and speeches made in much the same manner as they are at a stag dinner. It has always seemed to be rather unjust that a man should have the privilege of bidding his friends and fellows to feast with him before he takes the plunge, and that a woman should be denied the same.

In France lawn-tennis is coming in. But it will not have in that country the feature which renders it so charming elsewhere, namely, the participation of girls. In France, the absence of youth from most of the fashionable recreations renders them dreary, notwithstanding their brilliant features and surface animation. "Le lawn tennis" is sure to be exclusively played by blasé men and beauties who have no longer illusions, or, in the provinces, by officers. The beauty who takes part in it is likely to be some Jewess reared in England. French ladies don't like a kind of exercise which exposes them when they are made up for company to the full light of day, and powerfully stimulates the skin of their faces.

Young Greger, who conducts the paper hunts which have so much engaged the attention of the fashionable world in Washington of late, is a handsome, stout young fellow, looking rather Sullivan-esque in the face, and possessed of a large fortune, which makes it mere sport for him to put up the costly prizes he gives the winners who ride in first at the end of the hunt. At the hunt last week a young lady was one of the hares, and sprinkled pink bits of paper along the route, which she and her fellow hare took. Greger himself rides a dashing black stallion, and is a horseman of great skill. He served for a time with the Cossacks in order to acquire all the arts of horsemanship and the craft of guerrilla warfare. He has \$10,000 a year as Secretary of Legation, and is now getting \$50,000, the salary of Minister, during the absence of M. De Struve in Europe. De Struve is called away by the ill health of his wife, a slight little fair-haired lady, whose large family of little children and the exactions of social life greatly wearied her. It is said De Struve will be assigned to some European court, in which event Greger, the Secretary, will be appointed Minister here. If this should come to pass, society people in Washington will shriek with delight. It would mean big entertainments and new sensations in the way of fashionable amusement.

The baby stare is quite overshadowed by what a knowing young woman has called "the rose-bud business." This consists in rouging the lips very much in the center, pursing them together and then keeping them half open as a baby might. It is a very suggestive bit of coquetry only possible to a very gay girl.

The captain of a first-class ocean steamer is always a social success when he is in port, if he desires to be. Of course, many do not care for other distinction than comes from being leader of the little social world within their ships. The captains of the Cunarders are nearly all fond of society. Perhaps the most pronounced success is the captain of the *Aurania*. His handsome face and charming manners have won him the rather unjust title of the "Dude of the Ocean." The salary of a Cunard captain is about \$3,500, and he can make \$500 to \$1,000 a year extra by renting his cabin, which is the finest and handsomest on the vessel. There are other privileges. The day before sailing the captain can give a dinner to his friends, and it is always a good one. In this way he makes returns for the social favors he receives. The captain of the *Aurania*, shortly after his arrival the other day, found awaiting him about a hundred letters from leading people in New York and vicinity inviting him to dinner parties, theatre parties, and so on. It was impossible, of course, to accept them all, and where he could not accept he was sure to offend, so that it requires a good deal of tact. In fact, to be a popular commander of a vessel, it is necessary to be trained in diplomacy. Very often there will be a dozen ladies on board his vessel, and he dare not show one more attention than the other, and even with the exercise of the greatest tact the captain often makes matter very un-

pleasant for himself. It is necessary to systematize matters. It is the ambition of the majority of the passengers to sit on the right hand of the captain at the dinner table, and, of course, it is for him to say who the person shall be. To avoid trouble, should any lady or gentleman have a title from the English government, he will select the one holding the highest rank; or, upon occasion, the courtesy will be extended to some distinguished American. In the absence of distinguished persons, he selects the one who has crossed the ocean the greatest number of times.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered around a cosy fireplace in a fashionable home the other evening, when it was suggested that each name his one paramount wish. After the majority had gone through the ordinary wishes of beauty, wealth, power, one of the ladies startled the company by saying: "If some good fairy gave me the power of making a wish that would be absolutely granted, it would be this: That I be born a rich young widow with two children." "Why?" asked several of those present. "My society life is a dead failure. I feel that I am going to be an old maid. Everyone is even now pointing the finger of pity at me. The trouble is, I won't marry anyone who has ever courted me, and those I would have will not have me. If I had been born a rich young widow all this would have been averted. I could go where I pleased, be as independent as a bird, have the whole world at my feet, and, in fact, be serenely happy." "But why do you want the children?" "A woman can't be happy without children. She must have something to love, and I can't stand poodles. And, besides this, a widow is more greatly respected with than without children."

In the current number of the *Epoch* Miss Mary Gay Humphreys points out a want which the builders of apartment houses have thus far failed to supply. There is in New York a very considerable class of educated and refined single women earning their own livings, or preparing to do so, in quasi-professional employments. They are artists and students of art, teachers, writers, etc. Their means are necessarily limited, and their requirements modest, but modest as they are nobody has thus far taken thought for them. The staple apartment, so to speak, is as much too big for them as it is too small for a family of more than four. There are bachelor apartment houses, but for single women there is nothing but the "hall bedroom" of the boarding house. The needs of the class we are considering are summed up by Miss Humphreys as privacy, comfort, and independence. The hall bedroom is the negation of all three. Miss Humphreys produces an estimate by a well known architect which, on a rental basis of from \$3 to \$5 a week, as the lodgings are single or double, allows the landlord an income of 6 per cent. on his money, even after the deduction of 20 per cent. for unoccupied apartments. As the advocate of the project points out, a reasonable care in the selection of his tenants would make the landlord as secure of his money in this case as in any other.

When in the home or harem Turkish women act more like girls in a seminary than rivals in the affection of their husband. They laugh, chatter, scold, and sometimes slap faces, have their little or big secrets, have favorites, and are jealous of each other; but it is more as children are jealous of a parent's love, and though they will scandalize each other among themselves, they will never betray each other under any circumstance to the husband. They have no morals, know none; never were taught anything except to make themselves beautiful and to pander to their husband's lowest nature. They neither see nor hear anything else, and they have no idea of home, nor honor, nor anything which would deter them from wrong except the fear of the sack and the Bosphorus. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that they are brimful of intrigue, and practice deception at every opportunity; and there are always ways which the most jealous Turk can not hinder. Dressmakers' shops and ostensible visits to other harems, the always handy veil, and a hundred other means allow these women full scope for carrying out their plans. No husband can enter his own harem if outside the door stands a pair of woman's sandals. That signifies that his wife or wives have ladies visiting there, and he can not enter as long as they remain. This trick frequently allows the man to be deceived under his very nose, for he is bound to hold his neighbor's wife sacred and not intrude. A Turk is obliged by his religion to cut down any Turkish woman whom he may find conversing with any man in the street or in any public place, unless in the way of trade, for women can buy of men in stores, in streets, or at the bazaar. This rule, however, is not as closely followed as it used to be, or the women have grown too sharp to be caught. The women are generous with that unthinking generosity that causes a child to give away the most expensive toy, not knowing the cost. A Turkish woman will at any moment, if the caprice seizes her, give away her finest jewels. Their hospitality is too well known to require mention. They always have coffee and sweatmeats served for any and all guests, and when they feel that the visit has lasted long enough they clap hands, and the *caffee* brings a second cup of coffee, and that is the signal. No guest can stay longer than to drink this. Sometimes the time between drinks is decidedly short. The women and children do not undress at night, but add a wadded night-robe to the clothes they already have on, and sleep thus summer and winter. They close all the doors and windows, and sleep several in one room, and doubtless would suffer dreadfully from the confined air, were it not that Turkish carpenters never have heard of the plumb-line, and so windows and doors all have crevices which supply ventilation. The tales of Oriental magnificence fail to impress one who has visited the best harems, for they are none and all pictures of dirt and wanton extravagance. The only great display is in the amount of rugs and jewelry. On the floors of the general room for the women, or the private suites, it is always the same—cigarette ends, candies, nut-shells, necklaces, gold-embroidered slippers and sashes, and, in short, all sorts of disorder and dirt. And the women are always eating, smoking, or lolling about on the divans. For outdoor amusement they go out in boats, in coupés, and sometimes walk, and often are to be seen picnicking in grave-yards, eating off tomb-stones, and sitting on the graves, laughing and chatting together.

THE PARIS SALON.

"Parisina" Describes Some of the Notable Paintings.

To-morrow what an emotion there will be among the artists, great and small! It is the one day of the year for them—festival day for those whose pictures are well hung; a day of wailing and gnashing of teeth for those whom the authorities have treated with contumely and neglect. What a world of hopes, fears, delight, despair, is excited on the Jour du Vernissage; what an amount of flattering unctious is laid to the soul of some, whereas others find their self esteem crushed down to zero by the treatment their works have sustained at the hands of the jury in the first place, and of the public in the second. From the latter consideration, none is exempt. Even the members of the jury themselves tremble before the fiat of the public and the press.

For "Tout Paris"—or that portion of it which presumes to have a taste in art—this Jour du Vernissage is a gala day, looked forward to eagerly. "You will go, of course," says Petit Chose to his lady friends. "Of course," they exclaim in chorus. It is not perhaps the same thing, since the entrance has been open to all who are ready to pay ten francs for the privilege, as it was before when tickets of invitation had to be sued for, intrigued for, when the fact of being seen there meant that you had influence with the artists—that you were *somebody* in ever so small a way. Still it is the fashion to be seen there. Dressmakers prepare killing costumes for the occasion, and as a show of toilettes it stands midway between the Concours Hippique and the Grand Prix.

When the exhibitors enter the palace to-morrow morning, it will be for the first time; there is no exception in their favor—none whatever. Unless he happens to be one of the members of the jury, no artist can by any manner of means gain admittance before vanishing day. The entrance to the galleries is guarded most jealously; the door is kept by a watchful Cerberus—absolutely above temptations, and insensible to the touch of silver or gold. It is with reluctance that he allows even us to pass, we with the open sashes in our hands, and woe to us if we have come out without the magic paper. He knows us not; he is adamant; we must hie home and fetch it if we would pass the portal, and though we present ourselves and our passports in perfect order, he is suspicious still, and looks on us with no friendly eye. He is glad to think that we are not more numerous—a hundred, perhaps, all told—yet would behave to us in a way that shall take all vanity out of us; we are just interlopers, nothing more nor less, and he makes us feel this very keenly. I assure you that it was without elation, so coolly and superciliously had I been looked over, that I crept up the big stair-case and began my tour of inspection.

As usual, it was a work of Puvis de Chavannes that first attracted my attention—a huge canvas, on which are drawn, in outlines of sepia, groups of men and women, an apotheosis (or so I take it, the catalogue not being yet out) of Arts and Sciences; here are nymphs listening to the murmur of the sea-shell, there a rude potter is modeling a vase, whereas here again, a fellow semi-clad in skins is scratching something on a papyrus leaf. Decorative, certainly; interesting—no, decidedly.

We wore out the subject of Hugo's death at the time, and therefore it is a painful stirring up of old memories to find that Clairin has taken the lying-in-state at the Arc de Triomphe as the subject of his picture this year. Nevertheless, we are filled with admiration; he has treated it majestically. The sarcophagus rises in the gloom of the night; below the black pall of the coffin, on each side, cuirassiers, mounted, holding in their hands tall, flaming torches. A horse to the left there is sniffing the air, more conscious than his rider of the sweeping, cloud-like, visionary being that spreads its wings and flies heavenwards, grasping in its hand the insignia of fame—the golden bay-leaves of the poet.

This picture, in spite of the incongruous mixture of the real and unreal, affects me more than the joy which those Greek maids and matrons yonder are exhibiting at the return of their good men from the wars. There are galleys at anchor in the bay, and a wild, delirious crowd dancing and waving palms in the foreground. Every mother's son of them is large as life. I have no doubt Cormon hopes to get the Prix d'Honneur for this composition; of course, it will be purchased by the State, and generations of future visitors to Paris will stare at the dancing Greeks and think what a fine thing art is. So it is, but I like something a little less conventional.

Now, I have been on the cliffs of Normandy often, and seen the moon rise over the sea, just as Duez depicts it. The purple sky melting into blue, and the blue sea melting into silver where the moonlight strikes; the brindled cow lying in the coarse, green grass, with her back toward me, is an old friend; so is her companion, lowing mournfully, and the large-eared calf behind; even the gnarled apple-trees, bent landward by the sea breeze. I can take in that picture, and study it long and carefully. In size it rivals the "Debarquement of the Greeks;" this gives it unusual effect and importance. Opposite hangs a sombre-colored battle-piece by Roll; the edge of a skirmish, so to speak, a regiment of infantry hurrying to the mêlée and a photographer, disguised as a soldier, putting his camera into position.

What brilliant bands of color are these? A Dutch tulip-garden in full bloom (Hitchcock *fecit*); the red blooms backed by the white, and behind again the yellow and pink, with a plot of violet on one side. Still further in the background, a cottage belonging to the garden, and more cottages peering over the garden wall; and in the centre of the gorgeous parterre, a girl in the quaint garb of her country, armed with scissors wherewith to decapitate the first drooping blossom.

Jean Paul Laurens has arranged his *dramatis personæ* as Hitchcock has his tulips—in rows. A row of bishops placed alternately with civil magistrates on a high bench, in front of them a row of secretaries in green cowls; another row—at right angles to the others—courtly dames. The friar in brown cassock is, it appears, "the agitator of Languedoc." I am afraid I am not so well up as I ought to be in the history of that pleasant province. He is, I feel satisfied, of the John Knox kind. Laurens glories in denounciators and thunderers; his specialty is the best known, most ponderous incidents of hy-gone days.

Aimé Morot's picture, the "Charge of Freischöffen," sends all the blood to one's heart. War is in the air. Ten years hence, will the artists be painting the incidents of the War of 1887? God forbid! Are our brave, young fellows doomed to the bitter experiences of another fateful struggle between Gaul and Teuton? Let us look rather on the quiet beauty, the majestic splendor of a Norwegian scene by Normann, on the distant snow-clad peaks and the green hills shelving down to the silver-gray waters of the fjord, chopped into small waves by the breezes that have scattered the white clouds into snowflakes. There is a wonderful, restful grandeur about it.

See, we have been calling upon summer, and there she comes in the form of a white-robed damsel, with a purple scarf, daisies in her hand, her brow bound with a garland of woodbine, lightly tripping through the corn in a haze of June sunshine. Jules Lefehvre has incorporated the very ideal of summer in this figure.

Luigi Loir loves Paris and the Seine as if he were a Frenchman born. No one knows better how to render the river with its islands and its quays. In this instance, twilight is merging into darkness; the lights are lit here and there on the bridges, and below, down on the wharf, on the water, too, where the steamboats are plying to and fro. Another "foreigner," Jameson, shows us a view of the Thames—below the run of London traffic. A woman is rowing a wherry, with a man and a child in it; the whole scene is gray and very real. Did the reader ever drop below Greenwich on the Essex side of the river?

The other day, I was wandering in the woods of Quesnoy. All the green was in the grass, enameled with countless daffodils, and on my way back I passed through an old-world village. One picturesque tenement caught my eye, and there it is on the walls of the Salon—a charming bit by Levillain; but the chrysanthemums are in bloom and the air seems autumnal, whereas when I passed there the peach-trees were pink and the pear and the cherry trees crowned with their feathery white flowers. The same artist has contributed an exquisite corner of some Norman town beneath the heavenly blue of a summer sky.

Martin, the son of the historian, revels in horrors. He has, on a former occasion, introduced us to the Inferno; now he curdles our blood with a group of unfortunate prisoners immured alive, and suffering the fearful and last pangs of hunger. There are many other pictures of this class in the Salon, and we shall have had enough of them before we have done. Another artist of the same stamp—Lehoux—has depicted the three degrees of charity. In one a girl is giving a beggar a drink of water; in the second, a woman is throwing a naked wayfarer a cloak; and in a third, a hospitable peasant is hiding the homeless wanderer enter his house and be welcome. One is surprised to see a modern *robe de chambre* in such an allegory; and whereas the figures are all more or less undressed, she of the cloak is in most modern array. I recommend the purple gown with its black fur trimming to the lady reader.

"Abandoned" is the title of Henry Mosler's big picture. A tribe of Indians on the war-path are preparing to depart, are in fact off—bag and baggage; the chiefs in their feathers are disappearing among the trees, the squaws are following, their babes strapped to their backs; while here in the foreground sit three poor wretches who are to left behind to die; an old, but still hale woman (who looks as if she were still game for anything), a grey-haired man howed down with grief at the desertion of his tribe, and a fever-stricken girl, her cheeks hideously tattooed. Somehow, it does not seem to me that Indians are very artistic. True, one feels sorry for the trio, and wishes one could stir the pity of these hard-hearted chiefs. I do not doubt but that the whole scene is true to life, and that Henry Mosler has been most careful in painting real North American scenery, and yet—if I did not know it were not so—I should say the Indians were masquerading in the forest of Fontainebleau. Well, I suppose a forest of one hemisphere is very much like that of another. A French artist, a M. Jamin, has also chosen the red man for his subject. A warrior has been out hunting, and on returning finds his wife—without a rag on her—the prey of a huge lion. Of course, it is well known that big lions of that sort do prow about in the United States, you don't want me or Jamin to tell you that!

A very effective, pretty picture is that of Loustaunau. Five officers, seated in a punt, are watching their men pilot a halloo—held down by a company in another punt. This is a way of making observations in war-time that has not yet been portrayed. The attitudes of the officers are charmingly natural, and the grouping of the baggage-train on the banks is very well managed. Grolleron is another painter who confines himself mostly to military subjects. The soldiers are off duty and taking their ease in their temporary quarters, a row of abandoned cottages. One is feeding the fire to boil the soup-kettle, two more are smoking, a third is preparing a cabbage, while others in the background are seeing to the needs of their horses. I do not recall the name of the artist who has had the somewhat strange fancy of painting the humble *piou-piou* in the act of receiving a *douche*—of warm water, not of shot.

The greenest of grass, the whitest of gowns, the blackest of hats are signed Jourdain; a girl, lying under a tree, life-sized, larger than life I should say. Surely she will catch her death of cold, poor thing, and the immaculate purity of that white robe must be sullied in such rank herbage. One is quite glad to turn to the soft tones of Heilbuth's "Idylle." Just a quiet bit of flirtation. The girl has her prettiest frock on, too—buff gingham with a brown hat. She has laid her parasol and shawl by her side—a sensible damsel this, and with no desire for making herself sick and interesting. A little pug is sitting between her and the lazy fellow there lying his full length in the grass, so you see it is all quite proper. Heilbuth is a prunes and prism artist. Not so Jules Garner. They are having a "high old time," those medieval roysterers in the arbor. One noisy fellow is snatching a kiss from the coral lips of a woman *à la* Rubens, and all are flushed with Rhenish wine.

Victor Gilbert, who made his name with a "Flower-Market," has taken a page out of Zola, and shows us a Paris market with its groups of poultry, its cool slabs covered with fish, a couple in the distance cooling soft nothings behind a fine show of winter fruit, and a strapping wench in front carrying home a basket of provisions. It may be a trifle vulgar,

but it is one of the best pictures in the exhibition. The same may be said of Albert Fourié's "Wedding Breakfast." None of your super-elegant Parisian "lunches" with truffles and champagne—a homely repast with roast leg of mutton, galette, and salad, washed down with cider and a few bottles of Burgundy, eaten under the shade of an apple tree in a Norman orchard. The bride is charming. In peasant fashion she is seated between her father and mother; opposite is the bridegroom, looking tenderly across the bouquet of cabbage roses at his young wife as she turns to *tringuer* with an elder who has taken off his coat to put himself at his ease and flourishes his napkin as he blurs out some grotesque compliment flavored with a coarse jest.

Many artists have painted the death of Caesar, but Rochegrosse was sure to do it in a totally different way from all his predecessors. The fallen hero lies bleeding in his purple robes, and still the crowd of conspirators press on with knives up-lifted, each eager for a blow. The expression of some of them is fiendish. All of them are robed in white, of course, and their white togas and the glistening white of the marble semicircle, with the retreating figures of the other senators, produces a very curious appearance. A marvellous colorist, this artist. Fortuny never painted anything more vivid and rich in hue than his Salome dancing before Herod and his spouse; the king on his throne, the courtiers seated before tables laden with good things of Judea, and the black slaves heating on the strange instruments, make up a wonderful scene, with the girl in the midst, robed in transparent tissues, her black hair dishevelled, her arms and ankles glittering with jewels, her bare feet pirouetting on the mosaic floor. It is such an orgy of color and radiance as might come to an opium-eater. Henner, too, has painted Salome, but stern and cold, the daughter of Herodias, with the bead of John the Baptist in a gold basin.

"Bonaparte at the Ecole de Briennes"—a freshman, the subject of squibs and jokes on the part of his elder comrades—is an interesting picture by Realier Dumas. The youthful hero is still in his civilian's coat of brown with coarse blue stockings, the others wear the uniform of the school—blue coat with scarlet facings, buff waistcoat, and breeches. Even at that early age he was in the habit—according to M. Dumas—of thrusting his hand into his hosom. We are quite ready to believe him.

François Flameng, who has treated us to so many admirable pictures of the Consulate and the revolutionary days that have preceded it, has this year taken a page out of Puvis de Chavannes's book. The huge triptic, representing three eras in the history of the Sorbonne—Aheillard and his pupils on the Mont St. Geneviève, St. Louis presenting Robert de Sorbon with the university charter, and the installation of the first printing-press in the basement of that edifice—is tiresome and unlike the other works by the same artist. So is Thirion, romantic and lugubrious in "Les Nuits de Musset," four companion pictures painted in dingy browns. One also misses the usual brilliance of Benjamin Constant's splendid coloring in the wandering Orpheus, though it is to be found in rare perfection in his "Theodora," a superb figure clad in purple, gold, and gorgeous barbaric gems, seated on a marble throne. Last year, you will remember, he painted "Justinian."

Berand has added another to his series of Paris pictures with his "Salle des Pas Perdus" in the Palais de Justice. The barristers in their gowns and square caps are admirably grouped, and the pretty little Parisienne in her brown velvet costume is charming—and so think the men of law, especially a middle-aged old sinner who squints at her from beneath the lids of his half-closed eyes while seemingly intent on a hundle of briefs.

We have all of us got our idea of Cleopatra, and I may safely say that Cabanel has painted her as beautiful as our imaginings—a rare compliment to hestow on an artist. The loving queen is reclining on a sort of throne, and while her hand-maiden is wafting a fan of ibis feathers, she watches the effects of various poisons on the wretches whom her pleasure has doomed to die for her enlightenment. Fortunately the death throes are carried on in the background, Cabanel being of the school that thrust the horrors out of sight.

It is not the way of a great many of the artists who exhibit at the Salon, but I have spared the reader's nerves and forbear to describe the innumerable poisonings, murders, starvation scenes, the dismal views of hospital wards which swarm on the walls. Such subjects seem to have taken the place of the nudities in the present Salon. There are no Leda, no Dianas surprised by Acteons, no Danaës, not one Venus, I believe, hardly any ladies at the bath, very few nymphs, only one sleeping beauty pillowed on cream and strawberries by Chapin; one harems scene, and a single crouching nudity curiously illumined by unseen firelight, signed Bernard—the new artistic light.

The men who have succeeded best in the new hospital vein, are Gervex and Brouillet; a third has painted the interior of the Pasteur Institute at the moment when the unfortunate victims are being inoculated against hydrophobia, but his name escapes my memory. Gervex carries us to La Pitiré. Dr. Pean has just completed a dreadful operation on a young and beautiful woman, who lies under the influence of chloroform. The instruments of torture lie around the basin and sponges, and he is describing some technical point to his assembled pupils. The whole scene is fearful in its stern reality. None less so, the experiments with electricity carried on by another great physician at the Salpêtrière on a hysterical patient. Most of the faces are portraits, and in both the action is seemly and the realism has not degenerated into something worse.

Here I bring my ramble through the galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie to a close. I do not pretend to have mentioned all the pictures that are likely to attract attention to-morrow, but I think I have picked out the plums, leaving the less digestible part of the cake for more deliberate eating. These lines will be on the first stage of their journey when the gates open to-morrow for the Vernissage.

PARIS, April 29, 1887.

PARISINA.

A town in Noolda county, Texas, which is big enough to have a postmaster, bears the euphonious but suggestive name of Can-Can. The town attained a temporary prominence a short time ago through the murder of its postmaster by a local tough.

THE BOYHOOD OF HOWELLS.

His Life in a Log Cabin.

Mr. William D. Howells publishes an entertaining sketch of his boyhood life in Ohio in a recent number of the *Youth's Companion*. Thirty-five years ago the famous novelist was a poor country lad living in a log cabin in the then sparsely settled country of the Little Miami, and aside from the interest that attaches to the early influences which surrounded him, his sketch is a pretty picture of the primitive life of the time and place.

Of his father, who must have had much such a gentle, bright humor as the son now shows, the novelist gives but meagre details.

In the fall of the year 1850 my father removed with his family from the city of D—, where he had been living, to a property on the Little Miami River, to take charge of a saw-mill and grist-mill, and superintend the never-accomplished transformation of the latter into a paper-mill. My father left a disastrous newspaper enterprise behind him when he came out to apply his mechanical taste and his knowledge of farming to the care of this place. Early in the century his parents had brought him to Ohio from Wales, and his boyhood was passed in the new country, where pioneer customs and traditions were still rife, and for him it was like renewing the wild romance of those days to take up once more the life in a log cabin interrupted by a forty years' sojourn in matter-of-fact dwellings of frame and brick.

He gives an interesting description of this log-cabin home:

Our cabin stood close upon the road, but behind it broadened a corn-field of eighty acres. They still built log cabins for dwellings in that region, thirty years ago, but ours must have been nearly half a century old when we went into it. It had been recently vacated by an old Virginian couple who had long occupied it, and we decided that it needed some repairs to make it habitable even for a family inured to hardship by dauntless imaginations, and accustomed to retrospective discomforts of every kind.

So, before we all came out to it, a deputation of adventurers put it in what rude order they could. They glazed the narrow windows, they relaid the rotten floor, they touched (too sketchily, as it afterward appeared,) the broken roof, and they papered the walls of the ground-floor rooms. Perhaps it was my father's love of literature which inspired him to choose newspapers for this purpose; at any rate, he did so, and the effect, as I remember it, was not without its decorative qualities.

He had used a barrel of papers bought at the nearest postoffice, where they had been refused by the persons to whom they had been experimentally sent by the publisher, and the whole first page was taken up by a story, which broke off in the middle of a sentence at the foot of the last column, and tantalized us forever with fruitless conjecture as to the fate of the hero and heroine. The newspapers hid the walls and the stains with which our old Virginian predecessor, who had the habit of chewing tobacco in bed, had ineffaceably streaked the plastering near the head of his couch.

The cabin, rude as it was, was not without its sophistications, its concessions to the spirit of modern luxury. The logs it was built of had not been left rounded, as they grew, but had been squared in a saw-mill, and the crevices between them had not been crinkled with moss, and daubed with clay, in the true pioneer fashion, but had been neatly plastered with mortar, and the chimney, instead of being a structure of clay-covered sticks, was solidly laid in courses of stone.

Within, however, this chimney was all that could be asked for by the most romantic of pioneering families. It was six feet wide and a yard deep, its cavernous maw would easily swallow a back-log eighteen inches through, and we piled in front the sticks of hickory cord-wood as high as we liked. We made a perfect trial of it when we came out to put the cabin in readiness for the family, and when the bickory had dropped into a mass of tinkling, snapping, bristling embers, we laid our rascals of bacon and our slices of steak upon them, and tasted, with the appetite of tired youth, the flavors of the camp, and the wild-wood in the captured juices.

One can see that Mr. Howells inherited, in part at least, his humor from his father:

At night we laid our mattresses on the sweet, new oak plank of the floor, and slept hard—in every sense. Once I remember waking, and seeing the man who was always the youngest of his boys sitting upright on his bed.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, resting!" he answered; and that gave us one of the heaven-blessed laughs with which we could blow away almost any cloud of care or pain.

The live-stock was a prominent if not an important feature in this domestic economy, and Mr. Howells's account of the erratic "animals of the horse kind," as the novelist's father called them, in gentle derision, will be found entertaining:

One of them was a colossal sorrel, inexorably bide-bound, whose barrel, as I believe the horse men called the body, showed every hoop upon it. He had a feeble, foolish whimper of a voice, and we nicknamed him baby. His companion was a dun mare, who had what my father at once called an italic foot, in recognition of the emphatic slant at which she carried it when upon her unwilling travels.

There was a small, self-opinionated gray pony, which, I think, came from one of the saw-mill hounds, and which was of no service conjecturable after this lapse of time. We boys rode him barebacked, and he used to draw a buggy, which he finally ran away with. I suppose we found him useful in the representation of some of the Indian fights which we were always dramatizing, and I dare say he may have served our turn as an Arab charger, when the Moors of Granada made one of their sallies upon the camp of the Spaniards, and discharged their javelins into it; their javelins were the long, admirably straight and slender iron-woods that grew by the river. This menagerie was constantly breaking hounds, and waddering off; and I believe that it was chiefly employed in hunting itself up, its different members taking turns in remaining in the pasture or stable, to be ridden after those that had strayed into the woods.

Our pigs were very social creatures. We had got some of them, I believe, from the old Virginians whom we had succeeded in the cabin, and these kept as far as they could the domestic habits in which that affectionate couple had indulged them. They would willingly have shared our fireside with us, bumble as it was, but being repelled, they took up their quarters on cold nights at the warm base of the chimney without, where we could hear them, as long as we kept awake, disputing the places near the stones.

All this was horrible to my mother, whose housewifely instincts were perpetually offended by the rude conditions of our life, and who justly regarded it as a return to a state which, if poetic, was also not far from barbarous. But children, and more particularly boys, take every natural thing as naturally as savages, and we never thought our pigs were other than amusing. In that country pigs were called to their feed with long cries of "Pig, pig, pooc, pooc," but ours were taught to come at a whistle, and, on hearing it, would single themselves out of the neighbors' pigs, and come rushing from all quarters to the scattered corn with an intelligence we were proud of.

Of the amusements of the children in that free, open country, Mr. Howells draws a pleasant picture, and one that would make many a boy of our day envious:

As long as the fall weather lasted, and well through the mild winter of that latitude, our chief recreation, where all our novel duties were delightful, was hunting with the long smooth-bore shot-gun, which had descended laterally from one of our uncles, and supplied the needs of the whole family of boys in the chase. Never less than two of us went with it at once, and generally there were three. This enabled us to beat up the game over a wide extent of country, and while the eldest did the shooting, left the others to rush upon him, as soon as he fired, with tumultuous cries of "Did you hit it? Did you bit it?" Usually he had

not hit it, though now and then our murderous young blood was stirred by the death agonies of some of the poor creatures whose destruction boys exult in.

We fell upon the wounded squirrels which we brought down, on rare occasions, and put them out of their pain with what I must now call a sickening ferocity. If, sometimes, the fool dog, the weak-minded Newfoundland pup we were rearing, rushed upon the game first, and the squirrel avenged his death upon the dog's nose, that was pure gain, and the squirrel had the applause of all his other enemies. Yet, we were none of us cruel; we never wantonly killed things that could not be eaten; we should have thought it sacrilege to shoot a robin or a turtle-dove, but were willing to be amused, and these were the chances of war.

In a region where the corn-fields and wheat-fields were often fifty and sixty acres in extent, there was a plenty of quail, but I remember but one victim to my gun. We set figure four traps to catch them, but they were shrewder arithmeticians than we, and solved these problems without our help. After they began to mate, and the air was full of their soft, amorous whistling, we searched to find their nests, and had better luck, though we were forbidden to rob the nests when found; and in June, when the pretty little mothers strutted across the lanes at the head of their tiny broods, we had to content ourselves with the spectacle of her cunning counterfeit of disability at sight of us, fluttering and tumbling in the dust till her chicks could hide themselves. We had read of that trick, and were not deceived, but we were charmed just the same.

It is a trick that all birds know, and I had it played upon me by the mother snipe and mother wild-duck that haunted our dam, as well as by the quail. With the snipe, once, I had a fancy to see how far the mother would carry the ruse, and so ran after her, but in doing this I trod on one of her young, a soft, gray mite, not distinguishable from the gray pebbles where it ran. I took it tenderly up in my hand, and it was a pang to me yet to think how it gasped and died.

I had no such regrets in respect to the young wild ducks, which, indeed, I had no such grievous accident with. I left their mother to flounder and flutter away as she would, and took to the swamp where her young sought refuge from me. There I spent half-a-day wading about in waters that were often up to my waist, and full of ugly possibilities of mud turtles and water-snakes, trying to put my hand on one of the ducklings. They rose everywhere else, and dived again after a breath of air, but at last one of them came up in my very grasp. It did not struggle, but how its wild heart sounded against my hand! I carried it home to show and boast of my capture, and then I took it back to its native swamp. It dived instantly, and I hope it found its bereaved family somewhere under the water.

And in the house, evenings, they could not have been less happy:

The centre of our life in the cabin was, of course, the fireplace, whose huge ovens and whose mighty fires remained a wonder with us. There was a crane in the chimney and dangling pot-hooks, and until the cooking-stove could be set up in an adjoining shed, the cooking had to be done on the hearth, and the bread baked in a Dutch oven in the hot ashes. We had always heard of this operation, which was a necessity of early days; and nothing else, perhaps, realized them so vividly for us as the loaf laid in the iron-lidded skillet, which was then covered with ashes and heaped with coals.

I am not certain that the bread tasted any better for the romantic picturesqueness of its experience, or that the cornmeal, mixed warm from the mill and baked on an oak-plank set up before the fire, had merits beyond the hoe-cake of art; but I think there can be no doubt that new corn, grated to meal, when just out of the mill, and then moulded and put in like manner to brown in the glow of such embers, would still have the sweetness that was incomparable then. When the maple sap started in February, we tried the scheme we had cherished all winter of making with it tea, which should be in a manner self-sugared. But the scheme was a failure; we spoiled the sap without sweetening the tea.

The following extracts are interesting, as showing that the realistic novelist's early taste in literature was as romantic as any other person's; and the first also shows where he obtained his knowledge of the Spanish language:

Our barrels of paper-covered books were stowed away in the loft, and, overhauling them one day, I found a paper copy of the poems of a certain Henry W. Longfellow, then wholly unknown to me; and while the old grist-mill, whistling and wheezing to itself, made a vague music in my ears, my soul was filled with this new, strange sweetness. I read the "Spanish Student," there, and the "Coplas de Manrique," and the solemn and ever-beautiful "Voices of the Night."

There were other books in those barrels, which I must have read also, but I remember only these, that spirited me again to Spain, where I had already been with Irving, and led me to attack seriously the old Spanish grammar which had been knocking about our house ever since my father bought it from a soldier of the Mexican War.

The island which formed another feature of our oddly distributed property was low and flat, and was half under water in every spring freshet, but it had precious areas grown up to tall iron weeds, which, witheroff and barding in the frost, supplied us with the spears and darts for our Indian fights.

The island was always our battle-ground, and it sounded in the long afternoons with the war-cries of the encountering tribes. We had a book in those days called "Western Adventure," which was made up of tales of pioneer and frontier life, and we were constantly reading ourselves back into that life. I have wondered often since, who wrote or compiled that book; we had printed it ourselves in D., from the stereotype plates of some temporary publisher whose name is quite lost to me.

A pretty bit of description is his account of the mills:

Our log-cabin stood only a stone's cast from the gray, old, weather-tinted grist-mill, whose voice was music for us by night and by day, so that on Sundays, when the saw-mill was shut off from the great wheels in its basement, it was as if the world had gone deaf and dumb. A soft sibilance ordinarily prevailed over the dull, hoarse murmur of the machinery; but late at night, when the water gathered that mysterious force which the darkness gives it, the voice of the mill had something weird in it, like a human roar.

It was in all ways a place which I did not care to explore alone. It was very well, with a company of boys, to tumble and wrestle to the vast bins full of golden wheat, or to climb the slippery stairs to the cooling-floor in the loft, whither the little pockets of the elevators carried the meal warm from the burrs, and the blades of the wheel up there, worn smooth by years of use, spread it out in an ever-widening circle, and caressed it with a thousand repetitions of their revolution. But the heavy rush of the water upon the wheels in the dim, humid basement, the angry whirl of the hurrs under the hoppers, the high windows, powdered and darkened with the floating meal, the vague corners festooned with flour laden cobwebs, the jolting and shaking of the bolting-cloths, had all a potentiality of terror in them that was not a pleasure to the boy's sensitive nerves. Ghosts, against all reason and experience, were huddled too probably waiting their chance to waylay unwary steps there, whenever two feet ventured alone into the mill, and Indians, of course, made it their ambush.

With the saw-mill it was another matter. That was always an affair of the broad day. It began work and quitted work like a Christian, and did not keep the grist-mill's nocturnal hours. Yet it had its fine moments, when the upright saw lunged through the heavy oak log and gave out the sweet smell of the bruised, woody fibres, or when the circular saw sailed through the length of the laths we were making for the new house, and freed itself with a sharp cry, and purred softly till the wood touched it again, and it broke again into its long lament.

The beginning of his career in the rough outside world was an experience that impressed itself very deeply on the novelist, though, perhaps, not just in the way one would expect.

I cannot remember now whether it was in the early spring after our first winter in the log-cabin, or in the early part of the second winter, which found us still there, that it was justly thought fit I should leave these vain delights, and go to earn some money in a printing-office in X—. I was, though so young, a good compositor, swift and clean,

and when the foreman of the printing-office appeared one day at our cabin, and asked if I could come to take the place of a delinquent hand, there was no question with any one but myself that I must go. For me, a terrible homesickness fell instantly upon me, a homesickness that already, in the mere prospect of absence, pierced my heart, and filled my throat, and blinded me with tears.

The foreman wanted me to go back with him in his buggy, but a day's grace was granted me, and then my older brother took me to X—, where he was to meet my father at the railroad station on his return from Cincinnati. It had been snowing, in the soft, Southern Ohio fashion, but the clouds had broken away, and the evening fell in a clear sky, apple-green along the horizon, as we drove on. This color of the sky must always be associated for me with the despair that then filled my soul, and which I was constantly swallowing down with great gulps. We joked, and got some miserable laughter out of the efforts of the horse to free himself from the snow that balled in his hoofs, but I suffered all the time an anguish of homesickness that now seems incredible. All the time, I had every fact of the cabin life before me; what each of the children was doing, especially the younger ones, and what, above all, my mother was doing, and how at every moment she was looking; I saw the wretched little phantasm of myself moving about there.

The editor to whom my brother delivered me over could not conceive of me as tragedy; he received me as if I were the merest commonplace, and delivered me in turn to the good man with whom I was to board. There were half-a-dozen school-girls boarding there, too, and their gayety, when they came in, added to my desolation.

The man said supper was about ready, and he reckoned I would get something to eat if I looked out for myself. Upon reflection, I answered that I thought I did not want any supper, and that I must go to find my brother, whom I had to tell something. I found him at the station, and told him I was going home with him. He tried to reason with me, or rather with my frenzy of homesickness; and I agreed to leave the question open till my father came; but in my own mind it was closed.

My father suggested, however, something that had not occurred to either of us: we should both stay. This seemed possible for me; but not at that boarding-house, not within the sound of the laughter of those girls! We went to the hotel, where we had beef-steak, and ham and eggs and hot biscuit every morning for breakfast, and where we paid two dollars apiece for the week we stayed. At the end of this time the editor had found another hand, and we went home, where I was welcomed as from a year's absence.

A visit to the old log-cabin home was made four years ago, when the little country boy had grown to be a great writer, known and admired in two continents, and his account of this visit, the changes and the old memories, is full of a tender regret. But here and there one finds touches of the satirical novelist, who is willing to give a humorous turn to almost anything:

I had not seen the old place for thirty years, when four years ago I found myself in the pretty little town of X—, which had once appeared so lordly and so proud to my poor rustic eyes—with a vacant half-day on my hands. I bired a buggy and a boy, and had him drive me down to that point on the river where our mills, at least, used to be.

The road was all strange to me, and when I reached my destination that was stranger still. All the natural features were there, but the timber had been cut from the bill and island, and where the stately bickories had once towered and the sycamores drooped, there was now a bald knob and a sterile tract of sand, good hardly for the grazing of the few cows that cropped its scanty herbage. They were both very much smaller; the hill was not the mountain it had seemed; the island no longer rivalled the proportions of England.

The grist-mill, whose gray bulk had kept so large a place in my memory, was sadly dwarfed, and in its decrepitude it had canted backwards and seemed tottering to its fall. I explored it from wheel-pit to cooling-floor; there was not an Indian in it; but ah, what ghosts! ghosts of the living and the dead; my brothers' my playmates, my own! At last, it was really haunted. I think no touch of repair had been put upon it, or upon the old saw-mill either, in whose roof the shingles had all curled up like the feathers of a frizzly chicken in the rains and suns of those thirty summers past. The head-race, once a type of silent, sullen power, now crept feebly to its work; even the water seemed to have grown old, and anything might have battled successfully with the currents where the spool-pig was drowned, and the miller's boy was carried so near his death.

I had with me for company the miller's boy again, but now the boy of the present miller, who silently followed me about, and answered my questions as he could. The epoch of our possession was as remote and as unstoried to him as that of the Mount Builders. A small frame house, exactly the size and shape of our log cabin, occupied its site, and he had never even beard that any other house had ever stood there. The "new house," shingled and weather-boarded with black walnut, had bleached to a silvery gray, and had no longer a trace of its rich brown. He let me go into it, and wander about at will. It was very little, and the small rooms were very low. It was plastered now; it was even papered; but it was not half so fine as it used to be.

I asked him if there was a grave-yard on top of the bill, and he said yes, an old one; and we went up together to look at it, with its stones all fallen or sunken away, and no memory of the simple, harmless man and his little children whom I had seen laid there, going down with each into the dust, in terror and desolation of spirit. His widow probably no longer wears dresses of changeable silk; and where is the orphan boy in the oil-cloth cap? In Congress, for all I know.

I looked across the bare island to where their cabin had stood, and my eyes might as well have sought the cities of the plain. The boy at my elbow could not make out why the gray-mustached, middle-aged man should care, and when I attempted to tell him that I had once been a boy of his age there, and that this place had been my home, the boy of whom I have here written so freely seemed so much less a part of me than the boy to whom I spoke, that upon the whole, I had rather a sense of imposing upon my listener.

Two architects were discussing the frequency of cases where persons die soon after moving in new houses which they have built for their use. Said one architect: "That such cases are frequent I believe. I have known three or four in my own practice. But the deaths are due to exposure during the erection of the houses, or to damp walls, or to waiting too long before deciding to build. Some men don't go to an architect until they are about ready to succumb to old age." The other replied: "I too have known a number of cases of persons dying just after they have settled themselves in their new houses, and sometimes I have thought that their fate is in accordance with Scripture. What is that passage about the man who tore down his barns and built greater, and whose soul was required of him that night?"

The word "lullaby," it appears, is derived from "Lilla abi!" (begone, Lilith). Lilith was a famous witch in the Middle Ages, and is introduced in the night scene in "Faust." The Hebrews had a popular belief that from Lilith, a female spectre, descended all the demons which tempt mankind. They believed Lilith to have been a wife to Adam before Eve's creation. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" gives the story of Lilith, and pictures her as a beautiful woman, who lures men to destruction.

During his many travels through the country Mr. Beecher was in the habit of sleeping in a blanket-bag when in railroad cars and railroad stations at night. The bag consisted of a plush blanket sewed up at the side and the bottom, and was used because it kept off the draughts. The distinguished preacher did not disdain to snore loudly at times.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

New Publications

"In the Name of the Tzar," a novel by J. Belfrd Dayne, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 15 cents.

"Dawn," H. Rider Haggard's new novel, which has not been well received by the critics but is nevertheless being widely read, has been published uniformly with "She," "Jess," and "King Solomon's Mines," neatly half bound in red cloth and marbled boards, by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is illustrated with wood-cuts and two colored plates. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Louis Enault's pretty story, "Le Chien du Capitaine," has been published in Jenkins's Contes Choisis; and from the same house comes the first part, "Fantine," of a new and handsome edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It is difficult to get a good French edition of Hugo's masterpiece, except the costly illustrated ones, at a high price; hence, this edition is most timely. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; prices, respectively, 25 cents and \$1.00.

"The Martyr of Golgotha," by Enrique Perez Escrich, is in the literature of Spain what "Ben Hur" is in ours; it is a romantic treatment of the life of Christ, imaginary incidents being introduced, but the whole is imbued with a religious spirit and imparts a reality to the tragedy of Christ's life which is not easily attainable in this skeptical age. It has been translated from the Spanish by Adèle Josephine Godoy, and is published in two volumes by William S. Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents per volume.

A new phase of the lottery system of selling books is to be seen in the "Prize Selections" selected and arranged by C. W. Moulton. The book contains eight hundred and seventy-five brief selections from English and American authors from Chaucer to the present time, arranged according to subject, but having no direct connection with each other. In each volume is a blue page containing a blank form which the reader is to fill out and return to the publishers with his list of credited selections before March 15, 1888, the person who answers the greatest number of authors correctly being the winner. Nineteen cash prizes amounting to three hundred dollars, will be awarded. The book is of little value, however, except to those who wish to enter into this competition. Published by D. Lotbrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Charles Reade's "Memoirs" have been prepared by his nephew, Rev. Compton Reade, and his adopted son and heir, Clarence L. Reade; the former writing the narrative portions and the latter contributing the letters, unpublished manuscripts, etc., as was his duty as Reade's literary executor. They have not done their work quite as the dead author would have wished, however, for the Rev. Compton Reade makes a great effort to trace a long line of gentlemanly ancestors, whereas Reade often boasted of his descent from a blacksmith's daughter, and he treats Reade's connection with the stage with clerical horror. But the book is a very interesting one, containing much hitherto unpublished matter, and being full of reminiscences, anecdotes, and observations of men and things. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Cassell's Complete Guide to Europe" has recently been revised to date, and is now as convenient, useful, and trustworthy a guide book as one could wish for. Its five hundred pages contain all kinds of information as to arrangements for the journey, ocean and railway travel, money, hotel expenses; the routes of travel, sights, customs, etc., of Europe and the British Isles in all regions where travelers are likely to go; tables of health resorts, list of consular and diplomatic agents of the United States, travel-phrases in English, French, German and Italian; a telegraphic code, table of moneys, several maps, including one of London and another of Paris, a valuable index, and a dozen or more blank pages for memoranda. The book was planned by E. C. Stedman, of New York, compiled by Edward King, of Paris, revised by M. F. Sweetser, of Boston, and re-edited up to date by Mr. Stedman; it can be "carried in a gentleman's pocket or lady's muff," has flexible leather covers, and is a perfect little pocket guide. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

Those readers of French books who care for the appearance of their volumes, should have a copy of Daudet's "Sapho," as published in the Collection Artistique de Guillaume et Cie., of Paris. The same author's "Tartarin sur les Alpes" was published in a similar edition, and we have already praised it in these columns. The story of "Sapho" is pretty well known now, it is the story of a young man's infatuation for a file, and in the central circumstances is like "Camille"; but Dumas had not the boldness, to use a euphuism, of Daudet, despite the fact that the latter dedicates his book "to my sons when they shall be twenty years old." However, readers of modern French novels will not be shocked. The book is really very beautiful; the type is Elzevir; the paper (uncut and with wide margins) is of the best, and all through the pages are scattered charming little vignettes. These seem to be process reproductions of wash and sepia sketches by Rossi, Mybach, and others, and are of a high order of artistic merit. Published by C. Marpon and E. Flammarion, Paris; for sale by John Delay, 23 Union Square, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that the author of a very successful book of poems—James Jeffreys Roche—and Miss Louise Imogene Guiney are to be married. They are both Bostonians, both charming people, and both clever.

Mr. Frederick A. Stokes has purchased all the properties and good will of the publishing firm of White, Stokes & Allen, and proposes to continue their excellent work. He announces that he has many new books in preparation.

Energetic efforts are being made to raise funds for the Balzac monument at Tours. M. Zola and M. Clovis-Hugues will lecture for its benefit, and M. Claretie will give for the same object a special performance at the Théâtre Français.

It is the opinion of the *The Pall Mall Gazette* that Lord Lytton will now, since the publication of Miss Devey's biography of his mother, feel himself compelled by public opinion to produce his father's side of the story of matrimonial infelicity. Such a publication would probably do nothing more than convince the public of the truth of what it already believes—that both Bulwer and his wife had tempers difficult to get on with.

It is said that of a certain cheap edition of Rider Haggard's "She" fifty thousand copies have been sold in this country. With this estimate as a guide, it becomes clear that, putting all the editions together, several hundred thousand copies, bound and unbound, must have been sold in the United States. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Haggard's royalties from America have as yet amounted to only about sixty-five dollars.

A Sunday paper is to be started in a week or two by the Bacheller syndicate. Mr. Bacheller argues very justly that as he has good matter, literary and news, and that it is not used to any extent by the metropolitan press, there is no reason why he should not utilize it and make a first-class family paper in New York. As Mr. Bacheller has to buy the matter anyway, the expenses of the new paper will not be very large, except for paper and press-work.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, wife of the novelist, has written her first individual story, which will be published in the June number of Scribner's Magazine. It will be remembered that Mrs. Stevenson collaborated with her husband in writing "The Dynamiters," but up to this time she has never appeared before the public as a writer over her own signature. The story, which is a short one, is entitled "Miss Pringle's Neighbors." Mrs. Stevenson is a San Francisco lady.

Mr. William Lee, of the well-known publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, has just passed the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the book trade. But one publishing house of note remains in Boston of those which were in existence when Mr. Lee joined the firm of Phillips & Sampson, under whose imprint was issued the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Lee's partners were connected with the house of John P. Jewett & Co., the publishers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but both the Phillips and the Jewett business were wound up before the partnership of Lee & Shepard was formed.

Nearly every one in New York has heard of "Back Number" Budd, who puts away every day fifty copies of each New York newspaper to sell them to customers years hence at five hundred to five thousand per cent. profit. It is reported that he once received seven hundred dollars for a single newspaper. Recently he was called upon by some Kansas men, among whom was Senator Ingalls, who asked his assistance in procuring a complete file of the *Leavenworth Journal* for the two years that it was under the management of John Henderson, during the agitation that resulted in the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention and the establishing of Kansas as a free State. The file was desired for the Kansas Historical Society, and they were willing to pay ten thousand dollars for it.

Few of us are aware of the extent to which American authors are represented in England in the collections vaguely corresponding to the "Seaside Library." A recent number of the *Athenaeum* contained a full-page advertisement of one firm publishing several "Popular Series of Standard Books." The first of these was the "Royal Library of Choice Books by Famous Authors," one hundred and one volumes, of which nearly twenty were of American origin. A second series of the same publishers is "The People's Standard Library of English Classics," in ninety-seven volumes, of which eighteen were written by Americans. The third of their series is a "Popular Library of Literary Treasures" (at three-pence each); this extends to some twenty-five numbers, of which five are by Emerson and Longfellow.

The excellence of the American short story is frankly acknowledged by what is the highest critical authority among English periodicals, the *London Spectator*. It declares that in the art of writing short stories, American authors are greater proficient than their English rivals, and it adds: "No English writer, for example, has produced a series of tales brief enough to be read in one short sitting, which are at all comparable in some of the highest artistic qualities, to Hawthorne's 'Twice-told Tales' and 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' or to Edgar Poe's 'Tales of Mystery and Imagination'; and though of course, Hawthorne and Poe were men of quite exceptional genius, who cannot perhaps be fairly counted, no intelligent reader of the lighter American and English magazines, in which short stories are numerous, can fail to feel how much more original in theme and more aristocratic in treatment is such work in the former than in the latter."

Thackeray alone among eminent novelists wholly escaped unauthorized translation to the stage. The monthly issues of Dickens's works were constantly adapted as stage plays before the story was concluded, and it is rather surprising that no one was ready to "finish" for the theatre the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Trollope, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade have all been selected by the discerning pirate, though the author of "Never to Late to Mend" gained a memorable victory in the law courts by his superior forethought and ingenuity. Lady novelists have been the objects of similar bold attentions. The late Mrs. Henry Wood benefited nothing by the fifty thousand pounds said to have been netted, after all expenses, by the numerous adapters of "East Lynne," while "the lady who writes under the name of Ouida" complains bitterly, not only of the shameless robbery of her stories, but of the scandalous caricature of her glowing conceptions.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* at last announces the result of its competition in regard to the best novels. "We did not," it says, "expressly limit the competition to English novels, but our readers have been patriotic, and hardly a single foreign book appears in the lists. The result may be taken, therefore, as embodying the current opinion of the day on English novels and novelists: 1. The best historical novel, Scott, 'Ivanhoe.' 2. The best humorous novel, Dickens, 'Pickwick.' 3. The most imaginative novel, Rider Haggard, 'She.' 4. The best novel with a purpose, Charles Reade, 'Never too Late to Mend.' 5. The best tale of seafaring life, Marryat, 'Midshipman Easy.' 6. The best tale of country life, George Eliot, 'Adam Bede.' 7. The best sensational novel, Wilkie Collins, 'Woman in White.' 8. The best tale for boys, Defoe, 'Robinson Crusoe.' 9. The best Irish novel, Lever, 'Charles O'Malley.' 10. The best Scotch novel, Scott, 'The Heart of Midlothian.' 11. The best novel of all, Thackeray, 'Vanity Fair.'"

The most genial of correspondents is Dr. Holmes. He responds with a cordiality in the tone of his letter that makes you at once feel a liking for the man. Whittier regards humanity at large as his friends, and he freely uses the address of "Dear Friend" in his letters to all. Lowell, on the other hand, is cold, distant and reserved. Francis Parkman, the historian, is likewise cautious and dignified, employing only the word "Sir," while Bancroft is cordial and polite. Mr. Howells frequently dashes off a note forgetting any complimentary address at all. Aldrich is never warm, but always polite. The poet Steadman employs the pen of his son in answering miscellaneous letters. George William Curtis is the pink of politeness in his correspondence, and rarely fails of a cordial word at the end of his letters. Charles Dudley Warner writes easily and always cordially. George W. Cable's self-importance reflects itself in his letters. Walt Whitman ignores strangers' letters, and answers only those of his friends, and even these sparingly. Mark Twain's letters are free in expression, often tinged with a quiet humor, but he does not show a warmth in his style. John Burroughs is pleasing and courteous, friendly and dignified at turns, but always the gentleman. "Bob" Burdette is unconventional and full of geniality in his letters; dignity is not a word in his vocabulary. Edward Eggleston is only lukewarm, and invariably uses the prefix "Dear Sir," and the affix "Yours truly." Joaquin Miller unstintingly sends his "kind regards" and "My love to you all" to those to whom he writes.

Mr. Rider Haggard sends a strong letter to the *Times* stating the case as between himself and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The charge which that paper brought against him—of plagiarizing "She" from Moore's "Epicurean," or from the poem "Alciphron"—has been abandoned. But how has it been abandoned? asks Mr. Haggard; and answers thus: "In a paragraph under the head of 'Literary and Art Notes,' etc., the journal which has headed the hunt against me prints my denial and states that 'such parallel passages as exist in the two books are an instance, it is now settled, not of imitation but of literary coincidence.' How many people, I ask, who have been impressed with the pomp and circumstance of the leading articles, the sensationally headed paragraphs, and all the loud artillery of advertised attack, will be likely to become acquainted with this modest withdrawal?" Very few, thinks Mr. Rider Haggard; and therefore repeats his denial in a journal where assertion and denial may be said alike to count for something. The *Pall Mall Gazette* started this campaign against Mr. Haggard as a sensation; worked it as a sensation; printed article after article; made and repeated its elaborate accusation when it knew that Mr. Haggard was in Egypt; suppressed the answer of his brother for twelve days, then printed it with an abusive note; finally acknowledged itself wrong in the modest manner which Mr. Haggard describes. Throughout the business it showed as much consideration for Mr. Haggard's rights and feelings as Majendie showed for the feelings of the rabbit he was dissecting alive for the amusement of his students. Mr. Haggard and his friends, like the rabbit, took the matter too seriously. No author likes being accused of plagiarism, but Mr. Haggard should consider how much worse his plight would have been had he been accused by a serious paper and defended by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That journal answers him in its own way, garbles his letter, calls him a bad letter-writer, wants to know what his grievance is, and winds up by declaring that Mr. Haggard ought to be grateful.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Satire is sometimes deserved. A French maid of honor, at the Court of Louis XIII., asked a certain marshal to marry her. "You are the silliest man at Court," said she, on his refusal. "Excuse me," was the witty but bitter reply, "I think I have just proved the contrary."

A would-be wit of Paris, with more assurance than brains, offered to introduce a young nobleman of the provinces to a lady of high rank. "Allow me, madame," said he, "to present to you the Marquis de Tierceville, who is not such a fool as he looks." "Madame," replied the Marquis, "that is precisely the difference between my friend and me."

Mahony, the Irish wit, known as "Father Prout," once called on a literary lady, whom he found conversing with a gentleman whose manners indicated his familiarity with good society, but whose apparel betrayed slovenliness. "Did you not notice his well-bred ease and courtly tone?" asked the lady of Mahony, after the gentleman had left the room. "Yes," growled the cynical wit; "your friend can well afford to put some polish in his manner, for he keeps none for his boots."

Two old retired West Pointers were at a dinner in Washington recently. During the progress of the speeches and songs, "The Volunteers" was proposed by a gentleman who had achieved distinction in the volunteer army. "What is proposed?" inquired one of the old regulars of the other. "We are asked to drink to the volunteers," was the response. "Well," replied the first speaker, "we of the regular army can drink that. The volunteers helped us out a good deal."

The only practical joke in which Richard Harris Barham (better known by his *nom de plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby) ever personally engaged was enacted when he was a boy at Canterbury. He entered a Quakers' meeting-house, held up a penny tart and said, solemnly: "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab-colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way, and." "The pie is yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, placing it before the astounded speaker and hastily effecting his escape.

An old New York dry-goods auction merchant, who resided in Jersey, crossed Cortlandt Street Ferry morning and night. One morning as he was coming over he noticed that one of the best customers of his house slipped through without paying. On his arrival at the store he told his auctioneer not to receive a bid from such a man. The latter observed: "Why, I thought he was good!" "So did I, but I have changed my mind; I will not trust him a dollar." Not long after the merchant failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar.

Macready was once playing "The Gamester" with the stock company of a provincial theatre. One of the characters, after giving a description of his ruin by gambling, is asked by Beverly how his ruin had been accomplished. He replies: "They misled me," to which the gamester answers, "They misled me, too," and thereby makes one of his most telling points. The country actor, an illiterate fellow, gave the word phonetically, saying, "they mizzled me." Macready stared at him for an instant, and then fell into his chair, gravely repeating, in tragic tones, "They mizzled me, too."

Sydney Smith said of Macaulay: "He is a book in breeches. He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies may have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much, but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful." Sydney Smith said at another time of Macaulay that "he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop." Again: "I wish I were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything." To some one who said "Whewell's forte is science." "Yes," said Sydney Smith, "and his foible is omniscience."

A lady went into one of the fashionable Boston shops recently to buy a wrap, and, in course of her search for the right thing, picked up from the counter a cloth jacket, the color of which greatly pleased her. It was dark red, but heavily braided, and to her taste it would have looked better without the elaborate trimming. Holding it up to inspect its peculiar cut, she said to the attendant, "I should like this one. It is very handsome, except for all that common passmenterie on the front." "Excuse me, madame," said a voice behind her, in haughty tones, "Excuse me, that is my jacket, which I've just laid off, to try on another!"

S. S. Merrill, the manager of the Milwaukee road, who died lately, had a trick of knowing personally all the employees on his road. He was loath to permit a man to remain in the service if he was unacquainted with him. When he came to make his California trip, a short time before his death, he called his lieutenants around him to give them final instructions. At last he asked them: "Is there anything more to be looked after?" "Hub" Atkins saw the opportunity for a joke on the old man's weakness and accepted it. "Well, Mr. Merrill," he said, "there's a new brakeman on the H. and D. Division that you ought to know before you leave."

A missionary among the Indians of British Columbia took especial pains to instruct a class of young braves as to the dreadfulness of the crime of murder, and to point out just what was meant by the commandment forbidding it. To test their comprehension of what he said, he asked all those who had committed murder to stand up. Only three arose. He was very much surprised, as he knew they had all been on the war-path repeatedly and boasted of their scalps. He went over the explanation once more, and again asked them to rise. The same three came to their feet. "Why, surely," he said, "this can't be all who have committed murder." After a moment's reflection, "Will all those who have tomahawked their mothers-in-law please stand up?" Nineteen arose.

Colonel Tom Worthington, a West Point officer who commanded an Ohio regiment during the earlier part of the Rebellion, was dismissed from the service for alleged disobedience of orders at the battle of Shiloh. Seeking redress, he went to Washington, and in that city spent every winter until he died. Constantly begging to be reinstated in the service, he bored President Lincoln almost to death. One day he called General Tom Ewing out of the House of Representatives and said to him: "Lincoln's a fool!" "What makes you think so?" asked Ewing. "Read this note," said Worthington, pulling a paper from his pocket. The letter was dated at the Executive Mansion, and read as follows: "I have several times informed Mr. Worthington, verbally, that he was unfit to be a colonel, and now, at his request, I put it in writing. A. LINCOLN."

When General B. F. Butler was a member of Congress, he and Mr. Randall were frequently pitted against each other. At one point of the famous deadlock over the civil rights bill, when Randall was managing the Democratic side as usual, Butler, who favored holding a session on Sunday, went over to Randall's desk to arrange for it. Randall would not agree to the proposition. "Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said he, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day." "Oh, pshaw!" replied Butler; "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath-day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of the House that I want to get out of this ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work." "Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall; "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world." "You'll be there, as you are here," retorted Butler, "a Member of the Lower House."

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THE EDITOR'S DAY.

How it is made Pleasant by Benevolent People.

In the radiant atmospheres in which editors dwell it would seem, to the casual reader, impossible for anything to occur to disturb their serenity. Yet there are moments when an editor almost wishes that he had never learned the business, or that he had died when he was an apprentice. Several times each day he will utter words that are only expressed in print by a long horizontal mark. People who visit him during business hours, and give him ten-cent cigars, imagine that they break the monotony of his life by their cheerful presence. They think nobody else has called on him all day, not noticing the procession halting just outside the door waiting for a hack at him. It is an undoubted fact that the editor has several visitors each day. About nine hundred of them send up their cards, but only about three hundred see him personally. From early morning, just after the whistle blows, when the editor, refreshed by slumber, gets his apron on and begins to mould public opinion, until he quits work at night, there is a constant stream of people who must see him. They stand and sit around, fall asleep in corners, put their wet umbrellas into the Persian vases, and whittle the rosewood furniture to pieces while they wait.

Early in the day come the people whose names have been misspelt in the morning's issue or who want to explain they are not the people mentioned. The saloon-keeper in whose place it was reported a fight occurred wants to have it denied in "double leads" on the editorial page. The actor gets in about 10 o'clock wanting a notice, a woman wants to put in an advertisement for a servant, and is told to go to the business office, and a man comes along with a big advertising scheme which he wants the paper to go into. Another has a long tale of distress and is told to sit down at the reporters' table and write it out for publication. He sits down and writes laboriously all the forenoon, using dozens of sheets of paper, comes back after dinner and writes still more, and goes away confident of seeing the front page covered with his story in the morning. Then there is the man who has a big egg or a mammoth ear of corn to show the editor. After him, at about 12 o'clock, "Pro Bono Publico" comes in with his communication about the way the boys upset ash-barrels in his neighborhood. This communication is about twenty-seven pages in length, and he brings it himself because he will not trust the mails. He insists on reading it to the editor in order to be sure it is punctuated correctly. "Pro Bono" has been writing to the papers for many, many years and is thoroughly familiar with the handling of every question, from the tariff to the English sparrow. "Old Observer" and "Veritas" are liable to drop in at any time during the afternoon as well as "Justice," "Fair Play," and "Old Subscriber," but the office boy knows them and puts them upon the horse editor and the funny paragraph fiend. It is when that most ancient and crumbly of all the haunting crew, "Fiat Justitia," comes floating in that the editor's brow contracts with a dark and lurid frown. "Fiat" wears rusty black clothes and a big choker, has a quire of closely written paper under his arm, and his Benevolent Cellini whiskers stick out straight with pride as he treads the well-worn and familiar path to the editorial "sanctum." It is always called a sanctum by everybody outside of a newspaper office.

His trousers bag at the knees from sitting around waiting his chance at editors. He knows all the ins and outs; you can't fool him; he will see the editor or lose a leg. He seats himself directly in front of the editor's ear, looking right down into its depths, and pours therein the principal points in his twelve-column letter on the Electoral Commission or the Interstate Commerce bill.

Then comes the woman who wants to write society letters from Detroit, or articles on the new kind of embroidery for pug-dog blankets. She is followed by the seedy clerical-looking man who has a new form of "prayer for rain" adapted to this climate, and who borrows ten cents from the blonde, four-eyed assistant editor. There are perpetual-motion and flying-machine cranks, and dozens of people who come on charitable errands, women with boys whom they want to make reporters or artists of, as they are good for nothing else. They show specimens of the boy's artistic skill that make the editor weep tears of joy.

Then the man comes along who wants to write articles on English politics. He knows all the dukes and lords, mentions them by their front names, and shows a profound knowledge of Gladstone's private thoughts. He tells all this to the elevator-boy as they go up to the eleventh floor, where he does not see the editor after all.

About this time the "Major" blows in. He is anxious, very anxious to see the editor personally on private matters. He is a shabby old bird, with a sort of there's-no-run-in-last-year's-bottle look about him, and he brings his breath right in and stands it up in the office, which soon has the aroma of a distillery in full blast. He is an old "journalist," wedded to journalism, used to work on the Punkville Disaster fifty-eight years ago, and he tells you stories about George D. Prentice, and attempts to recall to your mind some brilliant Richmond Whig genius of the past who wrestled with delirium tremens and died in the forties. Finally, he gently taps the editor for a quarter, and goes out with an effusive smile.

Then there is a man who is going to bring a libel suit, and the editor has to stop work for awhile and call him a horse-thief, ballot-box stuffer, jury fixer and liar, and, maybe, lick him besides. While he is resting, a man comes in who wants to kill all the cockroaches in the office with his new Peruvian Insect Powder, for a notice of it in the paper. He is surprised to hear that we can not get along without our cockroaches, and he sneaks out with an injured air to make room for a poet, who wants a job as poetical advertisement writer. He has been dabbling in poetry so long that he can make an "ad." of a job lot sale of flannel shirts read like one of Tennyson's Jubilee odes.

Then, with a scent of roses that fills the dingy room, bringing sunlight with her in her timid smile, abashed at her boldness and sorry that she has actually got there, comes the "girl after advice." There are dozens of her, asking the puzzled editor all manner of questions. There is no frown on his heated brow now. With a large smile of welcome, he throws the exchanges out of the only chair, and waves her to it. Then he knocks off work for an hour; gives orders to the boy to say he is out getting shaved, and listens with sincere, tender, almost fatherly interest as she tells how her "young man" is running with another girl, and wants to know what she should do. Out of the depths of his varied experience he gives her points that fetch the young man around so quickly that the next thing he knows is the invitation

to the wedding. Then another spark of sunshine. It is the old friend who sails in and takes him by the collar and lugs him out, and makes him all unwillingly "strike the harp gently" two or three times at the hotel bar, bringing him back safely and never borrows a cent.

About five o'clock the man with the patent fire-extinguisher comes to show the editor its inmost workings. He gets all the assistant editors and reporters out in the hall, and proceeds to explain its mechanism. They are so interested in it and convinced of its utility, that they call out the chief editor just in time to see the thing explode and cover everybody with water, marble dust, and profanity. The latter end of the extinguisher man is worse than the first, and he is dragged out of the wreck and thrown down the elevator shaft as the editor puts on his coat. He goes out, and the army of cranks who have waited all day outside never notice the modest man as he passes them, or realize that he is the mighty power they have yearned to dally with, as he counts his change and jumps into a car.—New York World.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Israel.

When by fabled patriarch waited
To learn on the morrow his doom,
And his dubious spirit debated
In darkness and silence and gloom,
There descended a Being with whom
He wrestled in agony sore,
With striving of heart and of brawn,
And not for an instant forebore
Till the East gave a threat of the dawn;
And then, as the awful One bled him,
To his lips and his spirit there came,
Compelled by the doubts that oppressed him,
The cry that through questioning ages
Has been wrung from the hands and the sages,
"Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name!"

Most fatal, most futile of questions!
Wherever the heart of man beats,
In the spirit's most sacred retreats,
It comes with its sombre suggestions,
Unanswered forever and aye.
The blessing may come and may stay,
For the wrestler's heroic endeavor,
But the question, unheeded forever,
Dies out in the broadening day.

In the ages before our traditions,
By the altars of dark superstitions,
The imperious question has come:
When the death-stricken victim lay sobbing
At the feet of his slayer and priest,
And his heart was laid, smoking and throbbing,
To the sound of the cymbal and drum,
On the steps of the high Tocalis:
When the devotee Greek, at his least,
Poured forth the red wine from his chalice
With mocking and cynical prayer;
When by Nile, Egypt worshipping lay
And afar, through the rosy, flushed air
The Memnon called out to the day;
Where the Muezzin's cry floats from his spire;
In the vaulted Cathedral dim shades,
Where the crushed hearts of thousands aspire
Through art's highest miracles higher,
This question of questions invades
Each heart bowed in worship or shame;
In the air where the censers are swinging
A voice, going up with the singing,
Cries: "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name!"

No answer came back, not a word,
To the patriarch there by the ford;
No answer has come through the ages
To the poets, the seers, and the sages,
Who have sought in the secrets of science
The name and the nature of God,
Whether cursing in desperate defiance
Or kissing the absolute redoubt—
But the answer which was and shall be,
"My name! nay, what is it to thee?"
The search and the question are vain.
By use of the strength that is in you,
By wrestling of soul and of sinew
The blessing of God you may gain.
There are lights in the far-gleaming heaven
That never will shine on our eyes,
To mortals 'twill never be given
To range those inviolate skies.
The mind whether praying or scorning
That tempts those dread secrets shall fail,
But strive through the night till the morning
And mightily shalt thou prevail.

—John Hay in May Century.

If.

If he had known that when her proud, fair face
Turned from him calm and slow,
Beneath its cold indifference had place
A passionate, deep woe.

If he had known that when her hand lay still,
Pulseless so near his own,
It was because pain's bitter, bitter chill
Changed her to very stone.

If he had known that she had borne so much
For sake of the sweet past,
That mere despair said, "This cold look and touch
Must be the cruel last."

If he had known her eyes so cold and bright,
Watching the sunset's red,
Held back within their depths of purple light
A storm of tears unsheathed.

If he had known the keenly barbed jest
With such hard lightness thrown
Cut through the hot, proud heart within her breast
Before it pierced his own.

If she had known that when her calm glance swept
Him as she passed him by
His blood was fire, his pulses madly leapt
Beneath her careless eye.

If she had known that when he touched her hand
And felt it still and cold,
There closed round his writhing heart the iron band
Of misery untold.

If she had known that when her laughter rang
In scorn of sweet past days
His very soul shook with a deadly pang
Before her light dispraise.

If she had known that every poisoned dart—
That each sunk to the depths of his man's heart
And drew the burning blood.

If she had known that when in the wide west
The sun sank gold and red
He whispered bitterly, "'Tis like the rest;
The warmth and light have fled."

If she had known the longing and the pain,
If she had only guessed—
One look—one word—and she perhaps had lain
Silent upon his breast.

If she had known how oft when their eyes met
And his so fiercely shone,
But for man's shame and pride they had been wet—
Ah! if she had but known!

If they had known the wastes lost love must cross—
The wastes of unlit lands—
If they had known what seas of salt tears toss
Between the barren strands.

If they had known how lost love prays for death
And makes low, ceaseless moan,
Yet never fails his sad, sweet, wearying breath—
Ah! if they had but known.

—Frances Hodgson Burnett in May Century.

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Now and then the good Lord puts a beautiful woman upon the earth. He does not do it often, but he keeps enough of them in circulation to uphold the traditions, and to teach us the singular sway the rare gift holds upon the sense of men. A beautiful woman does not need many brains behind her bright eyes. Her pathway is made for her; she rarely learns much of the difficulty of life, unless she is an out-and-out fool, and then it does not hurt her very much, for the fool's capacity for suffering is not great.

If she is plain, average, rational, sensible beauty—and women's wits are sharpened very early nowadays, she need never walk in anything but pleasant places—difficulties part before her as the Red Sea parted before the Israelites. For beauty has ever a soothing effect, and moves the hardest to think and to do pleasant things.

We are taught early *nous autres*, by our monitors, our copy-books, and our progenitors that it is only skin-deep; that its glory passeth as that of a flower; that it is a trifle not worth considering, and as much more humbug of the kind as they can cram into our poor little moral stomachs.

These lessons all lie there heavily enough, but they never digest, and, so soon as we have attained our moral majority, up they come, together with much other trash, which has lain there awaiting enfranchisement.

As for the beautiful women, we admire many of them, for there is always discussion; love some of them, and a beautiful woman who is lovable, is lovable indeed, and we envy them all.

And why not? It is not a green and wicked envy. It is not a sin. It is just a little inward pang called envy, for lack of a more fitting name, that is as natural as breath when we see the world pass us by to pay homage to the silver skin, the shining hair, the clear-cut features, and the brilliant eyes of the woman whose dower is beauty.

When, therefore, a woman arises who has a nose too long, protruding teeth, an ill-formed upper lip—and the upper lip is the very initial letter of the face—and what not more besides that is not written in the book of beauty, and compels a world to her feet, there is a sort of silent triumph in it difficult to explain for the unfavored majority of her sex.

Her secret is not written in the toilet-books, nor known to the mixers of herbs and unguents, nor due to marvelous creatures in French ateliers.

It burns in the breast, a transfiguring, quenchless, deathless flame, and its name is genius.

Sarah Bernhardt is as difficult to imagine as she is to describe, and we none of us knew exactly what we expected. And she affected all who had not seen her most unanimously, in that she was exactly different to what every one had expected.

Perhaps the most general impression was that she was a sort of compromise between Cleopatra and a wildcat. If she had taken a panther-spring through Vladimir's portières and landed directly in the centre of the stage just on a line with the bridge of Charlie Schultz's nose, we should all have taken it for granted. If she had turned a flip-flop through the open window and landed in one of her graceful heaps on the sofa, she might have taken us just a little by surprise. But, when she came gliding in like a lady, and asked or Vladimir in just the softest, sweetest voice that ever cooed a loved one's name, she routed us, horse, foot, and dragons. We had thought of Sarah as a storm, a whirlwind, a fury, a long-sweeping swish of draperies, writhing across the stage with snake-like grace, as a fury rearing herself like a pythoness, and jehing people with hair-pins. In Fédora as the impetuous Russian whom you need not scratch deep to find the Tartar's skin, in Camille as the hardened *cocotte* with a passionate intensity of manner, in Adrienne as the dashing and impertinent queen of the *coulisses*.

We had thought of her as anything and everything but what she is.

Even her much-photographed face is different. The hard lines are there if you care to seek them out—the long jaw-bone, the long, narrow chin, the long, narrow eyes, the long, thin nose. But they and the Semitic type, which the photograph brings out so strongly, disappear utterly under the play of expression—and, like all geniuses, she belongs to no time, no race, no country, no people.

She is something quite apart, and by herself. There is a curious feline grace in her movements. When that plump and pleasing person, the Vallou, moves, though she is corsetted to the last extremity, there is a quiver of flesh with each step.

When Sarah moves there is a quiver of muscle. That strange suggestion of sleeping strength, which one watches with a fascination in the shoulders and

flanks of the leopard, the tiger, the panther, quivers through the laces and embroideries of Sarah's wonderful draperies. She is so curious a person in herself, so distinct, so *bizarre*, so weighted with reputation, that for the first few moments she is simply a curiosity.

When it is at last borne in upon us that upon the stage she is one of the softest, gentlest, most caressing of women, it seems impossible that she can really be Sarah Bernhardt.

All the world has heard much of the golden voice, but a voice is a thing impossible to describe, and it is only when you fall under the spell of its wonderful modulations that its fame comes back to you, and you remember all the beautiful things that have been said of it. The climate has laid its inevitable grip upon her throat, but its sounds are still molten music.

By the time all these little things were borne in upon us, Sarah had the character pretty well under her hand, and the spell of her art was upon us.

She ceased to be Sarah, and was Fédora, Camille, or Adrienne, according to the passing night.

Her Fédora is a grande dame, and a very Russian, with her strong loves, her strong hates, her strong appetite for revenge, and yet as smooth as oil in her manner as the grande dame of the Parisian world, whom the Russian slavishly copies.

Her Camille is a very *dame aux camélias*, a woman of the upper *demi-monde*, who gives little thought to any other world, does not, indeed, seem to know that there exists another, until the interview with Armand's father forces it upon her. She takes the changes and incidents of her peculiar life quite as a matter of course. She weeps bitterly in the interview with Armand's father; weeps till her nose is as red as a beet, and her eyes are as pink as her pretty muslin dress. But she has none of those hysterical bursts of virtuous yearning in this scene that distinguished other Camilles.

Her troubles are her own, and belong to her own world, and she does not think any more of any other than we think of the domestic machinery of the Duke of Cambridge. By some light artistic touch she places its ineffaceable seal upon herself, and plays her life-drama out without further thought.

As Adrienne—ah, well, why not tell the truth, even if it is Sarah Bernhardt we are talking about? As Adrienne she was, through three acts, a distinct disappointment. It was pretty, sweet, plaintive, and all that, but it was monotonous, toneless, and lackadaisical.

Adrienne was a person of some spirit, as we found out later; but it took strong passion to rouse her. M. Maurice de Saxe, who was all too well versed in the ways of women, would soon have been cloyed with such sweetness as that of the green-room scene. He liked better the arch and merry Adrienne whom we all know, who carried this current of warm feeling under a merry front. But into what a fury jealousy strung this all too gentle creature. Even that most self-contained person, the Princesse de Bouillon, must have shivered just a little under the classic invective of the great actress; for we, poor, commonplace mortals in front, had a most delicious set of creeps up our hack.

But these were not a circumstance to the creeps that crept when she began to die. At the present writing, Sarah has died in three several ways:

In Fédora, her death was short, violent, dramatic, Russian.

In Camille, when the pain had passed away, she dropped asleep upon her lover's breast as peacefully as a baby.

In Adrienne, the struggle of the strong, stricken woman, young, lovely, and beloved, yearning for life, and wrestling, literally, with death as her rival's subtle poison crept, inch by inch, through her veins, was a terribly realistic picture.

Every one felt as helpless as the impassive De Saxe himself, and wondered vaguely why something could not be done. She is so real, so unaffected, so true to nature, this Sarah the actress. She never seems to give any thought to anything. It all comes as naturally as breath, and nature is such a wonderful thing in these days.

One must watch her closely, for she does a hundred, ten hundred pretty things, particularly in "La Dame aux Camélias," which, worn as this dreadful play is, is by all odds the most wonderful feature thus far of her engagement.

It is so different in French, however, it belongs so absolutely to the French world, that in the French form it altogether loses its English heaviness and nastiness. Furthermore, these Frenchmen have a knack at play-mourning, such a knowledge of the significance of trifles, that there is an absolute newness and freshness in it.

It is not by any means a wonderful company.

Mlle. Jeanne Malvau is crisp and intelligent, and has an undoubted knack at getting all the meat out of a French *mot*. She has a most beautiful figure, wears good clothes and wears them well, and has been playing *femmes du monde* with much fitness.

M. Philippe Granier has a nose and chin cut in the finest mould, a well-set, well-shaped head, the width between the eyes which denotes the intelligent, artistic temperament, and an air of gentle melancholy. But he is as stiff as the last icicle which is perched upon the pinnacle of the North Pole, as impassive and unyielding as the Sphinx of Egypt. Sarah may launch herself upon his breast with any one of those

plaintive cries of hers. Have you noticed the long gamut of them? The heart-break when she throws herself upon the body of Vladimir; the rapture of her greetings; the infinite content which can not express itself in articulate speech in her meeting with Armand in the chamber of death; the long wail of hope and despair with which she falls upon the breast of De Saxe when she knows that death is sure.

Granier receives them all with unblenched front. It is only when he receives a letter, that he emerges from his impenetrable calm. M. Granier can receive a sheet of blank paper with more volcanic effect than another man takes a death-blow, and rises to force till the house howls with delight.

Then there is M. Lacroix, who was so awfully bad as Armand père and so deliciously good as Michonnet the prompter, and M. Angelo, cool, quiet, and correct, and Mlle. Vallou, with her marvelous toilets and her wonderful diamonds, and the others all good enough in their way, for when they have not much talent they have the capacity for taking pains, and that counts for so very much. The stage, by the way, is atrociously set, and the luxuriously furnished *petite maison* of the Duclos was an ironical joke. Sarah, however, is not accustomed to luxurious settings in the house of Molière, and, after all, the tables and chairs do not count for much when the soft-voiced Sarah is on the stage.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Camille is not once called Camille in the French play, but always Marguerite.

A number of the National Opera Company came up for a night to see the great French actress.

At the Bush Street Theatre "The Rag Baby" is not yet half worn out, and nightly crowds the house.

Dion Buicault and his present wife, Miss Louise Thorndyke, will come out here in June to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Sarah, like most geniuses, is a good feeder. It is only when genius verges upon insanity that its possessor ceases to eat well.

The Bernhardt is said to be delighted with the curved plumpness that has come upon her in the past three years, and does not cast one sigh back to her much-advertised bones.

Marcus M. Henry accompanied the National Opera Company for some distance on their departure from here, and would have gone down to Los Angeles with them in accordance with an invitation, if his local engagements had permitted.

"Harbor Lights," a most thrilling melodrama which has been the sensation of London for a year, and of New York for a month, has been produced with most extraordinary success at the Alcazar. It is admirably mounted, considering the size of the stage, and Miss Brandon has leaped at a bound into the ranks of professional beauty and professional excellence.

Mlle. Vallou comes to San Francisco for the third time, hence the little reception which always greets her. The Parisian actor is so thoroughly not a traveler that, in making up a company for America, it is only easy to induce such of them to come as have once crossed the Atlantic. No Latin ever becomes used to the sea or likes it, but those who have discovered that they can get French cooking, combined with American salaries, are only too glad to repeat the trip.

Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the contralto of the National Opera Company, has brought suit in a New York court to recover \$727, the amount of two checks drawn on the company and endorsed by Mrs. Thurber, which the singer deposited in a New York bank before coming to this city, and which have since been dishonored. Mrs. Davis's lawyers tried to collect of Mr. Thurber, but he referred them to his wife, saying he was tired of the whole business.

It would be much better for the success of the Baldwin balcony if the prices in that region could be lowered. The proud aristocrat is not willing to pay down-stairs prices for the privilege of sitting in an unfashionable quarter. Meanwhile, thrifty French people, who are starving to see Bernhardt at popular prices, are obliged to stop at home and yearn, while the seats remain empty. It is only upon extraordinary first-nights that the front row of the balcony, at advanced prices, is ever filled.

A batch of tourists, awed by the prices at the theatre, nightly take up their station in a row outside Sarah Bernhardt's room to get a free view of her on her way to the theatre. They are comforted by seeing a long girdled sealskin rush by, surmounted by a peek-a-boo bonnet. A long scarf of Spanish lace is wound about Sarah's face, which hides everything but her bang and her eyes. She always carries a small nondescript dog which is muffled as much as she. The tourists go away quite happy, and firmly convinced that they have seen the divine Sarah.

Sarah is reputed to have no less than one hundred wraps of various designs in her wardrobe. They are a specialty with her, as are her negligees on the stage, and off the stage they are a necessity. She is a cold, shivering kind of a creature, and has a plush wrap lined with angora fur for July—not a cold, arctic, San Francisco July, but a plain, average Eastern July. It is her custom not to change her toilet after the last act, but to be swathed in blankets and furs and carried to her coach like a mummy, while she is still warm with excitement and emotion. Cold is her pet aversion.

Madame Patti has been giving her views of Italian, as compared with German opera. She does not think Italian opera is declining, "but," she says, "the trouble is that there is nobody to sing Italian music nowadays except myself. Wait until another Albani, another Grisi or—if I may say so—another Patti comes, and then the Italian opera will blossom again like the rose. The German opera is great, I know. I love Wagner, although he never did forgive me for refusing to sing his music. But I could not do it. I have too great a regard for my poor little throat to subject it to such a strain. I really pity the German sopranos who have to sing such music. I like some of Wagner's operas—the 'Meistersinger,' 'Lohen-

grin,' and 'Tannhäuser' for instance. 'Tristan and Isolde' is a bore to me. There is not a bit of sustained melody in it."

Marcus Mayer never comes this way that he doesn't bring something good, something that every one wants to see. He is a reversal of the tradition that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and his townsmen are anxious to pay him the compliment of a benefit during his present visit, in order to give him some tangible recognition of his efforts to keep San Francisco in the van of civilization. The benefit will take place next Wednesday afternoon, and Bernhardt will play "Fédora." There ought to be and will be a crowded house.

Little Millie Hirschfeld has been listened to in Paris by Madame Marchesi, Gounod, and Muzio the great director and bosom friend of Verdi. All predict for her a wonderful career if she will delay the commencement of her studies a short time, as they consider her to be yet too young to be physically fit for the rigors of study. Marchesi has volunteered to take charge of her musical education if the parents of the child are willing to wait till what she considers to be the proper time has arrived, and the musical world of Paris seems to be persuaded that the little Californian will be the successor of Patti. Patti has been her Parisian sponsor, and introduced her to these celebrities.

It is one of the standing witticisms of the day to jest your neighbor about his knowledge of French. As a matter of fact Mrs. Mills, Mme. Zeitska, the High School, and the French teachers about town, who are as numerous as the hairs of the head, have been turning out finished French pupils for so long, that any woman born here any time within the last thirty-five years, who has not understood Sarah and her company, ought to be ashamed of herself. As for their husbands and brothers, have they not served their terms at the French restaurants? On the opening night the Americans were as four to one. On Adrienne's night the Frenchmen were four to one. Yet Sarah, who has recovered from her Chicago wound, was more than satisfied with the salvos of the first night.

Richard Mansfield, whose Baron Cheriol will be remembered, has made a great success of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was produced in Boston last week. The play follows the book closely, but a female character has been introduced to impart the sentimental element which is so noticeably wanting in Stevenson's tales. This is Agnes, the daughter of Sir Danvers Carew, who is the old man Hyde so wantonly murders. The play is in four acts, in the last two of which the transformation from Jekyll to Hyde takes place on the stage in full view of the audience. This change is effected without adventitious aid, and cannot be easily explained; those who have seen Mansfield on the street and Baron Cheriol on the stage, however, may form some idea of how it is done.

The National Opera Company, like truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again, and Mrs. Thurber is already announcing a third season of national operas. The present contracts with artists and employees expire this season, and in the re-organization greater economy in salaries and in the number of persons employed will be exercised; the expensive ballet nights will be done away with, though the ballet will not be entirely abandoned, and the appearances of the company will be confined to a smaller geographical area. New York will be the home of the company, except during four or five months in the year; Theodore Thomas will be supreme in the artistic command. Mrs. Thurber expects a guarantee of \$100,000, and thinks twenty gentlemen can easily be found to subscribe \$5,000 each annually to support national opera.

The musical people have an unwritten law and a perfectly correct one, that no one shall enter the room while a number is going on. It would be well if they would make a rule at the Baldwin Theatre that no one should leave the room while an act is going on. There is plenty of time during the entr'actes—they surely are long enough—for every one to get up and go, who is tired of the performance or obliged to catch a boat. When a lot of unmannerly bores get up during the progress of a scene which people of finer sensibilities are enjoying, if they can not be hissed down by the audience, they should be held down by the rules of the house. A man or woman who can leave the theatre during one of Sarah Bernhardt's death-scenes is not made of such fine material as to need handling with gloves. These people are all the more a nuisance in that they have never any detest of movement, and achieve their exits with a large display of clumsiness which is singularly maddening.

A place on earth has been found where taxes are unknown. It is a territory bordering on the northern line of Lincoln county, Me., called "Hibbert's Gore." It contains three hundred and thirty-four acres of land, and ten flourishing families. It is bounded by the lines of three counties—Knov, Lincoln, and Waldo—but it is not claimed by either. The inhabitants do not maintain a municipal organization, and can not vote for President, Governor, members of the Legislature, or town officers.

The coal beds of China are five times as large as those of all Europe, while gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, marble, and petroleum are all found in the greatest abundance. Owing to the prejudice of the people, the mines have never been worked to any extent, it being the popular belief in China that if these mines are opened thousands of demons and spirits imprisoned in the earth would come forth, and fill the country with war and suffering.

A new use for the tobacco plant has been discovered. Its stems and waste, it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in the manufacture of paper. Tobacco waste costs less than \$10 a ton, linen rags \$70 to \$80. There is no expense in assorting the former and very little shrinkage, as against a loss of one-third of rags. The yearly tobacco waste is estimated by the census reports at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 pounds.

The hooks of the British Museum are bound on a principle—historical works being in red, theological in blue, poetical in yellow, natural history in green. Besides this, each part of a volume is stamped with a mark by which it can be distinguished as Museum property, and of different colors; thus, red indicates that a book was purchased, blue that it came by copy-right, and yellow that it was presented.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending May 21st.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Monday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon, "Fédora"; Tuesday and Saturday, "La Dame aux Camélias"; Wednesday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; Friday, "Frou-Frou"; and Sunday, "Le Maître de Forges." Cast of "Camille" as follows: Armand Duval, Mr. Philippe Garnier; Mr. Duval, Mr. Ritzler; Gaston de Kieux, Mr. Decori; Mr. Desvarille, Mr. Angelo; Comte de Giray, Mr. Berthier; Gustave, Mr. Thefer; Saint-Gaudens, Mr. Fournier; Docteur, Mr. Jollet; Commissionaire, Mr. Piron; Domestique, Mr. Carceau; Domestique, Mr. Charles; Anais, Mlle. Robin; Arthur, Mlle. Fonjanges; Nanine, Mlle. Lacroix; Prudence, Mlle. Renard; Nichette, Mlle. Seylor; Olimpe, Mlle. Valon; Marguerite Gautier, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Oshourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Harbor Lights." Cast as follows:

David Kingsley, Gustavus Levick; Frank Moreland, Frank Richardson; Nicholas Moreland, George Dalziel; Frank Mordant; Captain Hardy, Hobart Bosworth; Captain Nelson, Richard Hockaday; George H. Trader; Solomon, Harry Russell; Jack, Emilie Collins; Harbor Master, S.W. Keene; Lieutenant Wyndward, D. L. Dent; Detective Wood, F. C. Page; Dora Vane, Miss Ethel Brandon; Lina Nelson, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Chudleigh, Miss Fanny Young; Peggy Chudleigh, Miss Hattie Moore; Bridget, Miss Eleanor Barry; Polly, Miss Fanny Bowman; Mrs. Helstone, Mrs. Helen Mason; Mark Helstone, George Oshourne; Tom Dossiter, L. R. Stockwell.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "The Rag Baby." Cast as follows:

Old Sport, Frank Daniels; Tony Jay, Albert Riddle; Patrick Finnegan and James Magillagarty, Mark Sullivan; Fred Barbour, Harry Youngbush; Michael Sheedy, and Dusty Bob, Harry Conroy; Christian Berriel, St. Clair Flaherty, and Dennis O'Brien, William F. Mack; Darius Gaffield, Dr. Toombs, and Luigi Buoncompagni, W. H. Stedman; Venus Grunt, Miss Bessie Sanson; Clarice Fay, Miss Rosa France; Miss Pratt, Mrs. Wetherbee, and Mrs. Maginnis, Miss Mamie Hilton; Lou Clark and Alice Burriel, Miss Nettie Lyford; Jessie Richmond and Mrs. Gaffield, Miss Dickie Martine.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Hermit's Bell." Cast as follows:

Rose Friquet, Miss Minnie Huff; Thibault, Ed. Stevens; Georgette, Miss Kate Marchi; Sylvian, Harry Gates; Belamy, Henry Norman; Priest, George Harris; Lieutenant, G. W. Barnes.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS. Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy. —Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

At the Baldwin, next week, Sarah Bernhardt's company in "Théodora," "Hernani," "Phédre," and "Le Sphinx."

At the Bush Street, next week, Frank Daniels's company in "The Rag Baby."

At the Alcazar, next week, the stock company in "Harbor Lights."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Hermit's Bell."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

Since Mark Twain's article in the *Century* on the unconscious humor of school-children, as exemplified in Miss Le Row's "English as she is Taught," the little book has attracted much attention. The following is in the same vein, and is rather amusing. It is the impression produced on a San Francisco school-girl by one of the performances of the National Opera Company—apparently "Faust." "I am going to tell you about the pleasant times I had when I went to the National Opera with my parents. The first play a place imitating a doctor office as there were skeletons hanging around the room. The man was sitting near a table where two sticks were burning, after a while rose and sung, while he was going on with his performances, a goat appeared, dressed in red, with black cape over his shoulders. The man then rose, and sung, and the goat joined in the chorus. The third play was a garden where all kinds of people were singing dancing, and a band of music. They sung and danced for a long time, and then they walked around the stage, and went to a little store in the middle of the stage to receive refreshments of all kinds. The fourth act was a beautiful church with swinging doors and windows. After a minute or so, there appeared a woman in white, she then sat down on a chair which was placed on the stage, and began spinning, she then arose, and walked toward the church which was decorated with lovely flowers, she then picked up a velvet box, which was laying on the ground, and almost fainted when she opened it, and saw the sparkling jewels inside of the box. She then placed the box on a chair, and began to try the jewels in. After she had tried them all on she placed them back in the box. No sooner had she placed them in the box, then a woman appeared, and told the young girl that the jewels were for her. The fifth act was dark island in the middle of a body of water. The scenery then opened, and there were about fifty ballet girls, and they danced, and went through many interesting performances one was dancing on the top of their toes. After they were through, they all marched back, and the scenery was closed. There was the goat again, and he sang, and then the curtain went down, and when the curtain went up there was a prison, and over in the corner layed a poor woman who was spinning in the fourth act. She had married the goat, and he had beat her, after a little while she arose, and she stood before him, but he threw her down, and beat her again, and again, until at last she dropped for the last time. When suddenly the scene opened, and there were five angels around her, three were standing, and two were kneeling over her. The place where she fell as on a platform on which the angels were also. After the angels staid there a little while, they carried a poor creature off with them, and then the curtain went down. All of this was sung, nothing was spoken in English."

The ladies of the Laurel Hall Association give their 4th entertainment on next Tuesday evening, May 24th. The programme embraces music, recitations by Miss Helen Gunnison, and an address upon poetry, with an original poem by Colonel Stuart M. Taylor which is to be illustrated by tableaux. The evening closes with a tableau of the poem "The Bandit's Daughter," which will be set by the artist. The programme sustains the standard of the former entertainments, and deserves strong support from those who wish amusement of a high order.

There is a decimal clock in Wiesbaden which is constructed on the following principle: The day has ten hours, the hour ten decades, each decade ten minutes, each minute ten seconds, and each second ten rays—thus dividing the whole day into one hundred thousand parts. A similar division is to be applied to the circle. Herr Moder of that city goes still further, and proposes to divide the year into ten months—the even months of thirty-six, the uneven ones of thirty-seven days each.

CCCCXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, May 27, 1887.

Mapioa Soup.
Fried Flounders. Excelsior Sauce.
Chicken à la Argonaut.
Baked Tomatoes. String Beans.
Fillet Beef, with Mushrooms.
Asparagus Salad.
Ice Cream. Strawberries.
Meringues.
Apricots and Cherries.

MERINGUES.—The whites of three eggs beaten until the bowl can be turned upside down without the egg falling out; one and one half cups of pulverized crushed sugar, stir the sugar gently into the eggs without beating. Have a thin board covered with a well greased paper, take a dessert spoon and drop a spoonful smoothly upon the paper; place in a cool oven until well set, then put in the upper slide a few minutes to brown. When cold remove from the paper, scrape a small portion of the inside out, fill with whipped cream or jelly, and put together. They may also be used plain.

Personnel.

Every lady in the State of California, or elsewhere, should not fail to investigate personally the recent improvements in the No. 8 Machine. Automatic understension. All previous objections overcome. Call at our office, or, if living out of town, send for circular. Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

—Go to SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—WE HAVE IN STOCK 100,000 FEET OF PICTURE rail which we offer to the trade in quantities to suit at reduced prices. We also have many new things in picture-frame moldings. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland Oregon.

—SANTA BARBARA, THE MOST CHARMING OF all Pacific Coast seaside resorts, has become a favorite resting place for Eastern people, and the best San Franciscans almost invariably go down there for a stay during the summer. Besides its natural advantages and historical interest it has one of the finest hotels on the continent, the Arlington, which is now under the management of Mr. W. N. Cowles, a host of world-wide reputation as a careful caterer to his guests' wants and a genial and urbane gentleman.

—THE SCHOOLS WILL SOON CLOSE and the rush to the country will begin; and those who intend to visit Santa Cruz would do well to write now for rooms at the Pacific Ocean House or Pope House. Both are now under the management of Mr. E. J. Swift, and are as well kept as any hotels on the Coast.

A Positive Gain.

Any lady, no matter how fine her complexion, will find it to her advantage to use Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which is a safe protection against San Francisco's sharp winds. For sale by all druggists.

—THE CURES EFFECTED BY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE are so surprising, that it is well worth the time of any sufferer to see what can be done by the successful teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, at Room 184, Palace Hotel. Office hours from nine A. M. until two P. M. Class Teaching at 3 P. M. every day at the Alcazar.

—THERE IS NO BETTER VALLEY IN THE STATE than Pajaro to buy land in. It is good and cheap. Now is the time to buy a part of the valuable piece of property that is now offered for sale by Mr. Edward White, of Watsonville. His property consists of seven hundred acres of farming and fruit land situated within three miles of the flourishing town of Watsonville, and only four hours by S. P. R. R. from San Francisco. It is all fine level land, well watered, and the title is perfect. The property will be sold in lots of twenty-five acres or more, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100 per acre. For further particulars apply to Edward White, Watsonville, Cal.

—BEAUTIFUL HOMES FOR SALE NEAR WRIGHT'S in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which for beauty of scenery and profit to the purchaser cannot be surpassed. Apply to A. Finnie, Wright's, Cal.

—MRS. SPRIGGINS REMARKS THAT SHE WOULD rather fool with a bee than be with a fool. So it is with all sensible folks, they all prefer Spaulding's Pioneer Carpet Beater with his work, so when you want your carpets cleaned or renovated send to 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

—THE DESTRUCTION OF BEAUTIFUL DEL MONTE has certainly increased the annual rush for Furnished Houses at Santa Cruz. Gentlemen and Families wishing to secure comfortable seaside quarters for June, July and August, should send prompt enquiry to Meyrick's Real Estate Exchange and Mart, Santa Cruz, Cal.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Sts.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

SHEET MUSIC, 10 cts.; catalogue free; 215 Dupont.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

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the country over to us free of incumbrance. Our people had become accustomed to look upon broad, unimproved, and unoccupied lands as public domain, the title of which was in the Government of the United States, and open to settlement and occupation under easy terms of preëmption, homestead, or purchase by all its citizens who wanted a home. The covered wagon of the emigrant took up its westward march with his family and household gods; they knew that when they found the land that suited them it was open to their acquisition. Our land titles were simple, and every farmer was his own lawyer in the information necessary to acquire them. California tumbled into the American union head foremost, and was settled by adventurers in search of gold; when at the journey's end the pioneer saw vast plains, great valleys, and attractive mountain ranges, unoccupied save by roaming herds that to him seemed wild, and by adobe houses that indicated nomadic and wandering occupancy rather than settled homes, with no land-office in which to seek information, it did not occur to him that this wild, distant, unoccupied domain was other than government land; if he was advised of a "grant," it was an intangible something that rested in a concession from the authority of a country we had conquered; its title-deeds were written in a foreign language, and were deposited at the capital of Mexico, or in California, or in the saddle-bags of the owner—they could not be reached by him, and he "squatted." Looseness of Mexican titles, uncertainty of boundary, ambiguity of record, vagueness of ownership—all tended to bewilder the few early emigrants who contemplated farming as a pursuit. Most of the titles were loose, if not forged; most of the Mexican owners had obtained them for the mere asking, if they had not fraudulently acquired them. Most of the boundaries were ill-defined, often overlapping each other, often having public lands between grants, and everything was uncertain. There were plenty of simulated grants that the Mexican authorities had conspired to forge, antedate, or misdescribe. The judges and lawyers were compelled to fish in strange waters, to work in a very catacomb of frauds, under the provisions of the civil law, with which they were not familiar, over documents, charts, and codes written in a language of which they were for the most part ignorant. Mexico had been giving away lands for nearly a century, giving them away in leagues, in tracts which were not worth the cost of survey, or the expense of record, or the pains of safely preserving the records. A great mountain range was a sufficient boundary line between neighbors. When the Americans, with their design of acquiring farms for cultivation and use for themselves, in the midst of this jumble of fraud and crime became confused and demoralized, they in their turn began to forge grants, to float titles, to simulate seals and maps and diseños in order to steal lands. American lawyers and land speculators developed an abnormal activity and displayed a genius that speedily drove the old thieves of California, Mexico, and Castile to despair, then to profligacy, then to bankruptcy, and then to the grave. Out of this chaos of greed and crime; after years of uncertainty and litigation; after death and murder, resulting from squatter riots and personal feuds; after long years of strife, turmoil, violence, poverty to honest men and bankruptcy to early California families; after a generation had passed away, there came a measure of repose. In 1851, a Board of Commissioners had been established to settle titles, a tribunal with special jurisdiction. All claimants were, under pain of forfeiture, forced before it to make good their titles, with appeal to the Federal courts, and ultimate appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was fortunate that the early commissioners were intelligent and honest men. It is especially fortunate that the Federal judges of California have been honorable, conscientious, industrious gentlemen, learned in the law and above the least suspicion of anything irregular. Judge Ogden Hoffman, beginning his judicial career in the very springtime of his intellectual and physical manhood, has spent his life in the adjudication of land cases. Patiently has he submitted to the detail of personal investigation of boundaries and of locating and fixing grants to lands; he has mastered the learning and the language of the authority that issued these grants. Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, coming from the Supreme bench of the State to the Circuit Court of the United States, has brought to the consideration of such land cases as came before him, a pa-

tient industry of research and a wealth of law learning not surpassed by any judge. Other Federal judges of the Pacific Coast have been called upon from time to time to give the aid of their counsels. Mr. Justice Field, than whom there is no jurist who is more learned or of more unimpeachable judicial integrity, went from the Supreme bench of California to the Supreme Court of the United States. In this tribunal he has been present to assist in settling the land titles of California. Speaking broadly, the land titles of California as to all questions arising under the laws of the Mexican or Spanish governments have been finally and definitely settled. Boundaries have been ascertained and fixed. Properties to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of acres, and to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars, have changed hands. Sons have grown to manhood and daughters to matrimony, born in homes where the final obtainment of United States patents had been celebrated before their birth; great ranches have been subdivided into smaller farms. Suburban villages, with thousands of dwellers, have grown upon these grants. United States patents, resting upon the decision of the government's own commission; upon the decision of the United States District Court—Judge Hoffman authorized to investigate *de novo*—watched by its own attorneys, appealed to the District Court and Supreme Court of the United States, running the gauntlet of United States surveyors of the Interior Department—always jealous and not always honest; undergoing the surveillance of the Attorney-General's office—always suspicious, but not always well informed; principles settled by the frequent decision of the highest tribunal known to our judicial system, these "patents" when thus having run the muck of commissions, departments, courts, tribunals, special investigations, and courts appellate, and received the signature of the President of the United States under the great seal of the nation, were regarded as final and conclusive, and they ought never to be disturbed. If courts have erred and frauds are unearthed, time should throw over the patents of the United States the shield of protection. The Statute of Limitations, recognized in all our States and in all civilized governments, should give repose and safety to land tenures. On the stability of land titles rest the very highest public interests, social, moral, and political. There must be some period when the decision of the question of title must be final; when the decree of the ultimate tribunal must be beyond the reach of conspiracy, department, or Congress; when the caprice of a Secretary of the Interior and the easy indolence of an Attorney-General shall not be permitted to disturb settled vested rights of property. A conspiracy, criminal in purpose, conducted by lawyers guilty of chicanery, maintenance, and barratry, has obtained a victory over the law departments, and the Attorney-General of the United States, either through ignorance, indifference, or for some questionable purpose not disclosed, has given authority to reopen the cases of Las Pulgas, Cañada Raymundo, and La Visitacion in San Mateo, and Corte Madera in Marin counties. These valuable estates, within the very suburbs of San Francisco, are divided into small holdings; they are the homes of innocent purchasers; they are the country-seats of gentlemen upon which millions have been expended in improvements; they are the sites of rural villages with thousands of dwellers. To the very wealthy this act of "indiscretion"—if no other epithet of worse signification can be applied to Mr. Attorney-General Garland—will bring but little annoyance; but to those whose smaller properties are encumbered, to those who need money for development and improvement, the act is one of serious consequence—it puts them in the hands of blackmailers and at the mercy of usurers. More than this—it destroys confidence in all Spanish and Mexican grants; it disturbs and disarranges landed operations everywhere within the borders of the State; it arrests progress, hinders development, and murders enterprise. And the name of Mr. Attorney-General Garland is suggested for the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Justice Woods! The man who does not regard the opinion of judges, or respect the decrees of courts, or consider the rights of property in possession of innocent purchasers, whatever may be his personal character or his legal learning, has no right to be considered in this connection. If Mr. Augustus H. Garland is not in the

California's primeval curse has been its land policy, imposed upon it when its territory was acquired by conquest and purchase from Mexico. It would have been wise for our government, upon payment of the millions to the government of Mexico, to have stipulated that Mexico should have settled with its own citizens for their land claims and turned

incompetent to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, he is constitutionally unfit and morally unqualified to adorn so high and responsible a position.

The movement of Henry George is an important one, and destined to have an important bearing upon the politics of New York, and possibly upon the politics of the nation. That this stranger could take his grip-sack, and without money, or party alliance, or national reputation other than that given him by his land theories, walk into the city of New York, and, against Tammany political leadership and combined wealth, without organization or personal following, could receive sixty-eight thousand votes for mayor, is a significant fact. The movement inaugurated by him last fall has not lost its force, nor has the party thus inaugurated diminished in numbers. On the contrary, it has extended and strengthened. Brooklyn has brought an effective and thorough organization to swell the ranks; in Philadelphia and other cities a movement has begun. A state convention is called at Syracuse for this fall. The Rev. Edward McGlynn, of the Parish of St. Stephens, suspended from his clerical functions, has cut loose from the hierarchy of Rome and proclaimed his independence in all matters of a political character, defying the authority of his bishop (Corrigan), and treating with contempt the mandates of Rome. He has dared to boldly raise the standard of "Americanism," and proclaim his right as an American citizen to think and act for himself in all questions that do not conflict with matters of religious opinion. His parishioners—and bis was the largest Roman Catholic parish in New York—have followed him almost to a man. They have rallied around him and support him, and other Catholic priests and Catholic journals have identified themselves with the new political movement. It is a mistake to think these men are all communists and anarchists, or are all bad men, or are intending to destroy republican government, or to overturn order in the State, or to render life insecure. As yet the rum interest of the slums, the criminal element, the Tammany politicians, and the political adventurers have not shown any sympathy with the George movement, and we have confidence that so long as this party is subordinate to its present leaders there is no danger of anarchy or misrule. The name under which the party is rallying is the "Anti-poverty" party—a catching name. Its principles, so far as we can gather them from Mr. George's weekly paper, the *Standard*, are the "nationalization of land," and this is explained to mean that land values being the creation of all the people, and land being the one thing of fixed measurement, should bear all the taxes; that improvements, personal property, and all productions resulting from labor, should be free from taxation. That railroads and all conveniences for transportation, all telegraphic, and telephone, and other communications should belong to and be managed by the government for the benefit of the people. "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you" is the golden thread that runs through the somewhat conflicting and altogether impracticable and theoretic philosophy that underlies the political programme of Henry George and Father McGlynn. George has engrafted his philosophy upon Father McGlynn's religion, and Father McGlynn has budded his religion in upon the root of Mr. George's philosophy. Whether these grafts and buds will take kindly to each other, and fruit in an immediate political millennium in which there shall be no tenant houses and no poverty, no intemperance and no crime; when Jay Gould shall lie down with Herr Most and use a bar of soap in common between them; when laborers shall support themselves and their families with twenty-four hours of easy work per week, and have roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, mince pies, and plum duff three times a day; enjoy town residences and country places without rent; make excursions in palace cars of their own, over railroads of their own, through landscape and rural loveliness all their own, it will—it is admitted by Henry George himself—take some little time to determine. But whether this millennium is now in its immediate dawn, or whether it is to be somewhat tardy in coming, or whether it is to come at all, the movement is an important and, to the Democratic party, a dangerous one. It is safe to say that everybody who has nothing and everybody who expects nothing, unless he toils and saves, skimps and economizes, denies himself all the pleasures of beer and all the luxuries of idleness, will join the "anti-poverty" party; thousands and tens of thousands of good people will hasten to enroll themselves in its ranks, hoping for the happening of some political contingency that shall lift them up and out of the rut of daily toil, and plant them safely in the bosom of that terrestrial Abraham where they shall somehow, without being compelled to toil or spin, dress themselves like lilies of the field, and have manna, and quails, and their daily bread—this day their daily bread—without sweating their brows or perspiring at every pore. We are very fond of the people, and we do not agree with Carlyle in his statement that three-fourths of them are fools. We admit that a majority of them are just enough touched in the brain to follow George and Father McGlynn after this political will-o'-the-wisp with which the philosopher and priest are luring them. And because we think there are more of this kind of shallow-pates

in the Democratic than in the Republican party, we think the Democracy will catch it first and have it more severely than the more intelligent and property-accumulating ranks of the Republican party. That there is a possibility and even a probability that the new labor movement will become important, we beg leave to suggest to our readers how often it has happened in the world's history that humanity is incited, by some unaccountable impelling impulse, to the performance of curious things. The movement southward of Goths and Vandals from the northlands; the exodus of barbaric peoples to other and more genial climes; the crusades for the redemption of the holy sepulchre under the preaching of Peter the Hermit; the crazes that overtake men under the influence of speculative manias; John Law and his Mississippi scheme; the tulip lunacy of Holland; the rabbit madness of Japan; the second advent insanity; the craze of Spiritualism—this disposition to unrest finds expression in a desire to change habitation, to deal in stocks, to go to Fraser River or Gold Bluff, to purchase Louisiana lottery tickets, to get up riots, to listen to traveling evangelists, to read sensational newspapers, to join all sorts of trumpety secret societies that have grips and pass-words, to rig up in some absurd regalia and tramp the streets on St. Patrick's Day, or follow Dennis Kearny or Doctor O'Donnell to the sand-lot; or to pay four dollars to see Sarah Bernhardt play, or seven dollars to hear Patti sing, by persons who do not understand a word of French or a musical note; or to run special cars at great expense to rural villages, to supply people with Sunday papers before they get out of bed, and who never read their papers before the regular train arrives. The fact is, humanity has a soft spot in its mercurial head, and does strange things and acts upon unaccountable impulses, and it is more than an even chance that the "anti-poverty" party of Henry George and Father McGlynn plays the very devil with the political organizations at the next Presidential election. There is one suggestion that brings order out of this political chaos, gives assurance of security and promise of a brilliant future, and that is the existence of an American party with a membership composed for the most part of men of sound brains and common sense; a party which, excluding the feather-brained fools of native birth, invites to its coöperation all of healthy moral and intellectual organization born abroad; a party that believes in the honest acquisition of property, and that one of the burdens of its ownership is that it must pay its just proportion of taxes to support government; that believes in maintaining the rights of all property lawfully acquired; that is not in favor of grafting itself upon any church or having any church grafted upon it; that will keep church and state forever separate, and forever protect the non-sectarianism of the free common schools; that, recognizing that ALL our political evils result from improper immigration and from naturalization, would amend the laws governing the one and abolish all laws permitting the other; a party that would secure home rule of Americans to the United States of America.

A rumor, thoughtlessly characterized as sensational, reaches us in the shape of a statement that the Pope and Czar are negotiating through a Lombard monk with a view to the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches. The fact of the intermediary being specifically described, and his being of just such a character as would be selected for such a negotiation, gives a certain color to the statement. Nor is the character of the negotiation itself at all incompatible with the existing condition of affairs, or such as to render it absurd or incongruous upon its face. On the contrary, an alliance between the representatives of the temporal and spiritual autocracies of Europe would be beneficial to both, as it would tend to bolster up the weakness of knee with which both potentates are afflicted. Still neither can be presumed ignorant of the immense difficulties lying in the way of a successful consummation of this ingenious political experiment. The union of the Greek and Latin churches has been the dream of ecclesiastical enthusiasts ever since the final rupture when Leo IX. interchanged excommunications with Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople in 1054. But the negotiations in this direction undertaken by Pope Gregory IX. with the Greek Patriarch, Germanus, and subsequently carried on by Innocent IV. and Clement IV., were alike fruitless, inasmuch as the basis of agreement was always so framed as to inure solely to the benefit of Rome. The difficulties in the way of a union between the churches are much graver than the purely technical one of whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from one or both the other persons of the Trinity. The essential principles on which the Eastern Church is governed are totally at variance with the one-man-power principle which underlies the constitution of Rome; and as the bishops who represent and control the sixty millions of Greeks, Roumanians, Servians, and Austrians, who make up the balance of conformants to the Eastern creed, may be presumed to have something to say in the matter, it is pretty safe to predict that the coquetry between the Pope and the Czar will not yet be a formidable factor in the European complication. That sect of the Greek Church which makes use of the Greek liturgy but yet is united with the Church of Rome, and admits the double procession of the Spirit and the supremacy

of the Roman pontiff, is comparatively weak in numbers, especially in Russia, the stronghold of the Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church, as its adherents style it. It may be gravely questioned, therefore, whether an attempt on the part of the Czar to enforce a repugnant ritual upon the mass of his subjects would, in the present political ferment in Russia, meet with the same success as its historical parallel, the Reformation in England under Henry VIII. There are not the same abuses to correct, and despotic interference with a creed venerated by the people might be productive of even worse results to the autocratic régime than the plots of the Nihilists.

On the west side of Montgomery Street, between Merchant and Washington Streets, there is a restaurant coffee-house, kept by an American woman and served by girls as waiters. In front of this house four stalwart foreign males have been parading for two weeks with printed cards, "boycotting" the occupation and destroying the business of these women, because girls are employed as waiters instead of these fat, parading male loafers. There is no law to prevent these blackguards from perpetrating this offense; there are no police to drive them away; there is no journal with courage to state the facts; there is no public opinion to correct the abuse; the Board of Supervisors will not pass an ordinance for fear of the foreign vote. In our judgment, the Street Commissioner would have authority to toss these blackguards into a dump-cart and haul them away as a common nuisance. When we see foreign beggars fighting American girls for a place to earn their bread honestly, our sympathy—pshaw, what is the use of endeavoring to excite an honorable emotion in a community where the press and the public officials are in awe of the alien vote, where ignorance, stupidity, and crime are stronger sentiments than courage, chivalry, and national pride? We suppose that these fat and lanky Dutchmen parading in front of the restaurant belong to the "Knights of Labor" or the "Board of Confederate Trades," or some other humbug organization of the kind. It is such displays of cowardly crime as have now for two weeks been on exhibition in front of this bakery that make the labor organizations of this continent contemptible. It is a reproach to our city if we have no law to prevent this kind of interference with the private affairs of individuals, and no police authority that will interpret the laws we have, by driving these "walking delegates" away from before the business house they are trying to boycott. An American woman, with half a dozen girl waiters, is engaged in a legitimate industrial occupation in her own rented premises. In this occupation they are being criminally interrupted and interfered with by these imported alien blackguards, and there is not law enough nor manhood enough in this city to prevent it. If there is any man of American birth engaged in this wretched business he should be ashamed of himself.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

O'BRIEN MOBBED!

SAVAGE DEMONSTRATIONS OF TORONTO IRISHMEN—THEY MAKE A FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT ON THE IRISH LEADER—STONING HIM AND HIS CANADIAN FRIENDS.

O'BRIEN MOBBED BY KINGSTON TOUGHS!

BRICKS AND COBBLES HURLED BY INFURIATED ORANGEMEN—THE IRISH EDITOR HIT AND BE-SPATTERED WITH BLOOD.

EIGHT SHOTS!

O'BRIEN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION—THE ROUGHS OF HAMILTON FIRE AT O'BRIEN'S CARRIAGE, AND THE DRIVER SHOT IN THE WRIST.

(From the San Francisco Alta.)

EDITOR O'BRIEN'S ROUGH RECEPTION IN TORONTO.

O'BRIEN'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT OTTAWA.

O'BRIEN AND HIS PARTY MOBBED IN KINGSTON.

EDITOR O'BRIEN SHOT AT LAST NIGHT IN HAMILTON. A CHARGE MADE THAT HIS PARTY FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

DISGRACEFUL SCENES AT KINGSTON.

A NATIONALIST MEETING DISPERSED—NO EFFORT MADE BY THE POLICE TO QUELL THE CROWD—THE ORATOR SUFFERING FROM INJURIES—HE FAINTS IN THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

O'BRIEN SHOT AT!

EIGHT BULLETS FAIL TO HIT HIM—A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE AT HAMILTON—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE BRAVE IRISH EDITOR.

(From the San Francisco Examiner.)

MURDEROUS ATTACK ON O'BRIEN AT HAMILTON! MOB VIOLENCE—REVOLVERS USED IN AN ATTACK ON O'BRIEN.

COWARDICE!

O'BRIEN'S PARTY ATTACKED BY A FURIOUS MOB—THE DAREDEVIL IRISHMAN GIVEN AN OVATION—O'BRIEN SPEAKS TO 20,000 PEOPLE AT TORONTO.

In display type, with staring capitals and exclamation points, all of our morning journals go into double-headed hysteria over Mr. William O'Brien, a sub-editor on one of the Dublin journals, a political adventurer who is now on a visit to Canada to earn notoriety by abusing its government, by inciting riot, and stirring religious feelings to the point of blood-letting. That he has not accomplished his purpose, and that his visit to Canada has proved but a tom-

cat squabble on a back-yard fence with nobody hurt, is not his fault. This small Irish politician, of whom nobody ever heard until he started out in search of notoriety, has visited the principal towns of Canada in company with his "awful example," a Mr. Kilbride, who has been ejected as tenant from a four-story stone mansion, with gardens, hot-house, carriageway, and lodge, because he would not pay the rent, on his own written contract, with a discount of fifteen per cent., when he had the money in bank. Mr. O'Brien expected riots when he set out for Canada; he went there for that purpose; he had nothing to lose and everything to gain; a violent death would have secured for him the crown of martyrdom. True, it would be only an Irish crown, but then it is to be considered that it would have been by the loss only of an Irish life that it was won. We reproduce this fanfaronade of newspaper nonsense for the purpose of showing how false it is, and for the object of illustrating the dishonest position taken by almost the entire American press in this Irish question. The truth is, that O'Brien's mission to Canada has proved a fizzle of the most marked character; the worst disturbance that has been incited at any of his meetings is to drown the twang of his Irish harp by singing "God Save the Queen;" Mr. Kilbride has been interrupted by the cry of "Pay your rent." The best gentlemen of Canada, Protestant and Romanist, united to discourage this itinerant vendor of political blackguardism from visiting the country; at Ontario, fifteen thousand of its best citizens held a meeting in vindication of the character of Lord Lansdowne; O'Brien has been avoided in public by the Roman Catholic clergymen and the non-partisan Irish gentlemen of both provinces as a disturber; not a single member of the Dominion Parliament, or of the Ontario and Quebec Legislatures, has appeared by his side on the platform; his speeches are simple twaddle and balderdash. His following, his encouragement, and the masses who have composed his meetings are from the crazy-headed land-league and home-rule Irish politicians, ship-laborers in Quebec, the ruff-scuff from the slums wherever he has gone. He has stirred up religious prejudice, as he intended, and Orangemen have responded to the challenge of his followers—roughs from Buffalo, imported to Canada as a fighting body-guard to the political adventurer, who went for a muss. And so far what has occurred? A hat or two smashed over the eyes, but not a head broken; a black eye from a brickbat, but nobody wounded; shots fired, and one man hit in the wrist; a deal of talk, and bluff, and noise, but all the casualties of the O'Brien invasion of Canada for the avowed purpose of "avenging" the wrongs of Irish tenants, of insulting Lord Lansdowne, do not equal the sum total of a hoodlum picnic in San Francisco. All the "cobbles thrown at Kingston" by "infuriated Orangemen," and the Irish editor "bespattered with blood" is in Mr. Loring Pickering's eye; all the "enthusiasm" of editor O'Brien's reception at Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton is in Mr. John P. Irish's heated imagination; all the orators "suffering from injuries" Mr. M. H. de Young has crystallized into a "fainting spell in the cars." Yes, this god did faint; this Irish "hero," stemming the crowd with heart of controversy, in a covered carriage, with a fighting guard on the seat, and a fighting guard of Buffalo roughs around him, did "faint," and, like a sick girl, cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius." The "murderous attack" at Hamilton, "mob violence" at Toronto, as well as the "ovation" given to the "dare-devil Irishman," as set forth by young Mr. Hearst of the *Examiner*, is of the stuff that puppies' dreams are made of, barking in their sleep. It is a poor play poorly played, with a good claque, but, all the same, there is not an intelligent man on either continent who thinks better of William O'Brien for this, his unjustifiable and cowardly assault upon Lord Lansdowne, or his meddlesome effrontery in carrying his nasty Irish politics to a country whose respectable people care nothing for it.

If the extent of dealings in the Louisiana lottery tickets can be inferred from the extent of correspondence our article of last week stirred up, then it is an important industry. We are informed by one line of correspondents that we have underestimated the number of tickets sold in this State, and understated the iniquitous character of the swindle. We are upbraided in more than one communication for having attacked it at all, for designating it as a "swindle." We do not propose to indulge either its friends or enemies in the use of our columns for what, at best, is an institution no longer countenanced by enlightened governments, and which is prohibited by the laws of this State as criminal. We do not mean to be over-punctilious. We do not expect a sudden coming of the millennium. We recognize the strength of an argument in favor of open, licensed, honest gambling as against a thieving game conducted in secret places, where boys and clerks are robbed; but if the Louisiana is not immoral, it is an admitted fact that not one-half the money received for tickets is distributed for prizes; it therefore follows that every ticket-buyer pays two dollars for a chance to win one. If one person should purchase all the tickets of a hundred thousand drawing, he would receive in return fifty thousand dollars. The scheme is a swindle, and if it was legal would

still be an over-reaching fraud. The man or woman who purchases a lottery ticket is an idiot. It is mathematically demonstrable that he or she who habitually invests money in the Louisiana lottery gamble is brainless, and is probably superstitious beside. The mortifying part of this proposition is the fact that more than half the whole nefarious business is practiced upon the people of this State—more than half the tickets are sold here. The press is systematically subsidized by advertisements; the business is openly conducted. The *Argonaut* contains an advertisement to-day that pays us twenty-five cents a line. The incident described is probably true, but we are guilty of a misdemeanor in printing it. The daily morning journals print whole columns of fat advertisements every month, and it is doubtless a part of their black-mailing contract that they will not write anything to discourage the illegal and criminal business.

From the village journal of our boyhood's home in Western New York we copy the following diary of one of the good old—then young—dames of the early period, when Genesee County was the "far West," reached only in canvas-covered wagons after a tedious and perilous journey from Yankeeland. To ask one of the young ladies of the present day to wed a farmer's son and move a hundred miles from San Francisco to a country home, abounding in every comfort, surrounded by every luxury, would be deemed a hardship. If some genie would present to a young married couple a section of land in that most delightful of climates and productive of soils, viz., Tulare County, in California, give them a comfortable and spacious cabin of redwood over which vines with purple clustering grapes were climbing; a corral with half a dozen Jersey cows, broad fields of alfalfa and grain, and by the touch of a magic wand produce a fountain of sparkling water of more than a million gallons daily flow, the exiles to this dreadful country would draw tears from the eyes of a fond mother, and sympathizing friends would weep about them ere they took a Pullman palace-car to go forth to their unhappy fate. There is not, and has not been for twenty years, a wedded pair in San Francisco of the better class who might not have this start in life if they would deny themselves candy, ice-cream, chewing-gum, and kindred luxuries, cigarettes, cocktails, kid-gloves, and such indispensables. The cost of one piano, and that a rattle-bang after the first year, will purchase a hundred acres of fat land. A gold watch with chain and suit of clothes with cane to match, will cost as much as another hundred acres; a term or two at a fashionable boarding-school dispensed with, will pay for the balance of a section of land (six hundred and forty acres); the cost of graduating at Yale or Harvard will pay for a mile square (two thousand five hundred and sixty acres), and we do not now recall the name of any California graduate whom we would not give in exchange for a square mile of Tulare land that had no alkali upon it and that did have a first-class flowing artesian well upon it. This diary shows what our grandmothers endured in the early years of the century; how they felt it no disgrace to card and spin, and knit and weave, to cook and tend baby, and gather golden rod and sumac to color the flannel for underwear. That was the time when women kept the spinning-wheel in motion, to make linen for sheets, bags, and towels, and when Isaac made ox-yokes for sale to make payment on the land. Good old times, when our grandmothers were not ashamed of their grandmothers; when honest labor was honorable; when jewels, and dress, and equipage were not necessary to enjoyment, and accomplishments were not indispensable to happiness; when poverty was no disgrace, and virtue was woman's most precious jewel. These times have gone by, never to return. The year was 1814, only seventy-three years ago. If things go on at this rate seventy-three years more, where in the devil will we be in 1960?

LE ROY, GENESSEE COUNTY, NEW YORK, March 15, 1814.—Isaac says he won't have to cut any more trees to browse the cattle. The oxen are looking well. Our two cows are rather thin. We could not spare the milk, or we should have dried off the cows in January.

MARCH 21.—My husband and Mr. Smith went hunting to-day and brought home a deer. We have had no meat but venison and a few partridges since last October. A bear carried away our hog in November, and the foxes caught all the chickens the hawks had left.

APRIL 6.—Sold three bushels of wheat to-day for three shillings and ninepence per bushel. The first money we have had since January, when we sold two fox skins and two quarters of venison for three dollars.

APRIL 15.—Heavy rains last night that put the fire out and wet the punk. Had to go to Mr. Smith's to borrow fire.

MAY 20.—Commenced to card and spin to-day. Our ten sheep sheared thirty-five lb. of wool.

MAY 26.—Had company, used the last of the $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of tea we got when Jane was born; she will be two in August.

JUNE 9.—Have had a very dry time, set the slashing on fire, it is now burning fiercely.

AUG. 1.—Isaac has got ready for his logging. We hewed root-beer for the logging.

AUG. 6.—Had a logging bee to-day. There were eight yokes of oxen here. Some of them came five miles. Our root-beer is first-class, the men prefer it to whisky. The blackest set of men I ever saw, their faces are worse streaked than an Indian in his war paint.

AUG. 20.—Gathered golden-rod and sumac to color flannel for underwear.

SEPT. 2.—Set the logging on fire.

SEPT. 8.—Had a good burn. Commenced to-day to gather ashes. We are very choice of the ashes—everything must be put aside till we get them to the ashery.

OCT. 25.—Went to the store. Took our black salts and ten bushels of wheat. Sold the lot for \$75.00; got \$50.00 in money, the balance in goods. Our land payment is due Jan. 1; amount \$100.00. Don't know where the other \$50.00 is to come from. Got a side of cowhide and half side of sole leather for our boots and shoes; half pound of tea, two pounds of loaf sugar and a fine tooth comb. It took the rest to pay up our account.

DEC. 1.—Isaac went through this morning to Stafford with cart and

oxen to get the shoemaker, Mr. Abel. Had the good luck to get him, hench, lasts and all. This is the fourth time he has been for him.

DEC. 2.—Mr. Abel cut four pairs of shoes for the children out of the legs of Isaac's wedding boots, and I have just finished binding them with the red morocco that was put on the boots for ornament.

DEC. 13.—Took Mr. Abel home and brought Miss Sanford, the tailoress, to make up the fulled cloth we got home from the draper's at Caledonia.

DEC. 20.—Commenced spinning flax. Want to make fifty yards of linen for sheets, bags and towels.

DEC. 25.—Started at daylight to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in Bethany. They came from the same town we did in Massachusetts. The crossways are well covered with snow. Our oxen are good walkers; sled new.

Mr. Kendall has seven children, which, re-enforced with our five, made a room-full. Got home at 11 P. M.

DEC. 28.—Got a letter from mother through the Post-office—postage two shillings. Most of our letters are sent by emigrants—postage is so high.

JAN. 1.—We sold our cow, a steer, and some ox-yokes Isaac had made, for some new-comers, and got together the \$100.00 to make our payment on land.

A careful perusal of this diary throws a flood of light upon the habits, customs, and necessities of our pioneer ancestry. Very few of us would have cause to complain of hard times did we practice a tithe of the economy of our fathers.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Crescent Moon.

When this new moon is old,
And all the shadowy space
Her slender arms embrace
Hath been filled up with gold,
What fortune shall we trace—
When this new moon is old?

Now crescent is her light,
And crescent the young leaves,
While May, the charmer, weaves
Through all the dim-lit night,
And half-seen bloom deceives—
Now crescent is her light!

When this new moon is old,
And clearer on our ways
Hath bent her lamping rays,
What fate shall we behold,
As face to face we gaze—
When this new moon is old?

Now crescent is her light,
And still the violet blows,
The orchards hold their snows;
Sealed are the lilies white,
Undreamed of is the rose—
Now crescent is her light!

When this new moon is old,
The lily then shall yield
What in the bud lies sealed,
The rose shall then unfold,
The heart be full revealed—
When this new moon is old!
—Edith H. Thomas in the Independent.

For an Old Poet.

When he is old and past all singing,
Grant, kindly Time, that he may hear
The rhythm through joyous Nature ringing,
Uncaught by any duller ear.

Grant that, in memory's depths still cherished,
Once more may murmur low to him
The winds that sung in years long perished,
Lit by the suns of days grown dim.

Grant that the hours when first he listened
To bird-songs manhood may not know,
In fields whose dew for lovers glistened,
May come back to him ere he go.

Grant only this, O Time most kindly,
That he may hear the song you sung
When love was new—and, hearkening blindly,
Feign his o'erworn spirit young.

With sound of rivers singing round him,
On waves that long since flowed away,
Oh, leave him, Time, where first Love found him,
Dreaming To-morrow in To-day!
—H. C. Bunner in the June Scribner's.

A Touch of Nature.

When first the delicate crocus thrusts its nose
Up through the drifting of belated snow,
When folded green things in dim woods uncloze
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-horn thing that thrills and blows.
Seated beside this blazing sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the hramphly paths I used to know,
Far from the gurgling brooks that slip and shine,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

—T. B. Aldrich in June Harper's.

The Three Sisters.

Here in the garden Rose rambles with me,
Here where the flowers are blossoming free:
Modest white candytufts, flaunting sword-lilies,
Low-growing pinks, and sweet-scented stock-gillies;
Queen of them all is the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it houreons and blows.

Bearing before us their bright spikes of fire,
Sylvias asks us to gaze and admire;
Here in our pathway the pansies are spreading
Purple and gold—a gay road to a wedding;
Over them all towers the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it houreons and blows.

Rose listens timidly here as I speak,
Eyelids low-drooping, a flush on her cheek;
Flashes a moment the shiest of glances—
Glance that tells much while my soul it entrances;
Trembling, a rose-hud she plucks—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it houreons and blows.

Two of the sisters to meet us have come.
Both of them greet us, but Rose has grown dumb.
Lily, as always, is gracious and stately;
Pansy is curious, but stands there sedately;
Rose deeply blushes—ah! she is the rose
In my heart's garden that bourgeons and blows.
—Thomas Dunn English in the June H.

THE LOVE OF CALIBAN.

The room of the Lady Lucrece was full of cool shadows, though it was mid-summer, and the purple-bordered linens at the windows swayed in the hot wind. There were purple-bordered linens, too, on the couch where the Lady Lucrece lay—one can not do much at noontide in Pisa when it is mid-summer. The heavens seemed to hang down near to the languorous earth; a palpitant white heat shimmered on the streets; the lazaroni slept; at the bath-houses the attendants went about in shifts of linen; the shops and the stores were silent; it was too hot even to hate. If one had a vengeance to take he waited till nightfall, when it should be cooler. And the Lady Lucrece, fragrant from her bath, lay on her couch amid the fresh linens, and sprinkled powder on her breasts to keep the moisture from gathering there.

As the long day wasted itself in languid hours the lady smiled, although it was not her wont.

"How many hours till moonlight?" she asked of her maid.

"Six and more, gracious mistress," replied the maid, drowsily; and she wiped her forehead upon her sleeve.

"Ah," sighed the Lady Lucrece, "hring in Massimiliani." A moment later a queer, halting step was heard on the tiled floor in the hall outside. The curtains at the door were the green which the sea wears in the morning. They parted, and Massimiliani stood between them. Had nature had her way he would have been tall, but some mysterious force had bent him almost double, and his humped shoulders and heavy head hung always toward the earth. He was not merely grotesque, he was hideous. There are men that nature has jested with; Massimiliani she had cursed. He made a salutation with his hands—he could bend no lower.

"I am forever howing," he said to his mistress. "My grace was so great the first time I had occasion to make a salute to a lady, that I was never allowed to rise."

"Who was the lady?" queried his mistress, shutting her eyes as he stood before her.

"The only woman with whom I shall ever lie—Mother Earth." He looked straight down at the Lady Lucrece. She did not cover her bosom—why should she for Massimiliani?—no one counted him a man. He was as free to come and go as the spaniel that lay upon the rugs.

"I do not want gibes this afternoon," said his mistress. Massimiliani spread out his huge dark hands and smiled.

"Then my gracious lady did not send for me?"

"Send for you? Yes, I sent for you."

"It can not be. You have forgotten. For what am I but a gihe? It can not be a question of wisdom, or it would not lie between a woman and a fool. Perhaps it was a matter of grace, and you want me to dance, or a matter of beauty, and you wish me to smile, or a question of sweet sounds, and you wish me to sing."

The Lady Lucrece sat up and put the damp hair back from her brow.

"I had sooner hear a chorus of ravens," she said, but she laughed as she said it. No one minded Massimiliani, and she pulled at the end of his long, banging sleeve to make him squat upon the floor by her feet, which he did with a mocking gesture.

"Princes have been here before me," said he.

The lady looked haughty, but she was not ill-pleased.

"It does relate to singing," said she.

Massimiliani leaped to his feet and seized some roses that lay at the foot of the couch.

"The flowers!" he cried, and flung them from the case—ment.

His mistress stared at him in amazement.

"From the Lord Ascanio," she replied mechanically.

"There was a tarantula among them. Are you so good, madam, that your lovers must send you to heaven?"

"Fool!" cried the lady, angrily, "there was no tarantula among the roses."

Massimiliani sat down again upon the floor.

"Go on with your tale," said he, "I am no greater fool than I was before."

The Lady Lucrece sat pondering, with her elbows on her knees, and her flushed cheek in her hands.

"Fool," said the Lady Lucrece, and her breath came faster, "you have not heard, have you—"

"God gave me straight ears, the saints he thanked," the jester sardonically interrupted.

"—Night after night, since the summer came, a voice hellow my window? It always comes when the shadow of the balcony hides his figure."

"That he may not see your face, if you lean out, and so lose his inspiration?" interjected the dwarf. The lady struck him on the ear with her jeweled hand. The blow was light, but the dwarf shivered. "The voice," said he, "what was it like?" The lady fell back again into her old attitude. The flowing sleeves dropped from her arms. The loose strings of pearls with which they were wreathed, tumbled down to her elbows. Massimiliani spread himself flat upon the floor, and bracing his heavy head against his hands, watched her as a tiger does his prey.

"Ah, fool! I think you know I never loved. Men are so little, I could rule them all; I do not want a man that I can rule. But his voice—it sings of war, of great deeds, terrible and grand. And yet, Massimiliani, it sings of love—of love which counts power, and money, and name as nothing. It does not sue for love; it demands it as a right. The verses which he sings are no other man's; they are his own, and he weaves them as he sings. He does not mind that I am great, he loves me for my soul, he loves me for my pride, for my will, for my scorn of petty things. He knows me as I am. He is the first living creature who has ever done so. It mounts—this voice—up to my lattice like a vine. It runs through gay melodies like rippling water. It grows as sad as the voice of the night-bird. I weep when it sings of death; I throw up my arms and walk the room, strong as a giant, when it sings of war, and when it sings of love, fool, I bury my face in my arms and blub. All day I lie and dream of it, and in my sleeping dreams at night I bear naught but it. I dream how we shall meet and where. I am sure he must be beautiful."

A sound from the man at her feet caused her to stop. The fool had rolled on his back in a convulsion of laughter, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Fool!" cried the lady, springing from the couch in anger.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed the dwarf. "Will the eternal snows melt and the desert blossom? Will the tower fall? Shall I be straight? Will God take pity? Will my lady love?" He threw his jangling punchinello at her feet, and tore his cap from his head. "Wear them," he cried, "my bauble and my cap! I never cracked so excellent a jest."

"Slave!" The lady grew pale with rage. "To-morrow, you shall see, for I shall find which of my courtiers it is that sings thus, and I will marry him and none but him."

"None but him, gracious lady? And all these perfumed knights that have been praying to you while moons grew great and faded into sheaths again and waned to darkness, and these that hold a courtly contest for your hand?"

"I will marry him alone who knows my soul, and shows it me in song. I sent for you that you might search him out. I thought you might do me some service."

"Aye, for the scorn of fifteen years, which you have given me?"

"Have you not given me back scorn for scorn?"

"At least to day I have made you forget we are not equals. You are defending yourself against me, mistress, against your slave!"

"Leave me! To-morrow, mind, at night when my friends are with me, I shall find who sang those songs, and I will be his wife, and none but wife. You think I can not love? I have known none but fools, though they were not all as ugly as devils. Out of my sight! I do not need your aid." The fool, with his hestial head hanging, and his hot eyes rolling, threw up his hands with a frantic gesture and rushed from the room.

The day passed. Evening came, and, later, the moonlight. Under the balcony the shadows were dark. The Lady Lucrece walked in the chamber where the candles stood dark in their silver sconces, and only the moon lit the white marble which her garments swept. She waited long; the voice did not come. The moon reached the west, and still the lady paced the floor. At length the longed-for melody, pure, vaulting, triumphant, burst into a song of victory and love; but ere it had sung a score of words it was choked into silence. A sound arose to the lady's ears of passionate weeping; there was a discordant jangle of the lute as though a disregarding hand had brushed it heavily, and the night wore on in silence. The next day no one saw the jester Massimiliani nor the Lady Lucrece till it was night—a festal night—and the stately apartments were ablaze with light. Never had Pisa known such a festival. Liberty reigned in hall and hovel, and the Lady Lucrece was the central figure of the festival. She sat at the end of a hall on a dais. Robes of azure silk fell all about her; jewels looped up her hair, glittered on her arms, clasped her white neck, and shone in the fastening of her slippers. About her were flowers, perfume, light, music, men who were courtly, women who were beautiful. There were marbles, carvings, tapestries, statues, and fountains. But the deep fire in the eyes of the Lady Lucrece did not catch its inspiration from any of these things. It was midnight when she ordered the music to stop. She had been dancing and all the sensuous rhythm of the motion seemed impersonated in her. She went back to the dais and stood there, young and fair, in the shadow of the ancient carvings. A look of maidenliness, unwonted in her, spread itself over her face. She came of tyrants, and the blood of the tyrant was in her; but now she looked as gentle as any maid that ever begged her lover for another kiss.

"I have sworn an oath," said she, "and to-night I must keep it. The people of Pisa have long wished me to take a lord, but I have found none whom I desired. But, for many nights, some one has sung beneath my window. I do not know the man, but my soul is wedded to the voice, and I will marry him alone who can prove to me to-night that it is his." Her hauteur had returned. She was again the daughter of a line of dukes; she was commanding and not seeing. No one replied or moved. The lady spoke again:

"Surely he need not fear; he may trust me." She waited still; a woman's tremors came hack to her. "He must have loved me," she cried, "it was the voice of love. Let me but look on him who sang those songs to me." She held out her arms. The jewels on her bosom rose and fell. She seemed half sinking beneath the tremulous agitation. Suddenly from behind the hack of that great chair upon the dais there sprang Massimiliani, the hideous jester.

"It was I!" he cried, "It was I!"

A murmur, half wrathful and half jeering, a hubbly of laughter, surged up from the company.

"Fool!" cried the lady, "this is no time for jests."

"It was I!" he cried, "It was I!"

"Let us hear your voice, knave!" cried a saucy little fellow of sixteen. He flung a coin toward the fool. Massimiliani seized the coin and flung it in the young noble's face. The hest hack that had never straightened seemed almost to straighten now, and a voice full of passionate sadness, yet melodious and thrilling, came out of a form which seemed made to be the covering for only unclean things. It was an existent paradox; an astounding incongruity; the antithesis of facts. And as he sang, a hope leaped into his eyes and a triumph into his voice. Desire helongs not alone to Adonis; even a Caliban may love. The lady's head was bowed upon her breast. The song he had chosen was the unfinished one she listened to the night before. The hump-hack hent forward in hideous importunity, but the lady's face was shaded with her silken scarf. He grew mad with a tumult of wild surmises as to what her mood might be. At length she raised her face and he saw. It was the tyrannical disdain of her race—the unspeakable contempt of a ruler for a presumptuous and menial knave—the mad mortification of an outraged woman and the chaste pique of a maiden. He saw and comprehended at a glance. He knew it was all over. The song died upon his lips. The swords of the nobles, which amazement had kept in their sheaths, were out. Massimiliani leaped toward his mistress, caught her in his arms, kissed her where the jewels were lost in her bosom, and as the fierce Italians surged up to him he buried his stiletto in his breast.

So died the last jester of Pisa. ELIA W. PEATTIE.
May, 1887.

Nate Salisbury, Buffalo Bill's partner, will introduce popcorn in London this summer. He has ordered one hundred bushels of the unpopped vegetable from a New York dealer.

OLD FAVORITES.

Count Gismond.

Christ God who savest man, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!

Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,

Chose time and place and company

To suit it; when he struck at length

My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtless ere he could draw

All points to me, he must have schemed!

That miserable morning saw

Few half so happy as I seemed;

While being dressed in queen's array

To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace

To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;

God makes, or fair or foul, our face;

If showing mine so caused to bleed

My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped

A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen

By virtue of her brow and breast;

Not needing to be crowned, I mean,

As I do. E'en when I was dressed,

Had either of them spoke, instead

Of glancing sideways with still head!

But no: they let me laugh, and sing

My birthday song quite through, adjust

The last rose in my garland, fling

A last look on the mirror, trust

My arms to each an arm of theirs,

And so descend the castle stairs—

And come out on the morning-troop

Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,

And called me queen, and made me stoop

Under the canopy—[a streak

That pierced it, of the outside sun,

Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

And they could let me take my state

And foolish throne amid applause

Of all come there to celebrate

My queen's-day—Oh I think the cause

Of much was, they forgot no crowd

Makes up for parents in their shroud!

However that be, all eyes were bent

Upon me, when my cousins cast

Theirs down; 'twas time I should present

The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last

No longer time . . . the old maid again

Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond 's at the gate, in talk

With his two boys: I can proceed.

Well, at that moment, who should stalk

Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—

But Gauthier, and he thundered, "Stay!"

And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!"

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet

About her! Let her shun the chaste,

Or lay herself before their feet!"

Shall she whose body I embraced

A night long, queen it in the day?

For honor's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,

I never fancied such a thing

As answer possible to give.

What says the body when they spring

Some monstrous torture-engine's whole

Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew

That I was saved. I never met

His face before, but, at first view,

I felt quite sure that God had set

Himself to Satan; who would spend

A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat

Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth

With one hack-handed blow that wrote

In blood men's verdict there. North, South,

East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,

And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed

The heart of the joy, with my content

In watching Gismond unalloyed

By any doubt of the event:

God took that on him—I was hid

Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

Did I not watch him while he let

His armorers just brace his greaves,

Rivet his hauberk, on the fret

The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves

No least stamp out, nor how anon

He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound

Was finished, prone lay the false knight,

Prone as his lie, upon the ground:

Gismond flew at him, used no sleight

O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,

Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet

And said, "Here die, but end thy breath

In full confession, lest thou fleet

From my first, to God's second death!

Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied

To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked

—What safe my heart holds, though no word

Could I repeat now, if I tasked

My powers forever, to a third

Dear even as you are. Pass the rest

Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung

Against the world; and scarce I felt

His sword (that dripped by me and swung)

A little shifted in its hilt:

For he began to say the while

How South our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude

We two walked forth to never more

Return. My cousins have pursued

Their life, untrouled as before

I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place

God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear

Great brow; though when his brother's hack

Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?

And have you brought my tercel hack?

I just was telling Adela

How many birds it struck since May.—Robert Browning

STAG-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

A Reply to "Cockaigne."

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I am an Englishman, and beg to say that of the many American newspapers the *Argonaut* seems to me to be the most fair-minded of any. It does not, like the majority of other papers, take such a partisan and unjustly one-sided view of the Irish question, but appears to have an editor who possesses a mind of his own, and what is more, who dares to give publicity to his opinions, whether they may be pro-Irish or anti-Irish. For that reason it gives me great pleasure to read the *Argonaut*. I would, however, mention that the letter upon H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, must have been written by a burlesque writer, and that which he writes of the princess (than whom there does not exist a lady who is kinder or more thoughtfully solicitous for the comfort of others) is the very opposite of what that gracious and universally popular princess really is. The writer, moreover, can not be acquainted, even in theory, much less in practice, with the etiquette of the English Court. If he were, he would know that none but Her Majesty can "command." A request by the Prince or Princess of Wales is simply an invitation. It would, nevertheless, be a breach of etiquette not to comply with such invitation, unless cogent reasons could be offered for declining it.

In your issue of the 16th of April, there is a letter contributed by "Cockaigne" upon "English Stag-Hunts." While fully admitting the accuracy of all he says as to hunting in the vicinity of London, I can not, out of love for the old country, let that letter be the only one on such a subject, as it would have the effect of giving to Americans the impression that such stag-hunting (or rather calf-hunting) was the only stag-hunting we have.

In the west of England (of which I am a native) there are red deer—not fallow or park deer—as wild and as fierce as were the herds which roamed over the same ground when Julius Caesar invaded the island, or when Alfred ruled in wisdom, or when Harold Godwinson strove with the Norman Duke for the crown. He, the conqueror, made the deer royal game, and the laws for protecting them were cruelly severe. Well, now at this moment, in the forest of Exmoor, there roam herds of these wild red deer, over its heather-clad hills, and through the densely-wooded coombes, and along the many brawling rivers and streams of the uninhabited forest. This forest of Exmoor is in the wild west of England, in the northernmost portions of the counties of Devon and Somerset.

I have seen and helped to kill many a stag as big and with antlered-head as grand as would puzzle thousands of Wapili deer to outdo—aye, and to drive a stag from slot to hill requires a good horse, good nerve, and stamina of the first quality. Often and often do the gallant animals give their hunters seven and eight hours' galloping before they turn to bay, and then, game to the bitter end, they use their antlers to such effect that hounds are frequently killed and wounded and even horses disembowelled before the huntsman can drive his hunting-knife into throat or through heart.

A pack of hounds, numbering about thirty-five couples, is kept at Exford in the heart of the forest, under the present mastership of Viscount Ebrington. The late master, Mordaunt Fenwick-Bisset, Esq., M. P., held that position for twenty-eight years, and made the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds the most popular pack in England.

The veteran huntsman, Arthur Heal (far and near known as "Arthur"), is seventy-two years of age, and rides on an average one hundred miles a day for three days a week during the hunting season.

If you will allow me, I will take you and your readers to one of these hunts, and then I will ask you to say whether or not we have stag-hunting in England that even America can not excel.

Our headquarters shall be the old hostelry called the "Luttrell Arms" Hotel in the quaint old town of Dunster.

There is nothing in America with which I can compare the old-world way and homely surroundings of this ancient home of the House of Luttrell, now used as an hotel.

About eight o'clock in the morning, in September, we turn out of bed and see that the weather is really splendid, just sufficiently dull and foggy enough to promise a fine autumnal hunting day.

After breakfasting superbly and getting into our breeches, top-boots, spurs, and all the customary dress of followers of old Nimrod, we light our cigars and stroll down to the stables to see that the horses which have to carry us to-day have been thoroughly dressed and attended to by their grooms. We give order for bridles, saddles, and breastplates to be put on at once, as there is a ride of eleven miles before us to get to the meet by quarter before eleven, at Culbone Stables on the old coaching road between Porlock and Lynmouth. We take good care that our holsters are fixed with long flasks, containing brandy or whisky, or some such "refresher" (according to taste), and that our sandwich-cases are securely strapped to our saddles, for we may rest assured these things will be most acceptable by-and-by, as "liquor stores" and restaurants do not exist on Exmoor, and many a weary mile has to be traversed ere we get the opportunity of procuring such desirable refreshments.

All is ready now, and we start, and soon get into the village of Porlock. Here we must stop to have a bottle of wine and a merry jest with the genial hostess of the old "Ship" Inn, and her two buxom daughters. Then, again in the saddle, toiling up the excessively steep hill to the White-tours (anent which, mayhap, I may, in a future letter, say something of the legend which gives Porlock its name, and with which his Satanic majesty has not a little to do.) A steady trot of fifteen minutes brings us to the meet, where there are assembled about two hundred horsemen and many ladies. Vehicles of every sort and shape, from the stately barouche to the broom-cutter's sledge, are also present, together with hundreds of people on foot.

Arthur has not yet come, nor the master, but after a lapse of a few minutes the hounds, with Arthur at their head, and Gearys, the whipper-in, bringing up the rear, are seen coming up the coombe. Then the noble master appears, and after a short chat and delay, movements are made for the hunt.

First the quarry has to be found—there is no carting here—and many blank days when deer can not be roused occur.

The pack is kenneled and six couples of "tufers," as old, wary hounds are called, are taken by Arthur and trotted down into Glenthorne Woods. These tufers go into the thick covers, and turn out the deer into the open. A waiting has to be undergone by us all while the tufers are doing their work, and as we idly smoke our cigars and ease our horses by dismounting, the magnificent scenery attracts our attention. We are on the top of Porlock Hill, and southward and westward stretch the rolling hills of the forest, scarred by the deep coombes and ravines, at the bottom of which invariably runs a stream of water, in which salmon and trout cause many a whirl and eddy. The grand old trees on the sloping sides of these coombes look so quiet and stately that it seems as if we had left the habited world altogether. Northward, a thousand feet below us, the Atlantic Ocean rolls its waters up the Bristol Channel, and dashes its spray on the shingly beach shadowed by the trees and brush-wood which come quite down to the water's edge. But hark! There's a shout and the pealing of Arthur's horn. Something's afoot. "Is it a stag or a hind?" is the anxious inquiry of everybody. "There it goes, up yonder slope. 'Tis a hind, though, with a tufur hard at her heels." The hound is whipped off, and again we wait. "That's a whimper, surely, below there," another, now a chorus from four or five hounds, backed up by notes from a horn. All eyes are eagerly watching the edges of the woods to see what breaks out. Crash! "By Jove! there he is, and a splendid fellow, too. What a head! Brow, bay, and tray, and three 'pon top." 'Tis a glorious sight to see him toss back his antlers and go at a long, swinging gallop across the heather and disappear over the crest of the opposite hill.

Hurry is the word. Tighten your girths, get into the saddle, and make up your mind for a hard ride now, for the stag has gone straight for the moor, and sobbing sides and reddened rowels will tell their usual tale ere we set him up to bay; perhaps in "Watersmeet."

The tufers are whipped off, and Arthur rides fast back for the pack, which he quickly brings up and lays on the track. Just a minute the hounds feather, then from old Challenger's throat there comes a roar as he strikes the line; his comrades take up the note, and for a few minutes the hills re-echo to the deep baying as each dog catches the mystic scent. They rapidly settle down to their long-sweeping stride, and the hunt has fairly begun.

We are in a good position, so far, and feel the exhilarating effect of a moorland gallop as the heather glides under our horses' feet.

Down that coombe the chase takes us, along the bottom, then up the steep sides over the boulders and among the larches. Our horses must walk it. At last we reach the brow and observe a few horsemen vanish over the opposite side. We follow hard in their wake, and soon can see the hounds before and below us running fast and close to the line. Arthur in his scarlet coat is close up with them, as also are about a half a dozen zealous sportsmen. "Two hours, and not a check!" Phew! Our horses are beginning to feel the strain, and we should not at all object to draw rein, but the gallant beast ahead is showing sport, and he leads us through the beautiful woods and glades of Horner, past the old water-mill, up the stream, and across the side of old Dunkerry, the highest and bleakest hill in the west. Here the hounds waver and lose the scent. Ah! what a relief to pull up and blow our horses. Five minutes, and an old hound hits the line again, and says so, and shows the way towards the famous valley where the Doones had their robber stronghold. Few are the riders now, as we lead our foam-covered horses down the tremendous declivity (none could ride down). Again we mount, dash through the ford of Badgeworthy Water, and stretch out for Simonsbath. We take care to avoid riding where the bright green patches of seeming beautiful galloping ground denote the presence of bogs, into which it is dangerous to ride. Lives are lost by getting in these quagmires, and frequenters of the moor give them as wide a berth as possible. Ha! The hounds swing back towards Bradgeworthy Water, and the stag is seen below with lowered head now seeking the cooling bath of the waters. No time do the dogs give him, however, and he sinks the hill straight this time. "It is all up!" We know now that he has well-nigh finished his course, for when deer seek to attain a hilltop by going straight up 'tis a sure sign of the end. The master and Arthur with one or two other riders in scarlet are in front of us, and we hope that the stag will turn to bay quickly, so that we may be present at the kill. The noble brutes we ride have had quite enough of it, and gone is the free-reaching stride of the beginning of the hunt. We struggle on, however, and are gladdened by hearing the baying of the hounds beneath, down by the stream, beyond that thick belt of woods. We slip and clatter down the rough sides, and between the trees we catch a glimpse of scarlet and other coats, raging dogs, and, as we get up close, there, with his back against an immense boulder, in mid-stream, is the old stag facing his foes, and, like a gentleman as he is, fighting to the last. One unwary young hound is ripped up from shoulder to flank by a dash of those terribly sharp brow-antlers. Others, more wise, keep at a distance, and bay till the coombe echoes with their pealing notes.

Arthur is in first, and jumping out of the saddle with the agility of thirty years instead of seventy-two, gets up the sides of the rock, and when the deer with hoof and horn is keeping his canine enemies from fastening on him, he leans forward and sends his hunting-knife deep into his throat. With an upward toss of his head and a roll of his beautifully-brown eyes the stag sinks down into the water dead. Then the death-whoop peals, and the "mort" is sounded, again and again, "whoop, who-o-o-p, who-who-o-o-p." The shouts make the coombe echo and re-echo with the shrill halloo, and the stragglers coming down the hillsides know that they are just too late to see the death-stroke given.

The deer is pulled to the hank and his points are counted and his size admired. He is then grallocked and his entrails thrown to the hounds. The slots (the two fore-hoofs) are given as trophies to two fair ladies, who have ridden the chase fairly through, from find to finish. Congratulations and experiences of the day are exchanged, and a merry ten minutes' chat takes place, as

"With laugh and jest and thrilling cheer
We gather round the dying deer,
Beside the torrent's foam."

Instructions are now given by his lordship as to the car-

cass, the hounds are called together and taken toward their distant home in the kennel at Exford, and we find that with wearied horses and tired selves we have a long ride of nineteen miles ere we can plunge into our baths at grand old Dunster, and enjoy our dinner in the old oak room (formerly the private chapel) of the "Luttrell Arms" Hotel. We get there at last, and spend a most enjoyable evening, soothed by good wine, good cigars, good companions, and the memories of a right-down good day's sport. Then, with the consciousness of having done our part worthily, we seek our beds thoroughly tired out, as hunters should be.

There, is a plain and unvarnished account of a stag-hunt in England with the Devon Somerset Hounds, as we of the west call hunting.

Let "Cockaigne" visit that famous pack, and I feel sure he will experience a far different feeling for the "royal" sport than he ever would by attending the meets of other stag-hounds where "calf-hunting" is indulged in.

Is hunting cruel? Let sentimentalists decide.

Is it desirable? It makes men of its votaries.

Is it a source of pleasure? Aye, most emphatically, aye!

THE ÆTHELING.

May 7, 1887.

A link which bound modern Europe to the middle ages has just been severed at Ghent by the dissolution of the Ancient Guild of Crossbowmen in that city. It had existed since the eleventh century, but with ever-diminishing utility, since crossbows and long bows are no longer in fashion; and the society came lately to the conclusion that it had ceased to have any *raison d'être*. Its massive plate has all been sold, including a superb chased silver cup, presented to the association by the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella, which has now become the property of Baron Rothschild at the price of twenty-five thousand francs. The closing hours of the old guild were celebrated by a banquet, at which it is not to be doubted that the burghers feasted as proudly as did those of Antwerp, who, when they were entertained by the Prince of Orange, finding their benches hard, spread their jewelled velvet cloaks over them, and afterward left them to the lackeys, saying, "We do not carry away our dinner cushions!" After this final act of comradeship, when the antique crossbows were hung upon the tapestry for the last time, and the great parcel-gilt goblet of the association, brimmed with spiced Rhenish, went round for the ultimate toast, the members still had a matter of ten thousand guilders in hand. This sum they transmitted to the Charity Commission of Ghent, and therewith the existence of the antique confraternity terminated. Great and famous are the men who have belonged to it in bygone days. Its sturdy burghers and the stalwart men-at-arms maintained and drilled by them were the terror of the Duke of Alva.

The London *St. James's Gazette* agreeably illustrates the knowledge of American affairs which obtains among the best informed of Englishmen in the following paragraph; the *Gazette* is speaking of the American Exhibition—"The Yankeries," as it is called—in London: "Buffalo Bill" is the Hon. W. F. Cody, member of the United States Congress for the State of Nebraska. He obtained his nickname from his extraordinary skill in getting buffalo-meat for the workmen on the Union Pacific Railway. He was born on the plains; at the age of sixteen he was a 'bull-whacker'; and afterwards he acted as guide and scout to no fewer than thirty-six different American generals. He holds the rank of Colonel in the United States army; was elected for Nebraska in 1878; and has scalped so many Indians that all the tribes from Montana to Texas look upon him as a man and a brother."

A discovery at the Monte Carlo casino, a short time ago, has created far more sensation than the last shock of earthquake. It was no secret that a syndicate had been formed to attempt what so many of the dashing gamblers have hitherto failed to accomplish—break the bank. From the facts which have transpired, a croupier was bribed to pack the cards at *trente-et-quarante*; and at a certain moment, when the queen of diamonds appeared, such an unusually large sum in notes was placed on the table as to arouse the suspicions of the administration. On subsequent investigation it was discovered that sixty cards had been added to the packs by the incriminated "operator," who was sent to prison forthwith, and has since been sent across the frontier on the discovery of a sum of sixty thousand francs at his residence. The loss to the administration is said to amount to half a million of francs.

Since Secretary Manning first took the Treasury portfolio and the new order of things was begun, nearly twenty per cent. of the women have gone, and none have come in their places. When a female clerk dies or gets married, resigns or is dismissed, a requisition goes to the Civil-Service Commission for a man to fill the vacancy. The trouble is, that the women are hard to deal with. Most of them depend upon the gallantry of the superior officers, and are constantly asking favors, many of them not hesitating or seeming to think it improper to ask high officials to make false statements or violate the law in their interests. The most trouble is in examining them for promotion. Some have not hesitated to ask beforehand for a list of the questions.

To Charles Sumner in Europe Longfellow wrote from his Cambridge home in January of 1859: "Lowell has lately written in the *Atlantic* a couple of very clever articles on Shakespeare. Here is a recidive joke from one of the pages: 'To every commentator who has wantonly tampered with the text, or obscured it with his inky cloud of paraphrase, we feel inclined to apply the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta.' Felton was the first to find out the joke, and to remember or discover, that this name was Eudamidas!"

A New Lisbon (O.) girl, while disrobing recently, was pulling off her stocking with considerable exertion, as her foot was damp. It came off unexpectedly, and her hand was released with such sudden force that it struck her under the chin and caused her to bite her tongue nearly in two.

BEAUTIES IN BOOTHS.

"Iris" describes the "Festival of the Year" in New York.

The Festival of the Year, celebrated a short time since at the Metropolitan Opera House, is the very latest in the way of spring entertainments. This is saying a good deal, for the spring entertainment—for charitable purposes, that is—has as many different forms as a centipede has legs. The ingenuity displayed in inventing new ones is only another testimony to the inventive genius of the American people. One can not dance in the spring because it is too hot, and, therefore, not becoming. One can not play lawn-tennis or go to outdoor receptions because, as yet, it is not hot enough. The field for amusement is curtailed, and it takes a smart person to invent just the sort of thing to fill in the gap between the torporous caperings of the long winter nights and the glorious, dreamy lounges of the sumptuous summer days. For a time there was a kirmess; but a kirmess is *passé*. Then came a sort of Dutch fair—a kirmess without dancing—but that was stupid. Then came a *marché aux fleurs*, where the prettiest girls in the world sold rosebuds for ten dollars a-piece and bunches of vegetables for a price to make one shudder. But even New York, wealthy New York, lapped in gold like King Midas, rebelled. When a man got home and found himself just a few hundreds out, to show for which was a wilted rosebud, brown and drooping in his button-hole, a head of lettuce, four or five bunches of asparagus tied with pink ribbon, and hazy recollections of a bunch of La Frances given to dear Clorinda when they stood whispering on the stairs, and half a dozen Jacques pressed softly into the willing fingers of Lucille as she waited for her carriage—his charitable ardor was wont to cool, and, secure behind the sacred walls of his club, he was reported to have said that the *marché aux fleurs* was a swindle.

So they have now tried a Festival of the Year. This is the way it goes: The auditorium of the opera-house is covered over, and thereon in a circle are twelve booths each representing a month. In the booths are girls dressed appropriately to their month and selling appropriate verses. Here youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours—no, not hours, dollars—to chase the glowing dollars with flying feet, and, having brought them to bay, wrest them from their owners, and offer some useful article such as a thermometer, a pail, a duster, etc., in return. All this is for sweet charity's sake, and no one objects. What a grovelling creature the man would be who demurred at giving twenty-five dollars for a Japanese fan, for the sake of the widow and the orphan! What a vile and selfish wretch is he who, handing out ten dollars for a cigar, accepts change! A man has to pay high for the privilege of being waited on by the fashion and beauty and money of the metropolis. But to return to the Festival of the Year. The January Booth, which came first, was a log-cabin with a cotton-battening snow-man, his arms full of cotton-battening snow-balls, at the right of the door, and a miniature toboggan-slide at the left, down which, for a large consideration, numerous dolls could be sent whizzing. Here snow-shoes, gloves, thermometers, mufflers, anything to keep you warm, sold by the most lovely of girls, who, in white satin dotted with swans-down, in which a robin red-breast here and there nestled cosily, represented winter. February, under a thatched roof, with a big ink-stand for a weather-cock, sold periodicals and papers, the peculiar appropriateness of which escapes me. March was bucolic and pastoral, the booth being an apotheosized cow-shed, almost as gorgeous as the alluring sty promised to the object of her affection by the lady who loved the swine. It was thatched with straw, and offered for sale products of the dairy and the farm-yard—cream, eggs, milk, a dog or two, prize fowls, and various convenient forms of live-stock. It was waited on by dairymaids of the type heretofore regarded, by a suspicious world, as mythological; rosy-cheeked beauties, in velvet bodices and flowered frocks, with snowy kerchiefs drawn across their shoulders, and rolled-up sleeves to show the dimples in pink elbows. April was a gigantic umbrella, with all sorts and conditions of parasols and umbrellas hanging from its points, and with among its waiting-maids the Spirit of the Rainbow—a pretty girl swathed about in the seven primitive colors, which melted one into the other in a manner so realistic, soft, and harmonious, that her costume was the sensation of the evening. May was the May-pole, from the peak of which parti-colored streamers were drawn out and fastened on short poles, forming a sort of tent-roof. Here they sold all that the good *hausfrau* needs on May-day—pails, brushes, mops, clothes-pins, dust-pans, etc. But June—the leafy month of June—was the most attractive. Here the men circled about, gazing yearningly over each others' shoulders at the loveliest imaginable girls, who, each dressed as a flower, sold roses from a bower of blossoms, at a price—well, it was for Charity's sake, so why complain? July was patriotic. From the top of a brilliant pavilion, formed entirely of Japanese fans, the stars and stripes would have flaunted in the breeze, had there been any breeze in which to flaunt. Underneath the brilliant dome, girls in their cool, summer dresses sold every imaginable kind of fan and fire-cracker. But August, superb, decorative, and alluring, was the gem of the twelve months. It was a yacht. The tapering spars and net-work of cordage pierced the air to a dizzy height, and made a delicate background for three of the most nautical of girls. They were dressed yachtingly—if there is such a word—recalling summer days spent rolling on the bosom of the deep, dreamily delicious afternoons spent in a long, luxurious wicker-chair in the stern of a steam-yacht, with the scalloped edges of the striped awning fluttering in the breeze, and the dancing waves folding back smooth and glassy from the sharp bow. Who could help hovering about a spot where such illusions were induced? One of the nautical ladies was especially *chic*. With a sailor hat on her short curls, and a deep-blue sailor collar folding back from her round throat, she might have been the dashing lady Mr. Jules Stewart has depicted grasping the wheel in her firm, brown hands. One could forgive her the prices she asked for cigars, and the delicate diplomacy with which she induced the most Spartan to invest in compasses, scarfpins, and coils of rope for the sake of the memories she invoked. As you watched the pretty booth you heard the cordage creak and strain, felt the salty breeze, keen and exhilarating, blowing in your face, the opera-house floor

stretched away in long, sparkling green swells, and gently rose and fell beneath your feet, and the water lapped softly about the rolling keel. September was agricultural and miscellaneous. The booth was decked with the garnered sheaves of autumn, with rows of crimson-cheeked apples, with yellow pears and bunches of grapes. The ladies who waited at this table were attired as bacchantes as far as the head, having the beautiful scalloped leaves of the grape and great clusters of purple fruit twisted about their hats; for the rest they were dressed richly and autumnally in crimson. October was the month of hunts and outdoor sports generally. Whips, crops, guns, pistols, and other implements of the chase decorated it. There was a story abroad that one of the girls was to appear as a feminine form of jockey. Her advent was awaited with much palpitation; but at the last moment she appeared, tranquil and self-possessed, dressed quietly and appropriately as the others. At this booth Mr. Heron Allen was stationed, and, for the trifling consideration of ten dollars, told you how bad and wicked you were, your past misdemeanors, and future mishaps. Mr. Allen is a palmist, and is the fashion—the latest fad. He is blond, young, with a bulbous head, and a great coolness of disposition. He also has that element of true greatness, a just appreciation of his own services. He takes your hand and tells you all kinds of things about yourself, sometimes flattering, more times not. He has exercised his talents all winter in numerous drawing-rooms, where his old-young head, rising with a monochrome effect from a semi-circle of the most beautifully blooming faces in New York, has been a feature of most of the winter's entertainments. His usefulness at such an affair as the Festival of the Year is immense.

Of the regular form of spring entertainments—theatres, galleries, etc., there is not much to be said. All the winter seasons are over, and stars with wild, western companies have monopolized the boards. Women one has never heard of before, heralded as the greatest actresses of their age, come in and take possession of the principal theatres, and give us strange Juliets and unearthly Paulines. There also has been an eruption of Camilles. There always is a great blossoming of Camilles in the spring. They are all over the city, each coughing herself out of existence in a different way. Clara Morris is Camille at the Union Square. She draws tremendously, and dies with a gusto which always pleases her audience, who feel they have got their money's worth. Her famous mirror-shriek has all the horrible freshness of yore. Then there is a Miss Bancroft who is doing Camille somewhere else. She is reservedly, refinedly, and gracefully consumptive. She is of the snow-drop order of Camilles, a pure blossom crushed by a cold and unsympathetic world. Men in the gallery want to come down and smash Father Duval's head when they see her. Summer audiences, which are really the gallery overflowed into the parquette, don't like this gentle style of acting, having a penchant for excitement and shrieks. They object to her death, which is consistently lady-like and unobtrusive. She sinks into death instead of taking the flying leap at its face that summer audiences consider their due. As for the stars they are all to be here soon, with the star-paraphernalia of manager, husband, diamonds, dog, Worth dresses, and law-suits. Mrs. Langtry is back as Pauline, cold, unresponsive, beautiful as the Jungfrau, after having shown herself capable of some fire as Lady Clancarty. She considers Pauline her best part. She certainly looks lovely in it, and wears lovely clothes. Her acting is that of a passably good amateur, hampered by awkwardness, and the consciousness of her beauty. But she shows much ingenuity in falling. Her faints are acrobatic. She can fall over a table with the ease of one of Barnum's elastics. If she would get over the habit of butting at Claude with her head—by the way, that must be a failing of badly taught actresses; Labouchère says Mrs. Potter did it till she made Geoffrey Delamayne bite the dust—the "Lady of Lyons" would be a pretty performance. A lack of facial expression seems to be a failing of English actresses. Mrs. Langtry has none; Miss Fortescue supplied the want by doing what the children call "making faces." She could have made faces with Puck. She raised her eyebrows in despair, drew down the corners of her mouth in chagrin, furrowed her brow in anguish, turned her eyes inward—till she looked like a bust of Homer, in frenzy and had altogether one of the most elastic sets of features it is possible to imagine. Apropos of star actresses, Mrs. Potter's engagement with Harry Miner is an accomplished fact. It has dashed the spirits of her friends. Harry Miner has heretofore been regarded as fitting in the manager list somewhere above Tony Pastor and below Lester Wallack, Daly, and the rest. That Mrs. Potter has made a contract with the manager of the People's Theatre has been a great surprise. One hears from abroad that she has improved. It is painful but true that there was room for improvement. Poor lady, she has had a hard time of it! Imagine a woman adored by society, renowned as a beauty, her smallest recitation applauded to the skies, surrounded by friends and admirers who assure her that in her gifts of Rachel and Cushman meet and blend in splendid unity—imagine this unfortunate, after a few months' study, appearing in an alien city in such a part as Ann Sylvester!

Another American, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, who has gone to Paris, the gossips say, to study for the stage, has taken the place of Mrs. Potter as the cleverest amateur actress in New York. Miss de Wolfe denies the fact that she studying for the stage. She certainly has no need to, as she is an heiress, young, pretty, clever, and popular. *Entre nous*, she has infinitely more talent than Mrs. Potter. She is a bit of a realist and is charmingly natural and unaffected in every part she takes. She has none of the old stage tricks, none of the thrillings, and gaspings, and sobbings of the lady amateurs. She is pretty, too, and, above all, graceful as an antelope, with patrician profile and tender eyes. Julia in the "Hunchback" was a favorite part, and was done "to the life." Now, Mrs. Potter would have done it to the death in those old days before she went to France to "study elocution." She would have clutched her bang, pressed her madly beating heart, sobbed and swallowed, wrung her hands, rolled her eyes, gasped and stood still while her train would spiral round her feet, and she rose slimly from the heart of the spiral, palpitating conscientiously, with the regularity of a metronome.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1887.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Francis Train has shied a legal bombshell into the booming city of Omaha in the shape of a suit for six hundred acres of valuable land, estimated at ten millions of dollars. Great consternation prevails. Citizen Train bought the land in 1855, and he claims to still hold the title.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., who has just been black-balled by a social club composed of clergymen, for his adoption of Henry George's theories, is a brother of George H. Pentecost, the famous revivalist. Hugh Pentecost married Ida Gatling, the handsome and fascinating daughter of Dr. Gatling, inventor of the famous revolving gun. Both the Pentecosts are eloquent speakers and possess a remarkable amount of personal magnetism.

The Queen of Roumania fell into a throne by falling down-stairs. When there was no Kingdom of Roumania in existence she had laughingly said: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." Running down the palace stairs at Berlin one day her foot slipped, and she would probably have been killed but for Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who saw her danger and caught her in his outstretched arms. When Roumania chose him for a ruler he claimed the princess as his bride.

Alice Richards, a New York ballet-girl, enjoys the distinction of having sued more millionaires in a given time than any other woman in New York. She first sued the American Opera Company for nineteen weeks' salary, and then, anticipating a failure to collect in that quarter, brought separate suits against C. P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, and Henry Seligman, stockholders, each for one hundred and forty-six dollars damages. The defendants in these cases represent over one hundred millions of dollars.

Persons who are made, without good cause, "co-respondents" in divorce suits have recourse in England, it seems, for the expense thus thrust upon them. The Duke of Marlborough has filed a bill in the Bankruptcy Court against Lord Colin Campbell for the trouble he has been put to by the latter. Whether his chances for recovering anything are good or bad, he stands as the representative of a sound principle. No man has a right thus to saddle indefinite legal expenses on another without being held responsible for repayment if the charge is not proven.

Last week the matrimonial link which bound Sophie Adèle Mathilde de Morny to the Marquis de Belboeuf was severed in the divorce court. Sophie Adèle is no longer a marchioness. She was a piquant and pretty specimen of the Miss Tomboy sort of belle. She had her hair cut short and curled; and in a jockey cap and sporting costume she was singularly attractive. In ball-rooms she went in for a sort of tulle habitant that represented the costume of a dancer of modest ballet. The Belboeuf match was thought a brilliant one. The De Mornys are descended in this way from Louis VI.: Ooe Adèle Michel, who was born in the Parc aux Cerfs, married a Comte de Flahaut and then a Comte de Souza, a Portuguese. Her son by the first husband was the friend of Queen Hortense, and supplanted Admiral Verhuel, and every one knows that that illustrious and accomplished lady was a parent of the late Duc de Morny.

Not long ago Mr. Daly celebrated the hundredth performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" with a supper served at an immense round table, placed in the centre of the stage of his theatre. General Sherman presided, with Miss Ada Rehan at his right. Just before the party broke up, the general paid a glowing compliment to the dramatic art. He concluded by speaking of its wonderful power of expressing human emotions. "But," said he slowly and impressively, "if you have ever heard the bugle call to battle—if you have ever seen a rifle leveled to kill, and heard the bullet whistle through the air—if a wounded comrade has ever been laid at your feet, and you have put your hand upon his heart and felt it flutter and go out, you will realize that there are some things your art cannot express. Good night." And the hushed and attentive actors felt that the general had made as dramatic an exit as any that was ever made upon the stage.

Signor Crispi, the mainstay and most powerful member of the present Italian Cabinet, was one of the chief promoters of the insurrection of Palermo against the Bourbons in 1848, and after the victory of the royal troops was forced to seek refuge at Malta, where he married a beautiful and estimable Maltese peasant girl. In 1859, leaving his wife behind him at Malta, he joined Garibaldi, and landed with the volunteers of the latter at Palermo, fighting in their ranks as a simple soldier. The vivandière of his regiment was at that time a celebrated character. Dressed in the traditional red blouse, with a musket on her shoulder, Rosalie (for that was her name) took part in all the battles. Crispi offered his heart and hand to the somewhat masculine Rosalie, and the marriage was celebrated in due form without delay. After the successful termination of the insurrection, Crispi was elected to represent his native city, Palermo, in the Italian Parliament, and soon acquired great prominence and high office. Madame Rosalie was presented at court, and became one of the most constant guests of the queen, who vastly enjoyed her eccentricities of character and picturesqueness of language. After acting for some time as President of the Chamber of Deputies, Crispi was holding in 1877 the post of Minister of the Interior in the Depretis Cabinet, when suddenly Rome, and in fact the whole of Italy, was convulsed by the announcement that he had just contracted another marriage at Naples. Madame Crispi No. 1 had just died. The marriage with Madame Rosalie being null and void, by reason of bigamy, there was now no legal obstacle to prevent Crispi from wedding wife No. 2. Madame Rosalie is still alive and resides at Rome. Her hair is snow-white, and she makes a point of taking part in all the Garibaldian processions and demonstrations. Her stout figure, dressed in the red blouse, and with a large array of medals on the breast, is one of the most conspicuous. At Rome she is known by the name of Madame Crispi No. 2, while the minister's present wife is known as No. 3.

The Empress Augusta of Germany is fourteen years younger than her husband, who is ninety. Still she continues assiduously to repair, by the aid of art, the ravages of time. Imagine a face wrinkled and pinched, topped by an enormous black wig, the sunken cheeks glowing with unnatural color, a pair of dark, lustreless eyes staring into vacancy, the scrawny neck, once the admiration and envy of the court, now a mass of cords and sinews, a figure bent with age and infirmities, supported by a stout walking-stick, or leaning upon the arm of an attendant—and you have a picture of the empress, as she appears in public or at court festivals. Her toilet and personal adornments occupy her time as much as they did fifty years ago. Her pictures of that period, which she still continues to distribute with a lavish hand, show her to have been of commanding presence, with an intellectual cast of features of the English type, and a finely shaped head, balanced with royal self-possession upon a magnificent pair of shoulders. You could not obtain to Berlin to-day a print, photo, or picture of the empress of more recent date than say, twenty or twenty-five years ago. She dislikes soldiers; she hates military pomp; she looks with derision upon her husband's solicitude for "the man that wears his coat." She delights in literature, she patronizes in haphazard fashion the arts; she encourages orthodox science, and she aspires to a mild form of intrigue. This latter quality has involved her a number of times with Bismarck, who, strong enough now to do away with intrigue himself, hates an intriguer, and especially if the intriguer be a woman. The emperor has had the good sense never to lend any countenance to his wife's projects, and, as he does in everything else, support his Chancellor, right or wrong. Her obstinacy is shown in an incident which happened while she was traveling incognito in Spain, not many years ago. The empress happened to miss a train at a little way-station at a late hour of the evening. Though her escort shouted with all his might, "Stop the train! Stop the train!" a lady of the very highest rank wishes to get aboard! The unfeeling engineer and the obtuse station-master started the train, and away it went without the empress. The latter was furious. There was a hotel to which the party might have repaired, but the empress would stay at the station all night; and stay she did, curled up in a corner of a cold shed, her companions—poor humpbacked Countess Hacke and M. de Knesebeck, her secretary—shivering in the night air, surrounded by a few yawning lackeys only—the whole party looking more like a group of tramps when the morning broke than the Empress Augusta of Germany and her suite.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" tells of the American Exhibition and Wild West Show.

London is fairly captured by Americans. There has seldom been a year during the last twenty that the English metropolis has not had its share of Continental tourists from the United States bent on seeing the "sights," from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, from the British Museum to the "Zoo." No people from abroad—I hardly ever think it correct to class English-speaking Americans as foreigners—have ever taken so deep and keen an interest in the historical monuments of England, as Americans. Indeed, speaking roughly, there are no people at home who know so much about the great places of interest in London as do Americans. It is a curious fact, and one as pitiable as it is curious, that but few Englishmen, as you meet them, have ever been inside the Tower of London or the British Museum. I remember not long ago speaking to a gentleman from San Francisco on this very subject, and the apparent lack of interest which English people display in regard to their own country. They wander all over the globe, from the North Pole to the Antarctic Continent, in search of sights and wonders, and never once dream of investigating anything at home, either before they go or after they get back. He said: "Do you know, the same idea has struck me very forcibly. If you will pardon my saying so, I never met a people of any country, and I have traveled considerably, who were so ignorant of their native land and all that makes it of interest to the foreigner. While they go rambling about the world for recreation, and can tell you much about things worth seeing in other places, they know positively nothing about England. Ask 'em, and see. When abroad they penetrate the jungles of India, cross the deserts of Egypt and South Africa, climb the mountains of Switzerland, and rough it on the plains of the far West; but when at home they live the lives of stereotyped gentlemen, content to pass their days in their clubs or in their country-houses doing the same thing every day from one year's end to the other, and caring for nothing but their own immediate personal surroundings. They play tennis and cricket in summer; go to a few horse-races, because it is the fashion; shoot grouse, partridges, and pheasants in autumn, and hunt foxes in winter. Beyond these things they care not a button for anything. Curiously enough, they don't realize it in themselves, though sharp enough to detect the same defect in others. One of the men I refer to asked me the other day something about the Yosemite Valley.

"I have never been there," I told him.

"He let his glass drop out of his eye, so great was the elevation of his eyebrows, as he held up his hands in amazement:

"What? By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Fancy never seeing the Yosemite Valley, and you've lived in 'Frisco (all Englishmen call it 'Frisco) how many years?"

"Over twenty. You see, I could go any day. We think nothing of a hundred or two miles in California."

"Why, man alive, I went six thousand miles there, and six thousand miles back again, don't you know, to see the Yosemite myself." He looked very proud of himself as he said this.

"Look here," said I, after a minute, to let him enjoy his self-complacency, "have you ever seen Stonehenge?"

"What? N-no."

"Or the Giant's Causeway?"

"No."

"Or Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon?"

"N-no."

"Or Hampton Court, or the Tower?"

"N-no."

"Then you mustn't talk to me about never going to the Yosemite. The Tower is about three miles from here. I've been there half a dozen times already, but I don't mind going again. Let's jump into a hansom and drive there now."

He looked thunderstruck. "The Tower," he said; "isn't that the place the 'Arries go to on a Bank Holiday? Not to-day, please; I've an engagement to drive with a chap in the park. Ta-ta."

That's pretty much the way it is with all of them.

But whatever Americans may have done in the past, and have come to England to see, that isn't the case now. It isn't the National Gallery, or Hampton Court, or the Tower that has brought them over this year, and filled the Metropole, Grand, and Langham, from cellar to attic. It's the American Exhibition. Everywhere do you see them—at the theatres, in the streets, at the railway stations, on the steps of every West End hotel (whether "on the American plan" or not), staring out of the windows at Gilling's in the Strand, and at every point or place of interest in the metropolis. There is an unmistakable something about an American to the English eye, though Anglomaniacs so fondly imagine the contrary, just as there is to the American eye or ear an undoubted national tone about every Englishman, try to disguise it as he may. This is as it should be, of course. National individuality, even though it be thought peculiar, is a thing to be proud of. I can generally spot an American myself the minute I see him, whether he have Poole-made clothes, a Bond Street hat, St. James Street boots, and Piccadilly gloves or not. There is a wiry compactness in the American figure; a keen, all-alive look in the American eye; a self-reliant expression in every clear-cut feature; a delightful absence of "stomach" and beefiness, and a general all-overishness of complete and undoubted "savvy" from the top of the closely cropped hair to the toe of the thin-soled, small, and slender boot. As a lady friend (an English woman, too) said to me, the other day: "It is so delightfully refreshing to see pale-faced men, after all the crimson cheeks, necks, and noses one has grown accustomed to regard as indispensable to man. They look so very intellectual, too. They evidently think more of their brain than their muscle, in the matter of cultivation, and remind me of the men one sees in old family portraits, whose features and coloring we have always supposed belonged to ages long past." Certainly there is no lack or stint of such specimens about London. I don't mean to say that all can be so classed. There are ugly men in every country and of every nationality; but take them as a rule, and I think most people will agree with me.

Buffalo Bill's Indian and cow-boy encampment at West Brompton is a great place of resort for them while waiting for the exhibition to open on Monday next; and it is thronged every day with Londoners, attracted by the novelty of the scene. The tents, with their rudely painted pictures of birds and animals, are visited without restriction, the squaws and papooses gazed at with open-eyed wonder, and the warriors (which include "Red Shirt," the Chief of the Sioux), in their head-feathers and blankets, silently admired at a safe distance. Now and then some one speaks to them, but the services of "Bronco Charlie" have to be solicited as interpreter before an answer can be returned. Beside Buffalo Bill, the company includes "Buck Taylor," the "King of the Cowboys"; Miss Lillian Smith, the California rifle-shot; and Miss Annie Oakley, the champion American "markswoman." On Thursday, no less a personage than the Prince of Wales with the princess paid the camp a visit, and was received with royal honors, a special performance of the "Sports of the Wild West" being given for his edification. An attack by Indians on an emigrant wagon crossing the plains "fall of '49, spring of '50," ending in a timely rescue by Buffalo Bill and his scouts, was warmly applauded by the prince and princess. Another attack on the "Deadwood Stage" with a similar fortuitous termination, also afforded much royal gratification, as did also the hackwoodsman's cabin act, in which some depredating redskins were driven off by the opportune arrival of Buffalo Bill again. Certainly, if Colonel Cody ever did so much actual rescuing in all the years of his backwoods life as he will be called upon to do in fun during the coming week, he must indeed be a hero of the first water. After the performance, "Red Shirt" was presented to "Tummy" and his "missus," and made a speech to the "next chief of the pale-faces," expressive of his pleasure at making the acquaintance of the prince, with whom he heartily shook hands. The prince then presented him with a handful of choice cigarettes, which "Red Shirt" enthusiastically grabbed and distributed among his companions to a chorus of gratified "ughs!"

Take it altogether, it was an interesting scene, and if there had been any doubt of the success of Buffalo Bill's enterprise, it may now be said to be safely assured. The prince has made the show the fashion, and thousands of people who wouldn't have thought of going to see it on its merits, will now flock there in imitation of the Prince of Wales. Doubtless, the prince knew this as well as anybody, and in the spirit of that good-nature and kind-heartedness which especially mark his actions when an attention or a helping hand is needed to aid any person or thing American, he evidently made it his business to go—not alone to enjoy himself, as he did, but in order to give the thing *éclat*. As I have remarked in previous letters, he is a true friend and admirer of America and Americans, and never seems to miss an opportunity of showing, as well as expressing, his good will. "Tummy" should, indeed, fill a warm corner in the American heart. Already the windows of the booksellers' shop teem with editions of Cooper's novels, and the "Pathfinder," "Leather Stocking," "The Deer Stalker," and "The Last of the Mohicans" stare you in the face whenever you look in. The book trade, and through it, the heirs of Fenimore Cooper, will be benefited at all events, if every one else loses by the speculation.

The jubilee excitement is on the down grade. It was too hot to last, and the furore began too soon. Better have waited until the actual anniversary, the 20th of June, arrived. But instead of doing that, for months past it has been jubilee this, jubilee that, and jubilee the other from morning till night. What with jubilee hospitals, jubilee memorials, jubilee statues, jubilee medals, jubilee shoe-buckles, jubilee trousers, jubilee shirts, jubilee corsets, jubilee collars, jubilee neckties, jubilee bath-tubs (wherein, I suppose, people are expected to take a bath at least once every fifty years), jubilee tooth-brushes (which ditto), jubilee clocks and watches, jubilee stockings, and jubilee petticoats, it's enough to make one's head swim. Everything is and has been such a dose of jubilee that people are heartily sick and tired of the word—as sick and tired as they have become of putting their hands in their pockets for subscriptions. Had the man who wrote that soul-stirring war-song, "Marching through Georgia," twenty odd years ago, been possessed of a prophetic soul when he penned the chorus, "Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!" he would have seen how apt the words would have been to-day in England, with the single alteration of "Hurrah!" into "Alack!" It isn't that people are not loyal enough, and are rejoiced at the long, and happy, and prosperous reign of the sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, but that they are worn out with the reiteration of the word, and the bare-faced misuse that has been made of the jubilee sentiment to advance personal and local interests.

LONDON, May 7, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so, the entire company will pass over him and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking people down and not by his stepping on them.

There is a little railroad running between Hillsboro' and Chapel Hill, N. C., a distance of ten miles. It has a president, three vice-presidents, a secretary, an auditor, a general traffic-manager, a general freight-agent, a general ticket-agent, a purchasing agent, a superintendent of motive power, and an assistant general-manager—thirteen officers in all. It is said that when the telegraph wire is down, the officers string themselves along the road, and all messages are passed along by word of mouth.

Miss Alice Freeman, the President of Wellesley College, is a young woman whom most of her sex look upon as born under a lucky star, with her erect figure, dark hair, big brown eyes and the embodiment of nineteenth century womanhood. The Trustees of Columbia College, at their centennial jubilation, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Miss Freeman.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sunday in New York is now known as Thirst-day.—*Life*.

What the depositor wants to know is not that his money is all right, but that it's all left.—*Life*.

If you want to see a wild-cat, simply hold up the domestic article by the tail.—*New Haven News*.

Queen Olga, of Greece, is said to be very fond of swimming. We never tried swimming in Greece.—*Tid-Bits*.

A friend just returned from Canada says the song of "Yankee Boodle" is very popular over the border.—*Buffalo Express*.

A Dutch friend of ours over in Brooklyn had a German at his house on the 18th of April. It was a girl.—*Our Society Journal*.

"I know Washington was a great Injun fighter," said little Tommy, "because he cut down his father's Cherokee."—*Texas Siftings*.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door; but she doesn't go hunting through beer saloons for him, if the man happens to be out.—*Puck*.

You have got to raise money first before you can raise shoel; and, after you have raised shoel, then you've got to raise more money.—*Puck*.

Buffalo Bill (after the reception to Indian chieftain)—"Well, Holler-a-hole-in-the-air, what did you think of her majesty, the queen?" Holler-a-hole-in-the-air—"Ugh! Heap fat squaw!"—*Puck*.

Ahdul Hamed, present Sultan of Turkey, is rapidly adopting the ways of Western civilization. He recently ordered a census of his wives and finds that he has four hundred and eighty-four.—*Omaha World*.

When Barnum heard that among the Pope's Easter gifts was an ivory egg, lined with quilted satin, and inclosing a ruby and several diamonds, he cabled over to his representative in Rome to buy the hen at any price.—*Life*.

Little Tommy—"Can I eat another piece of pie?" Mamma (who is something of a purist)—"I suppose you can." Tommy—"Well, may I?" Mamma—"No, dear, you may not." Tommy—"Darn grammar, anyway."—*Ex*.

The widows: Speaking of the dear departed, one of them remarked, with emotion: "I shall never, never forget the date of his death, such a terrible blow it was to me!" "How long ago did he die?" "Two, or three years."—*French Fun*.

People who wonder that so small an organization as the Boston Ideal Opera Company could raise so big a row, forget that several of the members of the company have had long experience as singers in church choirs.—*Journal of Education*.

"A young married woman in Iowa takes long moonlight strolls with the ghost of a former lover." No doubt if her husband was to be apprised of her actions he would say "it's immaterial." You couldn't spector her to —. But gnome matter.—*Norristown Herald*.

Omaha doctor—"Ah, little one, tell your mother I have come to vaccinate the baby." Refined child—"I'm afraid you can't see baby now. Mamma is giving him a bath." "That won't matter. It won't take but a minute." "Yes, but he's entirely décolleté."—*Omaha World*.

Henry George—"Come and join our anti-poverty society." Workingman—"Glad to do it. Just count me in." Henry George—"One dollar, please." Workingman—"I have no dollar." Henry George—"Move on. This fellow behind you has money. We are not running any free snap."—*Omaha Bee*.

A poet in Harper's Monthly sings: "From the slow stream three sheeny fish I drew." This is a very limpid and liquid line, and, as such, wins our admiration; but, at the same time, we think the poet might have had the kindness to make it: "From the slow stream three Hebrew fish I drew."—*Puck*.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work." "I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see, my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I have been timid ever since."—*New York Mail and Express*.

The example of such men as the late Alexander Mitchell and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Scotchmen both, is worth to the young its weight in gold.—*New York Journal*. As one of them has died and the other has got married, it is doubtful which example the *Journal* would advise "the young" to follow.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A little French girl, just learning to speak English, one day went to a neighbor's house to beg for some flowers from the conservatory. "What kind would you like?" asked the lady of the house. "Roses, please, madam." "And how many? Your sister wants to wear them to a party?" "Yes, madam. Enough for two bouquets—one for her hair and one for her stomach."—*Youth's Companion*.

He—"Your friend seems to be a very pleasant young lady, Miss Breezy. I quite admired her." Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—"Ye-es, Clara can be pleasant and agreeable if she wants to, but she lacks that indefinable air of culture and refinement without which young ladies in society labor under disadvantages. I have always admired Clara's qualities of heart, but I have never been what you might call stuck on her style."—*New York Sun*.

"Well, how has trade been this last winter?" he asked of a merchant in a Wisconsin village. "Fair, sir, very fair." "Then the dull times have not affected you?" "Not a bit. One of my clerks stole thirty yards of silk, and paid me fifteen hundred dollars to settle, and another gobbled one hundred and thirty dollars in cash, and turned over a house and lot worth three thousand dollars to keep out of court. The times are all right, sir, perfectly right."—*Wall Street News*.

SOCIAL PHASES OF LIMA.

A Dip into the Undercurrents of the Peruvian Capital.

IV.

In my last letter I spoke about the evening gatherings in the Plaza, and as I had scarcely got well into my subject when I broke off, I will take it up again, as there is much more to say. Amid the throngs passing and re-passing in the cool evening before my gaze, typifying as they do every class and phase of human nature to be met with within the city's gates, and full of instruction as they are for a stranger, I am attracted by several picturesquely-clad *collahuayas*—itinerant doctors—whose wanderings extend from Quito to Buenos Ayres, and through the wilds of the mighty Andes. It is through these nomads, however, that the ignorant people of the uncivilized interior learn something of the doings of the busy outside world. They experience stranger perils and adventures, and cover a stretch of territory greater than even the far-famed Wandering Jew in their travels. Immediately behind these three doctors are visible a few beggars—poor, decrepit, ragged, and foul—the Plaza fairly swarms with them. Mendicancy is an institution here, and they are to be met everywhere—in the streets and alleys, around the plazas, at the portals of cathedrals, and sleeping in the sun, amid the dust and dirt, Lazarus-like—the dogs licking their sores. The lower classes are usually liberal, imagining that it brings them good luck.

And while upon the subject of mendicancy, a few words concerning the notorious "beach-comber" may not be deemed inappropriate. This class, for the most part, is too lazy to earn an honest living, destitute of every spark of manhood, and seemingly lost to all self-respect, vicious and filthy. Their sole craving seems to be *aguardiente*; for strong drink they would pawn every stitch upon their backs, beg, borrow, and steal—perhaps murder, who knows? Ragged, shiftless, shameless, and cowardly, they congregate around saloons and dives, waiting for some stranger to enter and "set 'em up all round." When they came shuffling along the streets, I noticed that the buzzards always kept to the windward of them—their breath being none of the pleasantest. A few years ago Valparaiso became so crowded with them, and so obnoxious did they make themselves, that the Chilean government, to get rid of them, corralled every mother's son—many hundreds in number—and sent them under heavy guard aboard the *Blanco*, a Chilean man-of-war then about leaving for England. This crowd of *lepers*, representing all nationalities under the sun, was dropped at several islands in the Atlantic; and Valparaiso reposed in security for a while. But the majority bad, like bad pennies, again turned up, and were becoming as numerous and troublesome as of old. Callao is filled to overflowing with them, and they are again becoming conventional features of the streets of Lima.

The lottery-ticket venders are here in force in the night also, and, though very annoying and troublesome in importing one to buy, seem to make many sales, and are kept pretty busy cutting the coupons. The lottery is very popular, and is liberally patronized by all classes. It is run by a Lima company, and is a somewhat small affair, the tickets selling for about ten or fifteen cents apiece, while the chief prize is not more than two thousand dollars. Sauntering leisurely along, puffing the inseparable cigarette, at peace with the world in general and himself in particular, decently attired, and with a certain air of pride, here comes a good representative of the hard-working and rather numerous middle class. His chief delight and recreation is his darling *cigarito*; most enjoyable is the hammock where he loves to loll and take his *siesta* in the beat of the day. This *siesta* is enjoyed by all natives of tropical countries; and you may find the hammock everywhere—not only beneath the foliage in the gardens of the aristocracy, but also in the dark and squalid interior of the beggar's hovel. The dusky señoritas of this class are here in all the bravery of bright color and radiant smiles, and none enjoy the strains of military bands more than they. Promenading slowly to and fro, and enjoying the lively scene equally with the rest, are dark-robed padres, whose eyes move restlessly under their broad-brimmed hats; sweet-faced sisters, with meek, kindly grace; laborers with huge *sombreros* and the conventional *serapes* thrown over their shoulders; wealthy *rancheros* and small farmers; the American, with the quick nervous step; Italians and Greeks from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean; the pig-tailed Celestial, fresh from the Flowery Kingdom; natives from nearly every land are here, surging to and fro in the variegated mass. A very noticeable feature in the throngs is the degraded, vicious criminal class, for it, too, is out for an airing—possibly for more than that. And, as may be supposed, when its representatives thus issue from their dens across the Rimac—whereof I shall have more to say hereafter—they are constantly under the surveillance of Peruvian soldiers, who also act as police, one stationed at each corner. There are quite a number of these soldiers here to-night, and, with their gray uniforms and red caps, they would add much to the scene if they did not present such a lazy, sleepy, and half-starved appearance. Their lot is far from a happy one—ill-fed, with poor and uncertain pay, and villainous quarters in rickety bamboo barns, dignified by the name of barracks, they have lost their backbone. They are naturally cruel and cowardly, and during the late war many Chilean prisoners were butchered by their long knives without mercy.

But now the music is over for the night; the concert is at an end, and the vast throng melts rapidly away as I take a street-car for the hotel. There are three lines of street-cars in the city, all of which are well patronized. The cars are built on the American plan, with the exception of having seats, like a coach, upon the top. The fare is about the same as ours; likewise, each car has a conductor and driver, both men, a variation from the street-cars of Valparaiso and Santiago, Chili, where young women act as conductors. Besides the street-cars, Lima has three lines of railway, two connecting with Callao, the third running east, across the western and central Cordilleras, to Oraya in the upland valley of Xuaxa. This latter, when completed, will be one hundred and thirty-six miles in length. It tunnels the Andes at an altitude of fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-five feet, the most elevated spot in the world where piston is

moved by steam. There are in all sixty-three tunnels. The bridge of Vergas, spanning a chasm five hundred and eighty feet wide, rests on three piers, the centre one, of hollow wrought-iron, being two hundred and fifty-two feet high. This road, thus far, has cost over five million pounds sterling; but all work is now suspended for lack of funds. Lima's railway depots are very quiet places, and present a bankrupt appearance, and, until its wonderful mines are opened and worked, they will doubtless remain so. There are no factories here worthy of mention; the only existing company of any prominence being the Electric Light Company, run by foreigners. There is also a good fire company, the engine having been imported from America. There are about half-a-dozen hotels, and three or four banks here, the one established by the late Harry Meiggs, who was a "little king" in this country while alive, being most prominent. The population of Lima is estimated at about one hundred and twenty thousand souls, including a foreign colony of some fifteen thousand in number. These figures are, however, uncertain, as no reliable statistics are taken in Peru. There are only three or four newspapers, and their circulation is comparatively small to supply the whole republic—the *Star and Herald*, published at Panama, being the general favorite.

Lima, lying within the tropics, has, upon the average, a very pleasant climate. The highest temperature observed here in summer is eighty-five degrees, the lowest in winter is sixty-one degrees Fahrenheit. February is the last month of the Peruvian summer, seasons south of the equator being, of course, the direct reverse of those north of it. The weather is very soft and balmy—almost perfect. In this country rain never falls, its absence being compensated in some degree by abundant and refreshing dews which fall during the night, and which are sometimes quite heavy, often resembling "Scotch mist," and are properly termed "Peruvian dew."

The money here in Lima is peculiar to South American republics, in that its value is ever rising or falling. The miserable, disgraceful paper currency—the paper *sole*—which floods the country, furnishes a striking proof of the above assertion. At the commencement of the late war large issues of this "scrip" were made, to the value of seven millions of pounds sterling, the face value being one dollar, Peruvian money. When the war closed so disastrously, the value of this paper fell to seventy-five cents, then to fifty, twenty, ten, and to-day a paper sole is worth hardly five cents. The silver sole (dollar) is worth about seventy-five cents, American money; and the other silver coins—fifty, twenty, ten, five, etc.—are valued at one-half of like denominations of American currency. The great national debt hanging over the head of Peru is the root of this monetary evil, and it is pleasing to note that the present government is making Herculean efforts to diminish it.

From the discussion of Lima's finances let us turn, for recreation, to her saloons. Around the Plaza, where the gay and light-hearted population congregate, are cafés and the dazzling, "gilded palaces" of vice and iniquity of the higher order, frequented by the better classes, where whisky (*aguardiente*), choice wines, beer (*cerveza*), of the finest and best quality can be obtained. Billiard and card-rooms are always attached, and in these resorts, rich in mabogany, in marble, in beautiful decorations and silken draperies, with great silvery mirrors, soft carpets, downy rugs, and burnished paneling; the nimble waiters running to and fro; liquor foaming and sparkling, glasses clinking, laughter ringing, the "balls" clicking, and the electric lamps shining like jewels in a crown—here the *élite* of the city gather to vile the pleasant evening hours away. Although the liquors flow unceasingly, no one becomes badly inebriated, for, like the French, they drink moderately of strong liquor, and more largely of light wines. Liquor-selling seems to pay well in Lima; every hotel and one-horse restaurant has its "bar" attached, and the patronage is always large. The principal beer sold here is brewed at the San Lorenzo Brewery; the wines are mostly imported from France and America, and the larger portion of the whisky is distilled in the mountains. Saloons of lesser note—many hundreds in all—are scattered throughout the city, and in these the famous "fandango" goes on from morn to eve, and away into the "wee hours" of the morning. This lively dance, with its song and accompaniment upon the guitar, has a charm that is indescribable. The wild, reckless movements of the dance, the flying feet, the charming melody, the fluttering handkerchiefs, the gaudy ribbons streaming behind, the swartby faces of the men and women, the ringing laughter, and the utter abandonment and yet exquisite grace of the scene, endow it with wonderful and delightful interest to the on-looking stranger. Here the young men and black-eyed señoritas loll in hammocks and smoke *cigaritos*, quaff the foaming beer, or sing and dance the "fandango." These are nearly their only amusements, there being but one theatre, the National, where shows come but seldom, while bull-fights and horse-races occur but once a year, and then last but a short time. The most popular drink among these classes—among all the lower classes, in fact—is *pisca*, an ungodly distillation from cane. It is very cheap and vile, fiery as the hinges upon the gates of hades, and twin-sister to the famous "New Jersey lightning." That it is no unworthy sister, I can assure you, having, to my sorrow, tried both. It is very useful in decreasing the population, which it does beyond any doubt.

Across the Rimac river are situated the saloons of the criminal classes—the filthiest in the city. Among these miserable hovels, abounding in dirt and filth, and shunned by all decent people; where naked children, half-starved and sickly, wallow in the dust like swine; where poverty, abject and mean, confronts you on every side; from whose darksome, ill-smelling dens come murmurs of the sick, oaths, blows, cries of anger and moans of pain, the reckless laugh, the despairing wail, and the miserable, dog-like whining of the aged—here amid these festering spots, the low, villainous grog-shops abound, dealing out poisonous liquors at low prices. In these foul dens the rattle of dice, the noise of fighting, the quick music of the "pauchango" with the wild, profane songs of the *zambos*, and the awkward shuffle of heavy feet, are heard all through the afternoons and nights until the flush of dawn, when the beastly orgies cease, and the revellers stagger forth, with bleared eyes and crazy mutterings, to their holes to sleep. Sunday is a gala-day with them, as elsewhere in these countries, and the music, the dance, and flow of liquor are never-ending, from the rising of

the sun till the going down of the same. These gambling hells and huts of filth shelter the vicious classes of Lima, comprising about fifteen thousand—nearly one-tenth of the city's population; idle negroes, freed from slavery in 1856, half-castes, "roughs" of all nationalities, zambos, and mulattos, ripe for any and all crimes imaginable. This is the "Five-Points" of Lima.

It is the night of my departure, and our visit draws to a close; I am to leave upon the ten o'clock train for Callao. It is a lovely summer evening, and, having a short time yet to spare, I, accompanied by a friend, take a farewell stroll in the quiet suburbs of the capital among the lowly bamboo-huts of the poor. While standing upon the banks of the Rimac, watching the dark waters rushing past o'er the pebbly bed, curling round huge boulders, and leaping over dead tree-trunks, its feathery spray flashing in the moon-beams, then falling into quiet pools and miniature eddies, and anon sweeping onward, leaping, sparkling, singing down to the sea—we were suddenly interrupted in our low conversation by the wonderful melody of a voice, a woman's voice singing an old Spanish song in one of the little huts beneath the heavy foliage to our right. I stood entranced; for sweet as the Æolian harp, now rising distinct and clear as the notes of a silver bell, and anon sinking, dying away, softly, harmoniously, in exquisite cadence, to the faintest whisper, soft as the warm south zephyrs breathing o'er a bank of violets, so weird and sweet, so tender, so pathetic was its ring, that the encircling foliage, huts, and walls seemed to fade and disappear, and once more I seemed to stand, amid the shadows of night, among the log-cabins of the negro-quarters, upon an old plantation "away back in ole Virginny," listening to the clear voices singing, to the musical sound of banjos, and to the merry laughter of the little darkies whose little feet pattered in lively dance upon the puncheon floor. But the dream grows misty, the dusky figures become shadowy and are lost to view; and I see above, the towering Andes, and shining stars; and around me the bending foliage and straw-thatched huts. Upon my ear fall the dying notes of that beautiful song—sinking, falling, lower and lower, like the soft murmur of a brook, more and more softly to the end. In response to my eager questions, my friend, who understands Spanish, explains that its name is "Huastros"—a song more popular among the simple folk of the mountains than of the city—and that it is a lament of the descendants of the Incas for the departure forever of "the good old times" before the advent of the merciless Spaniard. There are many of these plaintive laments among the music-loving people, for three centuries of oppression have naturally given a melancholy tinge to their character and their songs, and the little airs played on their *pinuccias* are tender, and tinged with sadness and grief.

Standing on the rear platform of the train, thundering through the swaying foliage, the flitting shadows, and across the dewy meadows, I watch the twinkling lights of the loveliest city on the South Pacific's sandy shore, fade one by one, and finally disappear from view in the darkness and gloom of night.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

CALLAO, April, 1887.

Annexed is a list of the one hundred most frequently used words of more than one authorized spelling. About three-fourths are selected from a list of over eight hundred such words given by Marshall T. Bigelow, of the Cambridge University Press, one of the oldest and best proof-readers now living. This list follows no one dictionary, nor is Mr. Bigelow's own preference represented: Accessory, adze, agriculturist, ambassador, axe, baluster, baritone, bauble, bazar, bandanna, bass (in music), biassed, bouquet, brand-new, carat, carrom, center, clarinet, clew, cosy, councillor, counselor, czar, defence, deficiency, denouement or denouement, develop, development, dispatch, drouth, duet, dullness, ecstasy, egg-nog, employé, encyclopædia, escalated, expediency, fulfilment, fulness, gayety, good-bye, gray, gypsy, indorse, ingulf, inquire, instalment, jeweler, jewelry, llama, loth, macaroni, marvellous, meagre, medieval, metre, Mohammedan, moneys, mosquito, mould, mosque, mustache, non-plussed, obligato, offence, peddler, plough, practice, program, quartette, quintette, reinforce, reinforcement, reverie, Sanscrit, Saviour, scimitar, skeptic, skilful, Shakespeare, Shakspearean, somersault, special, staunch, stillness, sumach, swop, taffeta, teetotaler, theatre, traveller, unbiased, villanous, whiskey, wilful, wagon, woolen, yolk.

The catalogue of the Union League Club, of New York city, for the year 1887 forms a handsome octavo volume of one hundred and forty pages printed on thick white paper. This organization appears to be in a very flourishing condition. On January 1st, the active membership amounted to fifteen hundred and ninety-one, or nine less than the limit, and nearly five hundred applications for admission were on record. The receipts from all sources for 1886 were sixteen thousand dollars above the expenses, and bonds issued by the club for the erection of its sumptuous building were canceled to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars, which leaves a balance of only twenty-five thousand dollars to be hereafter liquidated.

On May 4th, the following proclamation was issued by the President of the Municipality of Iturbide in the State of Guanajuato, Mexico: "First—Every male resident of this city is required to wear pantaloons from and after the 5th of June. Second—Any person within the boundaries of this city, be he resident or not, who is found disobeying this requirement, will be liable to imprisonment from one to three days, and to a fine of from fifty cents to three dollars." Inured already to spelling-books and soap, civilization in Iturbide now thirsts for trousers; after a while a way may be quietly paved for skating rinks, dog shows and slogging matches.

Liszt gave an amusing account of the manner in which George Sand used her lovers in fiction after she had done with them in fact. "First, she limes her butterflies," he said; "then she feeds them in her box with grasses and flowers; this is the love period. After a time she sticks a pin into them; they struggle in their pain; but she has had enough of them and is bent on vivisection. In the end they will be preserved as dried specimens."

VANITY FAIR.

The book which is attracting the most widespread attention in every capital in Europe—is the remarkable work just published by M. Hector Malot, entitled "Vices Français." "Les vices français" are conspicuous only by their absence, and it contains a very clever study of certain phases of English life, customs, and society. If we are to believe German and English writings, vice is a foreign product, imported mostly, it is asserted, from France, and in particular from Paris, that very hotbed of corruption and wickedness. The evil reputation of the French metropolis is easy to explain. Gallic authors find it more profitable and at the same time more agreeable to study the bad sides of Paris life rather than the good ones. The latter unfortunately are always less interesting to the majority of readers. Finding nothing but the worst sides of Paris life portrayed in these works, we foreigners end by assuming that everything is rotten to the core in France, and when we lay down one of Zola's realistic portrayals of Gallic depravity we exclaim, "What a marvelous picture!" and devoutly thank Providence that "we are not such as other men are." M. Hector Malot, who has spent much of his time in London, and who is intimately acquainted with many prominent members of London society, describes the "Vices Français"—since Vices Français do not exist. What adds to the interest of the novel in question is the fact that almost every word of it is true, and that it is what the French call "un roman à clé." Under the most transparent of pseudonyms many prominent English statesmen and officials figure therein. Mr. Gladstone is disguised under the name of Mr. Watson, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain under that of John Thompson, Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under that of Cayler; Sir Charles Dilke under that of Robert Mostyn, Mrs. Ashton Dilke under that of Rose Mostyn, the present Lady Dilke as Jane Talbot, Mrs. Crawford, of divorce court fame, as Mrs. Macdonnel; Mr. Childers as Mr. Vere, Lord Hartington as Lord Morgan, Lord Granville as Lord Morris, Mr. Matthews, the present Secretary of State for the Home Department, as Mr. Mackay, and Judge Hannan as Justice Balson. After the above enumeration of names it is needless to add that the plot of the book turns on the Dilke-Crawford trial of last year. Taking advantage of his intimate personal acquaintance with the Dilke family, the author has woven into his novel a variety of new facts of immense importance to the case, but which, owing to the peculiar rules of British judicial legislation, could not until now be revealed either in court or in any other fashion. M. Malot makes out a very powerful brief in behalf of his unfortunate friend, and it is safe to assert that the book will go far to turn aside the already waning force of popular opprobrium against Sir Charles Dilke.

Pierre Lorillard, as the proprietor of Tuxedo Park, is deeply concerned in the news of the American engagements of Mrs. James Brown-Potter. He is said to have laid down the law that no actress shall be received at Tuxedo. It will be remembered that Miss Fortescue was taken suddenly ill after having been invited to visit the Park by a Tuxedo member, and that there was some gossip in regard to Mr. Lorillard's observations upon this illness. But Mrs. James Brown-Potter is reported to have built or purchased a cottage inside the sacred boundaries of Tuxedo Park, and there is a question whether Mr. Lorillard has the right, if he have the inclination, to forbid her entrance. He may claim that she is not an actress, but this point must be left to the dramatic critics. There can be no doubt as to Pierre Lorillard's position in opposition to the reception of actresses at Tuxedo. Fred Gebhard was named as one of the original members of the club, but being absent from the country he did not qualify. On his return he was proposed for membership by F. Gray Griswold. The day before the election Mr. Griswold received the following telegram, the original of which has been quietly handed about at the clubs: "Must have assurance that your candidate will not bring the Lily here, or he can not be elected. Wire answer. P. Lorillard." The answer was the immediate withdrawal of the candidate, on the ground that no gentleman could accept membership under such conditions, nor give any assurances in regard to a lady. But if Mr. Lorillard is the dictator of Tuxedo and decides who shall and who shall not be admitted, what is the use of going through the formalities of an election?

In the change of the world's habits incidental to the change of religion, and especially with the deserved condemnation of the Roman public baths by the Christian Church, the practice of public bathing came to an end, and that of private bathing, unhappily, became only too rare. The usages of the generations preceding the present century, in the matter of cleanliness of personal habits, are almost incredible to us. A book recently published, of which Mr. Alfred Franklin is the author, contains some facts regarding the domestic life and social usages of the period from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, which are in a sense instructive, since they show to what a condition even "elegant society" may descend, when the watchful care for personal cleanliness is once abandoned. The ladies of the seventeenth century very seldom washed their faces. They sometimes dipped a cloth in spirits, and passed it over their faces; and their toilet codes and directions, still extant, prove that they avoided water for the face because they believed it was destructive to the complexion. As for any other sort of baths, no reference is found to them in these toilet directions, probably for the very good reason that none were ever taken. That the same ladies seldom washed even their hands seems to be established also. In an old romance a princess says to a young lord of the court: "You see, sir, that my hands are whiter than yours, although it is four days since I washed them." This seems to have been a commonplace remark, and treats of a condition of things which was taken quite as a matter of course. Richelieu was known among the men of the seventeenth century as a man who was neat in his person. That he is mentioned as a 'man who bathed' seems to prove that it was not common for men to "bathe" at that time. The women of the courts of Louis XIV. and XV. of France powdered their faces incessantly instead of washing them, and built enormous head-

dresses upon heads that were never combed. The accounts which are given of some results of this practice are almost beyond belief. It seems to have taken the people of Europe many centuries to learn what they now know of the need of personal cleanliness, a knowledge which they lost after the destruction of the Roman baths. The people of the European continent of the present day are far from being as scrupulous in this respect as are the English and Americans.

The recent arrival of the Earl of Dudley in his yacht at Melbourne set the great heart of a local paper twittering with lively joy. In its superior hysteria the antipodean journal rambled on in this fashion: "We like to see earls and countesses and dukes and duchesses here with all the luxurious appointments of their refined and cultured life; we have a lot to learn from them. * * They have all the gentleness and graces of a thousand years of breeding to impart to us. We have a broad and rich and glorious country wherein they may plant all the seeds and slips of their goodly life they have in spare." We are joyful with the hope that the Duke of Marlborough, and the Earl of Lonsdale, the Marquis of Queensberry, and a few others like them, will soon leave for Australia to join Lord St. Leonards in "planting slips of their goodly lives."

Emily Pfeiffer indignantly remarks in the *Contemporary Review*: "That the deformed figures, the production of the corset and mantua-maker, which shuffle about our streets and drawing-rooms, fulfill the physical ideal of the majority of men of all ages is clear." "Yes, Emily," replies Puck, "you are right. We do like that kind. We have tried with a mighty effort to like the other kind of waist, but it is impossible, and we confess it to our shame. We like to see that kind of waist in a drawing-room. We like to dance with it; take it to the opera; put it in a newmarket, and walk with it; proudly perch it by our side, and drive it out. We had just as soon see our wives and sisters with that kind of a waist. We know fifty girls and twenty-five wives with more or less of a waist such as you describe. The girls ride, drive, play lawn-tennis, dance, go to church, wear nobby clothes, natty boots, jaunty hats, rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and clean souls. The wives are faithful, bonest, wholesome women—mothers of hearty, happy children. And, Emily, they do not shuffle and are not deformed. They are as straight as starlight and their trimly-shod feet strike the earth with a click that tells of tingling blood and vital forces. And then, again, Emily, they do not get sour, and scold and make themselves disagreeable. They very seldom 'cry out indignantly.' They do not jump on the platform every now and then, and bully the human race. They do not slam on their bonnets and shawls, and crouch around to see whom they can spring on and reform. They don't invent and hnom appliances for making slab-sided Bloomers and Doctors Mary Walker, or advocate cooperative, hygienic, and carholic dress reforms. They just move along the line of life, minding their own business, placidly living, tenderly loving, and, in the fullness of time, sweetly dying with almost the same kind of a corset and other paraphernalia on the chair by the side of the bed as came in with William of Orange, and never went out again."

Queen Victoria had to obtain a special brief from the Pope before she could apply for entrance to the Grande Chartreuse Monastery. The only women not provided with a brief from his holiness permitted to cross the threshold of the monastery are princesses of the reigning house of France. A French actress during the Empire once, for a wager, succeeded in gaining admittance to the monastery. She disguised herself as a man and, together with two male companions, not only went all over the monastery but spent the night there. On passing through the great gate in the morning the actress tore off her wig and moustache, and disappeared from the horrified view of the monks with shrieks of laughter. The Abbot ordered the whole establishment to be purified, that is fumigated. The chair the actress sat upon, the couch she used, and everything she could possibly have touched, were burned to ashes, and for months every place where her footsteps could have fallen were drenched with holy water. Remorse eventually came to the actress, for after her impious escapade she suffered from bad luck almost as severely as the Jackdaw of Rheims. It cost her several thousand francs and many weary penances before she obtained absolution from the Archbishop of Paris and in a special epistle from the Abbot, whose feelings she had so outraged. The church having forgiven her, however, her stage good fortune returned; so there is some moral to the episode.

The Anglomaniac of the present day can turn to the curious pages of last century's newspapers and learn that the mania which has seized him is of venerable origin and flourished in New York several generations ago. "Tommy Clod," in a New York newspaper of 1802, contributes a receipt for making young bucks, from which we give a few excerpts: "When you are fatigued with walking you may slip into Brydens, or Evan's, and every genteel person you may meet may accost you with 'damme, sir, the weather's hot,' etc. 'A gentleman can get no accommodation in this town. London is the place, sir,' and if you should get over a bottle of wine, you can talk about places which you never saw and circumstances that never happened; and if you tell a few lies it is not of much consequence, and will only tend to convince the person that you have a very fertile imagination. It will be necessary, before you talk about London, Paris, or other populous cities, to get acquainted with the principal streets, which you can easily do by going to any of the stores and perusing for five minutes the necessary books. * * You must learn the most fashionable oaths, and every now and then, whenever you can find an opportunity, blend them with your conversation, for nothing adds so much to a man of consequence as a few of these pronounced with a proper emphasis."

M. Gounod (says a writer in the *London News*) deserves the sincere thanks of all true lovers of music and haters of the waste of school-girls' time, for his courageous declaration that, "except when music is to be made a profession, the less time given to the piano the better." The piano occupies,

in the education of the middle-class girl of to-day, the position of the sampler in that of her grandmother; it takes up a vast amount of time, and the ultimate result is neither particularly pleasing nor useful. It has come, unfortunately, to be considered as a token of gentility to be able to strum a "piece." It is convenient, no doubt, for a girl to be able to play a simple accompaniment to a song, or the music for an impromptu nursery-dance; but this degree of skill is easily acquired, and would not lead to "showing-off" in drawing-rooms a supposed accomplishment, which has really been only imperfectly attained, after the expenditure of a great deal of time and trouble, by girls possessing no natural gifts for the art of music. The piano is surely by nature the most unsympathetic of all instruments; only the hand of real skill and taste can give it softness and sentiment. It is to be hoped that the master's few strong words will diminish the waste of time and the infliction of torture on sensitive ears, that grow out of the notion that to play the piano is a sign of a "genteel" education. We are not all expected to paint in water-colors, to recite from Browning, or to perform on the hanjo, under penalty of being considered half-educated; why then must we all be pianists?

Of late years our eyes have grown accustomed to the manly calf which has been covered for half a century. A "fine leg" used to be a very essential part of gentlemanly perfections, and we find it dwelt upon in old plays and romances as the manly counterpart to feminine beauty of face. Perhaps the age which, in reviving manly sports, has brought back the higher type of physical perfection—lost in half a century of effeminacy—will see the revival of the old style of dress. When men or women are well developed, despite the law given to Adam, they are apt to show it. Our great-grandmothers did a deal of work at spinning and mending, in the kitchen and the dairy—even at the wash-tub. Our great-grandfathers rode horseback, walked, hunted, and fished. So the plump dames were very décolleté, and the tight silk stocking exhibited the swelling limb. Then came the degenerate period of inactivity. Work was no longer necessary, the excitement of active sports had not been discovered by our new civilization, and the physical decadence was felt by the fashion-makers; up went the tucker over gaunt shoulders; down came the trousers over pipe-stem legs. How would the young men of the feeble sort which was the fashion five-and-twenty years ago, have been able to sport inexpressibles and hose? Now we have polo and tennis and cricket, rowing and racing, hunting meets all the season, toboggan and rink for men and maids. The fair shoulders burst forth again, the knickerbocker exhibits the stalwart muscles once more.

To be *bien chaussée, bien gantée* (writes Eleanor Corbet in the *Pittsburg Bulletin*), is the ambition of almost every "nice" woman, even though she be indifferent even to carelessness as to other details of the toilet. Many a one have I known who was quite content with the simplest of inexpensive gowns, yet to whom it was a daily cross that she could not afford handsome, well fitting shoes and dainty slippers, nor array her hands in fine, soft, *real* kid gloves, at twenty-five to fifty dollars a dozen. To such as these, the season's offering in these lines will be a most tantalizing show, and one which will give rise to much envy and covetousness. For the goods are well nigh perfect in color, shape, and fineness of material. We will glance at hosiery first, and here we find a novelty called the "boot style," in which the foot and ankle and a few inches more, are of one color, and the rest of the length an entirely different and contrasting shade. These come in lisle thread, from sixty-five cents to one dollar a pair, and in silk at two and three dollars. In both of these, one of the two colors is black or darkest indigo, while its contrast is violet (which is charming in the silk hosiery), the pink-tinted heliotrope, maroon, grey, fawn, all the tans, and also canary and bright orange. And in silk goods they show salmon pink, cerise, pale blue, and Indian red, all of which combine effectively with black. In some of these it is the lower part which is in bright colors, and in others the black foot and ankle is gaily topped. Of course, the wise purchaser selects the latter kinds, because—well, every woman knows why, and it doesn't matter whether the men know or not. Besides these parti-colored things, there are the finest and thinnest of silk stockings in every shade, to match the dress materials; and the tans and greys are very popular, as they can be worn with most any color. Bronze-brown silk, to match the bronze slippers and low ties, is very beautiful, and is one of the most desirable shades. Most of these single tones may be had as well in lisle, and are soft and fine, but they lack the satiny lustre which is so attractive in the silk ones. After these come the more expensive goods, still in one-colored silks, and enriched on ankle and instep with an elaborate open-work pattern, almost lace-like in effect. In these we find the bride's hose of pearl-white silk, very pretty to look at, but not all becoming even to the smallest foot. These open-work stockings seem handsome enough for any occasion. So much for hosiery, now for shoes to match. For dress occasions there is still presented the low-cut, French-heeled slipper in fine kid, patent-leather, and satin. Where the stocking is of the elaborate kind described above, the slipper is of a cut best calculated to show to advantage the gorgeousness it encloses. And in such case it is better to have neither strap, tie, nor rosette to detract from or conceal the embroidery, etc., beneath. But it is only a reasonably plump foot which can keep inside such a slipper; thin, slender feet need a narrow buttoned strap over the instep to keep the heel from dropping off. Bronze slippers are always sure of admirers, and certainly they are very pretty. A slipper of tan suede, with bronze heel, is considered very smart, and it is so fine and soft that it not only fits like a glove, but is like the glove in its stretching qualities. That is the drawback, also, to satin foot-gear, it has not body enough to keep its shape. In walking-boots, a very broad, low heel and less pointed toe is the rule. Kid or morocco, tipped with patent-leather, is first choice, but for a dress-boot, for carriage wear, etc., the right thing is patent-leather with French kid tops.

M. Molchanoff, a Russian and the wealthiest tea-merchant in the world, has arrived in Paris to consult oculists. He is suffering from partial blindness caused by tasting tea samples.

LITERARY NOTES.

"An English judge has recently decided that 'there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient.' Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The 'Argonaut' will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that Mrs. Andrew Lang translated for *Harper's*, M. Coquelin's delightful article on "Acting and Actors."

Mr. Robert Grant's name appears on the title-page of a new paper edition of the novel, "Face to Face," which was anonymously published by the Scribners a year ago.

Mr. Burnand's latest bit of humor, entitled "The Incomplete Angler," illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss, is now ready in London. It is generally pronounced a most delightful little book.

The law publications for the past calendar year are as follows, by languages not nations: English, 630; French, 770; German, 1687; Italian, 407; Dutch, 247; Scandinavian, 161; Spanish, 89. Total, 4,057.

The indefatigable editors of *Book Chat*, published by Brentanos, have in the first three numbers this year (1887), indexed 2,987 magazine articles under subject, 137 new serials, 748 poems, 715 American and English books with explanatory notes, and 474 books in French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

Victor Hugo's will shows once more that it is possible to be at the same time a poet and a man of business, possible to sing heroically of France as the country of civilization, of Paris as the centre of the world and the mistress of manners, and yet to invest all one's savings in foreign securities. And in Victor Hugo's case these savings were considerable, ninety-two thousand one hundred and twenty-six pounds eight shillings being in England, where it is to remain.

Fred. Oppen, who does some of the best things in *Puck*, is related to De Blowitz, the great Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. His sister, it is said, helps him considerably. Keppeler, who is the head of the *Puck* establishment, worked for \$75 a week for Frank Leslie, and left him because he could not get \$5 a week more salary. He started *Puck* with Schwarzwald, Leslie's foreman printer, on a capital of one thousand five hundred dollars. They are now both fairly on the road to a million.

The Messrs. Appleton are issuing, for their Spanish-American trade, a series of books on zoölogy, for primary schools, under the title "El Reino animal para niños." It must have been an oversight that they allowed their editor to print the following (we translate): "Animals are sometimes likened to different people. Porfirio Diaz, on account of his custom of weeping to cover up his evil deeds, is compared to the crocodile, and it is said that his tears are like those of this fierce and deceitful animal." The prospect of a large Mexican sale for this volume would not seem to be bright.

Miss Helen Gray Cone and Miss Jeannette L. Gilder have for some time been at work upon a book that is likely to prove both popular and entertaining. It will be in two volumes, entitled "Pen Portraits of Literary Women." These portraits are drawn either by the women themselves or by their contemporaries. With two exceptions, George Sand and Harriet Beecher Stowe, the subjects are English, and the lives extend from Hannah More to George Eliot. Each woman will be given a concise biographical sketch, supplemented by descriptive anecdotes, culled from many sources. There are many such volumes devoted to literary men, but the publishers, Cassell & Co., believe that this is the first of its kind exclusively given over to women.

Any one who has ever penetrated the mysteries of the average country parlor, with its grave-like, damp, and moldy air, relieved now and then by the not much more agreeable odor of dried weeds and grasses, will perhaps understand why it is that so many subscription-books of a certain kind find purchasers in the owners, not inhabitants, of such parlors. He will, no doubt, come to the conclusion that they serve very much the same purpose that ornamental tablets do in the family mausoleum, and that they are read about as often. The latest evidence of this we find in the story told recently by a bookbinder. He had in hand a number of books, two of which happened to be of the same size, and were to be bound alike. The one was entitled "The Life of Our Saviour," the other "Our Protectors." The former was, as the title implies, the life of Christ, and had for a frontispiece a steel-plate representing the Nazarene; the latter was a history of the New York police, and had a frontispiece representing "one of the finest." In collating the books the illustrations became somewhat mixed, so much so that nearly five hundred copies went out in which the frontispiece of "Our Protectors" was inserted in "The Life of our Saviour," and vice versa. "Well," concludes the binder, "the books have now been out over a year, and so far only five copies have been returned." With this might go the story a bookseller told a newspaper reporter, in proof that a book needed only to be gaudily bound and sold cheap to find buyers. "I remember," he says, "the experience of a publisher, a friend of mine, that proves the truth of my view. He bought at an auction sale, for a song, plates of Southey's 'Thalaba' which once formed a part of a complete set of plates of Southey's works. My friend issued an edition of 'Thalaba'—which, you know, is a lurid nightmare which no one understands, and no one but the proof-reader has ever read through—bound it in an elaborate and attractive style, and threw it on the market as a holiday gift-book, at \$1.50. It sold like hot-cakes. Of course, no one that bought it ever tried to unravel the delicious puzzle the book contained; but it was poetry, it bore the name of a well-known author, it was bound in a style that made it a good centre-table ornament, it was cheap—and that was enough."

New Publications.

"Lower Merion Lilies, and Other Poems," by Margaret B. Harvey, of which we made mention some weeks ago, is for sale by Chilios Beach, 707 Montgomery Street.

"An Angel in the House," Coventry Patmore's fine dramatic poem, has been reprinted in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett," a novel which has of late years been relegated to an undeserved obscurity, has been reprinted in the Knickerbocker Novels, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, paper, 50 cents.

"Seven to Twelve," a new detective story by Anna Katharine Green, which has been appearing serially in the *Examiner* and a number of Eastern papers, has been published complete, in paper covers, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Hints on Writing and Speech-Making" is the title given to a little book containing two essays by Thomas Wentworth Higginson—"A Letter to a Young Contributor" and "Hints on Speech-Making." They have already been used in the school-room, and young writers will find in them many valuable hints. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The "Woodlanders," Thomas Hardy's new novel, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York, in the convenient and tasteful sixteenmo/half-bound form in which they published Haggard's stories, and of which we have already made mention. "The Woodlanders" is one of Hardy's best novels, well conceived in plot, skillfully told, and full of the delicate touches which constitute the special charm of his writings. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

An edition of Clara Bell's authorized translation of "The Bride of the Nile," by Georg Ebers, has recently been published in two volumes.

The story is in Ebers's best style, and marked by the same careful attention to historical accuracy that has made him as famous an Egyptologist as novelist. The story is a long one, but the interest is sustained to the end. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, per volume, 50 cents.

Mr. E. Heron Allen, a young Englishman who has created something of a sensation in Eastern society by his palmistry, has written a book on the subject, entitled "Practical Cheiroscopy." It has an interesting chapter on "Hand Superstitions and Customs," another is devoted to the physiology of the hand; and the last two discuss and explain "Cheirognomy," or the shape of hands, and "Cheiromancy," or palmistry. There are numerous diagrams of the "mounts" and "lines," and a half-dozen plates of famous people's hands, selected to illustrate the various temperaments as shown in the hand. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. A. C. Gunter's novel, "Mr. Barnes, of New York," is as full of dramatic situations as one would expect in a playwright's story. Mr. Barnes is a man of leisure, whose chief characteristics are unflinching nonchalance and wonderful dexterity in the use of firearms of all kinds. In the opening chapters we have a duel, which results in the death of a young Corsican, whose sister takes up the vendetta against his slayer, an unknown English naval officer. She afterward falls in love with an Englishman whom every one supposes to be her brother's opponent, and she eventually thinks so, too; but he proves to be the wrong man, and the usual happy end arrives. Mr. Barnes also has a love affair with an English girl, and his efforts to become acquainted with her give occasion to some of the most amusing passages in the book. Published by Deshler Welch & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 50 cents.

"Saracinesca," F. Marion Crawford's latest complete story, which has just been reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is unlike his earlier works in the almost commonplace character of its plot. The scene is laid in the Rome of 1870, and the heroine is an Italian princess who falls in love with a man who is not her husband. Her passion is returned, but they both strive against it until her husband, a bewigged and artificial old dandy, dies. The struggles of the lovers against their unholy love are finely drawn, the incidents bringing out the various phases of their characters, while each act and emotion is thoroughly natural. There are a half-dozen personages of especial prominence, all of whom are good character sketches; and the scenes of social life are interesting to a degree. "Saracinesca" is a departure from Mr. Crawford's usual methods; but it is a happy one, and shows still another phase of his ability. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

"The Feud of Oakfield Creek," by Dr. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is a California story. That is, the scene is laid in California, and the writer was a Californian until a few years ago. But he can not be said to represent our State at the present time. The picture Dr. Royce draws of our customs and institutions is correct in just the few particulars which would lead the uninformed reader to imagine that it is all truthful. San Francisco journalism has been made the especial scapegoat of the author's wrath, and the passages in which it is described will prove interesting reading. The plot of the story is old—the child of two old gentlemen who are at enmity fall in love. The young man, however, leaves the girl to die of a broken heart, while he marries a widow. She discovers the weakness of his character, and in time comes to love a journalist (who is from the East); but their sense of duty prevents unpleasant complications, and after the death of the husband—which occurs in the "feud of Oakfield Creek," a fight arising from land disputes, in which several persons are killed—the widow devotes herself to the education of her child, and the journalist retires to Europe. The writer's style is jerky and inelegant, and the impression produced by the story is not pleasant. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Ben: Perley Poore, the veteran Washington journalist and an ex-Federal official, is writing his recollections of public men and events in Washington in the past sixty years, and has already published the first volume of "Perley's Reminiscences," as he calls the work. Beginning with the tenth presidential campaign, which resulted in John Quincy Adams's election to the Presidency, the author has written a chronicle of the social and political events of the national capital in the ante-bellum days. Scarce a man of prominence was in the capital during the period of Mr. Poore's residence there, whom that journalist did not know well; and he has treasured up a store of anecdotes, bright sayings, and interesting scenes that will place his work among the famous personal memoirs of the day. The period treated in this first volume is that of the most brilliant men in our political and social history; and Mr. Poore's keen observation and genial manner of narration give the book an additional charm. There are a large number of illustrations in the volume, many of them being portraits and reproductions of old pictures of social life and curious campaign prints; the tail-piece of each chapter is a reproduction of the autograph of some famous man who is prominent in the chapter. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale only by subscription by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, per volume: cloth, \$3.75; leather, \$5.00.

Some Magazines.

In the June number of the *American Magazine* the most striking article is one on the artificial language called "Volapük," which has met with wide acceptance in several European countries and is now finding its way in America. A description of this new tongue, given by Richmond Walker, shows that it is very easy to acquire; and its usefulness must constantly increase, as the circle of those who employ it is rapidly enlarging. The June number contains a great variety of stories, sketches, and poems of average merit.

Lippincott's Magazine for June opens with "The Whistling Buoy," a novelette by Charles Barnard. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston furnishes "Some Records of Philip Bourke Marston," with many letters from the blind poet. "The Exchanged Marston," by William Ashcroft, is a pseudo-comic ghost story, and makes rather dull reading. J. William White, M. D., contributes "A Physician's View of Exercise and Athletics." "Social Life at Cornell" is the third in the series of essays on social life at our leading colleges, all contributed by undergraduates. The June number is fairly interesting.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with story by Josiah P. Quincy, called "A Crucial Experiment." Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell contributes an article on "The Theory of the Social Compact," and Mr. Scudder's "Nursery Classics in School" considers the advisability of using the best of children's fables and stories for school reading, instead of the insipid selections in the ordinary reading-books. Mr. John Fiske writes about "The Completed Work of the Federal Convention" in his series of historical papers; and Dr. Holmes continues his account of his European experiences. An anonymous sketch called "Encladus" gives an account of some experiences in the recent earthquake region of the Riviera. A criticism of the recent exhibition in Boston of Mr. Elihu Vedder's paintings, by William Howe Downes, will be read with interest by all lovers of art. There is also an appreciative and critical review of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's new book, "Some Chinese Ghosts."

Scribner's Magazine for June opens with an essay by John C. Ropes, entitled "Some Illustrations of Napoleon and his times." It is plentifully illustrated from the author's collection of Napoleon's portraits. There are full-page reproductions of famous portraits by Apollonia, Isabeau, and Gérard. Mr. F. J. Stimson, discusses "The Ethics of Democracy." The third instalment of the Thackeray letters fills nineteen pages. Perhaps the most notable of these letters is one written on Christmas Day. The illustrations include a portrait by Samuel Laurence, several Thackeray drawings from a collection privately printed, and a four-page letter in fac-simile. W. T. Brigham gives a vigorous out-door sketch of Guatemala; the illustrations are from photographs by the author. Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, contributes "Miss Pringle's Neighbors," a rather feeble story with a feeble motive. "Miss Peck's Promotion," by Sarah Oroe Jewett, is a picture of life in one of the hill towns of Vermont. "Two Russians," by Nora Perry, presents a new side of Russian official life—the true Liberals, as opposed to the Conservatives and Nihilists. There are several rather prosaic poems in this number.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

A countess, whose handsome features were disfigured by the application of rouge, persuaded an artist, much against his will, to paint her portrait. "Monsieur," said she, petulantly, after two or three sittings, "your colors are not brilliant enough for my complexion. Where did you buy them?" "Madame," answered the artist, "I think they came from the same shop where you buy your own."

In a small town out West an ex-county judge is cashier of the bank. "The check is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient." "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response. "Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful."

Bismarck is one of the holdest and most outspoken of men. Not long ago, he declared that nothing could be done with a Russian of the lower class except by being rough with him, and he related an incident which once happened to him in St. Petersburg. Bismarck was walking one day along the street in the Russian capital, when a peasant rudely pushed up against him. The prince at once knocked the peasant down. The man got up from the ground, took off his cap, bowed low and humbly, and made the most abject apologies. "That is the way to deal with Russians," said Bismarck, in telling the story.

There are lots enough staked out in Southern California to provide for the entire population of the city of New York apportioned at the rate of three persons to the lot. It would take more than the combined capital of all the banks of New York to buy up these lots. They have a story down there about lumber, which illustrates the craze. It is said that a gentleman went to a lumber dealer, and desired enough lumber to build a house. He was looked upon with compassion by the dealer, who said to him that there was no lumber for sale. When he asked for an explanation, the dealer replied to him as if he had compassion for his ignorance, that "the lumber was all sold for stakes for town lots."

George Colman, the younger, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Certainly, Hook and I are old associates." During Colman's management of the Haymarket an actor from a provincial theatre was engaged, who turned out a stick. In the course of the play he came to the line (which he delivered in a nasal voice), "Ah, where is my honor now?" On which Colman, behind the scenes, was heard to mutter, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle, with all my heart." During the last illness of Colman the doctor, being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket?" groaned out poor George.

Many years ago a new liquor warehouse opened at Boston on a ready-money and low-price system. Jonathan walked in one day, with a two-gallon keg on his shoulder, and asked for a gallon of the best brandy. The liquor having been poured through a funnel into his keg, the money was demanded. The Yankee said that he would pay the next time he came into town. The shopman demurred, saying that he did not intend to give any credit. "But," asked the Yankee, in mock surprise, "do you intend to take back the brandy?" "To be sure," replied the other, "if you don't pay for it." "Theo," said he, "you must bring your measure, for I had some liquor of my own in the keg." This was done, a gallon of the contents measured back, and the fellow marched off with another gallon of fine grog, having half-filled his keg beforehand with water.

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was on his way to California several years ago, he fell in with a gentleman who was altogether so sociable and chatty that an otherwise tedious journey was rendered as cheerful as you please. This gentleman's name was Sackett, and he told Mr. Emerson that he resided in San Francisco. Mr. Sackett pointed out all the points of interest along the way, related a lot of amusing anecdotes, and, best of all, was an attentive listener. The natural consequence was that Mr. Emerson came to the conclusion that Mr. Sackett was as charming a gentleman as he had ever met with, and it was in this positive conviction that he accepted Mr. Sackett's invitation to dine with him immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco. The next morning Mr. Emerson was well-nigh paralyzed to find in all the local papers this startling personal notice: "Professor Ralph Waldo Emerson, the eminent philosopher, scholar, and poet, is in our city as the guest of Mr. H. J. Sackett, the well-known proprietor of the Bush Street Dime Museum; matinees every half-hour; admission only ten cents. The double-headed calf and the dog-faced boy this week!"

At New York city, in the sixties, a case was tried before Judge Sutherland, in which the law-firm of Everts, Southmayd & Choate appeared for the defense. Mr. Everts made the concluding argument, and the fame of the great counselor secured for him a considerable audience of lawyers from neighboring courts, in addition to many persons who had more or less interest in the proceedings. Mr. Everts had been speaking for some hours and was evidently nearing his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and then asked a similar question. Then a third time he related his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones wound up with: "What is their answer?" He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court-room opened and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather duster into the opening cried out: "Brooms!" To a moment the room was ringing with uncontrollable laughter, in which everybody joined—even the judge on the bench and the orator himself. Mr. Everts, however, kept on his feet and was first to recover composure. With his hand raised to command attention, as the roar subsided, he said, solemnly: "That was not, in deed, the reply which I expected. But you may rest assured that when you do get their answer you will find it equally frivolous and inconsequence."

At a frontier military post the commandant was a bluff old dragoon whose idea of discipline, although strict, was by no means that of a martinet. Connected with one of the troops was a dandified young lieutenant, who, having been graduated at the head of his class at West Point, appeared to entertain the notion that he was of some importance. Whenever he chanced to be placed in authority as officer of the day, he invariably involved himself in some difficulty. It was his custom to pass unnecessarily in front of the guard-house at least a dozen times a day. This necessitated the turning out of the guard every time he made his appearance, in order to render the customary salute. The soldiers cordially hated him, and bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "Johnny come-lately." He was not long in discovering that fact, and, becoming highly incensed, inaugurated a series of petty annoyances to the men which resulted in the confinement of nearly two thirds of the latter to the guard-house, to await trial by court-martial. The commandant was wild at discovering that some of the best soldiers in his command were being thus persecuted, and summoned the lieutenant. "What do you mean, sir?" he roared, "by confining half my command?" "The men are in a state of mutiny," tremblingly replied the lieutenant; "and, besides, their impudence has reached such a height that they call me 'Johnny come-lately' to my face." "What!" fairly howled the irate commandant, "is it for that reason that you have been persecuting them? Why, sir, I've been man and boy over forty years in the service, and the name the men best know me by is 'Old Boots.' Get out of my presence, and order every prisoner to be released!"

SOCIETY.

La Mandolinata Club.

One of the most delightful events of the season was the second musicale of La Mandolinata Club, which took place last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, who kindly placed her home at the disposal of the members of the club for the evening. It was enjoyable in many ways. The music was so well selected, so well rendered and so pleasing withal that every one enjoyed it, and the entire arrangements were so perfect that not a blemish occurred. The various apartments had received a quiet yet tasteful decoration of flowers, so harmonious that each blossom, seemingly carefully laid, filled its mission and the entire effect was a perfect picture. The opera of "Lohengrin" was the theme that inspired the decorator, Miss Bates. Upon entering the wide hallway, the large hat-rack was seen clustered with Paris daisies, whose white petals and golden-hued hearts combined with the gayer colors of nasturtiums that mingled with them. Over the face of the mirror was a wide sash of white silk and upon it, in conjunction with a pair of music, was painted in golden letters the inscription from Wagner's opera reading, "Say, dost thou breathe the nescence sweet of flowers, bearing a tide of sweet mysterious joy?" This band was laid on a silvered network from which cords entwined themselves around the standards and were draped upon the branches at either side. Directly opposite, heavy grey tapestries embellished with a pretty collection of wild flowers, that blossomed under the beat from the gas-lights, and were caught up with loops of white gauze ribbon. At the further end of the hall the pier mirror had its top draped with pink and blue ribbons and silvered cloth with charming effect. In the parlor, the tall gilt bordered mirrors were gracefully embellished with bouquets of roses, sweet peas, daisies and roses clambering here and there with ribbons of varied tints to set them off in quiet relief. A wealth of peonies and honeysuckle arose from a handsome armoire near the mantle mirror, and the fairest exotics sent their perfume everywhere.

It was a little after nine o'clock before all were assembled and the musicale commenced. The members of the club, with their mandolins and guitars, were seated in the main hall, and the guests listened to them from adjacent chairs. Mrs. Fair had prepared one surprise for the club which was very acceptable. Each member received a dainty souvenir in the shape of a white satin folio made to represent a sheet of music, upon the faces of which the names "Lohengrin" and "Lohengrin" were printed in appropriate sentiment from the libretto was painted in old-colored letters, and upon the back was the name of the recipient. Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian directed the music, and the following selections were given, with a slight variation from the printed programme:

Paso Doble	Huarez
Los Pollos	Aguirre
Pomponette	Dutand
La Mandolinata Club.	
I.	
Piano Solo, "Rigoletto Paraphrase"	Liszt
Mr. S. Monroe Fabian	
II.	
Miss Jennie Dunphy	
Quintet, "Alla Turca"	Mozart
Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Carmelita Ferrer, Mandolins; Miss Adele Ferrer, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Guitars; Master Richard Ferrer, Violin.	
ong, "Sognia"	Schira
Miss Lillie Lawlor	
Polin Solo, "Berceuse"	Renard
Mr. Henry Heyman	
ongs, "Mia Picarella"	Somez
"Spanish Dance"	Ardit
Mrs. C. Bonestell	
III.	
"Cuban Dances"	Carillo
"Open thy Lattice"	
Amor Imposible	
La Mandolinata Club.	
Piano Solo, "Toreador"	Rubinstein
Mr. S. Monroe Fabian	
rio, "Ave Maria"	Gounod
Mrs. C. K. Bonestell, Mr. Henry Heyman, and Mr. S. Monroe Fabian	

It would, indeed, be difficult to say which selection was the best. Of the concerted selections, "Paso Doble," "Pomponette," and "Open thy Lattice," seemed to meet the most favor. The numbers rendered by Mr. abian and Mr. Heyman won for them the liberal applause they merited, and the quietest surpassed itself. Mrs. Bonestell never sang better, her brilliant voice reaching every note essayed, and both Miss Lawlor and Miss Dunphy gave their selections in such a charming manner that but little was left to be desired. And, as for the club, it is improving so rapidly and plays in such perfect time and with so much spirit, that its music is a treat.

At the conclusion of the above programme supper was announced, and tête-à-tête tables were placed in the dining-room and hall, for the accommodation of the guests. A superb repast was served, the delicious viands and fine wines making a most pleasant finale to the evening of pleasure. Another surprise, however, was in store at this time which as enjoyable as it was unexpected. In the hall adjoining the dining-room a quartet comprising Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schultz, Miss Johnson, and Mr. William Keithing selections from "Lohengrin," to an organ accompaniment, while the guests were seated at supper.

The dining-room had not been neglected in the way of decoration, being fully as artistic as the other apartments. A long buffet had in its center a large flat mirror, bordered with flowers, and upon it rested a beautiful white swan, waving apparently a boat that was freighted with roses of the most delicate, golden hues. Birds of this same variety peeped in clusters over the mantel mirror, and a scarf of silk was stretched diagonally over the glass with an inscription upon it, while above all, was a snow-white dove bearing in its beak a dancing jewel. Other flowers combined in glazing the room exceedingly beautiful. It was fully one o'clock before the departures were made.

The Rutherford Excursion.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford very pleasantly entertained a party of friends last Saturday, by giving an excursion to Lake Chabot near Oakland. They left before 10 in the morning and proceeded by the creek route to foot of Broadway. From that point they conveyed their party to their destination in carriages. The delightful drive gave them appetites that made the staid luncheon that awaited them highly appreciated. The barge on the lake shore had been canvassed and picturesquely decorated, and after luncheon dancing was enjoyed under music furnished by a little band. The evening concluded parties to and fro over the placid surface of the lake when the occasion demanded, which was frequent. Colation was spread again at four o'clock to which ample time was done, and in the pleasures of music and conversation the remainder of the day was very enjoyably passed. Among those in the merry party were Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. John Wright, of Sacramento, Miss Tessie, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Amelia Masten, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss McDonald, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr.

Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. W. E. Brown, and Mr. M. Pierce.

A Sail on the Nellie.

At the invitation of Mr. P. J. Donahue, a merry party of friends boarded the yacht *Nellie* last Tuesday morning and enjoyed a sail to Vallejo and return. The perfect weather made the trip extremely pleasurable, and Mr. Donahue's hospitality was bountiful. Those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, Miss Mamie Dunne, of San José, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Burgin, Colonel Harvey D. Talcott, Mr. Richard R. Wallace, and Mr. P. J. Donahue.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and the Misses Tessie and Birdie Fair will go to Santa Cruz next week to occupy their cottage. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford intends passing the season at Santa Barbara.

Miss Estelle Simpson, of Stockton, will be visiting friends in this city. Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder have a cottage on Branciforte Avenue, in Santa Cruz, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord passed several days in St. Helena last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Brander will occupy one of the Tamalpais Hotel cottages in San Rafael this summer, as they have done for several seasons.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs will arrive in New York city to day. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tubbs (Mr. Filkins) and their children, near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing (née Eldridge), who have been residing in Chicago since their marriage, several months ago, are expected here soon, to pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. Alfred Poett is enjoying an Eastern trip, and was visiting friends in Washington, D. C., recently.

Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve will depart for Santa Barbara in a fortnight, and will be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague and Miss Wright will pass the summer at the Montague villa, in Santa Clara County.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire has been making a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have arrived safely in New York.

Mr. Charles Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have departed for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Russell and Miss Jean Russell will leave for an extended trip to the Eastern States next week.

Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. Houghton Sawyer and Mrs. John Quincy Adams and family are passing a few weeks at Aetna Springs.

Miss Dollie Andrews, daughter of Colonel Andrews of Fort Point, went East last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman returned from a brief visit to Mr. Shasta on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon have returned from a visit to El Paso de Robles Springs.

Mrs. S. B. McKee, the Misses McKee, and Mr. James McKee, of Oakland, have engaged a cottage at Highland Springs for the summer.

Capt. and Mrs. Floyd and Miss Matthews are sojourning at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donahue are in New York city.

Mrs. Hiram H. Hobbs and Mrs. Harlow P. Bancroft have returned from a prolonged visit to Mrs. A. Pray, Sr., in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Glover have departed for Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, who have been at El Paso de Robles Springs for the past three weeks, will remain there one week longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are now crossing the Atlantic Ocean on their way home from Europe, and are expected here the latter part of next month.

Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Ada Butterfield returned from the Eastern States last Tuesday.

Mr. Will R. Hearst will occupy a cottage at Santa Cruz this summer with Mr. James Dunphy, Mr. Daniel Murphy and Mr. John G. Bonestell.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Mrs. M. Herstein think of making a trip to Alaska next month.

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin and Miss May Ives are guests at the Nadeau House, in Los Angeles.

Mr. Charles S. Neal went to Santa Cruz last Sunday. Miss Grace Brown is the guest of Mrs. A. Pray, Sr., in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Henry Alexander, the artist, is permanently located in New York city.

Mrs. David Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, and Miss Tulita Wilcox are in Connecticut.

Mrs. Lizzie McComb is visiting friends in Santa Cruz. Mrs. Edward A. Younger contemplates an early visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. G. Booth passed several days this week at her beautiful home near Cragthorn, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Among those who went to Santa Cruz last Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McNay, of Oakland, Mr. S. P. Thorn, Captain Nelson, Dr. W. S. Thorn, and Miss Thorn.

General and Mrs. C. R. Thompson are improving their home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, near Glenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Galloway are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn, of the Grand Hotel, and the Misses Ella and Minnie Thorn, of New York, have been doing the picturesque lakes in Ireland during the past week. They will go to France next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kidout, of Marysville, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the first of the week.

Mrs. Hemmenway arrived here from Boston last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Severance, of Los Angeles, are paying a visit to this city.

Miss Flora Carroll returned to Sacramento last Tuesday, from the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. A. E. Castle has been enjoying a visit to Highland Springs.

Mrs. J. N. Gregory is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wieland, at Glenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Ella and Susie Le Count went to Pescadero last week.

Mrs. Mattie Gibbs returned to the city last week after an extended visit in the Eastern States.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Miss Grace Jones will go to San Rafael next Wednesday to occupy one of the Tamalpais Hotel cottages.

Governor Washington Bartlett is enjoying a few weeks of quiet recreation at Highland Springs.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has returned from a tour of Southern California.

Mr. C. O. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker were at the Napa Soda Springs during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler came up from Fresno last Saturday and will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Mounford S. Wilson was at the Napa Soda Springs for three days this week.

Mr. H. B. Chase, Mr. Harry L. Coleman, and Mr. H. G. Chase went to the Napa Soda Springs last Sunday.

Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Adams will reside at San Rafael this summer in one of the Tamalpais cottages.

The Misses Sawyer, who have been visiting Miss Ainsworth in Oakland for several weeks, will return to Portland, Or., to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanley Dexter are at their country residence in Calistoga.

Mr. Albert L. Stetson returned from Los Angeles last Saturday. His party were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Madden are enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are guests of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad departed for New York last Sunday en route to Paris, where they will meet their daughter, Miss Ella Goad, who will return here with them in September.

Captain and Mrs. A. M. Burns, Miss Daisy Burns, and Miss Poole will go to Sisson's next week.

Mr. John N. Featherston and Mr. Robert Grayson accompanied Mr. M. H. de Young to Santa Cruz last Sunday morning on the lightning special.

Misses Otella and Alice Maw will go to Petaluma tomorrow to visit Miss May Wickham.

Misses Jennie, Irene and Hatie Tay will make a trip to the Yosemite Valley next month.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have been at Palo Alto most of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith, Jr., who have been enjoying a trip to Mr. Shasta, have removed to Alameda for the summer season.

Mrs. John S. Hager and Miss Emeline Hager will leave for Santa Cruz to-day to occupy their cottage.

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and their niece, Miss Nina Macdonald, departed for Paris on Thursday.

Mr. Ferd Peterson is passing the summer with his uncle, Captain Nelson, at Seminary Park.

Mr. W. S. Harrington, formerly of Oakland, is now at Napac, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and the Misses Mary and Florence Pope will leave for their country home in St. Helena, in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman and Mr. Robert Coleman will occupy their residence in San Rafael next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Taaffe, née Dunne, are in San José, and will occupy their new residence there in a couple of weeks.

Miss Kate K. Bancroft, who is visiting friends here, intends to make a trip to Alaska next month.

Captain and Mrs. William E. Collier, and Miss Sophie McPherson, will pass most of the summer at Clear Lake.

Mr. J. W. Van Bergen and family will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. A. Lansing, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mr. and Mrs. Wigmore, Mr. Everett N. Bee, and Mr. G. Lansing have left the Hotel Bella Vista and gone to Fruitvale for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Boland and Miss Dulce Bolado arrived here from San Benito County last Sunday, and will remain here until June 15th, when they will return to the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone were visitors at the Napa Soda Springs on Monday last.

Mrs. E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat will depart for a prolonged European tour next Monday. They will go from New York to Queenstown, thence to England, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and Turkey, returning home by the way of the Suez Canal in about one year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wooster went to the Napa Soda Springs last Saturday with a party of Eastern friends.

Mrs. W. A. Rice is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. N. Towne, at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan, went to the Napa Soda Springs last Saturday.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl are in Philadelphia. They will soon depart for Europe.

Mrs. Ygnaz and Mrs. Hooker went to the Yosemite Valley last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall came up from San Mateo on Monday, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel several days.

Mrs. Lillie M. Coit, of Larkmead, was in the city during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. Lang, Senator and Mrs. Vrooman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Miss Vrooman, Miss Grace Morrill, Miss Pauline Morrill, and Mrs. Duncan comprise a party that will leave for the Yosemite Valley to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Mmes Hopkins, of Redwood City, passed several days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mrs. Morrison Fuller, of Oakland, is at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mr. Ricardo Pinto will depart for New York in a few days, to be away several weeks.

Mrs. A. G. Kinsey and Mr. Griffith Kinsey will remain at the Napa Soda Springs until after July 4th.

Mr. C. F. Sanders left on Thursday for a three months trip to London and Paris.

Mr. Samuel D. Warren is still attending to business in New York, but will spend the next few months in Boston and Chicago, returning to San Francisco in the autumn.

Mrs. Wigan and her sister, Miss Smith, will pass the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. James Dunphy departed for an Eastern trip yesterday. He will be away about one month, passing the last week in Nevada, and upon his return will go to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire returned from Santa Cruz this week. Miss Lizzie Chipman, of Alameda, returned from an Eastern trip last Wednesday.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will leave soon for their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. D. T. Murphy entertained at luncheon on Wednesday at the Palace Hotel, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Miss Murphy, Miss Fanny Murphy, Miss Mabel Murphy, Mr. Daniel Murphy, Jr., and Mr. S. G. Murphy. The Marquis and Marchioness left the same day for the Yosemite, and will return again to this city before going East.

A very pleasant reception was given on Friday evening of last week at the Y. N. S. Seminary by the young ladies of the class of '92. The spacious parlors were handsomely decorated with flowers, and presented an attractive appearance. Dancing was indulged in throughout the evening, and a refreshing collation was served at eleven o'clock. The attendance was quite large and all present enjoyed it exceedingly.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Fuller, U. S. A., of the Presidio, are passing a couple of weeks at San José.

Lieutenant Le Roy C. Webster, U. S. M. C., has been granted one month's leave of absence from the Mare Island Navy Yard commencing June 1st.

The U. S. steamer *Ranger* is expected here early in July.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Orchestral Union Concert.

The Orchestral Union gave its fourth and last concert of the eighth season last Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. Mrs. Emilia Tojetti, Mr. Brandt, and Mr. R. A. Lucchesi assisted the orchestra. The hall was well filled, and the following selections were presented:

Symphony C minor Op. 55.....N. W. Gade
Moderato con moto—Allegro energico. II. Scherzo.
III. Andantino grazioso. IV. Molto Allegro ma con fuoco.

Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz".....C. M. Voo Weber
Mrs. Emilia Tojetti.

Overture Jubel.....C. M. Van Weber
Andante et Scherzo Capriccioso, for Violin.....David
Mr. Hermann Brandt.

"Madre Pietosa" from "Forza del Destino".....Verdi
Mrs. Emilia Tojetti.

Sylvia Ballet.....Delibes
I. Prelude—Les Clousierses. II. Intermezzo et Valse lente. III. Pizzicati. IV. Cortege de Bacchus.

The Clark Concert.

A testimonial was given by the Bohemian Club last night at Metropolitan Hall to Mr. Benjamin Clark. Mr. S. W. Leach acted as director of the music and Professor Joseph Roedel was the accompanist. Mr. Clark is so well and favorably known here and has done so much musically for others, that his friends made the event a memorable one. A fashionable and music-loving audience filled the hall, and

were favored with the presentation of the annexed-excellent programme:

Organ Solo—"Tannhäuser March".....Wagner	
Mr. H. J. Stewart	
Canzonette—"Absence".....S. W. Leach	
(Horn Obligato, Mr. L. C. Knell)	
Ben. Clark	
Romance for Violin, Op. 87.....S. J. Jadasohn	
Written expressly for and played for the first time in California by Henry Heyman	
Aria—"Jewel Song," "Faust".....Gounod	
Miss Carrie Milner	
Siring Quartet—"The Millers Daughter".....Raff	
(a) "Declaration," (b) "The Mill."	
Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, Fred Knell, Emile Knell.	
Part-Song for male voices—"The Proposal".....G. L. Osgood	
Bohemian Club Chorus	
Piano Solo—Polonaise, Op. 53.....Chopin	
(By request.)	
Mr. Sam. Monroe Fabian	
Song—"The Anchor's Weighed".....Brahm	
(By Request)	
Ben. Clark	
Organ Solo—Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini	
Mr. H. J. Stewart	
Vocal Quartet—"Bella Figlia," Rigoletto.....Verdi	
Miss Carrie Milner, Miss M. Barnard, Mr. Ben Clark,	
Mr. C. E. Stone	
Part-Song—"Crabapple and Youth".....Stevens	
Bohemian Club Chorus	

The Cheney Concert.

Mr. Forest Cheney, violinist, gave a concert at Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening, assisted by Miss Julia Poyser, soprano, Miss Nina Griffin, pianist, and Miss Jessie Souff, accompanist. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

(a) Capriccio Minuet and Fugue—Movement	Reineberger
for left hand	
(b) Norwegian Bridal Procession	Greig
Miss Nina Griffin	
Fantaisie	Vieuxtemps
Forest Cheney	
Caro nome	Verdi
Miss Julia Poyser	
The Wind Storm (by request)	Forest Cheney
I. Supplication. II. Theme. III. Sighing of the Wind.	
Forest Cheney	
(a) Au lac de Wallenstadt.....Liszt	
(b) Gavotte—Movement for left hand	Bach
Miss Nina Griffin	
Ave Maria.....Cherubini	
Miss Julia Poyser	
Souvenir de Moscow.....Henri Wieniawski	
Forest Cheney	
Serenade (with Violin Obligato).....Schubert	
Miss Julia Poyser	

La Lira de Orfeo.

The Spanish musical organization known as La Lira de Orfeo gave its first concert last Tuesday evening at Union Square Hall, under the direction of Señor Don S. Arrillaga. The society which is devoted to guitar and mandolin music, was assisted by Miss Alice Chrystal, Miss Marie and Inez Ponton de Arce, Mr. J. Willard, Mr. Arthur Regensburger, and Professor L. T. Romero. The attendance was large, the applause unstinted, and many beautiful floral pieces were presented to the participants. The following programme was presented:

(a) Serenata.....Metra	
(b) "Bella" Mazurka.....Waldteufel	
(c) "El Turia" Waltz.....Granado	
La Lira de Orfeo.	
Violin Solo—"Scene de Ballet".....Beriot	
Mr. J. Willard	
Vocal Duet—"Estudiantina".....Gomez	
Misses Marie and Inez Ponton de Arce	
Piano Solo—"Barcarolle".....Moszkowsky	
Miss Alice Chrystal	
Violoncello Solo, "Adagio and Tarantelle".....Goltzman	
Mr. Arthur Regensburger	
Trio—"Meditation".....Richardson	
Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, Mr. Henry Schmidt and Mr. A. Regensburger	
Baritone Solo—"Out on the Deep".....Lohr	
Mr. J. G. Humphrey	
Guitar Solo—"Rigoletto".....Verdi	
Mr. L. T. Romero	
(a) "Pizzicato" from the Ballet "Sylvia".....Delibes	
(b) "La Gachupana," Cuban Dance.....S. Arrillaga	
(c) "A Los Toros" (Ho! to the Bull-fight).....S. Arrillaga	
La Lira de Orfeo.	

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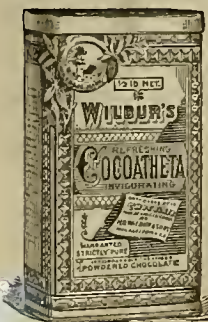
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FLY-FISHING.

The public is becoming yearly more interested in
fishing, especially fly-fishing, as fish become scarcer,
and it is necessary that some one should each year,
as the season approaches, instruct the growing masses
and keep them informed in regard to the changes in
the rules. This should be done by somebody who is
thoroughly posted, and has, as I have, the interest of
the science at heart. In the first place, fly-fishing
does not mean fishing for flies—that is impossible.
You can not catch flies that way. It simply means
the art of fishing with a peculiar, indescribable bunch
of feathers and things fastened to a hook and line.
This bunch is called a "fly" because it doesn't look
like a fly at all. Fishermen admit that the fish do
not think they are real flies, but simply bite at them
from a sincerely artistic love of color. To follow the
fashions in flies is the angler's main delight, for flies
change in style each season and each month therein.
Now, for instance, this spring flies are cut large and
of the most brilliant prismatic hues, whereas formerly
they were small and rather quiet in color. Solid
black is no longer *en vogue* and checked patterns not
admissible. They are expensive constructions, only
exceeded in cost by modern spring bonnets, which
they may be said to resemble in color as well. Some
fishermen make their own flies, but the majority buy
them ready-made, which is the reason fly-makers re-
tire rich and early from the business. I would rather
sell fishing-tackle than be a plumber any time. But
I digress. For different fish, different flies, of course.
I've forgotten the new names for the trout and bass
flies this year, but any tackle-dealer will furnish them
for a small sum—I mean the names, not the flies.

For salmon it has been discovered lately that a fly
made of the common green or red and blue necktie
of commerce is the most killing bait. These neckties
can be purchased anywhere for five to ten cents
each, and only need tying on a large hook. Just now
salmon are being caught with these new flies in great
numbers. Just now the tarpon, a Florida fish, is the
rage among experienced and enthusiastic anglers. I
thought for some years that the tarpon was some kind
of a bird, but I've been recently undeceived. They
weigh several hundred pounds and are very large for
their size. Tarpon flies are very big and handsome,
but the simplest fare often the best. A good service-
able fly is made thus: Cut up an old army overcoat
into long strips, bunch them together, keeping the
red lining inside, and sew two of the brass buttons at
the head for eyes. See? Then beneath put the sole
of a rubber shoe, and lash all firmly to a No. 40 Ma-
guire hook. A few people are using feather-dusters
on these fish also. The tarpon, however, will bite at a
spring chicken very readily, and I have caught them
in cloudy weather with one of my wife's old bonnets,
with a bustle tied to it and the strings hanging down,
but it is unnecessary to resort to any such expensive
and elaborate devices, as they are greedy fish and
don't discriminate between an old boot-leg and a
forty-dollar fly. I find that they bite, in still-fishing,
voraciously at at a section of white rubber hose, prob-
ably mistaking it for a Florida angle-worm.

You will need a "fly book" and a "tackle box."
The former is readily made out of an old city directory
or *Congressional Record*, and is very serviceable
in keeping moths from your flies. When you see a
moth approaching the flies, just lay the heavy book
on him and he will bother you no longer. The tackle
box is made of cast iron, with a padlock. It is about
three feet long by two deep, is carried over the shoulder
by a strap, and is used to keep the fly book and other
objects from the dew.

Now, as to rods: Most fishermen are loud in
praise of the split bamboo. I myself confess that I
can not see the value of a split rod. I should think
that a split rod would soon come to pieces, especially
if the split extended its whole length. I prefer a
good solid hickory rod, not over forty feet long and
very springy. It should not weigh over eight or nine
pounds at the most. When you remember that most
anglers estimate the cost of fishing at about five
dollars per pound of fish caught, you must reflect
that you need a solid rod that will not let your twenty-
dollar fish get away from you. These hair-line rods
look nice in the stores, but they are only for show.
Your bickory rod should not exceed a baseball bat in
thickness at the butt. Sandpaper well before using.
A fine iron rod, hollow and springy, made of sections
of different-sized gas-pipe, is now in the market and
promises favorable results.

Most all fancy fly-fishers use a reel nowadays. The
old fashion of tying your line to the end of your rod
is going out of style. There is a reel called the
"black-bass multiplier," which I can recommend
from its name alone. Any reel that multiplies the
black bass is worthy of my earnest, unequalled sup-
port, and I hope that this reel will be used assiduously
during the coming summer, as bass are very scarce
where I have been fishing. The old Virginia reel is
now entirely out of the market. The book says that
"there should be a check on the reel." This is
always very acceptable if it is properly indorsed.

Now for your line. A friend of mine says he has a
line which is made of silk braided around a central
core of copper wire. It cost a large sum of money.
This kind of line is too expensive for our use. If you
feel that you must have wire you can get good tele-
graph line at a few cents a pound. These light silk
lines blow all over the adjoining country in making a
cast.

For tarpon, a long, new clothes-line, with a pound
and a half of sinker, makes a good line for casting.
The difficulty of making a long cast has been much
exaggerated. I have made casts of several hundred
feet by using a heavy line, well tarred, and big sink-
ers. Never use stones for sinkers, as they are liable
to come off and hit somebody in the other township.
Landing-nets are a necessity, but you need not buy
them. They can be made of mosquito netting dur-
ing the long winter evenings. There is no use in
carrying a fish-basket, because by following my direc-
tions, you will catch more fish than the basket could
hold, and you will have to string them. Then you
will have to carry the basket home empty besides.

The proper way to cast a fly—although this is
slightly outside of the purpose of my essay—is to
run out about a hundred and fifty feet of line, and
let a boy take it off to the rear. Be sure the place
is clear of trees, bushes, rocks, etc. Hold the rod
firmly in both hands until the line is drawn taut, then
flip it strongly forward, and the fly is projected into
space. Sometimes you may project the boy along
with it, if he is not careful. When the fly strikes the
surface of the water the fish rises it up, and, if he
likes it, swallows it, and starts off for some other
place he had in his mind. He hurries. Now, at this
stage of the proceeding the average fly-fisherman
lets him go, and "plays" him until he is exhausted.
This is sheer nonsense. The best way to get him,
and the easiest, after the fish is hooked, is to tie the

line to a tree, sit down to smoke a quiet pipe and
read a good book, until he tires himself out. Then
pull him into the landing-net. One fish taken in this
manner gives more satisfaction than a dozen secured
by the old time-wasting process. When fly-fishing is
continued far into the night, as it is by some enthusi-
asts, a small water-tight lantern, when fastened just
back of the fly, shows its locality in the stream and
the site of the fish-hook. From time to time, as I get
a chance, I will furnish further hints for the guidance
of the great brotherhood of disciples of Walton.—
Walt. McDougal in the New York World.

"Wagnerian War."

It may seem strange, but I never hear Wagner's
music without being transported at once into an im-
aginary, but none the less realistic, field of battle.
Glancing at the orchestra I see sundry gentlemen
with spectacles, and long, stiff hair, brushed from
their foreheads in the approved Teutonic fashion, like
old generals with field-glasses, surveying the field of
approaching strife. I listen abstractedly to the pro-
miscuous fifths emitted by their violins. When that
orchestral surgeon, the oboe, has successfully inocu-
lated the weaker stringed infantry with that indispen-
sable drug known in the musical world as A natural:
and when the dapper leader, after indulging the
audience with a prelaty display of great importance
and no less shirt-front, condescends at length to wave
his baton in graceful curves through the circumam-
ble air, as a signal for his men to "attack" the
piece (and the critics to attack the composer), I am
then and there waited into the very centre of a musical
battle. The orchestral armies proceed at first in a
harmonious march, but after a few hard resolutions
have been passed, for music—Wagner's music—like
inferno, is paved with resolutions, good, bad, and
indifferent; the lines deploy in skirmishing order,
and thenceforward begins the fight. The violins (in-
fantry) march by battalions from rifle pits, G, and
commence a steady fire. The cornets, clarionets, and
flute (light cavalry) perform some pretty manoeuvres
on the D flank, and are slowly followed by the trom-
bone, fagot, and basses (heavy cavalry), who only
await the general's order to make a terrific charge
upon C major. (Enemy's main centre.) Commotion
is suddenly observable among the violins, who,
hastening at the command "Accelerando," break
into a lively double, culminating in a long run.
Through the passing of another cruel resolution, how-
ever, they are speedily hurled into D minor, a position
which demoralizes their whole force, as evidence by
the tremulous, unsteady movement they maintain
throughout ten consecutive bars. There is no rest
for the Wagnerians. This apparent complication of
keys is only the cue for the heavy cavalry to come
thundering down from C major, through F minor,
over E flat, right into the centre of B flat major.
Now begins the roar and crash of war in earnest.
The guns are booming incessantly, as the drummer
pounds the parchment with might and main. The
oboe is shrieking for help in A flat, while the flutes
and clarionets hurry to his assistance through a
cadenza in F sharp minor. The cornet makes an
occasional blare on his way to D flat, but is soon
placed *hors de combat* and goes to the rear for thirty-
six bars rest. This is the opportunity for the basses,
trombone, fagot and company to make a final charge.
The violins are palsied on the top string, when Gen-
eral Wagner's command appears upon the score—
"Fortissimo!" The combined heavy cavalry make
their grand charge for the distance of two octaves;
and without accident, though suffering many acci-
dents, plunge with a roar into G minor. They are
now masters of the situation. All other voices merely
follow their mad career from key to key, and are help-
lessly whirled along into the vortex of contrapuntal
strife, until stimulated into a final effort by General
Wagner's grand command to the entire army—
"Prestissimo!" Then ensues chaos, wild and awful!
The oboe, like a bursting gun, shatters its compass;
the bassoon, like its general, becomes intensely gut-
tural; the drum, like a raw recruit, loses its head;
the violins, like young cantinieres, require the per-
petual attention of their bows; the cornet, like a dis-
abled mortar, turns up its bell; the trombone, like a
boy on a toboggan, takes a long slide and ends with
a broken joint and a bowl of agony; the leader
brings down his baton; the performance brings down
the house, and so the battle ends. Thus doth Wagne-
rian war rear its horrid front. I find myself ap-
plauding mechanically, but the vision has faded, and
nothing remains but an aspiring leader and a pers-
piring orchestra. I am not bellicose, and my sym-
pathies are always with the defeated hosts of Har-
mony's sphere.—"Saltarius" in Chicago Indicator.

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tors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of
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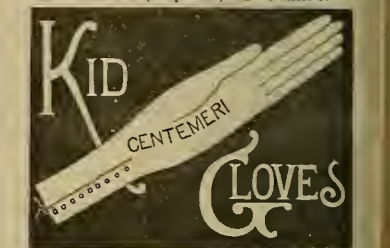
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Sarah kept "Théodora" for a *bonne-bouche*. If she had elected to come to us at first as the famous empress, her début would have been lacking in that element of surprise which is a pet arrow in her quiver.

Théodora is, to a fine line, just what every one expected Sarah to be. It is what the world has written about, thought about, talked about, during these ten or fifteen years that Sarah has been flashing athwart the dramatic horizon. A man who knows Sarah much better than she knows herself, has gathered together all that distinguishes her, piled these wonderful odds and ends into a glittering heap of character, and called it "Théodora."

It is the Bernhardt set in a Byzantine frame, and without much thought of the frame beforehand, it was just the Bernhardt we expected to see.

Therefore, this Sarah resolved to show us the other one that we did not expect to see, first. And how was one to know that a woman who could come down to the pretty fripperies of the "Maitre de Forges" and play them prettily, could rise to the tragedy of "Théodora" and play it so powerfully?

When she played "Frou-Frou" so deliciously the other night, and was so light, so gay, so *riante*, so charming, and gave to the frivolities of Frou-Frou just that little touch of plaintive irresponsibility which makes her pitied rather than blamed, what was there to tell us that this woman could arise from this dimpled softness, at the call of the classics, to become a Phèdre, to make the blood run cold with the power and the awfulness of it?

For Sarah Bernhardt is, before everything else, a tragedienne. The taste of the day is undoubtedly for the modern emotional, but it was by her reading of classic verse that she made her reputation, and gained the right to plant her foot upon the hallowed boards of the Théâtre Français.

It would have been very unsatisfactory, therefore, if in our Bernhardt craze we had had no further taste of her real mettle and quality than the bit of declamation in the salon of the Princesse de Bouillon. Delicious as it has all been, we should not have known the Bernhardt.

But in "Théodora" we have her in her languor and her fire, her love, her rage, her insolence, her leanness, her suppleness, her strength—everything that is characteristic of her.

The semi-barbarism of its splendor surrounds her fitly. The gorgeousness of her robes—and King Solomon in all his glory was not more splendidly arrayed—is infinitely becoming to her. Strangely enough, as Théodora, she resumes the leanness for which she was so long celebrated, and those people—there were many of them—who felt themselves defrauded because she was not a hag of bones, became reconciled when she came out, loag, lean, flat, as the Byzantine empress.

If it be the Byzantine form of dress which has accomplished this marvel, our streets will presently be filled with lovely creatures who will seem to have drifted down through the ages out of the great capital of the Eastern Empire. Sarah always leaves her mark upon the toilets of women wherever she goes, and yet they never look like her.

How delicious she is in her assumption of magnificence in the first act! The repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere always seems to be the first feature to tempt the imitation of those who rise from the slums. They never attain it. In our own mushroom aristocracy—and possibly in this class it is the same the world over—the men affect a brusquerie of manner to cover the defects they are conscious of; are much given to declaiming, what is generally most apparent, that this or that is too high for them, and sneer and jeer at the smaller refinements of life as being finikin and affected. But the women, who are always more adaptable to their condition, like to find their manners a little as their surroundings become more and more golden. The repose of the caste of Vere de Vere always, and most commendably, tempts them.

It is, of course, impossible to attain, because it comes from the inside and from too deep a spring. The copies of it, after many evolutions, resolve themselves into two types. The one is a sort of volcanic calm which fails to cover the natural fidgets of an ill-hired woman. It always suggests the geographical description of a volcano, and the bystander has always a half-unconscious dread of disastrous results. It is the people who are hursting at once with money and with purse-pride who carry this scething calm with them for their society manner. The other type of repose is a peculiar laquor. This straight-jacket is worn not so much by the purse-proud as by those who have found that money alone will not clear the

path they seek to follow. They are socially ambitious, and recognize their money as a power and a means, if they have it. If they have it not, they use some other means. Sometimes they have passed through the purse-proud phase and learned their lesson. But, whatever their experience, their desire is to be taken for people to the manner born.

The thought is laudable enough, if simple, natural dignity be impossible to them. The languor is less objectionable than the volcanic calm, and, in cases where it is backed by a little intelligence, it is not a half-bad imitation of the copy. But this languor is a peculiar and unmistakable thing. There is a leaping something under it which betrays. The on-looker feels that while one set of muscles is all relaxed, there is another, perhaps a psychical set, all a-quiver.

By one of those strokes of genius which make her every touch so incisive, Sarah Bernhardt has selected this indescribable *parvenu* languor as the mood in which to introduce the powerful, passionate empress. As she falls upon the splendid cushions of her great couch, she falls with Oriental ease into the most luxurious abandon. She can scarcely turn upon her pillows for laziness, to receive the homage and the gifts of the young prince from Gaul. She sinks into the very down of her splendors until the audience is over, and then how quickly and easily she glides from her couch to the action and movement, which are natural to the girl of the circus.

What a good, long, comfortable stretch of relief she takes as she intimates that her acting is over. And when she goes back to the circus to see her old friend the Egyptian, clad simply that she may not make her state known, what a change is there! What alertness, what suppleness, what steely strength in her carriage! What a relaxation, without any studied stage effect, in her manner! How thoroughly she seems and is at home among the sights and sounds and smells of the circus! How little they offend her imperial nostrils, and what a comfortable little hob-ooh she has with her old crony as she takes her soup from the old black kettle, or sips it from the black horn spoon.

And yet once again, how magnificently she becomes the empress, when, in the imperial box, in the full panoply of her splendid array and the full majesty of her court manner, she unveils at the bidding of the mob, and listens to their insults with undaunted front.

And what a good democratic quarrel she and the emperor have when it comes to words, and what a taunting, defying, insolent minx she is. And yet it is almost easy to believe that this panther creature has some womanly softness in her when she comes to meet her lover, and twines herself around his heart-strings with her pretty cajoleries. That is, when M. Garnier permits his heart-strings in some slight maoover to be twined. He is as unyielding as Seal Rock itself to the wooings of any one of them—Fédora, Marguerite, Claire, Frou-Frou, or Théodora. He is always M. Garnier, and will not even become Andréas for a night.

It is not safe so to express yourself among a group of women. He is a handsome man, with a face singularly like that of the grey-eyed man of destiny, when the star of the great Napoleon I. began to rise upon the edge of the horizon of Europe. He has prepossessed the sex. The woman are so deliciously inconsequent that, because they like him, because he is a handsome man, and because he has a certain attractiveness of manner, which sometimes floats a young actor better than his art, because of all this they daringly ascribe all his defects to suppressed emotion.

Suppressed fiddlesticks, sisters mine. He will be a fine actor one day, but just now he is comparatively inexperienced, and in the declamatory stage. He has not yet arrived at that time when he understands the *nuances* of feeling which these Frenchmen at their best put into their work. He could no more play Brigand as Angelo played it last week, than he could play Hamlet as Mounet-Sully plays it. But he may yet play Hamlet when Angelo will be his Rosenkranz or Guildenstern. Angelo can not rise to heroics very well, though he does not do Marcellus badly, while Garoier is still heroic only. For how does he not flash out when the stage and the situation are given him, and he may let loose his force. It is quite delicious, the fire and fiery with which he chokes Fédora, goaded to fury by his wrongs, after he has listened to all her pretty love-making with adman-tine impassiveness. In "Le Maitre de Forges" the fire flashes but once—when he says to his retreating bride, as soon as she is safely out of hearing, "Je t'adore, mais je te trahirai," the prospects for that young woman's honeymoon seem to be decidedly unpleasant.

And in "Théodora" he is really superb in his anger when he comes face to face with the monster whom he has loved, and flings her kisses back in her teeth.

So, whenever declamation is given him, his spirit and his force make him for the moment a fine actor.

Perhaps Sarah dwarfs every one a little, for it is almost impossible to see any one else when she is upon the stage. Her art is so fine, so thorough, so original, so natural, that it is only after you have left her that you are startled by her complete identification with the character.

Her Théodora is a picture of the succession of moods of a woman with the strong, rank nature that

made the name of Justinian's empress leave a deep rut in history.

For some reason the play, strong and powerful as it is as a tragedy, does not seem to be an exact picture of the time. But it may be our own fault rather than Sardou's. With us, everything ancient has a sort of English flavor. In our heart of hearts, though we would scout the idea if it were put to us in plain words, we have a misty impression that Solomon spoke his proverbs in plain English, that the Pharaohs rattled their Egyptian sentiments off in the same language, and, that in the ancient Roman Empire above all others, the best and most idiomatic Shakespearean English was prevalent.

It is the French flavor that upsets us, beside which these Frenchmen never seem to quite cease to be French.

M. Décori is a most impressive-looking Justinian. He has completely transformed his merry face, and looks very much as the Byzantine emperor may have done, perhaps modelled himself upon the Justinian in last year's Salon. But he looks like a Frenchman who has gone to Byzantium and made a career for himself.

M. Angélo as Marcellus plays with that quiet taste and intelligence which marks him, but he is a *boulevardier* in Byzantine costume for all that.

Even the accessories, though the costumes are all splendid, are not quite what we had been led to expect. There were some fine mural decorations and a vista or two, but for the rest, they were gilded things, belonging to no special age or time.

Sarah alone stood out from everything, a hit of that brilliant, splendid, riotous past. The emotional French heroine passed away from us, and the tragedy queen arose in her place. Whether it be an exact picture of the times, she made it Byzantine enough to satisfy any but the most severe purist, and we shall all think of this siren of many moods most often as the great empress, and most often then of those two wonderful scenes, the stabling of Marcellus with the hokkin from her hair, to save him from revealing her lover's name, or of the sudden change in the woman who she realizes that her love-philter was a poison, and that she has slain him with her own hand.

Wonderful, fascinating, subtle Sarah! Pretty, charming, Frou-Frou Sarah! Vengeful, passionate, Russian Sarah! Wicked, tragic, dominating, alluring, Byzantine Sarah! BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Sarah Bernhardt is of the same age as Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, Alhani, and Clara Louise Kellogg. They were all born within a year.

Claire in "Le Maitre de Forges" is too a light a part for the great French actress, but M. Lacroix gave a delightful picture of the *nouveau riche* in France.

Abhey and Grau have both Patti and Bernhardt under engagement for the next four years. By that time they will both have come to the end of their usefulness, and any danger from rival managers will be over. Shrewd Abhey and Grau.

It was a great disappointment to many that a real lion was not produced for the circus scene in "Théodora." A great many gravely supposed that Sarah would take this occasion to introduce her new pet, the tiger-cat. As she carries him to the theatre every night, and he is frequently taken for a miff, it will easily be seen that it would have been incumbent upon the manager to provide the audience with microscopes.

Modjeska, whose financial foresight is said to be quite as acute as her artistic discernment, is profiting largely by the Los Angeles boom. Count Bozenta's vineyard, at Anaheim, does not increase rapidly in value, and is being destroyed by a plague that prevails in the lower country, but the gentle Poie herself took a fancy to town lots, foretold the future of Los Angeles, and is reaping the benefit when her words come true.

Buffalo Bill, who was much admired for his long hair and his wide hat, received much applause and many dollars, but no social recognition in San Francisco. London, which has become so much what Paris used to be, has made a drawing-room lion of this young huffalo of the West, and he thinks now that they put on a heap more airs in San Francisco than they do in London. His numerous invitations are called Buffalo-hillet-doux.

It is evident by the vivid descriptions of the Clancarty kiss which have been coming so fast, that Langtry will soon be here. As an instance of the enormous difference between French and English ideas of the stage, it is related that Sarah, while wooing Andréas, in the last act, on the second night of "Théodora," kissed him full upon the mouth. The French company has ever since been convulsed to its centre by the daring indecency of such a very English proceeding.

Osmond Tearle has declined an engagement as associate leading man with Kyrle Bellew in Abhey's new company at Wallack's Theatre. He gives as reason the fact that as they are now very good friends, such an engagement would give rise to endless jealousies, dissensions, and ill-feeling. Mr. Abhey should be very grateful to Mr. Tearle for this view of the situation, as the two men not only resemble each other somewhat in their general appearance, but their methods are so similar that in the matter of leading men the company would be top-heavy and without versatility.

Extensive preparations in the way of scenery, company, and accessories have been made for the production of Gillette's play, "Held by the Enemy," at the Baldwin Theatre Monday evening. Mr. Gillette personally superintends the production. The cast will include Miss Viola Allen, Miss Louise Dillon, Miss Grace Harrison, Miss Kate Denin Wilson, Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. James Neill, Mr. Melbourne McDowell, Mr. Wm. Gillette, Mr. Leslie Allen, Mr. G.

Fawcett, Mr. J. F. Doyle, Mr. J. J. Farrell, Mr. Harry Rose, Mr. Charles Stokes, Mr. Wm. Pope, and Mr. William Hilliard.

Sarah Bernhardt has had a large influence upon the dress of woman in the last fifteen years. She wore the first bang, the first *Fédora pouf*, the first *gants de Sable*, the first long gloves, and was the first to introduce soft, clinging materials. She has also introduced the general use of the negligee, which at one time a lady wore only in the privacy of her own apartments, but which in its various evolutions has reached the tea-gown stage, and is now a drawing-room reception dress. She herself has not changed her style of coiffure or dress, except in small details, for many years.

Mme. Janish, a very beautiful and interesting woman who held a proud place on the Austrian stage, will make her first appearance at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening. The lady learned English only three years ago, but an Austrian player never permits a language to stand in the way, and she, though still retaining traces of her native accent, speaks English well. She opens to "Princess Andrea," a beautiful play written by Sardou for the American actress, Agnes Ethel, some ten or a dozen years ago, and which was too good to lie upon the shelf as long as it has. It may add to the lady's charms to say that she is known in private life as the Countess Arco.

Garnier, who now plays Andréas in "Théodora," was the original Justinian in the production of "Théodora" at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and was selected for a fancied resemblance to the great emperor. Garnier was a first-prize pupil from the Conservatoire, and received the usual reward—a year's engagement at the Théâtre Français. According to the rules, he is still subject to the call from that theatre, should they desire his services to any special part; but this call has never yet been made upon him, so that he has been permitted to make his way in other theatres. He is an art protégé of Sarah Bernhardt, who regards his future with much interest, as she looks upon him as the coming tragedian of France.

The Pincian Hill at Rome now bears a monument thus inscribed: "The neighboring palace, once the property of the Medici, was the prison of Galileo Galilei, guilty of having seen the earth revolve round the sun." S. P. Q. R., MDCCLXXXVII.

Ever since the year that General Custer camped at Yankton, Dak., there has been a heavy crop of blue grass on the old camp-ground. It is supposed that the ill-fated command carried haled blue grass for forage, and the scattered seed took root.

PERSONAL.

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— ON WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS last week two concerts of unusual interest to lovers of music were given in this city, and were utterly ignored by the professional critics, who, having heard Patti and a season of as fine operatic performances as can be heard on our footstool—without, however, discovering that it was anything extraordinary—I suppose exclaim in the language of a learned Buffalo critic "We have now heard Patti, Thomas's orchestra, and the Nationals. We know what good singing is. We have digested Beethoven and Wagner, and that a one sitting, and we want something new." Of course nothing in the way of local enterprise could satisfy these lofty aspirations, hence they neglect their "profession," and return to their old habit of art worship, even though the one now above our horizon be not in their own sphere, and, perhaps, does not emit such a pure and steady light as one might think necessary to command their admiration. The event which I allude to were the Loring Club concert, the programme consisting entirely of compositions by American authors, given with the full strength of the club assisted by a large orchestra composed of our best musicians, before a crowded house at Odd Fellows' Hall, and H. B. Pasmore's "Concert of Original Compositions," given at Metropolitan Temple with the assistance of several of our foremost soloists a string orchestra, and a chorus of fifty voices, before a fairly good house. These concerts would certainly seem to promise a fine opportunity for the critics to display their knowledge of musical forms, etc. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the Loring, and can not draw a comparison between the Eastern composer's works and those of our home musician. But I doubt if the audience at the Loring was more interested than was that at the Pasmore concert, and if composer's powers are to be estimated by his ability to interest his audience—a recognized test—H. B. Pasmore is entitled to no mean place among American composers. Without entering into detailed analyses of the different numbers, they showed versatility to a marked degree, representing nearly all musical forms from the ballad to the fugue and symphonie, as well as powers of different expression—lightness and brightness in "The Miller's Daughter," humor in "Beware the sentimental in "Stars of the Summer Night," pathetic in "All are Sleeping," intellectuality in "I salute for strings and organ, grandeur in the *masse* while throughout all the numbers, the personality of the composer is betrayed by a shade of melancholy only slightly perceptible to the lighter numbers, but more pronounced in the slower movements—like the odor of the California summer—faint almost to imperceptibility on the hill-tops, but becoming heavy with each downward step, until, deep in the bottom of the cañon, it almost overpowers the senses.

PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 25, 1897.

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TWO LUCKY MEN.

A Barber and a Laborer Win a Big Prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Zacharias Messinger is a barber who has pursued his trade of scraping chins and clipping hair at 315 Bush Street for some two or three years past. He has during that time had the honor of exercising his onerous art upon the caput and physiognomy of Boss Buckley, and in consequence has enjoyed the patronage of the followers of the great Bush-street statesman. His trade was a good one and afforded him a good living, but nothing more, and he has endeavored to increase his store of gold by wooing the tickle Goddess of Fortune by investing in lottery tickets.

He paid his addresses more particularly to the good dame who presides over the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery and has held one or two coupons in nearly every drawing during the last two years. As the gamblers say, he has played in good luck and has nearly always won enough to give him a small profit, so that lately he has been "playing with the money of the bank." A few drawings ago he came down town, and as he passed the Chronicle office he saw by the bulletin-board that ticket 7,060 had drawn the capital prize of \$150,000. He knew that his ticket was 67,000 and something, and rushed home to get it. His delight can be imagined when he found that he held a coupon of the winning ticket, which entitled him to \$15,000. He went down to his shop, presented each of his assistants with a suit of clothes, made arrangements for them to carry on the business, and last week he and his wife started on a trip to Europe. He expects to be gone about seven months and to spend from \$3,500 to \$4,000 on the trip. The remainder of the money he will invest in some safe security as a nest-egg, and when he gets back will put it into some legitimate business.

The other lucky man is a Swede named A. Monon, who lives at 1364 Centre Street, in Oakland. He is a laboring-man, and has been living a hand-to-mouth existence such as usually falls to the lot of a laborer in the land. He bought a coupon from a peddler as a speculation. When he heard of his good luck he could not believe it, and when convinced that he had won \$15,000, turned white with nervous excitement. He is a single man and is now much might after by the young ladies of his acquaintance. —San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, May 4.

—THE DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE OF SANTA BARBARA, where the temperature is never more than a few degrees above or below 60 Fahrenheit, the charming views, the superb surf-bathing, and the unsurpassed accommodations of the famous Arlington Hotel, make the favorite water-gin-place on the Pacific Coast, uries intending visiting Santa Barbara during the summer should secure rooms at once from Mr. W. Cowles, the proprietor of the Arlington.

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—IN THE PRESENT WARM WEATHER SO MANY people take a run down to Santa Cruz for Saturday and Sunday that those who desire good accommodations should write early to Mr. E. J. Swift for rooms at the Pacific Ocean House, or at the Pope House.

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—THE MAGNIFICENT NEW YORK RESIDENCE OF Mrs. Morgan, who was much talked about for paying—some time ago, \$15,000 for an exquisite peach blow vase, was sold recently for \$165,000. It is said that the interior decorations alone cost \$150,000. The glassware contained a dozen Bohemian carved Champagne goblets in which Mrs. Morgan took great pride to serve up Pommery Sec (semi frappe) the cost of this set is said to be \$800.—N. Y. Paper.

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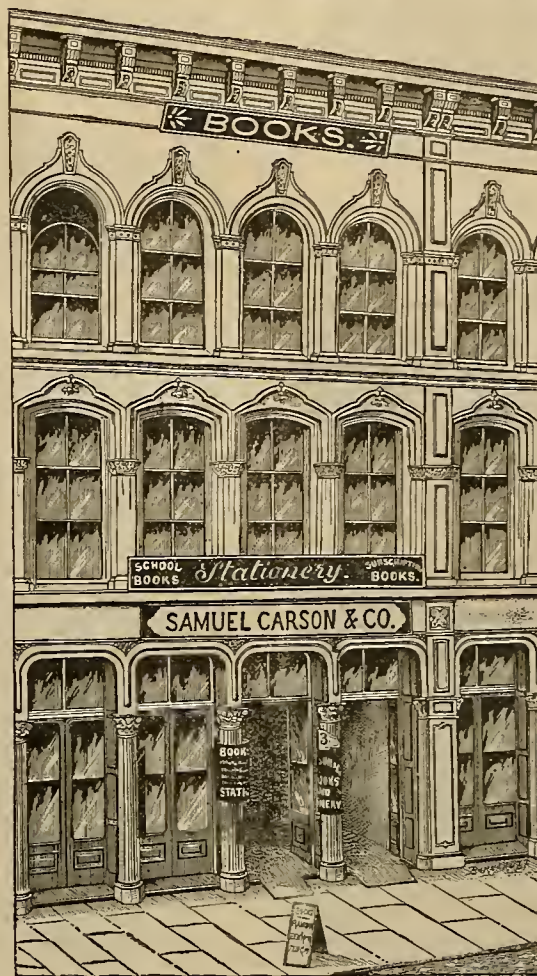
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HANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Eastern journals are criticising Mr. Blaine severely for his contemplated European trip. We think it a wise and most judicious political movement. He should first go to Rome, having satisfactorily arranged with the Holy Father and Propaganda, he would be in condition to negotiate with Roman bishops, priests, and laity, for the Irish vote in America. If he could get authority from Parnell and Mr. Gladstone to declare, that in event of his election, the administration might be depended upon to use its influence for the rule in Ireland against England, he would be provided with an unanswerable argument to secure the vote of all the Democrats and all the American demagogues in the United States. The New York Star says, "Mr. Blaine is going abroad to harangue England for political effect in the United States." When this most brilliant of Americans shall have conquered Romanism, he will be prepared to grapple with the questions of Rum and Rebellion. Our ad-

vice to him is to treat rum as a local and rebellion as a dead issue, and to let the contest turn upon Romanism alone.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CYCLONES, QUAKES, AND STORMS.

A HOUSE DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING.

SEVERAL HUNDRED ACRES OF HAY ON FIRE.

THE ASSAULTS OF THE BLIND BANKER HELD FOR MURDER.

A RASCALLY HORSE-THIEF ROBS A BOY.

This is a reduced imitation of the type and display heading of a news column in Tuesday's *Chronicle*, and this the news contained:

"An electric storm, with thunder and lightning, at Tulare, which continued two hours. The peals of thunder made the windows shake during the storm; some rain, but not worthy of mention."

"At Nogales there was a slight shock of earthquake, which created much excitement, though no damage was done. Last evening a terrific dry cyclone visited the city, which swept away a great many jacales and unroofed several houses. No one injured, and little damage, except to a few Mexican shanties."

"At San Luis Obispo, warm weather with temperature at eighty; an electric storm of thunder and lightning; threatening rain."

"BENSON, May 30.—Another earthquake; people alarmed; no damage caused. At Santa Barbara the heaviest thunder and lightning ever seen. San Diego harn struck by lightning; burned, with one hundred tons of hay."

"VISALIA, May 30.—Thunderstorm, with sprinkle of rain. Some hay burned at Kentucky Ranch. At Wagner's, fifteen acres of grain burned; loss, one thousand dollars, partially insured."

Then follows for the hundredth time an item of news concerning the murder of Mr. Richards at Nevada City, and how at Sacramento a *Chronicle* reporter had his horse and buggy driven away. Of such unimportant news is a sensational newspaper made up. Great display headings announce the most contemptible village gossip. The burning of a barn or the unroofing of a Mexican shanty is telegraphed across ocean and continent as "Special to the *Chronicle*." The *Chronicle* and *Examiner* are just now running a hurdle-race, and exhibiting their folly by spending money, and their enterprise by overleaping imaginary ditches and fences of their own creation. To give some idea of the kind of news with which a "live paper" feels it necessary to fill its columns we quote from the headings of items for one issue of the *Chronicle*:

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

HORSE THEFT.

A LECTURE DISTURBER.

TWO BOYS DROWNED.

STEAMER AGROUND.

TWO MEN DROWNED AND BOY BAOLY KICKED.

EN ROUTE TO JAIL.

BELLICOSE WAITERS.

FRAUDULENT CHECKS.

SUICIDE AT STOCKTON.

STRUCK BY AN OFFICER.

LEVI KNOTT DEAD.

HORRIBLE SIGHT—THE REMAINS OF A MAN WHO DIED FROM INTOXICATION.

A TEN-INNING GAME.

FIRE AT SANTA CRUZ.

MONGOLS BUMP HEADS.

STRAY TOY BALLOONS.

PUGILISTS ARRESTED.

A YACHT RACE.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT—A DOG LOOSENS A STONE.

STRIKING BAKERS.

THE FIRE BELL.

A BADLY CUT ARM.

A FRENCH GAMBLER.

A FORTUNE BY CHANCE.

We intended to epitomise the contents of an entire *Chronicle* of eight pages, but the task grows wearisome, and we

content ourselves with less than the half of one page. The *Examiner*, *Call*, *Bulletin*, and *Post* are no better, engaged all of them in rivalry to excel each other in the gathering of this kind of news, which is not worth the printing. The daily journal of the period is a collection of scandals, crimes, and unimportant nothings diligently gathered. Its editorials, as a rule, are devoid of ability, lacking in honesty, and exhibiting cowardice and prejudice. Every item of a scandalous character is given in vicious detail, clothed in attractive shape to render it as seductive as possible to prurient curiosity. Every great question of national politics, every discussion of government policy, is treated with one eye on the till at the business counter, and the other seeking the applause of the voting mob. No home circle is sacred from invasion; no personal character is above assault; no official is beyond suspicion. Investigation follows assault. To "scoop" a rival, suit for libel is bravely risked. Special trains are run at great expense to earn an opportunity to brag. The stories that are told concerning "circulation" would shame Tom Pepper, who was kicked out of hell for lying. "Liberty of the press" has degenerated into license, till there is no institution in America that is more venal and utterly unprincipled than that of commercial journalism. The first idea is to obtain circulation, the next advertising patronage. Money is the sole aim of this kind of newspapers. Power and influence are prostituted for gain. To elevate, instruct, and guide the community in the right direction is entirely lost sight of. The disgusting details of Lord Colin Campbell's divorce suit, the Dilke-Crawford criminal case in England, and the nastiness of Henry Ward Beecher's amour with Elizabeth, were given *ad nauseam* by the most respectable newspapers of both continents. The unsavory Althea Hill-Sharon tangle illustrates how diligently our local press will cultivate the opportunity of wallowing in the mire of social scandal. The press of any locality is as good as the community in which it is printed. Whether it drags the public down to its level, or the public confines the press within the compass of its morality, we leave our readers to determine. Then why not establish a respectable daily? we are asked every week of the year. Our answer is, that a "respectable" daily journal, giving to the word "respectable" our interpretation, could not prosper in San Francisco. There is not money enough in the pocket of any man who has enough of brains, courage, and conscience to ensure the success of an independent, courageous, conscientious, and honorable daily journal. It is an expensive and costly undertaking to plant a successful daily newspaper. It is difficult enough to make a success of a journal published once a week.

We are afraid Dr. McGlynn is losing his head. Some people can not endure adulation, it turns their brains, and we are very anxious lest the good doctor should get off his balance and think himself a much greater man than he really is. Now, the fact is, the Reverend Edward never cut much of a figure till he quarreled with Archbishop Corrigan and the Pope. He is like the man who became famous by pulling General Jackson's nose. We have forgotten his name, but the event occurred more than fifty years ago; it is not probable that in fifty years from now, the name of the man who would not go to Rome when summoned there by his Holiness, the Pope, will have any place in history or in the memory of mankind. Dr. McGlynn has just one claim to consideration so far, only one, and nothing more. He is not a man of great learning, nor is he a great orator, nor has he achieved distinction in the pulpit or elsewhere. He became the lieutenant of Henry George, adopted his vagaries in reference to land tenure and land taxation; his bishop unwisely sat down upon him, and pulled the weight of the Papal throne down to crush the priest. The priest bravely—as we thought—had the courage to defy the Papacy; to declare himself an American citizen, and to proclaim his right in all political questions to think as he pleased, and in all political situations to act as he pleased; for this the American people applauded him, independent Catholics supported him. "He is a brave priest" we all exclaimed; "he loves his independence, and does not stand in awe of ecclesiastical authority; he recognizes his Holiness as infallible upon questions of faith and morals, but as a man whose opinions are

entitled to no more respect than those of any other bishop of alien birth, education, and residence, upon political questions in America, the land of Dr. McGlynn's birth." In this attitude of resolute courage, for which he sacrificed his calling, all intelligent and honorable men respected him, but when he expresses opinions upon public questions, they are to be weighed and estimated for what they are worth. If he loses his head and permits his brain to become addled; if he plays the demagogue, or seeks to advance himself by the arts of the politician; if he encourages anarchy or socialism, or looks with favor upon dynamite, or would palter with crime, or encourage assassins, he must be held responsible for his utterances. Dr. McGlynn had a great triumph at Cooper Institute when he stood boldly up in the presence of thousands of his admiring friends and countrymen, in vindication of Americanism—liberty of speech and liberty of opinion; vindication of free schools and a free press. Dr. McGlynn was a pitiable and contemptible spectacle when, the other night, he stood up in the same Cooper Institute, and, to Knights of Labor, socialistic disturbers, and agrarian agitators, condemned his own government, held Mr. Bayard up to ridicule for entering into a treaty with Russia that sends back as fugitives from justice the men who attempt to take the life of its Czar, by murder, assassination, dynamite, and other criminal plots, done in cowardly secrecy and in unmanly conspiracy. The man or priest—Boh Ingersoll or Dr. McGlynn—who can not discriminate between political and personal offenses, who would place the names of assassins engaged in murdering their sovereign beside those of martyrs who have fallen in defense of liberty, are zealots gone mad. The splendid genius of Shakespeare has not been able so to gloss the act of Cæsar's murder as to rescue the name of Brutus from infamous association. Ravallac, who killed Henry IV.; Ankerstrom, who assassinated Gustavus III., of Sweden; Jacques Clément, the mad monk torn to pieces by horses for the murder of Henry III., of France; Booth and Guiteau, for the cruel and cowardly assassination of America's best-loved Presidents, would, in the estimation of Doctor Edward McGlynn and Robert Ingersoll, and other shallow-pated political sentimentalists and demagogues, be entitled to be regarded as political offenders, over whom it is the duty of governments to throw their protecting shields. When the time comes that the American flag is used for the safety of murderers, and the protection of cowardly assassins, who kill by dynamite and the dagger, then it should be burned and its ashes scattered to the wild winds. If, at the Cooper Institute, the reverend and pious, fat and God-fearing priest did say that he came to the meeting "to do honor to the man who kills the Czar of Russia, for there are noble, honest, heroic men who 'think it their duty to kill the Czar,' he uttered an impious and brutal sentiment, and Archbishop Corrigan is justified in suspending him from his ecclesiastical office. Doctor McGlynn is rushing headlong to the fate of a multitude of weak-brained, shallow-pated, vain egotists, who have been spoiled by public notice and popular adulation—he is losing his head.

Decoration Day seems to be growing in observance, and is, perhaps, destined to become a holiday of national character—one more added to the few in our calendar. The patriotic sentiment that prompts the decoration of the graves of soldiers who fell in defense of our national union, will outlive the generation that witnessed their heroic sacrifice. The recent occasion in San Francisco was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm, the parade was more brilliant, and the literary exercises more interesting than any other we recall. There can be nothing more profitable or more instructive to the youth and young men of the nation than to call them together once in each year to renew their vows upon the altars of patriotism; to scatter flowers upon the graves of soldiers who died on the battle-field fighting for the permanence of the American Union and for the principles of liberty for which our forefathers sacrificed so much, and in the support of which so many of them lost their lives. "Decoration Day" is a fitting anniversary to complement that of "Independence Day," which we are sorry to see is being turned from its original purpose to other and unpatriotic uses. In San Francisco the national holiday has been undergoing a slow and steady process of demoralization. In the early times it was a patriotic celebration; it then became useful for advertising different industries, and the procession was a long line of drays and butcher-carts, and was made the opportunity for displaying trade announcements; then, by some hocus-pocus, the day was turned over to foreign control, and made the occasion by our adopted fellow-citizens for displaying themselves on horseback and in open barchoues for some personal advantage. Once, we remember that the grand marshal, poet, reader, orator, and president of the day, were "every bloody one of them an Englishman." Last year the Americans took control, and had an old-fashioned American celebration with an American oration, but that will not be permitted to occur again. Aliens and alien influence have captured it this time, and the men who were prominent last year have been tahoosed from participation this. We shall have the usual flappedoodle fail-

ure this year with the same dull platitudes of patriotism in the oration, and the same old threadbare allusions to this country being the asylum of all the rascals and paupers that Europe may desire to dump upon our shores. If the orator should happen to be a flunkey of American birth, he will attribute the triumph of our achievement of national independence in the revolutionary war, and the preservation of our Union by the civil war, to the generous valor of Irish troops, and the blessing of his holiness the Pope. If—as we guess—an Irishman is chosen orator, he will hold up the Irish rebellion now fighting England under the leadership of the two conspirators in crime, Parnell and Gladstone, as a contest for national independence, and agrarianism will be represented as a struggle for personal liberty and protection to rights of property. The volunteer militia, with uniform and equipments paid for by the State, will go into the country for a frolic; the procession will be a failure; the intellectual programme the same old, dull, uninteresting mixture of had poetry, indifferent reading, sophomoric oratory, and imperfect rendering of national music by paid professional singers. The supervisors will give three thousand dollars, and business circles will be milked by the men who annually take advantage of the day to make money out of it. If, next year, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America, the Native Sons of the Golden West, will take the lead in the inauguration of a fourth of July celebration, and invite soldiers from the southern side, and all who love America and Americanism more than any other country or government, or church or party, and all the scholars from the public schools, girls in carriages, and boys on foot as guards of honor; call in from the country cavalades of young men and women on horseback; get half transportation over all the railroads in the State, and give us an old-fashioned Independence Day, with a parade under the American flag, with American national anthems for music, and with a harbecue and hull-head breakfast at the Presidio reservation, and fireworks in the evening—it will recall the time when the anniversary of our nation's birth was an occasion for reviving patriotic memories, and keeping alive patriotic emotions. We think this year's celebration will be a failure, and hope it may.

Archbishop Corrigan of New York, has received from his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., the following letter. We present enough of this precious specimen of authority to demonstrate how completely the Roman Catholic clergy and laity are under church discipline:

LEO P. P. XIII.

Venerabili Frater Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archiepiscopo Neo Eboracensi. Venerabilis Frater Salutem et apostolicam Benedictionem: It has been indeed a great grief to us to see the rebellion which has arisen against your authority in your city, through the deeds of some, their machinations craftily devised and the open conspiracy of factious men. And our anguish has been all the greater, since from information lately conveyed to us we have learned that there are some others of the clergy imbued with the doctrines of this priest who have not hesitated to adhere to him, although the clergy generally, of the whole diocese, and the greater and better part of the laity gladly remained with unchanged will in faithful obedience and loyalty to you. It is indeed grateful to us and approved by us, that you have labored to crush, ere they sprang up, the vicious seeds of doctrines scattered under pretext of helping the masses. Nor is it less to your praise that with long-suffering and patience you have not ceased with watchful industry to calm proud and restless spirits, although they have not refrained from slanders and reproaches against you and this Apostolic See. We, however, will never permit any injury to your good name and dignity, much less to the authority of this Apostolic See, and we will not fail to make known to you through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, timely measures for the correction of the rebellious.

Datum, Romae, apud S. Petrum, die IV. Maii, an. MDCCCLXXXVII. Pontificatus Noster Decimo.

LEO P. P. XIII.

The *Argonaut* has been charged with wickedly imputing to the Church of Rome interference in our political affairs. There is not a Roman Catholic Church organ, or a priest or politician of the Roman faith, upon this side of the continent, who has not denied this accusation as false and baseless, and said we were putting it forward for cussedness. When His Holiness became the ally of Prince Bismarck and directed the Ultramontane party, under the leadership of Herr Windhorst, to withdraw its opposition to the "Septennate" and allow the policy of Bismarck to prevail, the publication of the Pope's letter went far to silence the clamor of denial. Now comes this letter which denounces the course of Father McGlynn and of all priests who stand by him and his parishioners of St. Stephens and all laymen of the Roman Church, and uses this significant language: "WE WILL NEVER PERMIT ANY INJURY TO THE AUTHORITY OF THIS APOSTOLIC SEE, AND WE WILL NOT FAIL TO MAKE KNOWN TO YOU THROUGH THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE PROPAGANDA TIMELY MEASURES FOR THE CORRECTION OF THE REBELLIOUS." Dr. McGlynn's offense is purely political. He entertains opinions concerning the tenure of taxation of land. He has the right to entertain them and to express them; they involve no question of faith, and the Pope of Rome has no business to interfere with them or to suppress them. Within political lines in America the Apostolic See has no possible right of meddling; the "Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda," composed of Italian priests, has no right to dictate opinions upon any mere political or party question, and when the hierarchy of the Papal Church undertakes to put its spiritual nose into the political affairs of this country the *Argonaut* has the right to pull it. If all the

Popes—two hundred and sixty of them—from St. Peter to the year 41 to Leo XIII. in the year 1887, were consolidated into one great Pope, and all their noses were cast into one great nose, and if the *Argonaut* was the humblest week journal in the world—which it is not—and had the smallest circulation—which it has not—and was edited by a man smallest brain and least courage—which it is not—its edit would have the right to pull that great papal nose till should sneeze in penitential contrition.

And now it is France that is laboring under the throes of the political agitation incident to forming a new cabinet. The most trenchant changes which President Grévy has made are in the portfolios of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and War. While the appointments of neither Rouvier as Premier, nor Minister of Finance, nor Florens as Minister of Foreign Affairs, are popular in the strict sense of the word, the ouster of General Boulanger from the war department has been a signal for an outburst of popular disapproval, which may render futile this effort to construct a new cabinet. Right or wrongly, Boulanger is the hero of the hour. It is that his claims to consideration are not based upon anything more tangible than a presumed capacity for military leadership, but in the present state of the national pulse that quite sufficient to ensure the blind support of the radical masses, which in reactionary times constitute so powerful a factor in French politics. Still, rave and chafe as they may, the French can not afford to go to war till they are on a footing with the Germans in the matter of military equipment; and it has been pointed out that the factories turning out the new magazine rifle at the rate of thirty thousand a month, can not fully arm the troops for a considerable time to come. Taken all in all, the French republic, roused as it is from without and within, is deserving of more sympathy and is the recipient of little. Nothing would be more satisfactory to the neighboring crowned heads than the collapse of the present form of government. The refusal of the other countries of Europe to participate officially in coming Paris Industrial Exposition, because it is the anniversary of a memorable revolutionary epoch, while it is a petty in character and unworthy of the age we live in, is the uneasiness with which the growth of republican ideas is regarded. It is safe to say, however, that the feeling of world will react in favor of France, and that the exposure will be no less a success on that very account.

The Clan-na-Gael society, like all Irish political organizations, has "hust"—one of its officials has gobbled all money and skeddaddled. This is the usual outcome of all organizations; somebody who never had any money before finding himself in possession of funds that have been earned from laboring men and women under the incentive of patriotism, political passion, and race prejudices, appropriates the boodle and decamps. This is probably the best to which any money collected for an Irish political purpose can be devoted. The most of Fenian funds and funds purchasing dynamite, for the election and maintenance of Irish adventurers in Parliament, for skirmishing fund, home rule, national rule, and resistance to coercion, at the thousand and one other projects, such as sending O'Connell to Canada, can not be better disposed of than by falling into the possession of some clever knave who will appropriate them for his own use. If it could be ascertained just how much has become of all the money raised in America, Australia and Canada by Irish political adventurers, it would furnish a table of curious statistics and would prove profitable reading for the dupes who have furnished it.

The following is a proclamation made at the Market of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago: "Te tither a hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' to Whist!! By command of His Majesty King George her Grace the Duke o' Argyll: If anybody is found about te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, about te loch, she's to be persecutit wi' three persecut first she's to be hurt, syne she's to be drown't, an' then to be hang't—an' if ever she comes back she's to be cutt wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' her te Duke o' Argyll."

A peculiar blunder occurred in the engraving of the from which the reverse side of the five-dollar certificate printed. It will be noticed that on the back of the certificate are the fac similes of five silver dollars. The third on the left corner of the certificate has "trust" spelled "Where the word appears in other places on the certificate is spelled properly."

The latest addition to the famous Orient line between land and Australia, the steamship *Ormus*, has achieved a wonderful home-passage, leaving Adelaide on April 1, delivering her mails in London at a quarter past five on May 1, the shortest time that has yet been recorded, thousand miles within twenty-seven days.

A clergyman in Camden, N. J., whose income is derived from marriage fees, drums up trade by publishing a sketch map of the town showing the shortest way to his house, and scattering it broadcast through Pennsylvania.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: A new claimant for the discovery of the idea of evolution turns up in the person of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, and this honor he would divide with Charles R. Darwin; and Professor Leconte steps forth to stand as godfather for Mr. Wallace. Now the fact is that neither Charles R. Darwin nor Doctor Alfred R. Wallace discovered or introduced the theory of evolution. When Charles R. Darwin was in his eighth year (1817), Dr. John Mason Goode delivered a series of lectures before the Surrey Institute, in one of which, upon the varieties of the human race, occurs the following: "The Mosaic statement has met with two distinct classes of opponents, each of which pretended to a different ground of ejection. The one has regarded this statement as untrue . . . the other class has rather complained that it is rather inexplicit than untrue. At the head of the former class stand the names of some of the first naturalists and scholars of modern times, a Linnaeus, Buffon, Helvetius, Monoddo, and Darwin; and from whom do these philosophers, thus departing from the whole letter and spirit of the Mosaic history, pretend to derive the race of man? The four former from the race of monkeys, and the last, to complete the absurdity, from the race of oysters, for Doctor Darwin seriously conjectures that as aquatic animals appear to have been produced before terrestrial, and every living substance to have originated from a form or nucleus exquisitely simple and minute, and to have been perpetually developing and expanding its powers and progressively advancing toward perfection, man himself must have been of the aquatic order on his first creation; at that time, indeed, imperceptible from his exility, but in process of years, or rather of ages, acquiring a fishlike or oyster-like form, with little gills instead of lungs, and, like the oyster, produced spontaneously, without distinction into sexes; but as reproduction is always favorable to improvement, the aquatic oyster mannikin, by being progressively accustomed to seek its food in the nascent shores or edges of the primeval ocean, must have grown, after a revolution of countless generations, first into an amphibious and then into a terrestrial animal, and in like manner from being without ex, first into an androgynous form and thence into distinct male and female." In a foot-note, Goode shows that he has been quoting from work called "Temple of Nature," published by Erasmus Darwin; orn, 1734; died, 1805. This was Charles R. Darwin's grandfather, and I think the above makes it evident that the evolution theory was discovered or introduced in this century. Doctor Goode shows that two of the most ancient schools of Greece, the Epicurean and the Stoic, were evolutionists.

A. C. DITHMAR.

This is a very important matter, and we call the serious attention of our learned scholars and scientists to it. Of all the vexed questions that in the ages past have puzzled the wise brains of wise men, nothing is of more importance than to determine who first promulgated the theory of evolution—not whether it is true or rational, but who first guessed the conundrum and unlocked the treasure-house of knowledge to draw out this idea. The old Mosaic account is now thoroughly exploded, that nobody but the *Argonaut* pretends to believe in it. We do. Having involved ourselves in unsatisfactory researches and puzzled our brains to find a sign for man that would relieve God of the responsibility of his creation, we have given it up and gone back to the belief that was spanked into us during the period of our orthodox youth. At first we were convinced that our first parents were monkeys, who hung by their prehensile tails upon branches in the primeval forests; but there came the perplexing question, who created the monkeys and gave them strength to crack cocoanuts, or wisdom to break them on rocks? This conundrum is answered by the evolutionist by attributing to the monkey the oyster as his parent, and after we had mastered the theory by means of which the succulent mollusk shed his hivalvular house and walked out from the sea to his nest home in quadrumanous form with prehensile tail, and adapted himself to the climbing of trees and cracking of nuts, we were again puzzled to know who created the oyster. We were more anxious to ascertain the author of the oyster than that of the monkey, for we desired to express our gratitude to him who had called this choice luxury of the sea mud into existence. Then we found ourselves wading in protoplasmic ooze, and wondering who created the gelatinous slime that formed the basic material out of which the human form grew to its present god-like development, when, and when one question was satisfactorily answered, there came another; when one explanation was made, the shadow lying behind it advanced in equally tangible form to vex our query, and, like the frog that spends eternity in leaping half-way off the plank, finds still a space to leap remaining. We gave up the subtle research, and now confess ourselves no wiser than when we began the inquiry, but we know as much about it as does President Leconte, or Professor Wallace, or Darwin the younger, or Dr. Erasmus Darwin, or as the most learned of all the learned scientists who ever puzzled their brains over the solution of the problem that will remain to them and to all human intelligence forever unsolved. How man was created, or how he was called into existence, whether within the human form there is an immortal soul, and what its destiny, are among the unsolved and unsolvable problems. No man, however wise, has ever been able to draw the curtain that is dropped at the portal of the tomb; no living or dead intelligence has been permitted to catch a glimpse beyond the grave. It may be profitable to speculate upon the sublime and awful mysteries; it may elevate the intellect of man to wander in the realms of conjecture; it may be of profit for science to pry into the secrets of nature and endeavor to drag from its hidden recesses deductive truths. We are not attempting to undervalue science, or to underrate the importance of studies that seek to investigate the profoundest depths of human knowledge. When, in this age, any one claims for himself that he has invented this or that speculative theory, or that to him first came the inspiration of inquiry, or that he developed any plan of human creation, we smile. If, in this age of intellectual activity, there remain as unsolved riddles less im-

portant questions than have arisen, to vex the curiosity of man, it is not surprising that the more sublime mysteries of nature remain unexplained. Who fired the Ephesian Dome? Who was the man in the iron mask? Who wrote the Junius letters? Who was Caspar Hauser? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who killed Tecumseh? What city gave birth to Homer? Where did Captain Kidd bury his treasure? Who was Perkin Warbeck? Who was Napoleon III.'s father? Which were the Popes, and which the anti-Popes? Who was Cain's wife? Why do nine tailors make a man? Do cats have nine lives? What becomes of lost pins? If human research stands confessedly unable to answer these lesser conundrums, need man's intellect feel embarrassed when to it is propounded the unanswerable interrogatory whether the egg first hatched the pullet or the pullet laid the egg? Whether God created man in his image and planted him in the Garden of Eden, and gave to him for companion a woman builded upon a rib from his side, and clothed her with charms to tempt the devil and to introduce dress and sin and labor into the world, or whether he came from infinitesimal nothing to his present development, is unprofitable to conjecture. If from protoplasmic mud, who made the mud? If man was created in any more instantaneous and miraculous fashion, who created the Creator? We give it up, and fall back upon the Mosaic account that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, set lights in the firmament, gathered the waters in one place and let the land appear, divided the day from the night, and from the waters brought forth moving creatures that had life, and from the earth living creatures, cattle, creeping things, made man in his image, with dominion over all living things in the sea and on the land, and bade them all to increase and multiply. This is all that Moses knew about it, and we do not believe that Professor Wallace knows more about the creation than Moses, or Boh Ingersoll, or "Olla-podrida," or anybody else who was not on the spot before chaos existed, or space was created, or eternity began. Religious or spiritual matters do not concern us overmuch, for believing, as we do, in vicarious salvation, we have entrusted affairs in this direction to Mrs. Olla-podrida, whom we hold responsible for our safe pilotage through this world's temptations to the bliss and music of golden harps, and streets, and pavements of the other. For, and we submit it as a question of nice theology, if ten righteous persons could have rescued the wicked cities of the plain from the divine vengeance that ultimately overwhelmed them, sent good old Lot to exile, and turned Mrs. Lot to salt and the Misses Lot—who, in our judgment, were an awfully had lot—as wanderers in the land of Hebron and adventuresses in the City of Zoar, can any one doubt the ability of one good, pious, and most excellent lady, who believes in apostolic succession, and in all the doctrines of the only true church, and eats no meat in Lent, to shield a little family of two from the divine indignation against our small offenses? We have perfect confidence in the plan, and, if the biblical narrative be true, it rests upon unquestioned authority. Nor would we refuse to indirectly contribute the aid of any effort we could personally make, if not attended by too great self-denial, and we have done so. To illustrate, we attend church once a year, always on Easter, and we put something in the plate, to pay off the church debt—churches are always in debt. Our contribution is usually the price of an Easter bonnet. Last Easter we brought away an idea—a practical one. We have a vice, one of the kind that we delight to roll like a sweet morsel under our tongue, and for its indulgence we propose deliberately to take some chances. We must smoke, and it has ever been a cross most hard to hear that we could not smoke a pipe wherever and whenever we pleased in our house. For there is a tobacco hunger which even Traviata cigars will not at all times satisfy, and while high-flavored Havanas were tolerated in certain parts of the house, "that good-for-nothing, nasty pipe"—for even the best and most pious of housekeepers will at times indulge in strong language—was altogether tabooed. Our collection of beautiful and costly meerschams, purchased at Vienna; pipes of porcelain, painted at München; an elaborate narghileh, from Constantinople, and ever so many curiously shaped and elaborately carved pipes, purchased from pawn-brokers, forming a very museum of smokers' comforts, lay idle and unused in our private room. Let us here suggest that it is necessary for every gentleman, however elegant and spacious his dwelling, however complete his luxurious surroundings, to have one room in which no female—the housemaid excepted—shall ever be permitted to enter; one room where he can sit with his heels upon the mantel-piece, where he can leave windows open in fly-time, where he can expectorate wide of the cuspidore, where he can do as he pleases—"litter up" the room, leave his things carelessly about, swear at knots in shoe-strings and complications in shirt machinery—one room over the door of which he can write, "Let the woman who enters here leave hope behind." We have such a room, and in it we essayed the pipe, but the ever-vigilant nose detected the commission of the crime; if we opened the window, the insidious perfume made the circuit of the dwelling, and entered by some unguarded opening; we lied with the wisdom of a serpent and the caution of a cat, but our offence was so rank it smelled

through every crevice, it stored itself up in window draperies, it exposed us to detection, till finally we succumbed and abandoned the pipe. Still the thought oppressed us, for we hankered after its forbidden pleasures; we wondered whether there was any future state where there was smoke and no fire; any condition of future happiness where the pipe would be recognized as an innocent enjoyment for one who would content himself with a position something lower than the angels. A happy thought struck us; a happy consummation grew out of it. We had attended Easter service. This festival rounds off the Lenten season, during which the housewife indulges in the humiliation of codfish, mackerel, canned salmon, tomcods, sardines, and shrimps. In the Lenten season self-denials are taught by the church, and enforced by the prudent housewife. Saint Luke's had called in its "mite" boxes, and used their contents to liquidate the church debt, enlarge its chancel, and purchase a new organ, and had issued new mite-boxes to liquidate other and increasing obligations. The mite-box is unlike the widow's oil-cruze, as it usually has nothing in it. It is intended as a deposit for coin saved by self-denial. To illustrate, the good lady whom we are describing had filled her last year's box with nickels, saved from car-fares by walking, at the expense of her strength and the cost of her shoes. It occurred to me that if self-denial could be thus utilized for religious purposes, why not self-indulgence?—so we proposed to the good lady that, with her consent, we would drop a ten-cent piece into the mite-box every time we were permitted the indulgence of the pipe. The proposition was readily, even enthusiastically, received, and the bargain closed. Now we enjoy the meerscham with a mixture of perique and Virginia fine-cut, and the result is happiness and domestic tranquillity. We have the distinct advantage of securing peace in the family, we save fifteen cents—the difference in cost between the pipe and a Havana—and feel that St. Peter is writing us down, in the celestial book of credits, innumerable entries, which, in the final balancing of accounts, will give us a handsome showing in the payment of church debts, the securing of an enlarged chancel, and in the purchase of an organ to enrich the already delightful music of the choir of St. Luke's, and thus make possible our entry into the celestial realm upon our own individual merit. For we feel certain if St. Peter was the first Pope, and if he holds the keys of heaven, and if he entertains the same views in reference to ecclesiasticism and the right of the church to interfere in the politics of earth as does his apostolic successor, Leo III., there will be an argument over our getting into the celestial kingdom at all, and if we do, it will be with a purgatorial preface exceedingly expensive and uncomfortable.

I have lately asked a series of ladies who are all content with their own social positions (writes Colonel Higginson in *Harper's Bazar*), whether they would regard it as more of a sacrifice for a son or a brother to marry a young girl who has worked in a factory or one who had "lived out," and they have uniformly expressed preference for the factory over the other alternative. On being pressed for reasons, some said they did not know, but that this was the way they felt. Others said that household service seemed "more menial"; others, that it would be awkward to receive as an equal one who had opened the door for you or swept your room. Each of these reasons seemed rather flimsy, but so long as the employers themselves regard household service as being socially lower than working at the needle or at the loom, how can they expect that the persons most concerned will fail to see it? When your best hand-maiden leaves your employ and accepts lower pay in a "box factory" or at some "straw-works," remember that she may do it for precisely the same reason that Queen Victoria got herself declared "Empress of India" as well as Queen of England—in order that she might thenceforth have no social superior.

It is curious to note that, with all the tender susceptibilities of women, they have throughout history shown themselves to be as capable of cruelty as men. There are no more interested or excitable auditors of a Spanish bull-fight than the Spanish ladies. Until within the last year or two, pigeon-matches were largely attended in England by ladies—not merely women of society, but ladies of the highest culture, breeding, and associations. Pigeon-shooting is a form of sport which has always been more or less condemned in the press and on the platform, as degrading, unmanly, and cruel. Now French ladies have inaugurated on their side of the channel an entirely new sport, the shooting of larks. Gunning among ladies, with larks as the victims, has become a feature of country life and sport at many of the leading châteaux. As a rule American and English ladies do not shoot. They ride to hounds, they are great at tennis, they play at cricket, they fence, in many country houses they are adepts at billiards, they walk immense distances, they row on our rivers, swim at every bathing-place, and once in a lifetime you may see a woman with a gun.

The discovery of petroleum in England was somewhat in advance of its time. In a newspaper dated Bristol, May 26, 1787, occurs the following: "Some workmen digging lately for making a canal, near Coalbrook Dale, discovered a thick glutinous substance issuing from a fissure of a rock, which, on examination, proved to be a mineral tar, which appears to have all the properties of the common tar. We hear several hundred barrels of it are already collected, the quantity that issues daily being very considerable."

Clarkshurg is said to be the only town in Massachusetts that has no house for religious worship.

AN ILL WIND.

By Julian Hawthorne.

In the year 1866 I was making my temporary abode in one of the English colonies at the Antipodes; and I had been at (at the time of this story) living for several months in a small town situated about a hundred miles from the seat of the war which was then waging between England and the rebellious natives.

One morning, on coming down to breakfast, I found on the table a letter from my friend, Tom Graves, which read as follows:

DEAR J.—Major Parsifal has turned up here again, on his way to pay off the troops at S—. We are going to get up a game this evening at the Blue Lion. Be sure to make no other engagement. The Major owes us a revenge from last time, and we mean to get it.

Yours, TOM.

P. S.—Besides you and me and Parsifal, there will be only Dick Lord, Fred Sturgis, and old Mullens.

I was barely one-and-twenty years old at this epoch, and my views about things in general were rather different from what they are now. I wanted to see everything that was to be seen, and to do everything that was to be done. I had health, strength and nerve, and a little money, and I thought it would be capital fun to sit up all night drinking Scotch whisky and playing unlimited Loo with Major Parsifal and the fellows. The major, on the occasion of his last visit, had relieved me of some fifty pounds, and I meant to win it back from him, with interest. So I decided to join the party at the Blue Lion that night.

The Blue Lion was the local hostelry. There was also a club-house in the town, of which all the other fellows and myself were members, but the rule there did not permit playing cards for money. The Blue Lion was but a dozen rods distant from the club, and its back parlor on the first floor was a very quiet and comfortable place, and one with which we were all familiar—the more fools we! At eight o'clock that Wednesday evening we were all in the club smoking-room awaiting the arrival of the major. He made his appearance about fifteen minutes later. We opened a bottle of champagne, lighted our cigars, and finally marched over to the Blue Lion, and were seated round the table by nine o'clock.

There must be a word of introduction for the major. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, tall, well-made, and handsome, though there was something in the expression of his eyes that I did not quite like. It was something that always prompted me to be on my guard with him. It is not to be understood that I had ever heard anything to his disadvantage. So far as I was aware, his conduct had at all times been that of an officer and a gentleman, as the phrase goes. He was an accomplished man, too, speaking several languages fluently, having a keen head for business (which may have led to his appointment as paymaster to the forces) and being familiar with the manners and customs of many nations. Indeed, though he passed for an Englishman, and had, I believe, been at least partly educated in England, there was an impression that he was a German by birth. He looked like the more refined type of Germans—blue eyes and fair complexion, a handsome flaxen mustache, and light curly hair. That he was a man of strong will and energetic character was apparent; but, for all his attractions, and in spite of his responsible post under the government, and notwithstanding his agreeable address and social proclivities, he was my idea of what a clever adventurer ought to be, and though I fraternized with him, I watched him, and never (so to speak) went to sleep in his company.

Well, the major was on hand and in capital form and spirits. It was three months since he had been with us, and he had a quantity of amusing stories to tell us. He was a great hand at amusing stories, and they were always presented as actual occurrences to himself; but I often used to think that he made them up out of his own fertile imagination. They were almost too good for real life—even for so stirring and varied a life as his. They were admirably done, however, and I am sure that Parsifal would have made a successful novelist if he had chosen to attempt that much-abused profession. I wish I could recollect some of his yarns now.

Parsifal's present duty was to travel from one place to another, carrying money to pay the troops; and, in the primitive condition of the country at that time, there was only one way in which to carry it, and that was in the form of Bank of New Zealand notes. On his arrival in S—, where he was to remain three days (the steamer sailed for the seat of war on Saturday evening), he placed the sum he had with him—some twenty thousand pounds—in the Union Bank, together, I presume, with whatever money belonging to himself was in his possession.

Play began immediately, but the stakes at first were comparatively moderate. I had about a hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket, and had made up my mind to stop playing as soon as that sum should have been exhausted. At the outset it seemed as if that juncture would not seem long in arriving. I lost persistently, and came to the conclusion that my lucky star was not in the ascendant. The others either lost or only kept even with fortune; the only one of us who uniformly won was Major Parsifal. He was overflowing with jollity and good humor, and seemed actually unable to lose. Whatever he did, turned out well. His play was perfectly fair and unexceptionable; indeed, he appeared to take chances with the express purpose of laying himself open to defeat; but defeat kept obstinately away from him. Meanwhile I was left with only about thirty-five pounds, and at two o'clock in the morning he could not have been less than three hundred pounds to the good.

At that point he called a halt, and ordered up champagne for all hands. We drank it, and then unanimously voted to continue the game. Before three o'clock we were all hard at work again. This time the stakes were larger, and now old Mullens began to win. In a couple of hours he and Parsifal, between them, had piled up something like eight hundred pounds, at the expense, of course, of the rest of the party. As for me, I could neither get above fifty pounds, nor fall below twenty-five. Between these two figures I moved backward and forward with wearisome monotony. The company was now a good deal quieter than at the beginning of the proceedings. We were all of us more or less sleepy,

and old Mullens was only kept awake by his exultation over his success. Parsifal seemed the least fagged of any person present—but he had one of the strongest nervous organizations I have ever known. His capacity for continuous exertion, and for dispensing with sleep, was always quite phenomenal. At five o'clock he expressed his readiness to stop if the rest desired it; but no one was found who would assent to this. His luck could not, we thought, continue forever; and if we only kept on long enough, we were sure to recoup ourselves. So at it we went again, and kept on until the morning sunlight shone through the crevices of the blinds and the birds were twittering in the branches of a tree which grew close to the side of the house.

Here old Mullens, who had been losing again during the last hour, fairly fell asleep in his chair, and was assisted to a sofa, where he snored soundly. For my part, I had got over my sleepy period, and was feeling as famished as a wolf, and my proposal that we should have breakfast and keep on playing was received with general favor. Breakfast was ordered, and while we were awaiting its appearance, Fred Sturgis and Tom Graves curled themselves up in corners, and followed old Mullens to the land of dreams; but Parsifal, Dick Lord, and I had a little private game by ourselves. It lasted less than an hour, but it proved to be a lucky hour for me, for, when breakfast was brought in, I was a hundred pounds the better off, and was now within ten pounds of having won back all that I had lost. It was my first approach to success, and I pleased myself with the notion that the sun had brought me good fortune. I ate a hearty meal, and felt almost as good as ever. Indeed, breakfast seemed to restore everybody, to a greater or less extent; and as for Parsifal, though he was pale, his eyes were as bright as diamonds, and he was every bit as lively as he had been twelve hours before. By tacit consent, we all resumed our places round the table at nine o'clock, except old Mullens, who still snored on the sofa, a heap of bank-notes, kept in place by his meerschaum pipe, still lying on the table in front of his empty chair.

With the exception of an hour for lunch, and another hour and a half for dinner, we played continuously all that day, and until twelve o'clock at night. During this time there were never less than four of us at the table, and Parsifal and I did not leave it at all. He continued to win, though much more slowly than at first, and with occasional set-backs. I also won steadily, and at midnight was ahead three hundred pounds. Old Mullens lost all he had gained, and a good deal more. The others had all lost a little, but not much. Altogether, matters were in a condition much too indeterminate to allow of our leaving off just then. Nobody had been broke, and nobody was satisfied. There was nothing for it but to go on.

But, as the small hours of the second morning passed away, one after the other, nature demanded some support, and black coffee was ordered and drunk by the pint. Old Mullens still kept his meerschaum going (he was beginning to win again), and Parsifal would occasionally light a cigar, but allow it to go out before it was a third smoked. He had become comparatively silent, but his eyes glittered restlessly, and he followed the game with resolute attention. He was still ahead of any one else, but his pile of winnings was diminishing, pound by pound. Dick Lord was now the coming man; he had doubled the sum with which he began, and was gradually increasing it. I stuck at three hundred, and could not get away from it any appreciable distance, one way or the other. Once in a while one or other of the players would fall into a brief nap, sometimes at his place at the table; but neither Parsifal nor I had closed our eyes since the commencement. Though neither of us had said anything about the matter, there was an unexpressed feeling on both sides that we were special rivals. I had determined to beat him, and he had evidently made the same resolve concerning me; it was a test of physical endurance and of fortune between us. And so it went on until breakfast time on Friday morning.

We had breakfast. I went into the next room and bathed my face and neck in cold water. After that I felt that I could go on without perceptible discomfort until I dropped. The window was opened, and the pure morning air, fresh from the ocean, came into the room and chastened its stale atmosphere. As Parsifal had to sail on Saturday evening, this must, of necessity, be the last day of the game.

No man who has been without sleep for thirty-six hours is in a normal condition of mind; he is, to a certain extent, insane, though he may not be in the least aware of it. At all events, his sense of proportion is distorted; he attaches undue importance to some things, and ascribes less than their due to others. I was perfectly steady and composed outwardly, and perhaps felt even more so than I looked, for I must have been carrying on existence at a much lower level of vitality than usual; but I remember that my whole faculties were concentrated upon the cards, and that I could not, if I would, have turned them in any other direction. I had become a sort of machine or automaton, capable of performing accurately a certain sequence of acts, and capable of nothing else. If I looked away from the table, I still saw it, with the cards upon it in their proper position, and the piles of money beside each of the players. I uttered the few words appertaining to my part in the game in a voice and from an impulse that seemed to be involuntary, or foreign to myself. I presume that all my senses, except those necessary to the carrying on of the play, were in fact asleep. In a similar way, I have sometimes slumbered in the saddle, or even while walking on foot. The brain, in such cases, still responds to the will, but only in such measure as is absolutely indispensable to the carrying out of its behests.

Of the players themselves I was scarcely aware, except of Parsifal, who sat opposite me at the table. I knew that the others were present, but I paid no attention to them. Sometimes my glance would traverse their haggard faces for a moment, but they were much less real to me than the cards. Neither did I look much at Parsifal; but I seemed to know, without the information of my ordinary senses, not only what he was doing, but what he was thinking about. A species of intuition seemed to be at work. I have never experienced anything like it, before or since. I should like to know whether Parsifal was in a similar state of clairvoyance respecting me. I fancy not; he was too old for that sort of thing, and of too unimpressible a temperament. Of course I do not affirm that my own intuitions represented anything

real. Quite as likely it was all a mere phantasmagory of the brain, signifying nothing. I can only say that the intuition, such as it was, did happen in this instance to be confirmed by the event. I believed that Parsifal was playing a desperate game, and that he was determined to win it at any cost. And the sequel proved that, whether by accident or not, I had read him aright.

As the evening of Friday drew on, the play assumed a wilder and more reckless character. I don't know who was responsible for this change; probably we all were. Parsifal himself was affected by the general contagion, if, indeed, he was not the chief exponent of it. I think that I was comparatively free from it; at all events, I did not lose my head. I raised my stakes when the others did, but the more perilous the chances, the more self-possessed I felt. It appeared to me that I was gradually getting the upper hand of Parsifal, and that he was conscious of this, and was making a violent struggle to free himself from my hold. For a time it certainly looked as if he would succeed. His luck came back to him. There was a moment when he had more money under his hand than all the rest of us combined, and I was absolutely reduced to my last stake. But that last stake was successful, and then the tide turned.

There was no cessation now; we all held to our place with a grim and speechless determination. The room was as silent as if those present were at a funeral. The sound of the cards being put down and shuffled, the rustle of bank notes and the clink of sovereigns, and the monosyllabic utterances of the players were all that broke the stillness. Parsifal lost, hour by hour, and minute by minute. He could not disguise his agitation; he kept calling for fresh cards, and the floor beneath our feet was completely covered with dacks that had been thrown away. At midnight Parsifal had used up all the money he had won, and all that he brought with him; and then he began to scribble I O U's. The largest of these fell to me, but there was not a man in the room who did not hold several of them. One o'clock came and went; at two there was no change for the better in his situation; on the contrary, it was more hopeless than ever. At half-past two he won half a dozen times in succession, a redeemed a number of his I O U's. The success seemed to deprive him of all prudence. During the ensuing hour he acted like a man scarcely possessed of his sober senses, and at half-past three he arose, having lost upwards of four thousand pounds, of which twenty-one hundred was owed to me.

"That let's me out, boys," he said with a sort of grotesque gaiety. "You've got your revenge, and something more, confess I'm in need of a snooze. The steamer sails six this evening—in about seventeen hours. Twenty-four hours is gambler's grace, I believe; but if you will meet me at the wharf about five o'clock, I'll redeem all those I O U's of mine. Will that satisfy you?"

"That's good enough for me, major," replied old Mullens, stuffing the slips of paper into his pockets, and yawning like a boa-constrictor. "I'll be on hand; and may you have better luck next time!"

The others gave their assent in similar phrases; but course was different.

"I've got twenty-one hundred pounds' worth of your paper here," I said, spreading it out on the table; "and as it is not so convenient for me to be down to see you off this evening, you may as well write me a check for the amount. It can make no difference to you, of course."

Parsifal gave me an ugly look. He hesitated a moment and then said: "Do you question my ability or intention to pay what I owe?"

"I made no such suggestion, Parsifal," I replied, quiet and calm. "I can not understand why you should bring it up."

"That's all right," he said, with a sudden change of manner. "My naturally sweet temper has got a little out of sorts, I suppose, and I must beg you to excuse me. I shall have my check, of course; by-the-by, though, I have brought my check-book with me. I'll run home and get it, and send you the check at your rooms."

"It will be on the Union Bank, I suppose?" I asked calmly.

"Yes."

"Then I needn't give you that trouble. I bank there and I have my own check-book in my pocket," I said, putting it in, and handing him one of the blanks. "Just fill it out, and it will be all right."

Parsifal's face changed a little; but he was conscious of the eyes of the others were upon him, and that if he showed any reluctance the consequence might be undesirable. He pulled himself together at once, and took the blank.

"This is very lucky," he said, as he sat down to write the check. "I never like to keep a man waiting. The you'll find that correct, I think; and now you can go to and sleep with an untroubled mind. By the way," he said, looking up at the group of faces before him, with a touch of audacity for which I gave him credit, "would any of other fellows like checks? If so, say the word; and I say our prudent friend here will supply the blanks."

But no one availed himself of the offer; and, after minutes' chat, he bade us adieu, remarking that he was going to sleep till four o'clock, and would see us again at the wharf. And off he went. The others speedily dispersed.

For my own part, however, I did not accept Parsifal's suggestion to seek repose. It was my conviction that he was not out of the woods yet. It was then about four o'clock and the bank opened at ten. I did not leave the hotel, sought out the landlord's room, and woke him up. Some delay, he came to the door, blinking and yawning.

"Clinkard," I said, "I want your assistance particularly. I have been awake since Tuesday morning, and it is Saturday. I want to keep awake until ten o'clock, and want you to help me do it. Put on your clothes and into the sitting-room; and don't let me fall asleep, or have to run a knife into me to prevent it."

"What is it? a wager?" demanded Clinkard, yawning.

"There's over two thousand up on it," I replied; "you see me through, you may be sure I won't forget you."

I might have told him to let me sleep till ten, and awaken me; but I was afraid that, in the first place, I might forget or for some reason omit to do so; and secondly, that I might refuse to be awakened. The only safe plan was not to sleep at all until everything was settled.

Clinkard accepted the job; and a pretty difficult turned out to be. I will not detail here the shifts he was

o in order to carry it out. It was almost a physical struggle between us at times. At half-past nine I took a cold bath and a cup of hot coffee, changed my clothes, put the check in my pocket and set out for the bank. It was a cool day and very windy.

I reached the bank at three minutes before ten and waited on the steps until the doors were unlocked. Then I went in and handed my check to the cashier, who came to his window drawing on his office-coat. He glanced at it and then it me.

"For deposit, I suppose," he said.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "I want that paid to me in cash, every penny of it."

"Two thousand one hundred in cash! Are you serious?" "I am serious. Have you got that amount in the bank or not?"

"Oh, I only asked for information," he returned, somewhat huffed. "How will you have it—sovereigns?"

"The odd hundred in tens, if you please; the rest in hundreds."

He counted the money out to me, and I put it in the inside breast-pocket of my coat and buttoned it up. Then I walked out, and, as I emerged from the door, I met Major Parsifal coming up the steps. He was out of breath, and when he recognized me he turned deadly pale.

"Good-morning, major," I said. "You didn't get your nap after all?"

"No, I—the fact is, I found I was too much worked up to sleep. And then it occurred to me that you might have some difficulty about that check I gave you—heing for rather a large amount, you know—and I thought I would step around and tell the cashier it was all right."

"Thanks," I returned; "it's all right now. I have just attended to it."

"And you have the money?"

"It's here in my pocket."

Our eyes met, and for a moment I saw something in his expression that boded me no good. But I was as strong a man as he; and even had it been otherwise, violence would not have helped him. "If you're satisfied, I am," he said, after a pause, in a contemptuous tone; to which I replied: "I have taken pains to satisfy myself," and so we parted.

Between four and five o'clock that afternoon, after a six hours' sleep, I set out to walk down to the port, for I felt no small curiosity as to the fate of the major's I O U's. The find, which had been increasing all the morning, was now lowering half a gale, and the road by which I walked was exposed to its full force. This road, which was a little less than six miles in length, ran between the sea on one side and a road river on the other; beyond the river the land rose in a rather steep and high line of hills, for the most part thickly wooded. As I walked toward the port, I had the river, perhaps a hundred yards in width, on my left hand, and the sea as breaking in heavy rollers at the bottom of the beach, some fifty yards off on the right. The road was lonely, having no houses upon it; but at a certain point on the hill-side, about half-way between the town and the port, there stood a single house. The house was owned and occupied by one Andy McIlvain, a Scotchman and a bachelor, of a morose, solitary, and somewhat eccentric disposition. It commanded a view of the road for nearly its whole length, but was itself practically invisible, owing to the trees that grew in front of it. I have mentioned these points, because they are necessary to an understanding of what happened.

I reached the port without further incident than being nearly down to pieces by the wind. The steamer was lying at her wharf, ready for sea; and about the gang-plank were congregated the Blue Lion party, with the exception of old Mullens and Parsifal. The former had made up his mind, it appeared, that sleep was, for the time being, better worth possessing than anything else in the world, and was at home in bed; but he had intrusted his I O U's to Dick Lord for redemption. I was received with some chaffing on my arrival, and inquiries were made as to the solvency of my bank account, and the number of blank checks in my pocket; to which I made little or no reply. To tell the truth, I had serious doubts, after what I had seen of Parsifal that morning, whether any one of us would ever again set eyes on him. In this, however, I was mistaken.

"There comes the major!" exclaimed Fred Sturgis, all of sudden, "and, by Jove! what a pace he's coming at! What's up, I wonder?"

We looked up the road. There, indeed, came the major, mounted on his black horse, which he was urging to headlong speed. As he came nearer, we saw that his bat was one, and his whole aspect, disheveled; and he was waving his arms frantically over his head. Evidently, some strange thing had happened. And his face, when he pulled up his mounting horse in the midst of us, was wild-eyed and ghastly. "What the mischief is the matter, major?" cried Dick Lord, as we gathered round him.

"Oh, my God—my God!" he gasped out, his chest heaving, as he saw his face drawn and wrinkled: "Oh, my God—it's all me—look here—and here!"

As he spoke, he showed us the two leather bags, or small portmanteaux, which were fastened on either side of his saddle, and which he used to carry his money in. The clasps were open, and both the bags were empty.

"Hello! been robbed, eh?" said Tom Graves, with a somewhat flurried glance at me. "Who robbed you?"

"No, no—robbery be damned! The wind—it was the wind, I tell you! It's all blown away—over the beach—into the sea—the river! All gone! twenty thousand pounds gone, and I'm a ruined man! My God! what shall I do?"

"Keep your head on, major, and tell us how it happened," said Dick Lord, sharply. "It's the best thing you can do."

In broken sentences, he gave us his story. He had left with the money safe in his bags, and had ridden without mishap to within a mile of the port, fighting against the wind. He had a white silk scarf tied round his throat, and the loose ends of this annoyed him by flying up in his face. At length he determined to take the scarf off, and put it in the pocket of his bag; and he had reined in his horse for that purpose. He first opened the bag on his right, but, finding that it was well filled to contain the scarf, he opened the other. At that moment, while both bags were open, his horse had taken fright at a bit of sea-weed which was swept against his face by the gale, and it began to rear and plunge. In his effort to

quiet the animal, Parsifal said, he let go the bags, which were tossed about, and being caught up by the wind, the contents were whirled out of them and up into the air in a moment. Almost before he knew what had happened, his twenty thousand pounds were scattered far and wide over beach, and sea, and river. It was all gone. There was nothing left for it but to put spurs to his horse and make all speed to the port, in order to get what help he could to collect as much as possible of the fugitive currency. If we all started back with him at once, at least some part of the loss might yet be retrieved.

Such was Parsifal's tale. While telling it, he at first avoided my eye; but during the latter part he looked straight at me, with an air of defying me to contradict him. I had no intention of calling his statements in question, however. They might be true—they were possible and even plausible—and at any rate, they were no concern of mine. It belonged to another tribunal to investigate their truth. Meanwhile, we lost no time in accompanying Parsifal back to the scene of the disaster.

True enough, Bank of New Zealand notes of all denominations were flying all about, some on land, some in the water, some descending like huge and valuable snowflakes out of the upper air. We picked them up with what diligence we might; and being assisted by a large contingent of volunteers from the port, we succeeded during the hour or so at our disposal before the steamer sailed, in collecting somewhere between ten and twelve thousand pounds. This sum was restored to the major, who was profuse in his gratitude, and begged that when the affair should come before the military court, we would bear witness in his behalf, so far as our knowledge extended. As regarded the I O U's, he explained with many exclamations of regret, that he had put his own money (some forty-five hundred pounds was the amount he named) into the bag along with the rest, and of course it had been lost along with it. "And you see how I am placed, gentleman," he added. "All that you have helped me to save belongs to the government, and I can not touch it, even to settle a debt of honor. But, whether this affair goes against me or not, I ask you to believe that I will never rest until every penny of my indebtedness to you is paid. Could I have foreseen what was to happen, I should have insisted upon you all doing as one of you (I am happy to remember) did do, and take your money in checks. But it is too late for wishes now. Good-bye, and depend upon hearing from me soon again."

With that he sailed away on the steamer, and the town of S— saw him no more. We heard that he was tried before a court-martial and acquitted. In those days things were not managed with a very strict hand, and money was being spent like water, and I suppose the loss of ten thousand pounds was not held to matter much. From time to time after that we got news of the major (never from him), and he always seemed to be doing well; but about the period of the close of the war, Parsifal disappeared, and there were rumors that he had come to serious grief. And then it was, quite by accident, that the true inner history of his adventure on the road came out.

The revealer of the facts in the case was no other than Sandy McIlvain, the eccentric Scotch solitary who, it will be remembered, lived by himself in the house on the hill. Sandy, by a rare chance, happened to come down to the town one day, and was hospitably entertained by several of the citizens, including Tom Graves, old Mullens, and myself, over a glass of hot Scotch whisky. The Parsifal episode chanced to be mentioned, and, much to our astonishment, Sandy opened his mouth and spoke.

He said that, on that solitary afternoon, he was sitting, as his custom was, on the veranda of his house smoking his pipe, and meditating upon the follies of mankind. Presently his reverie was interrupted by the sight of a horseman riding down the road. The distance between the observer and the observed was not more than one hundred and fifty yards in a direct line. Just opposite Sandy's house the road took a curve, which rendered it invisible at that point, both from the port and the town, though it was perfectly open to the gaze of Sandy himself. At this point he saw the rider (whom he had already recognized as Parsifal) draw rein and look carefully about him.

There was no one in sight on the road, and though the rider's eyes passed once or twice over Sandy's house he evidently did not notice it. Then, all at once, he unfastened the bags that hung on either side his saddle, plunged his hands into them, and threw the contents into the air, and they were carried far and wide by the gale. He repeated the operation until both bags were empty, then threw off his hat, elapped spurs to his horse, and rushed off at a gallop. "I thought 'twas an odd thing for him to be doing," added Sandy, "but 'twas none of my business, so I sat still and did naethin'." He had been further perplexed by the subsequent reappearance of Parsifal, to pick up what had been so deliberately thrown away; but recollecting that most men were "fools," he had dismissed the subject from his mind. Afterward, when he heard reports of the gambling incident, he put two and two together, and began to perceive Parsifal's game. But it was a fixed principle with him not to get mixed up in other people's business, and therefore, instead of troubling himself to go down and give his evidence at the court-martial, he had stayed quietly at home, smoking his pipe, and pondering upon the rascality of the race.

One morning, some four years after this event, I was riding through a valley in the neighborhood of one of the convict establishments of the colony, and came upon a chain-gang, with their cropped heads and their striped clothing, engaged in repairing the road. As I passed them, one called to me, in a voice that seemed to have a familiar ring in it, "For the sake of the old times, J—," he said, "give us a bit of tobacco!"

I looked at him, and, after a moment, recognized Major Parsifal.

Mrs. Cleveland does not remove her gloves at dinner. This custom, which she has established, is rigidly adhered to by Washington society.

Queen Kapiolani having visited the New York schools, was surprised to learn that \$4,000,000 is annually spent on them.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"And may I see your father to-morrow, dear?" She—"Y-e-s. I suppose it's too late to see him to-night?"—*Judge*.

Friend—"Wilkins, why do you keep all these old almanacs?" Wilkins—"Waiting for the jokes to ripen for republication."—*Life*.

Bill Nye is going to move east and Oliver Optic is going west. This is an eye for an eye—or rather a Nye for an Optic.—*Boston Herald*.

Orpheus was a musician whose music had power to draw rocks, etc., toward him. The modern street musician has the same power.—*Tid-Bits*.

The Seabrook (N. H.) selectmen have decided that a hen is not an animal. Wonder if they reckon her as a vegetable because of her crop.—*Lowell Courier*.

"Ah! good evening, Mrs. Brown. Is your card full?" "No, Mr. Smythe, but my escort is, and if you would kindly take me home I would be so much obliged."—*Life*.

"Daniel," asked the president, "why are Virginians so priggish?" "I give up, sir," replied Daniel, "unless it's because their State is the mother of precedents."—*Life*.

Teacher—"Who was Alexander Selkirk?" Tommy—"He was a civil engineer." Teacher—"Civil engineer?" Tommy—"Yes, ma'am; monarch of all he surveyed."—*New York Sun*.

Kansas City man—"I suppose you've never been in Kansas City, have you?" Omaha man—"I was there last week." "Last week! Oh, but you ought to see it now!"—*Omaha World*.

Those new long-stemmed eye-glasses: Victor (tremblingly)—"I wuz a leetle late wiv de tea, Missy Clemmis; but 'r don' see no 'casion fer ter sprung a razer on yo' help!"—*Puck*.

Overheard in Boston: First lady—"I am surprised at your not caring for Phillips Brooks." Second lady—"Oh, I do care for him! I like him very much, but I just dote on Buddha!"—*Life*.

"Little Gosling looks gloomy enough to commit suicide." "No wonder. His neck is so short that he can't wear the new collars, and he daren't show himself on the avenue until after dark."—*Town Topics*.

"Good gracious, Jane, why didn't you marry a monkey, and be done with it?" "Oh," smiled Jane, "I thought you might want to marry some time, and I wouldn't take your last chance."—*Washington Critic*.

Nervous Lady Passenger (in the train, after passing a temporary bridge—"Thank goodness, we are now on terra firma." Facetious Gentleman—"Yes, ma'am. Less terror and more firm."—*The Judge*.

At a fair in aid of the Chicago Literary Centre, the best characters in fiction were decided by vote to be Old Sleuth the Detective, Ananias, James G. Blaine, William Shakespeare, and James Russell Lowell.

Citizen (to tramp)—"What do you do for a living?" Tramp—"Walk." Citizen—"And what do these fellows sunning themselves on the bank do?" Tramp—"Oh, they are lay brethren."—*Burlington Free Press*.

"What causes all this drunkenness?" asked a prohibition journal. It is safe to wager that whisky and other intoxicating beverages cause the most of it. A prohibition editor should have known that much.—*Norristown Herald*.

Diner—"Waiter, how came this sleeve-button in my soup?" Waiter—"Sleeve-button? Is that so, sir? Beg pardon; we never give sleeve-buttons in tomato soup; only collar-buttons. Let me exchange it for you, sir."—*Boston Courier*.

"I hear Miss Jones wants a post-office," remarked Tompkins. "Indeed," said Brown. "Of course, the salary isn't large, but it will help her some, I suppose." "Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "and there are the postal cards, too."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The great trouble with American journalism is that the men who know just how a newspaper ought to be run, are unfortunately engaged in some other business—driving stage, digging post-boles, herding sheep, or acting as deputy sheriff.—*Burnet (Tex.) Hero*.

The following advertisement appeared in a contemporary last week: "Mrs. Samuels having left off clothing of every description respectfully invites inspection." Considering the temperature so far, one must conclude that Mrs. Samuels is forcing the season.—*Town Topics*.

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.—*New York Telegram*.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—"You sometimes have very warm weather in Chicago, do you not, Mr. Breezy?" Mr. Breezy—"Occasionally; but last summer the weather was delightful. I don't think I sat down to dinner without my coat on more than two or three times during the entire season."—*Puck*.

Theodore Roosevelt said at a recent Delmonico dinner: "The American is a freeman, and freemen do not take tips." Not when they are out of reach or spiked down with a ten-penny nail. There is no instance on record, we believe, where a sleeping-car porter has actually murdered one of his guests for sordid gain.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Then," says a prodigal son to his father, "you utterly refuse to give me more money." "Absolutely," says the father. "Eh bien!" says the son, "one thing alone is left for me to do," and he produces a pistol. "Wretched young man," exclaims the horror-stricken parent, "what would you do?" "Sell my pistol," replies the prodigal.—*From the French*.

SUMMER IN NEW YORK.

"Iris" describes a Warm Evening in a Bohemian Retreat.

We are having a foretaste of the heated term. Rich people are packing their bags—portmanteaus, they would probably call them—and flitting away, to roost for three long months in hot hotels, or take what is commonly known as "a rest on the Continent"—which, being translated, means to rush over Europe at express speed, go through a thousand churches and picture galleries, get snubbed by the English people you dined and wined when they were in New York, saunter about Paris in a white blaze of heat, trying to feel like a bold, bad *boulevardier*, and come home in September physically wrecked, pecuniarily ruined, with four dozen pairs of gloves concealed in your trunk, which the custom house officer cheerfully stalks. Every outward bound steamer is full of these continental martyrs. Those who go as late as this are mostly the "patients of Monsieur Cook." They get themselves up to look like a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman—in brown clothes with checks, "Egyptian hero" helmets, with puggerees twisted round them, a field-glass slung negligently at their backs, and Bradshaws in their brown right hands. Their womenkind, who generally walk a little behind them in the Chinese manner, and who are slowly shaking themselves free from the green-barège-veil-and-linen-duster habits, wear ginger-colored ulsters with deep capes and trim turban hats. They are vague as to what they are going to see, but have balcony visions in their dreaming hours of being presented to the queen, kissing the Pope's toe, and other joys of an equally deeply delirious character. The rich and great, after the coaching parade, the last flare-up of the failing season, repair to their country seats, where they play tennis in becoming flannels, and the girls have fierce summer flirtations with men whom next winter in town, they will tranquilly cut. Even the Jews move early in this precocious season. Mr. and Mrs. Abrams and the twelve dear little Abrams have already taken rooms at Long Branch. Any afternoon you can see the little Abrams walking on the bluff, like a miniature boarding-school, with their little parasols spread over their heads, and their little bare, brown legs, emerging darkly from a rim of white sock. They are charming creatures, with black eyebrows meeting over their noses, and eyes of a gem-like brilliancy. And their charms will still further ripen; when the girls grow up they will have mustaches just like mamma's, which is a more luxuriant growth than papa's, and curls up coquettishly on the ends.

The city already has a look of desertion—a look which will grow more pronounced every day, until, in the hot heart of the summer, the New Yorker feels like a stranger in a strange land. Already the crowd has begun to change. A new element has mysteriously crept in from an unknown somewhere. The summer loungers, who, bear-like, hibernate all winter, are drowsily crawling out into the warmth, and blaze, and dust of the long thoroughfares. They drowse along the glaring pavements of the avenues with a lagging, aimless step, pause to gaze, with heavy-lidded, sleepy eyes, at a new De Neuville in Schaus's window, or a florist's showcase, spend ten cents on peppermints at Huyler's, which they eat with lazy relish, as they dawdle up the sunny side of a silent cross street, or sit motionless for hours on the park benches, watching the tremulous shadows of the young leaves. The town is unstrung; there are few *bonnes* and children in the parks, where erstwhile their caps and aprons gleamed snowily; the tramp takes glorious sleeps where they were wont to gossip in unintelligible *patois*. In the windows of Delmonico's actors take late breakfasts, and Huyler's soda-water rejoices the suburban heart. In the evening the city cools and hushes. Faint, salty breezes blow up from the bay, and rustle leaves that are white with dust before they break their sheaths. Down vistas of echoing streets one sees, through the fine barring of telegraph wires, a crimson sun setting, telling of a burning morrow.

In this cool of the evening the town turns out for a breath of air, and, seized with a Bohemian instinct, dines from home. Delmonico's is crowded. Strolling along the darkened avenue, one can peep through the long, open windows, where the white curtains billow out and in on the breaths from the bay, and see the epicure eat, watch with horror the country cousin perform prodigies of valor with the belated bivalve, or the English tourist carouse on beefsteak and beer. A hum of talk floats out, and the gentle rattle of ice settling in the champagne pails. It is delightfully elegant, and occasional couples are surrounded with an interesting suggestion of disreputability.

The smaller restaurants on the cross streets are also full. There is one in especial I mind me of. It fronts on a small garden, where broken-spirited alanthus-trees strive hard to bloom, and where straggling geraniums put forth sickly blossoms. The habitués eat spaghetti and drink oily Chianti out of straw-covered bottles with cotton for corks. There is a mildly Bohemian air about the place, which strongly attracts the timorously unconventional. It seems to them mysterious, perhaps nihilistic. The men, who all appear to know each other, and whose dinner the waiter brings without an order, might, under the light of a powerful imagination, be anarchists, incipient Herr Mosts, embryonic Herr Spies. There are quiet-looking women to be found there often. The other evening there was a party of four at one of the tables in the window—two men and two girls—evidently off to the theatre. The girls were pretty, one in especial, with yellow flowers in the front of her bonnet, and little brown curls on her forehead. She was demurely charming, as she sat in the open window with the darkness of the street behind her, slowly fanning herself with a large palm-leaf fan, and looking from one to the other of the men with candid eyes. Presently they threw her into great confusion by telling her she would have to take off her bonnet at the theatre. She was so alarmed that I supposed her either to be bald, or the proud possessor of a movable bang, till I heard her say anxiously, as she skimmed the oil off her Chianti with a tablespoon, "But, boys, I only trimmed this bonnet to-day, and it's not lined."

Then, delicately sipping the Chianti, she made a disgusted *moue*, and pushing it aside with a charming gesture, demanded water. She was as demure as a nun as she held the glass up to the light, and, regarding it with her head on one

side and her eyes narrowed knowingly, said with delicious gravity, "Now, boys, just look at the bead on that." After which my respect for her was greatly heightened, for she placidly let the remark pass as original, without any needless explanations.

Outside, the street was unusually silent. When a man passed you could hear his footsteps echoing far along the sidewalk. A carriage or two, with splendid horses and liveried coachman and footman perched aloft, rattled suddenly out of the distant hum of one avenue, and passed with a clattering noise, which was as abruptly lost in the faint thunder of the next. The dusty alanthus leaves made a "noise of falling showers;" the door of the house opposite—a Turkish bath establishment—whence issued tired looking men, now and then banged gently. It was a languid, sleepy moment. The girl with the fan sat sideways on her chair, looking out with half-shut eyes; the boys looked at her appreciatively, and occasionally quarreled in a lazy manner as to who should pay the bill. No one seemed to care much about eating until the waiter brought in spaghetti, when a lively discussion arose as to the proper way of eating it. She of the fan, in an unguarded moment, suggested the manner portrayed by Murillo in the famous picture. The suggestion was at once approved, and one of the boys—he must have been a relation, he was so impassive under her entreaties—proceeded to lower the gelatinous strands down his throat in waving loops, and long, pendulous ends. The distress of the girls was heartrending. The wicked one kept on with magnificent composure, lowering yards of the macaroni ropes down his throat with his head well thrown back, till the waiters retired, "slain with laughter." The suggestor, at first paralyzed with horror at the scene she had provoked, roused herself, beckoned the heaving waiter, and said with superb hauteur, "Waiter, oblige me by removing *this stuff*." (The italics signify withering scorn.) For full five minutes after, she treated the boys with a frigidity that would have chilled the souls of any less abandoned boys than they. As it was, they drew close to her side, and kept whispering to her with contrite glances, until—alas, for the stability of female anger!—her lips parted in an unwilling smile, to hide which she bit the top of the palm-leaf fan, and frowned fiercely.

It was at this stage that the bane of all New Yorkers appeared upon the scene, and lifting up its voice, gave forth "Hear me, Norma" in strident tones. It was a new kind of hand-organ—a piano-organ I believe they call it. This is a particularly choice article. It takes two men to coerce it into giving forth sound, and when by threats, entreaties, and turning a crank, they have petted it into good humor, those adjacent rise and leave precipitately. Two men on the sidewalk paused to give it ear, suggesting a claqué in their stolid indifference. For the rest, the street was filled with the echoes of flying feet, and from the windows of the Turkish bath establishment men's heads protruded and dripped refreshingly down on the pavement. But the piano-organ's blood was up. It was like Tom Sawyer's cat when it took the pain-killer. It performed prodigies of discord. With one great crash of sound it sprang from "Hear me, Norma" into the very mainspring of "Grandfather's Clock," which it hammered through with an accompaniment of bells, under which even the claqué paled. Then "The Last Rose of Summer" came in a good third, with a florid Gothic accompaniment of variations; and finally "Maryland, my Maryland" rent the air of the shuddering night, ending with one loud, expiring shriek, such as Patti gives in "Aida" when she dies of starvation fifteen minutes after her incarceration. The troubadours here glanced about for the possible copper, but seeing none, shouldered the piano-organ, and

"Silence, like a poultice, came
To heal the blows of sound."

NEW YORK, May 24, 1887.

IRIS.

It may be open to question whether the Chaldee rendering of "Glove of the right hand" for "shoe," is correct, in the passage in the Book of Ruth (B. C. 1245), which speaks of the custom of taking off the shoe in token of the redemption and confirming of a right; but we have undoubted references of very early date to gloves in each of their chief uses. Xenophon, about 400 B. C., tells us that among other proofs of Persian effeminacy was the fact that they wore gloves; Homer has drawn a picture of the father of Ulysses with his hands protected from thorns by a pair of gardening gloves; and a still more forcible reference to these coverings is made by Athenæus, who says that a celebrated glutton of his day always came to table with gloves on, that he might be better able to handle the hot meat, and so secure a goodly share of the repast. It seems certain that the use of gloves was rather permitted than approved in early days, for a writer at the close of the first century says: "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." As time went on, however, this prejudice died out, and even the church dealt with them as articles of clerical vestment, and deemed them of such importance that the Council of Poitiers called some French abbots to account for presuming to wear what was a necessary and peculiar part of the bishop's dress. The glove or gauntlet, in days of chivalry, was thrown down as a recognized challenge to single combat in defense of innocence, in defiance of a foe, or in assertion of some disputed right. As near to our times as the year 1821, at the coronation of George IV., his majesty's champion carried out for the last time the ancient ceremony of riding, completely armed, into Westminster Hall, and throwing down his glove as a challenge to any who should dare to dispute that sovereign's claim to the crown.

One fact revealed by Mr. Goschen, in a recent speech, is very interesting. There were, he stated, ninety-five persons in England with an income over fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is almost impossible for ordinary people to understand what that income means. It is a thousand a week; it is more than one hundred and forty pounds sterling a day; it is as nearly as possible, six pounds sterling an hour. A man with more than fifty thousand pounds sterling a year can spend a ten-pound note whenever the clock strikes during what may be called his working hours, and he will only be living up to his income. He is not only rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but rich beyond what one would imagine would be personal convenience.—*London News*.

CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

Point d'Alençon.

Soft hair, soft hands, soft eyes—sometimes
If some caprice should move her
To pleasure in soft lace or silk.
(Ah, no, not in lover!)

Soft voice, soft smile, soft languid air,
Pink palms as soft—as satin
(She's so made up of this and lace,
One surely must put that in).

Soft heart? Well, really, who can say,
Where in that bodice slender,
There could be room for anything
So foolish and so tender?

Hearts must have room to heat, you see,
When something sets them throbbing;
Could you imagine that corsage
Moved by soft sighs or sobbing?

The modiste whose thrice mystic lot
It was in this—to glove her
Clasped all her dainty graces far,
Far closer than a lover.

She moves, and with the dear *frou-frou*
Of trailing silks and laces
There floats a fragrance as of flowers
Fresh from sweet, untrod places.

She must have culled them wet with dew;
You almost wish she'd tarry
A moment more. My friend, it's but
Edouard Pinard à Paris.

Her *mouchoir*—of Point d'Alençon—
A *gaze d'amour*, its calling,
But ah! too filmy fine a web
For love's sweet, hot tears falling.

Jabots, and loops, and daintiest frills
Fill all her mental spaces;
And when she wears her tenderest look
She's dreaming of old laces.

The lace's mist about her throat,
The lace her hand caresses
As soft it falls light fold on fold
On all her charming dresses.

And after all, perhaps it is—
(How would the odd thought strike her?)
The fitting setting for her life,
Since it is rather like her.

If it is Life—this filmy web?
(One strives in vain to cut it)
'Tis Life—or Lace that never had
A pattern woven on it.—*Frances H. Burnett.*

Mrs. Piper.

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
This world is not at all," she said, "the place it used to be!
Now my poor husband, he was such a good man to provide—
I never had the least care of anything outside!
But now,
Why, there's the cow,
A constant care, and Brindle's calf I used to feed when small,
And those two Ayrshire heifers that we purchased in the fall—
Oh, dear!
My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy being here!
The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two year old,
The hind mare and the little colt, they all wait to be sold!
For how am I to keep 'em now? and yet how shall I sell?
And what's the price they ought to bring, how can a woman tell?
Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and stayed till nine o'clock,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried to buy my stock;—
He said he'd pay a higher price than any man in town;
He'd give his note, or, if I chose, he'd pay the money down.
But there!
To let him take those creatures off, I really do not dare!
For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery things at best;
My poor dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the rest!
But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him, now,
Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat me on a cow;
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'"

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she,
"Of everything about the land my husband always knew;
I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;
But now, what fields to plow,
And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops to sow,
And what to tell the hired men, how can a woman know?
Oh, dear!
With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome being here!
Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and stayed till after ten;
He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease—
I do declare, I wish that man would give me any peace!
For, there!
To trust him with my real estate I truly do not dare;
For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand;
And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;
And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike for then.
It's risky work when women folk have dealings with the men!
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'"

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!
Yet I have still some mercies left; I won't complain," said she.
"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world than this;
'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him heaven's bliss!
So now,
I ought to bow
Submissively to what is sent—not murmur and repine;
The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some good design.
Oh, dear!
If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones here!
And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not to see
About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me!
He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his wife,
And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy life.
He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my sake,
The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to take—
And, there!
To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare!
He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the farm—
I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of calm!
I think the man was sent to me—a poor lone woman must,
In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can trust;
And so
I do not feel it would be right for me to answer 'No.'"
June Century,
—*Marian Douglas.*

THE YANKERIES.

"Cockaigne" describes the Opening of the American Exhibition.

If the enthusiasm displayed by those favored members of London society, from the high to the middle classes, on whom the management of the American Exhibition was pleased to confer complimentary tickets of invitation to witness the opening ceremony on Monday last, can be any gauge of not only lasting interest on their own part, but of a five months' continuance of patronage on the part of the general public who pay for what they see, then the exhibition may be said to be a gigantic success, beside which "a our-horse team and a dog under the wagon" sink into pitiful insignificance. To say that the bestowal of these complimentary tickets was dictated by much lack of judgment on the part of the management, would be saying no more than what every one who has a keen appreciation of the fitness of things, must have thought when they viewed the heterogeneous assemblage of pink ticket-bearers, ranging from Cardinal Manning to Henry Irving; from Mr. Chaplin, the blue Tory member of Parliament, to Toole, the low comedian. I think if any person went to the exhibition with the idea that, because it was held in London, ways would therefore be in accord with and in deference to the established social usages of the English people, they very soon were disillusioned. The mixed quality of the guests was in strict conformity with the commonly pre-conceived English notion of American custom and usage in such matters. In the eyes and minds of the English people present, the invited guests of the management were an embodiment of the happy-go-lucky, free-and-easy, "let's-all-take-a-drink" style of thing, which nine Englishmen out of ten fervently believe is the rule in all American society from New York to San Francisco, from Boston to New Orleans.

It is all very well for people, who have only their own interests to consider, to show all the patriotic independence of action they please. But this exhibition is not an independent individual, who cares for nobody's frown or smile. It is a mere business speculation, whose existence depends on the combined subscriptions of many stock-holders, and whose success, either in popularity or money, will be due to reception, recognition, and patronage it gets from people of social standing and means. As I have remarked in a former letter, the previous Fisheries, Healtheries, Inventories, and Colinderies exhibitions succeeded because they were made fashionable by Swelldom. Now, the swells won't go where they feel their rank and station is not suitably recognized and made much of. For any man, or set of men, to come to England and think they can preach or act universal social equality, and hope to make friends among the aristocracy or gentry by doing so, is about as hopeless and fruitless task as a man could engage in. That there is a sentiment of radicalism in the land no one can deny. But with, perhaps, the single exception of John Bright, is there a Radical leader, who has any wealth or social position, who would really part with either to elevate his neighbors? Do you suppose Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would relinquish a wing of his elaborate orchid-house (the finest in England) to make Bob Jones, or Bill Smith, or Jack Brown, or Tom Robinson come possessed of the parliamentary franchise? It does, of course, all very well, in the cause of some political issue to talk social equality; and the Prince of Wales, for popularity's sake, and other reasons too cogent to need mention, may sometimes see fit to associate with actors and opera-singers; but when and where does it ever get farther than talk, and who else except the prince would dare to break down the social barriers as he does? Therefore, I contend that the management have again jeopardized the success of the American Exhibition by their lack of judgment. The first time it was by specially toadying Gladstone, and showing him the exhibition before they had the Prince of Wales, and now it is by the "universal equality" tone of their complimentary invitations on Monday.

Unless they could have got a more prominent man than Lord Ronald Gower, to do the English side of the speech-making, it were better to have had no one. Lord Ronald is the fourth son of the last and brother of the present Duke of Sutherland. He is a clever man, I dare say, and writes well. But beyond that I shouldn't feel safe in going. Now, if the exhibition had to be formally opened, John Bright would have been the man to select and invite to represent England at the ceremony. A leading statesman (none stand higher); a thorough Englishman, yet a great admirer of America and her institutions; and just at this time, owing to his outspoken anti-Gladstonism, in much favor with the aristocracy and Primrose League, a fitter choice could not have been made. He would have represented every class at the same time. But Lord Ronald Gower! But it is so like people whose ineffable conceit is such that they don't, because they won't, understand and observe the ways of a country not their own. There is an utter absence of those attentions to the small things of life—call them trifles if you will, yet "little drops of water, etc."—in which the upper classes of English society so fondly delight. There is an intentional or affected disregard of conventional rules, if not a grievously ignorant one.

Take, for instance, the programme of the opening exercises. The prayer was delivered by Archdeacon Farrar. Now, everybody knows, or ought to know, that the proper title of an Archdeacon is "Venerable." Yet the American Exhibition management saw fit to describe him as the "Very Reverend." Such a thing may seem small, and I dare say from some points of view it is. But in England these small things are much heeded, and it is the ignorance of them on any person's part, which marks the line between "good" and "bad form." The ignorance or indifference manifested in calling a "Venerable" "Very Reverend" was quite enough to prejudice the swell portion of the audience from the start. "By Jove, don't you know, they'll be calling Lord Salisbury His Royal Highness, next!" one man exclaimed in my neighborhood. "Don't Americans know better than that?" I felt inclined to reply, but didn't. The fact is, some one who knows, ought to get up a little book, short and in handy shape, which would inform Americans, and all other foreigners, of the little things which make "good form" in English society, and thus save them from many an unconscious error

which, though they may not know it, sadly detracts from an appearance in English high society which would otherwise be a complete success. Why don't some competent person write such a book? It seems to me there ought to be no difficulty in finding a publisher, for it ought to pay right handsomely.

But about the opening. I never remember a more thoroughly beautiful day in London. Warm, sunny, and dry, it was a revelation to many whose ideas of London weather were compressed into the two words, "damp" and "fog." The tide of complimentary ticket-holders began to set in from all directions, long before the hour named—half-past three—for the ceremonies to commence, and every underground station of the Metropolitan Railway was crowded with people as train after train bore them away toward Earl's Court. These, for the most part, comprised the humbler wing of the invited guests. The more aristocratic ticket-holders came in carriages, and the Earl's Court entrance was besieged from an early hour in the afternoon with a string of perfectly-appointed equipages. The throng was an immense one, and if it made up in quantity what it lacked in quality, it was after all, dropping for the nonce local prejudice and habit of thought, thoroughly democratic in its character. A word about the building. It is twelve hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, and is laid out in streets and avenues running at right angles to each other, each thoroughfare bearing a distinctive name. The whole exhibition, including Buffalo Bill's show, which is really (so far) the chief attraction, covers an area of twenty-three acres. It has seven entrances, three being direct from Earl's Court, West Kensington, and West Brompton (called Brum-ton) railway stations, respectively. The contents of the exhibition include the usual displays of machinery in motion, processes of manufacture, with an unlimited stock of curious, and interesting specimens of American invention and ingenuity. An art gallery containing some fifteen hundred pictures by American artists, is also attached. A detailed reference to the exhibits I shall defer to subsequent letters. In the grounds, a portion of which are tastefully—if somewhat hurriedly—arranged as a flower-garden, are a "switch back railway" and "roller-coasters," known to the Anglo-Canadian as "toboggans."

The opening ceremonies took place in the main avenue in which a low stand had been erected. The performance began by the Grenadier Guard's band—I wish it had been Gilmore's or some other equally good American band—playing "Hail Columbia." It had a curious, not to say grotesque, effect seeing and hearing this red-coated, bearskin-capped set of Britshers opening up the American hall by the playing of an air which would never have had existence if the hated red-coats had once had their way. But the whirligig of time works wonders, and then one must not forget, notwithstanding the fact that the Governor of New York has just presided at an Irish anti-English meeting, the bond of brotherly love and sentiment which exists between England and America. After "Hail Columbia" came a prayer by Archdeacon Farrar. Of course, no one can object to prayer in its proper dignified place. It must, however, be questionable in some minds if it had its proper dignified place at the inauguration of a private money-making venture. I don't think the offering of a prayer is usual on such occasions in England. After this came Lord Ronald Gower's speech of welcome. Then followed a reply from Colonel Russell, a lengthy statistical sort of report from Mr. (or General) Whitley, which came after being postponed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Mme. Lilian Nordica of the Mapleson opera troupe, "Rule Britannia" coming next, to the Grenadier Guard's Band's accompaniment. The band then quickly, as if by some sort of revival of old-time English sentiment, and out of compliment perhaps to the United States Legation, whose members, by-the-by, were conspicuous by their absence from the ceremonies, struck up "Dixie's Land." Thereupon, a rush for Buffalo Bill's arena took place, a rush which ended in considerable disappointment, at finding the place crammed by people who had preferred waiting there to hearing the speeches.

I don't suppose a better illustration could be given of where the real attraction of the exhibition will lie. The queen, herself, has set an example in this respect. On Wednesday she "commanded" a special performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show to be given for her edification. I wonder how the republican-minded Colonel Cody liked to be "commanded." He obeyed all the same, and the queen came attended by an immense suite. That she thoroughly enjoyed the novel performance there can be little doubt. After the show was over, she commanded the managers, from General Whitley and Colonel Russell down to the directors, to be presented to her, and said she would return some day and see the exhibition. Buffalo Bill also had an audience of her majesty, Frank Richmond, the stentorian and witty "orator," and "Red Shirt," coming next.

Just at this moment I am divided in my mind as to whether it was wise or not to tack on this Wild West entertainment to the exhibition or not. If it is to draw people, and get them to come to the exhibition, it is, regarded from a money-making point of view, a wise precaution. But if it be necessary to attract Englishmen, by such means, to come and look at specimens of American manufacture, industry, art, mechanical genius and invention, why, better not have had the exhibition at all, and depended solely on the cowboys, Mexicans, and Indians. If the people of England take no more interest in things American than that, it is waste of time to show them anything, and rubbish of the most utter kind to jaw, and talk, and speechmake about the existence of brotherly friendship and sentiments of a common interest between the two countries.

LONDON, May 14, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

It may be interesting to note that an expression which by many is regarded as vulgar slang has really the high classical authority of the Bible. It is Job (ix, 20) who exclaims, in his anguish: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Some common sayings, such as "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," "Pouring oil on the troubled waters," "The war-horse scents the battle from afar," etc., are supposed to be in the Bible, though not so. But there are not many who, in using the expression of hanging on or being saved by the "skin of their teeth," know the high authority for its use.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is believed in Berlin that were it not for the strict prohibition of his doctors, the emperor would dance at every ball he attends.

Reuben M. West, a negro barber, who recently died in Richmond, Va., aged eighty six years, was once one of the most prominent men of his race in the State, chiefly owing to the remarkable fact that he had twenty thousand dollars invested in the African slave trade.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell having settled in Minneapolis, will devote himself to the business of manufacturing plumbers' and railway supplies and steam-heating appliances. His manager, Mr. Fred Berger, also retires from active theatrical life, and will henceforth manage a newspaper in Michigan.

Some Paris Wagnerites propose to invite M. Lamoureux to a banquet, and present him with a testimonial as a mark of sympathy for his recent ill treatment. During the recent excitement M. Lamoureux received numbers of abominable anonymous letters. The following is a specimen. M. Lamoureux has a charming daughter, aged eighteen. Some miscreant or idiotic joker wrote: "If you continue to play 'Lohengrin' we will spoil your daughter's face with vitriol!"

The estates of the Earl of Donoughmore are in Kerry. He has mortgaged his estates until the rent-roll no longer suffices to pay interest on the debt, and has run away from his young wife, who has no fortune with which to support him. He now goes about the country with a troop of strolling players. The bright particular star in whose wake he is travelling is a tenth-rate actress named Kate Eversley. Can this be the Kate Eversley who was here with Colville some years ago?

The Hon. Charles Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's brother and heir presumptive, has had a committal order for twenty-eight days' imprisonment made out against him at Chichester County Court, and, unless the 15s. od. has been paid, should now be "in durance vile." This large amount was due to an inn-keeper at Bognor for "food and liquor," and on his presuming to make an application for the money at Mr. Lowther's splendidly furnished residence in St. John's Wood, the Hon. Charles horsewhipped him—perhaps to encourage other creditors to call.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, a member of Parliament and the editor of a paper whose power is almost distinctly social, the London *Morning Post*, is the only man in London society who always wears lilac kid-gloves through every dinner to which he is invited. He has a small figure, a round head, slightly inclined to be bald. His hair is dark and partly gray. His complexion is a clear olive. His eyes are dark blue, deeply set under a bulging forehead. His nose is slight pug; it is a serious flaw in the aristocratic repose of his clear-cut face. The lower part of his countenance is hidden by a mustache and full iron-gray beard.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, the distinguished Scottish engineer whose death has just been announced, was the father of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the author. Mr. Stevenson was not only by common consent the chief scientific authority on several branches of the engineering profession, but the author of numerous inventions of the highest practical value, particularly in the methods of lighthouse illumination. As a public official he thought it his duty to decline personal profit from these inventions, which are in general use not only on our own coasts, but on those of other countries, and would have brought him ample fortune had he chosen to patent them.

Mr. Louis L. Lorillard has taken possession, with his family, of the magnificent villa at Newport bequeathed to him by Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe. Since the death of Miss Wolfe he has learned that during his two years' absence in Europe, she instructed her agent, who was buying the treasures for the adornment of the house, to consult his tastes in all matters, in order that he might be the better pleased when he came into possession; but she never gave the slightest intimation of her intention to leave him the property. Her death occurred on the morning of his arrival in New York, whither he had come to visit her in her illness. Every day he finds stored away in the commodious closets of the villa surprises in the shape of costly embroideries or bric-à-brac, of whose existence nobody seems to have known. The whole story is almost a chapter from the "Arabian Nights."

The English, who have been so fatigued and angered by the Queen's lugubriousness, are delighted with the young widow of the Duke of Albany. The queen has the most horrible fondness for tombs and all the trappings of woe. She is as fond of a funeral as the Southern colored people, and never forgets the anniversary of any one's death. She made an "effort to induce" the young duchess to imitate her own ostentatious widowhood, but the young woman very sensibly refused to perform this moral suttee. She orders her household and way of living with quiet but cheerful dignity, and makes her home bright and sunny for the rosy, chubby little princess, whom she watches with great care lest she should inherit her unhappy father's weakness. On the anniversary of her husband's death she adorned the memorial chapel with spring flowers, primroses, and violets, and covered his tomb with red roses.

Brooke Dolan, a Philadelphia youth, has succeeded in getting himself disliked by society in general, and the Wanamaker family in particular, by reason of his peculiar behavior at young Mr. Wanamaker's wedding to Miss Welsh. The crush at the church on this occasion was something tremendous, and many of the invited guests were crowded out because hundreds of Mr. Wanamaker's employees, including salesmen and women, cash boys, etc., got seats ahead of them. Young Dolan, the story goes, from a place in the gallery persisted in shouting "Cash!" "Forty-four!" and other remarks of a like suggestive and shoppy character. Now that Miss Welsh and Mr. Wanamaker are married, (says *Town Topics*) what harm can there be in repeating a remark which the young lady made to a friend soon after her engagement, when all society was shocked, and everybody was saying it could never be? "Oh, yes, it will be!" she exclaimed, "I got him during Christmas week, and you know they never exchange or take back anything got at Wanamaker's in the holiday season."

What does the Prince of Wales think of Mme. Jane Hading's divorce suit? His royal highness has long been a devoted admirer of this clever actress. He has not passed through Paris once in the last four years without seeing her. To this royal courting the lady's husband has made no objection. The actress, beautiful and fascinating though she is, has not assumed the rôle of a *femme galante*. Mme. Jane Hading is as cold and passionless as a marble statue, and she has, moreover, the self-possession and calculation of the most accomplished woman of the world. There will be no scandalous revelations made in her divorce trial. Incompatibility of temperament is the only plea. She was the daughter of an actor and an actress, and literally was brought up on the stage. She was first seen behind the footlights as a child in arms, at the age of eighteen months. For years she occupied minor positions in third-rate companies at Marseilles, Cairo, and Algiers. She came to Paris and played in minor parts at the Palais Royal. Then she got into a little higher place at the Renaissance. But she was still unknown to the world. However M. Victor Koning, the director of the Gymnase Theatre, engaged her and coached her for the rôle of Claire, in the new play "Le Maître de Forges." Her first appearance in that play, in 1883, was probably the most bewildering success on record in the last fifty years. All Paris was at her feet. It has remained there. When she went to London, all London was at her feet, too. And now M. Koning claimed his reward. So she shared his home, or he shared hers. She didn't love him, she told him plainly. After a time a child was born to them, and he rejoiced. For here was a bond that would keep his money-making actress with him for many a year. In this he was soon disappointed—the baby sickened and died. Then she desired to leave him. "Why not?" she demanded. "I have more than repaid you for your services to me. There is no bond between us. I do not love you. Let me go." To this he would not consent, and by some means he got her to marry him. They went over to London to get the ceremony performed, for she was a Catholic and he a Jew. However, now, although she brings the suit, he is equally anxious for the separation. Simply because she does not love him—nay, she hates him; and she does love her mother devotedly, and wishes to live with her, as she is now doing.

GOTHAM.

A Day in the Life of a Man-About-Town.

A tall man stumbled into the larger of his two rooms at nine o'clock yesterday morning, and, going to the window, threw up the sash and sank in a heap in an easy chair—unshorn, hollow, heavy-eyed, and apparently about forty-five years of age. He shuddered violently, muttered something about champagne, rubbed his head briskly with one hand, and then, pulling a liquor case to him, poured out half a glass of brandy with a shaky hand. Into the brandy he dropped absinthe, and to this he added a little seltzer and some wisps of fresh mint to give it a flavor. He drank it slowly, shuddered again, but more mildly, sat up, drew his bath robe closer around him, and immediately mixed another drink. This time he grinned gently to himself as he poured the concoction down his dry throat.

"Now," he said, straightening up, "I begin to recognize myself."

There was a sharp rap at the door, and a ruddy-faced man hurried in with his hat in his hand.

"Do you recognize me?" he asked excitedly.

"Of course," said the man-about-town amiably. "You are a bartender. I don't exactly place you, but I recognize your face very well. I wish you had been a little earlier; you might have mixed my morning dip for me."

"I'm at the Hoffman House, sir, and I thought you might be able to help me out of a very tight place I am in."

"How much?" asked the rounder laconically.

"It isn't that, sir, but me brother's been jugged, an' he comes up before the justice in your ward at ten o'clock this morning."

"Can you make a Manhattan cocktail?" asked the rounder solemnly. He pointed to the liquor set, went over to a desk, and began to write with more or less labor, while the bartender pushed back his cuffs and went briskly to work. He dropped the liquors one after another into the glass with the care of a chemist, and, when he handed the drink to his host, the latter pushed the letter over to him. It was addressed to the judge of the district, and read:

DEAR BILLY: The bearer of this is a friend of mine. Somebody has been playing it low down on his brother, and I hope you will see that nothing unhappy occurs. Hope to see you to-day at the races.
Yours,
T. L.

The bartender disappeared with a heaving face, and the bachelor, who had now reached the age of about forty years in appearance, gave himself up to a German harber, who had stumbled into his apartment as the bartender withdrew.

Half an hour later, the man-about-town had been shaved, his mustache curled and his hair brushed into sleek and showy form. He arrayed himself carefully in a check suit of clothes that fitted perfectly. It was the racing togger of the day. His collar was very high, his gaiters very white, and his cuffs very horsey. There was a big pin in the shape of a diamond hoof in his red tie, and his handkerchief was a work of art that would have set a jockey by the ears. He pulled on a pair of red gloves, took a last, lingering look at the brandy bottle, and surveyed himself complacently in the mirror. He did not look a day over thirty-five. At the corner, a pretty little flower-girl took from the corner of her basket the biggest and whitest carnation in the world, and pinned it, with a heaving face, on the coat of the handsome and erect, but dissipated looking man in racing clothes, who heaved upon her with the fatherly affection of an old friend. He shook himself together once more, and walked briskly up to the Brunswick, the picture of a man of fortune who had not yet turned his thirtieth year. A victoria that was waiting whirled him rapidly up to Central Park. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he arrived at the big hostelry at Mount St. Vincent, and he hurried around to the rear piazza where the table was set for six people. Five of them were already there. They all fell to chaffing the late arrival at once about the white carnation, and the hostess, whose fame on the comic opera stage is more or less extensive, heggd hard for it.

"I would rather have it than a blue goat," she said, extravagantly, "an' you know I was always dead stuck on blue goats. That flower keeps you young. You wore that same carnation when I made my debut—"

Here she paused, and there were a few amiable guesses about the table as to whether that event had taken place eighteen or twenty years before. The breakfast consisted of champagne cocktails, bouillon, champagne, planked shad, champagne, chicken livers and bacon served on toast, champagne, asparagus salad, champagne, duck, champagne, strawberries and ice cream, and champagne. It was one o'clock when they bade each other an effusive farewell, and rolled down-town in their various carriages. At Madison Square, Mr. Lamson alighted from his victoria, stamped and shuddered again, and, lighting a big cigar, strolled over to a well-known bookmaker's near Broadway. Despite the fact that the police assert that there is no gambling in New York, there were ten or twelve gambling-houses in full blast when he arrived. He went into the basement door, but was pulled back hastily by a murderer of high local repute, who said mysteriously:

"It is Blue Wing for the handicap."

"What odds can you get up stairs?"

"Three to one," said the assassin, accepting a cigar with a friendly smile, and pushing the door open for his acquaintance to pass inside. Everybody nodded to the man-about-town as he slowly ascended the basement stairs, and looked over the betting-boards that were stretched along the walls of the parlors of what appeared to be a private residence outside. There were, perhaps, a hundred men there. Most of them were buying pool-tickets at the lower end of the room. Mr. Lamson put a hundred dollars on Blue Wing. As he did so, one of the cashiers behind the railing stared hard at him, and, rushing through the grated gate, shook hands with the warmth of an old acquaintance.

"By the Lord," he gushed, "I haven't seen you since that night in Chicago fifteen years ago, when you gave me a lift to help me out of town. Do you remember?"

"Of course I do," said the other, wringing his hand. "It doesn't seem as long ago as that though; come to think, it was sixteen years."

"Well," said the gambler, "if it's not too late to pay that debt, I'd like to do it now."

"Go ahead, my boy," said the rounder amiably; "you give me the money, and I'll put it on the sixteenth horse in the handicap to-day."

He placed two hundred dollars on Dry Monopole with odds of six to one, put the ticket in his card-case, and wandered down to the Hoffman House, where he met a group of men who looked and dressed almost exactly as he did, and who were deferred to with great respect by the attachés of the hotel. They moved out in a hody, climbed into a number of hansoms and went over to Thirty-fourth street, where they journeyed by train to the new grounds of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. When they arrived, there were already twenty thousand people there, and the crack race of the season with the greatest string of two-year-olds that had ever been seen in America was on the card. The crowd was composed of the surface element of New York life. Well-known actors, gamblers, professional men, and club men elbowed each other, and every man seemed to be acquainted with his neighbor. The first two or three rows of the grand stand were occupied by more or less flashily-dressed women who played the races steadily and talked excitedly between the events. Everybody knew Tom Lamson, and he was surrounded by groups of friends. At intervals, he would walk up to the grand stand and chat with the solemnity of an archbishop with the prettiest of the laughing girls. He seldom smiled himself.

It was a long and tiresome struggle getting the big string of two-year-olds off together, but after the fiftieth attempt the flag was dropped, and the flower of America's racing stock rushed away. Many a man's fortune hung in the balance during the two minutes that followed. The crowd shrieked itself hoarse for a moment, and then there was dead quiet as a dark horse shot ahead of Blue Wing, Exile, and all the other favorites, cut out a tremendous pace, and led the way to the finish in one of the greatest races in the history of the turf. Then arose the cry of "Dry Monopole wins." The man-about-town had kept his field-glasses on the leader till the horses swept into the stretch. He stood staring stupidly in front of him. Number sixteen was run up to the top of the post. He took out his ticket and looked at it. Somehow he was vaguely conscious that he had won a thousand dollars, and that it would enable him to face a number of debts holdly. But he was afraid to speak of it yet. Some one dragged him over to the grand stand and introduced him to a little woman who was trembling like an aspen leaf. He shook hands with her mechanically. Then he learned mistily that she was the wife of Sam Emery, the owner of Dry Monopole, who had just made sixty thousand dollars by the victory. His attention was distracted by a crowd of a thousand men who surrounded McCarthy, the jockey, and cheered him to the echo. Some of the winners thrust big bills into the boy's hands, and the owner of the winner gave him a thousand-dollar bill. By this time the correctly attired and suave Lamson fully realized how he stood, and there was a fusillade of champagne-corks as he told his friends of his good fortune at the bar. He managed to drop three hundred on the next two races, and on the way back to town he lost ninety more matching coins with a mournful British peer. He took eight men to dinner with him at Delmonico's, which amiable indiscretion cost about a hundred and twenty dollars, and then he went back to his rooms, while the others struggled up to a costly apartment on Fortieth Street for a little poker.

At his rooms the rounder discovered a bosom friend in the last stages of despair.

"You're th' only man th't kin manage th' cat," he said plaintively, referring to his wife by that feline appellation; "an' I got t' depen' on you."

"How long have you been away from home this time?" asked the other, methodically changing his clothes for a frock suit, and tearing open his letters at intervals.

"Fif—five days."

It was after eleven o'clock when they drove up to the house of the bosom friend, and Mr. Lamson slowly alighted. The culprit in the cab watched him nervously. The house was pitch dark, except on the first floor. Before the rounder could ring, the door was thrown open, revealing an impressive figure in white.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the contemptuous voice of the outraged wife, sharply; "you, the overdressed, idle, vain, and dissipated friend of every drunkard in town—"

"Jessie," interrupted the rounder in a voice of deep sorrow, "have a care how you speak of him who was—at least—" here he turned away his head and whipped out his handkerchief, while a sepulchral voice from the cab urged him to "lay it on thick." The wife started forward and grasped his sleeve.

"What is it?" she gasped.

"He—he was very sick," faltered the mutual friend.

"Good heavens, Tom," she said, "don't—don't frighten me. Tell me where he is."

"He has been very, very ill for three days in my room; doctors, you know, and all that. I've brought him back to you, but you must be gentle with him, very—very gentle."

They descended the steps together and helped the interesting invalid into the house. Then Mr. Lamson drove to the costly apartment in Fortieth Street and played poker till he had lost four hundred dollars, after which he withdrew amiably from the game and wrote a note to a Park Commissioner, bespeaking a place for the father of his host's valet. It being now three o'clock, he took a corking big drink of brandy, gazed at the reflection of a fifty-year-old man in the mirror, lighted the biggest cigar in the place, and toddled off to his lodgings befuddled, happy, and content—every man's friend but his own.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1887.

It is very uncharitably recalled by a Washington paper that Patti gave a "farewell" concert at the capital on March 31, 1860. The affair took place in Willard's Hall, and the diva was assisted by Strakosch, Brignoli, Susini, and Amodio. Seats cost two dollars—a vulgarly old-fashioned price. Among those who invited Patti to go to Washington at that time was Vice-President Breckenridge. Of the senators who were present at the performance hardly one survives.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair! Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there; Many a monk, and many a friar, Many a knight, and many a squire, With a great many more of lesser degree— In sooth a goodly company; And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee, Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen, Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams, Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout, That little Jackdaw kept hopping about; Here and there Like a dog in a fair, Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates, Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall, Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all! With saucy air, He perched on the chair Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat; And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace, With a satisfied look, as if he would say, "We are the greatest folks here to-day!" And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw, Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared, The flawns and the custards had all disappeared, And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!— In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles, Came, in order due, Two by two, Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer, Embossed and filled with water, as pure As any that flowed between Rheims and Namur, Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch In a fine golden hand-basin made to match. Two nice little boys, rather more grown, Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne; And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap, Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope. One little boy more A napkin bore, Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink, And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink." The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight Of these nice little boys dressed all in white; From his finger he draws His costly turquoise; And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws, Deposits it straight By the side of his plate, While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait; Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing, That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout, And nobody seems to know what they're about, But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out; The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling. The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe, And let his red stockings exposed to the view; He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels; They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates— They take up the poker and poke out the grates— They turn up the rugs— They examine the mugs— But no!—no such thing— They can't find the THE RING And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it, Some rascal or other had popped in, and priggd it!"

The Cardinal rose, with a dignified look, He called for his candle, his bell, and his book! In holy anger, and pious grief, He solemnly cursed that rascally thief! He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed; From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head; He cursed him sleeping, that every night He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright; He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking; He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking; He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying; He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying; He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!— Never was heard such a terrible curse! But what gave rise To no little surprise, Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on, The monks and the friars they searched till dawn; When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw, Come limping a poor little lame jackdaw; No longer gay, As on yesterday: His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;— His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand— His head was as bald as the palm of your hand; His eye so dim, So wasted each limb, That heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!— That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing! That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring! The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw, Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw; And turned his bald head, as much as to say, "Pray be so good as to walk this way!" Slower and slower He limped on before, Till they came to the back of the belfry door, When the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book, And off that terrible curse he took; The mute expression Served in lieu of confession, And, being thus coupled with full restitution, The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!— When those words were heard, That poor little bird Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd: He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that, A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more Even than before; But no longer it wagged with an impudent air, No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair. He hopped now about, With a gait devout; At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out; And, so far from any more pilfering deeds, He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads. If any one lied, or if any one swore, Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore, That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!" As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!" While many remarked, as his manners they saw, That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!" He long lived the pride Of that country side, And at last in the odor of sanctity died; When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint, The Conclave determined to make him a Saint; And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know, It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow, So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

—Richard Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends."

VANITY FAIR.

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate that sensible people of really artistic ideas are ready to give admiration and appreciation to a style of clothing adapted to the natural shape of a woman, than the following from a leading New York daily: "Among all other gifts, Sarah Bernhardt has the genius of dress. The way she wears her clothes makes other women dowdy. Observe the distinction of her presence in the photograph taken with Mrs. Langtry. The Lily poses as a beauty, but at Sarah's side she looks like a robust, buxom milkmaid. Agnes Booth, Ada Rehan, and Helen Dauvray are conceded to dress well, but at their best they only illustrate Taine's description of a woman in full toilet—'a laced-up scarabee mounted on hard polished claws.' Their dresses are a perfect fit, according to the code of woman, but not as an artist eye would have them. Underneath their silken folds are plainly seen the harsh ridge of their corsets cutting across the bust, and the long, hurried lines of the bones. There is no more sense of form or freedom and grace of movement beneath than if they were clad in cast-iron or plaster-of-Paris. Did anybody ever see that beautiful, rippling movement of the body, so enchanting to the eye, under Mrs. Langtry's encasement? Mrs. Langtry's is the perfection of form, according to Englishwomen. That is to say, her waist is brought to a certain ideal of smallness. Her shoulders are thrown up, and have a breadth disproportioned to the other lines of her body, and, from tight-lacing, she has become what is popularly known as chicken-breasted. There remains only that beautiful line from the crown of the head through the nape of the neck, which is really her great charm. But Sarah Bernhardt walks in her clothes a free and graceful woman. Instead of controlling her, she dominates them. They obey every movement of her body, and accompany but do not conceal it. On the stage her presence is a succession of poses, gestures, movements; melting, dissolving, the one into the other, in unbroken harmony. Naturally, by temperament, Sarah Bernhardt is a graceful woman. What nature has neglected art has perfected. Of this, dress is largely in the secret. In the first place, she never wears a corset. 'Jamais! jamais!' says her piquant young niece, with nose aloft at the mere idea. In the most modern, most fashionable costume, such as she wears in 'Frou-Frou' or the 'Maitre de Forges,' she wears only a linen underwaist of fine texture and without bones. It is true that her architecture is greatly in her favor. She drapes her body. Nobody better understands the beauty and artistic use of folds. In 'Théodora' her costumes, one and all, illustrate this. The gorgeousness of these has been exaggerated. Gorgeousness is not the word, except for the gold-embroidered vestment of the first act. Her dresses as the empress are layers on layers of diaphanous gauzes richly embroidered in gold. The tints are all delicate, and the result is the most exquisite harmony, no more to be described than the tints of a sunset cloud. But it is not in these that she is at her best. Nowhere is her charm of movement better felt than in the simple dress she wears at the home of the sorceress. Over the bodice falls loose whitish-gray stuff in many lines. This is belted low over the full, kilted skirt that falls to the ground. Sarah is fond of kilts. The white dress of the last scene is made in the same fashion, and as Lady Macbeth she wears something of the same sort. There is no coquetry of silk stockings and slippers. The dress touches the floor. So modest is the fashion that when once, after unwinding her caressing arms from Andreas, in the last act, there was a gleam of silken ankle, it seemed only polite to turn the head. Underneath this full kilted skirt skirts are worn, but are never revealed, as are those miracles of lace and embroidery that decorate and make a prominent feature of our own stage—as witness about the feet of Miss Dauvray and Ida Vernon, in the dance in 'The Love Chase.' Indeed, it is of Sarah Bernhardt that many a woman may learn not only beauty but modesty of dress. But the great undiscovered fact, except by her, is that dress is merely an accessory, and to be worn to that end; that in the body—the living, breathing body—lies the immortal charm."

The latest fad in masculine underclothes is of the new "hebe" shade of violet; all the facings and hindings and waistbands are rose-pink silk, feather-stitched, too stout for anything, and far too ornamental, one would suppose, to suffer eclipse under plain coat and trousers. One young man went in for a rich zebra style of things. The Sing Sing stripes broke out one day. He went to a doctor, who questioned him as to his habits; if he'd been living on huck-wheat, or had been where "pizen" ivy grew; but finally when the young man got his shirt off the doctor said: "That's enough; the Bengalese brown dye has done the business." Women will not wear some shades of brown stockings, no matter how lovely they are. They are as annoying as mosquitos. An expert says it is perfectly horrid to have to stand on one foot and scratch with the other, and you have to do so in brown stockings, or else go out of your mind.

The sale of the crown jewels means clearly that the French people have done with royalty, or think they have, with a certainty and solemnity they have never experienced before. A monarchy must by immemorial usage have plenty of jewels. It was "the thing" for every noble's wife to have a good supply, but for the queen to have more than any other woman. In our time, however, wealth, and even great wealth, has become so widely diffused that diamonds are no longer the exclusive luxury of monarchs and the great landholders who form the nobility or gentry. Every rich woman now lays in a fine supply of diamonds as soon as she comes into her money. There are to-day many women who can not boast very long descent, who can make a show of diamonds as good as were ever seen at any Christian court. The passage of diamonds into the hands of what may be called "the people"—that is, of recently enriched persons of humble origin—has been going on at a wonderful rate, and has supported the diamond market, in spite of the increased supply and the diminished means of the monarchs and noblemen. In an age when nearly every one is engaged in pursuit of wealth, and the acquisition of wealth means success in life, it is of course desirable to have some simple and conspicuous

mode of letting strangers know that you have succeeded. Nothing supplies this so readily as diamonds. They are easily portable; they attract instant attention wherever shown; they bring their value in cash, if one is "hard up," in almost any part of the world, and they produce a wonderful effect in a woman's costume under artificial light. They are, in fact, except rubies, the only means by which one can exhibit a considerable fortune on one's person without seeming odd or ridiculous. The poor girl who wears a cheap gold chain and locket over her waterproof in a street-car, is striving after the very same result as the fine lady at a ball who carries one or two hundred thousand dollars' worth of brilliants in her hair and dress; that is, she wants people who know nothing else about her to know that she is in easy circumstances and can command luxuries. The part played by the diamond in American city politics and railroading in our day is one of the most interesting facts in its history. There is a certain type of man among us who is sure to buy a large solitaire diamond pin and stick it in his shirt-front, when he has achieved what he considers a proper measure of success in life. To him the diamond shirt-pin serves the grateful purpose of giving notice to the spectators that the world is not going badly with the wearer, that his fight for the mere necessities is over, that he has leisure to think of costly ornamentation and the means to procure it, and that, in short, he is entitled to take his place among the successful people of the world—the people who have "arrived," as the French say. It does for the owner in our society somewhat the same thing that the little red ribbon in the button-hole does for the Frenchman. It takes him out of the common herd, who are still fighting for a bare subsistence and have not begun to dream of luxury or fame.

Luxury runs riot in parasols. They are made of the costliest laces, damasks, satins, everything from gossamer to plush, in startling combinations of color. The handles are sometimes gems of art in carving, and Tiffany displays a collection of parasols not many removes from the cameo department. Some of these have double gold or silver tamboorines which might serve as a "charity purse," a bonbonnière or a receptacle for a scent-bottle, according to the fancy of the proud possessor. Others display carved ivory dryads and sirens, Aurora, Diana, or Aphrodite, and others have knobs or figures of Dresden or Royal Worcester china.

There were five hundred women presented to the queen yesterday, (writes T. C. Crawford in New York *World*). Out of this five hundred there were only ten Americans. The London hotels to-day are full of bright and interesting American ladies. There is a great throng of them at Paris, within easy range of this London court. There are at least one thousand American ladies in Paris and London who would be entitled to be presented to court through their Minister here if they were so inclined. If out of that number there are only ten who care to go through with this form, it certainly indicates a remarkable amount of indifference on the part of American women to court presentations. The class of people on the Continent who are eligible for presentation to the English Queen, as a general thing, have such social relations in London that they have no need to go to their Minister for presentation. The English women who are presented generally have some position or title, or else are related to people of position. Naturally the English critics resent the apparent freedom with which untitled American ladies can go to court, and that they do not avail themselves of that privilege to any remarkable extent does not make the fact any the less annoying. Occasionally there is a foolish American woman who, by the absurdity of her social ambition, affords opportunity for the satire of English critics. They are now laughing over the case of an American lady, Mrs. Von Blank, from one of the Southern States, who had a quarrel with our Minister, Mr. Stallo, in Italy, because he would not present her at court with a "Von" before her name. She said that that was her family name. He said that it was a title of nobility, and there were no titles of nobility in the United States. This lady disputed very hotly, and insisted that there were a number of titled families in the South, and that she should be presented under that title or not at all. I believe she carried her point.

The *Morning Post*, the fashionable organ of London society, makes a feature of the printing of social news. It is the one paper which prints the court circular every day in full, wherein the movements of the queen and different members of the royal family are recited with the hack phrases of the market reports in the American newspapers. A hall or reception is not considered fashionable unless it is reported in the *Post*. This kind of fashionable intelligence is the source of great revenue to the paper, and its method of printing this kind of news is unquestioned, and accepted as a matter of course by the members of London society. Every notice of the movement of people is paid for at so much a line. Reports of parties and dinners are charged for at space rates. If the Hon. John Smith wishes to cast a gloom over society by the announcement that he is about to leave London for a few days to go to the country, or if he wishes to thrill London society with the announcement that his wife will be at home on certain days, these hits of intelligence can be communicated to the public at the rate of one guinea for a paragraph of five lines. A very prominent New York capitalist, who shines as a great social star in London upon his occasional visits there, owes much of his social notoriety to the guinea paragraphs which he has purchased in the *Morning Post*. He discovered early in his coming to London this form of social advertisement, and has employed it with great skill and satisfaction ever since. The people who employ this system of advertising themselves and their social wares appear to be taken in by the very paragraphs which they themselves have bought.

The loyalty of the Briton is likely to be put to test in various ways during this present Jubilee year. Earl Spencer has consented to give up Spencer House to the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany during their visit, and the Marquis of Breadalbane is to relinquish Harcourt House to the Swedish royalties at the same time. Spencer House is one of the great mansions of London. Lord and Lady

Spencer are now living there and expected to remain during the season. Invited by the queen to house two specified guests, Earl Spencer made answer that only part of his house was in a state to receive company, but that all the habitable rooms should be at the disposal of the queen's son-in-law and daughter. As for himself and Lady Spencer, they could easily find accommodation elsewhere. When Lord Breadalbane was applied to, his answer was that the whole of Harcourt House should be ready for the royal Swedes, but that he and Lady Breadalbane were proposing to spend the summer abroad. A response came from the queen to the effect that Lord and Lady Breadalbane were desired to remain and entertain their guests. Whether they will obey this royal mandate or not seems to be an open question. This recalls a story told of the present Duchess of Edinburgh, daughter, as every good American knows, of the late Emperor of Russia. When the duchess came to London, thirteen years ago, she was scandalized at the friendly relation existing between the Prince of Wales and some of his future subjects, and most of all his habit of accepting invitations to stay with them in their houses. "Such a thing could never occur in Russia," declared the duchess. "But," asked one of her household, "does his Imperial Majesty never visit at his subject's houses?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, "but when the emperor wishes to stay in anybody's house he sends word, and the owner leaves it while the emperor's visit lasts." The queen wishes Stafford House for the use of some of her friends who are coming from the Continent, but has not asked for it. If you wish to know why, you must ask somebody who knows the story of the Duke of Sutherland's recent private life, and her majesty's opinions of it. It has long been the queen's custom to send visitors to a hotel, to the scandal of her own family in England, and of her own and other families abroad, where the royal hospitality of England is spoken of in terms which could only be fitly rewarded by the hospitality of the Tower of London. But the Jubilee guests will be very numerous, and it is Jubilee year, and the kings, and princes, and grand dukes will certainly prefer Clarence House, and Spencer House, and Harcourt House to Claridge's, and neither Lord Spencer nor Lord Breadalbane will send in a bill for lodgings or board; no, nor even the Duke of Edinburgh.

The sales-people employed in the female underwear departments of the biggest dry-goods establishments in New York and Boston are exclusively of the male sex. It might appear that women would find it embarrassing to discuss the patterns, measurements, etc., of their most essential garments with men behind the counter, and that in this department, beyond all others, it would be desirable to employ female attendants. It seems, however, that the ladies, as a rule, prefer to buy their underclothing of male clerks. The manager of a large house said, recently, that young girls' flannels and things were usually purchased by their mammas, who, "being married, felt no false modesty about such trifles," and also that it was impossible to replace the counter jumpers in trousers with women, because the men, who are frequently customers in the feminine-undergarment line, would be too bashful to ask about the goods. So it appears that in matters of this sort, at any rate, the masculine brute has more delicacy than the female of his species. Another interesting barbarism is noted in the shoe-shops. In most large cities stools are provided for ladies to rest their feet upon while they are having boots tried on; but in Boston the affable clerk takes the fair customer's tootsies upon his lap, holding them in position with a firm grasp above the ankle, while he goes through the buttoning and unbuttoning process.

The private views at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery are really more of an occasion for a view of handsome dresses than a view of the pictures. The rooms are dreadfully crowded, and as nearly all who are present are acquainted, there is but little attention paid to the pictures, and the occasions are more social meetings than anything else. Both of the private views are fashionable, and the best people in London are to be seen at them. Tickets are hard to procure. The Grosvenor Gallery seems to be more especially the gathering place of the aesthetically-dressed women, though a few are seen at the Royal Academy. One young girl at the recent Grosvenor view wore a pale, sickly green soft silk, drawn about her in the usual folds, and with huge puff sleeves common to this style of costume. Her hat was low-crowned and wide-brimmed, made of this same yellow-green silk, and was trimmed with two enormous rosettes, these too being of the silk. The young woman, a most pronounced blonde, had a mass of sickly white frizzes sticking out from under this hat, which was placed well back on her head. Another gown or robe, which was certainly not appreciated by the multitude, was dark-blue plush. It was made like a long coat, without trimming or break, reaching from the neck to the feet. With this was worn a huge hat of the same plush, with an enormous bunch of feathers set up in front. An olive-green plush was made like a tea-gown, the front being of amber silk. There was no white lace or frilling about the neck or sleeves. The gown was cut low at the neck, and a string of amber beads was worn around the throat. It would be hard to say whether Lady Archibald or Lady Colin Campbell was the more conspicuously attired. The former, who is an active member of Lady Harberton's dress-reform league, had a divided skirt and saggy short tunic of thick blue serge, loosely belted round the waist; all this being partially covered by a long blue cloth coat, worn unfastened and thrown back, and the costume being completed by a fisherman's cap in vivid violet velvet. Lady Colin had a heliotrope silk dress, showing through the lace which formed the lower part in front of her long black silk mantle, and a wonderful high transparent hat. The shape was of plaited jet, broad in the brim, high and round in the crown; at the back, the brim turned up far above the crown, the raised piece ending in a point, to which was attached the stem of a huge bunch of lilac blossoms, that, falling on the crown, formed the entire trimming of the chapeau. Mrs. Oscar Wilde deserved notice, in a long empire coat, of brown cloth, waist under the arms, hustle nonexistent, and big buttons, far above where the waist of to-day flourishes, marking the place where the tradition of this coat supposes it to be.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Century's war series will be concluded in the October number of this year.

"The Crusade of the Excelsior," by Bret Harte, is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The second volume of "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" will be ready at the end of this month, and the third early in the fall.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says his correspondence is becoming so voluminous that he is afraid he will have to take to using a type writer, though he doesn't want to.

M. de Lesseps's reminiscences will be published simultaneously in Paris and London in October. A German edition has also been arranged for, its first appearance taking place in a Berlin newspaper as a serial.

Several pages of the *Critic* of next week will be devoted to the summer plans of between fifty and one hundred American authors. The article will tell where these folks will be and what they will be engaged in doing.

Mrs. Grant has just received from Charles L. Webster a check for \$33,384.53 as additional profits on the sale of "General Grant's Memoirs." She has thus received to date a total of \$394,459.53. The financial success of Grant's book is unprecedented in the history of literature.

The next addition to William R. Jenkins's "Théâtre Contemporain" will be "Mine et Contre-Mine," a comedy in three acts, by Alexandre Guillel, a professor of French in Cleveland. It is said—though the statement is open to dispute—that this will be the first original French piece ever written in the United States.

The curious pseudonym which Mr. F. J. Stimson, the novelist, has adopted has created not a little curiosity. This, however, betrays the author's legal training. The books of ancient English law make frequent use of the term "J. S. of Dale," when it is desired to make reference to some supposititious person. It is, therefore, a general pseudonym applicable to any person.

As a general thing when you visit the London newspaper offices you see only occasionally and but few of the workers. It is the rule of nearly all of the newspaper offices to have separate rooms for their leading writers. Unless you have an especial acquaintance with each individual, you would never see the whole of a staff of an English newspaper, no matter how freely you might be permitted to visit its office.

Thomas Nast is quoted in a Florida paper as saying he is engaged in collecting for issue in book-form many of the cartoons contributed by him to *Harper's Weekly*. The first volume will be a Christmas holiday book, and is to be issued this fall. It will consist of the various Santa Claus and other holiday pieces that have appeared from year to year. As soon as this work is out Mr. Nast will arrange the famous Tweed pictures for another volume, to appear in 1888. He has often been asked to bring out the war pictures, but he has as yet made no plans concerning them.

In the Presidential campaign of 1884 an illustrated weekly paper of the order of *Harper's Weekly* was started under the auspices of the National Republican Committee. It was known as *Munsey's Weekly*. The publisher was F. A. Munsey, of Murray Street, who had been engaged in the publication of an illustrated journal for youth known as *The Golden Argosy*. It was his intention to continue the publication, but the plan failed through lack of necessary capital. Speaking of story papers for children, Mr. Munsey said that there are half a dozen such publications, including his own, which have attained a circulation in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand. With all of them there is a constant effort to get some big feature that will give their paper prominence. Mr. Munsey has just made a contract for a story by P. T. Barnum, the publication of which is to be begun in a short time.

The library of the late Coloeel Richard M. Hoe, which was sold last week, has among its treasures the works of Chatto, Sotheby, Singer, Weigel, Holtho, and others, a number of them being on large paper. The extra-illustrated copy of Chatto's "Treatise on Wood-Engraving," extended to three volumes by the insertion of over one thousand plates, including rare specimens of Düer and other old masters, deserves special mention. In this connection may be noted, too, the extensive and interesting collection of engravings, fac-similes, title-pages, devices, letter-press, etc., relating to the art, bound in thirty-seven large quarto volumes, which will be found catalogued under the title of "Typographical Miscellanies." Works treating especially of the origin of the invention of printing are fully represented. There will be found both the "Chronicle of Cologne" and the "Batavia" of Hadrian Junius, the first disseminator of the Koster legend. Among the books in general literature will be found fine sets on large paper of the Boston edition of "The British Poets" and "The British Essayists," and the large paper editions of Macaulay, Hallam, Lamb, etc.

New Publications.

"Next of Kin," a novel by Miss M. Bentham-Edwards, and "Marrying and Giving in Marriage," a novel by Mrs. Molesworth, are the latest issues of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 and 15 cents, respectively.

"The Flamingo Feather," by Kirk Monroe, is a thoroughly good boys' story. The hero is a French lad of three centuries ago, who accompanies his uncle to the French Huguenot settlements in the new world, and meets with just the thrilling adventures boys like to read about. The illustrations are excellent. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.

"The Story of Margaret Kent," by Henry Hayes, is the initial number of a new library for summer reading, called Ticknor's Paper Series. It is a sixteenmo of four hundred and forty-four pages, printed in good type on fair paper, bound in thick paper covers, and selling for fifty cents. Thirteen weekly volumes will be published during the summer, including republications of recent successful novels and a few original stories. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Masters of the Situation," by William James Tilley, B. D., is one of those books that give advice on the best means to attain success and power. But it is not unpleasant, as most books of its kind are; it is brightly written and contains anecdotes and illustrations from the lives of famous men and women which enliven the pages and impress the points. There is an index to persons, characteristics, professions, etc., mentioned in the book. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"The Statesman's Year-Book for 1887," compiled by J. Scott Keltie, shows again a considerable increase in size on last year's volume. The publication is an English one, and accordingly devotes great space to Great Britain and her colonies; but the scope of the work is universal, and from it we can learn almost anything we wish of the statistical and historical record of the world in the past year. The colonial dependencies of France and Germany are treated at length, and the new censuses of these two countries have been embodied. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price \$3.00.

"Juanita," by Mary Mann, is like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in many respects. It was written thirty-odd years ago, and though somewhat rambling as a story, is a very clear and interesting picture of Cuban society half a century ago. The slavery of Cuba was very much worse than in the Southern States, and one is not surprised that Mrs. Mann should wish to further the cause of emancipation after witnessing such cruelty and barbarity as she describes. The Miss Wentworth of the story is evidently Mrs. Mann, and her literary executor assures us that the personages, scenes, and events are all true. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by C. Beach.

"New York," by Ellis H. Roberts, has been added to the list of volumes already published in the American Commonwealths Series, which Horace E. Scudder is editing. The first volume—it is in two volumes—treats of the period before the advent of the English, and when New York was a British colony; the second, of the State during the Revolution and from that time to the present. Together they form an admirable narrative of the State's history—accurate and picturesque, with proper regard to proportion, and treating all questions with an evident desire for impartiality. The work is thoroughly indexed, and there is a good map of the State. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$2.50 for the two volumes.

A service has been done the reading world by the publication of a new edition of Sir John Suckling's poems by Frederick A. Stokes, of New York, late of White, Stokes & Allen. Former editions of the dainty verses of this courtier and wit are so rare and expensive that he is scarcely known now save by the few extracts published in collections of verse. The present edition is expurgated, of course, for some of Suckling's verses could not be read in a family circle to-day, though the customs of his time may have sanctioned them; but it contains all that is wholesome. The volume is edited, annotated, and provided with a preface by Frederick A. Stokes, and an etching from the Vandyke portrait serves as a frontispiece. The paper is heavy and unsized, with wide margins and gilt tops, and the typography is very tasteful. For sale by C. Beach.

The Riverside Press has recently begun the publication of a new and complete edition of "The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning," in six volumes, four of which have already appeared. Mr. Browning revises his works so often and there is so much in them that few but the Browning cult care to read, that the publication of a complete edition of his works has not been an alluring task to American publishers; but we think that the Riverside Press will not repent of its undertaking. The poems and dramas, including even the opening one, "Pauline," which, Mr. Browning says, "I acknowledge and retain with extreme repugnance," are arranged as in the latest English edition, in the order of their dates and with the author's latest corrections, the more recent poems which have appeared since the publication of "The Ring and the Book" being given in the order of their first appearance. Each volume contains from four hundred to five hundred pages; the paper is heavy, uncut, and with gilt tops; the contents of each volume are given in the separate tables of contents; and the final volume will be provided with indexes of contents and of first lines. The first volume contains a steel-plate portrait of Browning, etched by J. A. J. Wilcox from a photograph taken this year. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Some Magazines.

The July number of the *Studio* will contain two notable etchings—a portrait of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, etched from life by Paul Rajon, and an etched portrait of the late Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, by Robert Blum. The June number contains a number of reproductions of paintings belonging to the late Miss Wolfe, including works by Meissonier, Gérôme, Knaus, Munkacsy, and Cabanel.

The first number of *Dress*, a new monthly periodical edited by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, has made its appearance. It is devoted to the interests of dress reform, and, as its editor announces, "modestly elects to become authority on the subject of healthful, beautiful clothing for women and children." The number is handsomely printed, and its contents are bright. There are contributions by Dr. C. Wesley Emerson, May Wright Sewell, Julian Hawthorne, Abby Wood, Olive Logan Elizabeth Richardson, and B. Marie Muller.

Professor Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, contributes to the *Forum* for June an article under the significant title, "Is Andover Romanizing?" An exceptionally interesting contribution is "Books that have Helped Me," by Andrew Lang. An article on "The Form and Speed of Yachts," by Professor R. H. Thurston will be widely read. "Railway Passes and the Public" is by I. T. Brooks, counsel for the Pennsylvania Company. The first of a series of papers on "The Object of Life," by Professor George J. Romanes, disciple of the late Charles Darwin, gives the views of an evolutionist philosopher on this weighty question.

In the *Magazine of Art* for June the opening article is on Frank Dicksee, the youngest member of the Royal Academy. An interesting article follows on "Pictures in Enamel," giving illustrations of the more famous ones. A very readable paper is that which gives us a glimpse of the Royal Academy banquet. A paper on "Russian Bronzes" gives some fine specimens of spirited work. This is followed by an account of Lafestre's "Trüan," recently published by Quantin, of Paris. There is an attractive description with pencil of that fine old English place, Hardwick Hall, with its picture gallery filled with portraits by Holbein, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua, and others. The frontispiece is a handsome photogravure reproduction of Frank Dicksee's "The Symbol."

Appleton Morgan, in the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, resumes the discussion of the question, "Are Railroads Public Enemies?" Professor William James discusses "Some Human Instincts." In "Theology under its Changed Conditions," Canon Fremantle approves and advises the most liberal exercise of criticism in matters of Biblical history and religious doctrine. In "Science and Pseudo-Science," Professor Huxley sharply criticises the Duke of Argyll's essay. "Professor Huxley on Canon Liddon." Other articles are: "Astronomy with an Opera-glass," "Go! Food and Physique," "Combination of Effort," "Industrial Education and Railway Service," "Grains of Sand," "Appearance and Reality in Pictures," "The Higher Education of Women" is discussed in the Editor's Table.

One of the most interesting articles in the June *Century* is "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," by George Kennan, the Siberian traveler; a portrait of the present count forms the frontispiece of the number. "College Boat-racing" is discussed by Julian Hawthorne, and "Boat-racing for Amateurs," by "Henry Eckford," of Yale; a number of illustrations accompany the articles. "Jack," a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is illustrated by Mary Hallowell Foote and I. R. Wiles. In the Lincoln history, this month's installment deals with the assault on Sumner and the public excitement following it, and with the Dred Scott decision, in its wide bearings, and presents the views of the rivals, Lincoln and Douglas, on the subject. "Petersborough Cathedral" is considered architecturally by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "How Food Nourishes the Body," by Prof. W. O. Atwater, with illustrations. The war papers are, "From the Wilderness to Cold Harbor," and "Hand-to-Hand Fighting at Spotsylvania."

In *Harper's Magazine* for June, Madame Dieulafoy contributes the leading article, an account of her and her husband's adventures at Susa, the ancient capital of Darius, and of the archaeological treasures discovered there by them. Howard Pyle has written and illustrated a story of Puritan England in "Stephen Wycherlie." Colonel John Mason Brown, a direct descendant of one of the Kentucky pioneers, gives a stirring account of their early struggles and adventures. Professor Ely traces the growth of corporations, from their early beginnings in this country to their present strength. "The Route of the Wild Irishman," by W. H. Rideing, describes the country traversed by the fast mail train from London to Holyhead, in a short article accompanied by some of the finest illustrations of the number. R. R. Bowker writes of a "Sheet of Paper." The article tells much about paper-making, ancient and modern. The occupant of the "Easy Chair" discusses the relations of publishers and authors, recent public gifts to New York, and the ocean yacht race.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Horace Walpole, in dining with the Duchess of Queensborough on her eightieth birthday, said, in proposing her health, "May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly." Her ladyship's tongue was as ready as his own. "I thank you, Mr. Walpole," she replied, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

While R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio, was living in the White House in Washington, his wife one morning saw a little girl gazing about in the East Room, and went up to her, saying: "What is your name, little girl?" "Dora," was the reply. "Well, Dora," said Mrs. Hayes, "I am very glad to see you." "You'd be gladder," said the child, "if you knew I was from Ohio."

A Harvard man, who graduated four years ago, on a recent visit in Cambridge, called on one of his old classical instructors. Said the latter: "Well, how do you hold on to your Latin? Strong in it, yet?" "Hold on to it, professor? Why, I've forgotten all the Latio I ever knew, except just one line." "Well, it's good to keep even one," said the professor; "which is it?" "Facilis descensus Avern!"

Mr. Webster tells a pleasant story concerning his Italian journey. He called upon a prominent publisher in Turin, and that worthy upon receipt of his card rushed forth with an effusive welcome. Mr. Webster, rather astonished at so much cordiality in a total stranger, suggested that his name could hardly be known to his Italian brother in business. "What!" exclaimed the Italian, "the publisher of the 'Pope's Life!' And then—with a profound bow—your beautiful dictionary!"

They tell a story of a Boston gentleman who came to the Pacific Coast with a party of excursionists, and who, when the car-porter had done his best dusting him off, said, with a benevolent smile: "Well, I suppose you want something for your trouble," and drawing out his fat pocketbook, took two bright new pennies and handed them to the porter. A look of puzzled astonishment overspread the features of the African, but as soon as he regained speech he passed them back with the remark: "We has no use for them here, sah!" "Oh," replied the New Englander, "keep them, keep them, you may go East some time."

Henry George is much more settled in his habits than Dr. McGlynn, and shares his time pretty equally between the *Standard* office and his home in Harlem. The editor's work is done in the morning chiefly; of an afternoon, especially at the end of the week, one is almost certain to find that Mr. George is out. There is a queer lingo down at the *Standard* office for the initiated: "Is his giblets in?" asks a frequenter who has just opened the door—some labor reporter, probably. "No; you won't find him in as late as this. He works on the eight-hour plan, and goes up town early." "Well, where's his jags?" "Hasn't been in to-day. Guess he's over in Brooklyn." "His jags" is the Rev. Dr. McGlynn; "his giblets" is the editor of the *Standard*.

A venerable New Yorker recently advertised, asking any one who wished to go to Europe under pleasant auspices to apply to him, and giving his address. This advertisement was seen late one night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to take a cab, into which porter and caddy hoisted him. He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the sidewalk, and with much dignity ordered the caddy to practice on the knocker of the old-fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and bawled: "What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?" "Come t'ansher 'verishment." "Well, sir, what have you to say?" "That's orri. I've come to shay: t'erry sorry, but I can't go with you. Good'ni."

The great steamship is tossing like a cork upon the water (writes a correspondent of the *Providence Journal*). The man who sleeps in the berth underneath mine has put his head out to speak to me, and has received an avalanche of books, bags, brushes, and combs from a shelf above him. After the manner of a bear with a sore head, he makes sweeping allusions and disappears. "Jodson, I remark," just look at those things on the floor—are they yours?" We are holding on to our rails with heads projected over the sides of our berths; the floor of the cabin is occupied with three portmanteaus, a hand-bag, boots, books, brushes, and a silk bat; these are all pursuing each other from side to side, backward and forward, with an amusing frequency. "It doesn't matter," says Jodson, wearily. Just then one of the portmanteaus has buried the hat into a corner, and crushed it to pieces. I laugh immoderately. Jodson slowly curls himself up, and smiles. "It's your hat," is all he says.

A curious story regarding Bazaine comes from Madrid. The "Man of Metz," as the French call him, one afternoon a few days ago stepped into a confectioner's shop in the Calle de Alcalá. It was kept by a Frenchman, but of this fact Bazaine was ignorant. The place was full of people, carriages on the way to the Buen Retiro having stopped before the door that the occupants might indulge in an ice, or other delicacy. Bazaine approached a table. The crowd nudged each other and whispered, while the proprietor, standing at his desk, recognized him and turned pale, but said nothing. The ex-marshal took a cake from a plate and began eating without apparently noticing the commotion his entrance had occasioned. The confectioner disappeared for a moment in a rear room, then returning with a large hamper, threw all the cakes exposed for sale into it, passed into the street, and deposited the contents of the hamper into the gutter. Returning, he said to his bewildered patrons, "Gentlemen, the shop is closed for to-day. It will be open to-morrow." Bazaine understood, grew livid with anger, put down a piece of money on the cashier's desk, and left. The Frenchman took up the coin with a shovel and threw it among the cakes, which the dogs were already fighting over. Then turning to his customers, who were preparing to leave, considerably impressed by this display of Gallic patriotism, he remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, I knew you would not have cared to handle cakes that Bazaine had touched." And he ordered his clerks to put up the shutters.

In 1863 Monsieur de B— spent some time in Russia, and on returning to France published an account of his travels, with some stringent comments on the condition of the lower classes. The book was, of course, prohibited in Russia, and had but a limited circulation in France. It long ago dropped out of public notice. In 1883, just twenty years later, the younger brother of the author, in making a tour through Europe, came to St. Petersburg. I arrived—he said—at eight, and was driven to an hotel. The next morning an officer in a gorgeous uniform called on me, and, after an introduction and most ceremonious salutations, inquired, "Your name, I believe, is Monsieur de B—?" "Yes." "From the province of — in France?" I assented. "A kinsman, it may be," with still more profound bows, "of Monsieur de B—, who, in 1863, published a certain volume entitled—?" giving the name. "He is my brother," I replied; "what of that?" "Nothing. But I have the honor to be detailed to accompany monsieur to Memel." "But I am not going to Memel! I am going to travel through Russia." "Pardon," with the most extreme suavity, "monsieur is going to Memel by the noon-train, and these gentlemen and myself will hear you company." He opened the door; two gentlemen were in the corridor. It was useless to resist. He accompanied me to the train, sat beside me, that I might not speak to any other person, was civil, but a jailer. At Memel he took leave of me, with the utmost courtesy. "Monsieur is now outside of Russia," he said; "a mere suggestion is sufficient to a person of his intelligence. He will probably remain there."

SOCIETY.

The Johnson-Forbes Wedding.

At Culloden Glen, near San Rafael, the country residence of Mrs. A. B. Forbes, her daughter, Miss Isabella Forbes, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Howard Russell Johnson, son of ex-Governor James A. Johnson. The wedding was quietly celebrated, only a few intimate friends and relatives being present. The decorations of the house were in exquisite taste, the various apartments being embowered in a wealth of roses. In the parlor these beautiful flowers were seen mingled in the bridal bower with delicate ferns, wild flowers, and exotics of every variety. A marriage bell, wrought of white camellias, jasmine, and orange blossoms, depended from the centre of the bower. In the other rooms and halls flowers and foliage united in making a very pretty decoration. The wedding march announced the entrance of the bridal party, at a quarter before one o'clock. The satin ribbons that barred the entrance between the front and rear parlors were untied by little Harry Hyde, who led the procession, and behind him were the two ushers, Mr. William Forbes and Mr. W. E. Benedict. Then came the three sisters of the bride, Misses Maud, Edith, and Catherine Forbes, who acted as bridesmaids, and following them was the bride, leaning upon the arm of her uncle, Mr. Charles Forbes. They were met beneath the marriage canopy by the groom and his best man, Mr. Willoughby Cole. At the conclusion of the impressive ceremony, congratulations were tendered to the happy couple by those present, and later on a wedding breakfast was partaken of. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to the city, and remained at the Palace Hotel until the following day, when they departed for a tour of the southern counties. They will reside in this city. Their wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Those invited to the wedding were: Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Hon. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Newlands, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Highton, Dr. and Mrs. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hott, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Menzies, Miss Catherine Forbes, Miss Newlands, Miss Garber, Miss Lucy Ott, Miss Hyde, Miss Harrison, Miss Annie Newlands, Miss Griffin, Mr. Charles Forbes, Mr. William Forbes, Mr. Willoughby Cole, Mr. W. E. Benedict, Mr. Chancey, Mr. Story, and Mr. Henry Macias.

The Schmiedell Dinner Party.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell gave an elegant dinner party at her residence on Post Street on Friday evening of last week. The honored guests of the evening were Miss May Fargo, and her fiancé, Dr. G. T. Stewart. The appointments were dainty in every particular, the predominating color being white. On a flat mirror in the centre of the table were three crystal receptacles almost overflowing with Duchesse de Brabant roses, and at each of the four corners were baskets containing beautiful pink blossoms. The chandelier overhead was festooned with roses, and from it depended a sphere of pink pinks. At each corner was a corsage bouquet or a bunch of pink flowers, and the table was particularly beautiful. Several hours were very pleasantly passed at the table in the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu and later in the evening the parlors were sought, where music and conversation combined in making the remainder of the evening most delightful. Those present were: Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Miss May Fargo, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Emma Durbow, Miss Mattie Peters, Dr. George T. Stewart, Mr. Alfred Reddington, Mr. George Howard, Mr. Robert J. Woods, and Mr. Harry Durbow.

The Wynne-Mezes Wedding.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Carmelita C. Mezes, daughter of the late Mr. S. M. Mezes, of Belmont, to Mr. Ernest Murray Phillips Wynne, second son of the Rev. E. B. Phillips Wynne, of Shoehuryness, Essex, England, which took place last Saturday afternoon in Sausalito. The pretty Episcopal Church was decorated with ferns and flowers. In the front of the chancel, over where the bridal party was to stand, was suspended a large horn of plenty composed of marguerites, and from this to the sides of the chancel hung two strings of white roses. To the right of the chancel where the letters "M" and "W" inter-twined in a monogram of white pinks, and on the left side was a rose-lovers' knot in white pinks, and a horse-shoe in marigolds. Shortly after three o'clock the officiating clergyman, Rev. Frederick W. Reed, rector of Christ Church, entered from the vestry, with the groom and his best man, Mr. Donald V. Campbell, and awaited the bridal party at the chancel rail. First came two ushers, Mr. E. J. Pringle, Jr., and Mr. M. Hall McAllister, followed by Mr. E. J. Pringle and the bride's mother, Mrs. S. M. Mezes; after them came Mr. S. Duncan Hayne with Miss Louise Campbell, and Mr. Donald Tillinghast with Miss Corolla Pringle; and then the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Sidney E. Mezes, two little girls of rosy cheeks immediately preceding them, and the maid of honor, Miss Virginia de Fremery, following. They advanced to the chancel rail, where the ushers and bridesmaids ranged themselves in a semi-circle about the bride and groom. After the impressive ceremony, the newly married pair passed down the aisle, preceded by the two little girls, who strewed their path with roses.

The bride's dress was of ivory-white satin, with court train, tablier of point lace, corsage square, and trimmed with a plastron of point lace, with a spray of orange blossoms on the left side; ornaments, diamonds and a collar of pearls, with diamond clasp; bouquet, white roses. Miss de Fremery wore pale-hellotrope silk, with draperies of black lace, bouquet, Marten Van Hurst roses. Miss Corolla Pringle wore a plush and lace dress of old-rose color, with bouquet of La France roses. Miss Louise Campbell wore a Marguerite dress of pale-blue cashmere, bordered with plush of the same color, and Marguerite coil; bouquet, white marguerites.

Mrs. Mezes was dressed in a black-silk and tulle costume, with train, bouffant of Chantilly lace, and pink ribbon on sides; bouquet of black lace and pink roses; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Excursion Up the Sacramento.

At the invitation of Colonel Charles F. Hanlon, and under the chaperonage of Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, a party of friends left here last Monday morning on the steamer *Pride of the River* for an excursion up the Sacramento river. The trip was a delightful one, the weather being pleasant, and every preparation having been made for the pleasure and comfort of the guests. Music and song made the evening hours pass quickly and pleasantly. The return was made at midnight on Tuesday evening after two most pleasant days. Among those in the party were: Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, Miss Emeline Hanlon, Miss Isabel Sherwood, Miss Josie Hanlon, Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon, and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas is expected back from Europe in a few days. Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Brigham have gone to their summer residence at Lake Tahoe for a sojourn of three months. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are at Trouville, in France. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Russell and Miss Jean Russell departed for an Easter trip this week. Signor G. B. Galvani will leave for Europe next Saturday and will return here in September. Mr. John R. Jarboe, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Dora Boardman, and Miss Tompkins are at the Kittredge House in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham went to Santa Barbara last Sunday.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clark and Miss Clark will be at Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Howard have been enjoying a visit at Olinda.

Mrs. E. M. Martin is paying a visit at the Warner ranch. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Flavin will pass the summer at the Pacific Ocean House in Santa Cruz.

The Misses Otelia and Alice Mau returned to the city on Tuesday from an enjoyable visit to Miss May Wickersham at Pasadena.

Captain and Mrs. D. C. Nichols contemplate a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is at Santa Cruz. Miss Emeline Hanlon will leave for San Rafael on Monday to visit friends there for a couple of weeks.

Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., was at the Geysers last week. Mr. Henry Schmiedell has gone to Salt Lake City on a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will depart for Santa Cruz about the 20th inst.

Mr. Edward H. Wilson has returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. William Irwin and Miss Lulu Irwin have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins at Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from a three weeks' visit at El Paso de Robles Springs.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley intend making the summer season at Santa Cruz, their abiding place during the summer season.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Miss Grace Jones are occupying one of the cottages at the Tamalpais Hotel, in San Rafael.

Mr. Harry I. Thorpe has returned from his European tour and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John A. Paxton came from Madroño Knoll on Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Lux was at the Napa Soda Springs during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Thomas have left the Palace Hotel for their summer home in Berkeley.

Colonel E. A. Belcher has gone to Marysville, to pass a week at the home of his brother, Hon. I. S. Belcher.

Miss Kate Felton is visiting Mrs. George Loomis at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis went to the Napa Soda Springs last Monday.

Mrs. E. J. Baldwin and Mrs. A. A. Bennett will go to the Santa Anita ranch next Monday for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Henry E. Highton is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor passed a few days at the Napa Soda Springs this week.

Mrs. S. G. Wilder, of Honolulu, returned from a visit to the interior last Saturday, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel with her children, Miss H. K. Wilder and James A. Wilder.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Florence Pope, and Miss Mary Pope returned to St. Helena last Saturday.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder are now occupying their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Miss Emma Voell has returned to San José, after a pleasant visit to friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale and Misses Ella and Minnie Nightingale went to Santa Cruz this week, to reside in their cottage during the season.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer will leave for Santa Barbara about the middle of June, to visit Mrs. W. W. Hollister.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, Miss S. H. Snell, and Miss Adeline A. Birdsal will pass the month at the Calaveras Big Trees.

Mrs. Julia Lissak and her daughter, Mrs. I. R. Tobias, intend passing the summer months at Oak Lawn, in Santa Clara County, the country residence of Mr. J. W. Burnham.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will leave for Santa Cruz next week, and will stop at the Pope House for a couple of months.

Captain J. Simpson, the Danish Consul, and family returned last Monday from San Rafael, after a month's sojourn there. Their eldest daughter is perfectly restored to health.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Thornton are at the Liddell House in Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers, of San Rafael, are now residing in this city.

General W. H. L. Barnes went to Santa Cruz last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, of San José, have taken a cottage at Santa Cruz for two months.

Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Shafter, Miss Shafter, and Miss Scott were visitors at the Geysers last week.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess went to Santa Cruz last Saturday, to occupy their cottage at the Pope House for about six weeks.

Mrs. O'Meara and Miss Jennie O'Meara are at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey have rooms at the Pope House in Santa Cruz for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado are at their residence on Sutter Street. They will return to their ranch in San Benito County in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. George A. Low and family will remain at the Kittredge House in Santa Cruz during the summer.

Senator Leland Stanford, Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Mr. A. N. Towne were in Los Angeles several days this week.

Mrs. E. L. Filkins and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bingham have returned to Marysville after a visit here of a couple of weeks.

The Misses Eugenia, Carmelita, and Adelle Ferrer will pass most of the summer at Santa Cruz.

Miss Jennie Hobbs and Miss May Norton intend passing the summer season at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat departed for their European tour last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Goewey and the Misses Goewey are at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. H. N. Cook will be at the Napa Soda Springs most of this month, and at Santa Cruz during July.

Dr. Martin Regensburger went to Santa Cruz last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles E. Brown has gone to Santa Cruz to spend the summer.

Mr. Warren D. Clark intends passing most of the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. S. F. Thoro and the Misses Ella and Minnie Thoro are traveling in France.

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten and the Misses Masten will be at Menlo Park during the summer months.

Mrs. Hay McAllister is entertaining Miss Maud Mowat at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington, of Carson City, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young went to Santa Barbara on Thursday, to remain a few weeks, and later in the season they will occupy their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins have gone to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett are at the Grand Hotel, but will go to their ranch above Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, next week.

Mr. E. B. Rail arrived from Carson City last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McCoy are passing a couple of weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, were in the city during the first part of the week.

Captain A. M. Brown has returned from San Luis Obispo, and is now at the Grand Hotel.

Miss Sallie Stetson is enjoying a visit to friends in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. S. W. Sperry and Miss Beth Sperry, of Stockton, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. J. De Barth Shorb arrived here from San Gabriel last Monday.

Miss Lucia Kittle has gone to Baltimore to visit the family of Mr. Louis McLane.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crooks, of Denicia, were in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. W. E. Sharon came down from Virginia City last Sunday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marguerite Wallace is visiting Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue at San Rafael.

Mr. Peter Decker, of Marysville, is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Drury Melone came down from Oak Knoll last Wednesday.

Hon. Charles N. Felton has gone to Oregon on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Hon. and Mrs. Rollin M. Daggett, of Virginia, Nev., have been passing several days here this week.

Miss Helen E. Aldrich is a guest at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant are passing the week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. James T. Rucker, of San José, came to the city on Thursday.

Hon. William M. Stewart, arrived here from Carson City on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill came up from Madrone in the middle of the week, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Rose Finley will pass considerable of the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Ella Bunker will visit the Yosemite Valley this season.

Miss Hattie Tay will leave for the Yosemite Valley on Monday with a party of friends.

Miss Edith Bunker is enjoying the picturesque scenery at Congress Springs.

Mr. A. C. Bonnell passed the earlier portion of the week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Manel, Miss Adelle Martel, Miss Jennie Martel, Mrs. James de la Montanya, and Miss Jennie de la Montanya went to Santa Cruz on Wednesday, to occupy their cottage for the summer.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss May Fargo, niece of Mr. Calvin F. Fargo, will be married on Wednesday, June 15th, to Dr. G. T. Stewart, son of the Hon. Thomas E. Stewart of New York. The ceremony will take place at noon in Trinity Church and will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the residence of Mr. J. B. Fargo, 1310 O'Farrell Street.

Miss Lulu Fargo will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Mattie Peters, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Durbow, and Miss Lucia Gere.

The best man will be Mr. A. H. Fish, and the ushers, Mr. Harry Durbow, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George Howard, Mr. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. R. J. Woods. Dr. Stewart and his bride will depart for Connecticut in the afternoon, to witness the marriage of his cousin the following Wednesday, and from there an extended Easter trip will be made.

The Young Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Rafael, intend giving entertainments on June 7th and 8th, at the Guild Hall of the church. On the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, June 7th a bazaar will be held for the sale of plain and fancy articles. During the evening musical selections will be rendered, and the sale will end at 11 p. m.

The next evening, Wednesday, June 8th, a select concert will be given at the same place, in which Mr. H. J. Stewart, the well-known organist, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. J. C. Small, Mr. Henry Heyman, and others will take part.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Frank (the parents of Mrs. Samuel Rosener, of this city, and of Mrs. S. Lipman and Mr. Samuel Frank, of New York city) will be celebrated at Mr. Samuel Rosener's residence, 1430 Geary Street, Saturday and Sunday, June 11th and 12th. Reception between 2 and 10 p. m.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, on Van Ness Avenue, their daughter, Miss Nellie Stetson, will be married next Monday to Mr. Ricardo Pinto.

It is said that next year the Southern Pacific Company intends to build a summer resort or hotel on a large scale. It is to be somewhat on the same plan as the Del Monte, but not quite so extensive. It will stand facing the west side of the famous Mount Shasta, in the immediate vicinity of the railroad track. A large plot of land in that delightful little vale called Strawberry valley has already been selected as a site for the new building.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., departed for the Eastern States last week, on a two weeks' trip.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Adam Shaker, Mrs. J. Howell, and Mrs. L. S. Foster, of Alcatraz, were guests at the Occidental Hotel on Thursday.

The Loring Club elected the following officers at its last meeting to serve during the ensuing term: President, Mr. F. F. Low; Vice-President, Mr. William Alvord; Secretary, Mr. W. C. Stadfeldt; Treasurer, Mr. W. A. Morrison; Librarian, Mr. F. G. B. Mills; Musical Director, Mr. D. W. Loring.

CCCCXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, June 5, 1887.

Rice and Tomato Soup.

Salmon, Cucumber Gravy.

Fried Chicken, Cream Gravy.

Asparagus, Young Beets.

Roast Beef. Potatoes.

Lettuce. French Dressing.

Sonnie Russe. Fancy Cakes.

Cherries, Apricots, Peaches.

SOUFFLE RUSSE.—Boil three pints of milk, half a box of gelatine, and yolks of four eggs. Sweeten and flavor; stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Pour in moulds, and when ready eat with whipped cream.

Mr. James Greig, who has been assistant manager of the Occidental Hotel for some time past, has resigned that position to take the secretaryship of the San Francisco Lumber Company.

The champion bounty-jumper was one John Hodgson, an English soldier, aged twenty-six, who was executed on April 27, 1787, in Suffolk, for highway robbery. He confessed at the gallows that, within six years, he had enlisted ninety-eight times with different recruiting parties in England, Ireland, and Scotland; that he received as bounty money 597 guineas; that he seldom remained with the party more than two days; and that he committed a number of robberies, by which he gained £236 14s. 8d. He kept a regular account of his receipts and disbursements, and died worth eighty pounds, which he took care to transfer to a favorite female, previous to his trial. He was taken up three times for desertion, and received three hundred and fifty lashes at Colchester, which he bore without even so much as a sigh.

The most expensive headress in the British army is the bearskin, which lends such an imposing air to the members of the Foot Guards. Each bearskin helmet costs £4 9s., and lasts six years. The feather bonnet of the Highlanders costs £2 9s. 3d., and lasts eight years. The brass helmet worn by the Household Cavalry cost £1 0s. 2d., and lasts for eight years.

The jigwack is an animal used by the rulers in Central Africa for the torture of prisoners. It is broad-backed and of irregular motion, and the inability of the rider to accustom himself to the spasmodic up-and-down bobbing of the brute, which travels at a high rate of speed, causes the unfortunate offender to suffer excruciating agony.

—NEW FRENCH AND SPANISH NOVELS JUST RECEIVED BY TAUZY, GIFFORD & CO., No. 122 Geary Street.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Minnesota Blizzard.

In days of old,
When nights were cold,
And blizzards held their sway,
A cyclone held,
So I've been told,
Came whirling o'er our way;
It took me then and there,
It shot me in and there,
And I tell you
By all that's true,
It tore off all my hair,
But what care I,
Tho' wigs are high,
I'll have a wig or die.

—James G. Clark, Jr.

Auld Lang Syoe.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Ah, never; to this day I've got
That little note you signed.

And often, often, I have thought
Much cheaper 'twould have been,
If, when you wrote that little note,
You'd stencilled it in tin.

We twa hae skulkit in the fields,
For watermelons fine,
But at the fashionable farmer's voice,
We fled; and made no sign.

So now, the fertile fields' a' awa,
Synne hurdies warstna paiks,
Blyth doonhale guiden synnabaugh,
Hech, mon, ilk naiseel aiks.

—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Disturbing the Peace.

A married man in words unkind
And with much emphasis avers
His wife destroys his peace of mind
By giving him a piece of hers.

What they Pay a Dalliaferro.

"A Roland for your Alliaferro,"
Said witty Mr. Dalliaferro,
Concerning one
Who made a pone
About the famous Dalliaferro.

Bella Jones, a young lady of Del.,
Of the fashions was not very well,
So a handkerchief red,
She wrapped round her head,
And this rig to the hall did Miss Bel.

A young girl of St. Louis, Mo.,
As lovely and sweet as a ho,
Was mortified seau,
At not having a beau,
That she strung herself up in a bro.

A soldier once fought in Ky.,
In a manner exceedingly ply;
"Tho' I rank as a Col.,
He wrote in his jol,
"If I live through this war, I am ly."

Hetty Hoskins, of Hartford, Ct.,
Was amazingly proud of her pt.,
Which pride to express,
She held up her dress,
And thus a fine figure did Ht.

—Life.

The Farmer.

Once on a time he went to plough
And rise at dawn to milk the congh,
And drive with merry song and laugh
To pasture Brindle and her caugh.

Then for the pigs he'd fill the trough,
And for the market he'd be ough;
Sometimes his mare would bruise her hongh
Against a fence-post or a rough.

And there he'd switch her with a bongh
To teach her better anyhowh,
He plauted wheat to make the dough,
Which, in drought, was hard to growth.

In winter, when his work was through,
A little sport he would dough,
He'd wander with his gun and shough
And aim at crows he couldn't nough.

Sometimes he'd hunt along the slough
For birds that do not live there nough,
And shoot a seagull or a clough,
Which he wit joy would proudly stough.

From swamp land, watered by a lough,
He made good pasture for his stough,
By laying here and there a sough,
While perspiration wet his hrough.

Sometimes a snake that shed its slough
Would scare him so he'd run and pouh,
Till stuck knee-deep within a slough,
He'd yell until he raised a rough.

But rough work makes the farmer cough,
And, careless hough much people scough,
He lives on boarders rough and tough,
Whough rough thigh dough not eat en-ugh.

—Old City De.

The Year of Jubilee.

Fifty years of statues of Prince Albert,
Fifty years of India shawls as presents,
Fifty years of money in the bank, eh?
Give me a penny!

Fifty years of whitebait down at Greenwich,
Fifty years of pudding at the Cheshire,
Fifty years of punch down at the Three Tuns;
Give me a penny!

Fifty years of straight accumulation;
Fifty years of levies at St. James',
Fifty years of John Brown's beatification.
Give me a penny!

Give me a penny, weavers of Spitalfields,
Give me a penny, bakers of Whitechapel,
Give me a penny, poor folk of Seven Dials,
Give me a penny!

I'm not so rich but you can be poorer.
Say, have you read the Life of Prince Albert?
Poor as you are, you are not so poor you can't
Give me a penny.

—V. R. in New York Sun.

A Good Man.

Banks.

THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital paid-up.....\$3,000,000
Reserve.....1,000,000

Agency at New York.....62 Wall Street
Agency at.....Virginia, Nevada

London Bankers.....Union Bank of London, Lim'd

DIRECTORS.

JAS. C. FLOOD, JNO. W. MACKAY,
R. H. FOLLIS, GEO. L. BRANDER,
JAS. L. FLOOD.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Bnatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$3,600,000

DIRECTORS:

LYDDY TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't; Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of June, 1887, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

GREELEY'S INSULATORS.

Lieutenant Greeley came down to Texas in November, 1875, to build a telegraph line to San Antonio from Fort Brown. He had an insulator which he and other experts had got up in Washington, especially for this line. It consisted simply of a well-lacquered sheet-iron cap over a dry wood screw, and had the general appearance of a tomato can on the end of a broomstick when in position. Well, the line was built—four hundred miles of it—and for two weeks or a month it worked like a dream. Suddenly warm weather came along, and when warm weather strikes the lower Rio Grande, it takes hold for keeps. The thermometer crawled up to one hundred, and after several weeks of this spell the line began to get mysterious kinks in it. There was trouble somewhere, and plenty of it. The line wasn't down, but it seemed to have lost its grip on through messages. San Antonio had to do its business with Fort Brown by relaying at Laredo. In a few days Laredo could only telegraph as far as Ringgold Barracks, south, or to Fort Clark, north, and through messages from San Antonio to Fort Brown had to stop off three times en route and take a rest. At the end of a week the trouble was worse yet. Lieutenant Greeley—he was plain lieutenant then—sent couriers galloping up and down the whole circuit. They couldn't find a place where the wire was down or in contact with trees or anything. But they reported something queer with the insulators. Lieutenant Greeley was wild with indignation. The idea of an "insulator" going wrong which had been connected in Washington especially for Texas! Still the telegraph line wasn't working any better as a telegraph line than as a fish line or a clothes line, so he borrowed a mule from the quartermaster and started out to investigate. He came back in light marching order that evening with a sad secret in his heart and several inflamed lumps on his countenance, and minus the wayward army mule. The simple truth was that the Texan hornets, who are shiftless and lazy beasts, thought the new insulators were a shelter kindly provided by the government for their special use, and had gone to work and filled every hessian one of them from San Antonio down with mud, sour honey, and general cussedness, and the line was literally four hundred miles of Hades in active eruption. Lieutenant Greeley wrote on to the Washington experts, who promptly got a new breed of insulators, solid as a brick and burglar-proof. These were shipped, and Lieutenant Greeley induced a gang of innocent and unsuspecting line-men to sign a cast-iron contract to take the old insulators down. The "repairing" party left Fort Brown on April 10th. By this time the hornets had raised an uproarious family in each insulator, and the first line-man who shinned up to serve a writ of ejectment got a dose of trouble which made his hair curl. The way those hornets expressed their opinion of Signal-Service hospitality was sinful. It cost the contractor forty-six able-bodied line-men, nineteen barrels of bread-powder and a case of refined ammonia to "repair" the first eight miles of that line, and then operations ceased. When the line-men got so they could see well enough out of one eye to shoot, they went gunning for Lieutenant Greeley, but he had already fled the state in a blue fog, and the next I heard of him he had barricaded himself somewhere in the neighborhood of the North Pole. The line remained in an

Insurance.

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FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO.

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS.

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Nos. 213 & 215 Sansome Street, San Francisco.
London Office: 2 Royal Exchange Ave., Cornhill, E. C.

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Insurance Company
Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

Wm. MacDonald, Asst. Manager.

S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

No. 216 Sansome Street,

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884.....759,475 13

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON

VICE-PRESIDENT.....N. L. SHEPARD

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY.

CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

206 SANSOME STREET.

The Trust Department of this Company is prepared to undertake the management of Estates and to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depository, Trustee, Agent, Attorney, etc.; also, as Registrar and Transfer Agent of the Stock of Incorporated Companies. Income collected and remitted. All Trust Funds kept separate.

Capital, Paid Up.....\$250,000

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Geo. L. Brander, Horace L. Hill, John McKee,
Wendell Easton, P. N. Lillenthal, J. B. Randol,
Oliver Eldridge, Geo. T. Mayne, Jr., J. L. N. Shepard.

OFFICERS:

Geo. T. Mayne, Jr., Pres. MILTON B. CLAPP, Secy.
OLIVER ELDREDGE, Vice-Pres. A. D. GRIMWOOD, Manager.
NEVADA BANK, Treasurer.

ANGLO-NEVADA
ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - \$2,000,000

OFFICE.....410 PINE STREET

G. L. BRANDER.....President

J. L. FLOOD.....Vice-President

C. F. FARFIELD.....Secretary

J. S. ANGUS.....Assistant Manager

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

active and warlike *statu quo* until winter, and telegrams were forwarded by the aid of a slow but persevering mule. After the first blizzard had calmed the hornets down a little and frozen the families into solid lumps, the contractor resumed his labors and recouped his losses by shipping the insulators to Baltimore for canning clams, and sent seven dozen crates of assorted stings to England for sale as sewing-machine needles.—Henry Guy Carleton in *New York World*.

There are some interesting names found in the list of the Fiftieth Congress. Curious baptismal names abound. Among them are Jehu, Hilary, Adoniram, Knute, Cherubusco, Beriah, and Welly. There is a Baker, a Fisher, a Weaver, a Cooper, a Mason, a Glover, a Hunter, a Miller, a Brewer, a Granger, a Turner, a Taylor, and a Sawyer. The colors represented are White, Gray, and Brown. There is only one Hogg among the members.

Dr. Thomas, assistant bishop of Kansas, who was renowned as a chess player, suddenly gave up his favorite game. Asked the reason for his conduct he said: "I found that I took so much interest in the game, that when I was beaten it aroused in me feelings that I could not conscientiously entertain."

The Duke of Rutland will not allow gas anywhere in Belvoir Castle, his ancestral seat. Lamps are used all over the immense building, and a servant who has spent fifty years in the ducal service, occupies his whole time in filling the bowls and trimming the wicks.

A Card.

The great popularity attained by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company is mainly due to the superiority of their new No. 8 machine. The verdict of the people is usually correct, and the people's verdict is there is no machine that compares with the No. 8 in real point of merit.

—GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—WE HAVE IN STOCK 100,000 FEET OF PICTURE rail which we offer to the trade in quantities to suit at reduced prices. We also have many new things in picture-frame moldings. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 357 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 30 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland Oregon.

A Secret of the Toilet.

It is an open secret that one of the most important articles on a lady's toilet-table is Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

The Ladies of San Francisco

Will be surprised to see the beautiful work done in silk Chenille and Arrasene on that wonderful machine, The White. You can not spend an hour more pleasantly. The work is on exhibition at the sales-rooms of the company, 108 and 110 Post Street.

Hotels.

THE TACOMA HOTEL,
TACOMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

Terminus Northern Pacific Railroad.

W. D. TYLER, Manager.

A new and delightful summer resort; yachting, hunting, fishing, etc. The ascent of Mount Tacoma (14,444 feet high), to a height of 11,000 feet and to the GLACIERS, very easily made even by ladies. For descriptive circular and terms apply to
ISAAC REIDILL,
Room 220 Lick House, San Francisco.

PARAISO SPRINGS,
MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts. 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San Jose cars 8:30 morning, and arrive at Springs at dinner.

J. G. FOSTER, Proprietor.

DR. BRYANT, Resident Physician.

Telegraph, Express, and Post Offices.

PALACE HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, California.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including

Loaf Sugar for Export.

E. L. G. STEELE & CO., Agents.

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WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Canadian Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Buffalo Bill at Windsor.

The Queen having expressed her wish that the Wild West Show should appear before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, your correspondent escorted that body into the royal presence on Tuesday last.

A large audience of Nobles had assembled to do honor to the aristocratic redmen of the far West, and the Royal Maroon Band played "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the tribes bowed their respects to Her Majesty. The braves, in honor of the occasion, wore a new coat of paint and the regulation three feathers in their back hair—a costume which was at once effective and gentlemanly, if, as an old authority on dress has said, "A gentleman's dress is never conspicuous."

The show began by an exhibition at shooting, when Buffalo Bill shot the Koh-i-noor out of the Queen's spring crown seven times running, much to the delight of Her Majesty and the wonder of the assembled Nobles.

Several cow-ladies were then introduced, giving the British aristocracy a fair imitation of high life in New York city. The Queen was much surprised at the refined way in which American ladies do their shopping, on bucking ponies, and when one of the young ladies, with auburn hair, showed with what facility American girls use their firearms when their young gentlemen friends decline to take them to the opera, the royal family was nearly carried away with delight.

At the request of the Chum, Mr. Buffalo Bill gave a graphic representation of New York's first families on their way to church. The old camp-wagon was brought out, and Mr. Cody, disguised as Mr. Vanastorhilt, stepped up on the box and started the horses off. Grace Church was represented by a canvas tent, and Fourteenth Street was shown by a pole stuck in the ground. The Queen could hardly restrain herself when the team ran away, and the nimble Buffalo Bill tying a lasso round his waist, stopped them by casting the noose over a stump on which were growing some wistaria vines and which was supposed to represent a lamp-post. Her Majesty had heard of Mr. Vanastorhilt, but never supposed he was so clever a man.

Then, as the carriage neared Fourteenth Street, the low, ominous wail of the Sioux Indians was heard, and the faithful picture of New York life that then followed, with its awful butchery and bellowing of buffaloes on Union Square, needs no description for your readers who have grown so familiar with it in the daily round of life. Suffice it to say that the British aristocracy fairly yelled with joy as Mr. Vanastorhilt slew file after file of the attacking party, losing only his scalp and four children in the melée.

The exhibition was closed by a pastoral scene, showing how the Indians and whites live peacefully together in Philadelphia.

In return for the pleasure he had given her, Buffalo Bill and "Potato-Faced Charley" were invested with the Order of the Bath—which the Indian declined from natural scruples, not understanding the idiomatic significance of the decoration.

On the whole, the day passed off pleasantly, and there were no disturbances other than a slight misunderstanding between the Prince of Wales and a young Sioux brave, in which the prince's baldness served him in good stead.—*Carlyle Smith in Life*.

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Easter Term will begin Monday, January 3d.

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Druggist (to customer)—"There you are, sir; a two-cent stamp. Can I do anything else for you, sir?"

Customer—"Well—er—would you cash a small check? Save me the trouble of going to the bank." Druggist—"With pleasure. Anything else, sir?"

Customer—"I believe I will put one of these almanacs in my pocket, and that is all, I think, this morning." Druggist—"Thanks. Won't you have a glass of soda-water with me?"—*New York Sun*.

Phillips Brooks declares that Webster, Lincoln, and Beecher were the three greatest Americans of the century. Now, the superstitious will please observe that each had seven letters in his name, and what is more remarkable, that three times seven are twenty-one, at which age Beecher, Webster, and Lincoln all attained their majority.—*Life*.

Lord Lansdowne's name is enough to make a man eccentric. He is "Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne; Earl of Wycombe, Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire; Viscount Calne and Calstone, Wiltshire; Earl of Kerry; Earl of Shelburne; Viscount Clonmaurice and Fitzmaurice, Lixnaw, and Dunkeron."

—A GENTLEMAN FROM THE EAST HAS JUST come up from Santa Barbara, and is loud in praise of that pretty city. He says it is a perfect summer resort, and that the Arlington Hotel is one of the best-kept hostleries he ever stopped in. Mr. W. N. Cowles has reason to be proud of the reputation the Arlington has acquired under his management.

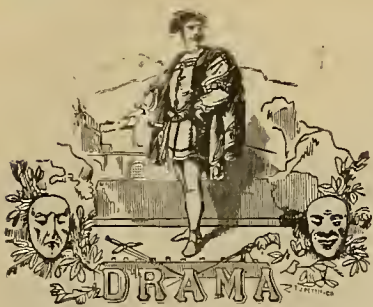
—THE SCHOOLS WILL SOON CLOSE AND EVERYBODY will go to the country for the summer. Santa Cruz, the fashionable watering-place of the coast, will be crowded next month, and Mr. E. J. Swift, of the Pope House and Pacific Ocean House, has already received orders for almost the full extent of his accommodations for several weeks to come.

—GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN HAS SHIED A LEGAL bombshell into Onahia, and so has Spaulding & Co., the pioneer Carpet-Beater, of 353 Tehama Street, telephone 3040, sent one into the carpet-beaters of this city. His work beats them all. And remember that for carpet-beating and renovating he is ahead of them all.

—THE DESTRUCTION OF BEAUTIFUL DEL MONTE has certainly increased the annual rush for Furnished Houses at Santa Cruz. Gentlemen and Families wishing to secure comfortable seaside quarters for June, July and August, should send prompt enquiry to Meyrick's Real Estate Exchange and Mart, Santa Cruz, Cal.

—BEAUTIFUL HOMES FOR SALE NEAR WRIGHT'S in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which for beauty of scenery and profit to the purchaser cannot be surpassed. Apply to A. Finnie, Wright's, Cal.

SHEET MUSIC, 10 cts.; catalogue free; 215 Dupont



Clever little Miss Louise Dilloo comes very near to preserving a type, as that artless young woman, Miss Susan MacCreery.

War stories do not differ very much in their general tenor. Our own war is fading very fast into the background of history, so that the writers may begin to touch it without having some one jump up and snarl at them that they have touched an old wound. So, though the stories are all the same, it has become possible at last to put a new people into them, and to see a war-drama without the invariable uniforms of the Franco-Prussian war and the inevitable Geneva Cross.

There was always something picturesque in the old Southern life, with its touch of feudalism. But it was its feudalism alone that passed into literature, and we were never really acquainted, through the writers, with the kind of people who moved among those spreading white houses, broad verandas, and mobs of happy, barefoot darkies, with their corn-cob banjos, who made up our idea of Southern life.

That article in *Harper's Magazine* the other day on the "Movement in Southern Literature" was ridiculously premature. To the most industrious readers many of the names were barely familiar, and young writers, upon the strength of a story or poem, were shot into sudden and most inexplicable notoriety. None the less, it is time that a perfect mine in literature existed in that vast country with its wide sectional differences, where the Baltimore belle is as different from the maid of New Orleans as terrapin, the pride of Chesapeake Bay, is different from the gumbo of Louisiana.

Charles Egbert Craddock—what a hard, unyielding name it is, and how well its consonants seem to fit the strong lines of her face—has discovered an entirely new race of mountaineers. Frances Hodgson Burnett in "Louisiana"—the most touching story, perhaps, that she has ever written, except "That Lass o' Lowries"—toured up the earth in a virgin field in that wild, almost unknown district of east North Carolina, where character grows rankly, fed by the strength of the pines.

Constance Fennimore Woolson took us with that poor little New England flower of a woman down to the tangle and swamps of Florida, and showed us those poor, tropical, pompous creatures, half poetical, half lazy, who live upon the edge of the everglades—a race new to literature, but a faithful portrait, as we all know well enough by that sixth sense which comes to us in literature.

George Cable went into the very heart of a people more exclusive, more conservative than the Chinese, as skillfully and pitilessly as a surgeon at a clinic, and was sent into exile therefore. It is a happy exile among a grateful people, and pays exceedingly well. Yet he is said to long sometimes for the scent of the magnolia and Cape jasmine, and to yearn, amid the granite strength of character and strong pulse of life by which he is surrounded, for the downy softness of the happy-go-lucky and irresponsible people among whom he once moved.

And there is a world of material still untouched. In that sad little story "Toward the Gulf"—a bit of literature which seems too strong to have been written by a woman, and too simple to have been written by a man—therefore, so to speak, no types at all. It is purely a story, but a story which could have been possible only in the South. So that the new field furnishes new motives for plot and passion, as well as a race of new types.

But these types, though they make literature rich, are not easy to put upon the stage. Hitherto the Yankee and the negro are the only American types our actors have reproduced. They have not yet arrived at appreciating our own vast sectional differences. On the French, German, and Italian stages nothing makes comedians so popular as a familiarity with the dialects. They even carry it into the heavier classic rôles. Frederic Haase astonished every one in San Francisco by playing Shakespeare's Shylock with a Jewish dialect. Cherubini, the basso of the Mapleson company, made many ineffectual struggles to have the troupe sing "Fra Diavolo," that he might give the brigand with the Sicilian dialect, a part in which he won much fame in Italy. San Francisco would probably not have known what in the world he was getting at, and would very likely have accused him of speaking bad Italian; but it was considered a fine stroke in his native country.

Some people say that we have had the frontiersmen's dialect reproduced upon our stage, but it differs all the way down the line, and besides who is going to acknowledge that the sentimental drawl which Frank Mayo made effective for some years

was an imitation of anything either in the backwoods or upon the coast?

Miss Louise Dillon's little effort, therefore, is something in the way of a pioneer experiment. Southern girls do not differ, nor have they at any time differed very much from other girls, except in this little matter of speech. The soft, melodious voice of Mammy Nurse, with the rejected consonants, stole into their speech, and clung to them their lives long. We have it still in the voice of all the older women of the South, but there is only the faint echo of it to the voice of the Southern girl of to-day. It is passing away with the new times, and this was why Miss Dillon came near to preserving a type. If she could have quite consented to shed all traces of her stage elocution it would have been very like the real thing; but no one ever says "Awty," or its kindred sounds in the South.

Miss Dillon is a jolly little actress as well, and does a lot of unexpected things to a kitesoib way which is extremely taking. She is a fine foil against Mr. Gillette, who as the "special for Leslie's" rattles and creaks with dry, sharp, Yankee humor.

Somehow, though the play is called "Held by the Enemy," and bristles with guns, and cannons, and uniforms, and smells of gunpowder, every one thinks first of these two. The bloody chasm and what the war was all about never occurs to any one's mind. The Blue and the Gray are there in the flesh, but they does not seem to exist any particular bitterness. Everybody is ooble, good, high-minded, honorable. All the Northern men fall in love with Southern women. All the Southern women fall in love with Northern men. There is no blood shed, and the only soldier who dies at all in the midst of all this powder and fire, dies of fright.

However, it was necessary to get him out of the way in order to give his sweetheart to the hero, and the time has not yet come when a mimic battle would be a safe tableau.

And talking of tableaux, "Held by the Enemy" is rather a succession of tableaux than drama, melodrama, or whatever the classifiers have made it. It contains very little literature. It is a combination of military precision and the comedy of Mr. Gillette and Miss Dillon. It is true, two lovers of the intense kind, parted temporarily by fate, are floating through its upper atmosphere, and that Miss Viola Allen and Mr. Miller are in the deep and deadly earnest which this sort of thing demands; but it is the military atmosphere that makes the play. It is all so deliciously short and sharp. The commands are so imperious, the replies are so deferential. The men carry themselves so straight, and there is such an air of discipline everywhere. It may not be at all like the real thing, but it looks as if it were. The general looks like a general; the surgeon looks like an army man and not like an actor, and every one looks something like what he assumes to be.

All this means rehearsal. When it comes to the honest truth of it, Mr. Gillette's play is a mere skeleton; or, if people do begin to talk, they talk too much. But he has a large constructive ability and a very vivid idea of dramatic situation. Also, it is possible that Mr. Gillette is really the Yankee he plays so shrewdly, and knows how to drill his plays so as to put them in shape to handle, as the dealers say. The great lack of our stage is the lack of rehearsal, excepting in one or two instances, and when a play like "Held by the Enemy" achieves a success largely because of rehearsal and a consequent promptness of action, it is easy to see what fortunes idle theatrical people are permitting to slip through their fingers.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Held by the Enemy" will be continued at the Baldwin Theatre next week.

Annie Pixley is now called a beautiful woman, and distributes her photos to celebrate the runs of her plays.

"Harbor Lights" will be continued until June 15th, when it will be withdrawn to make way for Gus Williams in "Oh, What a Night."

Emelie Melville has retired from the stage, and is reported to be coaching ambitious Australian girls for both the dramatic and the lyric stage.

A testimonial benefit will be tendered Mr. George Wallenrod, the manager of the Alcazar, by his many friends next Wednesday evening. The bill will be "Harbor Lights."

The company at the Baldwin is largely made up of people who are engaged for the ensuing year. A summer vacation in California is now regarded as quite a good business stroke in the profession.

Mme. Janish is to play "Camille" and "Violets" during her second week at the Bush Street. The latter is by Sardou, and Fanny Davenport used to play it years ago; but, of late, it has fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude.

Richard Mansfield is said to have been enormously successful as Mr. Hyde, but has quite failed to fill the author's idea of the *bonhomie* of Dr. Jekyll. Accepting Mansfield's own conception, the play is said to be indescribably thrilling.

Patti has made a match between her newly-adopted niece, Carolina Patti, and the eldest son of Signor Nicolini, with the intention of leaving to them the bulk of her fortune. The young people have never seen each other, but they have not dared to think of anything so American as a refusal.

Miss Kate Field, now stopping at the Occidental Hotel, though a literary woman, is in very comfortable circumstances. She also rejoices in the possession of a handsome figure, an admirable seat in the

saddle, great personal popularity, and many other little charms not peculiar to literary women.

Edwin Booth, being a man of simple taste who does not require much money, is about to invest the greater part of his fortune in a magnificent residence for his daughter in New York city. Although she has married a Bostonian, he is more than anxious to have her come back to live in the home of his adoption.

Mr. Gillette was not trained for the stage, and is reputed to be a graduate of Harvard College, which institution has not contributed many of its men to the theatre. Play-writing is his ambition rather than acting, though he is willing to take comparatively minor parts to make his plays go. In this respect he resembles Shakespeare.

Summer performances in the New York theatres are at last to be made comfortable. The Standard Theatre was recently fitted up with a ten-thousand-dollar machine which sucks in air from the outside, keeps it a while in an icy chamber, fans the moisture out of it, and finally seeds it into the auditorium through twenty apertures in various parts of the house.

To the military headquarters scene in "Held by the Enemy," the audience was puzzled by a clatter of sound from behind the scenes. It seemed to be part of the play, and the audience could only account for it on the hypothesis that Uncle Rufus was indulging in a mournful clog-dance behind the scenes; but it grew louder and slower, and a prolonged "who-o-a" solved the mystery. It was a realistic representation of a horse's footsteps clattering up to the headquarters.

Mme. Janish has learned English, phonetically, very well, but she is all astray to her intonations. She does not seem to have the slightest idea of what she is talking about, and gives everything in a dead monotone of lugubrious delivery. As a woman, she seems to have been once beautiful, and has attractiveness of manner, but is at the same time absolutely destitute of any histrionic talent whatever. Vienna has the reputation of turning out more generally good actors and actresses, while its star list is shorter than any other German-speaking city in Europe. Mme. Janish does not sustain its reputation.

At the original production of "Théodora" in Paris an enormous cage full of lions was brought from the Hippodrome, and placed upon the stage of the Porte St. Martin, where they created the greatest dismay among the timid French actors. Sarah Bernhardt alone took a great fancy to the beasts and they to her, and after the first few nights used to go so daringly near to them in the circus scene that the audiences came to shiver with fear. It is feared that Tigrette, who is a snarling, cross little beast, will do her some terrible injury, and her attendants have been begged to quietly poison the animal, but they all, the two maids, the two valets, and the niece, are fond of the brute, and refuse to destroy it.

Langtry, who in her palmy London days had considerable reputation as a household decorator, has carried her talent into stage matters. Every one remembers the comfortable and elegant setting of the breakfast-room in "A Wife's Peril," "Clancarty" has since become her pet play, and the bedroom scene her pet scene. She has devoted all the historic decorative love she possesses—and the shrewd Lily over-visited English country-houses without using her blue eyes—to making this room as interesting as it is handsome, and the result is something indescribably charming. The Lily is said to be something of a martinet in all matters, but in nothing more than in rehearsals and stage mountings.

South America seems to be the El Dorado of operatic impresarios. Ferrari has just deposited a guarantee of sixty thousand dollars out of one hundred and fifty thousand which Masini is to receive for fifty representations in South America. Abbey says he is going to take Patti there in March, singing in Rio, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Pernambuco, and Bahia, with perhaps two or three more cities. In the last-named city, which does not amount to much in the way of population, Mr. Abbey says, a gentleman offered him a bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars above all receipts if he would make Bahia his first stopping place in South America; but the manager could not accept, as it would necessitate a complete change in his plans. He intends to charge five dollars in gold for the cheapest seats in the gallery, and fifteen for orchestra and dress-circle chairs.

The Baldwin orchestra, after visiting indescribable tortures upon a patient public for many weeks, was soundly hissed on Monday night last. The music has been absolutely cruel, and people have borne it with a patience worthy of a better cause. On the Friday previous, when Hernani put his horn to his lips, no sound came. A full minute after the fall of the curtain, a mild, plaintive, quivery, inoffensive blast arose from the orchestra, and the wondering audience finally gathered that the horn man had come to his senses, and was trying to toot for Hernani. Still no one hissed. People wept patiently through the entire Bernhardt season with its long waits, and submitted to the frightful din without a protest. On Monday night, worn out with accumulated musical horrors, an outraged audience asserted itself. As for the man who has been managing the curtain, he must be either drunk or crazy.

Sarah Bernhardt expended about three thousand dollars in Chinese and Japanese curios in San Francisco. She took a great fancy to the Japanese masks, which the Japanese themselves regard as being one of their most artistic manufactures, but which are usually little considered by foreign purchasers. Sarah's house in the Avenue de Villiers, though ostensibly sold at auction at the time of her bankruptcy, has never been occupied since, and it is reported that it was bought in at the time by a number of her literary friends in Paris—in Paris the writers are rich—and is being held for her till she is out of difficulty. It is crammed with *bibliothèques*, but she declares that plenty of room remains for her American purchases. Sarah will reach Paris in August, after an absence of sixteen months. She will be out of debt for the first time for many years, and will have a bank account of 1,250,000 francs besides. The Parisians give her just two years to go through this.

Mr. Rider Haggard, the author of "She," was recently in a bookseller's shop. A smartly-dressed lady entered, and inquired for Mr. Haggard's books. She demurred at the price, remarking "The fact is, I am to meet the author at dinner to-night, and I want to read him up a bit, but he is not worth thirty shillings!"

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending June 4th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: "Held by the Enemy." Cast as follows:

Major-General H. B. Stamburg, Charles W. Stokes; Colonel Charles Prescott, Henry Miller; Lieutenant Gordon Hayne, James Neill; Brigade Surgeon Fielding, Melbourne McDowell; Assistant-Surgeon Hathaway, H. A. Moray; Thomas Henry Bean, William Gillette; Uncle Rufus, Leslie Allen; Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson, John W. Knowles; Captain Woodford, D. J. Sullivan; Corporal Stringer, S. Cooper; Hinton, Jean H. Williams; Lieutenant Massen, Ed. Shiley; Sentry, Hugh Fuller; Clerk, W. H. Pope; Euphemia McDowell, Miss Kate Denin Wilson; Rachel McCreery, Miss Viola Allen; Susan McCreery, Miss Louise Dillon.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Harbor Lights." Cast as follows:

David Kingsley, Gustavus Levick; Frank Moreland, Frank Richardson; Nicholas Moreland, George Dubiel; Captain Hardy, Hobart Bosworth; Captain Nelson, Frank Mordant; Richard Hockaday, George H. Trader; Solomon, Harry Russell; Jack, Emile Collins; Harbor Master, S. W. Keene; Lieutenant Wyndward, D. D. Lent; Detective Wood, F. C. Page; Dora Vane, Miss Ethel Brandon; Lina, Anna, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Chudleigh, Miss Fanny Young; Peggy Chudleigh, Miss Hattie Moore; Bridget, Miss Eleanor Barry; Polly, Miss Fanny Bowman; Mrs. Helstone, Miss Helen Mason; Mark Helstone, George Osbourne; Tom Dossier, L. R. Stockwell.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Princess Andrea." Cast as follows:

Prince Maurice de Sagan, Frank E. Aiken; Marquis de la Richaudière, Leo Cooper; Frederic, George F. Moore; Dr. de Saint-Gervais, F. Guy Spangler; M. Felix, A. G. Enos; Leonidas A. Hustler, Logan Paul; General Cracavero, A. E. Albert; Ketchum, Robert Irving; Kraft, Frank Ewing; Tanowsky, H. Henry Hardy; Joseph, Walter Johnson; Stella, Jennie Karsper; Baroness de Forbach, De Fosse; Sidonie, Vergie Grace; Princess Andrea, Janish.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Widow O'Brien." Cast as follows:

Widow O'Brien, James O. Barrows; Dora O'Brien, Miss Laura Biggar; Jerry Thompson, W. H. Bray; Nolan, Miss Kate March; Bella Thompson, Miss Freddy Stockmeyer; Count Mennaggio, Ed. Stevens; Capt. Cranberry, H. Norman; Thomas Cranberry, Al. Fredy; Richard Sparks, Arthur Messmer; Pinkerton, Harkshaw, George Harris; Passenger Agent, James Roberts.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

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At the Baldwin, next week, "Held by the Enemy."

At the Bush Street, next week, Madame Janish's company in "Camille" and "Violets."

At the Alcazar, next week, the stock company in "Harbor Lights."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Widow O'Brien."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

In the village of Meyrin, in the canton of Geneva, Switzerland, some disused wells, it is said, have been hermetically sealed and devoted to the novel purpose of serving as barometers to the people. In this arrangement an orifice of about one inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well, by means of which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air pressure outside diminishes on the approach of a storm, the air in the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this simple way notice of a storm's approach is duly given to the inhabitants. But if, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a sound of a different and well-understood character is produced by the entry of the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.

It must be a bad time for the haters in St. Petersburg. The tall hat, which has been the sign of respectability, is there utterly discredited, because it is the favorite place with nihilists for storing their bombs. The wide-awake, once so disreputable, is now the sign of order. If this news be true, your Nihilist must be a desperate fellow, indeed. Imagine him in a gale of wind holding on to his hat—but not too hard—and pretending to be in his ease. To conceive a bee in one's bonnet must be nothing to it. Conceive the delicacy of touch with which one must salute his lady acquaintances. What does he do with it in church? Think of his horror when he finds it has taken by mistake after an evening party, and especially of the poor gentleman who took it.

Experiments made at Ottawa, Canada, during the winter, showed that Martini bullets fired into a bank of well-packed snow were completely spent after traversing a distance of four feet. Snider bullets, in hard-packed snow, mixed with ice, but hard enough to prevent digging into it with a sheet iron shovel, did not penetrate more than four feet. In perfectly dry snow, packed by natural drift, but capable of being easily crushed in the hand, a bullet penetrated about four feet, and in loose-drifted dry snow less than seven feet, though fired from points only twenty or thirty yards distant.

In a late number of the London *World*, under the head of "Celebrities at Home," there is a beautiful sketch of "Buffalo Bill, Colonel the Honorable William Frederick Cody, at West Kensington." This shows what can be done with a simple frontier American name when it is properly treated.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS OF Christian science in this city are Mr. and Mrs. Bowles. They may be seen at the Palace Hotel, room 184, between the hours of nine A. M. and two P. M.; or at the Alcazar Building at three P. M. Questions will be answered in French or German, if so desired.

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Resplendent with fair faces;
The tenor's blond mustache stuck fast
And black beads choked the basses;
The actresses were pretty maids
Quite partial to caresses.
The programmes blazed with varied shades,
The audience, with dresses.The prompter played the leading part
And pounded the piano;
'Twas he who won the Prince's heart
Instead of the soprano!
Duke Harold somehow lost his head
And flitted with his mother.
Then stabbed the servant-maid instead
Of murdering her brother!The bridal feast was laid in skies,
The alto ordered chowder.
The stage-directors burned the flies,
And blue and yellow powder.
The audience escaped dismayed,
Exceedingly distressful:
But afterward the critics said
'Twas wondrously successful!
—Dellitt Sterry in Tid-Bits.**By Proxy.**Some fellows think it joy ecstatic
To wait round stage doors in the rain
For lively damsels operative,
Who have a *penchant* for champagne.
Well, let them drink the wine that fizzes,
With pocket-books like owners—flat,
I know a trick worth two of that.I, too, adore a hurlesque fairy,
But with her waste no cash nor chaff.
I sit in my apartments airy
And contemplate her lithograph.
That lithograph is quite as pretty
As she who gave this heart a pang;
It's much more modest, quite as witty;
It doesn't giggle and talk slang.It sings as well as she precisely;
'Tis never provoked without just cause;
It doesn't "make up", dresses nicely,
And has regard for grammar's laws.
It does not flirt with other fellows,
Preferring their small-talk to mine,
Nor does its dress to reds and yellows
With flaring constancy incline.It is no turbulent young gypsy
That costs a lot for gems and flowers;
Is fond of getting slightly tipsy
And rolling home in matin hours.
It is no jade, heartless, capricious
As the original must be,
But in a calm way quite delicious
It smiles across the room at me.Like moths a flickering flame pursuing
Let others flutter as they will
Their fun and frolic, wine and wooing
Let them enjoy and pay the bill.
While I in my snug den reposing
Will in my sleeve serenely laugh,
My adoration fond disclosing
Unto my siren's lithograph. —Anon.**A Box Party.**The curtain up, and Faust is singing
His vain desire for love and youth;
His tender tones are sweetly ringing
Two master-minds' eternal truth.Half tranced, the people sit and listen—
So sweet the tenor never sang;
With notes so bright they seemed to glisten,
When—hark! what means that awful bang?'Tis hut the door of Box A closing,
Released by white-gloved, careless hand;
Four men, five ladies enter, posing
The "rabble's" wonder to command.Now cloaks and wraps with downy lining
Slip from their wearers' many charms,
Showing, with costly stuff's outlining,
Considerable neck and arms.And then, with lazy languor sinking
Upon the box's foremost chairs,
Cet dames prepare to show, unthinking,
Their own (no, not the opera's) airs.
They forthwith add, with laugh and clatter,
Their quota to the whole effect:
What though they spoil a scene—what matter?
They do as their sweet wills direct.And so they rattle on unceasing,
Until the curtain falls at last—
A worried audience releasing
From interruption fierce and fast.And as they go where supper's waiting—
Game, oysters, terrapin, and wine—
The fairest of them all is stating,
She thinks the opera "just divine!" —Life.**Play-House Patchwork.**The Actor, the Actor, right singular is he;
How criticism fills his soul with either grief or glee.
Applause doth make his bosom swell—he feels that it is
fame,
But, prithee, do not tell him so, or his head may do the
same.The Agent, the Agent, sent on to advertise,
He feeds the editorial heart with mastodon lies.
He's always bent on working up some wonderful surprise,
And knows whatever's going on, because he uses "I's."The Critic, the Critic, by Thespians blessed and cursed;
He only sees a single act—and that, of course, the worst.
He gets an inkling of the plot, the rest he has to guess,
To send his criticism down in time to "go to press."The Chorus Girls, the Chorus Girls, they're bound to be
adored;
The ogle all the audience until they make us tired.
If they can see themselves in type how very proud are they;
And, ah, their "understandings" have saved full many a
play!The Dead-head, the Dead-head, on hand at every show;
He speaks of Edwin Booth as "Ted," of Jefferson as
"Joe."He'll talk with zest, though all the rest sit quiet as a mouse,
And yet he's very useful when you wish to fill a house.The Manager, the Manager, how much he has to do;
He is obliged to foot the bills—sometimes the "supers," too.
He'll "jaw" and rage when on the stage with actresses'
mammas,
And, added to his other cares, he regulates the "stars."

—Edward E. Kidder in New York World.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 10, 1887.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE JAMES LICK TRUST
heretofore designs on paper, for the construction of
the groups of Historical Statues to be erected in the space
set apart in front of the City Hall of San Francisco, Cali-
fornia, and in accordance with Thirteenth Trust in James
Lick's Deed of Trust, to wit:XIII.—"And in further trust to erect under the super-
vision of the said parties of the second part and their suc-
cessors, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San
Francisco, a group of Bronze Statuary, well worth one hun-
dred thousand dollars (\$100,000), which shall represent, by
appropriate designs and figures, the history of California.
First, from the early settlement of the Missions to the ac-
quisition of California by the United States; second, from
the acquisition by the United States to the time when Agri-
culture became the leading interest of the State; third,
from the last named period to the first day of January, one
thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four (1874)."The space set apart for the location of the Monumental
Group being ample, it is desired that the value appropriated
shall be represented adequately in groups of statues, suffi-
ciently massive to combine the greatest effect with histori-
cal accuracy and artistic workmanship in details through-
out.That all the plans to be submitted shall be made on the
scale of not less than 3/4 of an inch, and not more than one
inch, to a foot, and from the various designs which may be
submitted, three will be selected by the Trustees for con-
sideration and further modifications to be made, if found
desirable.The artists submitting these three designs selected, will
be invited to submit models and full details for competition.
The artist whose plans and models are finally selected from
these three, will be entitled to enter into a contract contain-
ing proper covenants and agreements for the construction of
the work, with said Trustees, and the remaining two, whose
designs are not accepted, will receive five hundred dollars
(\$500) each.Prominence to be given to bronze in composition of
statues, as required by the terms of said Thirteenth Trust.
Preference, so far as practicable, to be given to materials
obtained in California. Sketches to be all submitted on or
before the 15th day of September, 1887.The expenses of advertising and other incidental expenses,
and the sum of one thousand dollars for the purpose above-
mentioned, will be reserved from said sum of one hundred
thousand dollars.The Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all sketches
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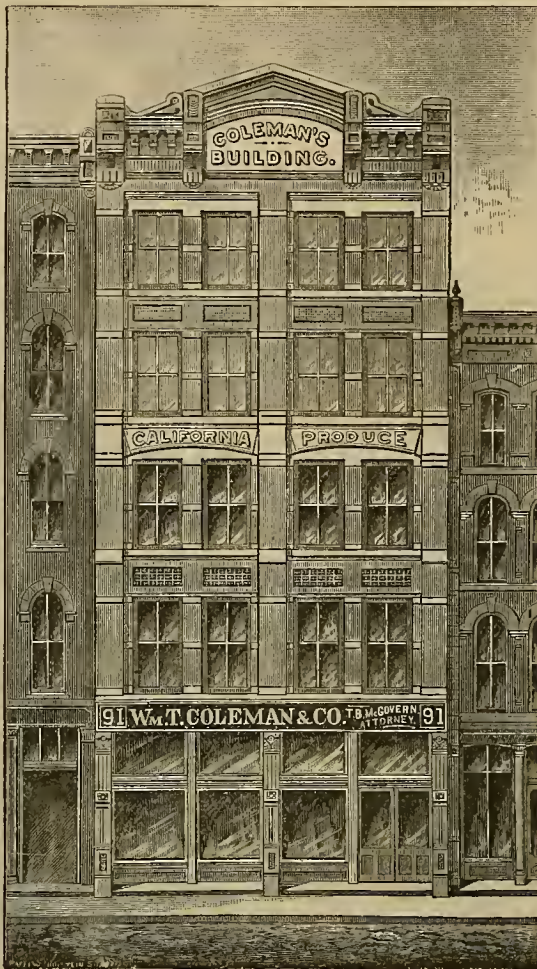
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The Argonaut.

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Governor Stanford has put forth a pamphlet embodying his views upon the question of "Coöperation of labor." A favorite idea of the Governor's is this of uniting workingmen into coöperative organizations for the carrying on of those industries and enterprises that have heretofore been regarded as accomplishable only by means of capital. To this end, he has carefully prepared a bill which was by him introduced into the Senate of the United States, on the thirtieth of December last, passed to its second reading, and laid upon the table for action at the coming session. The bill provides for the formation of associations for the purpose of conducting any lawful business and for dividing profits among their members, enabling persons whose only capital is brain and muscle to combine for the purpose of bringing the strength and intelligence of all to bear upon the common enterprise. The object of the law is to give incentive to industry, and to secure to the workers all the fruits arising from their labor. In a word, this law enables persons of industry and intelligence, who desire to engage in any "lawful

business," to incorporate themselves into an association for carrying out their enterprise without a moneyed capital. Labor becomes the central idea, and is made its own employer. There can be no conflicts between labor and capital, and no antagonism between them in organizations of this character; there can be no lockouts, or labor strikes, or misunderstandings, for in this relation labor is not the slave of capital; there is no master and servant, employer and employee, but all stand upon the same equal footing toward each other, with laws made by themselves regulating their shares of earnings according to the skill, labor, brains, and intelligence by them expended. In this idea the Governor reverses the attitude which capital and labor hold toward each other; as investment and employment of capital is dependent entirely upon the product of the labor employed by it, and as money is useless and valueless if unemployed, he would dethrone capital from its false sovereignty and, in recognition of the great truth that "Labor is King," would give it the ruling position; as gold is useless in the vaults and worthless while in idleness and unemployed, and as all capital is profitless except so far as it can make labor contribute to its active use in manufactures, agriculture, commerce, arts, and transportation, he would leave capital in its unprofitable idleness till summoned by labor to become its auxiliary in the field of industry chosen for its use. The Governor lays down a very broad proposition, and declares that all "property" is dependent upon labor for its value; that labor is the creator of capital; that without the aid of labor there is nothing of value and nothing of use; that land, which is the basis of all value, is worthless without labor; and here comes in a suggestion for the consideration of Henry George, Father McGlynn, and all agrarians, socialists, and communists. If they should should divide the earth among all its inhabitants, it would be worthless except to those who toiled upon it; so that, after division, there would come the necessity of labor to make their property valuable. The socialist philosophers, anarchists, and agrarians will be compelled to advance another step beyond the division of lands; they must compel somebody to cultivate and till them, while they make speeches and their followers attend meetings and drink beer. Governor Stanford, declares "the wealth of the world to be in the product of labor." Capital directed by intelligent enterprise, becomes the benefactor of man, inasmuch as it stimulates active industries which produce the necessities and luxuries of life, without which stimulus, labor would have remained unemployed and unproductive. According to Governor Stanford, labor holds the first position, and capital a secondary relation. Labor is indispensable, capital is simply useful. Capital is a "reserve" force; it is an aid to the organization of labor industries; capital may be obtained upon interest; organized labor may hire capital. "I am fully convinced," says he, "that one hundred industrious, sober, skillful mechanics, agreeing to combine their labor, industry, and intelligence, would possess sufficient credit to command the capital necessary to lay the foundation of any enterprise." Governor Stanford would make organized labor, combined with intelligence and conducted in honesty, sobriety, and honor, paramount, and would make capital subordinate. He recognizes that labor, performing the higher function, should hold the controlling position, should stand at the head of the copartnership and give direction to the enterprise in hand; he would take brains into the copartnership as the ally of labor, and, baving them work in friendly coöperation, he would make money take its proper position, which is a subordinate one. Instead of labor being in the position of the hired, he would put borrowed capital in that relation. Labor should be its own employee, hiring such capital as it might need from time to time, turning it off when it did not require it, and thus stop interest, as the capitalist now turns labor adrift to reduce expenses. Again quoting, "there is no undertaking open to capital—however great the amount involved—that is not accessible to a certain amount of labor voluntarily associated and intelligently directing its own effort. There is a mischievous belief among laboring people that enterprises with large backing of capital offer a better guaranty of employment. This is not true. The only guaranty of employment is its profitableness. Capital can not afford continued employment to labor at loss. Unless

the product of the labor yields a sufficient return out of which wages may be paid, and the enterprise and skill of the employer is properly rewarded, and the use of the capital also rewarded, the enterprise will of necessity be abandoned. Coöperative associations for the prosecution of any undertaking stand in exactly the same relation—possess precisely the same chances of success, if the effort is as intelligently directed—as do the same kind of enterprises projected by individuals and sustained by capital. As between the two great plans, the coöperation of labor, or the employment of labor by itself, and the hiring of labor for wages, or employment of labor by enterprise, intelligence, and capital, the latter has no advantage over the former in the way of a guaranty as against loss. The product of labor alone insures its employment, because employment of labor can not continue beyond the point at which it is profitable. In the aggregate, labor produces all the money paid back to it in wages, and all the margin of profit which inures to the employer." Governor Stanford recognizes the employers of labor as the benefactors of mankind just to the extent they promote industry, foster a spirit of enterprise, conceive great plans, and devote their thought, attention, intelligence, and skill to originate profitable labor. In times past, when the opportunities for education among workmen were more restricted and limited than at present, an intelligent employing and directing class was indispensable. Then capital and brains were almost of necessity found in the same person; if not, capital always had the sense to hire brains. Since the world began, money could employ brains, but brains have not at all times been able to command money. Governor Stanford says: "I believe the time has come when laboring men can perform for themselves the office of becoming their own employers, and, whenever labor is sufficiently intelligent to do this, it should not wait for employment by capital and enterprise, because whoever is competent to furnish himself employment is thereby rendering a voluntary servitude to capital. Capital has gained an ascendancy over labor, and so long as our industries are organized upon the division of employer and employee, so long will capital hold that relation; but associated labor would at once become its own master." Communists have no right to complain of the unequal distribution of wealth, nor has labor the right to become jealous of capital until the working class has exhausted all efforts to equalize the opportunity to acquire wealth. The distribution of wealth must follow the law of its creation, or great injustice will be done. The individual who has spent his time in idleness, his energies in dissipation, or who is born incompetent, or who has acquired or inherited uncontrollable appetites or passions which he can not subdue, or who has led a life of profligacy and crime, has no right to demand of the sober, industrious, economical toiler with brains and muscle a division of his accumulation, for, says Governor Stanford, "The individual who comes to you claiming that because you have more than himself you should divide a part of it with him, is claiming a percentage in your manhood, a share in your productive capacity. He is denying to you the right to produce, either with your own labor, as you have a right to do, or through the employment of the labor of others, which you have an equal right to do, more than a bare subsistence for yourself." All legislative experiments in the past and all devices of the law that have ever been resorted to, or that can be devised by human ingenuity for the forcible distribution of wealth, have failed. No man will toil for the accumulation of property which he can not control and enjoy so long as he lives, and at his death bequeath it to whom he pleases. Any law in derogation of any of these privileges will act in discouragement of industry and in restraint of the acquisition of property; and it is also true that so long as labor consents to a voluntary servitude, so long will laborers as a rule remain poor. Under the present relations existing in manufacturing industries between labor and capital there is a constant contest going on. Labor would, by an increase of wages, lessen the profits of capital; and capital, by lessening the price of labor, give itself higher earnings. By adopting the coöperative plan, laborers becoming their own employers, their profits depending upon their own skill, industry, sobriety, intelligence, and attendance to details, all conflict is eliminated, and from ordinary causes none can arise. This is very neatly put as follows: "The village blacksmith who employs

no journeyman is never conscious of any conflict between the capital invested in his anvil, hammer, and hellsows, and the labor he performs with them, because, in fact, there is none. If he takes in a partner, and the two join their labor in cooperative relation, there is still no point at which a conflict may arise between the money invested in the tools and the labor which is performed with them; and if, further in pursuance of the principal of cooperation, he takes in five or six partners, there is still complete absence of all conflict between labor and capital. But if he, being a single proprietor, employs three or four journeymen, and out of the product of their labor pays them wages, and, as a reward for giving them employment and directing their labor, retains to himself the premium which they, in fact, also create, and which justly belongs to him, the line of difference between the wages and the premium may become a disputed one; but it should be clearly perceived that the dispute is not between capital and labor, but between the partial and actual realization of cooperation." We have not space to follow Governor Stanford in his argument demonstrating the moral and higher influences arising from the cooperation of labor; how the laborer would be himself elevated, his character for honesty and truthfulness improved; his capacity as a workman increased; how each laborer becomes interested in the individual welfare of all; how each is a guard upon himself and upon his fellow workmen, and for his pecuniary interest watchful, active, careful, and prudent; this would so improve the laborer that he could command higher wages, and the higher profits of cooperative labor would elevate wages to all laborers who could attain the standard of excellence required in cooperative association. This line of thought can be carried along. The great majority of the community is of the laboring class; if, therefore, it can be made more intelligent, more self-respecting, can be raised to a higher plane, he rendered more industrious, sober, economical, law-abiding, and contented, then it will lift higher the whole structure of our civilization. As labor and labor-saving machinery increase, the requirements and wants of man increase and multiply. "The demand for labor," says the Governor, "increases continually with the growth of civilized conceptions. Every improvement in the method of production brings some article of comfort or elegance within the reach of a larger number of people, and makes a greater demand for labor in its production, and at this point the interdependence of all men comes into view. A man may own a piece of land, but he is dependent upon the labor of others for the instruments with which to till it. Taken as a whole, society is a grand cooperative association. As a whole, it is a unit, and this unit is divided into departments or branches of mechanical activity and scientific inquiry, and these are mutually dependent upon each other. The demand for the product of labor is unlimited. There can be no such thing as overproduction. So long as there remains a single human being with wants to supply, the demand for labor is unlimited, because the capacity of the human mind to conceive new wants is unlimited. With every advancement in civilization there is a corresponding enlargement of the range of wants. Every year introduces something into the wants of man which requires activity in a new field of labor to supply. The earth, the source from which all wants are supplied, is an inexhaustible mine. We have, then, the unlimited advancement, and extension, and multiplicity of human wants, and we have an unlimited source from which those wants may be supplied. The condition of labor rises with the advancement of civilization, because with multiplicity of wants the demand for labor increases, and wants advance in proportion as they may be supplied. The human mind ceases to demand things that are impossible of gratification. But with the possibility of supplying wants they come into existence, and with them new fields of activity for human labor are opened. Cooperation will add new energy to civilized life, because it will increase the prosperity of laboring men and enlarge in every respect the scope of their lives. The introduction of the cooperative principle into the industrial systems of our country, means a general advance in the conditions of all classes. It means the awakening in the minds of a greater number of people of the complex wants of civilization, and will bring within the reach of all, increased means of their gratification. Take an example which is very near at home. The agricultural population of California does not exceed one hundred thousand people. There are not in excess of twenty thousand adults engaged in agricultural pursuits in California, and yet these twenty thousand men produce an annual export surplus equal to from one million to twelve and thirteen hundred thousand tons per annum. One million tons of wheat per annum will furnish breadstuff for ten millions of people. Here, then, in California, twenty thousand people, by the assistance of labor-aiding machinery, are producing in a single year bread sufficient to feed ten millions of people a whole year. Right under our own observation, then, twenty thousand men produce in a single year bread enough to feed five hundred times their own number." The cooperative system of labor becomes a school of instruction for the education of new men who are qualified to direct successfully the productive energies of their fellow men, to sug-

gest new wants, and create thereby new sources of energy and employment. This creates competition, and competition raises the rewards of labor by increasing the number of persons who have capacity to originate employment, and the demand for employees is increased, and the wages of the employed are advanced. The bill prepared by Senator Stanford and introduced by him indicates careful and thoughtful preparation, to enable the cooperatives to carry into practical effect the beneficent provisions of the law, or, as the author declares, "it is designed to be a practical instrument of cooperative organization. It will give legal definition and status to cooperative institutions. It is destined to define clearly the rights, duties, and obligations of individuals in cooperative relations, and also the legal relations of such institutions to individuals, corporations, and other cooperative organizations." The success of this plan of cooperative labor must depend largely upon the character of the persons who thus associate; upon capacity, skill, and personal habits; a preparatory education that will qualify them for labors in this direction is therefore desirable, and in this suggestion by Governor Stanford we think we see the motive that has prompted him to the endowment of a university which shall equip its pupils with such general information and such technical education in the mechanical and industrial arts as shall qualify them for acting as leaders in the great labor revolution which his plan of organized cooperation suggests. It is a grand and beneficent scheme; if such cooperative institutions can be carried into successful operation, they will work a thorough reform in a direction from which society and government are now threatened with their most serious dangers. It will be a life well spent, a noble fortune well directed, if some part of the poverty and its resulting evils of misery and discontent can be lifted from the homes of the working poor. In formulating this beneficent scheme, Governor Stanford has devoted much thought, the more valuable because it is not speculative and theoretical, but the careful result of a long, laborious, and successful career.

DUBLIN, June 3.—The evictions at Bodyke continue with great opposition from the tenants. In some of the houses cayenne pepper was burned, the fumes of which nearly choked the bailiffs. Boiling water was also used with great effect. At tenant Lydy's house the eviction was accomplished after a severe struggle, during which bloodshed was only prevented by the intervention of Michael Davitt. The bailiff smashed the furniture out of pure malice. The evictions then proceeded to tenant Hussey's house, where they were received with a shower of boiling water, stones and bottles, and a swarm of bees were let loose upon them. The tenants only desisted from pelting the bailiffs when the troops threatened to fire. The bailiffs demolished the wall and entered the house, but were repulsed bleeding. The eviction was only effected after a struggle of two hours and a half. The male defenders of the house were arrested. A meeting of tenants was afterward held, at which Michael Davitt repeated the advice he gave them yesterday, to resist evictions by every means. He defied the Government to arrest him.

We print the above for the edification of those of our readers—if we have any—who are "bome rulers" and who think this is the kind of Irish tenantry that ought to be encouraged in its resistance to the payment of rent till they become the owners of the property from which they are being evicted, and legislators for Ireland with a Parliament at Dublin. We beg to call the attention of the officials of the Bank of Hibernia, who have some sixteen millions of dollars loaned upon mortgages in and about San Francisco; to the governing members of the Society of Jesus, who have some millions of dollars' worth of real estate in California; to Archbishop Riordan, who, as a corporation sole, administers many hundreds of thousands of dollars in value of church property which he holds in trust for spiritual uses, and to the large and wealthy Roman Catholic laity of this city and State, if they think tenants who have contracted in writing to pay rent or surrender the rented premises, are justified in this mode of resistance to the process of a court being executed by the sheriff? We would propound this same inquiry to the long unbroken line of Irish sheriffs in San Francisco, and their Irish deputies, and to our Irish Chief of Police and his more than two hundred Irish policemen, if they were called upon to execute a writ duly issued from a legal tribunal, if they would like to be met with cayenne pepper, boiling water, stones, bottles, and have swarms of bees let loose upon them? What would our Irish judges say to this mode of treating the processes of their courts? We have never heard that the Bank of Hibernia was conspicuously indulgent toward its non-paying clients, nor that it ever remitted a dollar of principal or interest; nor that any of our wealthy Irish, Jesuit, priest, or laymen, are given to any abatement of legal demands when the parties are able to pay. What would our bome-rule sympathizing Irish think, if, in the collection of their rents by legal process—proceedings that are going on constantly in our courts—some Michael Davitt should attend the execution of the process of eviction and with him a Papist priest or two, and around them an Irish rabble, with bludgeons and stones, encouraging tenants to resist to the point of murder? Is property any less sacred in Ireland than America? Are the courts to be less respected there than here? Or is the law to be held in contempt in Ireland and not elsewhere? Mr. Michael Davitt is a member of Parliament. Suppose Mr. Frank J. Sullivan should happen to oust Mr. Felton and become a member of Congress, would it be deemed a proper thing for him to come back to San Francisco and, in company with

Fathers Moriarty, Shaughnessy, O'Finnerty, and McBrigan, arm himself with stones and bludgeons, swarms of bees, and red pepper to resist Sheriff McMann and his deputies, O'Donovan and O'Dunnigan, in executing a process of Judges Murphy, Sullivan, Toohey, and Maguire, to eject Hong Di, a non-rent paying tenant, from premises occupied by him and belonging to Archbishop Riordan? Suppose was capable of proof that this tenant was not a Chinaman, but a Piute, whose ancestors had owned the land upon which the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, and Hong I opium den or wash-house stand, seven hundred years ago, and that his ancestors had built the structure, and that opium-smoking or washing had ceased to be a profitable industry and he could not pay his rent, would he be justified in resisting the law and in defying the government to arrest him? We excuse Mr. Sullivan from answering these questions till he succeeds in getting into Congress. Let us suppose another case; a process of ejectment had been issued from the court of an Irish judge in San Francisco against anybody, not Irish and not Democratic, occupying the premises belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, or the Order of Jesus, or any prominent Democratic Irish politician, so that the process had been placed in the hands of an Irish sheriff, and he had surrounded himself with Irish deputies and policemen, and, anticipating resistance, had called in an Irish regiment, under command of Colonel Donahue, Colonel Tohin, and had been met with bludgeons, water, red pepper, stones, bottles, and swarms of bees, that the sheriff's men had been repulsed by the mob, would not our brave volunteers have poured a volley in these opponents of the law? would they not have been justified in doing so? And if this treatment would have been deserved in San Francisco, is it not deserved at Bodyke? If it is necessary sometimes to take life to uphold law in America, will not the time come when it is necessary to do the same thing in Ireland?

Dame Rumor has been particularly busy with the Pope and his affairs of late, and though the tattle of the good dame is too often illogical as well as baseless, it sometimes happens to be the straw that shows the direction of the wind. The very fact that she is making all sorts of suggestions as to what ought to be done with the venerable anachronism at Rome, is pretty good proof of the existence of a general feeling that some steps, at least, should be taken to define his position and settle once for all what he is, a what he is not, if not from an ecclesiastical, at all events from a political point of view. His late modest proposition that in the event of certain Italian dukes and princes relinquishing their territorial rights over certain districts in central Italy in favor of the Holy See, he would sanction a confirm to King Humbert the possession of a kingdom which that monarch already *de jure* and *de facto* possesses, shows that this venerable dreamer does not grasp the full purport of the situation, nor does he appreciate the attitude of Italy, and the rest of the world, toward himself. This piece of ecclesiastical arrogance was, however, met at the time by the counter-proposition that a portion of the desolate and fever-breeding Campagna should be assigned to his Holiness as a grant *in perpetuo*, the childish rhodomontade of the one proposal being fitly paralleled by the grim irony of the other. But the late suggestion of all, looking to a settlement of the Papal question—and for this a German journal is responsible—is worthy of careful consideration by the parties interested. It has in view nothing more nor less than the creation of a Kingdom of Palestine with the Pope as king, under a guarantee of protection on the throne by all the Catholic powers. Could there be a more satisfactory solution of the vexed question than this? Could even a Pope desire more than to occupy the throne once filled by Godfrey de Bouillon at the mail-clad counts of Flanders in the Holy City? It is not probable that the Italian Government would object to this change of base in view of the peace and comfort to be gained thereby; and certainly no loss of ecclesiastical prestige could be incurred by shifting the seat of Papal jurisdiction from Rome to Jerusalem. Even the religious scruples of the unspeakable Turk might be overcome in these days of dynamite and shekels. How the Consistory, and the Propaganda, and the College of Cardinals, with all the Monsignori and other hangers-on of the Vatican, might be being set down on the Syrian desert, so to speak, is a question which ought not to enter into ecclesiastical polity; and if the time has arrived when another transfer of the seat of the Holy See must be effected, as it once was to Avignon, historical tradition and ecclesiastical prestige alike demand that Jerusalem should be selected for the honor in preference to Baltimore or Montreal.

There is, and for several weeks has been, a gang of ill-looking and bad-smelling foreign ruffians, smoking pipes at doubtless Chinese-manufactured cigars, lounging in front of the Vienna Bakery on Kearny Street and Clark's Coffee rooms on Montgomery Street, offensively thrusting boycott hand-bills into the faces of strangers passing by. This is a concerted effort upon the part of an organized trade guild

bakers, cooks, waiters, and dishwashers, or something of that kind, to break up and destroy a legitimate pursuit, followed by decent, rent-paying, license-paying people. An ordinance was proposed in the Board of Supervisors to suppress this sidewalk nuisance, whereupon a protest was filed by "The Trades Union Mutual Alliance," falsely asserting that the passage of such an ordinance "would work an injustice to the wage-workers of the city, and prevent the advertising of their meetings and general information regarding the condition of their various crafts to the public." This protest was signed by Hamilton Dohhin, a shoemaker, Patrick McGreel, an Irish stone-cutter, Frank Mergenthaler, a German. Supervisor Burns had the courage to move the adoption of the ordinance, and then in common cowardice, and shameful and dastardly poltroonery, the whole twelve supervisors tumbled down in a heap together. Their Dutch Boh Acres's courage oozed out at every pore. We do not mention this incident as anything unusual; we do not hope to reform the Supervisors, or the Board of Education, or any politician of any party; for this kind of politics makes cowards of them all. Our police is two-thirds of foreign birth; at the City Hall, two-thirds of the employed are of foreign blood; at Mare Island, of three hundred men employed, two hundred and fifty-five are of alien birth or parentage; every department in State or municipal government has the same proportion of alien to native-born. It is a misfortune and reproach to be born of American parents upon American soil; the American in the race of life is handicapped in America because he is an American, and aliens are coming in swarms to our shores. Five millions within the last seven years. Three hundred and twenty-two thousand last year to the port of New York. This year the number will be largely increased—one week in May gave us two thousand a day, fourteen thousand in a week. Sixty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-nine at Atlantic ports in the month of March. Of these a large part are paupers, criminals, and political adventurers. They are exiles from poverty in Europe and demand of this country a support. Multitudes come with a determination to live without labor. From foreign jails, asylums, poor-houses, and homes of assisted mendicancy they come here to demand charity, and in default of it, to throw themselves into our jails, asylums, and eleemosynary institutions. A very large part of the present immigration is an invasion that is a curse to the country; it is composed of men and women who are mentally, morally, and physically diseased. England is sending her paupers; France her criminals; Ireland, her politicians; Germany, her socialists; Italy, her hand-organ beggars and monkeys; Hungary, her vicious classes; while every nation in Europe, verberated with a restless, law-breaking class, is sending its redundant population to our shores. America has become the dumping-ground and cesspool of all that is vile in civilization, and our great, contemptible, cowardly Democratic party is encouraging the foreign adventurers, because, having votes, they are afraid of them; are pandering to them; are allowing them to hock decent citizens, to interfere with labor, to dictate to employers, to organize strikes, riots, and set the laws at defiance. As proof of this we point to the action of our Board of Supervisors in laying down their municipal authority under the protest of shoemakers, stone-cutters, bakers, cooks, and waiters, and unannouncedly hogwallowing in cowardice together.

To an American audience of intelligent and appreciative people on last Saturday evening, at Washington Hall, Mr. I. D. Boruck delivered a most excellent address in most excellent form. His theme was "Americanism," and his argument a presentation of such facts and statistics as should convince any intelligent American, by birth or adoption, that his government needs no further immigration from any country to contribute to its prosperity and wealth, or to the future happiness of its people. He makes it clearly apparent that the immigration now seeking our shores from foreign lands is altogether undesirable; that while a minority of its invading army, that seems to have hurst all restraining influences and is now moving upon us in overwhelming numbers, is composed of desirable persons whom it is our pleasure to welcome, the greater number—the majority—are undesirable and dangerous, bringing to our country elements of discontent and unrest that promise future trouble. The remedy suggested for these evils is, first, to arrest the landing upon our borders, from Europe or from across the lines at divide us from continental neighbors, all emigrants of improper or doubtful character. This is a matter of Federal legislation and executive action. This is a proper matter for Congress and the administration, because there is where the control of this question rests. The next question, and of no less importance, is the one of citizenship for any more aliens, and upon this proposition Mr. Boruck makes no suggestion of compromise, takes no middle ground, and stops at no half-way house; his proposition is the unqualified and unconditional repeal of all naturalization laws at the first session of Congress, and to abrogate all special concessions granted to the foreign horn as inducements to citizenship. "We want no more people not born upon the soil to participate in

our governmental affairs." This sentiment meets the approval of every honest mind that is capable of intelligent reflection. Upon the ownership of land by non-resident aliens, Mr. Boruck is equally radical. He lays down the doctrine broadly and without conditions, that the citizens and subjects of foreign lands who are domiciled abroad, and who are not and do not propose to become residents and citizens of the United States of America, ought not to be permitted to own landed estate within its borders. He hints somewhat broadly that they should not be allowed to carry on business in a country in which they are only temporarily located for the purpose of making money. His argument is that foreign-born individuals, being relieved from all the more important duties of citizenship, such as military defence of the country in time of war, jury duty and service as the *posse comitatus* in time of peace, and all the lesser duties and obligations incident to citizenship, ought not to be permitted to carry on their occupations in competition with those who are native-born, and upon whom devolve all the duties and responsibilities of maintaining government, law, and order. These questions are being profoundly considered, not only by our country, but by others. In the last issue of the world's greatest journal, the London *Times*, this matter is being considered. In London, Germans have invaded such industries as baking, cigar-making, tailoring, boot and shoe-making, carving, and gilding. The Jews have monopolized the cheap-clothing trade; and trade, according to the "Thunderer," is being "cut up," and, says the *Times*, "it is impossible not to sympathize with the dislike of the working classes to the coming of strangers who take the bread from them and their children." Our readers will be surprised when we give them the statistics which bring forth this melancholy roar of pain from the throat of the British lion, this wail of anguish from the bosom of John Bull. This alien population, which has invaded England for the last ten years at the rate of two thousand a year, now amounts to one hundred and ten thousand. This British Empire will send us this year alone twice this number; two hundred and twenty thousand emigrants will not express the numbers that, from Ireland, her own ports, Canada, and Hongkong, will be dumped upon our shores, and among this number are the worst criminals, the most desperate and dangerous of political agitators, the most debauched and demoralized of paupers, and persons with incurable diseases. If the London press looks with alarm upon an immigration of two thousand a year of respectable, though poor, artisans and mechanics, is not the matter open for consideration how far we should accept their mendicants, criminals, and adventurers? May we not pause at the large invasion of English lords who are purchasing vast estates with broad acres they do not occupy or cultivate; English capitalists who set up their banking houses, insurance companies, and trading concerns in our seaports; English men to do business in our markets, who do not become American citizens, and who intend, as a universal rule, to return to their native land when they have acquired a sufficient fortune to enable them to live in a country of superior civilization? In the providence of a good God, who holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of nations, and has the benevolence to wish us well, and the wisdom to know that which is good for us, may we not pray to him for divine permission to set up in our Republic an American party that will have the courage to dare the assertion that America ought to be ruled by those who are born upon its soil? Mr. Boruck announced that a convention of delegates, from all the counties of the State, would assemble in San Francisco on the afternoon of the fourth of July, to organize an American party, and formulate a declaration of American principles.

In the County of Santa Cruz there is a strong boycott association, composed of Knights of Labor, anti-Chinese Irish, Roman Catholics who are under the influence of the priests of the Roman church, and a large sprinkling of political demagogues who are native-born. In 1886 this class of people were well organized, powerful, and vindictive, and in May of that year a conspiracy was formed to hock a local journal owned by A. A. Taylor, called the *Daily Surf*, by Elihu Taylor and others, to destroy the business of the journal and ruin its proprietor. An action at law was instituted by the proprietor of the journal against the hockers for damages. A demurrer to the first complaint was sustained, with leave by plaintiffs to amend. A second argument was had on the amended complaint, and a recent decision has been rendered by Judge McCann, sustaining the complaint, holding that a number of persons combining with malicious purpose to injure another, and by threats and intimidation preventing those who would otherwise patronize the persecuted person and thus injure his business, are guilty of an illegal act, for which civil action at law may be had for damages. The position taken by Mr. Pat Reddy, attorney for the defense, was that any person may legally withdraw his support from a journal and refuse to give it his patronage, and that what one man may lawfully do, any number of men may lawfully do. This position is answered by Judge McCann in a sound and logical opinion, and the doctrine of the

cowardly and immoral hockers is overturned. This case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. It will be stoutly prosecuted by an intelligent and courageous attorney, and we have every confidence that the able opinion of Judge McCann will be sustained by the court. This dangerous and cowardly conspiracy, the growth of criminal intrigue, that an Irish agrarian rebellion has called into illegitimate existence and baptized in blood, will not be permitted to engraft itself upon our free institutions without a struggle. There is another case being instituted by a pork butcher in San Francisco against his rivals in trade, who leagued themselves into a criminal conspiracy to boycott his business, charging him with selling diseased—because Chinese—pork. They destroyed his occupation, broke up his trade, and drove him out of business. It was a shameful, cowardly, and criminal proceeding, for which the conspirators should be punished. We hope the case may be prosecuted most vigorously. This boycott business must be broken up, destroyed, and driven out of the country.

The grand triumphal march of O'Brien, the Irish avenger, has finally culminated in a row in New York, in which, it gives us pleasure to say, we think the editor is right. When it was understood that this eminent blatherskite was to honor New York with his presence, all the agitators, demagogues, and politicians endeavored to get hold of him. The United Labor-Anti-Poverty-George-McGlynn party were the first to capture him, to make capital for the new movement that is to divide the earth up into equal shares for universal distribution. O'Brien was to appear with George, McGlynn, and John McMakin—a new patriot who has come into prominence simply because he approved the murder of Lord Cavendish and his secretary in Phenix Park, Dublin. Tammany got its hand in, and hurst the thing up by persuading Editor O'Brien not to help destroy the grand old Democratic party, by aiding the labor wing, and so O'Brien did not attend. The working-men are disgruntled, and swear vengeance against Ireland, the Pope, and the Democracy. Senator Grady, of the Irish National League, denounces George and McGlynn, and upholds Editor O'Brien. John McMakin denounces him in a gorgeous Irish philippic, in which he raves against "ecclesiastical power" and corrupt politicians. Dr. McGlynn, at a large meeting of the "Anti-Poverty" society, goes for O'Brien bald-headed and skins him alive. He even charges him with being "a landlord at heart" and "no better than Lord Lansdowne himself." What further complications Irish politics will bring about, it is impossible to guess. A Chinese crockery store filled with loaded stink-pots, invaded by a herd of wild Irish bulls on a rampage, conveys some idea of the muck and the bad smell growing out of Irish politics in America.

The Knights of Labor are dissolving and breaking to pieces from internal dissensions. It would be curious if so many orators and statesmen could remain long in an organization which is composed of more men who are willing to talk and anxious to lead than to work and follow. When an American labor league places itself under the control of the Papal Church—or any other—seeks the advice of cardinals, and goes to Rome for approbation of its course, and for consent to live, it is time it should cease to exist, for its period of usefulness has terminated. The Knights of Labor include in their organization good and loyal men, intelligent men of American and foreign birth, Protestants and Free-thinkers who have no respect for the Church of Rome and its Italian head, and are only willing to work in friendly cooperation with its members so long as they are obedient to the law, loyal to the country, and keep their religion distinct from politics. This intelligent, patriotic, and honest minority is brave enough and strong enough, we hope, to give assurance that the Knights of Labor will—as an organization—not disturb the rights of property nor endanger personal liberty in America.

British and American Good Form.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Anent "Cockaigne's last letter to the *Argonaut*, I would like to inquire if it is considered "good form" in England to allude to guests by a name, which, however we may regard it, is intended to convey a sneer; in other words, is it good form to call Americans "Yankees," and their exhibit of arts and inventions "Yankees"? If the British should give an exhibition in this country, (which they will not do) we would consider it rank discourtesy to call it "The Bulleries," although we are such egregious asses that we do not know that an Archdeacon should be called a "Venerable" instead of a "Very Reverend." Our ignorance concerning such important matters contrasts most unfavorably with English familiarity with our geography and customs. Having spent some time over the water, I am able to furnish a few examples from my own experience. One lady inquired if most Americans were not black; another admitted her surprise at our not sitting with our heels on the table; she thought it was a universal custom in this country. We were congratulated more than once on our excellent English, it being supposed that Spanish was our mother tongue.

A gentleman remarked that we had "no literature, you know." On Longfellow being meekly suggested, he replied with lofty disdain that Longfellow and Tennyson were both Englishmen, though he admitted that the former might have resided some years in "Babylon."

A Chicagoan was asked if he lived in New York. "Oh, no!" he replied, "I live a thousand miles from New York." "This side or the other?" asked the wife of a Q. C. "This side," he replied, amiably.

These examples, and I could give more, of British cultivation, all occurred above the line of the middle classes; as for the servants, they could scarcely restrain their disappointment at our appearance, expecting us to come in war-paint and feathers, and armed with tomahawks. The "swells," however, whose broad minds are occupied with such profundities as the proper titles of churchmen, and the pedigree of every person, horse, or dog that they know, are doubtless well-versed in all that pertains to "Yankees." The manners and habits they display while traveling in this country tend to prove it.

If the American Exhibition fails because its managers refuse to toady the nobility, it will be a compliment to American character, and a comment on English intelligence. I hope few of our countrymen would purchase success at the price indicated by your English correspondent. If it does fail, it will have one good effect; it will teach us to stay at home and mind our own affairs; it will prick the bubble of "brotherly friendship and common interest," and force us to realize that the average Britisher regards us with no other feelings than those of dislike and envy.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1887.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SARAH.

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

The *Sarah Satterlee* was securely tied to the wharf where she had been towed after discharging her last cargo. Lines from bow and stern made her practically as much a part of the old town as the quaint white houses that lined High Street, or the row of windmills out on "the Neck," that stood with shouldered arms, like a line of sentinels.

Five years ago the old vessel's last insurance had run out, her spars and deck-furniture had been sold to the junkman, and the weather-beaten hull was left as a play-ground for the village children, or a harbor for the rats.

But after she had been moored where she lay for about a year, and the people of the town had become accustomed to seeing her by the side of their once busy landing-place, something new appeared on her deck one May morning. Curious people went out of their way to see what it was, and laughed a little when they had inspected it.

The whole town was interested, for an old rudder was fastened over the cabin door, on which, in great black letters, was this legend:

DONALD GREAME,
SALE-MAKER AND TAILERING.

Reaching down from the wharf to the deck was a strong, new gang-plank, over which Donald and his two daughters were engaged in moving their few household goods.

"Dinna strain yersel', Jennie, my lass," said the gentle tailor. "Ye've gang'd but an' ben o'er that plank wid loads enoug'. We'll be snug in ower noo hame by night wi'out fashin'."

This was said to Jeannie, the elder daughter, who, with great enthusiasm and energy, was running to and fro, carrying all that she could lift, eager to be settled in the new house.

"Dinna rin, bairn! dinna rin!"

Little Jessie vied with her sister, as far as her smaller stature and tender years would permit, her pattering steps forming a constant accompaniment to Donald's heavier tread.

Stopping for a moment, and throwing the tangled hair from her face with a quick movement of the head, Jeannie exclaimed, "I could work here all day and not tire, father! We can breathe now."

The salt air around the old vessel was pure and wholesome, there were no noisy or quarrelsome neighbors to annoy them, and they had never had so much room in their lives before; so what wonder that the Greames soon learned to look upon the *Sarah Satterlee* as the best of all possible homes?

Once settled, Donald plied his trade of sail-making, when he could find customers, or made and mended the garments of his fellow-townsmen. This lasted for four happy years, during which time Jeannie and Jessie were growing rapidly, the former having become almost a woman, as tall and sweet as the mother she could hardly remember, but whose place she tried hard to fill toward her younger sister.

Four years, in which both girls went to school, helped their father, took care of the home, and troubled themselves very little about the future.

Four years of contentment, of economy, of growth. Who would have supposed that during all that time the old *Sarah* was quietly planning another cruise?

Every winter she had chafed at her moorings, till the ice closed in about her, and fastened her solidly to the land; but when spring came again, she had seemed as contented as an old boat could possibly be. Her gentle rocking did not even disturb the swallows that built their nest in the bow.

On a certain summer morning the Greame family had supper early, and then Donald arrayed himself carefully in the well-kept "best suit" finery that he seldom wore, except on Sundays and holidays. The big, much-prized silver watch, that had been his father's, was taken down from its hook opposite the clock, and transferred to the little man's pocket, while Jessie looked on admiringly.

"Vaunt! vaunt! vaunt!" saith the preacher. Am I brow enough to suit ye now, lass?" asked Donald. Then, turning to Jeannie, he added, "I think there'll be a storm the night, so I'll be back early, gin I amna deteened. Dinna keep the bairnie oop late."

So he walked over the plank, and up High Street, turning once or twice to wave his hand to the girls. Some six miles away, on the south bay at the other side of the hill, lived the ship-master. Donald was going to pay his quarter's rent.

It was about five o'clock when he went away from the *Sarah*. At half-past five the wind was blowing very strongly; it came over the "Neck."

By seven o'clock Jeannie could with difficulty keep her footing when she went out to see if there was any sign of her father's returning; so she placed a light in the cabin window, and fastened the door securely, going about her little home with as perfect a feeling of safety as though it had been the most solid house in the town.

She could hear the wind howling outside, a regular hurricane by this time; but she cared very little for that, except to pity the poor people who shivered with fear when the wind blew hard, or were too nervous to enjoy it as she did.

Once she went to the window to look out, but she could see nothing in the pitchy blackness out of doors; so she returned to the table, and took up the ever-ready sewing, while Jessie sat opposite to her, and talked about the wonderful things she would do if she was a big woman, till finally she fell asleep, with her brown curls resting on her arms.

"Come, Jessie, child, you had better be going to bed than sleeping there. Father is later than he thought to be. What's o'clock? Gracious me!" she exclaimed, turning so that she could see the little clock; "it's half-past nine, and you were to be in bed by nine. I wonder where *can* father be so long?"

Going around to the sleeping child, she shook her gently by the shoulder, repeating her admonition "to go to bed, and get the beauty-sleep before midnight." Then she went toward the cabin door, and peered out into the storm.

As she did so, she fancied she heard a far-away shout, and

saying to herself, "Father'll be losin' his way without the lantern," returned for that sole relic of the ship's equipment. Having lighted it, she ventured to the deck—to the edge of where the gang-plank should be, and *was not!*

As far as the circle of light fell, nothing was to be seen but black water, tossing angrily about the old hull.

The *Sarah Satterlee* was adrift; she had started on another cruise!

Just as the girl made this discovery, the wind, the force of which had been partly broken by the intervening cabin, struck her with such force as to throw her up against the rail, at the same time dashing the lantern out of her hand and overboard.

For a moment or two she clung helplessly to the side; then, as the wind lulled, she fought her way back to the cabin door. On entering, full of excitement at the disaster that had overtaken them, her first glance fell on the child, still sleeping.

The sight of this little one, whom long habit had made it second nature for her to shield and think for, did so much to nerve the brave girl that she was able to consider the situation with an approach to calmness.

Just about the time that Jeannie had first tried to waken Jessie, Donald came to the landing-place, and narrowly missed going into the water, as he confidently felt for the gangplank.

"Eh; but a mon mauna be too cock sure o' anything! Ain't ain hoose isn't that easy to fin' in siccan a blaw-like. I'm thinkin' the lassie's asleep, an' happen I'd better halloo for a glint o' light."

As these thoughts passed through the Scotchman's mind, he had no premonition of trouble. He simply fancied that he had missed his bearings in the darkness. With this idea, he lifted up his voice and called, "*Jeannie! JEANNIE!*"

As he did so, the cabin door opened, but in such a direction, and at so great a distance, that he could hardly believe his eyes. *Was that the cabin light?* He had seen that all the time, without paying any attention to it, supposing it to be upon some anchored vessel weathering the storm under the lee of the "Neck."

It was several seconds before he began to realize that the boat, his home—his children in it—was adrift in the storm.

While the truth was coming home to him, he saw Jeannie, not more than fifty yards away, suddenly blown by the wind, as has been already described. From where he stood, it seemed as though girl and lantern had gone overboard together, and, with a heartbroken cry, he threw himself upon his knees on the guard of the wharf, and clutched at a rope which the wind blew across his face. It was the end of the broken line that had moored the boat.

With one arm thrown around a pile, Donald leaned forward and watched the disappearing light. His Jeannie drowned? Was it for this he had worked and saved, kept sober and prayed, overcome old habits, and fought down old longings? His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets with the agony of that out-gaze into the darkness.

But as he clung there, regardless of the tempest, he saw the door open once more—far distant now—and Jeannie enter and close it.

"Thank God!" sobbed Donald.

But the light was drifting rapidly out of sight, floating farther down the bay. In a little while it would be beyond the comparatively still water sheltered by the "Neck." After that!

Donald sprang to his feet, with an exclamation: "I maunna bide bere, or 'twill be too late!" and ran, with all his strength, toward the village, crying, at the top of his voice, "Help! help! The bairns is droonin'! Help! help! HELP! HELP!"

Ah! the lights begin to show in the windows, heads are thrust out, and more than one voice presently asks what the matter is.

"The bairns are adrift in the *Sarah*—wae is me!" replied Donald.

"Wait a moment, and I'll be down." "How did it happen?" "Who cut her adrift?" were some of the replies from above.

"My bairns is droonin'! The *Sarah* is loose! For the love o' heaven, come down, some o' ye, an' help me get out the life-boat!"

Presently Captain Saunders appeared at his street-door, and almost simultaneously several of the neighbors ran into the street, putting on coats and hats as they came. These all clustered around the Scotchman, who wasted no time in words, but led the way, at a rapid pace, toward the life-boat house.

Before they were ready to run the life-boat out a full crew had mustered, when with a "Give way, lads!" from Captain Saunders, the life boat swept out past the long wharf into the black tempest beyond.

The practiced oarsmen bent with rhythmic movement to the oars, and each time they leaned back to the stroke the little boat sprang forward, cutting great sheets of dingy spray that flew fiercely across her bow, drenching the shivering figure that crouched there and peered out into the dark and storm for some sign of the derelict vessel that bore all his earthly treasure.

"Do you see anything of her?" called Captain Saunders. "Na, na; but keep on," answered Donald his voice scarcely audible in the gale. "Keep on, an' we's win opp wi' em yet."

Whenever the rowing slackened the almost crazed father would cry: "For the love o' yer ain bairns, pull, lads!"

At length, Captain Saunders said: "It's no use, we can do nothing more to-night," and in spite of the tailor's protests—in spite of his frenzied pleading—the almost exhausted crew pulled for a little village near the mouth of the bay.

From the time that the search stopped, the Scotchman had crouched like a limp bundle in the bow of the life-boat. He seemed to be crushed by the disaster. When the boat was finally drawn up at the place for which Captain Saunders had steered, Donald had no word for any one; his companions tried to draw him into conversation, but vainly.

Poor old man!—seeming older by many years than when he had said good-bye to his girls in the early evening—he was trying to hope in the face of what seemed almost certain to prove a most crushing sorrow, and the tumult within his own soul made all voices from without sound strange and distant. Too tired to attempt to return, the boat's crew waited for

morning, and kept a keen lookout for the hull they were destined never to see.

When Jeannie returned to the cabin she sat for a few minutes thinking; then, as though spurred by some sudden recollection, she rose quickly, lighted the two extra lights which the cabin afforded, and placed them where they could be best seen from without. Having done this, she tore son strips of old cloth to talk about the windows, where the water was coming in.

The next thought was to wake Jessie and get her to bed down, which she did with all her clothes on, sleepily wondering why Jeannie did not insist on her exchanging them for her night-dress. Satisfied that the child was sleeping comfortably and present safety, the elder sister went quickly and deftly from one duty to another, knowing that she could be kept her fear down by being active.

Near one end of the cabin was a hole that had at some time been cut in the floor and covered with a piece of canvas. Going to this hole and removing the covering, the girl could hear, in the darkness below, swish, swish! swish! swish! The *Sarah* was leaking badly.

Soon the vessel passed beyond the more quiet water of the bay, where the pitching and tossing had been endurable and not more than they had sometimes experienced when safely moored to the long wharf. In the unsheltered water beyond the Neck every wave struck the roof of their house like an avalanche.

The motion, too, became intolerable, and after a little while Jessie woke and began to cry with fright. There was no rest for Jeannie; the cries of the child were no soon quieted, than the windows, now leaking in earnest, demanded renewed attention, and after that the lamps became a source of danger and terror.

Leaving the child, with an admonition to hold fast a not be frightened, Jeannie struggled across the unsteady floor and extinguished one light after another, leaving the place utter darkness. A heavier lurch than usual proved that the precaution had not been taken too soon, but before she could grope her way back to Jessie the furniture began to slide toward the lower side of the cabin. One of the lighter chairs had been making short excursions on its own account for some time, but when the table began to move the child screamed with terror.

"Whist, Jessie! don't cry so; sister is with you, and I good God can see us and take care of us in the dark just well. Dry your eyes and I will tell you a story."

It was a strange situation: the dark, dismantled sliding driving aimlessly before the gale; within her cabin, utter darkness, made more awful by the occasional sliding crashing of the furniture, and in the midst of it all the swish of a girl repeating the story of the Christ who voyaged upon a stormy lake in a far-off clime and time, and bade winds and the waves be still.

Jessie had hushed her crying and was listening eagerly. Often had she heard the story before, but it had never come home to her with such force as now it did.

The gray of dawn was giving place to day. From the dim, misty line between the upper and lower deeps was after wave of gold flooded the gray; then, through the field of gold waved the rosy banners of sunrise. On the deck an incoming ocean steamer, near the bridge, stood a group of passengers who were up early to catch the first sight of land. Presently a boy called out, excitedly: "Papa, the flag flying!"

A pompous passenger pulled out his much-vaunted binocular, and after looking in the direction indicated for a moment, said, testily: "Nonsense, boy, there's no flag there. You probably saw a gull."

The lad's father, perhaps a little nettled at the tone toward his boy, adjusted his own glass and finally succeeded in catching sight of what appeared like a flag, rising at intervals on the wave-crests at some distance to starboard.

Perhaps the conversation had been carried by the wind to the bridge, where the mate stood; for after regarding the same object, he called for the captain, who signaled the order to "port."

The great mass of steel turned in obedience to the command and headed toward the object sighted. Passengers began to crowd the steamer's deck as she neared the flag, perfect babel of voices discussed the matter.

"It is only a buoy."

"Bet you anything it's a wreck."

"Who saw it first?"

"There it is again!"

"It is a wreck!"

"But what a singular flag!" The pompous passenger braced both elbows on the rail and squinted through his wonderful binocular; the captain leaned against the bridge and balanced a full-grown telescope, large enough to do the same office as the funnel of a launch.

"D—Gr—what's that? Do—Don—why, bless my soul, that's a rudder they have up there!"

"Donald something or other."

"G—r—e it looks like. What is the rest?"

"Down below—ha, ha, ha! can you make out what's printed underneath? Sa—Sale-making and Tailoring."

"Donald Greame, Sale-making and Tailoring," read the mate.

"He doesn't dare give the street and number," vented the boy's father. "I wonder if we are going much further for of course there is nobody on board the wreck; she looks as if she had been drifting about that way for years."

"Lost time; lost time, sir," grumbled the pompous passenger, who had several bets on the steamer's time. He said several disagreeable things about people who always said sorts of useless things, but no one paid him any attention for the captain was announcing something very interesting, indeed.

"I see a girl's face—two faces, I think—at the cabin door," he said.

Soon some more bells were rung, at which the steamer slowed and stopped. Next, the order rang out to lower boat. By this time the faces could be seen by half the passengers and the greatest excitement prevailed on deck, a boat's crew, commanded by the third officer, pulled away toward the wreck. It was a difficult matter to reach the

Sarah with such a sea running, and still more difficult to hoard her, but when this feat was accomplished and the officer managed to reach the cabin door, a cheer went up from those who anxiously watched the manoeuvre.

After half an hour's dangerous and difficult work, Jeannie and Jessie were lifted by a score of eager hands to the deck of the steamer. There, surrounded by sympathetic listeners, they told their little story of disaster and danger.

The *Sarah Satterlee* found a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean, hut, by the generosity of new friends and the kindness of old ones, the little tailor was more than compensated for the loss of the old vessel that had gone on its last long cruise.

In a book entitled "Notes and Papers on Prison Matters," by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, occurs the following thief story in thieves' slang: "The day the Prince of Wales arrived at Portsmouth when he came home from India, me and two pals took the rattler (railway carriage) from Waterloo at about half-past six in the morning. When we got to Portsmouth we found it was very hot; there was on every corner of a street bills stuck up, 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' and on the tram-cars as well. So one of my pals said, 'Here a peeler (policeman) over there which knows me; we had better split out' (separate). Me and the other one went by ourselves; he was very tricky (clever) at getting a poge (purse) or a toy (watch), but we would not touch toys because we was afraid of being turned over (searched). We done very well at poges; we found after we knocked off that we had between sixty and seventy quid (sovereigns) to cut up (share), but our other pal had fell (been arrested), and was kept at the station until the last rattler went to London, and then they sent him home by it. One day after this I asked a screwsman (lock-picker) if he would lend me some screws (skeleton keys), because I had a place cut and dried. But he said, 'If I lend you them I shall want to stand in' (have a share); but I said, 'I can't stand you in at that; I will grease your duke (give money) in his hand' if you like, but he said that would not do; so I said, 'We will work together, then,' and he said 'Yes.' So we went and done the place for fifty-five quid. So I worked with him till I fell for this stretch (year) and a half. He was very tricky at making twirls (skeleton keys), and used to supply them all with tools. Me and the screwsman went to Gravesend, and I found a dead 'un (uninhabited house), and we both went and turned it over and got things out of it which fetched us forty-three quid. We went one day to Erith; I went in a place, and when I opened a door there was a great tyke (dog) lying in front of the door, so I pulled out a piece of pudding (liver prepared to silence dogs) and threw it to him, but he did not move. So I threw a piece more, and it did not take any notice; so I got close up to it, and found it was a dead dog been stuffed; so I done the place for some wedge (silver plate) and three overcoats—one I put on, and the two into my kipsy (basket)."

In a city like Berlin the clubbable spirit is so all-pervading as to have furnished eccentricities like the "Verein der Kahlköpfe" (Baldheaded Union) and the "Gesangverein Keuchkräpsten" (Bronchitic Choral Union). In Berlin are several hundred of these clubs. Harmless and unobtrusive in their objects, the most curious point about them to an outsider is, perhaps, their nomenclature. Some names are purely patriotic, as "Cornflower," "Barbarossa," and "Borussia." Others, like "Concordia" and "Fidelibus," explain themselves. The "Contented Coffinlids" is a somewhat gruesome title, denoting, presumably, placid resignation to the inevitable. "Gunpowder Smoke" bespeaks martial aspirations. Pipes and their belongings have naturally suggested many club names—"Golden Pipe," "Pipe Bowl," "Red Tassel," "Blue Tassel," "Varinas I.," "Varinas II.," "Aroma I.," "Aroma II.," "Portorico," "Nicotiana," "White Ash," and dozens more. "The Wreath Blowers," "Evening Mist," and "Smokers' Museum" are of a more imaginative cast. For some years the German smoking clubs have held an annual reichs-smokers' congress.

Imprisonment for life the majority of murderers hail with joy when their fate has been uncertain, considering it an immense relief to escape the death penalty. The same element has been found to be of great importance in inducing persons to turn state's evidence. Imprisonment for life offers a premium on additional murder. If a man has already committed murder in the first degree, has been sentenced for life for the commission of that crime, and is unrepentant; if this be the highest penalty allowed, what is to deter him from attempting to escape by the murder of his keeper? If he shall make a dash for liberty, and kill his keeper, and shall be brought back, he is simply where he was before—sentenced for life. Murders have been perpetrated by prisoners under a life sentence, in States where capital punishment is not allowed. Authentic instances exist of murderers decaying their victims into jurisdictions where the death penalty does not prevail, so that in case they should fail to escape after the murder which they had planned, they would be able to imprison only.

The London society papers are just now overflowing with enthusiasm over the cleverness of somebody original enough to give a bride a side-saddle for a wedding present, a thing which, as she was an excellent horsewoman, pleased her greatly, besides having no duplicate in all her array of gifts. Similar presents were often given to royal and noble brides in the days when riding was a necessity, and not an amusement; but of late years they do not suggest themselves when dinkfolk and friends are puzzling over the awful question, "What shall we give her?"

Longfellow, in 1879, in a letter to an intimate friend, said: "I was 18 years old when I took my college degree; 18 years afterward I was married for the second time; I lived with my wife 18 years, and it is 18 years since she died. These four 18's added together make 72—my age this year. And then, by way of parenthesis or epicycle, I was 18 years professor in the college here, and have published 18 separate volumes of poems. This is curious; the necromancers would make a great deal of it."

OLD FAVORITES.

Robin Good-Fellow.

From Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merrie be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry 'Ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin, I,
Their feates will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With countering voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick
To play some trick,
And frolick it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I goe;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirly, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport
I fume and snort,
And out the candles I do blow.
The maids I kiss,—
They shriek, Who's this?
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll,
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take
I wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
Twixt sleep and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we naught,—
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have naught to do
But study how to cog and lye,
To make debate and mischief too,
Twixt one another secretly,
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so.
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loope-holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out, laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise,
And to our fairie kinge and queene
We chant our moonlighte minstrelies.
When larkes 'gin sing
Away we fling,
And bates new-born steale as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro,
And, for my pranks, men call me by
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told,—
So vale, vale! Ho, ho, ho!

—Author Unknown.

One of the most remarkable thefts on record is reported from Whatcom, Washington Territory, where a thief stole an entire orchard, just planted, biding his work for a time by sticking willow twigs in holes where the fruit trees had been.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Song of the *Century* readers: "When this cruel war is over."—*Puck*.

The Romans seemed to realize how obstinate woman could be, when they called her *mulier*.—*Life*.

Henry George is trying to abolish poverty at seventy-five dollars a night. In his own case he is meeting with gratifying success.—*Puck*.

The readers of the New York *Graphic* had a great treat the other day. Owing to a strike of its lithographers, it appeared without illustrations.—*Puck*.

She—"I like this place immensely since they have the new French Chef." *He* (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)—"Waitah, bring Chef for two!"—*Life*.

The capital prize: "You say you were very lucky the first time you bought a lottery ticket?" "Yes; I drew a blank and have never invested since."—*Harper's Bazar*.

First low comedy—"I like this road much better than the B. & O., Claudius." *Tragedy*—"Why so, Horatio?" *First low comedy*—"All the ties are planned on the upper side!"—*Puck*.

Suburban Roscius—"Ah, I saw you were at our 'Theatricals' the other night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet?" *Candid Friend*—"My dear filar, great'st piece of assumption I ever saw i' m' life!"—*Punch*.

An unpleasantness at a Mexican wedding recently resulted in the killing of seven persons, including the bridegroom. The bridegroom thus escapes the annoyance and expense of a wedding tour.—*Norristown Herald*.

"What is your earthly record?" asked St. Peter of an applicant who was waiting, with an air of confidence, to be admitted. "I was a base-ball umpire, and pleased everybody on the grand stand." "Come in," was the hearty response.—*New York Sun*.

Wife (who believes in consistency)—"If the old Blue Laws forbid kissing one's wife and the selling of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, why isn't the former enforced as well as the latter?" *Husband*—"Because it isn't necessary."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"You say you stumped Texas for the Prohibition ticket—what peculiarity of your audiences struck you most forcibly?" "Well," said the missionary, "the chunks of clay and pieces of brick struck me most forcibly, but the eggs stayed by me the longest."—*Burdette*.

Mme. X. returns to her parasol-dealer's: "Monsieur," she complained, "here is a silk parasol that I bought only a fortnight ago, and now you see it is all faded out." "Ah, I see why it is, madame," replied the dealer, impressively; "you must have exposed it to the sun."—*Paris Figaro*.

Mr. Younghusband (slightly jealous of his wife's successes)—"Bah Jove, Edith, I'm doosid glad this is the vewy last décolleté exhibition of the season, don'tcherknow." *She*—"Yes, so am I; I'm just longing for my three weeks' rest before I have to put on that new bathing-suit."—*Puck*.

Anarchist—"What's that I see on you? A clean shirt! Good heavens, I thought you were one of us." *Visitor*—"So I am. But I took this shirt from a workingman's clothes-line." *Anarchist*—"Well, you scared me for a minute. Please pass that bomb till I shorten the fuse."—*Omaha Bee*.

"John, I wisb you would rock the baby?" "What'll I rock the baby for?" "Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you and you should not object to rock him." "Well, don't half belong to you?" "Yes." "Well, you can rock your balf and let my half holler."—*Judge*.

"Henry," said his Aunt Matilda, at the close of the performance, "there's one thing I must speak to you about. Don't you think it looks bad for you to go out, as you do, between acts?" "Why, aunt," replied the dull fellow, "you wouldn't have me go out during the performance? Think how it would disturb the audience!"—*Boston Transcript*.

At Auteuil: Freddy, on leaving his bride for a few minutes and knowing she is very weak in her French, has instructed her to look very dignified, and in case any one addresses her to say haughtily: "Prenez garde!" He returns to find her surrounded by a group of wondering Frenchmen and hysterically exclaiming: "Regardez moi!"—*Life*.

"Will you allow me to look at your paper for a moment, sir?" said a tramp, politely, to a gentleman in City Hall Park; "I am anxious to ascertain the weather probabilities." "You are interested in the weather, then?" replied the gentleman, banding over the paper. "Yes, sir. I am going to lie down and take a nap if the elements are in favor."—*Puck*.

"My dear," said a husband, who is fond of putting posers, "can you tell me why young women who don't want to get married are like angel's visits?" The lady foally gave it up. "Because they are few and far between. Ha, ba, ba! Not bad, eh?" "Exceedingly clever. He, he, he! By the way, John, can you let me have that thirty dollars?" "Certainly," said John.—*New York Sun*.

Night Editor—"Which is the most advanced college—Harvard or Yale?" *Literary Editor*—"I'm sure I don't know. You'd better ask the Sporting Editor. He keeps track of the records." *Night Editor*—"The records?" *Literary Editor*—"Certainly. I believe they're about even on boat-races; but I think Yale is a bit in the lead on football. Still, I may be mistaken. The Sporting Editor will know all about it, though."—*Life*.

Wife—"What do you think of the new girl, John?" *Husband*—"Was that her that just let me in?" *W.*—"Yes." *H.*—"Well, she's just a daisy." *W.* (icily)—"Think so?" *H.* (enthusiastically)—"Think so! Why she has a complexion like a moss-rose, and eyes like—like—I don't know what. And her teeth are splendid, too." Next day when John went home to dinner, he was let in by a girl with a complexion like polished ebony, eyes as large as saucers, and teeth like two rows of piano-keys.—*Boston Courier*.

AN IDYL OF CARLSBAD.

By Betsy B.

The Schermerhorns had wandered pretty well over the regulation Europe, the tourist's beaten track, but they had never been to the Austrian watering places.

They had wintered in Italy, in Egypt, in the Riviera, wherever it was the correct place to winter. They had chased royalty and races around Ems, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Baden Baden. They had summered in the Tyrol, Switzerland, Normandy, and wherever else it was the correct place to summer. They had even gone up to the North Cape hurriedly once, to look the midnight sun in the face, but that was more in the nature of a trip or tour, as they always say of the briefest excursion over there, than they were seeking for on this, their last summer in Europe.

They had dropped down into pretty little Dresden for the winter, as so many Americans do when they become tired of wandering, and the late spring had already crept upon them unawares before they had made a summer plan.

"The only trouble about these Austrian watering places," proclaimed Mr. Fred Schermerhorn, when the family of three came to a council on the subject, "is that you are obliged, in common decency, to have something terrible the matter with you. If your liver and kidneys are pretty well rattled, or you have an elaborate case of rheumatism on hand, you feel justified in going. But they tell me, if you go there in a state of perfect health, that you are regarded with distrust by the thousands of invalids who flock there, until you become a sort of spring pariah. Now, I really don't feel inclined to subject myself to a case of taboo on the part of every one but my landlord and a few shopkeepers. Besides, there's nothing the matter with me. I am as sound as a new trade-dollar."

"You are too fat, Fred, for your time of life, and fat is a hideous parasite," murmured his wife, placidly, from the depths of the only easy-chair in the room. She was a little round, rosy, brown-eyed, gray-haired woman, and she had the faculty of always sinking into comfortable places. She had made the grand tour without any practical knowledge of the inconvenience of travel. She was never too warm, or too cold, or too tired, or too restless. She was always ready with a suggestion if any one wanted her to make one, or satisfied with the suggestion if some one else made it.

Just now she had given her husband a little bit upon what she considered the one defect in his appearance, but she had also put a nice little poultice of compliment upon the wound by intimating that he was still a boy; and, indeed, though they had been man and wife twenty good years, they were both under the impression that they had completed their honeymoon some time last spring.

"Well, heaven knows, if bodily misery is a necessity for the Bohemian springs, I have a complete outfit," spoke Miss Lena Schermerhorn, the third of the group; and at her words, it is sad to record, Mr. Fred Schermerhorn looked at his wife with a distinct twinkle in his eye.

If she had been his wife's sister, he would not have dared to do it. There is some divinity hedging a wife's family which prevents sacrilegious joking on the part of a husband. But it is always his privilege to laugh at his own.

His wife as distinctly refused to answer the twinkle. There had not been a dollar in the Schermerhorn family when she came into it twenty years before, nor had she brought a penny with her. But she had taken to worshipping her husband because she couldn't help it, and to pitying her sister-in-law because she was suffering. Lena Schermerhorn had a broken heart then. She had been jilted by the man she loved, who had left her to marry a rich girl. She had a diseased liver now, or thought she had. Mrs. Schermerhorn declared that she needed just as much sympathy in the one case as in the other, and that she proposed to give it to her. She had even pitied Lena when the money came too late, as it generally does, and had made her just a little bitter in her possession of it, and a little hard in the use of it.

When the Schermerhorns had been struggling cheerfully for ten years, some one died and left both brother and sister a ridiculous lot of money. Fred and Mrs. Fred—she was always known in the family as Fritz, by the way; she had permitted her identity so completely to sink in that of her husband, that her own name had disappeared utterly in the mists of history, and she was called Fritz to prevent confusion—took their good fortune as blithely and unconcernedly as they had taken their poorer days. But Lena, who had been hitherto only a quiet little girl with a broken spirit, became suddenly a suspicious and almost disagreeable woman. Every civility that was offered her from the outside world she attributed at once to the power of her money. If a woman sought to cultivate her acquaintance, she suspected her to be a toady. If a man appeared to admire her, she suspected him of being a fortune-hunter. This hideous change almost broke her sister-in-law's heart and made her brother excessively angry.

"I'll be spifflicated," he was wont to remark, "if I know what that girl wants. She wouldn't marry, and now the men have commenced to let her alone. She objected to being dependent, and now she has got a lot of money. She has got her health," he concluded, with a sound which, out of literature and in the privacy of domestic life, is called a snort. But even that purse-pride which takes an outward form of aggressiveness was not inherent in a Schermerhorn, and, after a time, Lena became as used to her money as Fred and Fritz had become during the first four weeks of possession.

About this time she took up the notion that there was something wrong with her, and eventually determined to locate the trouble in her liver. She had been living up to her liver ever since. And the rest of the family for the lack of other occupation had been living up to it with her. It had been the original cause of their trip to Europe. It had been the cause of their long lingering there. It had pointed their steps in every direction, even to Paris, and now it was about to regulate their summer tour.

"We might just as well follow Lena on these liver tramps," Fritz had lazily suggested to Fred. "It saves all the trouble that travelers always seem to make about arguing and choosing and marking out routes. Let's just go comfortably along, Fred, what's the use?" Mrs. Schermerhorn always said "what's the use?" and, as the question was a very vague one, no one had ever yet definitely replied to it.

The Schermerhorns had not come to Europe in the exalted artistic, architectural frame of mind. Mr. Schermerhorn had wanted to come because he rather thought it was the correct thing to do, especially for a rich man. Mr. Schermerhorn had not the remotest idea that he was a stickler for form, but, in a large, joyous, boyish way, he was very fond of doing the correct thing. Mrs. Schermerhorn regarded Europe strictly from a toilet point of view. To her it was vitally interesting as the great headquarters of fashion and fine dressmaking. The happiest days of her life were her days at the Ascot races, the Grand Prix, and her evenings in the best French theatres. She did not understand a word that was said. She had never undertaken the drudgery of language-study. She left all that sort of thing to the busier minds of Fred and Lena. She had never the ghost of an idea of the story in the play, but she adored the clothes in it. Lena went to Europe entirely for her health. But as they all three went everywhere with each other, they had each tucked away an amazing store of knowledge that they had never sought.

In choosing their routes of travel, they had drawn lots when it came to a radical difference of opinion, but, as a rule, they had followed Miss Schermerhorn's liver. It pointed now to Austria.

"I choose Ischl," said Fritz when it came down to a choice between three watering-places. "The Empress of Austria goes there every year to renew the associations of her girlhood, and the whole court follows her. Just think of all those Viennese women in their beautiful summer toilets. I think I see droves of them with their long, slender, stylish waists, and their beautiful hats, and their nobby parasols. You know they do say that the best dressmakers in Europe are in Vienna now, and that such hats and parasols are not to be found anywhere else on the continent."

"You do not seem to remember, treacherous woman, that I am too fat and that I must go to Marienbad. I have heard tales of a Spanish lady of high degree, who is so unfortunate as to weigh three hundred and fifty pounds. She goes to Marienbad every year, and leaves fifty pounds of flesh in the Bohemian forest. I think that is the article I need, eh, Lena? What do you say to Marienbad?"

But once more Miss Schermerhorn's liver rallied to the call:

"You both of you know very well that I don't care a pin where I go so long as I am with you. But, since it is really a matter of total indifference to both of you, what do you say to Carlsbad? The Vienna ladies go there, Fritz, before they go to Ischl, and, as for the fat, Fred, they do say you can drop that at the one place quite as easily as the other. I don't like to mention any of my own poor little ailments, but you know very well, Fred, they really do say the Carlsbad waters are the only waters that ever reach the liver."

"But hang it all, sis, you can't go to Carlsbad without being ordered there. It's not the correct thing. Most dangerous waters in Europe to trifle with, every one says. And, then suppose you are not ordered there; suppose these German doctors tell you that your liver is as sound as a sheep's heart; that it's a loop in your spine or a twist in your diaphragm that is the matter with you. Suppose they order you to Aix-les-Bains, or to Schlangenbad, or to some other *bad or heim*, what then?"

But here the peacemaker broke in:

"Don't you know, Fred—doesn't any one know who has been fifteen minutes out of America, and had anything the matter with them—that these German doctors will fit you out with any disease you may choose to select, and order you to any place you want to go? Don't these Germans walk seriously up to their doctors, year after year, after they have decided what is the matter with them and where they will have the best time curing it, and obtain an official seal to render their summer excursion a sort of pleasant duty? What's the use of frittering our time away with doctors, when we know that Lena is suffering and that Carlsbad will help her?"

"Dear Fritz," said Lena, and she kissed her on both cheeks after a fashion left over from her French-school days, "you are the best and most comfortable little woman in the world. I know that I am a trial sometimes, with my broken health, but I have a presentiment that Carlsbad will make a new woman of me."

"Good God!" cried Fred, with a meaning look at his wife, which Lena failed to catch, and bolting precipitately out of the house he shot down the street, and booked the family for Carlsbad before any one's resolution had time to cool.

And so it came to pass, three days later, they were steaming out of Dresden on the long Vienna train, with its "sleep wagon," and its "dinner wagon," and all the comfortable things which Fred found so amazing in Europe, where he had once supposed every one to be at least thirty years behind the times. They had looked ruefully and vainly for an American face, for with the Schermerhorns, as with many other traveling Americans, the meeting of other Americans was the chief pleasure of their wandering life. But all the English-speaking world seemed to have turned its face westward that year, and only a slice of the German world went in search of the wonderful healing waters.

Mrs. Schermerhorn, who did not care a fig for the grandest scenery that ever frowned upon her from the dark Sierras, or cleaved the heavens with the jagged Alps, immediately put on her traveling cap, sank into the depths of her traveling pillow in the very cosiest corner of the big cushioned compartment, and promptly went to sleep.

"You needn't tell me," observed the lady, sapiently, "that there's anything worth seeing on the way. When I think of the fuss they make over here about a little island as big as a hen's egg, or a little toy waterfall; and the way people go on about their little mountains, as if they were human beings; and when I remember how many guards, and guides, and *porteurs*, and *portiers*, and *kellners*, and *oberkellners*, and other outlandish things are involved in the seeing of each and every one of them, I know very well that the Europeans are not going to allow us to glide into a lot of scenery just here without saying anything about it."

Mrs. Schermerhorn always spoke generically of the Europeans. It never occurred to her to find any difference between a Magyar and a Basque, a Finn and a Sicilian.

Meanwhile, Fred and Lena, who were both passionately fond of scenery and loved a mountain with that affection

which Mrs. Schermerhorn suspected to be peculiar to the European, established themselves at opposite windows and seriously disturbed her slumbers with their exclamations as the train began to climb from the uninteresting plain into the rocky beauties of the Saxon Switzerland.

This beautiful spot in Saxony is not well-named, for, although the scenery resolves itself into bluffs, and rocks, and boldness, through which beautiful streams run a little more wildly than is considered quite the proper thing in staid Germany, it has not the loneliness of wild Swiss scenery, and it has more than the thrift and cleanliness of the little Swiss *terres* through which the tourist passes. The pretty, little, quaint villages perch saucily sometimes upon the very edge of the beetling rocks, and sunny farms slope down to danger from the very tops of the hills. And nowhere are the eye-rooms so thick as in these little Saxon villages.

"Oh, Fred," cried Lena, with unwonted playfulness, from her window, "here's a one-eyed house looking at me. Its just like an absurd little ungrown Cyclops."

And it was, except that it was a large, placid Egyptian eye. A two-eyed house is ridiculously human-looking, and in some of the great, barn-like buildings, where the roof becomes three stories high, a lot of children seem to be looking at the passers by with the calm, unflinching, pitiless gaze of childhood.

"Really," said Fred, pulling down his little silk curtain as the eye-roofs became thicker and thicker, "I begin to feel a sense of embarrassment. I feel as if I were being looked through and through by a lot of perfectly unbiased and disinterested people, who hadn't a particle of prejudice in my favor."

The eye-roofs grew fewer and fewer as they left the picturesque country, though they did not cease altogether, but scattered through the entire region, as if the Saxon architect had extended his little field of usefulness to some distant neighbors. The country grew drearier and drearier. They were journeying to the great Bohemian forests, but it was only rarely that a tree marked the way.

Even the stop at Bodenbach, on the Austrian frontier, where they got a particularly bad lunch, ran the easy gauntlet of the custom house, and got their money changed, was a relief. It was something, too, to feel that in a little minute they had passed from one powerful empire into another. They were just ingenuous enough never quite to get over that little thrill of change, long as they had been traveling.

Mrs. Schermerhorn alone was a little upset. "Now that we have got back into those horrible gulden and kreutzers again, you may expect to find me in chronic ill-temper. When I get into a currency that don't divide by five, I'm perfectly helpless." Which was rather an extraordinary declaration, inasmuch as she never under any circumstances carried a purse, and could not have counted her money if she had.

At about three of the long, hot afternoon, Lena espied the edge of the Carlsbad forest. It was outlined as distinctly as a garden, and the pine hills where the forest grew seemed to be of no kin whatever to the bare, desolate hills they were passing through.

Lena looked at it so longingly, so fervently, so almost religiously, as a Mohammedan may look toward Mecca, that her brother looked at her with unqualified amazement. "I'll be desiccated," he remarked, under his breath, "if I don't believe she has nursed herself into a liver frenzy, and expects something of Carlsbad; after all." He was about to awaken his wife and communicate his new conviction to her in a loud stage-whisper, when, with the scent of danger, she awakened herself, and, from force of long habit, launched into a conversation as far from Lena as she could get.

Twenty minutes later they rattled into the long *bahnhof* up on the hill, far away from the edge of the town. The familiar German took on a new guttural and hiss and splutter, as it mixed itself inextricably with the harsh sounds of the Bohemian dialect; but it was not long before they were driving down the long road in two *einspanners*. Fred Schermerhorn had from the beginning taken a childish delight in *einspanners*. The horse walking solemnly along on one side of the shaft, while the other side yawned with vacancy and seemed to invite any passer-by to step in and lighten the way a bit, had always seemed to him a gigantic one-sided joke. They had been the delight of his days in the Tyrol, and he was as glad as a boy to get back to a favorite toy. He established Miss Schermerhorn and a large array of satchels and trunks in one, and himself and his wife in the other, and their little procession threaded its way through the long single street which becomes the Alte Wiese on one side and the Neue Wiese on the other.

It was a scrambling, ugly place enough but for its fringe of dark firs on the steep hillsides and the merriment of the noisy little Tepl running down its centre. For Carlsbad lies in what would be a cañon in California, and the houses, most of them singularly unbecoming, are perched wherever they may have chanced to alight, without thought of anything so utterly absurd as a street. One of Billy Emerson's witticisms during his minstrel days was that he belonged to one of the first families—significant pause—as you go in town. The entrance to Carlsbad was decidedly not through the aristocratic quarter. Dirty women sunned themselves on the doorsteps, dirty babies rolled in the dust in front of them, dirty little girls were playing ball solitaire on the skimpy sidewalk, and the smell of some horrible unknown sort of cookery breathed upon the air. Strange looking people, all more or less jaundiced looking, were plodding mournfully about. Soon the sound of the inevitable band arose, and the character of the street and people began to change.

They rolled by the edge, on the opposite side of the river, of the pretty little Stadt Park, where an afternoon concert was going on, and they could see the industrious women knitting under the trees while they listened to the music and took an alternate sip at their afternoon coffee or a little dish of gossip. Deft-handed girls were flying around with great trays full of beer, never forgetting whose glass belonged to whom, and a gentle cloud of light-blue smoke hung placidly over the afternoon's dissipation.

They passed the lonely *kurhaus*, the splendid bath-house which hangs over the river, and began to realize that they had come to the springs when the Muhlbrun with its long-pillared promenade hove in sight.

The inevitable procession of Polish Jews was making its

ART IN NEW YORK.

"Iris" discusses the Latest Additions to the Public Galleries.

Mr. George Seney has certainly made a superb gift to the city of New York, in his fifteen paintings presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I went there, a few days ago, and was bewildered by the changes made in six months. What was then a decidedly mediocre art gallery is now something of which the city may be proud—the germ of a Louvre, an incipient national gallery, for which we may thank Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Judge Hilton, Mr. Seney, and Mrs. William Dannat. The building for Miss Wolfe's magnificent collection is not yet completed. Mr. Vanderbilt's gift, "The Horse Fair," which, by the way, is badly hung, has been described and discussed enough; ditto Judge Hilton's "Friedland." But the "Friedland's" companion-piece, "The Defence of Champaign," is still a novelty, and is the finest example of Detaille in this country. Like the "Friedland," it is a picture to be studied. It is a large picture, compounded of dozens of little pictures. It is a series of faces, each a study; a conglomeration of figures, each of which suggest a separate story. It is not the fashion to admire Detaille in these days of misty landscapes, disjointed ladies, and burly peasants; but I would like to wager that the most passionate impressionist could not fail to be stirred by the painful realism of this wonderful painting.

Here is the core of war. Here is smoke and flame, the red death leaping in a bright sheet from the level lines of muskets, and the thunderous pounding of the hursting shells. The picture is on a crescendo scale. In the foreground an unnatural calm broods over the men, in the middle distance there is fierce excitement, in the background frenzy. I have always admired French bravery. It has, perhaps, an element of staginess in it, but it has a stronger dash of the passionately heroic than the bravery of any other nation. In this tragically exciting picture one finds one's self unconsciously picking out the heroes. In the front of the painting—it depicts, by the way, the inside of the walled-in chateau garden, with the chateau in the background—a company of zouaves crouch and wait. They have an air of suppressed, nervous excitement; some of them look almost as if they were holding their breath; a few old hands appear perfectly stolid. Most of them are loutish, country lads, red-faced boys, Millet's peasants in uniform. Poor rustics! Some of them are sick at heart. But there is one with a lean, brown face and an imperial—he has the stuff of a hero in him. Though young, he is a veteran. He is on the alert, and yet calm. He holds his gun in readiness with hands in coarse green gloves, knitted for him by a distant wife or sweetheart. He has a look of intense concentration, of almost agonized attention. The two officers near him watch with tranquillity the progress of the sappers cutting holes for the cannons in the walls. Beyond them stand four more officers, outlined against a sheet of pale flame which bursts from a cannon in the background. They are listening to an old peasant in sabots, the gardener, I fancy, who describes the lay of the land. The young man with the long-haired fur coat and a green book in his hand is agitated. The others are cool. One of them, whose back is toward you, wearing a superb uniform of rich blue, has the figure of a Hermes. Another, facing you, in a black-haired shell-jacket, is a handsome boy of not much over twenty. He listens to the good man earnestly, as if he was a studious boy—he might have listened to his professor at college expounding the theory of war. Beyond, is the barricaded gate, the gun-carriages, a man bathing the knee of a wounded horse, which looks at him with that exquisite look of gratitude one sees only in the eyes of animals. Men rush from the chateau, carrying boards, beds, and mattresses, and the two balconies of the chateau swarm with soldiers. Suddenly a shell comes whizzing along, and—bang!—explodes against the rails of the balcony. The nearest man—you can only see his red zouave trousers in a pale, orange glow of flame, as torn and rent, he springs into the air—is done for. His day is over; good-bye to him! The men behind him cringe; down go their heads behind his body, behind their arms, behind each other, behind the railing and the mattresses. The panic extends to the end of the balcony. Some of the poor devils have made a rush for the stairs leading into the garden, but an officer bars the way with something that looks like a stick. He yells oaths at them, and they crouch like beaten dogs, with their heads shielded by their raised arms. On the balcony above, the barricade of mattresses is made, and the men behind it are aiming. One of the soldiers comes out of a long, French window, carrying on his head a superb white and gold Louis Quinze chair. Some of the slates on the roof are loose, and one of them has fallen and hit a soldier beside him a stunning blow on the head. The man, with bent neck, shrinks under the blow, and leans against the railing dazed and faint. If it was all as full of life and fierce excitement as this, the picture would not be so terrible. But the unnatural calm of the figures in the foreground chills and oppresses one. It is an ominous and heavy calm. What are those zouaves thinking about? If a new actor is nervous while he waits for his cue, what must their feelings be?

Painting what is visible to the naked eye, be it the golden haze of a summer sun, the mists of early morning, the grey dust on grapes, the bloom on a young girl's cheek, has been done ever since the Van Eycks created a possible virgin, and Il Perugino successfully portrayed a diminishing landscape. But painting sound is something new. I have only seen sound painted once. That was in a picture called "The Organ Rehearsal," by a Frenchman, Lerolle; and this picture has been given by Mr. Seney to the Metropolitan. It was first exhibited with the Impressionists, and created a sensation, having all the virtues and none of the vices of that extraordinary school. To the uninitiated it made clear what it was the Impressionists wanted to do. It represents the organ loft, slightly in shadow, and beyond, the huge, white dome of the church, full of pale light. The organist is playing; there are two women sitting in the foreground, back and profile toward you. One man looks at you with vacant eyes, listening with every fibre; another man, with head slightly drooping, is critical, anxious, absorbed. In the middle of the picture, against the rail of the loft, darkly visible

against the white light beyond, stands a young girl, singing. Her profile is toward you, and she holds a sheet of music out from her waist. She has an exquisite figure, and her round, full throat is bare. Her head is raised, her chin is up, as she sends her voice rolling out into the church; her lips are open, which gives her a suspicion of a double chin. If you watch her for a moment you can hear her sing. She has a deep, full contralto, and she is singing on her middle notes, somewhat softly. Her voice comes rolling out in grand, rich waves of sound, and echoes sonorously through the white dome. You feel as if you could rush up to that vacant-eyed man, who still fixedly regards you with that intent look of listening, and say: "She is superb."

Julien Dupré's "Balloon" is another of the Seney collection. I don't know what it is about, this picture that is so startling. It is life itself. It is such a hot day that you perspire to look at it. In the hay-field there is hardly a bit of shade, and not a breath of air rustles the silvery poplars. Meadows, like a checker-board, stretch away over a hill; white clouds drift across a summer sky. Far up in the ether—a grey disk—is the balloon. In the foreground are some five peasants, with their backs and profiles toward you, looking at it in paralyzed surprise. They stand knee-deep in the hay, with their hands arched over their eyes, every faculty concentrated on the floating phenomenon. They are stupefied. One man's profile you see, and you know every thought in his mind, and precisely what he will say when he turns round to the woman next him, as he will do in a moment. There is a little boy beside him, whose cheek and brow you can see. By a slight contraction in the cheek, you know that his eyes are screwed up and the bridge of his nose wrinkled, as he gazes through the broiling sunshine at the aerial apparition. The atmospheric effects in this picture are alone sufficient to place it in the first rank. There is a clear, quivering heat in the air, which proclaims the master hand.

The coaching parade on Saturday was fashionable, gorgeous, dignified, if somewhat damp. All the coaches were out, despite the showers, and the crack whips manipulated the ribbons—I believe that is the correct expression—with their accustomed skill. New York beauty was well represented, ditto New York "hood"—not the sanguinary fluid which runs in the veins of Tom, Dick, and Harry, but the blue, Dutch article which comes so high. Among the pretty young girls who decorated the tops of the coaches, was Miss Emily Hecksher in a pale grey gown covered with silver braiding. Miss Hecksher is a staunch supporter of the Meadow-Brook and Rockaway hunts. She has a collection of foxes' pads and hrushes, and similar trophies of the chase, won in glorious action on the shores of Long Island in the fierce chase of the merry but elusive anise-seed hag. The Meadow-Brook hunt is a strictly kind-hearted institution. They let the fox—not the cat—out of a bag when the hunt has come to an end. Then the fox, being a philosophic fox, makes no attempt to fight against his destiny, but generally sits him sadly down, like Queen Constance, and calmly receives the happy dispatch at the teeth of the dogs. After which his tail—I mean his "brush"—and his "pads" are cut off and presented to the lady who is in at the death. This is invariably Miss Hecksher, whose riding is as brilliant and daring as that of the Empress of Austria used to be. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was also on one of the coaches. She is one of New York's beauties. As a Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, she was the pride of that conservative city. Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is the eldest son of one of the Astors, and has been Minister to Rome. He should be famous as the author of "Valentino," but fate has decided otherwise. "Valentino" is a romance of Rome in the days of the Borgias, and, as a defence of the graceless Lucretia, contains much research. It was a clever enough book, and deserved more success than the sensational trash which is devoured by people of education. But the divine spark was lacking, and "Valentino" fell into desuetude.

The costume of the gentlemen who drive the coaches, though gamey, is rather trying to their youth and beauty. It consists of dark green coats with brass buttons, yellow waistcoats, grey trousers, and grey beavers with curly brims, which would make the soul of Kyrle Bellew sing. Perhaps the members of the coaching club, and that illustrious supporter of the drama, get their hats made at the same place.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1887.

IRIS.

Can anybody (asks Andrew Lang) supply the conclusion to the following scrap of exciting narrative? Is it part of a true and actual adventure, or is it the conclusion of some romance, which must be poignant, but is unknown to us? Would it be wrong to plagiarize it, and write a story filling up the unknown background? Would any two novelists conduct that story in anything like the same way? But it is necessary first to supply the reader with the text for these remarks and inquiries. The writer was walking, when he met a gentleman with two ladies. As we passed each other, the gentleman said, obviously in the course of a narrative he was relating: "So a month later, they went back to the Island, and they found the Doctor and the Slave both dead." I can not say how curious I am to know more about the Doctor and the Slave. Who were, in the first place, "They"? Why had they left the Island? What Island did they leave? Why did they return to it? What were the Doctor and the Slave doing there? How came it that they both died? Were they starved to death? Was the Slave suffering from some infectious malady, and was the Doctor a martyr to duty? Were there any other people on the Island? The whole thing opens such a charmingly wide field to conjecture. When did it all happen? It may have been in any time and place, from an Island of the Sporades, in Homeric Greece, to one of the Archipelagos at the back of Australia to-day. Probably we shall never learn any more about it; the graves of the Doctor and the Slave will remain unknown, like the grave of Arthur.

A Michigan tramp says that for weeks he has been living on the fat of the land from the revenue derived from hugging for postage stamps. His plan was to ask each available person for a stamp with which to send a letter to his wife. With few exceptions he got a stamp, or money enough and more to buy one. He had a large number of two-cent stamps in his pocket when arrested for vagrancy.

fternoon windings. Three by three—no one ever sees them y ones or twos—there they moon the long, lazy day away after the business of taking the waters is over. Short, hollow-nosed, and handy-legged, their curious dress enhances their peculiarities. They have replaced the ancient gabarine with long, close-buttoned coats which reach to their ankles, and top off this garment with hoots worn always outside their trousers. Their hair is long, and two curls are caught forward of the ear to hang there in ringlets if nature lets them, or, when it does not, as rarely happens, to hang there in straight, limp dejectedness. They seem to belong to this quarter of the town, for they disappeared utterly and the gay bazaars began to line the way as the *cinspanners* titled gayly up the street.

Past the great Sprüdel with its imposing building—they noticed they could see the great Sprüdel Spring leaping hot to the air, through the vast window walls—and so with a great pomp of circumstance they dashed up to the door of a Goldner Schild just where the Karlsbrücke crosses the river and makes the aristocratic line of demarcation, and just the very middle of Carlshad.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH."

In the *North American Review* for June, Ignatius Donnelly begins a series of articles on what he calls "The Shakespeare Myth." He has not yet revealed his cipher discoverer in the plays, but he has this to say concerning the authorship:

It is argued that William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, could not have written the "Shakespeare plays," for the following, among many other, good reasons:

I. The plays, it is conceded, reveal great learning. Part of "Henry IV." is written in French. The plots of some of the plays were derived from translated Italian novels, indicating that the author understood that language. There are proverbs quoted from the Spanish. The diction was evidently a master of Greek and Latin. He seemed to know everything.

Francis Bacon was the most learned man of his age; but the Stratford boy could have had no education but that which the rude village school could afford him; and there is no evidence that he ever attended to that. In the country schools of that day the English language was not taught. We have a pretty fair representation of the mode of teaching in the scene in "The Merry Wives" (Act IV, scene 1), where the Welsh schoolmaster, Evans, puts the boy William through his *fig, hog, hog*. And yet "the first heir of his (Shakespeare's) invention," as we are told, the "Venus and Adonis," which the critics suppose he brought with him from Stratford when he first came to London, which is written in the most polished and courtly language of the day, without a trace of the provincialisms of his native Warwickshire.

II. The traditions which have come down to us concerning Shakespeare do not, any of them, point to the habits of a scholar or a gentleman. The first glimpse we have of the family was when John Shakespeare, his father, was fined twelve pence, in 1552, for maintaining "a suspicious *sterginarium* before his house in Henley Street; and under these unsavory circumstances does the history of the poet's fatherhood in the records of England." The first tradition we have concerning Shakespeare himself, is that of an ale-drinking contest with the *hidford* toppers, "while yet a young man, in which he became so lustily drunk that he could not reach home, but slept all night by the roadside. We are told that he was a deer-stealer, and given to all manner of unluckiness; and that 'Sir Thomas Lacy had him oft imprisoned and whipped.' He married a woman some years older than himself, under unusual circumstances, and their first child was born six months after the marriage. The last tradition we have of him is that his death was the result of a drinking-bout with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Other his father nor mother could read or write, and Halliwell Phillips doubts if there was a book in the house of his parents. His daughter Elizabeth signed her name with a cross. Imagine the daughter of Herbert Spencer or William E. Gladstone (and the author of the plays was a scholar, wiser, and more learned man than either of them) unable to do or write! It is inconceivable.

The plays show that the writer was a lawyer; they abound in the technical phraseology of the law. Kings, queens, clowns, soldiers, the very men, talk in the language of the courts. When a young gentleman poses to kiss a young lady, she replies:

"My lips are no common, though several they be."
(Love's Labor Lost, II., 1.)

Francis Bacon was a great and accomplished lawyer; but there is no evidence that the drunken poacher of Stratford was ever in a lawyer's office for an hour in his life.

III. Not a scrap of manuscript of William Shakespeare has come down to us—not a letter, memorandum, fragment of a journal, remnant of an unfinished play, or anything else has reached us. While the two houses Henley street remained in the possession of his granddaughter, Lady Harcourt, until 1670, and in the hands of the descendants of his sister, in Hart, down to the beginning of the present century, not one of his plays was able to give the famishing curiosity of the world a single scrap of paper, or book, or anything else, that ever belonged to the great poet. They did not seem to have ever possessed a copy of any of the seventy-two editions of the plays or poems published in the two centuries of the lifetime of the supposed author.

V. We are asked to believe that the author of these works never published one of them; never referred to them in his will; never proved for their publication; and although living at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a year, as tradition tells us, left eighteen out of thirty plays unpublished at his death, to take their chances of oblivion, they were not published until seven years after his death, in the Great Folio of 1623; and then not at the cost of his wealthy heirs, who had used on his monument of his literary genius, but, as the folio itself says, "at the charges of W. Jagard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, W. Aspley." The man of Stratford was very particular to sue Sir Rogers for £1 rgs. 10d., for "malt sold" (for "the poet" seems to have been running some sort of a brewery, but he died and left Jacobeth, "Julius Caesar," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Henry VIII.," "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure," the "Comedy of Errors," the "Vinter's Tale," and eight others of the great plays unpublished, at risk of having his intellectual daughter Judith tear the manuscripts and use them for curl-papers. It is horrible to ask intelligent people to believe any such story.

VI. Shakespeare himself never claimed the plays. He did not put his name on the title-leaf of any of them; for the name on the title-leaf is, very case, "William Shakespeare," very often printed with a hyphen, "Shake-speare," while the three signatures to his will and the two to legal instruments, these being the only autographs we have of him, are, in each case, spelled *Shakspeare*, which must have been pronounced *Shack-spere*. And this seems to have been the accepted pronunciation in Stratford. In the records of the Town Council the name Shakspeare's father occurs one hundred and ninety-six times, and in one instance it is spelled *Shakspeare*. It is given as *Schakspeare*, *Shaksper*, *Shaksper*, *Shaxpeare*, and *Shaxper*. In "the poet's" marriage bond it is "Shagspere." The name on the title-leaf, and the holding a spear in his claw, in the bogus coat of arms, were all part of the myth, devised by some keener mind behind the scenes. I believe it is now conceded that his wife's name was not *Hathaway* but *batley*, and that she never lived in the Hathaway cottage, which thousands of sentimental tourists have visited with bedewed eyes. It is not true that he was even born in that Mecca of our race, the Henley cottage; and some have gone so far as to argue that a critical analysis of his signature proves that he could not read or write, but ascribed his name from copies, and used a different copy at different times. It is argued, with considerable show of probability, that the final name was *Jacques-Pierre*, or John-Peter. Halliwell Phillips decides that his claim to gentle blood was a fraud.

LEFT BEHIND.

"Flanheur" writes about Men who have lost their Grip on the Times.

There was a crowd on the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, this morning, staring with stupid sympathy at the wreck of a once noble hansom, and the driver thereof who sat tranquilly a-top of the ruins.

"If this here," said the driver, with a sigh, to the multitude, "ain't enough fer t'break my great, full-blooded Irish heart, I'm off me feed, dat's all. Not, y'unerstan', as how I'm all tore up 'bout th'ansom—nixie. That belongs to anudder man. What makes me sad is having busted these here new English-cheviot eight-dollar pants the very first day I gits them on. I sez t'me wife this mornin', I sez—"

The mighty form of a Broadway policeman loomed up. He cast his autocratic eye over the crowd.

"Here you," he yelled, furiously, without looking at any one in particular, "move on, or I'll kick th' head off yez."

We moved. It chanced that the nearest man to the officer was gray and bent. He had the neatness of attire, the shrinking air and gentle manner of one who had seen better days. No man could look at him without a pathetic twinge. His eyes sought every face with a look of mild kindness and appeal. That he was a dependent, and not a welcome one at that, was clear. As the policeman spoke he waved his hand authoritatively, and it fell upon the shoulder of the old man.

"Take your hand off that old gentleman's shoulder, you big bruiser, you."

It was a voice that rose above the din, and caused the crowd to swing round. The voice came from a top the ruins of the hansom, where the driver now stood with his head forward, his battered hat in one hand, and his eyes blazing down into those of the big policeman.

"What's that?" asked the officer sharply, jumping toward the hansom, while the old man hurried away with his head in the air. The two men glared at each other for half a minute, and then the policeman said shortly and hotly:

"You keep a civil tongue in yer head, me man."

"Well, you keep your claws off ole men, then. I've seen many a copper biff an old man when he had a crowd of young ones to choose from, but, next time it's done, I'll have a hand in th' game, see?"

"Yes you will!"

"Well, I will."

"Ya-as-y will!"

"You heard me?"

"Yah!"

They stood and glared like two wolves. How they wanted to jump at each other's throats! The hot sun blazed down into their flushed faces. Then the policeman drew a long breath, and turning abruptly on his heel, waved the crowd away again, while the driver sank back sullen and red—but a hero.

I walked on. It occurred to me later that the old man has no place in New York. No one ever thought even to write about him, and when you can pick anything out in New York that has not been written about, it is a rarity indeed.

A lost child on Broadway is not half so forlorn, lonely, and forsaken as the man of advanced years who has lost his grip on the time and the people around him. A thousand faces come up before me of men whose histories were written in their threadbare clothes, their wrinkled faces, trembling hands, and shrinking manners.

A few night ago, a man who was once the most popular member of a fast and rollicking set of New York men, tried to push his way through a group of noisy young gamblers and hokers at the entrance of Delmonico's. He stepped first one side and then the other, but his way was constantly, though unconsciously, impeded. Finally, he turned carelessly on his heel, and strode out into the street again. Ten minutes later, the way being clear, he reentered the café, and walked slowly about. After a time he sat down at one of the tables, drank a small glass of port quietly, and, with another look at the sea of new faces around him, he arose and wandered slowly away. It was Frank Work, the banker. I do not mean to convey the impression that there was anything pathetic in his appearance, for he appeared to be in good health, but his evident loneliness in the haunt of which he was once the ruling spirit was notable.

To me the most prominent characteristic of nearly all men of advanced years is their extreme courtesy and gentleness. At the entrance of the Hoffman House, one day, a group of young collegians stood roaring over the recollections of a game of football that had just been played at the Polo Grounds. A man of advanced years, with his head bent slightly forward, and his hands resting idly in the pockets of his loose sack-coat, strolled along, and, bowing with an amiable smile to the men who blocked the way, sought to enter the hotel. One or two of the collegians stared at him and then turned their heads away. He stood there quietly for a moment, and then, raising his hat, said:

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to pass?"

No one answered for an instant, and then the voice of a lusty quarter-back player from Princeton was heard from the rear.

"Jimmy," he yelled, authoritatively, "step out of the way and give that old man a chance to get in, won't you?"

Jimmy did as he was bid, and Mr. James Anthony Froude, with his hand still to his hat, bowed and quietly passed by the group of noisy young men.

One very cold night last winter I was walking down Fifth Avenue with two other men, when the younger of them stopped us, rather dramatically, and drew our attention to the shivering figure of an old man who had actually mounted the fence that surrounded one of the most magnificent of the show-houses of New York. It was the residence of a famous millionaire. We had been to a card-party, and it was after three o'clock. There was snow in the streets, but the sidewalks were clear, and, as the moon shone brightly, objects were almost as distinct as at mid-day. In front of the house the entire sidewalk had been carpeted, and rugs two or three deep added to the softness of the steps. At least thirty feet of the sidewalk was enclosed by canvas, so that it was virtually a room. Covered awnings stretched up the steps into the house, and other awnings projected over the gutter, so that the carriages could drive up,

and their occupants step from their vehicles into what was practically a lighted and heated canvas room. Twenty or thirty footmen were arranged in double lines down the steps, special officers were at the doorways, and brilliant-hued wraps and fur overcoats were strewn about. Pedestrians who chanced to be walking along at that hour of the night were allowed to pass through the room, under the watchful eye of the police. For blocks Fifth Avenue was massed with carriages. We glanced at this, and then our companion again drew our attention to the old man, who was standing on the fence and trying to peer into one of the big windows of the house.

"That's old Jamieson," said the man with us, in a whisper.

"What is he trying to do?"

"It seems like a novel, doesn't it? The fact is, the old boy is trying to catch a glimpse of his son and daughter. The son leads the cotillion there to night. He inherited his money, you know, direct from his grandfather, old Jamieson being intentionally overlooked. Poor old boy! I'd go up and speak to him, but I am sure it would hurt his feelings more than to think that he is not observed. Ough! How cold it is!"

These are a few of the men who are known. How much more pathetic are the instances of men who are not only in misfortune, and who have lost all they once held, but whose very names are forgotten. I remember there was a conductor on the Eighth Avenue Railroad who ran his car between the hours of eleven in the night and eleven the following morning. He was a subject of so much talk among the night editors of the morning papers who rode upon his line, that I once went over at the request of one of them one night just to see him. He was as fine and aristocratic a looking man as I have ever seen. No one ever found out his history, for he could not be drawn into conversation. He did his work in a quiet and respectful way for a year, and then disappeared, nobody knows where. In a like manner, I have seen porters in big dry-goods houses, clerks, and men in almost every lowly walk of life, whose faces indicated a history that was unmistakably pathetic.

The waifs of the street, the children of the gutters, the unhappy little ones in boarding-houses and the outcasts of the slums are more to be envied than the gentle, courteous and dependent old men who have been forced under by the iron heel of a world that thunders along at a break-neck pace, and from which they try to shield themselves by a gentleness that the rushing world has not time to see.

NEW YORK, May, 31, 1887.

BLAKELY HALL.

Volapük is the invention of the Rev. Father Johann Martin Schleyer, of Constance, Baden, Germany. He is an accomplished linguist, having for forty-six years been interested in the study of languages. He can speak and write twenty-eight tongues, including the Chinese and three African languages, and is also eminent as a priest, hymnologist, and religious editor. He invented his universal language in 1878, announced it in 1879, and had so far perfected it in 1881 as to publish in that year a small book, entitled "Entwurf einer Weltsprache für alle gebildete Erdbewohner" ("Plan of a Universal Language for all the Civilized Inhabitants of the Earth"). Thus the name, Volapük—*vola*, meaning of the world, and *pük*, language. The Volapük grammar can be learned in an hour, and, as the variations of the nouns and verbs are indicated by the vowels taken in their regular order, they are not easily forgotten. The principal labor necessary to acquire the language consists, therefore, in memorizing the vocabulary. On the continent it has gained in popularity very rapidly during the last two or three years, so that there are now at least ten thousand persons who are familiar with and use it. There are eight monthly periodicals printed wholly in Volapük, or partly in Volapük and partly in other languages.

Bostonians are highly indignant over the junket which was indulged in at their expense, during the recent visit to Boston of Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii. The royal visitors were there six days, and \$18,000 has been called for to foot the bills. The items are as follows: Expenses of committee to Washington, \$800; flowers, \$4,500; Parker House, \$2,800. Thus there remains to be accounted for a little more than one-half of the total amount. A harbor excursion and carriage rides were among the authorized features of the six days' entertainment, but they could not have cost anywhere near \$10,000. The most outrageous steal in the whole business was in connection with the reception which the Committee of Arrangements gave at the Victoria, on the night of the queen's public reception. The committee issued 100 invitations, and 100 gallons of liquor were drunk on the occasion.

While in the regular army, with a few illustrious exceptions, the mass of Southern officers sided with the Confederacy; out of six hundred and seventy-one Southern naval officers, three hundred and fifty—more than half—adhered to the Union. As a rule, the older officers were the most loyal, and the youngsters the least so. Of the one hundred and forty-eight Southern midshipmen, one hundred and eleven resigned their commissions, and thirty-seven followed the old flag.

An amusing incident occurred at Buffalo Bill's show (says *London Life*). Mr. Justice Lopez was strolling about the Indian village, and fell in with a pappoose, aged three years, who promptly lassoed him round the neck with a rope, and refused to let him go. Loud was the laughter of all who beheld the judge bound by an Indian baby.

An English experimenter finds that, contrary to general opinion, a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from moisture; the ivy extracts every possible particle of moisture from wood, brick, or stone, for its own sustenance, by means of the tiny roots, which work their way into even the hardest stone.

Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, has inquired into the cost of the students' living, and reports that one-third of the seniors who have written to him spend under seven hundred dollars a year, one-half under ten hundred dollars, and three-fourths under twelve hundred dollars.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Crown Princess Stephanie will not accompany her husband to London to attend the jubilee. It is given out in Vienna that her health is too poor to allow her the journey, but gossips say that she has not yet forgiven Rudolph for his latest escapades.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, attended every one of the twenty-two performances of Verdi's "Otello" at Rome, always entering the theatre before the overture was begun and remaining in her seat till the last chord of the finale had been struck.

General Anson S. McCook, as Secretary of the United States Senate has a very pleasant berth. His salary is four thousand dollars a year, he is allowed five hundred dollars a year for a horse and wagon, and five hundred or one thousand dollars as disbursing officer. He is not obliged to be in Washington more than half the year.

Colonel Fred Grant, the eldest son of the late General, is said to be developing into a man very much like his father, and, in proof of this it is told that he is never seen without a cigar in his month. He is a dull-looking young man. His eyes have no brightness, his features no characteristics, his complexion no color, and he seems to be simply fat and dull.

General George A. Sheridan says he got more money for less actual service than any other man who ever served in Congress. He was not admitted to his seat until about three hours before the expiration of his term, and he drew salary, mileage, etc., amounting to about fourteen thousand dollars. In that respect he thinks his Congressional fame will be immortal.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, says that instead of cutting off the railroad passes of senators and representatives, as has been done by the Interstate Commerce law, he would give them all passes and compel each man to travel at least five thousand miles a year, in order to have them learn something about all parts of the country for which the have to legislate.

William Allison, of London, who is now in New York, was the founder and is the editor of the *St. Stephen's Review*, and furnishes syndicate of twenty-two Conservative papers in the British province with what we call "patent insides." He stands six feet two, is thirty-six years old, is a noted runner and foot-baller, and an authority upon dogs and horses.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author, has been sojourning in Switzerland for his health. He is threatened with consumption, and in a very delicate condition. He has always been careless as to his physical welfare, and it is said his present trouble was brought on by steamer voyage to this country undertaken for literary purposes. He has come into a large property through the death of his father.

Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, has a keen appreciation of humor. During his recent illness he was constantly annoyed by having his nurse take his temperature at frequent intervals. One day he slipped it thermometer into a cup of hot tea. The nurse soon after attempted to measure his temperature, and was horrified to find that Mr. Edison was apparently burning up with the hottest fever a man ever endured.

Mr. Rosa Bonheur has written a note to Mr. S. P. Avery reciting her gratification at the placing of her "Horse Fair" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She has sent to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt a similar epistle. Her handwriting is distinctively masculine, and she seems to have used a coarse steel pen. The capital letters abound in flourishes, and she signs herself "R. Bonheur." Mr. Avery has an interesting series of portraits of the artist, taken at various periods in her career, the latest one showing a face of great dignity, strength, and contentment, crowned with luxuriant masses of gray hair.

Mr. Gibson, R. A., tells of his visits to Windsor when honored with sittings for his admirable bust of the young queen. At one of the sittings he said he wished to measure her mouth, if her majesty would allow him. "Oh, certainly," said the queen, "if I can only keep it shut and not laugh." The proposal was apparently unexpected and so dr that it was some time before the queen could compose herself, and so after repeatedly laughing. Another day he wished to see her majesty in evening dress. She came down the stairs with the prince, accompanied her, having, like a fond young husband, his arm round his wife's neck, and said, pointing to the shoulder, "Mr. Gibson, you must give me this dimple."

The burial-places of our Presidents are widely scattered. Washington lies at Mount Vernon; the two Adamses are buried under the church at Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson rests at Monticello; Madison grave is at Montpelier, not far from Monticello; Monroe's remains in the Richmond Cemetery; Jackson's grave is in front of his old residence, "The Hermitage"; Van Buren was buried at Kinderhook; Harrison at North Bend, near Cincinnati; Polk at Nashville; Taylor remains are near Louisville; Fillmore lies in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo; Pierce was buried in Concord, and Buchanan at Lancaster; Lincoln's grave is near Springfield; Johnson's at Greenville; Garfield at Cleveland; Grant's at Riverside, and Arthur's at Albany.

There is one circumstance touching the borderland of Italian superstition in connection with the death of Mr. Fergus ("Hugh Conway" that is little known. During his stay at Naples he met the late Lord Houghton ("Richard Monckton Milnes"), and it chanced at that time there was opened at Pompeii one of those famous and long-buried villas. Lord Houghton was anxious that his young confrère should accompany him on a visit to the spot, and the peer used his influence with the government to obtain the necessary permission. Some obstacle for a time prevailed, as the Italians have a belief that two out of a company of visitors to such scenes will surely die before the end of a year, but the authorities at length yielded to Lord Houghton's request. A visit was made, and the strange fact remains that the aged poet and young novelist were both dead within the predicted period.

No American who has ever visited Europe has attracted more attention than Buffalo Bill. Although Mr. Cody has not been in London over a month, he is to-day as well known to the masses of the city as is the queen. His name is on every wall. His picture is nearly every window. Another peculiar feature of Cody's London life is that he is equally popular in the lowest and highest walks of society. He is as much in demand at all kinds of high society gatherings as he were a visiting prince. He is obliged to refuse the majority of the invitations which pursue him. He tried to go out to the London dinner when he first came, but he soon found that they were too much for him. Lord Charles Beresford was fortunate enough to secure Cody's presence on the top of his coach at the last meeting of the Coach Club. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present among spectators. They attracted no more attention than did Mr. Cody. Wherever the coach went which carried this stalwart, picturesque figure there the crowd would follow. The papers all speak of the social interference of Cody under all this fire of admiring glances. The truth that he is bored by it. He is surfeited by admiration and attention.

It is probably not generally known that the two Virginias—the old West Virginia—will be represented in the Senate of the Fifty-third Congress by an aggregate of the youngest members of that body in respect to years ever recorded in any two adjoining States. John W. Davis, who succeeded Mahone, is not yet forty-four years old; his senior colleague, Harrison Riddleberger, is a year younger; while Camden's successor from West Virginia, Charles J. Faulkner, is but forty, and senior colleague, Kenna, is just thirty-nine. Senator Kenna is not a good manipulator of the bow, but is also one of the cleverest amateur photographers in the country, and he enters upon his field of labor armed. It is his custom to carry with him while on his political circuit his violin and his photographic apparatus. The latter has proved a wonderfully influential adjunct. He will photograph an entire family in his backwoods constituency, in group or detail, and present the prized and delighted aboriginals with the same, which is to them novel and acceptable than a whole front row of seats in a circus. It is estimated that Kenna has, during the past three years, photographed two-thirds of the entire population of the rural and mountain districts of his State, and has held thousands of discontented voters safe to party on election day by the influence of his camera.

VANITY FAIR.

In London not to know and to have shaken hands with Buffalo Bill argues the humiliating fact that one is without the pale. No longer does my Lady Loftly content herself with numbering the Prince of Wales among her guests. A greater than he has risen in her horizon, and a terrible suspense torments her while she awaits a reply to her invitation to this star of the first magnitude to shine in her constellation. Many a stately dame of high degree is doomed to disappointment, for are there not in the gaudily painted Indian basket upon his rude camp table, scores of perfumed notes of invitation, heaving the honor of the presence of this American exhibitor in marble halls, whose vassals wait in plush and satin to receive him? Five o'clock teas and "at homes" are hut so many conferences devoted to Buffalo Bill. The mind and soul and heart of London are possessed with one idea—Wild West Bill, as he is designated. During an hour spent recently in the drawing-room of Miss Hogarth (sister-in-law of Dickens) I found opportunity (says a London correspondent) to note a slight conflict of opinion on the popular and really prevailing subject. One visitor knew positively that it was impossible to secure Colonel Cody's acceptance of invitations to any more dinners or halls, for Lady B— had told her that his engagements were already "weeks deep," running on to the end of London's brief season. The servant announced the entrance of another guest, and I turned my ear, sure of a respite from the Wild West eulogies. Not so. A sentence or two about the late spring and queen's drawing room of the day previous, and then the inevitable question of not "Have you seen," hut, assuming that fact, "What do you think of Buffalo Bill?" It is a significant fact that through the hours of Miss Hogarth's "at home," the effort to sustain any conversation that had not Buffalo Bill for its text was futile. London society is by the ears in its zealous ambition to write at the head of its invitations the significant sentence, "To meet the Hon. W. F. Cody."

In spite of all its servility, London society has shown itself both wiser and more independent than its court and those who dress according to its form. It does not give *décolleté* afternoon assemblies. It is a marvel that it does not. One wonders by what antiseptic process this little trait of independence and common sense has been preserved amidst so much that is servile and more that is foolish. But there it is; and the great people and the fashionable do not, in this, play at the disastrous game of "follow my leader," hut have warm, snug, decently clothed "afternoons." As a rule, these "afternoons," with or without adventitious aids, are among the pleasantest and most successful kinds of entertainment. They are informal, lively, inexpensive, and without fuss. A well-appointed dinner, with good service and sympathetic neighbors, is, of course, the prime of all social pleasures. To which we may add, that an ill-appointed and ill-served dinner, with inharmonious neighbors, is a ghastly simulacrum of pleasure, compared to which a bumble mutton-chop by one's own lonely fireside is luxury and completeness. Of course, to the young, a dance is the main thing, hut to those whose pirouetting days are over, the well-conditioned dinner comes first on the list, and then the informal "afternoon;" where to "five-o'clocker" is to *s'amuser beaucoup*.

A recent lecturer at the New York Lyceum School of Acting, speaking of stage-dressing, divided costume, so far as the stage was concerned, practically into four periods: the classic, including Greek as well as Roman; the mediæval; the eighteenth century, including and ending at the Directoire and Empire; and the modern. The first, roughly speaking, gave opportunity for the display of grace, the second of picturesqueness, the third of quietness, and the last of good taste. These are some of the things he said afterward: "No lines exceed in grace the folds of the classic robes, only the material must be woolen and not silk or crêpe, which is too often used. Frank Millett has shown what can be done with stage costume in his masterly treatment of Mary Anderson's Galatea dresses. He used soft woolen goods, gaining the crinkly effect by dampening them. The corset in all its forms destroys not only health hut beauty. With its introduction the poetry of the feminine form was turned into prose. Bernhardt understands this, and poses untrammelled by watch-springs or whalebone. Stage costume should always mean something, and help to elucidate the character of the wearer. Take Bernhardt again. Do you remember the suggestion of the reptile in her sleeves in the second act of 'Téodora'? If the choice of your costume rests with yourself, remember you are only a part of a picture. Let the colors harmonize with their surroundings as well as with themselves."

In Holland, man is lord of all he surveys, and woman is a secondary consideration. No Dutch gentleman when walking on the sidewalk will move out of his way for a lady; the woman turns out into the road invariably, and the danger and muddiness of the street makes no difference. The male hiped keeps the pave always. The ladies of Holland unscottered must not pass a club, and yet the frequenters of clubs in the daytime are principally raw youths of an exceedingly non-hirsute appearance, and it looks idiotic to see ladies go out of their way two, or even three squares, to avoid being gazed at by club habitués. In Utrecht, the ultra-aristocratic city of Holland, where every other house covers a nobleman's family, these prim restrictions are carried to an even greater extent. The lovely boulevards are a pride of the city, and it is the fashion, when ladies take a promenade, to drop into a confectioner's to eat "taatjes" or drink chocolate in the small, cosy rooms adjoining these shops. When a heavy of Holland's fair ones, intent upon sweetmeats, unluckily find the room occupied by one or more of the masculine persuasion, a retreat is made for the street door, which looks unladylike and undignified. To expect that gentlemen would pay those delicate little attentions to the fair sex, such as turning the leaves of music, banding a chair, etc., would be erroneous.

Things social, fickle and changeable as they are, perpetually steep themselves in new follies while abandoning the old. Extravagance never goes long without fresh outlets.

If the rage for tulips has passed, that for orchids has set in; if christening presents are not so numerous as they were, wedding gifts are more so, and are also more lavish in extent as well as more costly in kind. Funeral flowers have taken the place of May-day garlands, and Christmas cards are in hundreds where the old valentines counted units. The huge joints and barbaric profusion of the dinner-tables of a generation ago have given place to fewer dishes of smaller weight. But the flowers strewn on the cloth cover all the savings, and the adjuncts are as costly as the *pièces de résistance*. The solid splendor of the heavy cut-glass, which shone in the light like transparent metal, is now out of date. The taste of the time goes to light, airy hubbles, which the servants break by the score. For all of solidity and durability are at a discount, and, from buildings to Venetian glass, our modern productions are not made to last—only to look well for a day, to be destroyed in the night. Change and unrest are the characteristics of the present time, and the Cynthia of the minute is gone before we have well seen her. Prophets might make their account of this change, this unrest. Is it the unconscious preparation for a universal cataclysm? When society was stable things social were solid; now they are fluid to the last degree of instability, and in this instability, perhaps, foretell more than we foresee.

The representations given by the Cirque Molier every spring are among the fêtes the most sought after in the Paris year. There the clowns are not ordinary clowns; dukes, barons, and counts fill these rôles, make dangerous leaps, and train horses; the horsemen, gymnasts, all have titles. The programmes are works of art, the names of the artists are written over their portraits, and the most wonderful performance is promised to the few fortunate enough to be invited. Until now ladies have taken no part in the work of the noble troupe of Molier Circus; however, in Paris there are many sportswomen, and very soon we may hear of the Countess This and the Baroness That jumping through hoops or turning somersaults on horseback. To reach the circus, which is connected with M. Molier's house, we cross a hall, then a gallery filled with pictures. From this gallery we enter the billiard-room; then, descending a staircase, we are near the "ring." Very few persons are admitted to the greenroom, where are to be found English lords and French dukes, all dressed as clowns or jockeys. The rehearsals are very interesting, and the scene is wonderfully picturesque; often fifty gentlemen and ladies are in the private boxes; the horsemen, in scarlet tunics, knots of blue ribbons on their shoulders, place themselves in line, while M. Molier, a rider of the *haute école*, wins the bravos of his friends. These *grands seigneurs* are aided by genuine circus riders, of whom Mlle. Violat and her friend Mlle. Mérie are the most celebrated. Mlle. Violat stands on a table, holds a hat that Mérie knocks on the floor; the latter then enters a cask that Violat rolls as she dances.

In England, that institution called the drawing-room has in it about as much rationality as may be found in any form of fetish worship among the savages of Africa. In the piercing east winds of March, hundreds of delicate young girls, of middle-aged ladies, and tottering old dowagers bare their arms and necks half-way to the waist, put on trains to which the peacock's is a dusty joke, and set out in broad daylight to spend an hour or so in their carriages, waiting their turn for presentation or simple attendance. The rudest roughs and coarsest scum of London gather round the carriages, standing stationary for a quarter of an hour at a time, or moving forward at a foot's pace. They press close, flattening their noses against the glass, making brutal remarks and passing round little jokes. The show is for them as well as for the immediate actors, and they are not minded to lose the benefit of it. The pretty young girls have to run the gauntlet of an admiration that is more offensive than flattering. The plain ones hear a few unvarnished words which make no pretense of gilding. The stout old ladies, with their quivering acres of flesh displayed according to the rules, and the thin quinquagenarians, bronchitic, nervous, anæmic, are saluted with derision and criticised without mercy. Only that certain kind of opulent beauty, which is radiant with health and destitute of nerves, enjoys the admiration, which to others sounds more like insults than praise; and this kind sits well forward in the carriage, with a white hand and arm and polished shoulder generously displayed; and the roughs are not ungrateful. This is the first of the day's ordeals to be gone through by those who attend the drawing-rooms on their own account or to present their daughters, as a kind of fetishistic dedication on their introduction to society and the marriage market. Within the palace the crush is even more painful than has been the slow transit, semi-nude, in broad daylight, in a biting wind and through the gross-tongued crowd. A well-dressed mob strives for front places and first moments as strenuously as its ragged brethren in the streets. Its language is more choice, and its fists are not so free; but its elbows are as sharp, and it knows how to use them; while pretty feet, daintily cased in silken stockings and satin shoes, prove that high heels are by no means inefficient pestles. There have been drawing-rooms where the struggle has been severe indeed, so that the floor has been strewn with flowers and ribbons and jewels, as the wrecks and spoils of battle; and whence the fair flesh of the sweet-faced combatants has carried away scratches and bruises as tokens of the contest. And all for what? To pass, in one rapid moment, before the queen and her court, standing in a semi-circle a little behind her, mute and motionless as so many wax-figures at Madame Tussaud's. There is no kindly conversation, no pleasant speeches, as in the evening receptions in Italy, say, where the queen receives as any other lady, and her dignity as queen enhances her sweetness as hostess. It is a mere lifeless form, out of which every fragment of humanity and common sense has been abstracted. But all this personal discomfort and distress the women of England willingly undergo for the sake of the fetish they have created, and now adore.

Some months ago a paragraph was published in this column in which reference was made to a book on methods of improving the personal appearance in face and figure, and we have received a number of letters requesting the name of the book and of the publisher. There are several such

books, hut the one referred to is "Physical Culture," by D. L. Dowd. It is not an empiric work—the aids to beauty which it recommends are open-air exercise, bathing, care of the health, and development of the muscles—including those of the face, neck, and breast. Apropos of improving the complexion, a lady writer says: "A beautiful complexion transforms the homeliest features, diffusing the witchery of its beauty over the entire face, though notably enhancing the expression of the mouth and eyes. The foes to a clear, ruddy, smooth complexion, though manifold, may usually be classed under the following heads: First—Over-eating and lack of out-door and other exercise. Second—Insufficient friction of the neck and face, with deep rubbing and massage. Third—The too general use of cosmetics and face-powders. Fourth—An improper use of soap and water. The faded, tawny complexion of the average American woman, at an age when health should be at its height, and, consequently color—color suggestive of the delicate pink of deep-sea shells—is a lamentable fact, and may be largely accounted for by intemperance at the table. If, day after day, more food is taken into the stomach than the bodily organs can readily assimilate, the residue accumulates in such quantities as to overburden the organs which eliminate the waste matter from the system. A fine complexion, such as nature delights to bestow on those who honor her laws, means denying the appetite, and duly choosing that it is wiser to 'eat to live, than to live to eat.'"

In Paris the Salon is the chief topic of conversation, and at the same time the afternoon rendezvous of fashion, and the best place to see the newest thing in head-gear, which is the *chapeau Polichinelle*, or Punchinello hat. The creation in question has a tall and slightly-conical crown, with a brim broad and flat in front and on one side, curled up on the other side, and very narrow behind so as to leave the neck free, and to allow the Diana a knot of hair to display itself in all its blonde beauty. This Polichinelle hat is of straw, and, beside black and brown and dark shades, it may also be of spinach-green, sulphur-yellow, or fire-red, and its trimming may consist of any kind of flowers except camellias, dahlias, tulips, and potato blossoms. Most of the pretty ladies sport this form of hat, and thus pass their afternoons gossiping, looking at the portraits, and examining more or less attentively the twenty-six thousand square feet of landscape and seascape, the nine thousand square feet of historical painting, the three thousand feet of portraits, the four thousand square feet of nude Andromedas, Ledas, Magdalenes in the desert, the five thousand square feet of still life, the old pots, vegetables, stuffed birds, red-herrings, rabbit-skins, jam-pots, and warming-pans, the one thousand square feet of General Boulanger portraits, full length, full face, three-quarter face, on horseback, on foot, in a cab, on a velocipede; and, finally, the half square mile of miscellaneous subjects, anecdotes, jokes, puzzles, and eccentricities, which, according to the statisticians, compose the superficial contents of the Salon of 1887.

In the recently published memorials of Charles Reade, we find an entry in his journal, "Dined with Boucicault—a pleasant dinner, as it always is when there are no ladies present to confine the conversation within their own narrow bounds." This is a most ungallant opinion, even to enter in a confirmed old bachelor's journal. It not only asserts that that particular dinner was made pleasant by the absence of ladies, hut that a dinner always is pleasant when no ladies are present, i. e., that all required to make any dinner pleasant is to keep ladies away from it. Many men besides Charles Reade prefer the absence to the presence of ladies, where spicy anecdotes are in demand. To do Charles Reade justice, he does not say these "narrow bounds" are intellectual ones. We have no reason for presuming that he meant such. So many infinitely more brilliant and clever men than he have acknowledged intellectual obligations to women, even in England, that a man of Charles Reade's calibre could scarcely he cribbed, caged, and confined by woman's mental limitations. Women were the life and soul of the intellectual, political, and social life of France during the centuries that the most tremendous humanitarian theories and ideas were convulsing society, and the dinner-table and salon as conversational battle-fields were at their best during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We ourselves (says the *Art Age*) are ready to acknowledge that Charles Reade was by no means unreasonable in the opinion privately confided to his journal. It must be remembered that he formed that opinion with reference to English dinner-tables. It was not an opinion of woman's intellect in general, hut of her conversational limitations at table. He would not deny that Mrs. Carlyle and George Eliot talked well, but only assert that they did not talk generally and brilliantly at dinners. Americans familiar with London dinner-tables know how different they are in conversational freedom and fluency, as well as in noise, from the American ones. At an English table of numerous guests, the conversation never becomes general. It invariably subsides into gentle tête-à-têtes, or at most, mild quartettes. One of the most brilliant romance writers of to-day, a man with the highest respect for woman's intelligence, once expressed to the present writer exactly the same opinion confided by Charles Reade to his journal. The romance writer declared that women spoil a dinner-table. Being pressed for his reasons for such an opinion he acknowledged that they were not intellectual but physical ones. "Men like to talk loud," he explained, "and to hawl from one end of the table to the other, particularly after the wine has made them glad, and their most trifling utterances seem to themselves Olympian and every burst of laughter Homeric. When women are of the company this amplitude and sonority of speech become impossible. Women are physically incompetent to roar and yell their ideas from one end of the table to the other even if they wished to, and no gentleman will bellow his past her. Thus the conversation becomes broken up into squads and sections, is not conversation in fact, but a mere social chatter between people who often have not two tastes or opinions in common, and are struggling through a temporary companionship in obedience to a mere seating arrangement of their hostess. It will always be noticed that just as soon as the ladies leave the table the conversation becomes general, and every man finds the foil or the steel to bring out his own brightest ideas."

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The New Antigone" is the title of a romance by a writer who has made a reputation in other fields in literature. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The same firm will bring out a volume of essays by Sir John Lubbock, called "The Pleasures of Life."

The London and provincial book-stores are in danger of being overwhelmed with the avalanche of Jubilee biographies of the Queen. If this thing keeps up for the next month, the literary middle-class Briton who has not written some sort of a Jubilee biography will be a curiosity.

Mr. Brander Matthews will spend the whole summer at Narragansett Pier, working on a drama of California life with Mr. George H. Jessop, long a resident of San Francisco, and arranging for the modern American stage an old English comedy, which Mr. Frohman expects to revive next winter at the Lyceum Theatre in New York.

It was once said that if, at a jovial dinner of authors, where every one admired everybody else, and each thought his neighbor better than himself—as, of course, authors invariably do—when everything was going on pleasantly and harmoniously—if at that dinner some malicious person was suddenly to shout "Copyright!" at the top of his voice, in ten minutes there would be a free fight.—Book Buyer.

The *Modern Muse* is the title of a "quarterly review of poetry" which C. W. Moulton & Co., of Buffalo, the publishers of *Queries*, announce, the first number to be issued in January of next year. Selections from the published writings of living poets, with concise but complete biographies and explanatory notes, as well as selections from the poets of the past, will be given. Each number will comprise about one hundred and thirty pages.

What is described as "a hand-book or repertory" of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine" has just been published in Paris by Calmann-Lévy, the authors being MM. Ceriberr and Christophe. It contains about six hundred pages of details concerning Balzac's characters, and has already been found to be "a boon to all Balzaciens who have been hitherto puzzled as to the exact identity of many of the myriad heroes and heroines of this favorite author." The work has a preface by Paul Bourget, the novelist.

The \$394,600 which Mrs. Grant has received from the sale of her husband's work, represents seventy per cent. of the gross profits on the publication, which have thus far amounted to about \$706,600. The gross receipts from the sale of the work have amounted to not far from \$3,000,000. There have been sold 312,000 sets, at an average probably of nine dollars per set, which foots up \$2,808,000 as a fair estimate of what the public has paid for this work. The skins of 7,000 goats and 20,000 sheep have been used for the covers of these volumes.

A remarkable literary partnership has been formed between Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Thomas Byroes, Chief of the New York Detective Bureau. The result will be a series of tales founded on fact, for which Mr. Byroes will furnish the material and Mr. Hawthorne the literary workmanship. The first of the lot, entitled "A Magic Mystery," is announced for immediate publication. It is the story of a mysterious murder that startled New York several years ago, and narrates the efforts made by the police to discover the criminal.

A new portrait of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is being printed in the newspapers which is a striking example of how faithful is the resemblance of the average newspaper picture and the original. Looking leisurely over a pile of exchanges in his editorial office last week, Mr. Aldrich ran over the headlines, and casually glanced over not less than four papers containing his portrait without making the discovery that the counterpart there presented was intended for himself. A friend sitting at his elbow finally called the author's attention to the portrait. After looking at it a moment Mr. Aldrich said: "Well, I think I may be pardoned for not having recognized that!"

Announcement is made in the *Tribune* of a new literary weekly, to be started in Boston in the fall, under the title of *The Twentieth Century*. The staff is said to include Henry A. Clapp (the drama), C. A. Ralph (art), Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott (society), Louise Imogen Guiney, Bliss Carmao, and Bernard Berenson (literary), and W. P. Athorp (music). Of this report Mr. Arlo Bates says, in the *Providence Journal*: "As a matter of fact, the probable date of the publication of the number can hardly be set down as much earlier than the close of the nineteenth century. The idea, it is said, originated in the brain of Mr. Bernard Berenson, a young Harvard man, whose talents are believed to be large without the proof he has as yet had little opportunity to give."

Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck's second collection of poems is being put into shape for book publication, the success of his "Cap and Bells," published last autumn, warranting the issue of another bundle of his stray verses. Mr. Peck is still a very young man, not having turned his thirtieth year. Although the Bellevue Medical College conferred the degree of M. D. upon him he has never practiced medicine, but follows literature both as a pleasure and a profession. A number of his songs have been set to music, the most popular being "A Knot of Blue," which has been published with a musical setting in both England and this country. Having a cultivated and acute ear for harmony of sound, and being partial to lyric verse, his writings are very popular with musicians. His productions up to this time have all been songs and the light society verses so popular at present. His work is done at the old homestead, in a beautiful suburb of Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he draws inspiration from the charming Southern scenery and the bright Southern sky.

It has often struck me [says the London correspondent of the *Book-Buyer*] what an amusing volume might be written with regard to literary failures. I mean publications that have started with a tremendous flourish of trumpets and have gradually dwindled to decay. I have known scores of most amusing instances. I recollect a comic paper, dead long ago, but which took a deal of killing before it absolutely succumbed. It had a variety of editors—at one time I fancy I was at the helm. In its latter days it was published up a mysterious court, off a thousand miles from Fleet Street, and it was carried on by the proprietor, Mr. Smackworthy, and the engraver, Mr. Tottlepot. Both had their names on different bells. If you pulled Mr. Smackworthy's bell, it was answered by Mr. Tottlepot. If you rang for Mr. Tottlepot, Mr. Smackworthy would appear. If you hauled away at both bells, an engraver's lad would come down and say they were both out of town. The whole establishment was in a state of siege and chronic impetuosity, and the paper came eventually to an end by somebody impounding the pictorial title-page for a small unpaid account.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is a young man. He will not be thirty-one until the 22d of June. His information regarding South African scenes and native character was gathered at first hand. For, when only nineteen, Mr. Haggard accompanied Sir Henry Bulwer to Natal; and during the two succeeding years he served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the special commissioner to the Transvaal. He withdrew from the Colonial service in 1879, and, returning to London and marrying the only daughter of the late Major Macgibbon, of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, became a practicing barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Haggard's first book was of a political character, and, coming from an unknown writer, attracted little attention. It related to recent events in South Africa, and was published in 1882. Two years later he published "Dawn," and a year after "The Witch's Head," both stories of adventure. They caused little comment. "King Solomon's Mines" was published in 1885. Writing of this story, which made him famous, to the editor of *The Book Buyer* Mr. Haggard says: "King Solomon's Mines" was written as an experiment in boys' books. It would

be impossible for me to define where fact ends and fiction begins in the work, as the two are very much mixed up together. I may add that its success was quite unexpected by me, as the work, undertaken at haphazard, was carried out at odd hours, for the most part after a long day at chaoibers." "She" was published last December, and "Jess" came out in March.

New Publications.

"The Witch's Head," by H. Rider Haggard, has been published uniformly with the author's other stories in a pretty and convenient little volume, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Archbishop Whately's valuable little book, "English Synonyms Discriminated," has recently been revised with numerous additions by an American editor, and published in handy form by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carsoo & Co.

The second volume of "The National History of Selbourne," by Rev. G. W. White, and de Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art" and "The English Mail Coach" have been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

The little Shakespearean romance, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh; A Correspondence in Two Entanglements," by Justin Winsor, which was recently published in the *Atlantic*, has been reprinted in a remarkably pretty paper-covered book by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Theophilus Trent; or, Old Times in Oak Openings," by Benjamin F. Taylor, was the last work completed by the popular poet and prose-writer before his death. It is a story of life in the early settlements of the Northwest, and is notable for its gentle humor and its faithful picturing of frontier life. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.00.

"Enoch Arden and Other Poems"—eleven in number, and ranging from "Mariana" (1830) to the "New Locksley Hall" (1886)—by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, is the latest addition to the Students' Series of Standard Poetry edited by Professor William J. Rolfe. There are the usual copious and scholarly notes, and an index of words and phrases explained. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Poetry and Song," by James Gowdy Clark, is a volume of short poems of varying merit. The patriotic and national verses, the songs and ballads for music, and the spiritual lyrics are good, the two former being spirited and rhythmic, and the latter marked by a deep religious feeling. In love songs and poems of nature the author is not so happy, and has, wisely, put few in the volume. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by Cbillion Beach.

"Christianity and Humanity: A Series of Sermons," by Thomas Starr King, edited with a memoir by Edwin P. Whipple, has recently gone into a seventh edition. It is not necessary to San Francisco to mention the services this good and eloquent man did the cause of the Union in war times; many now living will be glad to revive, with this volume, memories of an important period in the State's history. A steel-plate engraving of Mr. King serves as a frontispiece. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"My Three Jewels" is a poem by Lilien Wise, which gives its title to a volume of her verses, chiefly domestic and maternal to theme, with several selected poems of a similar character. The selections, which are printed without the authors' names, are well chosen, among them being, "One Touch of Nature," by Ina D. Coolbrith; "Retrospect," by H. J. W. Dam; "The Essence of Life," by Richard Realf; and "Only Waiting," by Frances L. Mace. The book is well printed, and makes a very attractive publication. Published by H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Story of Alexander's Empire," by Professor John P. Mabafy, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, is the latest of the Story of the Nations Series. The book treats not of Alexander's conquests and reign alone, but of the empire he founded and its career until subjugated for the fourth and last time by the Romans. Besides giving the political history of the time, it describes the conditions of society, art, literature, philosophy, and civilization generally in the various epochs from about 300 B. C. to 150 B. C.; and the final chapter is an excellent consideration of the influence of Hellenism on Rome. The work is supplemented by a map, an index, an explanatory list of names easily confounded, and numerous illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"Knight Errant," by Edna Lyall, more nearly approaches mawkish sentimentality than anything she has yet written. The hero is a young Italian advocate, who is in love with a beautiful English girl and is about to marry her; but, having promised his dying mother to watch over and protect his sister, a young woman with little regard for the conventions of society, he feels compelled to give up his love and his profession and to join the opera company to which his sister sings, in order to save her from her love for another member of the company. In the end the sister dies, and the hero marries the English girl. As in all Miss Lyall's stories, there are many good points and many fine scenes; but there is also the same obvious padding. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Two Gentlemen of Gotham" is the title of a new novel written by "C. & C.," one of whom is said to have been a former resident of this city. The title is such a one as the omnivorous novel-reader, who, through youth or dearth of reading material, has read "The Duchess's" remarkable stories, would like to read for old acquaintance sake. The characters all move in "the hupper suckles," speak in a fine literary style, which glitters with quotations from Latin and French phrases, the women are very beautiful, and the plot amounts to almost nothing. The very names—Percy Aylmer, Sydney Harleston, Mona Vere, and so on—are such as "The Duchess" delights in. There are a number of bright things in the book, but it is trashy and without purpose—unless the authors hoped to make money out of it. Still, it is fairly interesting, and will do for a summer afternoon. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Roundabout to Moscow; An Epicurean Journey," by John Bell Bouton, is somewhat of a surprise after the Russo-phobic literature we have read from English writers. Mr. Bouton makes many remarkable statements, such as that the *mujiks* are not always, in fact seldom, intoxicated; that Russian customs and police officials are not as generally open to bribery as are similar officials in other countries; that the Russians are the most religious people in Europe; that the Czar enjoys the confidence and love of the vast majority of his people, and so on, until we are almost ready to believe Russia an earthly paradise whereof the only drawback is the unpleasant possibility of having one's nose frozen off. Mr. Bouton's itinerary took him from Paris to Nice, down Italy and up again, up to Berlin, thence to St. Petersburg, and from that point by a roundabout route through Russia to Christiania and down to Amsterdam. He was a sight-seer, and as he describes what he saw more than fairly well, his book is well worth reading. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Physical Culture," by Professor D. L. Dowd, is a scientific and practical treatise on the subject, and is intended for use at home and in schools. It teaches how to develop muscle, not for muscle's sake, but for health's sake and the sake of intellect, morality, and beauty. It tells a flat-chested man or woman what exercises best develop the muscles which should be developed to remedy the defect, and explains, by words and diagrams, their motions and why these motions result in the desired effect. The seventh and eighth chapters are especially interesting to the fair sex, for in them the author gives simple directions founded on scientific principles, which, if followed, will give a clear complexion and a finely shaped face and neck. The beneficial results of Professor Dowd's system are shown in two portraits of himself, one taken before, and the other four years after he began exercising regularly. A portion of the contents of the work is also published in a pamphlet entitled "Facial Development and Hints for the Complexion." Published and for sale by D. L. Dowd, 16 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Alexander Mitchell once asked a friend, Mr. Merrill, to go into a certain speculation with him. The latter declined. A few weeks later Mr. Mitchell handed him a check for thirty thousand dollars. "What's this for?" inquired Mr. Merrill. "Oh," was the reply, "that's your share of profits in the deal I asked you to go into. You thought you weren't in, but you were."

Albert Palmer, a well-known Bostonian, lately deceased, was President of an ice company. During an exceedingly mild winter the ice company people, whose stock was very short, were in serious doubt whether they would have any opportunity to fill their ice houses. Palmer, in particular, watched the thermometer with a feverish interest. One evening the indications had promised "colder weather," and his anxiety led him to get up in the night and put his hand out of the window. As he did so, he uttered a loud exclamation. "What is it doing, Albert?" his wife inquired, "freezing?" "Freezing?" Great Scott, oo!" exclaimed Palmer; "it's raining hot water!"

In a first-class carriage in Germany an Englishman was observed to be constantly putting his head out of the window. The train was going fast, and a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off. With a frightful oath he reached down his hat-box, and hurried it after the hat. Then he sat down and smiled on his fellow-passengers, but, of course, did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter, and one of them exclaimed: "You don't expect your hat box to bring your hat back to you, do you?" "I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat, full name and hotel address on the box. They'll be found together, and I shall get both; d'you see oow?" The Germans subsided.

A lady went into a Chicago shoe-store recently to be fitted with some boots, and, while waiting for the attendant, glanced about at the shelves and boxes with their tempting and uncomfortable contents. On one of the boxes was printed "moirah shoes." "What are moirah shoes?" she inquired; "I never heard of them in Boston or New York." "Oh," said the proprietor graciously, taking out of the box a pair of stunning high-heeled shoes, "they are called moirah because of these big buckles." "Don't you mean Molière?" asked the customer. "No, I don't. Jimmy wrote it. He said it was something French." The lady smiled to herself, and then, the attendant being prepared to attend, she had her boots tried on.

Senator Toombs was a large, pompous man, with a tendency, not uncommon among American politicians, to orate rather than converse to society. Once at a dinner party in Washington, addressing Lord Elgin in stentorian tones, he remarked: "Yes, my lord, we are about to re-lume the torch of liberty upon the altar of liberty." Upon which the hostess, with a winning smile, and with the most silvery accents imaginable said: "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, Senator; for I told my husband that you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman." The shouts of laughter which greeted this sally abashed even the worthy Senator.

The Clover Club, of Philadelphia, invites distinguished guests and guys them so unmercifully when they arise to respond to toasts that the guests are soon downed, unable from a loss of temper or confusion to proceed. Colonel Pat Donan once swept down from Dakota like a cyclone, and knocked the club out so quickly that for a few minutes it seemed as if lightning had struck it, and every member gasped for breath. Colonel Pat, swinging his long arms and mounting a chair, began: "Fellow-cut-throats, swindlers, murderers, thieves, and flab-gasters! I come from the land of the Dakotas—" "Where's that?" yelled Wayne McVeigh. "So high above hell," said the fiery Celt, "that you would never be able to see it with a Ross telescope." This settled it. For an hour Colonel Pat continued a speech of the most exaggerated metaphor and invention that probably was ever delivered.

A reporter in Paris has taken the trouble to question a number of Parisians of the male sex, who abstained from meat on Good Friday, as to the motive of this deviation from their usual practice. Several of them replied that they did so to deference to old custom and because they saw most people around them doing so. Not a few declared that they abstained from choice, as they really enjoyed a fish dinner once in a way. Four ate fish to please their wives, four because their mothers asked them to do so, and one because he knew it would make a good impression on the mother of a young lady whom he hoped to marry. Three answered that they left their dinner entirely to the cook, and that she had sent up nothing but fish. Two of the number were strict vegetarians. A young clubman owed that he fasted simply because it was *chic*. In only two cases was there any acknowledgment of a religious motive. One man answered, "Because I am a Catholic," and another, while admitting that he never put a foot inside a church by any chance, stated that he was "haunted by a remnant of belief" which indisposed him to a meat dinner on Good Friday.

A clothing firm, occupying a prominent corner in Chicago, concluded that it would extend its first-floor room by leasing the quarters then occupied by a German saloon-keeper. The clothing people already occupied the floors above the saloon on lease, and, by a sort of agreement with the owner of the block, had a call on the ground floor whenever they were ready to pay the rental demanded. This time having arrived, the manager of the clothing store called on the shop-keeper, and in a friendly way remarked that he guessed his firm would take the store-room after the first of May, and that the dispenser of beer and pretzels had better be looking for new quarters. "But I don't want to move," protested the German. "Well, but you'll have to. You're a poor man, and we are rich and can pay three times as much for this room as you can. If you go out quietly, and make no fuss about it, we'll help you find a new place. If you stay here at all you'll pay a rent that'll make you sick—mind that." "Vell, you come in two weeks, and I tell you vot I do." Two weeks later the manager called again. The German was all smiles. "Dot's all right, mine vriend. You may schtay up-stairs, and I'll schtay here. I don't pay no rent at all, but you'll payseeh hundred tollars a year more as you paid lasht. I haf bought de block!"

In Washington no man has a greater reputation for flow of language than Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky. He is considered a fountain of words and oratory. Congressman Green, of North Carolina, tells a story of how Assistant Postmaster-General Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, hit off this accomplishment at a banquet where they were both present. Reminiscences were in order, and Blackburn had been striking out right and left with jokes at everybody at the table. Stevenson started out to relate an incident of his college days, when Blackburn and he were students together, and said: "The senator will tell you that he remembers well the duel between two of our fellow-students in which we acted as seconds." Blackburn interjected a remark that he remembered perfectly, and Stevenson continued: "The two young fellows had got into a dispute which they saw no other way of settling except by the code of honor. We went out to the field of battle. We posted our men. You remember, Blackburn," said he, "how you paced off the ground and how we stood the fellows up?" "Oh, yes," said Blackburn. "I remember very well." Then Stevenson resumed the thread of his story. "Well, we had the fellows pistol in hand ready for use just as the sun was shooting its rays up over the hills in the east. Blackburn seemed to think it was a proper thing to say something, and he stepped out in front of our little party to make a few remarks. It is mournful to think of the results of that duel." Here Stevenson paused for a moment, when somebody at the table called out, "Were they both killed?" "No," was the quick response, "when Mr. Blackburn got through it was too dark for them to fire."

SOCIETY.

The Pinto-Stetson Wedding.

Mr. Ricardo M. Pinto and Miss Nellie Stetson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, were married last Monday. It was a home wedding, being celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, 1801 Van Ness Avenue. The parlors were brightened by a tasteful array of choice exotics and our native flora, arranged with pretty effect. A bridal bower filled the space in the bay window. The four pillars, which were made of ferns dotted with pink, carnations, white roses, and large jasmines, supported a canopy of ferns, La Marque roses, and carnations. The mirror was decorated with fern sprays, arranged in imitation of lace-work, and on the mantel was a pitcher made of white blossoms and filled with Lilium Candidum, the long stems extending high above the rim. The doorway leading into the parlor was trimmed with smilax and ferns, and a ball of carnations depended from the centre. The same feature was noticeable in the embrasure of the two folding doors between the parlors and library, with the addition of a drapery of smilax, and the floral spheres that hung between them were of pink carnations and Jacquemont roses, respectively. The dining-room was very attractive. On the mirror were drapings of smilax and a bouquet of pink flowers was reflected in the silvery depths. There was a pitcher of cornflowers filled with a wealth of Bon Seline roses on the mantel, and the blue and pink tints harmonized perfectly. Garland of smilax ornamented the window, and a half of brilliant marigolds lent its beauty to it also. In the centre of the dining-table, which was embellished with rich service, was a basket of La France roses, having a drapery of pink ribbons around it and edged with traceries of smilax. The large hall mirror was trimmed with smilax and flowers, with a potted palm in front of it, while there was a vase of calla lilies on the hat-rack. Distributed around here and there, were baskets of beautiful flowers, tokens from friends. The invited guests were the relatives and immediate friends of the contracting parties, and they were all assembled at the residence at twelve o'clock noon, last Monday. At that hour the Rev. Charles Dana Barrows took his position in the bay window with the bridal party before him, and performed the wedding ceremony. Miss Georgie Taber was the maid of honor, and Mr. Albert L. Stetson, best man, while Mr. J. B. Stetson gave his daughter into the keeping of the groom. Mrs. J. B. Stetson was accompanied by her son, Master Harry N. Stetson.

The bride looked extremely charming in her beautiful wedding robe of white faille Française. The front of the skirt was draped at the left side with a flounce of Duchesse lace over light puffings of the silk, and this drapery continued around the upper portion of the skirt to the right side, where it was gracefully lunched. On this side the silk just below the waist was shirred and hung in soft plaits. The corsage was cut à la vierge, being trimmed with rare point lace, and beautiful pearl heads and pendants. The de Medici collar was finished with lace and pearls which extended down to the point of the corsage. The elbow sleeves were edged with lace and pearl beads and met the long gloves of white undressed kid. The bridal veil which was of white silk moline, was attached to her high-dressed coiffure, and fell gracefully over the entire dress and long court train. Her slippers were of white satin. Her hand bouquet was of fragrant long-stemmed La France roses. She wore a diamond pin at her corsage, solitaire earrings, and a diamond star at her neck.

Miss Georgie Taber wore a most becoming toilet of ciel blue surah, made dancing length and trimmed with point lace. The corsage was cut V-shaped, and she carried a lovely cluster of Marechal Niel roses.

Mrs. J. B. Stetson was attired in an elegant costume of pink silk made with a Princess train. The front of the skirt was draped with Chantilly lace, which was caught in the centre with jet pendants. The corsage was cut V-shaped and the sleeves extended just below the elbows. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Congratulations were extended to the newly married couple, and immediately after a sumptuous and delicious breakfast was served. At two o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Pinto departed for the Oakland pier, and occupied the steamer on the overland train which had been prepared for them. A number of friends accompanied them a short distance on their journey East. They will stop over at Chicago, Niagara Falls, and New York, and will visit the principal Eastern cities during their two months' sojourn. Many elegant gifts were presented to them by their relatives and friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben. C. Truman, and daughter, sailed for Europe on the fourth inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are enjoying the sights of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington have sailed for Europe from New York on the steamer *Arcturion*.

Mrs. Joseph Austin and Mrs. Joseph Marks left last week for Paraiso Springs, where they will remain for a month or two.

Mr. Walter Maxwell, of Los Angeles, accompanied by Mr. Frank Unger, of San Francisco, departed for Europe this week on a pleasure trip. They will be absent about two months.

Mr. G. Frank Smith, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nellie, left yesterday on the *George Elder* for a vacation trip to Alaska. Returning by rail from Portland, they will join a party of friends at Sisson, and visit McCloud River, reaching home about July 4th.

Signor G. B. Galvani will return here in September, on a visit to his parents, and will return here in September.

Miss Edith Whittier, who has been studying in Europe for a couple of years, returned to the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith departed for a European trip last Tuesday.

The Misses Jessie and Kate Morse who have the past year been studying in Germany, will leave July 1st for Rome. They will return to California in September.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker left for the Eastern States on Thursday, and will pass the summer at the principal watering places, returning here in the autumn.

Mr. Horace G. Platt has gone East on a short trip. Mr. Frank Carlson has departed on an extended Eastern tour.

General Walter Turnbull and family are now at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Ruth will sail for New York, via Panama, on the steamer *San Blas* next Wednesday. From there they will proceed to Europe in the German steamer *Roterdam*. They expect to make Leipzig their home for the next two years, where Miss Turnbull intends entering the celebrated conservatory of music at that place.

Miss F. Jewett, the principal lady teacher of the Girls' High School, will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis are at the Arlington House, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low, and Miss Low, are at the Palace Hotel.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field are expected here soon from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Hollister have gone to Honolulu. Mr. John N. Featherston passed Saturday and Sunday at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Julius C. Reis and Misses Belle and May Reis are at the Kirtledge House, in Santa Cruz.

Miss Elise Kelly came from Mendocino last Saturday to visit her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Blair.

Mrs. M. R. Niles, of York, and Miss Ebbets, of San Francisco, are paying a visit to Mr. W. A. Hayne and Mr. Henry D'Urban at their olive ranches in the Santa Cruz Valley.

Miss Margaret Foulkes, of Oakland, was at Washington during the National Drill, and was presented to President Cleveland by Mr. Edward Curtis, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, and Miss Alice Mullins, have taken a cottage at Santa Cruz for the months of July and August, during which time their residence will be handsomely decorated.

Miss Hattie Tay went to the Yosemite Valley last Wednesday, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. James Dunphy, who has been in Nevada for the past fortnight, went to Omaha on Wednesday, and from there will go to Chicago.

Mrs. E. B. Rail is visiting friends in Sacramento.

Mr. Albert L. Stetson will go to Santa Cruz about the first of July, to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. F. A. Gibbs and Miss Mary K. Gibbs have been at the Napa Soda Springs during the past week.

Mr. Fred. Yates is expected to return from Paris this month.

Miss Emelie Hanlon is visiting Miss Short in Ross Valley, Marin County.

Miss May Kewen is visiting friends in Menlo Park. Miss J. Mervyn Donahue, Miss Margaret Wallace, and Miss Romie Wallace have been visiting the Geysers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yancey Cheney have gone to their Napa ranch to pass the summer months.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Annie Dargie, of Oakland, went to San José last Monday.

Miss Georgie Taber will make a trip to the Yosemite Valley this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Delger, of Oakland, will pass a portion of the season at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Philip Caduc and the Misses Cora and Florence Caduc are stopping at the Kirtledge House in Santa Cruz.

Miss Emelie Kirketerp is visiting friends in Vacaville. Mr. Lindsey G. Bingham will go to Santa Cruz to-day on a brief visit.

Colonel and Mrs. John Boggs and family are located at the Napa Soda Springs for the season.

Captain and Mrs. D. C. Nichols will depart soon for an Alaskan trip.

Mrs. Joseph M. Nougues will visit friends in El Dorado County next week.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Ella Smith are at the Rancho las Madranas, near San Jose.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fannie Crocker went to Alaska last week.

Miss Lou Wall and Miss Hart, of Oakland, are traveling in Europe.

Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve were at the Geysers last week.

Miss Salie Stetson, who is visiting friends in Portland, Or., will not return home until about the middle of July.

Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, has been visiting Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Chabot and Miss Nellie Chabot, of Oakland, will leave soon for an extended Eastern tour.

Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd has been rusticated in the vicinity of the McCloud River.

Mrs. Calvin Nutting is at Litton Springs, where she will remain for a couple of months.

Mr. Sydney Mezes, of Berkeley, departed for Europe last Saturday.

Miss Clara Luning is passing several weeks at Highland Springs.

Mr. Henry Schmiedel has returned from Salt Lake City. Miss Jennie Denver is enjoying a visit to Highland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Rice have returned from Santa Monica.

Mrs. Josiah Moulton, Miss Florence Moulton, Mrs. J. A. Davis, and Dr. Warner and family are at Blithedale.

Mr. G. Frank Smith and Miss Nellie Smith, of Oakland, will soon depart on a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy will occupy the Fowler Pope cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker, Miss Etta Tucker, and Mr. C. W. Hanks, of Oakland, have gone East.

Mrs. Maurice Dore and Miss Dore are at the Napa Soda Springs for the summer season.

Mr. Edgar Painter has returned to his vineyard, in Lake County, after a visit here of several weeks.

Mrs. General Mahone and Miss Otelia Nahone passed a few days at Lake Tahoe, on their way to their home in Yreka.

Miss Jennie Hopkins went to Glenwood on Thursday, to remain a week, and goes to Santa Cruz at the expiration of that time.

Misses Uhlhorn will be at the Napa Soda Springs during the early part of July.

Mrs. John P. Jones, Miss Bessie Gorham, and Miss Jessie Jones were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Misses Lilo and Bettie McMullin, Miss Hays, and Mrs. Susie Williams came from Casa Blanca this week, to visit friends.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier, accompanied by Miss Sophie McPherson, will leave soon for their cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. John Tallant and Misses Jennie and Annie Tallant went to the Yosemite Valley this week, to remain during the month.

General and Mrs. William H. Dimond are occupying the Rathbone residence, at Menlo Park.

Mrs. James Carlson and Miss Eva Carlson will depart soon for Santa Barbara, to remain during the season.

Captain and Mrs. J. H. Marshall have gone on a trip to Oregon.

Mr. C. H. Cummings, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, who has been doing the coast with a party of friends, has just returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clark and Miss Edith Clark are summering at Santa Cruz.

Mr. I. W. Taber went south on a short trip last Tuesday, and will visit the Yosemite Valley before his return.

Mr. Peter Decker will go East in a couple of weeks, to join his family.

Dr. and Mrs. Foute are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stillwell (née Blethen) went to Lake Tahoe on Thursday.

Mr. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, came to the city on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft came up from San Diego on Wednesday, and are at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Eugene J. Gregory, of Sacramento, passed several days here this week.

Miss Mattie Gibbs and Miss Margaret B. Jones returned from a pleasant visit to Napa last Monday.

Mr. Hugo H. Toland visited Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park last Sunday.

Miss Florence Anthonson was visiting friends in San Rafael last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. John W. Twigg was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood at Menlo Park last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin are visiting Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Miss Dora Boardman and Miss Susie Tompkins will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hort at Santa Cruz this summer.

Ernest Knabe, of Baltimore, well known among musicians, especially among pianists, is in the city, a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Charles H. Jackson paid a visit to Santa Cruz last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ella Nelson, of "The Oaks," Oakland, has gone to Victoria, B. C., to pass her vacation.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway visited Santa Cruz last Sunday.

Mrs. Fred. L. Wooster came down from the Napa Soda Springs early in the week for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire will leave next week for the Arcadia Hotel at Santa Monica, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt will go to Santa Cruz next Wednesday, to occupy their cottage for the season.

Miss Mary Simpson has returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd, the Misses May and Grace Miller, and Miss Minnie Martin went to the Yosemite Valley yesterday.

Mrs. Julia Morrison is stopping at the Hill Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Robinson will go to the Yosemite Valley to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and family are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, née Filkins, came down from Calistoga on Wednesday for a short visit.

Colonel J. M. Mosely has returned from Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Roberts arrived here from Boston last Saturday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Moses Hopkins was in the city during the early portion of the week.

Mr. Albert Gallatin came down from Sacramento on Tuesday.

Mr. Volney Spalding contemplates a trip to the Yosemite Valley during the latter part of the month, and will visit Lake Tahoe in July.

Miss Jennie Tay and Miss Etta Tracy will go to Camp Glen Mary in the Santa Cruz Mountains about the first of July, to pass a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. William

Blair will leave for their cottage in Santa Cruz in a few days. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford will leave here in a fortnight for Santa Barbara, where she will stay for several weeks.

Miss Ella Jennings is enjoying a week's visit to Mrs. Noble at San Mateo.

Senator James G. Fair and Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., have returned from a week's sojourn at the Geysers.

Miss Irene Tay is visiting Mrs. French at her ranch in Colusa County.

Miss Tessie Fair went to Santa Cruz last Monday, and Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Birdie left for the same place yesterday, to occupy their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig, who are now at the Hotel Bella Vista, will probably go to the Yosemite Valley in a couple of weeks.

Miss M. E. Snell and Miss Jennie Waters, of Oakland, will pass the summer at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are now in New York City, and are expected here next week.

Notes and Gossip.

On the evenings of Saturday and Monday, July 2d and 4th, there will be hops in the ball-room at the Napa Soda Springs. Ballenberg and Yanke will be there in person to furnish the music.

The wedding of Miss May Adèle Fargo and Dr. George Taylor Stewart will take place next Wednesday noon, at Trinity Church, to be followed by a reception at one o'clock, at the bride's home, 1210 O'Farrell Street, previous to the departure of the young couple for the East.

Mrs. Dennis Donahoe gave a charming lunch party last Wednesday in her apartments at the Hotel Bella Vista, in honor of her daughter. Beautiful flowers graced the table, the menu cards were exquisite, and the repast was one of much pleasure to the young lady guests.

Army and Navy News.

Commander Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., who was recently in command of the *Independence*, is at Havre de Grace, Maryland, with Mrs. Rodgers.

Lieutenant Leroy C. Webster, U. S. N., of Mare Island, is enjoying a two months' leave of absence, with his wife. The bride's home, 1210 O'Farrell Street, at Portsmouth, Va.

Lieutenant A. D. Snow, U. S. N., formerly in command of the Coast Survey steamer *Carlisle P. Patterson*, is at Rockland, Me., with his family.

Mrs. Cook, wife of Captain Cook, U. S. A., and Mrs. Eagan, U. S. N., are passing a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. Ernest Norflett, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was at the Occidental Hotel several days this week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert at San Rafael.

A promenade concert was given at Guild Hall, in St. Paul's Church at San Rafael, last Wednesday evening, which was highly successful both musically and financially. The following excellent programme was presented:

Organ Solo, "Sonata No. 2"..... Mendelssohn
Song, "I will extol Thee, O Lord"..... Costa
Arioso op. 8 for violin and organ..... Marcello Rossi
Written expressly for Henry Heyman.
Song, "Good Morning"..... Grieg
"Heart Throbs"..... Bendel
Song, "Gruss dem Walde"..... F. Warner
Organ, "Impromptu"..... Jadassohn
Song, Jewel Song, "Faust"..... Gounod
Song, "When the heart is young"..... D. Duck
Adagio Religioso (violin and organ)..... Bott
Song, "Graceful and Slender"..... Abt
"It came with the merry May, Love"..... Tosti
Organ, "Swedish Wedding March"..... Soedemann
Mr. H. B. Pasmore.

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. A. Coulter, the artist, has returned from an extended Eastern trip with many new sketches.

Toby Rosenthal, the painter of "Elsie," has a handsome residence at Munich. He is married to the daughter of a wealthy München burger. His pictures are all sold before they leave the easel. They find a market chiefly in America.

Some San Franciscans studying art at Munich are Charles Hittell, S. Lando, Orrin Peck, and two young ladies—Eva Withrow and Lily Newman. Fred Yates has been there for some time, but is now on his way home.

John Stanton has just completed a cartoon for some members of the Bohemian Club, which has attracted much attention since it has been hung upon the walls of that institution. It commemorates a dinner given recently in the club. In the centre is a Mexican scene—a gorge in the Sierra Madre, down a defile of which a mounted miner is in pursuit of Fortune—a beautiful female figure, flying from him on the wings of the wind. Around the central portion of the picture are a number of vignettes, recalling incidents of the dinner. There are perhaps half a score of portraits in the picture. It is an excellent composition, with some romance, some quiet humor, and that dash of *chic* which Stanton mixes with his paints.

CCCCXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, June 12, 1887.

Opera Soup.
Baked Shad. Potato Croquettes.
Green Peas. Yeorg Turnips.
Roast Chickens.
Tomato Salad.
Strawberries. Sponge Cake Trifle.
Apricots, Cherries, Peaches, and Pears.

SPONGE CAKE TRIFLE.—Split horizontally a "card" loaf of sponge cake, and spread between the halves a cupful of whipped cream, into which has been stirred a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, the juice and half the grated rind of a lemon. Do this just before serving.

Charles Reade was once asked what sort of man a woman liked best. "A woman," he replied, "likes best a ruffian who ill-uses her, but with intervals of tenderness." And this seems to be not far from the truth, if we may judge from the works of many a lady novelist.

The Czar has an album with the pictures of all the Nihilists who have been implicated in plots against his life. When the last attempt was made, he remarked that the album would soon be filled, as there were only a few more pages left.

Miss Kate Field will lecture on "An Evening with Dickens" on Thursday, June 16th, at Irving Hall.

The American Exhibition in London has the longest bar ever built.

—WE WOULD ADVISE ALL LOVERS OF FRENCH and Spanish Literature, to pay a visit to TAUZY, GIFFORD & CO., No. 122 Geary Street.

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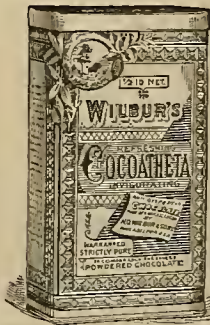
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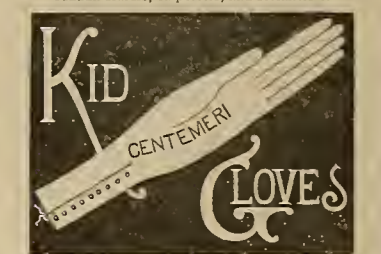
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catch something by baiting my hook with the eye of a Wall Street man, who was fishing just below me, but I did not succeed. Then, as the ship began to roll, I went inside, where I could be alone.

I was alone about an hour, communing with myself and bringing up things that I had forgotten. But I will not write out a description of what was so closely identified with myself, yet of so little interest to the world at large. Every man has concealed within himself much that he does not show to his fellow-man, but I sometimes think that a little trip on the bosom of the billowy sea can do a great deal toward breaking up our haughty reserve, and really drawing us out of ourselves.

I had thought some of going abroad next year for the purpose of meeting a few foreign powers that can not get away very well to come and see me; but I have decided now that, if I go at all, it will be early in the spring, before navigation opens.—*New York World.*

Personal.

It is now an established fact that the New No. 8 machine is beyond a question the most popular machine on the Pacific Coast. It is by far the cheapest, and the automatic under-tension can be classed among the most radical improvements of the day. Every lady is cautioned not to believe the statements of unprincipled agents, but call and make a personal investigation. Office located at 303 Sutter Street.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

—NEW ARTISTS' STUDIES IN FLOWERS, LANDSCAPES, figures, etc. Paints, brushes, canvas, plaques, panels, gold paint, tissue paper, liquid glue, etc. Largest stock and lowest prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

A Secret of the Toilet.

It is an open secret that one of the most important articles on a lady's toilet-table is Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

—THE DESTRUCTION OF BEAUTIFUL DEL MONTE has certainly increased the annual rush for Furnished Houses at Santa Cruz. Gentlemen and Families wishing to secure comfortable seaside quarters for June, July and August, should send prompt enquiry to Meyrick's Real Estate Exchange and Mart, Santa Cruz, Cal.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont streets.

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A new and delightful summer resort: yachting, hunting, fishing, etc. The ascent of Mount Tacoma (7444 feet high), to a height of 12,000 feet and to the GLACIERS, very easily made even by ladies. For descriptive circular and terms apply to
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The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts. 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San Jose cars 8:30 morning, and arrive at Springs at dinner.
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A Woman Betrayed.

Mrs. Dollinger, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth Street, heard a rap at the front door, the other afternoon, and responded to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, extremely dignified and handsome.
"Ah! Mrs. Dollinger, I believe," he said.
"Yes, sir."
"My name is Harcourt. I live at Huron. Mrs. Scott, of that place, is your sister, is she not?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ah, yes; I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her."
"Oh, yes. Won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?"
"Thank you; pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."
"Certainly not. Was my sister well?"
"Quite well, I am pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it. It is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts, exquisitely bound in cloth, leather, or extra Russia, is finely illustrated, and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders, as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it, and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the Holy Scriptures. It treats of Daniel in ten stages, when he started to go into the den, when he got a little further in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, while they retired to consult, together, when they decided a post mortem would be necessary, when they announced the result to Daniel, when he convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when the lions retired and Daniel got out, embellished with numerous cuts, plans, maps and beautiful steel engravings, comes at \$1 a part, or \$12 for entire work, put your name down here, and pay as you receive each part, eleven parts now ready—here's a fountain pen, write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of the page."
"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful hook agent. Get out of my house!"
"I know; but just sign—"
"Go on, or I shall scream!"
"Certainly, certainly, if you insist: no offence. But can you tell me the name of the lady next door, and where some of her family live? Ah, you won't eh! I'll work another scheme, then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance."—*Dakota Bell.*

Cyrus and Penelope.

"Penelope," said the young man, as his frame shook with emotion, "in that cosy cottage I am building on Ogden Avenue, where you will be the mistress after the twenty-second of June, provided the builders' strike is over by that time, you will not object, I am sure, to my fitting up a snug little room

Educational.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE,

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French, German, and English Day and Boarding School for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN. Next term commences March 23d, 1887.
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English, French, and German. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Kindergarten for Children. 1222 Pine St. For further particulars, apply to MRS. S. B. GAMBLE.

Easter Term will begin Monday, January 3d.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY School for Young Ladies, No. 1112 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa. Resident French Teacher. Special musical advantages. Refers to Rt. Rev. Bishop O. W. Whitaker, 4027 Walnut St.; Rev. D. W. Poor, D. D., 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Miss E. F. GORDON, Prin. Mrs. W. B. HYDE, Assoc. Prin.

SNELL SEMINARY.

For Boarding and Day Pupils. Fall Term begins Monday, August 1, 1887. Send for Circular.
MARY E. SNELL, RICHARD B. SNELL, Principals.
568 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal.

"THE OAKS."

1020 OAK ST., OAKLAND, CAL.

An English, French and German Home and Day School.

Regular and special courses. Lessons private and in classes. The year 1887-88 will begin on the last Wednesday in July. Address Miss Tracy.

FIELD SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Address MRS. R. G. KNOX, Proprietor, or MISS FRANCES A. DEAN, Principal.

The Sixteenth Year will begin Wednesday, August 3, 1887.

MISS BISBEE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

Seventh Avenue and Sixteenth Street.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

Educational Institution for Boys on

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,

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CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

Under Military Discipline.

Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,

Principal.

Twenty-one years of successful work.

Trinity Term will open July, 21st.

BILL NYE GOES FISHING.

Fish may be divided into two great classes, viz.: fresh-water fish and salt-water fish. Fresh-water fish are caught in fresh water and salt-water fish are taken in salt water. It is from this that each derives his or her name, as the case may be. Up to about the middle of this month the codfish is liable to bite if imposed upon. He then ceases to do so until July, when he again resumes. The cod, when taken from the water, is not ready for market, as I had supposed, but is in a very different condition from that in which we find him at the inland grocery-stores.

Shortly after the cod is caught, plain men from the common walks of life remove his works, after which he is salted and pressed in a large book like an autumn leaf. After this he enters the home life of the American citizen and fills the air full of redolence.

I went out fishing the other day with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board the steamer *Bay Ridge*. Between two thousand and three thousand sea-hass were taken in a few hours off the Jersey coast, though, strictly speaking, the hass were not taken off the coast, but out of the wet.

I did not catch any hass, but I did catch something or other out of the bottom of the sea that the captain said he would call a fish if it would make me feel any better.

About eleven o'clock A. M., as we were standing off Sandy Hook and the purveyor of beer on the main deck, while in 'steenth latitude and not far from the First National Cholera Banks, I had a bite. With rare foresight I had not only wrapped the cold and pulseless features of the clam about my hook in a seductive manner, but I had given it a dash of red pepper and a squirt of lemon juice, for fish are not utterly without those finer feelings which come to all of us, and I didn't know but I could catch a mermaid. Nothing would have pleased me more than coming back home with a young and lithesome mermaid hanging by a willow stringer over my shoulder.

But it was something else that I got. I called the attention of every one to the fact that I had a bite. That heightened the effect when I pulled to the surface of the water a speckled, warty, red-eyed feverish fancy. It was the kind of curiosity that anybody can catch without going out of the harbor, if he will use the right kind of whiskey. Most everybody seemed pleased when I pulled the nightmare out of the water. It is singular how little it takes to amuse some people.

I was encored, but I could only bow my thanks to the admiring audience, who threw clams at me and seemed real pleased. Everybody else seemed to enjoy it better than I did. That was because everybody else didn't have to reach down among the bronchial tubes of that marine toad and get the hook out.

At first I put my foot on him and tried to secure the hook, but he felt so queer under my foot, and made such a disagreeable noise when I stood on him, that I left the hook hanging in the roof of his mouth and bought another one.

I did not fish much more, though. Once I tried to

for the occupancy of an aged mother, who may come occasionally to visit us, and who will be glad to know that she has not been forgotten in our happiness—

"No, Cyrus," impetuously said the fair young girl, "your generosity moves me more deeply than I can express. I have always intended to have my come and live with me, but I had not thought of fitting up a room for her. Your noble offer will afford her great pleasure. She will come not only occasionally, but will come as soon as we are married and make her home with us always, and—"

"Then madame," said Cyrus, in an altered tone, "permit me to say that I start for Australia to-night. Henceforth our paths lie apart. You can take the house and we'll call it square. I have the honor, madam, to bid you, in the most respectful manner, ta ta."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—SARAH BERNHARDT EXPRESSED GREAT GRATIFICATION before she left here, at the splendid way Spaulding & Co., cleaned and renovated the carpets, and said if he was in Paris—such an artisan as he is, he could make ten fortunes to the quarter of the one he makes here. She strongly recommends all wanting work done in his line to patronize him in preference to all others. His Pioneer Carpet Beating Works are at 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

—MRS. LANGTRY, WHOSE LOVE OF THE CREATURE comforts of a fine table and well appointed apartments is well known, has shown good judgment in selecting the Pope House to sojourn in while she is in Santa Cruz. Mr. E. J. Swift, the proprietor, and who also manages the Pacific Ocean House, is a model landlord.

—SANTA BARBARA IS NOW RECOGNIZED AS THE great health resort of California. The weather is invariably good, the temperature seldom varies from about 65° Fahrenheit, and the very air seems impregnated with invigorating qualities. It is certainly the pleasantest summer watering place on the Coast, and the Arlington Hotel, kept by Mr. W. N. Cowles, has achieved an enviable reputation in the East as well as in this State.

—ALREADY A NUMBER OF CONFIRMED INVALIDS have been cured in this city by Mr. and Mrs. Bowles. They cure by the new christian science of faith healing. They may be seen at the Palace Hotel, room 184, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., or in the Alcazar Building at 3 P. M. Questions answered in French or German if so desired.

—BEAUTIFUL HOMES FOR SALE NEAR WRIGHT'S in the Santa Cruz Mountains, which for beauty of scenery and profit to the purchaser cannot be surpassed. Apply to A. Finnie, Wright's, Cal.

SHEET MUSIC, 10 cts.; catalogue free; 215 Dupont



STAGE GOSSIP.

"Harbor Lights" reached its five-hundredth consecutive performance in London this evening.

A new Hungarian star, at the Thalia Theatre, in New York, is Mme. Teimer-Modjeska, the second wife of the tragedienne's first husband.

When the National Opera Company was in St. Louis, Manager Locke got the audience to vote by ballot on the short-clothes question as regards the ballet. The gauge and spangle ticket was elected by a majority of 1,532 to 582.

Harry Courtaine, who evinced considerable talent in the early days here, but threatened to drink himself to death, and whose death is periodically reported in the papers, is now in New York, acting in "Hypocrite," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Dan Sully, whose "Corner Grocery," a dramatization of Peck's Bid Boy stories, was seen here some months ago, has a new play called "Daddy Nolan," which he will play at the Bush Street Theatre next week. It has received some flattering notices in the Eastern papers.

The Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo is now in its last days at the Panorama Building on Eddy and Mason streets. It will be removed in a few days and sent East, to make way for the Siege of Vicksburg, and a great many people are availing themselves of a last opportunity to see it.

James O. Barrows has assumed the position of stage-manager at the Tivoli, and several other changes have been made in the company. Miss Laura Biggar and Will Bray have been there during the past two weeks, playing in "The Widow O'Brien," while Miss Dingleon has been resting in the country. She will be back next week.

Mme. Janish was scarcely wise in electing to act "Camille" in this Clara-Morris-loving city, and especially so soon after Bernhardt. Her accent and her company would be enough to swamp a Siddons. But "Violets" is more in her line, and the latter end of the week at the Bush Street has been less full of anguish for actress and audience.

Steele Mackaye produced his new play, "Anarchy," in Buffalo, last week, and according to the papers, scored a success. The music to the play was written by Edgar S. Kelley, and consisted of themes suited to the action for incidental music, and an overture in which these themes were combined, and which told the story as his "Macbeth" music does.

Mr. Gustavus Levick, who has been climbing over cliffs, and exclaiming "My Gawd," somewhat after the fashion of the late Charles Thorne, for the past three or four weeks, to the acute enjoyment of the people who went to see "Harbor Lights" at the Alcazar, has purchased the Australian rights to that melodrama, and will soon leave for the Antipodes.

A benefit was tendered the Old Ladies' Episcopal Home at the California Theatre last Tuesday evening. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" was played by a number of local theatrical people, and the event was notable for the debut of Miss Nellie Buckley, the daughter of Mr. E. J. Buckley. She played the rôle of the blind sister, and her debut was apparently a most successful one.

Robert Louis Stevenson as a dramatic author is extremely exigent. His "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" requires an entire change of appearance, and in "Deacon Brodie," which Stevenson wrote as a play in collaboration with an English actor named Henly, the chief male personage is such another man as James Ralston in "Jim the Penman"—a respected gentleman in society, and in actuality a thief and leader of a band of cut-throats.

Nat Goodwin, like most comedians, has always had a hankering for some other line of business, and he has begun to break loose from his burlesque and farce reputation, by buying "A Gold Mine." This play was written for the late John T. Raymond, by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, and was played once before Raymond's death. The comedy element preponderates, of course, but there are said to be several very pathetic scenes in it.

Gus Williams, whose very name revives memories of Tony Pastor, Pat Rooney, and other lights of minstrelsy in the old days of the Alhambra Theatre, comes to the Alcazar next Monday for a four weeks' engagement. His first play is "Oh, What a Night," by George Hoey, and the cast will include Gus Williams, Frank Mordaunt, Frank Richardson, Edwin

Foy, George H. Trader, Frank Wyman, Miss Helene Brooks, Mrs. Laura Mainhall, and Miss Fanny Bowman.

"Held by the Enemy," which begins its third week at the Baldwin next Monday, seems to have hit the popular fancy, and from present indications it will run through its allotted four weeks profitably. Four weeks, by the way, is a great run in this city, nowadays; but there seem to be no great runs outside of New York and London—probably because of the large floating population of those two cities. Fifty nights is accounted a short run in New York, where "Adonis" and "Erminie" were played night after night for many months; but the best record is shown by the Vaudeville, in London, where five plays have taken up most of the performances in nine years. "Our Boys" ran 1,362 nights; "The Two Roses," 490; "The School for Scandal," 450; "Confusion," 457; and "Sophia" is now on with a record of over 325.

Hortense Schneider is very ill, and her physicians say that death for her is not far distant. With Schneider will disappear the last famous woman of the Second Empire. Hers has been a wonderful career; she was born in 1835 at Bordeaux, and her parents were not poor, but occupied almost the lowest rank in life. Hortense learned to make artificial flowers, but very early she discovered that her blonde beauty might be of great advantage in a theatrical career. No attention was paid to the expostulations of her mother, none to threats of her father; she made her debut at a *café chantant*, left her disgraced family, and went to Paris. She introduced herself to the Parisian world at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiennes, and soon she had a superb residence in the Champs Elysées; her horses were the envy of the *grandes dames* of Paris; her diamonds were worthy of a queen. Everything was Schneider; for women she prepared the fashions, and sometimes unhappiness, because their husbands were often occupied with the beautiful enchantress. From the Bouffes she went to the Palais Royal, then to the Variétés, where she made Offenbach famous, and *vice versa*. It was Schneider who created "Belle Hélène," "Grande Duchesse," "Pénichole," "Barbe Bleue," etc. As an artist she was very capricious. If she saw some distinguished foreigner, some member of the Jockey Club in her audience, she displayed all her talent; but unfortunate were her listeners did she not perceive among them at least one of her most powerful admirers. A day came however, when her popularity began to wane, and after the war she retired from the stage and devoted herself to the management of her immense fortune. For years since she has been seen at every premiere representation, and always had the appearance of a distinguished woman. As she passed, the fashionable young men formed a line on each side and exclaimed, "She is always the Grand Duchesse." Hortense Schneider believes the only mistake of her life was to marry. Anxious to change her theatrical title for one that was genuine, she married an Italian count, but when she discovered that his castles were in Spain, and his title not more real than hers of Grand Duchesse, she sent him to his friends in Italy, and contented herself with the name by which she is known to the world—Hortense Schneider.

The Parisians have a hit on a new idea in *café chantants*. The spectator is first introduced into a pretty *café*, carpeted, elegantly furnished, and lighted with gas dimmed by blue glass, which gives a soft and mysterious appearance to the surroundings. From this drawing-room *café* one is introduced into another room—or rather a sort of passage or gallery—perfectly dark, along which are arranged comfortable chairs. Seated in one of these, the spectator finds before him a long ledge, into which are let framed pieces of glass, one before each person. These pieces of glass are about a foot square. Looking closely, one sees in the glass the exact representation of the stage of a theatre, the scenery, curtains, etc. Presently the orchestra strikes up and the performance begins. Upon this miniature stage appears a miniature performer, 3½ inches high, who sings and dances in the usual *café chantant* style. This little figure, and indeed the stage itself, is simply the reduced copy (thrown by some arrangements of lights and reflection upon the glass) of an actual stage and an actual performer who is singing on the other side of the partition. You hear with perfect distinctness every word in the natural voice of the singer. Only his figure is reduced. Every expression, every color, the slightest jewels, even down to the rings upon the fingers, are reproduced in the figures 3½ inches in height. Every facial expression may be seen as clearly as though one were looking upon the real performer. An excellent variety performance and concert are given in this way, the singers, jugglers, and dancers all being in miniature. There are fifty-six reproductions of the stage made in the manner described, and only fifty-six persons can see the performance at one time, so that each has, in fact, a little stage all to himself. The management have sixty artists altogether, including some of the best known in Paris. Comic songs, dances, duets from well-known operas, juggling, dancing, etc., are given, and, if required, an entire play or opera might be performed.

A bold experiment is to be made by Messrs. Hayden, Dickson & Roberts, managers of the New York Amusement Exchange. They have leased the Madison Square Garden until the latter end of July, and will give there a representation of comic opera on a Brobdingnagian scale. The opera they have chosen is "Pinafore." The stage will consist of the deck of a ship as real as Mr. Crumple's pump, and the ship will be floating in real water, on which will be rowed to the side the boat-loads of sisters, cousins, and aunts. The chorus will consist of more than one hundred and twenty people, selected from those operative companies which are resting during the summer months. The interior of the garden will be beautified as far as possible, and everything will be done to make it bright and airy. Two performances will be given every day, and the cast for this purpose will be a double one. The prices of admission will not be extravagantly high, as the managers will rely on the size of the audiences being sufficiently large to make the venture profitable. "Pinafore" was produced on the waters of San Francisco Bay some years ago. 11. M. S. *Pinafore* was a yacht anchored off the San Francisco Yacht Club House at Sausalito.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending June 11th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: "Held by the Enemy." Cast as follows:

Major-General H. B. Stamburg, Charles W. Stokes; Colonel Charles Prescott, Henry Miller; Lieutenant Gordon Hayne, James Neill; Brigade Surgeon Fielding, Melbourn; Melbourn; Assistant Surgeon Hathaway; H. A. Moray; Thomas Henry Bean, William Gillette; Uncle Rufus, Leslie Allen; Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson, John W. Knowles; Captain Woodford, D. J. Sullivan; Corporal Stringer, S. Cooper; Hinton, Jean H. Williams; Lieutenant Massen, Ed. Sibley; Sentry, Hugh Fuller; Clerk, W. H. Pope; Euphemia McCreery, Miss Kate Deim Wilson; Rachel McCreery, Miss Viola Allen; Susan McCreery, Miss Louise Dillon.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Harbor Lights." Cast as follows:

David Kingsley, Gustavus Levick; Frank Moreland, Frank Richardson; Nicholas Moreland, George Dalziel; Captain Hardy, Hobart Bosworth; Captain Nelson, Frank Mordant; Richard Hockaday, George H. Trader; Solomon, Harry Russell; Jack, Emil Collins; Harbor Master, S. W. Keene; Lieutenant Wyndward, D. D. Lent; Detective Wood, F. C. Page; Oora Vane, Miss Ethel Brandon; Lina Nelson, Miss Annie Adams; Mrs. Chudleigh, Miss Fanny Vane; Peggy Chudleigh, Miss H. H. Moore; Bridget, Miss Eleanor Barry; Polly, Miss Fanny Bowman; Mrs. Helstone, Miss Helen Mason; Mark Helstone, George Osbourne; Tom Dossiter, L. R. Stockwell.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, "Camille." Cast as follows:

Armand Duval, Frank E. Aiken; Monsieur Duval, Leo Cooper; Count De Varville, E. Guy Spangler; Gaston Ricus, George F. Moore; Gustave, A. G. East; Messenger, Robert Irving; Nanine, Jenny Karsner; Madame Prudence, Kate De Fosse; Ninette, Vergie Graves; Olimpe, Mary Polk; Camille, Janish.

Remainder of the week, "Violets."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Widow O'Brien." Cast as follows:

Widow O'Brien, James O. Barrows; Dora O'Brien, Miss Laura Biggar; Jerry Thompson, W. H. Brown; Miss Kate Marchi; Bella Thompson, Miss Freddy Stockmeyer; Count Mennagion, Ed. Stevens; Capt. Cranberry, H. Norman; Thomas Cranberry, Al. Feely; Richard Sparks, Arthur Messier; Pinkerton Harkshaw, George Harris; Passenger Agent, James Roberts.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Mission and Fourteenth. Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

PANORAMA BUILDING, corner Mason and Eddy.—Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo. Open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

At the Baldwin, next week, "Held by the Enemy."

At the Bush Street, next week, Dan Sully's company in "Daddy Nolan."

At the Alcazar, next week, the Gus Williams in "Oh, What a Night."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Widow O'Brien."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BOOM.

An Eastern gentleman of wealth and intelligence, who visited this coast in search of health some years ago, and who has recently returned to make his permanent home in the southern part of the State, declares that there is no sense in the idea that the bottom is going to drop out of the present land boom. He says that the sudden increase in the price of real estate has no more than brought it up to its actual value at the present time, and that, far from dropping, it will steadily increase as the country becomes more closely settled; and that consequently there can be no better place to buy real estate, either as an investment or for a home. He declares himself in favor of Garvanzo, a promising little town midway between Los Angeles and Pasadena. It is on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, who have six trains running there daily at present, and the new electric railroad and the handsome boulevard eighty feet wide, which will connect Los Angeles and Pasadena, will both pass through Garvanzo. The town is prettily situated on a bend of the river, which flows around it some sixty feet below the town level, insuring perfect drainage, and the climate is as mild and balmy, without being unpleasantly warm, as any place he has visited in his travels. There is an excellent school-house, and a good hotel, but the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé people, who are booming the town in opposition to Raymond, and who will do everything in their power to advance its interest, have already begun the construction of a magnificent hotel on the eminence known as Sugar Loaf Hill, that will cost \$250,000, and for elegance and comfort will equal any in the State.

"Los Angeles," said this gentleman, "is growing rapidly, and Garvanzo is already the suburban residence place, as the Mission used to be of San Francisco; it will eventually be a part of Los Angeles, and, of course, real estate values will increase correspondingly. Los Angeles, being the metropolis of the southern part of the State, its commercial interests are already great, and so commerce and its natural advantages of climate and situation are now attracting the attention of capitalists to it as a rich field for permanent investment.

"Now, Garvanzo is its aristocratic suburb, the place where its wealthy citizens will reside. It is only four and a half miles out, and a drive to town in the morning and out to Garvanzo in the evening on that handsome boulevard will be just what a business man wants to prepare him for business, or to brighten him up before sitting down to dinner. Or, if he prefers, he can use the new electric railroad. Los Angeles real estate values are pretty high now; but Garvanzo is just being developed, and when the improvements I have mentioned are fully completed, property there will go up suddenly, and will stay up. I have decided to invest a little money in a few choice lots, and I can double—yes, triple my money in ten months. But I am going to hold a good piece for my residence, for my wife says she is in love with Garvanzo, and you know how it is when a woman makes up her mind."

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WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Tuesday, at 1 P. M. June 28th, 1887
Wednesday, at 10 A. M. June 29th, 1887
Thursday, at 10 A. M. June 30th, 1887

BY ORDER OF THE
PACIFIC IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

TERMS OF SALE:

ONE-FOURTH CASH; balance in three equal payments, due in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at the low rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

NOTICE.—In order to accommodate the large number persons who will attend this sale, the Southern Pacific Company will run a special

EXCURSION TRAIN TO MONTEREY.

On TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1887

Leaving SAN FRANCISCO at 7 A. M.,

And Stopping at Principal Intermediate Stations.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.

\$3--FOR THIS TRAIN--\$3

GOOD FOR RETURN

On Special Excursion Train leaving Monterey at 5:30 P. M., June 28th, and on Regular Trains, June 29th, 30th, and July 1st and 2d, 1887.

THIS SALE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY
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VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Eight hundred years and twenty-one
Have shone and sunken, since the land,
Whose name is freedom, bore such brand
As marks a captive and the sun
Beheld her fettered hand.

But ere dark time had shed as rain,
Or sown in sterile earth as seed,
That bears no fruit save tare and weed,
An age and half an age again
She rose on Runnymede.

Out of the shadows, starlike still,
She rose up radiant in her right,
And spake and put to fear and fright
The lawless rule of aweless will,
That pleads no right save might.

Nor since hath England ever borne
The burden laid on subject lands,
The rule that curbs and binds all hands,
Save one, and marks for servile scorn
The heads it bows and bends.

A commonwealth arrayed and crowned
With gold and purple, girt with steel
At need, that does most fear or feel,
We find her as our fathers found,
Earth's lordliest common-weal.

And now that fifty years are down
Since in a maiden's hand the sign
Of empire that no seas confine,
First as a star to seaward shone,
We see their record shine.

A troubled record foul and fair,
A simple record and serene
Inscribed for praise a blameless Queen,
Praise and blame an age of care
And change and ends unseen.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,
Rose with the sundawn of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough ways plain,
And fill the worn old world with spring
And heal its heart of pain.

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had—
Their wisdom not more wise than glad,
They saw the gates of promise ope,
And heard what Love's lips bade.

Love armed with knowledge, winged and wise,
Should hush the wind of war and sea.
They said the sun of days to be
Bring round beneath serenest skies
A stormless jubilee.

Time in the darkness unbeholden,
That hides him from the sight of fear,
And lets but dreamy Hope draw near
Smiled and was sad to hear such golden
Strains hail the all golden year.

Strange clouds have risen between, and wild,
Red stars of storm that lit the abyss
Wherein fierce fraud and violence kiss
And mock such promise and beguile,
The fiftieth year from this.

War upon war, change after change,
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere and faith august
Watched in patience stern and strange
Men's works unjust and just.

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal
Night living, yet looks forth for dawn,
From Time's mistier mountain lawn
The spirit of man in trust immortal,
Yearns toward a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be;
When conquered wrong and conquering right,
Acclaim a world set free.

Calm, as our motherland, the mother
Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,
Keeps watch beneath unchangeable skies;
When hath she watched the woes of other
Strange lands with alien eyes?

Calm as she stands alone, what nation
Hath lacked in alms from English hands?
What exiles, from what stricken lands
Have lacked the shelter of the station,
Where higher than all she stands?

Though time disown and change dismantle
The pride of thrones and towers that frown,
How should they bring her glories down?
The sea cast round her like a mantle,
The sea closed like a crown.

The sea, divine as Heaven and deathless,
Is hers, and none but only she
Hath learnt the sea's word; none but we,
Her children, bear in heart the breathless,
Bright watchword of the sea.

Heard not of others, or misheard
Of many, a land for many a year
The watchword; freedom fails not here
Of hearts that witness if the word
Find faith in English ear.

She, first to love the light, and daughter
Incarnate of the northern dawn,
She round whose feet the wild waves foam
When all their wrath of warring wave
Sounds like a babe's breath drawn.

How should not she best know, love best,
And best all souls understand,
The very soul of Freedom scanned,
Far off sought in a darkling quest
By men at heart unmaned.

They climb and fall, ensnared, ensnared
By mists of words and toils they set
To take themselves, till fierce regret
Grows mad with shame, and still their clouded
Red skies stand unless yet.

But for us the sun not wholly risen
Nor equal now for all, illumed,
With more of light than cloud that looms,
Of light that leads forth souls from prison,
And breaks the seals of toms.

Did not her breasts, who reared us, rear
Him who took Heaven in hand, and weighed
Bright world with world, in balance laid,
What Newton's might could make not clear,
Hath Darwin's might not made?

The forces of the dark dissolve,
The doorways of the dark are broken,
The word that casts out night is spoken,
And whence the springs of things evolve,
Light born of night bears token.

She loving light for light's sake only,
And truth for only truth's, and song
For song's sake, and the seas how long
Hath she not borne the world—her lonely
Witness of right and wrong.

From light to light her eyes imperial
Turn and require the further light,
More perfect than the sun's in sight,
Till the star suns seem all funeral
Lamps of the vaulted night.

She gazes till the strenuous soul
Within the rapture of her eyes

Creates or bids awake, arise
The light she looks for pure and whole
And worshipped of the wise.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands
Have borne abroad her lamp of old;
Such mouths of honey, dropping gold,
Have sent across all seas and lands
Her fame, as music rolled.

As music made of rolling thunder
That hurls through heaven its heart sublime,
Its heart of joy in charging chime,
So ring the songs that round and under
Her temple surge and climb.

A temple not by men's hands builded,
But molded of the spirit and wrought
Of passion and imperious thought;
With light beyond all sunlight gilded,
Whereby the sun seems naught.

Thy shrine, our mother, seems far fairer
Than even thy natural face made fair
With kisses of thine April air;
Even now when Spring, thy banner-bearer,
Took up thy sign to bear.

Thine annual sign from heaven's own arch,
Given of the sun's hand into thine,
To rear and cheer each wildwood shrine—
But now laid waste by wild-winged March—
March, mad with wind like wine.

From all thy brightening down wherein
The windy seaward winflower shows
Blossom whose pride strikes pale the rose—
Forth is the golden watchword gone
Whereat the world's face glows.

Thy quickening woods rejoice and sing
Till earth seems glorious as the sea,
With yearning love too glad for glee—
The world's heart quickens toward the spring,
As all our hearts toward thee.

The mother—thine, our Queen who giveth
Assurance to the heavens most high;
And earth, wherein her bondsmen sigh—
That by the seas grace, while thou livest,
Hope shall not wholly die.

That while thy free folk hold the van
Of all men, and the sea spray shed
As dew more heavenly on thy head
Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,
Man's pride shall drop not dead.

A pride more pure than humblest prayer,
More wise than wisdom born of doubt,
Girds for thy sake men's hearts about
With trust and triumphs that despair
And fear may cast not out.

Despair may wring men's hearts and fear
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust
Where patriot memories rot and rust,
And change makes faint a nation's cheer
And faith yields up her trust.

Not here this year have true men known,
Not here this year may true men know
That brand of shame compelling woe
Which bids but have men shrink or groan,
And lays but honor low.

The strong spring wind blows notes of praise,
And hallowing pride of heart and cheer,
Unchanging toward all true men here,
Who hold the trust of ancient days
High as of old this year.

The days that made thee great are dead;
The days that now must keep thee great
Lie not in keeping of thy fate.
In thine they lie whose heart and head
Sustain thy charge of state.

No state so proud, no pride so just,
The sun through clouds at sunrise curled,
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust
As thine in all the world.

Each hour that sees the sunset's crest
Make bright thy shores ere day decline,
Sees the dawn sun on shores of thine;
Sees west as east, and east as west,
On thee their sovereign shines.

The sea's own heart must needs wax proud
To have borne the world a child like thee.
What birth of earth might ever be
Thy sister? Time, a wandering cloud,
Is sunshine on thy sea.

Change mars not her—and thee, our mother,
What change that irks or moves thee mars!
What shock that shakes, what chance that jars
Time gave thee, as he gave none other,
A station like a star's.

The storm that shrieks, the wind that wages
War with the wings of hopes, that climb
Too high toward heaven in doubt sublime
Assail not thee, approved of ages,
The towering crown of time.

Toward thee this year thy children turning,
With souls uplift of changeless cheer,
Salute with love that casts out fear,
With hearts for beacons round thee burning,
The token of this year.

With just and sacred jubilation,
Let earth sound answer to the sea;
For witness blown on winds as free,
How England, how her growing nation
Acclaims this jubilee.

Telegraphed to the Examiner.

Minnie Hauk, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "was born and educated in New Orleans, and received her first lesson in singing gratis, from a well-known music-teacher here—Professor Curto. Performances for her benefit were given to enable her to complete her training in Europe. She was never in New York until after her reputation was established. Minnie is now very rich and Professor Curto poor. There is not much gratitude in this world."

A grand jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's reign will be held at Woodward's Gardens, on Tuesday, June 21. In the afternoon there will be an oration, poem, national music, and choruses by a choir of one hundred and fifty voices conducted by Professor H. J. Stewart; and in the evening, a grand hall, tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, and a display of fireworks.

The stage-door of Dai's Theatre, in New York, on a recent Saturday afternoon was a sight. Fully two hundred well-dressed women stood there and waited until Kyle Bellew came out, and then they made a rush for him. He quickly sought refuge in the drug-store opposite.

Dion Boucicault's mother had the greatest repugnance to his being an actor; but when she found that he had married an actress, she immediately urged him to join her in her profession, and not allow her to act except with him and in his works.

A public reader says he has committed to memory more than 300,000 verses of poetry. We should regret his death, of course, but it seems a pity to lose the chance of getting so much rhyme out of the world at one fell swoop.—Somerville Journal.

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Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents.

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H. M. QUEEN VICTORIA,

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Day and Evening, Tuesday, June 21st, 1887.

Consisting of an oration, poem, national music by the Second Regiment Band (30 pieces), singing by a choir of 150 voices; Conductor, Professor H. J. Stewart. Also games of kinds, for which valuable prizes will be given.

Evening celebration to consist of a grand ball, tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, superb illuminations. Also a grand display of fireworks. Gardens open from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. for day celebration. Evening celebration, gardens open at 7 P. M.

Admission for the DAY—Adults, 25 cents; Children, 10 cents. Admission for the EVENING—Adults, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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That California in all its parts is now in a most prosperous condition is clearly apparent. Cities, villages, and country places are all beginning to feel the impulse of a new progress. San Francisco seems to have entered upon a new era, and from all the more prominent towns, south and north, there comes to us information of increasing purchases of property, by new people, at enhanced values. New buildings are being constructed by people who are now in large numbers seeking our State for permanent residence. Agricultural lands are changing ownership as they have not done for many years in the past. Southern counties—Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego—were the first to receive the new immigration, and have experienced in a wonderful degree the benefit of the boom resulting from added

population. The construction of new railroads, the building of new towns and the growth of older ones, the influx of new people, have changed the character of the southern country in a wonderful degree. Los Angeles and San Diego seem to have awakened from a long slumber to marvelous activity while their suburban towns have met with a growth and the rural districts an expansion that has had no parallel so far in the history of the Pacific Coast. Our northern cities are also growing and in every respect improving. Public lands are in demand in every part of the State, for homestead, preemption, and purchase; farms are changing hands, and as the railroad is being pushed from the valley of the Sacramento to the valley of the Willamette, the land-speculator and the land-locator anticipate the prosperity that is sure to follow railroad enterprise. The great and luxuriant valley of the Sacramento, the broad and splendid stretch of the San Joaquin, all the numerous collateral valleys watered with the scores of rivers and lesser streams that come pouring down from the snow-clad Sierra range; valleys nestling along the ocean, and stretching into the coast mountains, with warm fruit-belts along their foot-hills, with soil, grass, and forest to their very summits, are offering great attractions to the immigrants from Eastern States. This prosperity is confined to no part of the State, and while the south has been the first to feel the touch of the new enthusiasm, and the first to reap the benefit of the new immigration, it is now being felt along the entire Pacific Coast, from Puget Sound to the peninsula of Lower California, extending eastward into the Territory of Arizona and the State of Nevada. Washington Territory and Oregon are also receiving their full share of the benefits arising from the new movement. The valley of Salt River in Arizona, at the head of which the capital city of Prescott is located, is, we are informed—for we have not visited it—one of broad acres, wonderful fertility, and one in which lands have not yet experienced the fatal blight of the speculators' grasp. We know that in other parts of that Territory there are splendid fertile lands obtainable at nominal values, covered with nutritious grasses, that will in time, and short time, be changed into productive farms. Great rivers, like the Colorado and the Gila, lesser streams like Salt River, San Pedro, and others, can be lifted from their beds and distributed over broad bench lands, and render that Territory what it has been in some earlier civilization—the home of vast multitudes. It is observable by the traveler who goes thundering along by rail from the Colorado River to Tucson, that the country is covered with broken pottery; the marks of the irrigating ditches are still noticeable, showing that in the distant past the country of the Casas Grandes was once the home of a vast agricultural people. The rivers we mention have, from some cause unexplained, dropped to a lower level, and the country is now dry, desolate, and uninhabited. Science, unknown to these primitive people, may lift these waters, now sweeping onward and valueless to the Gulf of California, to the use of irrigating and enriching these vast plains, and rendering them again the homes of an industrious population. Similar reflections may be indulged in concerning the Humboldt in Nevada and of the streams that take their rise in the Sierra, for there is no alkali plain, no stretch of sagebrush that, when touched by fresh water, does not give evidence of highest fertility. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin, with all their tributaries, from Pitt and Cloud rivers in the north to King's River in the south, will at some future time be called upon to give up their wealth of waters for the fertilization of the lands that lie along their margins. This time will come, and will come as fast as the land is demanded for use by the people, and when it does come the States and Territories of which we write will become the healthful homes of happy millions. Malthus was a blasphemous idiot when he premised that population could ever outrun production. The God who spake the earth into existence, and created man to live upon it, is neither wise nor beneficent if he has not provided that subsistence shall keep progress with population. All men who work may eat, is written on every page of the book of nature; all men who will not work may starve, and this sentiment offends no man who loves his fellow-man. There is no poverty on this earth, there never has been, and there never will be, that is not

traceable to some violation of nature's law. It is not surprising that emigration is now in larger volume setting toward the Pacific Coast. The only surprising thing about this exodus from the Eastern States is that it did not begin earlier. There is no other land like this on God's earth; there is nothing comparable with it; of all the valleys and climes of which poets have sung, of all the beauty spots of meadow and mountain that the painter has delineated on canvas, none that the imagination has drawn or fancy pictured can, for health and comfort, compare with our Pacific Coast. It is a pleasure here to live; it is a gratification to breathe; existence is a delight; it is paradise. The man of family who can purchase enough of God's acres lying between the Sierra and the sea, with ownership stretching up the empyrean through vaults of blue, embracing in his proprietary right stars blazing in the firmament, entitled to draw health and comfort from the ocean's breezes, if he will be content, and has good digestion, and an income, or is willing to work, can be a bappy man.

And now we come to the object of this writing, and that is, to say that the extravagant and speculative value placed upon our lands is on account of "climate," and to remark to the emigrant and purchaser that while he may own climate he can not live upon it; that space in the "empyrean," studded with stars, is unavailable for diet, and that the balmy breeze from the ocean, redolent with perfumes of flowers, is altogether unsatisfactory in appeasing hunger. We desire to say to the emigrant who has an income, who is not compelled to labor, who has attained that position of fortune when he is no longer obliged to toil, that this is the country which Providence designed for him; that he can obtain more creature comforts and for less money than elsewhere in the world; that the wealthy person can get more and better things to eat than in any other land under the sun; that we have more agreeable days and delicious, sleepful nights than may be enjoyed elsewhere within the realms of civilization. Society is a little off; that must be imported with the opera and the arts. Literature—except the *Argonaut*—is not quite up to the Boston standard; that can come by mail. All these things can be arranged in time. When your mansions and your villas are builded; your cottages ornés covered with vines, and furnished with instruments of music, books, pictures, and marbles; your walls frescoed; when you are prepared to live, it will not make much difference whether you have paid fifteen hundred dollars for land in Los Angeles, or obtained land equally desirable for five dollars in Tulare; whether you purchase town lots for fifteen hundred dollars a front foot in Pasadena, or an equally desirable investment in lots in the beautiful towns of Santa Clara, Santa Rosa, or Chico for one hundred and fifty dollars. If you have but one lung, soft and balmy air to fill it is cheap at any price. If you want mountain or ocean view, and can find the one that pleases you, purchase it. Landscapes and seascapes done on canvas by artists command great prices. A Turner or a Claude Loraine can scarce be had for money. Do not hesitate, then, at the price of land commanding views that art may not imitate, and a climate not measurable by moneyed value. The writer has a fifty-vara lot for sale in the Western Addition of San Francisco; it overlooks the broad Pacific, it commands a vista of the Golden Gate, Tamalpais stretches itself heavenward from its northern view, the commerce of the Pacific passes in sight, lights dance at evening upon the waters of the bay, the picturesque hills of Marin a mosaic of flowers in spring, brown and sear in summer, clad in emerald green in winter, lie in perspective; just the home for a strong-lunged millionaire, but it is unavailable for a poor man who has no money to erect upon it a mansion and fill its rooms with works of art, and this is the lesson we would read the Eastern emigrant. Delightful as California certainly is, luxuriant as is its soil, agreeable as is its climate, and in all respects desirable for a home and residence, it must not be forgotten by the emigrant of the middle and agricultural class that it is a land of labor; that while lands are cheaper than those of Eastern States, there are none to be obtained for nothing. There may be a limited amount of public domain still open to home-

stead and preëemption, but it lies removed from railroads and distant from market; is not easy to find, and when found requires a great deal of hard work to prepare it for cultivation and residence. It is an important step when the head of a family determines to change residence, and it should not be undertaken without knowledge of all the possible facts attending it. It is believed that sixty thousand persons contemplate coming to this State this fall, and that a very large percentage of this emigrating class is from agricultural and farming districts; that most of them are Americans and many of them of limited financial resources. To this class we say, "do not be in too much of a hurry," "do not sacrifice your Eastern homes," "do not allow yourselves to be persuaded that unless you hasten your arrival, all the land will be sold and all chances gone," "do not throw away your property at the East in belief that you are not to find lands and homes in this State of easy acquisition." Nearly all our lands have passed into private ownership and are held for sale by speculators. The whole State is for sale from Mount Shasta to San Bernardino, and from the Sierra to the sea, and lands in some parts will remain cheap, if, by your own haste and folly, you do not give them a speculative value as you have already done in Southern California. There is a vast amount of land in the great northern valleys and along the mountain sides, that is in every respect desirable and profitable for cultivation, that is cheap and will continue cheap till it is in demand for residence by actual settlers. There are broad plains in the valley of the San Joaquin now changing hands as low as five dollars per acre, and they will advance in price only as they are required for cultivation. New railroads will open up to settlement new localities, and there is no fear lest our lands should be very soon disposed of. One fact explains the situation; our present population now numbers one million of people; it is capable of sustaining ten millions in ease and comfort. Oregon and Washington Territory are equally attractive as California, and in many respects more desirable. The northern farmer will find the climate, perhaps, more to his liking than this; there they have four seasons—snow in winter and rains the summer through. The farmer from the Eastern States, when he comes to California, has first to unlearn all he has acquired before and learn the art of agriculture over again. There is no more uncertain pursuit that can be entered upon than the cultivation of the soil in this State. It is worse gambling than mining. To raise fruit or grain is almost as much a matter of chance as to make your game on black or red before the wheel is turned; every grain and every fruit has its enemy against whose depredations the farmer must guard; science has exhausted itself, and still the weevil does his work, the codlin moth does not disappear, the phylloxera continues its ravages. In the round of events, in the general average and rotation of crops and seasons, the tillage of land affords as remunerative compensation in California as elsewhere. These suggestions are made to proposed new-comers, that they may put themselves on their guard against casualties that are possible to arise. The Eastern emigrant should not purchase land in California—except for speculation—till he has seen it. No prudent man will make a home in any locality till he has exercised over it his own judgment; the individual or colony who will accept the representations of a stranger and land-seller, and will break up an Eastern home to follow a land-gambler to California, will deserve no sympathy when they find themselves deceived and swindled. No colony should make a selection of location on the Pacific Coast until with some trusted agent, in whom it has confidence, it has given the locality a most careful examination and consideration. No man of means should break up an Eastern home until he has personally considered and carefully examined the new one he is to make here. Our State is filled with land dealers, and while they are as reliable as their class, the purchaser should remember that the land agent's duty is to show the locality and state the terms of sale, while it is the duty of the buyer to inform himself from some other and independent source whether the information provided by the seller is reliable, and whether there may not be other facts which the agent of the seller is suppressing. It is one of the tricks of the trade to impress the buyer with the necessity of haste in the transaction of purchase. Give such a fellow a wide berth, for there will be lands, and farms, and town lots for sale in California when its oldest present inhabitant is dead. Never trust to figures made in calculation of profits, for they always lie; when the owner of a grove of orange-trees, or an olive orchard, or a vineyard, gets out his pencil and begins to estimate the profits of his plant to demonstrate how cheaply he is selling his land, let that man alone, and avoid him as you would the capper of a hogging game. The great bulk of men in California would not increase immigration by misrepresentation or dishonest practice; we wish an increase of population, and there is none more desirable than the retired business man who comes for health and ease to spend his accumulations in the enjoyment of our luxurious climate; then there is the larger class of "American"—and here we mean "of native birth"—farmers, men of industrious, frugal habits, with families born to the honorable inheritance of labor; men of limited fortunes, not

above the necessity of toil, and not destitute of means to plant themselves in new homes out of debt; to this class of persons we say, California is not an experiment, it is of all the earth the most fruitful, its climate is the most genial, and it is here that life is most enjoyable. This is the kind of immigration the *Argonaut* desires to encourage.

Rarely has it occurred in England's long and eventful history that its Parliamentary authority has been subjected to so severe a strain as it has recently endured in its contest over Irish politics. Irish politicians, for the first time in Ireland's long and bloody history, have found themselves united and in subjection to a Parliamentary leader; not a bot-brained, impulsive Celt, but a cool-headed, even-tempered, stoic Saxon; not a papist, fuming and frothing at the mouth in vain and empty talk, ostentatiously strutting as an independent while on dress parade, while secretly and in servitude taking his instructions from priests within the cloister; but a well-poised, self-reliant, clear-brained Protestant, who is honest and in earnest in his endeavor to secure independent nationality and home rule for Ireland. While Parnell has exhibited little scruple as to his mode of warfare, and little respect to law, and has looked upon England as his enemy and the contest as a period of war; he has displayed the courage of leadership, and had power to silence the clamor of Irish politicians and compel the subservience of popish priests. If he has linked himself with criminals to advance the Irish cause, and with expedients at which honorable men would revolt, and had the assistance of allies with whom none but the desperate would associate, we may find some apology for him in the hopelessness of the conflict in which he found himself engaged. By a remarkable somersault, Gladstone, inspired with an ambition that overleaped itself and fell on the Irish side, stung with Parliamentary and popular defeat, lost the calm consistency and courage that had distinguished a long and successful Parliamentary career, and became an ally and whipper-in of Parnell—loaned himself and his magnificent power in debate to the Irish conspiracy; like Cataline, conspired against his country; and, like Jefferson Davis, sought means less honorable to divide and destroy the imperial union. This Parliamentary contest has been brought near its close by passing the "cloture," which cuts off debate. No more serious blow could be struck at Irish patriotism than to prevent its talking. After four months of angry, passionate, undignified debate, during which period all healthful legislation has been impossible, it has been made clearly to appear that the Irish and their English, Scotch, and Welsh confederates had conspired to obstruct all legislation that would impede the march of the allies to Dublin Green, upon which they were to build an Irish Parliament, and around which they were to construct a Papistical State that in subservience to Rome would have made Ireland in all respects a Roman Catholic Church power. Church and State, with State submissive to the church; a Roman Catholic school system, with Protestants, their lives, their property, and their interests, at the mercy of an ecclesiastical power that in unrestrained exercise has ever displayed itself the unrelenting enemy of every religion, government, and individual that did not yield to it unchallenged and undisputed supremacy. Civilization is profoundly interested in this parliamentary conflict, for if the law can not be maintained in Great Britain, it is imperilled everywhere. If the tenure of landed property can not be held inviolate in Ireland, there is no spot of earth that any individual can call his own. If personal liberty can not be guarded by English courts, and if the mandate of her majesty's writ may not run within the limits of the British Isles, and the courts have jurisdiction within the English realm, then there is no government on earth strong enough to preserve the lives and protect the property of its subjects, and no country that can give assurance of strength sufficient to guard its soil from anarchy, confusion, and chaos. In other lands, the collapse of English government by the triumph of a rebellious, political, and ecclesiastical conspiracy, would be an evil example, and perhaps attended with dangerous attempts at revolution; but in the United States of America, with its ten millions of folk with Irish blood, its other and added millions of Papists, its growing class of discontented labor, its ever numerous class of demagogue politicians, the mercenary character of its press, and the cowardly character of its political leaders, the triumph of the Irish over the English, and the successful conspiracy to divide and destroy the authority of England in Ireland, would be followed with consequences most dire. We should find ourselves in no distant future involved in a religious and class war. Independent Ireland would find cause of war against England, and there would be no power this side the providence of God that could prevent the Irish and Democratic politicians from dragging our country into a conflict with England. There are causes now existing, lurking memories of the past, that could be fanned into a conflagration that no party within this republic could withstand and live. War would be inevitable, and in that war, and under it, there would exist a conspiracy to give authority, in this republic, to the Church of Rome, which would not be submissive to

the constitution and laws as they now exist. Hence, we hail this Irish defeat in the English Parliament as a triumph of civilization and civil liberty; as an American victory over the Pope's Irish within our own borders, that gives assurance of future repose. There are six hundred and seventy members of Parliament, and in a series of divisions, there being only four hundred and fifty-one members, the government obtained the victory by the decisive majorities of one hundred and seventeen, one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and fifty-two. The final and conclusive division on the cloture was carried by a majority of one hundred and twenty-nine; the final motion to adjourn was carried while Coneybear was speaking and Healy was endeavoring to catch the eye of the speaker, while all the Irish were crying "shame, shame!" against Gladstone's protest and Parnell's denouncement, by a vote of two hundred and three to seventy-one. Out of the six hundred and seventy members of Parliament, there were only seventy-one who faced the music of disunion and kept step to Ireland's onward march of treason. Rarely do we call attention to our own course in matters of public concern, but this contest has been so long, so bitter, and so resolute; the attitude of public men of both parties has been so cowardly, the press so subservient, the Associated Press dispatches so false, the Pope's Irish among us so insolent, and the priests of Rome so confident of a different result, that we can but take pleasure in reflecting that the *Argonaut*, so far as we know, has been the only American journal that has not bowed its head to this Irish storm. Of course, the contest is not over, it never will be; so long as the Papal Church endures, it will conspire and plot, and so long as a Celt exists, who leaves his conscience in the keeping of his confessor, Ireland will be the forcing-house for the propagation of treason against Great Britain; and so long as our naturalization laws are unrepealed, and the democracy is dependent upon the Irish vote, so long will Irish discontent find encouragement on our soil.

The construction of a drive in Golden Gate Park, upon which gentlemen may speed fast horses for the pleasure of the owner and for the observation of all who take delight in horsemanship, is neither a new proposition, nor one peculiar to this park. Our park embraces one thousand and fifty acres; along its front there is an ocean beach well adapted for carriage driving; through the park, from its eastern entrance, is a broad boulevard reaching to the shore. It is macadamized with rock, which is hard and utterly destructive to horses' hoofs under speed. Under park rules, speed is limited to ten miles per hour. It is intended for and used for a family drive. San Francisco has no good and convenient drive within its limit or in its vicinity. It is a want largely felt by ladies who enjoy carriages. It is a necessity for gentlemen who fancy horses and indulge in fast ones. Such a drive would encourage breeding, would develop the manufacture of carriages and harness, and would prove a source of great pleasure to the thousands who could enjoy looking upon it; in every respect it would prove a source of innocent amusement and gratification to all classes of society. In the unoccupied portion of Golden Gate Park, somewhere between the south drive and the ocean shore, not far away from and within sight of the family road or boulevard, certain gentlemen, at their own expense, seek the privilege of building a course upon which they may drive without limitation of speed. Their proposed mile crosses no drive or pathway, comes in contact with no vehicle or pedestrian, and is in no respect different from other drives in the park, except that it is to be straight, and not crooked; it is to be covered with clay, and not stone; it is to have two driveways, separated by a soft flowering hedge, to avoid collision; upon it men may drive with speed at their own risk. Every city and every pretentious village in America has such a place of recreation, and there is no class too good and no man too pious to enjoy it on proper occasions. It is eminently fit and proper that the gentlemen who own or breed fast horses should have the privilege of expending their own money for the construction of such a drive. By whomsoever built, it remains under the charge of the Park Commissioners, so that if abuse should ever grow out of it, it can be corrected in an hour. It is not a "race-track" in any sense of the term. On it no official time can be recorded, over it no fast time can be made, no purse can be hung up, no races for money can be arranged, upon it no pools can be sold. Gentlemen may get up a speed brush and make a spurt for coin among themselves, which is as innocent and as moral as any business matter that occurs between them in their commercial or business transactions. The location and construction of such a drive in Golden Gate Park is now under consideration. Pending preliminary investigation, and before a report is made, or a second meeting had, the *Bulletin* and the *Examiner* have jumped down the throat of the project, and either in ignorance or from desire to pander to prejudice, have determined to defeat it. Curiously enough, both journals assume that it is to be a "race-course," with houses of entertainment—"whisky-mill" and "pool-room," with suggestion of "cock-pit" and "prize-fighting." The articles are not worthy of consideration. The article of the *Examiner*

an insult to the gentlemen who have taken an interest in this matter, and if this journal will exert itself to know who the men who are promoting the scheme, it will find they embrace the best gentlemen of San Francisco, men of wealth, culture, and leisure, who are willing to expend some money in San Francisco if a hypocritical and censorious press will kindly give permission. Our city is a shame and reproach; its streets are unsafe and uncomfortable to drive in; its houses are shabby and unpainted; its squares are surrounded with rueful fences; it has not a fountain playing within its limits; its sewers are full of filth, and smell to heaven; its streets are never sprinkled; the summer dust comes by invitation of neglect, and the *Bulletin*, with a mug-faced economy, prates of the "one-dollar limit." And now, when gentlemen ask the opportunity of spending money on their unused sand-dunes, for a pleasure drive, the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* misrepresent and lie about the men who undertake it, impugn their motives, and endeavor to defeat the project.

It begins to look as though the Fourth of July was to be observed, and that the revolt of the volunteer soldiers from their only important duty would not destroy the day. We say thank the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic for saving the anniversary of the nation's independence from utter disgrace.

POMP AND VANITY.

"Cockaigne" explains the Mysteries of Presentation to Royalty.

The honor and glory of being presented at court is every growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." If you feel disposed to doubt this assertion, let him or her, calmly, dispassionately, and with an unbiased spirit and eye, peruse the list of names at the last drawing-room—on Wednesday. The English court has gone down alarmingly late years.

A good many circumstances have combined to make it so. Chief among them are, first—the comparative retirement of a queen from the observance and exercise of court duties, except on rare occasions; second—the consequent forcing of her place for the performance of court functions of the prince and Princess of Wales; and third—the stupendous growth of the power of wealth alone, and the gradual decay of the power of the aristocracy based upon rank and birth. Old Tory Primrose dames, whose first drawing-room dates the beginning of Victoria's jubilee reign and runs back to the latter years of King William the Fourth's court, will give, with a croaking voice, as they sip their afternoon tea: "Ah, my dear, you should have seen the court in my time, and even thirty and forty years ago, when my gals came to" (her "gals" are grandmothers themselves now). "You don't meet the daughter of your mother's dressmaker with her diamonds on her neck and arms and in her hair than you had, or in a costlier train than yours. Nor did your husband or your brothers walk up in line with the son of your mother's wine-merchant or pastry-cook decked out in glittering regimentals, orders, and medals. The army was made of gentlemen then, not trade riff-raff, as it is now."

"Why, fancy," said one of these old damsels to me not long ago, "I remember when my boy Percy" (Percy is a red lieutenant-general) "used to complain of having Guntson put into his regiment. That was thought disgraceful. But it was only one instance. What would Percy say now? Why, I'm told—yes, there's young Venables of the enadiers." ("Young Venables" left the army some years ago as a fifty-year-old colonel.)

"What! Venables? My dear lady Lorriper, he's a gentleman, surely," I exclaimed.

"Yes, of course he is. His mother was a daughter of Lord Linsey Wolsley. She and my gal Eliza were presented together in 1842. I was going to say that he told me that if the guards and the cavalry are 'cads,' he called 'em, w, and explained that by that he meant tradesmen's sons. It's deplorable?"

"I knew I should drop many degrees in the ancient dower's good graces, but I couldn't help saying:

"Well, no; I don't agree with you, Lady Lorriper. I think it's time the army dropped all that sort of nonsense out caste, and went in for brains and—"

The old thing positively got up from her chair and without word toddled over to the other side of the room to talk to me one else. I saw it would be useless to attempt to explain or pacify her. Her Tory blood was up, and it would be to get down by slow degrees. What she said was quite true. The army socially isn't what it was. But that it is so deplored is another matter altogether. If there is less good, there are certainly more brains than there used to be, and that is what the nation really needs. The army in London drawing-rooms, on suburban tennis-lawns, provincial track-squares, and in swell clubs is one thing. What it ought to be on active foreign service is another.

But I have got rather away from the drawing-room. As common nowadays, though nominally held by the queen, her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, did the honors, had been announced that the queen herself would personally hold the drawing-room, but her unusual exertions in the last end in the beginning of the week, were just a trifle too much for her. So, at the last moment, Mrs. "Tummy" had been "commanded" to take her place. This must have been one disappointment to the army of American ladies and gentlemen who, under the wing of the United States Minister and Mrs. Phelps, and well coached by Mr. Henry White in the wing, scraping, curtsying, and hand-kissing business, had rested in court dresses, and infested the neighborhood of the Legation for days before. What they wanted was to be presented to the Queen—not this trumpery Danish princess. At many, in consequence, gave up going at the last moment by no means unlikely. As it was, a fair number of fair Republicans, and their male attendants, were on hand. Mr. Minister Phelps earned a portion of his fat

salary, and the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen at home who pay the taxes which support his office, by presenting his son-in-law, Mr. Loomis, while Mrs. Phelps stood sponsor for her daughter, Mrs. Loomis. The further utility of an American embassy in London was shown by the following additional presentations by Mr. and Mrs. Phelps: Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Lanier, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Saltus, Miss Bella Scott, and Miss Louise Scott. These seemed satisfied with such royalty as the Princess of Wales had at her disposal, and contented themselves with kissing the tips of her long, thin, and bony fingers, instead of the short and pudgy ones of her august mother-in-law.

What the particular fascination is about a drawing-room, or wherein it lies, to people not compelled to attend one, is a matter of wonder to those who have to go to them, owing to official position. Of course, it is well known that no person can be invited to a state or court entertainment without having first been presented. But it does not follow that because a person is presented he or she will be asked to the next state concert, or ball at Buckingham Palace, or the next garden party at Marlborough House. People—and especially foreigners—must not imagine that lack of presentation to the Queen will be the only thing to prevent their being invited to court balls. Only perhaps one out of fifty, ay, a hundred, people who are presented ever get an invitation to a state ball or a state concert. What drawing-rooms and levées used to be, state balls and state concerts still remain. A favored few only have the entry to them. There must be some special reason why they should be invited; they individually must possess some extra claim of rank, position, merit, or fame to entitle them to royal recognition. In short, to put the thing concisely, the presence of a person at a drawing-room or levée is permitted, while at a state ball or concert it is requested. Therein lies the whole difference between the two classes. In these days almost any respectable person can be presented to the Queen, or Prince and Princess of Wales in her behalf. All you need is an introducer (called a "presenter"), a lady having a lady, and a gentleman a gentleman.

Your name, accompanied by that of your presenter, who must already have been presented him or herself, and who nominally vouches for you, is formally sent to the Lord Chamberlain a reasonable time before the holding of the drawing-room or levée. He is supposed to submit it to the queen for her approval. Whether he does or not I can't begin to say. There is a common idea that the queen directs the whole business, but I very much doubt it. At all events, if you or your presenter don't receive a polite intimation that your presence can be dispensed with, at the appointed day and hour you make your appearance at Buckingham Palace, if it be a drawing-room; at St. James's Palace if it be a levée. The difference between a drawing-room and a levée is this: Drawing-rooms are for ladies chiefly, and are held by either the Queen or Princess of Wales. Both take place in the afternoon, the former at three, the latter at two o'clock. They are, of course, very grand, formal affairs, both of them. Every woman must wear a peculiar style of court dress of either silk, satin, or velvet, and while the pattern, trimming, etc., are left to the taste and means of the wearer, one or two things are *de rigueur*. The skirt must have a train two or three yards long at the back, and the head-dress must be "feathers and lappets"—the former being white ostrich and the latter white lace. Gentlemen must appear at drawing-rooms or levées in uniform or court dress. Every man who possibly can, wears a uniform of some sort, for the regulation court suit is far from becoming one. It consists of a dark-colored silk-velvet dress-coat, vest, and knee-breeches with white silk stockings; or a coat richly embroidered with gold cloth, white vest, and gold-laced trousers. With the former, shoes and buckles are worn, and with both, there is a cocked hat and a steel or gilt sword. The whole outfit costs from twenty-one to nearly twenty-three pounds at the cheapest, that is if you buy it. You can hire it if you like. But apart from the necessarily bad fit of bired clothes, there are other objections to wearing them which I think most people recognize and appreciate. Besides, a man who feels fine enough to swagger at court, ought to be able to buy and own his own clothes. Unless, however, there be some special reason why a man should be presented to the sovereign, it puzzles me why he should go to the useless expense of purchasing a suit of clothing utterly useless to him on all other occasions. If he should be lucky enough to get an invitation to a state ball or concert, he must go to them in ordinary evening dress.

Why American gentlemen, of all people, should be willing, and not only willing but anxious, to chuck away such a lot of money for a few hours, unaccountable gratification of their republican vanity is a problem for which I am unable to find a solution. What they gain by being presented to the queen, I am quite at a loss to discern. But it is useless to say this. They still keep on coming over here every summer, and giving the American embassy something to do. I wonder if they realize the fact that not one in a hundred English gentlemen are ever presented. Why then should they be? I dare say they find it a grand thing to talk about to other anglomaniacs when they go home in the fall, and make them turn green with envy. If, however, they must come and bend their heads before royal majesty, let me give them this bit of advice: Get some sort of a uniform to wear. Some American uniform, military or naval, and save yourself the humiliation of appearing in the court dress, which you must otherwise do. It looks awkward and unbecoming enough on Englishmen, but on Americans it is positively grotesque. As I have observed, every Englishman who can gets the right to wear a uniform, either army, navy, militia, volunteer, or of some civil sort. Judges and barristers go in their wigs and gowns. Every one who can avoids the court dress.

LONDON, May 26, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

The births recorded in London every week exceed the deaths by more than a thousand, and during the next ten years the increase in the number of inhabitants will probably be nearly three-quarters of a million.

It has been computed that the death-rate of the globe is 67 a minute, 97,790 a day, and 35,639,835 a year, and the birth-rate 70 a minute, 100,800 a day, 36,792,000 a year.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"English and American Good Form."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13, 1887.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: In reply to Clara G. Dolliver's letter in your last issue, "British and American Good Form," I would like to say a few words. As to the term "Yankees," when used by Englishmen, being intended to convey a sneer, I who have lived since my birth, with the exception of the last few years, on the other side of the Herring Pond, can most certainly testify that, so far as I have heard the word used, it never once was intended as a derogative term for Americans. In fact, it was used for Americans in about the same sense as the word Dutchmen is used indiscriminately here for those hailing from the "Yankee land." In alluding to the promoters of the American Exhibition in London as "Guests," "C. G. D." is under a wrong impression for the Yankees is being run as a purely monetary speculation, and not, as was originally intended, to enlighten ignorant cockneys on the size of California beets, and the wonderful advance the red man has made in civilization since his white brethren took him and his country under their protection. How much "C. G. D." has honored the British people with her presence and criticism, of course I don't exactly know; but judging from her letter, I'm afraid that the "some time" mentioned, she can must have been a very short time, perhaps about the usual time taken by American and British globe-trotters, before publishing their ideas on one another's countries and customs.

The conception the average untraveled Englishman has of this country's people, etc., is decidedly hazy; yet among the educated classes, and more especially what is called the "upper middle class," I am surprised to hear that "C. G. D." met with such wayward ignorance, and the only way I can account for it is that your correspondent must have had the misfortune to be thrown in contact, to an unusual degree, with that numerous class of people bearing the name of "Fools," who are to be found in every quarter of the globe, even infesting enlightened countries like England and America. In contrast to the English tool's ideas of this country, commented on in "C. G. D.'s" letter, I will give a few examples from my own personal experience of his American cousins, whom I have met with during my few years' stay in various parts of the United States of America. For instance, I was once asked if it was necessary to obtain permission from the Queen before leaving Great Britain; on another occasion I had to explain that though Scotch was the universal language in Scotland, yet we were taught American in the schools in case we should, in after years, require to go abroad; and to a still more enlightened individual, that although the women were mostly slaves, yet it was not the universal custom, for the British workingman to live upon whiskey, and kick (H!) his wife about for recreation on Sunday.

Referring to the gentleman who remarked that the "Americans had no literature, you know," and that Longfellow was an Englishman, I would like to inquire how many Americans know anything of Longfellow beyond his nationality?—how many (English or American) are familiar, to the slightest degree, or ever turn over one page of any of the literary giants of ancient or modern times? And beyond a few words of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, or Bret Harte, are entirely ignorant of the vast ocean of literature lying within their reach? If, instead of scraping around its shores, like chickens on a manure heap, they would devote more of their time to instructive reading, and less to spicy newspaper articles, and that heap of sensational balderdash which is flooding the world just now, there would be fewer of the "fool species" and more charitable-ness toward our neighbors' shortcomings.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

I have no doubt that the American Exhibition in London will be a success, especially among the people; for, contrary to the statement mentioned by "Cockaigne," that an enterprise in London is a failure unless patronized by the aristocracy, I would venture to remark, that the previous great successes made by exhibitions there have been owing to the great crowds all seeking amusement, especially on Saturday evenings, who flock to the place where the best entertainment for their "shilling" is to be had (which of late years has been the exhibitions), not caring a continental whether the caterers for their amusement are American citizens or members of the House of Peers. Whether the "Yankees" does well financially or not, it will have accomplished a far greater purpose, if it succeeds in the remotest way in drawing together two great English-speaking peoples. If, like Paul Jones, we were more citizens of the world, and above the petty meannesses of a few acres of land, the greatest retarder to civilization would be removed.

To conclude, I may state that in no part of the United States have I met with so much ill-feeling toward Britisners as there is on the Pacific Coast. The best reason I can give for this, is the great preponderance of the Catholic-Irish element, who, having failed to make the English people see the force of installing the Pope as Chairman of the House of Commons, are now trying to usurp the places of American citizens in the government of this republic with the ultimate idea of transferring the Papal See to New York.

Trusting that the American people will be in the case of fair play, and in justice to the subjects of the British Empire who are now citizens of your country with the welfare of your government at heart, I am, etc., Wm. Scott McHUTCHEN.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The article in your last issue, signed "Clara G. Dolliver," appears to me to savor of a desire to stir up a feeling of enmity and dislike between the two greatest nations of the earth—the only English-speaking people. Holy Writ makes us to say, "A soft answer turneth away wrath" and if a more frequent indulgence in this proverb characterized the action of fault-finders in general, and a little more liberal exhibition of the "Christian charity," of which we hear so much—and see so little—made up the sum of our every-day lives, it would awaken a warmer feeling of friendship and fraternity, rather than envy and fault-finding. It has been my good fortune to spend nearly all of the past year on the continent of Europe, and from a six months' residence in London, studying carefully, as an American, its institutions, customs, manners, etc., and comparing the same with those of our own country, I was struck by such examples of dense ignorance of this country as mentioned in the article in your paper. The Englishman must be, indeed, very obtuse—as I confess many Americans are—who labored under the impression that "all our people were black," or that the prevailing custom for eating was "with heels on the table," or that "Spanish was the mother tongue" of this country. It seems to me Miss Dolliver's visit there must have been during the reign of George IV., or that the English at that time had not yet learned to read, and that American knowledge, when they told her such remarkable stories. I do not object to the word "Yankees"; it strikes a tender echo in my heart; I believe its meaning is significant of inventive, shrewd, sharp genius; and none more than the English admire these qualities of Americans. There are many things which are considered good form in England which would be well for us to imitate. They are an older, if not a better, nation, and we are "never too old to learn," and I know English ladies and gentlemen are willing to learn much from bright Americans.

In regard to the American Exposition—so called—it is a misnomer. The whole thing is purely an English speculation, carried on by five Englishmen and one American, and in no wise representing America in any department save the "sideshow" of Buffalo Bill, who is happy to reap from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars daily of good British coin. If the exhibition fails, it is because the English are ignorant of the fact that the American people are not ignorant of the inferior industries of this nation are there represented. From close observation and study, I am loth to believe the average Britisher regards us with dislike, much less envy. But were this even so, it should be our constant aim to disabuse him of this opinion.

I am an American. "I love her rocks and rills, her everlasting hills," and yet I believe naught save brotherly love and eternal friendship should exist between two nations. Our country is too glorious, and too grand, to admit little things to find a resting place in its bosom. Very truly yours,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 15, 1887.
NELLIE HOLBROOK BLINN.

A new journal is to appear as the organ of the science of nazography. According to "La Science en Famille," the author of the system states that nazography permits of divining the character, habits, and inclination of people by a simple inspection of their noses. According to this science, it is desirable that the nose should be as long as possible, this being a sign of merit, power, and genius. For example, Napoleon and Caesar both had large noses. A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious, and energetic mind; the Roman nose, a propensity for adventure; and a wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose shows benevolence—it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul. The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catbarine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved, thin nose, on the contrary, is the mark of a brilliant mind, but vain, and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet, or a critic. If the line of the nose is *re-entrant*—that is, if the nose is turned up—it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant, or frolicsome.

The heaviest locomotive in the world weighs 160,000 pounds, and is on the Canadian Pacific. The next heaviest is the Southern Pacific's, 154,000 pounds; the third weighs 145,000 pounds, and is on the Northern Pacific; and Brazil owns the fourth, weighing 144,000 pounds.

LA PILA DEL CORAZON.

The Curious Legend of "The Fountain of the Sacred Heart."

I am a nervous person, in the sense of being molested by noise—irritable, perhaps, would rather he the word—and a hoisterous child caused me to change my lodging-place. It cost me a pang to relinquish my once quiet room on the inner court, where my belongings were so accustomed all that they seemed to fall into their places mechanically, at the slightest touch of the hand. But he who works with his brain must care for his tool.

I removed to the Hotel Alexander, across the city almost from my former abiding-place, in the street of El Sagrado Corazon de Jesus—the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Many of the streets in Mexico are named like that—for some old church or convent which formerly stood in the street—aye, which still stands, though now converted to state or secular use. The Church of El Sagrado Corazon has not been so converted. Its guild was a very wealthy one, and it saved the church, by buying in, from confiscation. This temple is to-day the richest in the city, and the only one with the right to ring its bells for longer than three minutes at a time. But the gardens that used to skirt the sacred edifice have long been parcelled out in city lots, now built over with many houses, and the convent buildings are divided off, and used as private dwellings, as shops, as tenement-houses, what you will, save only their old-time churchly uses.

For long after the reform laws went into operation, the Church of El Sagrado Corazon de Jesus faced on a little place or square in which a fountain gushed. This square was once the main interior court of the church possessions, and it was only some five years ago that an investigative spirit discovered that the bit of ground still rested under the church's title. Fired with indignant zeal, he reported the matter to the authorities, the *plazita* was pounced upon, and sold to the enterprising individual in question, who at once proceeded to the erection thereupon of this large Hotel Alexander, in which, owing to the good fortune of its owner in finding a central site not closed around by other buildings, "all the back rooms are front rooms," as an admiring American journalist put the phrase.

As I have said, the hotel is bounded by the streets of El Sagrado Corazon—La Calle del Sagrado Corazon goes past the front; on the right, and between the hotel and the church, the Estampa del Sagrado Corazon; in the rear, Callejon del Sagrado Corazon; and on the left, the plaza of the same name, in which the fountain stands, it having been situated at one side of the original square, so that it now stands in a sort of open, alcove-like court, an offset from the side street which joins it to the main thoroughfare in front. This Pila supplies water for domestic uses to a large section of the city hereabouts, and at certain hours of the day the *aguadores* throng about it, filling their picturesque, three-banded *chococholes*. In their leather harness, studded and clamped with brass, their flat beads covered with straw caps sewed with leather, the quaint earthen vessels depending from their foreheads by broad leather bands, in their stolid wooden faces, and rapid, machine-like movements, the *aguadores* appear almost like bits of mechanism; and yet there is probably no other type in the city nearly so picturesque as theirs. It is a favorite resource with me to watch them daily, as they gather around the circular wall of the fountain, dipping up the water while they gossip. The *aguador*, reticent as he is with the rest of the world, is genial and communicative with his own class. I have no doubt they criticize most freely the slender shanks of young Ponce de Leon, at whose bands their chief has just pocketed a pleasing *douceur* for the transmission of a billet to Blanca de Nieves. For of this fraternity are the Mercuries of surreptitious or clandestine love-making, thanks to the *aguador's* faculty of easy contact with the abigails of the fair, who may find difficulties, no less than the mistresses they serve, in sallying forth to a position accessible to letters.

Accustomed, then, to this daily marshalling of the clan about the Pila beneath my window, their absence was the first thing that struck me, as I threw the sashes open one morning when I had arrived on the early train from a trip into Morelos. Nor did the water-carriers make their appearance, as usual, some hours later, at the time when they supply the kitchens with water for preparation of the noon-day breakfast. It was not for lack of water in the Pila—it was overflowing its brink.

"What has become of all the *aguadores*?" I asked the man who performs the offices of housemaid for our corridor.

Ciriaco shrugged his shoulders. "*Quién sabe, señorita*; it is the day they do not come." Nor could all my insistence elicit further information.

They were back again the following day, however, much to my relief, for I had feared the recusancy might be permanent. And the next morning, taking up my *Diario*, which is usually the most prompt of the daily journals to chronicle current news, I chanced to note among its *gaceta* a paragraph, of which the translation runs as follows:

"The day before yesterday marked the date on which, once every month, the water in the Pila del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus becomes undrinkable for the space of twenty-four hours, whether filtered or not. What can be the cause of this peculiar periodical manifestation?"

The languid tone of curiosity made me smile. I could but compare this with the energy of American journalism, realizing how, in the event of such a phenomenon among ourselves, the ground would have been thronged with rival reporters of the local and general press; how they would have camped upon the spot, tasting the water every third second, and causing it to be analyzed almost as often, and tracing the stream back to its fountain-head, rather than that the mystery should escape them. I set inquiry on foot, myself, in an access of the reportorial instinct, realizing the impotence of the effort all the while; I am free to confess my discernment was admirably sustained, the officials to whom I applied manifesting only a lukewarm interest, palpably prompted by a sense of gallantry, or else the more honest phase of avowed indifference.

"It has been so for many years," those of the latter contingent would aver; "the effect is the same, whatever may be the cause. It is only one day in a month, and that can be endured. Indeed, it is even the better for the *agua-*

dores, since the farther they carry the water; the larger will be their fee."

Vexed and disillusioned by this want of interest in the official powers, I directed myself next to the *aguadores*. Distrust of my race and sex made the fraternity even more than usually non-committal. Then applying my favorite theory of the unailing victory of the cultivated mind over the untrained, I told the *maestros*—for they will suffer themselves to be addressed only thus as "Master"—that it was my firm conviction the taint in the fountain resulted from its uncleanly condition. At this, the group I addressed, unlimbered their tongues no little, volubly assuring me that the reservoir was cleaned out every week; and in effect, some three days later, I saw a little army of them invade the plaza, plug up the channel with a bit of wood, and then, climbing into the great tub-like basin, scrub it out briskly and completely with brushes of zacaton-root. This process was repeated twice during the month.

Strangely enough, neither the fact of the water's periodical unavailability, nor the obstacles I encountered in seeking an explanation of the occurrence, inspired in me a repulsion or distaste for the fountain itself. On the contrary, I grew really fond of the rough, artistic stone structure, set like an enormous muffin-ring at the side of the bare and treeless plaza. Especially at night did it seem less harsh and unattractive; then were hushed the strident voices of the parrots that all day long screamed on their respective perches, one at each of the three little pottery shops behind the hotel. Then no longer clattered the untuned piano, hammered all day long across the way. The grim, dingy façades of the houses around the narrow plaza were softened in the darkness, and an old-fashioned lantern, swung from a wire extended from one of my balconies to another opposite, cast a light that wavered and shifted with a certain romantic quality, as the lamp swayed in the wind. It gave a sense of companionship in the lonely nights when I was wakeful, to listen to the plash of the water, pouring into the basin below, and often I would arise and sit in the balcony, that I might hear it the more plainly. I had been extremely busy for some days, and had lost the run of time, when I awakened one night, softly, without a start, and with a curious, impersonal sense of interest in something—I knew not what. I arose and wrapped myself warmly, and went into the balcony of my little sitting-room, giving on the back street at right angles to the side toward the plaza, and overlooking, would one but lean over the balustrade, the entrance to the church of El Sagrado Corazon. Leaning and looking, still with that indefinite and tranquil expectation, I saw two figures emerge from the gateway of the temple, and move along the street toward me. I smiled. "Some damsel with an over-complaisant *dueña* has come to keep tryst at the church, and has found the lord recalcitrant." For there was somewhat of dependency and heaviness in their movement. Then it occurred to me that they might have come to invoke the offices of the church in behalf of the sick or dying. They came nearer, and passed beneath my window, and then I saw that instead of the matronly protector I had fancied, the taller shape was the figure of a priest in his long cassock.

And now ensued the strangest chapter of my life. I could swear on my death-bed that no sound broke the calm silence of the night, save the falling of the water in the fountain, and the insistent notes of a mocking-bird near by, that would sing all night long when there was moonlight, its voice sounding weird and unnatural at such unwonted hours. Yet, notwithstanding, I know—I know—that I heard every word spoken by that strange pair as if their thoughts had echoed in my brain. It was as if I were the material vehicle for the formulating of the unuttered thoughts of incorporate brains—as if some subtle medium of communication conveyed to my sensation the forms of vocalization conceived by them.

"I beg—I implore thee, Beatriz," the man's volition sounded in my brain, "my life-long peace, my life itself, is in your hands."

The girl stopped short, and wheeled about, throwing out her hands with a gesture of disdain. "Andrés Molina! are you mad?" I felt her reply. "Was it for this you opened the door of my cell? I thought I had found a friend in you—the confessor of my mother; I thought you condemned this worldly, wicked scheme of hers to wed me to old Díaz, and that you had brought me here to take counsel as to how we should over-persuade her of the wrong. And you employ the meeting to tell me that you love me. You! A priest! a friar! Holy Mary! how evil a thing must I be, that I can inspire so base a passion!"

"But listen, Beatriz. I have loved you so long—even in your childhood, ere I took the vows, I loved you ever. That makes a difference, girl. It is not as if this had begun beneath the frock of the priest. You do not love me? You must! You shall! For what other purpose did I counsel your mother in her strait to bring you here to the care of the good sisters? I had no way to speak with you at home—you chose another confessor—you always were self-willed! Ah, sweet! henceforth I shall confess you—and of most tender sins. We will flee hence—to an island—to a desert—we alone there in some solitude—"

He threw his arms around her with a quick, impassioned movement. But the girl freed herself with a sudden wrench, stepping backward. They had come close to the fountain; I could see her hand gleam white, as she leaned upon it on the dark stone rim, and the glitter of a great diamond on her finger. The long dark cloak she wore fell to her feet, and I could see her clearly in the brilliant moonlight—a creature of passing beauty, garbed in the Manola costume of Andalusia. "She has come from some masked ball," I said to myself; "they have taken her from the dance to seclude her in the convent." Even at the distance I was, and but by moonlight, I could tell the look of scorn and repulsion on her face, as she looked at the priest.

"Dastard! false friend!" she stung; "dishonored priest. This is indeed too much. My mother shall know the teachings that you offer!"

Standing over against her, the priest's handsome, dark-hroved countenance underwent a change—the change from one fierce passion to another.

"You threaten me, little fool? Betray me to your mother! But that dear mother is *beata*—a devotee. Already your little piety has terrified and estranged her. She sees you as a brand amid the burning. If I should tell her to-morrow the devil carried you bodily away for your

sins she would not question. She has a convenient faith in miracles, you see!"

"What then? I indeed, I know her weakness all too well. I have a stronger stay. Am I a child—a poor, weak creature like the women here—your Mexican creoles, who submit to whatever yoke is laid upon them? Remember that I am a Spanish woman—we Andaluces have wills of our own. Bah! I let myself be brought to the convent, to gain time. Have you forgotten that there is an old law by which lovers may appeal from the restraints imposed by arbitrary parents, to the aid of justice, which reunites them, if no unlawful obstacle exist? While I have been here in sanctuary, where I had hoped to gain your influence to mollify my mother, my lover has invoked this law in our behalf."

"Your—lover? accepted—lover?"

The girl smiled with some malice. "Even so. You did not know? Why then, it would appear that my good mother, for all her blind devotion, lacked somewhat of confidence toward her dear confessor. My lover? aye! so true, so noble, so deeply loved, that other men beside seem all like shadows. Here were cause enough that I should despise your suit, even though it involved not the monstrous thought of sacrilege. You dare to turn your eyes where Leon worships!"

Then, even as I heard through the silence the sense of their unspoken words, I saw through the darkness, as before the movements that befell. I saw the priest strike down the girl with a brutal, coward blow, and then stand like a mar-dazed by the sight of what he had done. I saw him flee away to the inner regions of the convent, casting behind him guilty, frightened glances, and presently return, bearing wherewith to conceal the evidences of his sin. I saw him pry up and lift aside the great stone flags in the centre of the fountain, and lay the dead girl in the hollow he formed beneath them, laying the basalt slabs again in place. I even noted the turbid state of the water. Then he cowered away into the shadows of the church, and the fountain plashed a- ever, and the mocking-bird sang on.

Early the following day I received a call. My visitor was a priest—a Cuban Spaniard, whom I had long known as the Cura of Pachuca. He was a shortish, plump, rosy, pleasant man, with the softest hands, the gentlest voice, and the kindest eyes imaginable. A true churchman, too, was he; that is to say, a thorough man of the world, using tactfully all knowledge and experience to the glory of his faith and its promulgation, yet never obtruding his religious beliefs and missions merry, philosophical, with tastes inclined toward literature and art—such was the Cura Santa Lucia. I welcomed my guest more gladly, and his company was particularly grateful this day, when I was in a state of mind half dreamy: half exaltation, from the experience of the night.

"I am going to be your neighbor," said the good priest presently, when we had chatted awhile of indifferent things. "Yes, I have been appointed to the curacy of El Sagrado Corazon."

I was very sincerely pleased—from selfish reasons—for was glad to be able to see more of the Cura. Glad from more altruistic motives, knowing what a trial to this clever scholarly man with his fine social gifts, had been a stay among the mountains, surrounded by rude and brawling miners.

"No, truth, I did not like it out there. It did not make me happy. Yet, take it bow you will, it is a good world this. I know none better."

Favorite stock phrases of the Cura, such were the words he now employed in answer to my observations regarding the change. From this, nothing was easier than to pass to the subject of the church of his incumbency, its rich, aristocratic congregation, and the special privileges enjoyed by the guild. Many of these advantages, the Cura went on to say, had a cruet to that particular beneficence through the energy and honesty of a priest whose incumbency as chaplain of the convent and in various other positions of dignity and trust, had been at the middle of the seventeenth century. The zeal and ability of this prelate—for he had risen to high ecclesiastical rank—had been themes for many glorifying records in the archives of the church.

"I have just been reading up in them," the Cura said, "I surely it becomes me to know the history of my livid. Among the rest is a very curious story of a miracle," he went on, with a shrewd twinkle in his bright eyes, "a miracle performed by this holy and austere brother, Friar Andrés Molina."

I started at the name.

"There was a widow in Mexico then," the priest went on, "a Spaniard—an Andalusian with one child. This daughter, Beatriz, was a brilliant girl, with independent notions of her own that interfered with the mother's propositions. Therefore, 'La Manola,' as she was called from always wearing an Andalusian garb, was promised in marriage to an elder usurer named Díaz, and resisting the match, she was married here in the convent of this church, where Friar Andrés Molina prayed with and for her, until, pronouncing her a thing accursed, and invoking the devil to come and take his own, her cell was thrown open—and found to be empty."

The good father concluded his recital with an indulgent smile, then: "We of the clergy are not less than human, he said, 'and Friar Andrés Molina doubtless was in innocent collusion with one of the lovers of Doña Beatriz. For she appears to have had suitors galore. Indeed, the record farther states, as an evidence of her wicked power over me, that one Leon Aviles killed himself at the gates of the convent, as soon as the fact of her disappearance was verified. 'Leon! 'twas for jealousy of him that she was slain!'"

"And the Cura looked at me as if doubting my sanity. Then, because I knew the liberal mind of the man, and tolerance of theories that many would deem heretical, I told him the story of my visions of the night. He seemed incredulous, nor greatly surprised.

"There are mysterious phases in this life of ours," he said, "and strange, inscrutable happenings. Moreover, in the half barbarous days, the men of the soutane too often abuse their power. What is the day of the month that the water becomes undrinkable in the fountain?"

I started to my feet. "I had forgotten, having slept it when once I fell asleep. But—I think it must be to-day."

And in sooth the tank was overflowing its brim, and busy movement went on in the little square.

"For the curiosity of it, I will look up the record," said the priest, "and see if this phenomenon coincides with

miraculous disappearance of Beatriz. And if it be possible, examination shall be made beneath the fountain."

I know not what pretext the good priest made, nor what pressure he brought to bear. Only—there is one of the ministers, whose semitic countenance bespeaks all the subtleties of diplomacy, who is deeper in fellowship with the clergy than he would care to have the Liberal party know, and it is more than likely his influence was invoked. I only know he Cura knocked at my door at an advanced hour of the night.

"Do you care to come? Shall we call up some of your American friends to accompany you?" he said. "The ladies—you understand me—coincide. I am interested beyond belief. Moreover, if that is true that we suspect, those poor relics of humanity should have Christian burial. The neighbors are asleep, and the watchmen have their instructions. Will you come?"

We woke from their chamber-doors stupefied, practical John Cavanaugh, and a slim young attaché of the diplomatic corps, and, wrapped in waterproofs, for a cold, small rain was misting down, we made our way through the court and the shadowy great *saguan*, Señor del Rio, the *administrador*, himself giving us egress, that we might not arouse the hall-porter, to wonder and perhaps espy our movements. The men chosen for the work were on the ground, and the plashing stream of the Pila was stilled, and its basin drained of water. Even the cement between the *losas* was already picked out, and all awaited the arrival of the Cura. The watchman from the corner had drawn near, and curiously watched the scene. The Cura gave the word; the crows were inserted, slowly the levers worked, and the great slabs were upraised and lifted aside. The workmen—people of the Cura, he had brought with him to the country—caught their breath at what they half saw in the dim light, with a cry of fear. But religious feeling and respect for their priest triumphed over the natural impulse of horror and superstition, and they quietly stepped aside, removed their broad-brimmed hats, and held the lanterns nearer. Clear in the yellow light, we saw there plainly, resting in a hollow of the lamp and noisome earth, as in a cradle, the form of a woman, young, and of surpassing beauty. Her rich raiment was unstained, and her face and delicate hands looked as if she had been laid there a moment since, and not two centuries and more ago. It was the hapless girl whose lovely face and Manola garb I had plainly seen through the darkness of the night, and whose sweet brave words, all unpoken, I had heard. The Cura stooped, and lifted a silken cover from a chest of ancient Spanish cedar, marvelously carved.

"We will lay her here."

With one accord, he and the Americans bent to take up that heauteous figure, that no menial hands should profane. But at their touch, it crumbled away swiftly as fades a dream, and there lay but a handful of mouldy dust, with a great sparkling diamond glittering in the midst.

CITY OF MEXICO, June, 1887. Y. H. ADDIS.

"THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH."

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The controversy now going on relative to the authorship of the plays so long attributed to Shakespeare, leads me to think that a few extracts from the lecture on "Shakespeare the Poet," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, delivered some forty years ago, might be acceptable to some of your readers who may not be familiar with the production; it will be seen that while Emerson apparently had no thought of Bacon in his mind, yet he certainly foreshadowed the doubts which are now disturbing the literary world. The italics are my own, and I think might indicate why Bacon should hesitate about avowing his connection with the plays, were he really the author.

H. F. C.

"Shakespeare's youth fell in a time when the English people were importunate for dramatic entertainments. The court took offence easily at political allusions, and attempted to suppress them. The Puritans, a growing and energetic party, and the religious among the Anglican church, would suppress them. Inn-yards, houses without roofs, and ex-emporaneous enclosures at country fairs were the ready theatres of strolling players. The people had tasted this new joy; and, as we could not hope to suppress newspapers now—no, not by the strongest party—neither then could censure, prelate, or Puritan, alone or united, suppress an organ, which was hallad, epic, newspaper, caucus, lecture, and library at the same time. Probably king, prelate, and Puritan all found their own account in it. It had become, by all causes, a national interest—by no means conspicuous, so that some great scholar would have thought it in an English history—but not a whit less considerable, because it was cheap, and of no account, like a baker's shop.

"We have to thank the researches of antiquarians, and the Shakespeare Society, for ascertaining the steps of the English drama from the mysteries celebrated in churches down to the possession of the stage, by the very pieces which Shakespeare altered, remodeled, and finally made his own. Elated with success, and piqued by the growing interest of the problem, they have left no book-store untouched, no chest in a garret unopened, no file of old yellow accounts to decompose in damp and worm, so keen was the hope to discover whether the boy Shakespeare poached or not; whether he held horses at the theatre door; whether he kept school, and why he left in his will only his second-best bed to Ann Hathaway, his wife.

"There is somewhat touching in the madness with which he passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams; and lets pass, without a single valuable note, the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and moods to receive this and no other bias. A popular player, nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race, and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding of his times, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we have straitened his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He too doubt

thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two.

"If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakespeare's time should be capable of recognizing it. Sir Henry Wotton was born four years after Shakespeare, and died twenty-three years after him; and I find among his correspondents, Sir Philip Sidney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr. Donne, Abraham Cowley, Kepler, Arminius; with all of whom exists some token of his having communicated, without enumerating many others, whom doubtless he saw—Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, Marlowe, Chapman, and the rest. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You can not see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed, after his death, did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear.

"The Shakespeare Society have inquired in all directions, advertised the missing facts, offered money for any information that will lead to proof. And with what result? Beside some important illustrations of the history of the English stage they have gleaned a few points touching the property and dealings in regard to the property of the poet. It appears that, from year to year, he owned a large share in the Blackfriars' Theatre; its wardrobe and other appurtenances were his; that he bought an estate in his native village with his earnings as a writer and shareholder; that he lived in the best house in Stratford; was intrusted by his neighbors with their commissions in London, as of borrowing money, and the like; that he was a veritable farmer. About the time he was writing 'Macbeth' he sues Philip Rogers, in the borough court of Stratford, for thirty-five shillings and tenpence, for corn delivered to him at different times; and, in all respects, appears as a good husband, with no reputation for eccentricity or excess. He was a good-natured sort of man, an actor, and shareholder in the theatre, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers. I admit the importance of this information. It was well worth the pains taken to secure it. But whatever scraps of information concerning his condition these researches may have rescued, they can shed no light upon that infinite invention which is the concealed magnet of his attraction for us. Can any biography shed light on the localities in which the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' admits one? Did Shakespeare confide in any ootary, parish recorder, sacristan, or surrogate, in Stratford, the Genesis of that delicate creation? The forest of Arden, the nimble air of Scone Castle, the moonlight of Portia's villa, 'the antres vast and deserts idle' of Othello's captivity—where is the third cousin, or grandnephew, the chancellor's file of accounts, or private letter, that has kept one word of these transactions?

"Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us—that is, to our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. He can not step from off his tripod and give us anecdotes of his inspiration. Read the antique documents, extricated, analyzed, and compared by the assiduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of those skiey sentences—aerolites—which seem to have fallen out of heaven, and which, not your experience, but the mao within the breast, has accepted as words of fate, and tell me if they match; if the former accounts in any manner for the latter, or which gives the most historical insight into the man. As long as the question is one of talent and mental power, the world of meo has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? What does it signify? It is but a 'Twelfth Night,' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or 'Winter Evening's Tale.' What signifies another picture, more or less? The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespearean societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I can not marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable meo have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast. Had he been less, bad he reached only the common measure of great authors, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate; but that this man of men, he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed—that he should not be wise for himself—it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his geoius for the public amusement."

The *Washington Capital* is responsible for the following: "Driving down the avenue one bright afternoon in the winter, a newspaper man espied advancing toward him, a big womanly figure, handsomely dressed in velvet and silk fashioned in the latest style. As he neared the young woman, what was his astonishment to recognize in her the wife of a printer in his employ, in whom he had been specially interested. Calling the driver to stop, the editor hastily alighted, and with an inquiring countenance approached the young woman. 'Mary, how is it that you can dress in this style on Tom's wages, which I know are all he has to depend upon? I have always taken such an interest in your husband that this evidence of extravagance distresses me greatly.' 'Well, you see, sir, I don't own the suit; it belongs to a club; there are six of us, all about the same size. Each one has the suit for a day at a time, when we go out calling. I generally have it on Mondays, because I like the receptions held by the justices' families. Tuesday is representatives' day, but they are such a mixed lot that we just go through with the list because we have to, taking down their address without bothering over the names. Wednesday is the favorite day, because the cabinet ladies receive in grand style, and always have such a fine spread. So you see we all have a pleasant time and make a good appearance for the season, with only a small expense to each one.'

We all have our hobbies—even moorarchs. One of the most remarkable is that of the King of Holland. It is that of collecting harness, reins, bridles, saddles, whips, and spurs that have a famous history; especially those used on the fields of war in the Dark Ages are sought after with great keenness by his majesty.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When Mazzini said: "Good counsel has no price," he hadn't heard of the New York bar.—*Life*.

M. Gohlet is pained to learn that Americans pronounced his name "gohlet." He ought to hear us say Goethe once.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Tommy, can you tell me why the lions did not eat up Daniel?" Tommy—"I s'pose they had just been fed."—*New York Sun*.

Brown (soliloquizing at two o'clock A. M.)—"I wish all wordsh in the English languishh wussshpelt wish an 'sh.' Itshssshomuch eashier to shay."—*Tid-Bits*.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a hay wagon.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

Lots of pretty girls in New York wear a nutmeg around their neck as a charm against malaria. Young men have it sprinkled on top of a glass of milk and such things for the same purpose.—*Omaha World*.

A New Hampshire farmer got caught in a barbed wire fence, and had to stay there for five hours. He confided to his hired man that he never got so tired of swearing in his life.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Husband—"Now Mrs. B.'s dress, I suppose is what you would call a symphony?" Wife—"Yes, a Wagnerian symphony." Husband—"Why Wagnerian?" Wife—"Because it's so loud."—*New Haven News*.

Young Stayer (at 11:55 o'clock P. M.)—"What a charming song that was. I wish you would repeat it. What is it called?" Miss Bored—"I chose it because I thought it might be new to you. It's entitled 'Going.'"—*Tid-Bits*.

"Speaking about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was so true to life, that after the sage threw it into the waste-basket it laid there."—*Peabody Reporter*.

An absent-minded Pittsburg preacher remarked in a eulogy from his pulpit last Sunday that "death loves a mining shark." Thereupon four stock-brokers and a man with a brother in Colorado, got up and left the sacred building.—*Independent*.

A blue-grass Kentuckian of sporting proclivities was standing in front of Willard's one day last week, watching the stream of lovely women float by. "Gad!" said he, "woman is the prettiest thing God ever made—except a horse."—*Washington Critic*.

Tommy (hride's little brother after the ceremony)—"Did it hurt—the hook?" Bridegroom—"Never did like that hoy."—"Hurt—the hook? What do you meao, dear?" Tommy—"Cause ma said Lizzie'd fished fer yer a long time, but she'd hooked yer at last."—*Punch*.

The man that can preserve a calm and unimpassioned demeanor while holding four aces, or who can assume an air of self-satisfied confidence while bluffing with two deuces, may often be observed later on cautiously creeping up-stairs in his stocking feet.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Major Kincaid (who has just popped)—"I'm not very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband." Miss Crozier—"Yes, but he had so many wives at a time that the—er—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know?"—*Tid-Bits*.

"What's the trouble now?" asked a nervous passenger on a new Dakota road, as the train came to a sudden halt. Oh, nothin' much," said the brakeman, struggling to get away; "the freight ahead of us got off the track and run into the depot, knockin' it clear out o' time, and our engineer can't tell just where the town site is."—*Dakota Bell*.

A young physician of small practice noticed a man buying some cucumbers, and he followed him home and waited outside for developments. Four hours later the front door opened and the man came hastily down the steps. "Want a doctor?" gasped the impecunious physician. "No," responded the man, "I'm going around to the grocer's for some cucumbers."—*New York Sun*.

"It's one hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money. "Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."—*New York Sun*.

Coloool Yerger returned home very late and in a demoralized condition. "Here you are again," said Mrs. Yerger, as she met him at the head of the stairs. "Yesh, my dear, here I am," replied the coloool meekly. "You are a brute. Here it is twelve o'clock. It will be almost daylight before I get through telling you what I think of you. I have to lose my sleep on your account and feel had all day tomorrow."—*Texas Siftings*.

Boston Young Lady—"I want to look at a pair of eye-glasses, sir, of extra magnifying power." Dealer—"Yes, ma'am; something very strong?" Boston Young Lady—"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country, last summer, I made a very painful blunder, which I never wait to repeat." Dealer—"May I ask what that—er—blunder was?" Boston Young Lady—"Oh, yes. I mistook a bumble bee for a blackberry."—*New York Sun*.

On the Lansing train the other day an old man shoved up a window as the locomotive whistled for a crossing, and stuck half his body out to see what the row was about. The brakemao happened to pass through the car, and seeing the situation, he said: "Better take your head in, sir." "Why?" "Because you might strike a post or switch." "Y-e-s, that's so," muttered the man as he pulled himself in and sat down, "and the railroad would hop onto me for damages. It's better to be on the safe side."—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN IDYL OF CARLSBAD.

By Betsy B.

11.

When the Schermerhorns had washed off the dust of travel, and settled themselves into their apartments with the ease and promptness of veteran travelers, they started out for the invariable walk with which people always inaugurate their visit to a new place, and in search of supper.

"They tell me it is the correct thing to eat anywhere except at the house you live in," began Fred, who had already gathered some information. "Now and then, as a matter of compliment to your landlord, you may take a meal under his roof, if he boasts a café, but the etiquette of the place is to eat three several meals a day, and to eat them at three several points of the compass. Shall we wander in search of one now?"

"All one has to do is to follow the band when the time comes to eat, in any German-speaking country," observed Mrs. Fred, sententially. "When the proper time arrives, we shall hear Wagner echoing in these hills, and we will trace the noise to its source. Meantime I want to see the bazaars. They tell me you can buy the most adorable things in Carlsbad, and that you must snap them up the instant you see them, or your chance is forever gone."

They threaded their way up the narrow Alte Wiese, where a few stragglers were taking a late afternoon coffee or an early supper under the chestnut trees, while all the world else was taking its listless walk on the Vieruhr promenade.

The coffee tables extended into the very middle of the street, but left room for the donkey-carts to jog through as they dawdled in from their long forest rambles, and the puffing, perspiring chairmen to push their burdens by.

"Do you mean to set up one of those baby-carriages, Lena?" asked Fred; "it seems to be the correct thing for any one with the slightest pretensions to invalidism to do. I will look around for a fine stalwart man, if you want to engage one for the season, for sick as you may be, sis, you are no feather-weight."

"I think I must be getting well already, Fred, for your laugh has lost its power to tease me."

"And you don't propose to ride in the baby-carriages?"

"Oh, yes, I shall ride in them when occasion offers, merely for their name's sake. *Rikhwagen!* Don't you think the very word has a grateful sound to an invalid's ears?"

At this moment Mrs. Schermerhorn, who had been transfixed before at least half-a-dozen windows, stopped before yet another, and emitted a cry of rapture.

"It's that dress," she explained, pointing to a breezy little summer costume that decorated a wire woman within. "They couldn't give a better cut to that waist-slope in Felix's own atelier. We've passed at least a dozen loves of bonnets, and, if those garnets were in New York, what beautiful things they would make of them!"

"It seems to be about time for me to find something in my line," observed Fred, as they approached the bend in the Alte Wiese, and became conscious that the crowd was gradually thickening and bending its steps with their own.

"You blind boy," quoth Mrs. Fritz, "haven't we passed a dozen booths with the significant sign, 'Hier kann mann sich wegen lassen'? I leave the languages to loftier intellects than mine, but when I see a lot of people, weighing three or four hundred pounds apiece, getting on a scale with a feverish anxiety in their faces over an ounce of two of difference between to-day and yesterday, my feeble wits seem to gather a little meaning."

Mr. Schermerhorn vouchsafed no reply. As they passed the Hotel de Saxe, the waiters were standing around with the listless attitude of those who do not expect any one. But a few steps further Pupp's establishment burst upon their view.

Every table in the huge café under the trees, every table in the big glass café at the back where the rheumatic invalids seek shelter, every table on the side veranda adjoining the breakfast-room, every table in the long, glass corridor—which is a source of such immense revenue to the *oberkellner* for the mere saving of seats—was glittering with white linen and the simple service of the German supper. Even the broad *plats* through which the street runs had been set with tables in expectation of the hundreds of extra guests who would sup with the great Pupp that night. Every man-jack of the waiters—and there were not one-third as many in this vast eating-house as in one dining-room of the Palace Hotel—stood on guard. But not a guest had come, though the sun was sinking low and the shadows were growing very long.

"It is most evident that this is where we are to sup," said Mr. Schermerhorn. "In fact, not to eat at least once a day at Pupp's is not to come to Carlsbad. But I have some hesitation in making one small, black, American spot in this field of white. I begin to feel the pangs of hunger, but I would not eat at the wrong hour for anything in the world."

"Fritz," said Lena, presently, "from the promise of the vista through the trees, I think we are drifting into the Vieruhr promenade, and that in a moment the pink of Vienna fashion will burst upon your view. Prepare to be happy."

"Miss Schermerhorn is getting positively playful," said Fred, *sotto voce*, to his wife. "I begin to believe there must be a sort of mind-cure to this place," but he only received a warning hush, and they passed from the open into the shady avenues of Pupp's Allée.

People of every nation and complexion under the sun were coming in from everywhere. Seductive little paths from the fir-clad hill behind Pupp's—where they could see groups of light dresses glancing through the trees, and the sound of voices, seeming strangely near, drifted down to them—came into the allée here and there. There were more donkey-carts, more *rikhwagens*, and long lines of people coming in from the Sans Souci, the Freundschaftsaal, or the distant Posthof, wherever the symphony concert had been. They learned later how these music-loving Austrians and Germans chase the choice band from café to café, and that the crowd is always thickest where the music is best. They passed the inevitable statue of Goethe, and began to come across little inscriptions from grateful patients who had been healed. They were all people of high degree, which fact afforded an

infinite satisfaction to Mrs. Schermerhorn, who was sometimes just a tiny bit of a snob. The stone grotto of the Countess Rasumovska, and the Fürst Rehan Platz, struck her as being just a little bit shaky for the gifts of such true aristocrats, but she had such a positive genius for resting that she was pleased to commend the little raised platform, with its iron table and relentless iron chairs, which they call the Kaiserin Sitz, (Empress's seat) and climbed gratefully to its shelter, from which one can watch the passing throng so comfortably.

"Come, Lena," she said, "sit beside me and tell me all about the Empress Maria Ludovika, who erected this extraordinary affair with such deep gratitude. Where did she come from? Was she a Russian, as her name implies, and what was the matter with her?"

Mrs. Schermerhorn was accustomed to imbibe all her extra knowledge in this easy and comfortable manner. She had never in her life been seen with a Baedeker in her hand. She had been heard to object on principle to the flaring red of its cover, but she had been suspected by her immediate family of being too lazy even to master the complexities of its indexes.

But Lena did not reply, and her sister discovered presently that she was watching the two great crucifixes on the Hirschensprung Hill, which seem to stretch their giant arms protectively over Carlsbad. They could just see through the trees that lights had been placed at the feet of the Christ on each, and Lena was moved to think of the faithful work of some devotee.

"I should have liked," she murmured, "to give a lamp to burn forever on one of those great crosses, if the magic waters heal me; but this is doubtless the offering of some humble afflicted creature."

"Humble fiddlesticks, dear Lena," interrupted Fritz, who rarely took the wind out of any one's sails in this manner; but Fred, who had gone ahead to reconnoitre, had been missing for some time, and his unexplained absence was the one thing which stirred his spouse's habitual placidity. Besides, if these were mostly Viennese women who were sweeping by in light summer fabrics, the toilets were not altogether what she had been led to expect, but their figures were undoubtedly magnificent, and they did understand the use of their eyes.

There was an English professional beauty, whom they would have recognized as such at a glance, even if they had not seen her in London a year ago, when Lady Kilmain's Irish blue eyes and small, well-set, pony-like head had first become the fashion in the metropolis. There was a famous French beauty, who manifestly betrayed that she was excessively uncomfortable out of Paris, and whose wonderful afternoon toilet showed, to the last detail, that it had been constructed with an artistic forethought of Bohemian accessories. There were lots of English people, who were not professional beauties, wending their way to the "Königin von England," or any other of those patriotic houses on the hill where the English congregate in clans. There were scores and scores of nothing-in-particular people, who yet bore distinct traces of being of the German-speaking races; and there was just a little, thin thread of Americans. The Americans do not affect Carlsbad very seriously. It is too thoroughly a healing-place, too little a watering-place. What there were of them seemed to be invariably families, composed of husband and wife, one daughter, grown to womanhood, and two or three smaller children; and they almost invariably wore that air of prosperity which displays itself in traveling clothes and accessories of the greatest luxury.

The Schermerhorn ladies went down into the queue, which was fast thinning itself to nothingness, and soon caught sight of Mr. Fred in the distance making very excellent time toward them. The people were beginning to close up their little booths and stalls and scale platforms. Even the garrulous Swiss woman, a dark, gypsy-faced creature who brings the most wonderful handkerchiefs and embroidered dresses from St. Gallen every year, realized that there was not a bargain left for her, even with two new Americans in sight. The long line of old women who plant their lace stalls under the trees, caught sight of them, dropped an expectant courtesy, and one or two ventured a timid "kuss der hand," but went on with their folding, knowing quite well it was too late for a bargain.

Suddenly the peal of a military band rang out on the air, not with Wagner, as Mrs. Fritz had foretold, but with a distinct threat of Wagner in the air.

"As I was saying, humble fiddlesticks," remarked Mrs. Schermerhorn, in the best-natured tone in the world. "You see, Lena, the last testimonial that we passed was erected by Pauline of Hohenzollern, the one before that by Admiral Orloff, and so your lamps up yonder are probably furnished by the Austrian Government, and they don't care for a testimonial from anything under a duke."

At this moment Fred came panting up.

"I've been talking to a fellow," said he, "and he tells me that if we have not engaged our seats we stand small chance for supper at Pupp's. I'm as hungry as a wolf, but I don't care to try anything but the proper place the first night, so let us accelerate our pace a trifle and skirmish for a table."

Every group that had passed them seemed to have established itself in the great café, though the line of sound and light laughter ran all the way down the long ravine. Lamps glimmered in the trees, and waiters and girls were dashing through the throngs variously laden, accordingly as to whether the men were serving a hot supper on one side of the way, or the girls a light snack under the trees. Some of these girls carried six or eight glasses of beer in each hand by the handles, and plunged through the crowd heedless of the impatient calls of "Fraulein!" "Fraulein!" or the detaining hands of the callers, without spilling so much as a drop or making a single mistake in identity.

The Schermerhorns prowled around for a good half hour before they found a place, and eventually established themselves in a distant, uncomfortable, and singular draughty corner, at a small table, already occupied by a tall, spare man with a single eyeglass, who glared at them fiercely, but gave them the courteous "guten abend" with which the German always welcomes and gives adieu to his supper-table companion, whether he know him or not. He then dropped at once into the perusal of a little single sheet of paper, upon which were written a very few words, that had been absorbing him when they arrived, and appeared perfectly uncon-

scious of their vicinity, even through the long linguistic complexities of their order.

"I'll be blessed," observed Fred, addressing the very top of the small tree which sheltered them, "if he hasn't read that scrap of paper over at least fifty times, and yet it doesn't seem to contain literature enough to cover a thumb-nail."

Although Mr. Schermerhorn made this remark through his teeth, in a manner which he fondly fancied made his language impervious to a foreign ear, his wife gave him the warning pinch which he deserved. But the spare man only continued to glare through his glass at the paper and meagre meal which had been spread before him, and gave no evidence of any consciousness of their existence.

Mr. Schermerhorn, who was of rather a sociable disposition, liked to chat at his meals, and had made table acquaintance with hundreds of people on his travels, felt himself considerably repulsed. After a time, in defiance of his wife's warning, he returned to the attack, as a species of self-defence against this unusual hold-offishness. He was gracious enough to appear to allude to some one two or three thousand miles off; but he was startled to find that he had betrayed himself when the spare man arose, and, with the most courtly of foreign bows, said: "I beg pardon, monsieur, but I speak English."

Mrs. Schermerhorn and Lena announced afterward that they almost went under the table with embarrassment, and Mr. Schermerhorn, for almost the first time in his life, was stricken dumb with horror at his own rudeness, and felt small stream of perspiration trickle down his back.

The stranger, who had carefully folded his little scrap of paper and put it away, observed the effect of his little bomb and made haste to dissipate its little disagreeable effect.

"You do not make the cure, I observe, monsieur," he said with an accent which no one could locate, as he glanced at the debris of the somewhat magnificent repast which Mr. Schermerhorn had just achieved.

"I—er—a—that is to say, well—er—a—no," remarked Mr. Schermerhorn, intelligently; "the fact—er—a—is, I have just arrived, and I have not found out whether anything the matter with me."

"Ah, indeed! It is, perhaps, for mademoiselle that you have come to Carlsbad? We invalids always recognize fellow-sufferer," and he shot such a glance of sympathy at her out of the one eye that Miss Schermerhorn had a delicious instant of feeling all her sufferings understood. Furthermore, it was many years since any one had called him mademoiselle, and the sound was distinctly agreeable.

"Yes," said Fred, making the confession for the first time in his life, "my sister's ill-health is the cause of our visit here."

Mrs. Schermerhorn and Lena both announced afterward that at this moment they both felt inclined to get up on top of the table and crow. But they were obliged to content themselves with smiling pleasantly, as women do, over a conversation in which they are not joining.

At this moment they were interrupted by the peculiar spasmodic cries of the Germans around them, who were trying to encore a long Wagner number which had been received by the delighted crowd in the most impressive silence. The stranger threatened to relapse into his former impatience, but Fred, who had not had a conversation with an one outside his family for an hour or two, recovered himself and rushed into talk.

"How much of this water should one take in a day?" I asked with an air of keen interest, though he had no more latent interest than to start the ball of conversation.

"I take four glasses," was the reply, with some little pride in it, "but that, of course, depends upon the advice of your physician."

"You are, then, very ill?" put in Lena, who was supposed to take some interest in this sort of thing.

"Hélas, yes, Mademoiselle," and he received her little glance of sympathy with a little flash of acknowledgment. And then, being fully launched upon a topic which seemed to make him eloquent, he gave them a full description of what they must or must not do.

"There is death on this table for you, Monsieur, and for the ladies," he said, pointing rather dramatically to the remains of the feast. "That champagne, those vegetables are poison. A bit of cheese resolves itself into a petrified ball in the stomach, which—Ola, keller!" he called, and secured a long *speisen-karte* to prove his words. And then, with "not in the *kürgemasse*" written beneath them, was long list of the things of which the Schermerhorns were particularly fond.

He then drew from his pocket the cabalistic sheet of paper in which he had been absorbed, and it proved to be a diet list to which he was restricted.

"This is what I can eat," said he, "and everything beyond that is forbidden. It will save you a great deal of trouble, when your doctor gives you your diet list, if you devote your attention to it, and not try to remember what forbidden, but only what is permitted."

Their doctor! The situation began to look a little serious. Fred and Fritz had had no thought of consulting a doctor, but the faith of a Carlsbad devotee is very catching. By the time they had bade their table acquaintance good-evening and were sauntering home with the long procession down the middle of the long narrow street, he had not only given them a vast deal of information, but had thoroughly convinced all three that they were in immediate need of medical advice.

"There are fifty-six of them in practice," quoth Fred ruefully, who had looked the subject up for Lena. "There Dr. Sabine, the fashionable doctor, and Dr. Loudon, the handsome doctor, and Doctor Tannhauser, the ladies' pet, and Dr. Kraus, the scientific man, and Dr.——"

"Oh, Dr. Kraus, by all means," put in Lena quickly. "Who knows but that we all have some terrible, mysterious disease, and we may as well have it scientifically analyzed. Miss Schermerhorn spoke as if mysterious diseases were in triplets, but Fred and Fritz, who were quite alarmed at the idea of being really ill, huddled together in their misery and were quite willing to go to Lena's doctor."

They called upon him at seven, sharp, next morning, the being the unholy time at which a Carlsbad doctor holds his first levée, and they fancied themselves to be early risers, but the Carlsbad world had been astir these two hours. Even one they met, man, woman, and child, had a cup strung over

the shoulder by a strap, and all were on their way to breakfast; some to the convenient cafés which line the main street, but others started up the hills through the winding paths that end every one at a café. The springs themselves were almost deserted, and Fred and Fritz gave a little sybaritish shiver at the thought of all the early rising that lay before them, if there should turn out to be anything the matter with them.

They all came out just a little pale from their official interviews with the doctor, but it turned out afterward that, in a brusque, German fashion, he had told them all a little unpalatable truth or two, which, in their opinion, had no bearing upon disease proper. Miss Schermerhorn, above all, was amazed to find that, by some ingenious system of questioning, he had brought out of her a confession that she had permitted to develop in herself a certain acidity of disposition, a causeless discontent, a lack of interest, a lack of cheerfulness, and a lot of other disagreeable things, all of which had tended to bring her liver into its present condition. Miss Schermerhorn was furious both with herself and the doctor, but forgave him because he had said she was hurrying on the jaundice if she did not reorganize her disposition. Jaundice was a good, definite thing to fight, and a tangible thing to believe in. He had prescribed three glasses of water before breakfast, a morning walk of one hour, and a sustained cheerfulness of disposition. Mr. Schermerhorn was indignant because the doctor had remarked that his little trouble was brought on by a too great devotion to the pleasures of the table. None the less, he was just a little proud and a little scared at the idea of having a little trouble, and proclaimed his intention to adopt the regimen in its severest form immediately. He was to take two glasses before breakfast, and take two walks a day of an hour each. As for Mrs. Schermerhorn, the doctor had, by some means, discovered that she was too fond of candy, and had a tendency to sour stomach. Her disorder, also, was largely a threat, and she was to take only one glass of the Markbrunn, the simplest spring of them all, and take some gentle exercise, as the spirit moved.

"He confessed quite candidly," said the lady, "that he would have liked to prescribe regular walking hours for me, but that he knew, with my disposition, it would be useless to put me upon strict rule. Now, how can a doctor know anything about any one's disposition, I'd like to know?"

And so it came to pass that on the third day, the Schermerhorns, armed cap-a-pie with their bits of paper for their diet, their pretty cups strung over their shoulders—they had spent the whole afternoon in the wonderful glass and porcelain bazars looking for them—stout walking shoes for their rambles, and umbrellas and gossamers for the rain, joined the great army of people who turn out at five o'clock in the morning to drink the waters of Carlsbad.

They passed through the Sprüdel House on their way, for they were bound to the Schlossbrunn on the hill. The Kapelle band was in full blast, its members looking grotesque enough in the early morning, and a queue of some four or five hundred people was drifting slowly around the great, coiling spring. There were three or four hundred more on the Schlossbrunn hill, and they were obliged to walk quite into the grounds of the Königs villa before, feeling excessively foolish and quite unimportant, they fell into the line.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The new steel sloop which General Paine is building at Wilmington to defend the America's Cup against the *Thistle*, will have a silk spinnaker. If this is so, the English yachtsmen will be justified in charging that an idea has been borrowed from them. For several years balloon sails of what is known as union silk, have been carried by English cutters, and the *Irex* and *Thistle* have each an immense spinnaker of this material. It is made of cotton and silk, the warp being of the baser material, and is not so expensive as to prevent its coming into common use for the light sails of racing boats. As it is about one-third lighter than common drill, its advantages are at once apparent. Not only can the sails of which it is made be much lighter than those made of cotton drill, but it is so light that the least breath of air fills it and makes it stand out in its proper position. The new cup defender's spinnaker will contain about eleven hundred yards of the union silk, and will weigh about three hundred and fifty pounds.

An Odessa letter to the London *News* says: "I have the authority of a superior post-office official for stating that during the recent Nihilist scare, no less than forty-five per cent. of the whole of the letters passing through the Russian post were opened. This calculation does not include the correspondence of a large class of suspects whose letters are always opened as a matter of course. My informant explained to me that the staff employed for this purpose does not regularly belong to the post-office, and there is very slight control over it, more especially in the provincial centres. The danger to private correspondence, it seems, is not so much in opening and perusing the ordinary letters, but the officials do not act up to their instructions in reclosing and fastening them. They have, on the contrary, an ugly habit of bundling innocent letters into the fire rather than take the trouble of making them up again."

The London police are being taught shorthand to enable them to put on paper quickly the results of their investigations and examinations. There are numerous occasions on which a policeman would be glad to be able to take a rapid note of some incident which he witnessed or conversation that he heard.

The monks of St. Bernard have brought the telephone into their service of mercy. The famous hospice is now in telephonic communication with the Cantine de Proz and the village of St. Pierre, as also with the Cantine de Fontinté and the village of St. Chemey on the Italian side.

It has remained for Chicago to reduce the collection of club arrears to a business basis. One of the principal clubs in that city has put its bills against delinquent members in a lawyer's hands for collection without or with legal action, as may be necessary.

BASE-BALL.

"Iris" discusses a Maiden's Sentiments on the National Game.

The base-ball season has begun. The soul of the "sporting character" is singing, and the voice of the gatekeeper, waiting for tickets, is heard in the land. Discussions on the fine points of the game greet one at every hand. They even invade the refined stupidity of dinners; they give a gamey flavor to conversations in the scented seclusion of boudoirs.

Some days ago I saw one of the big matches between two popular clubs. The crowd was terrific—vulgar, jocose, and good-natured. The men playfully beat each other up against the walls. The women, large-eyed with terror, were drawn through the mêlée, hanging desperately on the arm of a swain. Nobody crowded them in the least, but they seemed to be under the impression that the ambition of the multitude was to throw them down and stamp on them. They clung frenziedly to the arms of their protectors, their heads moving as if on a pivot, as their wandering glances of haughty anger were directed toward the adjacent men. Just in front of me, after we got seats, were a man and girl of peculiar types. The man was a Freddy, or Cholly, off on a half-holiday. The air of the shop clung about him. His clothes shyly put forth little buds of style in the shape of necktie and gloves; his trousers were bashfully, surreptitiously blue. But he had a happy, good-natured face, and a most ingenuous and prepossessing smile. The girl would have passed muster anywhere. She was charmingly dressed in some striped material, with the stripes sometimes going horizontally, sometimes perpendicularly, with a most puzzling and stylish effect. She had a white sailor-hat on with a bit of white ribbon round it, exactly like a man's, and a carriage at once languid and erect. She was altogether very *chic*, and beside this, extremely pretty, with clean-cut features and smooth, bright-brown hair, twisted up in a loose knot at the back of her head. They talked together for a time on different topics, until she presently acknowledged that she knew nothing whatever of the game.

"Then I'll teach you. Oh, it's easy enough," he said, confidently, "anybody can learn it in fifteen minutes."

The next moment he was interrupted in the midst of his explanations by the game beginning.

"Ah, now we'll see some fun," he cried, with the enthusiasm of the veteran of base-ball fields; "there goes Billy McGee to the bat."

"To the bat?" vaguely looking about, "Where? How do you mean?"

"Why," smilingly, charmed by this naive ignorance, "over there by the home-plate, don't you see?"

She raised herself by the seat in front of her and peered over the heads of the crowd, "I don't see any plate anywhere, Freddy," she said, after a long survey, and with a look of disappointment. Then, struck by a bright idea, she added with sudden vivacity: "But, perhaps, it's on the bench. It would be much safer to keep it on the bench. Don't you think so?" looking confidently into his face.

There was a slight titter from behind. The two ends of a rich terra cotta bluish met and joined above the back of Freddy's collar.

"Yes, yes—that's all right," he murmured, without looking at her, and giving her a gentle push with his elbow. "But the home-plate's that white thing he's hitting with his bat."

"What's he hitting it for? He'll certainly break it if he does that."

"They always do that before they begin." Then, with sudden interest: "There! The pitcher's in the box. Now watch!"

"In the box?" with colossal surprise, "what box?"

"Oh, that white square," slightly impatient, "he has to stand there when he pitches."

She looked all about the field with dainty curiosity, then folding her hands, she said with a pretty air of pouting displeasure, "I should think you'd be ashamed to make fun of me. You know just as well as I do, he isn't in a box at all. That's a silly joke. How could he throw if he was in a box?" turning and laughing up into his face in a tantalizingly triumphant manner.

There was another and louder titter. She turned round in her seat and laughed joyously at the titters, with a wicked look, which said plainly, "I got him that time, didn't I?" then settled herself comfortably and prepared to watch the game. Freddie, with bent head, pretended to consult his score card.

Presently a sounding blow of the bat roused him, and he rose shrieking. The massive form of the batter shot past first base, and dashed, like a galleon under full sail, for second. The ball had torn like a cannon-ball through the fingers of the left field, and was cutting a lightning streak of white across the velvety sward. The next instant ball, second base-man, and batter struck second base in a tangled mass, and from clouds of dust an incense of imprecations arose, and arms and legs emerged confusedly. The black and white-jacketed fielders rushed in, thirsting for blood. The umpire seized a bat to defend himself against their onslaught. The dusty simoon, lifting, displayed the flushed but triumphant features of the batter pressed lovingly against his mother-earth, while the second base-man sat gloomily astride this supine bulk, one arm raised, brandishing the ball. They both roared in an excited duo, seemingly quite undismayed by the fact that nobody listened to them.

The excitement abated, the umpire being still alive and appearing impassive. The fielders, with hanging arms, muttering curses, strode back to their places. The second base-man rose reluctantly, allowing his fallen antagonist to regain the perpendicular. Freddy, with his hat on the back of his head, and the crystal drops of excitement standing out on his pellucid brow, took his seat and turned enthusiastically toward his companion.

"It was an awfully close call, wasn't it?" he asked, still gasping.

"Ye-e-s," she admitted doubtfully, "awfully close," with sudden relish, "I couldn't make out which won. But Freddy," looking up at him with limpid eyes, "what were they running for?"

There was blood on the face of the moon for a moment. I quite feared for Freddy's companion, so withering was the glance he cast upon her. Then he said, with superb sarcasm curling his lip:

"Oh, they were running for fun. They like it. It's good exercise. It keeps them from growing too fat."

"Really?" she asked tranquilly, raising her arched eyebrows, "what a queer idea! I shouldn't think it would be much fun having another man sit on your head."

Freddy looked at her askance. He couldn't quite make out whether she was paying him back in his own coin, or whether she had not yet arrived at the limits of her ignorance on base-ball.

After that she was silent, looking over the back of Freddy's seat at the crowd. Her deep eyes, rested intently on a woman's grey bonnet near. She imprinted every fold and flower of it on her memory. Then, with the same intent glance, she absorbed the drapery of a blue cloth skirt as a sponge absorbs water. She was bored, nevertheless—twisted the wrists of her long gloves, took her collar by the sides and pulled it up, took her waist by the button and pulled it down, and meditatively bit the handle of her parasol. Presently the whole stand, including Freddy, rising to its feet with a roar like the sound of the sea, she rose, too, and craned her neck to peep over the intervening heads. O'Brien had made a home run in the ninth inning and tied the score. The shrieking was terrific. The men about swore with a surprising facility, displaying a fertility of imagination most wonderful. Freddy was in paradise. He leaned against the seat in front of him, cheering joyfully. His companion leaned a little forward, and, with the steady and curious gaze of a child, looked at his flushed countenance with speculation. Then she bent her gaze on the field and looked about dully, swallowing yawns. When the tenth inning was called Freddy could hardly sit still. He mopped his brow and beamed. He talked to the man next him, a perfect stranger, as though he was the friend of years. He jingled his money, pulled down his cuffs, and finally turned, for sympathy, to his companion. As he turned toward her, she yawned openly and gave a little stretch; then nestling confidently up against him, she said, plaintively:

"Freddy, don't you think this is awfully stupid? It seems to me so terribly long. It's quite late, too—see how long the shadows are. Let's go."

I will never see another Freddy. Many Freddys in the world would portend a great social cataclysm. The prosperous condition of the country argues the rarity of real, sure-enough Freddys. He got up and went! Neither did he swear under his breath, or even tell her to "hurry up." With the patience of the sanctified Job, he rose, took up her coat and parasol, and resignedly led her forth. The men turned round to look at him as a curiosity. The women fixed on her eyes of envy, wondering how she did it. But she looked as placidly unconscious as ever, merely bestowing one last, absorbent glance on the grey bonnet.

The lion-hunters of society are furious with themselves at the way they let a lion of the first magnitude roar in their midst for one whole summer without harkening to his cry. When Buffalo Bill was giving his "Wild West" at Erastina, on Staten Island, last summer, there was not a soul who saw the social possibilities contained in the Honorable William F. Cody. Everybody went to see the "Wild West," but they were just as enthusiastic about Buck Taylor, or "Yellow Hand," or even the Deadwood stage itself, as they were about Buffalo Bill. And now, when they read in the telegraphic despatches, in the Sunday papers, of the social prominence of that illustrious scout, how mad they do get! I mind me of a very charming girl who told me, with derisive laughter, that a friend of hers had falteringly suggested asking Mr. Cody to dinner. She evidently regarded him as a sort of inferior P. T. Barnum or Adam Forepaugh. The idea of meeting him socially filled her with lazy amusement.

Viewing him in his own performance, Buffalo Bill is one of the most picturesque and romantic of mankind. He sits upon his horse as only a Western man, bred on the plains, can sit on a horse; he has a superb figure, a fine and intelligent face, long locks which display a rooted aversion to curl, and he can shoot with any fire-arm invented for the destruction of mankind—that is, he can hit what he shoots at, which, no one will deny, is a very original accomplishment. As to clothes—therein he displays miscellaneous taste. I have often seen him astride his fiery bronco, clad in corduroy riding-trousers—not the bronco, the rider—and a loose black satin shirt embroidered in wild roses. This may be peculiar to the Wild West. It certainly was new in the Tame East. Perhaps it is the kind of dress-clothes affected by the cowboys who are notoriously original. I saw the other day, in an English paper, that Colonel the Honorable William F. Cody had appeared at some coaching parade "attired in his Wild West garments," and immediately there arose before me that western Apollo clad in his fawn-colored breeches and the black satin shirt with the pink flowers all over it.

The cowboys are not so fine. They wore red flannel shirts, buckskin trousers, and flapping sombreros. Buck Taylor—poor Buck, by the way, has had his thigh-bone fractured by one of the Bucking Broncos—was particularly striking. He was the tallest man I ever saw. When he finally bestrode the Bucking Bronco his feet nearly touched the ground. Add to this the longest and blackest of ringlets, a mahogany countenance, a gold watch-chain of the thickness of chain-cable, and a seal-ring whereon the armorial bearings of Buck's progenitors made an imposing display, and you have a vague idea of this child of the prairies. And how they all do ride! The minute they are astride a horse they are part of him. They are as firmly rooted in the saddle as your city young man is in his seat in the elevated train when ladies are standing.

IRIS.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1887.

There are in the city of New York nearly 250 miles of street railway, divided among the sixteen companies, the iron rails required to lay the tracks of which, if stretched out in a continuous line, would extend from New York to Jacksonville, Fla. Over these tracks, for the last year of which a report has been made, notwithstanding the 500,000 daily passengers on the elevated roads, there were carried the almost incredible number of 171,499,927 passengers. To transport this immense mass of humanity there were required 2,048 cars, 15,407 horses, and 6,062 employees. The total stock of all the companies is represented by over \$30,000,000.

Miss Braddon is about to publish her fiftieth novel.

MILLIONAIRES.

"Flaneur" discusses the Cæsuses of Gotham.

Mr. John Alexandre, who married Miss Lawrence, at Bay-side, last week, is an admirable type of the man of the world, and one of the most popular men in New York. His fortune is very large, so was the dowry of Miss Lawrence, who is the daughter of Colonel Newbold Lawrence, for several years president of the Stock Exchange, and a man of extensive possessions. Mr. John Alexandre's brother recently married Miss Crocker, of San Francisco. She is also rich, of course. In this way three great millionaire families are, in a sense, consolidated. Millions marry millions, and the power of the family name is increased. Hereafter the Alexandres, through the great fortunes which they have annexed by marriage, besides the fortunes which they have inherited, will rank with the Vanderbilts and the other enormously rich people of New York. The number of times that Mr. John Alexandre was engaged by rumor would have startled anybody else but the most placid and easy-going of men. He is, by all odds, the most popular of the sons of the old shipping merchant, and his wedding called out a notable show of society people.

There is an extraordinary diversity in millionaires. No two men, for instance, could be more thoroughly dissimilar than John and Henry Alexandre. When I think of it, millionaires never resemble one another. Yesterday, for instance, I walked for a few blocks behind a gentleman of trim physique and thoughtful mien. His figure was as well molded as that of a fashionable leading man, and his coat was a marvelous fit. His grey beard was trimmed to a point, and he strolled along, the picture of a dilettante, artistic, and rather precise loungeur. Nobody seemed to know him, although he was on his native heath. His face was serene. He might have been an elderly society man, a gentleman of leisure, or an aristocratic poet. His name is quite as unfamiliar to the world as he was personally unknown on Fifth Avenue that day. His fortune is estimated at twenty millions, his name is Wilson, and he is one of the most daring and successful of speculators in real estate. His son married Miss Astor two years ago, and so strengthened the moneyed connections of that famous family.

A sharp contrast was furnished to the ornate Wilson on coaching day, by a man who should according to every precedent be a dandy, a spendthrift, and a fop. He is none of these. William Waldorf Astor sat on Mr. Roosevelt's coach, during the great parade, with a loose and not particularly well-fitting coat wrapped around his athletic figure, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. Here is a man who made a brisk canvass as a politician, served well as Minister to Italy, models admirably in clay, has written a good book, is now writing a play, manages an estate of two hundred million dollars skillfully, and is the virtual head of what undoubtedly ranks as the first family in America. He is clever, brilliant, well-born, and has had every advantage that boundless wealth could buy. He can box like a professional, has broad shoulders, and apparently never thinks of his attire. His father calls him "Bill." On every coach that day, there were prim, tightly clad, supercilious, and over-dressed young men, sitting erect and staring with affected indifference at the vulgar herd that surged below them. Undoubtedly they felt like aristocrats, or tried to, but they looked like a lot of tailors' clerks. The only man among them who was absolutely indifferent to his surroundings and his position was William Waldorf Astor.

Another sharp contrast occurs to me—Mr. Griswold Lorillard. If any man can look at him without feeling an instantaneous and almost overwhelming desire to yawn, he must surely have slept well over night. Mr. Lorillard seems to have but two objects in life—one to sleep and the other to increase his stock of English clothes. His eyes were designed by Morpheus. It is a physical impossibility, apparently, to get the lids more than one-eighth of an inch apart, and they close by reason of the laws of gravitation. Mr. Lorillard's specialty is in consonance with his physical capabilities. He sleeps on top of a coach, in an opera box, and in the windows of the Knickerbocker Club. He is *blasé* beyond all precedent. His thin, colorless face has never been disturbed by a smile, and he drifts from one fashionable assembly to another, reposing somnolently in the corner of his brougham. He has one accomplishment however—he is a capital whip. To see him perched on the corner of the seat of a big mail-cart, with a pair of seventeen-hand bays thundering through a crowded park while the driver is ostensibly asleep, is one of the most interesting sights afforded in the surface view of New York. I have known him to rush by a light road-wagon, and cast one sleepy eye down at the hub of his wheel with an air of drowsy satisfaction as it skimmed within a hair's breath of the hub of the lighter vehicle.

A millionaire who would probably be described by the majority of natives as the most popular man in New York is Mr. Charles Delmonico. His wealth is not suggested by his talk or clothes. He is amiable, cheerful, knows every one, goes everywhere, dresses quietly but with entire correctness, has a perfectly appointed stable, and seems to do the proper thing by instinct. He chats in every tongue, and interests a visiting nobleman as much as he does a local politician.

Speaking of noblemen, reminds me of the Earl of Loudan, who is here now, and who is also, I am told, a millionaire. He is the most unostentatious of men. A few days ago, I chanced to be in the elevator of the Hotel Brunswick when he and the countess met and regarded each other in rather a friendly way.

"Have you bean out?" asked the peer, glowering quietly upon his wife the countess.

"Yes," said milady musically, "what are you going to do now?"

"I was thinking," said the noble earl, looking steadfastly downward, while the elevator-boy held his breath, and I shrank with becoming democratic and plebeian humility into the corner of the car, "I was thinking of going up-stairs."

"What for?" asked the countess earnestly.

"To—ah—change me boots."

There was a silence of two floors, and then the countess said pettishly:

"It seems to me that you are always talking about your boots."

The shrewd and discerning reader will discover that there is nothing particularly brilliant about the above conversation. I give it exactly as I heard it, because it illustrates something that I have heard before to the effect that there is nothing particularly startling about the average members of the British nobility.

The Earl of Loudan differs from Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette* in many ways. The latter bought his paper for a hundred dollars. It is now the only American journal that is recognized by the élite society of Cuba, Mexico, and South America, and it pays its owner something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Mr. Fox is fond of a good horse, and he has one peculiarity that I have never seen illustrated in other men—whenever he drinks a bottle of wine too much, he becomes the victim of an overpowering impulse to give away all the money that he can lay his hands on. He makes presents to everybody within reach, and, as his credit is good, his lapses from grace are apt to cost him a small fortune. At least, such was the case a year or two ago. His habit became too exhaustive even for his ample purse, and he has since closed his eyes resolutely to the seductive glare of the wine when it is red.

Mr. Gillig, of the American Exchange in London, is of the plaintive and abused type of millionaire. Somebody is forever wronging him, and it is in the face of the fact that he is the most gentle and unappreciated of men. He came on here to collect thirty or forty thousand dollars from Mr. Lawrence Barrett, a large portion of which was the result of usurious interest. He failed, and he is now more plaintive than ever.

Robert Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio road would consider his ten million dollars as nothing if he could not afford a fresh business suit of tweed clothes every week or two. Pudgy and dumpy men are fond of sack-coats. It is the irony of fate. Mr. Garrett, who looks like a well-fed young produce merchant in a frock-coat, insists upon wearing the sack-coat of the festive clerk, and looks like an exceedingly healthy and rubicund young retail grocer, in all the glory of Sunday attire.

I think that the happiest millionaire that I ever met is a man that built all the railroads in Brazil, collected his boodle and retired from active business forthwith. He drinks whisky because he loves it, smokes five-cent cigars because they suit his taste, and amuses himself and his friends by staring steadfastly at his nose with one eye, while he closes the other sagaciously, remarking unctuously at intervals:

"Gawd! I am rich, richer than even my dearest and fondest friends imagine. Le's have 'nother drink."

NEW YORK, June 10, 1887. BLAKELY HALL.

The research work of the American Society for Psychical Research is at present divided between five committees. The Committee on Thought-Transference is engaged in ascertaining whether a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another without the intervening help of the recognized organs of sensation. The Committee on Apparitions and Haunted Houses wishes to collect accounts, from trustworthy sources, of apparitions of absent or deceased persons; of premonitions, whether these occur in dreams or in the waking state; of disturbances in houses described as "haunted," and of any cognate phenomena. The Committee on Hypnotism is engaged in the study of the mesmeric or hypnotic trance, with the object of ascertaining its causes, and elucidating its psychical and physiological accompaniments. The Committee on Mediumistic Phenomena is chiefly concerned with the experimental investigation of the phenomena commonly described as "Spiritualistic," and is particularly desirous of obtaining opportunities for investigation with private and unpaid "mediums," or other persons in whose presence "mediumistic" phenomena occur. The Committee on Experimental Psychology is making investigations in folk-thought, or the study of sociology in its psychological aspects. It seeks to ascertain the psychical characteristics which many individuals may possess in common in virtue of their being members of particular races or communities. Communications from all persons interested in any branch of the work of the society will be gladly received by the secretary, Mr. Richard Hodgson, of No. 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

A well-known Parisian, of considerable wealth, recently asked the Rothschilds to accept the care of a quantity of scrip. The Rothschilds replied that in the present unsettled state of France, and of Europe, they could not accept the responsibility. Once a week, in public meetings in Paris, Louise Michel mounts the platform to proclaim to the roaring mob that, when the great day comes, the first thing for the proletariat to do will be to march against the houses of the Rothschilds, pillage them, and burn them to the ground. In view of forthcoming trouble, all the Paris Rothschilds have had packing-cases made, lined with red morocco leather, each numbered, and labeled, and shaped to receive not only their pictures and objects of art, but also their precious eighteenth century furniture. These cases, numbering many hundreds, are stored in the Rothschild houses, in convenient places, so that at a moment's notice the objects may be packed, each in its box, and conveyed to some place of security. The house of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, in the Rue Saint Florentin, was fitted last year with bullet-proof iron shutters.

"A good deal of interest," said Miss Eastlake who has been acting with Wilson Barrett in "Claudian," "has been excited by my gowns in that play, and curiosity expressed as to how I arrived at such effects. My wig is copied from a statue in the British Museum, and I went there to study for my costumes, and they are archeologically correct. First, I wear silk tights that come up to my arms and fasten over the shoulders; then there are three India silk petticoats that fasten on to the inner side of the peplum. The India silk is the finest made and is almost as light as gauze. To give you a conception of the exquisite thinness and softness of it, the drapery alone, that I wear, is sixteen yards in length and four yards wide, and yet when I sit down, it falls around me so pliantly that every part of my figure is sharply outlined."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Jennie Sullivan, of Fonda, N. Y., was attacked with hiccoughs three months ago, and has had no relief except when placed under the influence of opiates. She is now a physical wreck.

Emilie Charlotte Langtry, of the Island of Jersey, has invested two thousand dollars more in New York real estate. She now holds mortgages worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

Probably no civil official in the world has such an immense number of men under his control as Postmaster-General Vilas. He is at the head of a force which numbers between ninety-five and ninety-six thousand men.

The Czar's eldest son, who on the eighteenth instant entered upon his twentieth year, has a tenor voice of rare beauty and great compass. For some time past his musical studies have been interrupted owing to ill health, but they have been recently resumed.

William A. Wheeler had been Vice-President of the United States and lived an honorable life. When he died the flags on the government building were not half-masted. Contrasted with the respect shown to the memory of the rebel Jake Thompson, this action shows the one Democratic appreciation of the fitness of things.

Buffalo Bill's vigorous Western style of expression has not been spoiled by close contact with effete monarchy. In a letter to a friend in New York he says: "I have got all the big bugs solid, from the old Queen down." He thinks his show will make one million dollars before leaving Europe. In one week two hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-seven persons paid to visit the camp.

The death at the age of eighty-eight years is announced of the Ven. Frederick Twistletoe-Wykeham-Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele. He was the thirteenth baron of that name, and the twentieth in descent from Geoffrey, Lord Saye, who was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce the provisions of Magna Charta. The first baron of the Fiennes family was beheaded by Jack Cade in 1457.

Rudolf Hertzog is the largest dry-goods merchant in the city of Berlin. He says that before he began to advertise he barely cleared expenses. The first year he spent two hundred and thirty-eight dollars in advertising, and his income rose to seven thousand one hundred and forty dollars; so he went on increasing the amount and his profits in proportion, until at present his advertising bills foot up one hundred thousand dollars every year.

It is reported in London official circles that the press will not be forgotten in the distribution of jubilee honors. Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Lawson, who owns the *Daily Telegraph*, are to receive baronetcies. Edwin Arnold, the macaroni editor of the latter paper, and Editor Buckle, of the *Times*, are to be knighted, while Mr. Walter is to be rewarded for the assistance rendered the government by his series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime" with a peerage.

Robert Stafford, for many years a cotton broker in Charleston, S. C. took up his residence at Groton, Conn., in 1860, with his wife and children. He was often absent from his home, when he was supposed to be attending to business. In 1877 he died, leaving \$360,000 the interest on which was to be paid to the testator's three daughters. It has just been discovered that Mr. Stafford had three families—one in Charleston, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Connecticut—and that he left property in the South which is now worth \$1,000,000.

The sons of the late "Extra Billy" Smith, Rebel, of Virginia, were fond of adventure. His oldest son, William Smith, was a midshipman in the navy, and was lost in the Indian Ocean. Austin Smith, a great bowie-knife fighter, was killed at the battle of Seven Pines fighting on the rebel side. Peter Bell Smith was accidentally killed by pistol soon after the war. James Caleb Smith and Col. Thomas Smith figured as duellists. Of "Extra Billy's" children but three survive—a daughter, Col. Thomas Smith, and Frederick Smith of New Mexico.

The late Miss Catherine L. Wolfe was in the habit of closing her magnificent Newport villa at ten P. M., but in order that her cook should not be inconvenienced, she had a bedroom built for him in a corner of the edifice, on the first floor, which had but one door, and this door opened directly into the courtyard, whence also the room was lighted by a window. He could enter this room freely, at any hour of the night, but neither he nor any one else could pass from this into other parts of the house. The rest of the servants were expected to be in ten o'clock.

The last performance of "Patience" in Berlin was honored by distinguished attendance. In the royal box were Prince William and his wife, and in the parquet sat the Princess Bismarck and her daughter the Countess Bautzan, with her husband. The princess is a simple matronly looking woman. Dressed in plain black, with an old-fashioned bonnet, one might think her a good "bürger frau" or farmer's wife. Though long years have passed, she has remained the same, and Bismarck, too. He positively refuses to attend court. He chats glacially with his old king alone, but the great court-dinners, court-balls, and court-receptions, hungered for and cherished by the nobles of high and low degree, he shuns as he does the crowded streets. He accepts invitations.

The Queen Regent of Spain is knocking the blue laws of Spanish etiquette to pieces at a jolly rate. The other day she called a meeting of the Ministry at the Castle of Aranjuez. When the statesmen reached the gate of the park, they found the queen and the Princess waiting for them. The queen was in a victoria, and the Princess in a belvedere in a drag and four. The queen was driving. She invited Señor Sagasta to take a seat beside her, and the other Ministers were accommodated in the drag. On reaching the castle, coffee was brought and the queen ordered cigars to be produced, as well, and offered to the gentlemen. The Ministers seemed to hesitate. In all the annals of Spanish history no subject had ever smoked in the presence of queen. The Queen Regent, however, gave the command, and the Ministers, like dutiful subjects, obeyed.

One of the ablest and most remarkable adventurers who has ever appeared before the Paris tribunals has just been tried for a series of clever swindlings. She is a thin, delicate, amber-visaged woman, about forty years of age, who described herself as a descendant of the famous First Grenadier of France, whose name is still called out at the musters of his regiment, the reply being dramatically given, "Dead—the field of honor." Her name, was printed on her cards as Henriette de la Tour d'Auvergne, and she passed as an illegitimate daughter of a Prince of that house, and accordingly as a niece of the late Archbishop of Bourges and of General de la Tour d'Auvergne, who died in Algeria. Assuming this title and name, the sham princess bamboozled a lot of pious people, priests and parvenues, who liked to hang on to nobility, and she actually lived luxuriously and in great state on the donations which were sent to her for the poor. Strange to say the present Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne knew that the woman was passing herself off as his natural sister, but never took any proceeding against her. It appears that the woman had been a nun, and was engaged in hospital work was criminally assaulted by a relative of one of the patients. The man was condemned to ten years' solitary confinement, and the nun, who became seriously ill, had to leave her convent and return to the world. Then she began her career of adventure by pretending to make a matrimonial match between the daughter of Mme. Bigot, whom she had met in church, and a Gascon gentleman. Mme. Bigot had been mulcted for a sum of one hundred and sixty thousand which she lent as a friend to the self-styled princess. After this the nuncio was out. Mme. Bigot discovered that the gentleman from Gascon was a mythical personage, and she accordingly commenced proceedings to recover her money. During the trial the prisoner's mask was thrown off, and she stood revealed before the gaze of the public as one Emeline Boudreau, whose only relatives were a brother who keeps a wig shop, and a sister who occupies the responsible position of concierge at a Paris house. The sentence of the prisoner was deferred.

VANITY FAIR.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a peddler opened his tempting pack,
Crying: "O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare,
Come, buy, come, buy
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a 'brodered gown;
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair."

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me forevermore,
Thai, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy is still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care
'Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,"
The peddler said; "but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair."

—Florence Tylee.

The English girl has almost no social freedom. The wife has much within certain limits, not as extensive as are the continental limits, where a woman is never free until she is bound—in the bonds of wedlock. English women are very submissive to the good man. But there is one field in which she is the sole monarch—namely: the field of society. An Englishman may not drag Tom, Dick, or Harry home to dinner unless his wife be quite agreeable, and, in fact, give the invitation. He must take strangers to his club, but not to his domestic fireside, unless "the missis" shall so wish. And when she does so wish, business matters are topics never discussed at dinner. In fact, to discuss a man's business life is always a breach of English etiquette.

The sale of the French crown-jewels suggests the fact that the costliest necklace of diamonds ever owned in this country was worn by the late Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan. She had a real passion for diamonds, and wore them in hair-pins, brooches, bracelets, and rings as well, but her special pet was a necklace, a *rivière*, of diamonds, which cost her originally perhaps thirty thousand dollars, and to which she had made various additions until its total value was two hundred thousand dollars. One day she astonished a clerk at Tiffany's by buying a diamond for forty-eight thousand dollars and ordering it to be set in her *rivière* as the centre stone. Diamonds that once glistened in her brooches, hair-pins, or bracelets were transferred to this necklace, and diamonds that no longer pleased her in the necklace were reset in the brooches, hair-pins, or bracelets. To her it was a perpetual pleasure to see the magnificent necklace increasing its magnificence. When she died, the largest of the stones were sold singly; but the necklace without them was so valuable that the Messrs. Tiffany bought it for sixty thousand dollars. Soon afterward they broke it up, and for many months it has ceased to exist.

A curious feminine mania is called to mind by the recent tragic news from Munich. Two young ladies of that city—haronesses—have committed suicide by drowning in the Starnberg Lake, at the very spot where the mad King Louis drowned himself last year. The names of these ladies are familiar to all who have been admitted to the best Munich society. They were sisters, aged twenty-three and twenty-six, and were famed for their beauty. Their family is a very noble and wealthy one. The mania to which they fell victims had its origin fifteen or sixteen years ago. The young King was then at the height of his romantic fame. His ideally handsome likeness was to be seen everywhere, and everywhere you heard talk of his poetic melancholy, his romantic spirit, and confirmed celibacy. Naturally he became an object of intense interest to sentimental young ladies. Presently, among the other absurd tales that were told of him, there went abroad the story that he spent most of his time in wandering about his kingdom in disguise. He haunted shady lanes and romantic spots, seeking for some fair maiden who should be his chosen bride. Well, this silly tale was believed, and set thousands of hearts to fluttering. Each maiden wondered if she would be his choice if he chanced to meet her under the lime trees. And she hesitated to plight her troth to her village lover until she should have a chance to meet the King. So it came to pass that in the village of Bertoldsbofen, in the romantic mountain region of Southern Bavaria, the maidens formed themselves into a sort of sisterhood. They pledged themselves to each other not to marry until they were sure the King had passed them by. Each was to wear his likeness constantly next her bosom, and each was to choose for herself a secret hower where at eventide she should await his coming. The fame of this sisterhood spread to other villages, to towns and cities—nay, to Munich itself. Rustic wenches and the petted beauties of princely palaces alike caught the mad disease. Within a year, not less than ten thousand young women, all through Bavaria, had taken upon themselves the "vows of Ludwig" and were waiting for their King. In time many of these girls imagined they had been seen and passed by the King and, thus freed from their vows, accepted humbler husbands. Others grew tired of waiting and broke their vows. Still others waited and waited in vain, until other suitors had passed them by; and they are waiting still, and will be waiting all their lives. But as the ranks of the original sisterhood were thinned, new recruits were added, and the "brides of Ludwig" were still counted by thousands. It is estimated that there were no less than seven thousand of them at the time of his suicide. When the news of that

tragedy became known, they forthwith put on mourning and called themselves "the widows of Ludwig." Many of them took solemn vows of life-long celibacy as a token of faithfulness to his memory. Among these latter, two of the most devoted were the young haronesses of Munich to whom we have referred. They constantly wore the deepest mourning, secluded themselves from all social pleasures, and drove themselves into confirmed melancholy. Every week they went to Starnberg and threw garlands of flowers into the water at the spot where the King was drowned. Finally they determined to share his fate. They arrayed themselves as brides, even to donning veils and orange blossoms, rowed out into the lake to the spot where he was drowned and threw themselves into the water. Their bodies were found next day clasped in each other's arms and with portraits of the mad King next their hearts.

A laced hoot or shoe comes nearer fitting the foot than any other. They clasp the instep, keeping the sole of the shoe well up to the arch beneath, and stay the ankle, both of which will enable the wearer to walk better and with far more ease than when, as is always the case more or less with a buttoned shoe, there is too much room given the foot at those two points. Not that over-tight lacing is advocated, but just so much as will cause the foot to feel the support of the shoe. Ladies who walk a great deal, especially those having high insteps hollowed out underneath, will certainly find more ease in a laced shoe than in a buttoned one. Dealers will often tell you that they are not in fashion, but they can always be had or made. Skaters need a laced shoe for the same reasons. Gentlemen are wiser than ladies in this respect. The majority of men have learned to appreciate the merits of a laced hoot and now wear them.

There will appear from a French press about the first of July a book entitled "Americans in Paris." Its contents will comprise episodes in American life in Paris since the days of Franklin, names, addresses, and calling days of members of the American colony, a sketch of American art in Paris, with a list of artists, art students, and American pictures exhibited at the Salon since Vanderyn, a treatise on etiquette, and other matters of interest pertaining to the subject.

Marie Antoinette had a passion for introducing extraordinary fashions in head-dress. One structure for the head, of her invention, was forty-five inches in height, and was composed of many yards of gauze and ribbon. From the folds sprung bunches of roses, and the entire edifice was surmounted by a waving plume of white feathers. "This is no daughter of mine!" exclaimed Maria Theresa, her mother and the Empress of Austria, on receiving the portrait of her daughter, "some mistake has occurred; this is the portrait of an actress." The Duchess de Chartres, determined to surpass the queen in the height of her hair-dress, invented one two inches higher. It was made up of many plumes, waving at the top of a tower. Two waxen figures, representing the little Comte de Beaujolais (the brother of Louis Philippe) in his nurse's arms, were worn as ornaments. Beside them was a parrot picking at a plate of cherries; and reclining at the nurse's feet was the waxen figure of a black boy. On different parts of the tower were the initials of her husband, her father, her father-in-law, formed with their hair. France and England were at war, the American colonies being the cause. In a naval engagement the French frigate *Licorne* struck her flag, but the *Belle Poule*, another French vessel, crippled the *Hector*, an English man-of-war. Just as the Frenchmen were ready to board, two English vessels bore down to their consort's assistance, and the *Belle Poule* sailed away. The English fleet returned to Plymouth with two prizes, the *Licorne* and a French lugger. The French, though they lost a frigate, proclaimed a naval victory. The queen and her ladies expressed their feeling by wearing head-dresses representing the *Belle Poule* under full sail, ploughing the sea of green gauze in pursuit of the English frigate. It was known as the "Coiffure *Belle Poule*." The wife of an English officer, living in Paris, deeming the head-dress a lying insult to the British navy, determined to resent it openly. At the next public festival she appeared, carrying on her head five English line-of-battle ships, a French frigate, and a lugger. At the back an arrangement of silk and gauze represented Plymouth harbor, into which the English ships with their prizes were entering. A steamer bearing the ship's name was attached to each vessel, and on the edifice at the back was the word "Plymouth" in glittering heads. The audacity of the spirited British woman struck every one dumb, and the chief of police invited her to take an early opportunity of crossing the frontier.

An insurance paper, the *Chronicle*, has been collecting the statistics of suicide in the United States. The classification by condition shows a greater proportion of suicides among the married men than the unmarried, which is contrary to the accepted theory. Contrary it certainly is to the statistics of suicide in Europe, where the fact that more bachelors than benedicts shuffle off their mortal coil voluntarily has long been cited as one of the most obvious reasons for entering into the holy estate of matrimony.

The women of ancient Greece and Rome wore large, loose dresses, in rich, picturesque folds, which partially covered their charms, but were, in the meantime, so cleverly adapted as to set off the harmonious beauty of the figure. They never used hard accessories for the support of the upper part of the body, the great advantage of their dress being free development of form that secured for them that natural nobility of gait for which they were so justly celebrated. The rich and elegant girdles they wore were far from injurious. Julius Pollux, a Latin writer, describes these girdles, of which there were four kinds, as follows: 1. The *strophion*, richly ornamented with gold and precious stones, slightly compressed the waist, and was worn in order to prevent an excessive development of the bust. Aristophanes speaks of it in high terms, and compares it to the famous girdle of Venus. 2. The *stethodesmos*, which was worn upon the breast as a support to charms too luxurious, without ever compressing them. 3. The *zone*, which served to support or compress the lower part of the stomach. 4. The *anama-*

chalis, a very broad band, which they called *fascia castula*, twisted several times around the upper part of the body, in order to prevent its excessive development.

At the Liederkrantz Club, in New York, the *table d'hôte* is often brightened by the presence of ladies. In the billiard-room and howling-alley ladies sit and watch the players. This handsome German club is like a home to its members. Some of them have been married there. Others gave their wedding breakfasts and receptions in the club-house. The large hall on the second floor is often used by members for private dances and suppers. But all the rooms are open to the lady relatives of the Liederkrantz men, and the result is a social atmosphere unknown to ordinary club life. There are many American members, but, as a rule, their wives and daughters do not attend with them.

The young King of Spain was one year old on June 17th, and the tailors' guild of Madrid have asked permission of Queen Christina to present his majesty with his first uniform. The Queen has given her assent, and the tailors have been cutting and sewing now, out of the very finest cloth, the smallest uniform that was probably ever made for a monarch. It is decorated with real gold lace. The question of rank arose, and was submitted to the Queen. On his birthday the King, who was enrolled in the army from his birth, is to be promoted. In the Spanish army the officers wear the insignia of rank on the sleeve, hence it was necessary for the tailors to know. The Queen's decision has not yet been made known. A little sword, a veritable baby sword, with a hilt of gold that is said to be a masterwork of the jeweler's art, goes with the uniform.

Among those who attracted particular attention at her Majesty's state hall was the Countess Nadine Karolyi, daughter of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. With this charming lady the Prince of Wales danced the quadrille after supper. The following amusing story comes from a gentleman who was present at the state ball. Prince Henry of Battenberg, for some unknown reason, wore black gloves, which left black marks on the dress of the Princess Victoria. The Prince of Wales then approached Prince Henry, and told him, in German: "Die Englische etiquette verlangt weisse handschuhe." Prince Henry immediately left the ball-room, and returned with white gloves of rather a large size.

Seldom has England seen a more picturesque sight than that presented at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the occasion of the recent masque of painters, or, in other words, the jubilee costume ball given by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and a goodly sprinkling of lesser royalties, ducal and otherwise. Certain restrictions had been imposed upon the guests, historical costumes prior to 1837 alone being admissible. The galleries were thrown open at ten o'clock, Sir James and Lady Linton receiving the guests. His crimson and gold attire as a Venetian Senator became him well, while she looked very picturesque in a gown of blue and silver brocade, worn with slightly-powdered hair. Down the scarlet-covered steps, and between the hanks of flowers and tall palms, came many of the shining lights of the London world, literary, dramatic, and artistic. Here, for instance, was George Augustus Sala, marvelously disguised by a "make-up" of cream-colored complexion, coal-black hair and eyebrows, and a handsome velvet burgomaster suit. Closely following him came Sir Frederick Leighton in ordinary court dress. Mr. Edwin Abbey was disguised almost beyond recognition in a loosely flowing wig and a dress which he maintains is a correct representation of the costume of Henry VI., of France. The Tadema family formed a picturesque group. Mrs. Alma Tadema looked as though she had walked straight out of her husband's canvas, with her classic draperies of pale pink and a Grecian coiffure. One of the Misses Tadema appeared also in classical attire, the other sister affecting rather the period of powder and patches, and wearing a Watteau train of brocade and hair powdered and drawn up high à la Pompadour under an edifice of plumes. Journalism abounded. Mr. Willie Wilde, of the *Daily Telegraph*, brother of æsthetic Oscar, loomed, darkly a head and shoulders above his fellows, representing Velasquez in a handsome dress of black velvet and jet, and a deep collar of white lace. Broadley Pasha, the whilom defender of Arabi, now representing Edmund Yates's *World*, blossomed forth as Louis Seize in pale mauve satin, embroidered with silver, and certainly looked the character to the life. Mrs. Fenwick Miller wore a becoming Marie Stuart costume, while the vivacious lady who writes as "Madge," in *Truth*, looked well in a sort of Louis XV. gown and pale olive-green silk, made with a trained hack, and opening over a front of turquoise blue. Greek gowns had been adopted by a great number of ladies. Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon professed to be Neo-Greek in pure white, and Mrs. Forbes Robertson had draped herself classically in soft folds of liberty blue-green silk. Miss Jennie Lee wore a short-waisted empire gown of white satin, a small bonnet, and a long scarf shawl. The tableaux included "Edward I. presenting his infant son to the Welsh," "The knighting of Drake by Queen Elizabeth," "Queen Anne receiving the Duke of Marlborough after the victory of Blenheim," and "Britannia and the British lion." Immediately after the tableaux came a stately gavotte, danced with a delightful grace by eight elegant girls and eight stalwart men, each of the latter being exactly six feet high. Miss Alma Tadema, Miss Nettie Huxley, and Mrs. C. W. Wyllie were among the lady dancers of the gavotte, and all eight gowns were made in the same style, but with wide varieties of color.

A Providence man is issuing thousands of fac-similes of the Vicksburg daily paper which was issued by Grant's soldiers after the capture of the city, having already been put in type by the regular printers. It was printed, as Southern papers were in those days, on the plain side of wall paper. This would not be worthy of note but for the fact that in a quarter of a century or less, the people who find these forgeries in their attics will be claiming that their fathers were at Vicksburg, and got one of the dozen or two copies of the *Citizen* which were printed.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plans sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Lafcadio Hearn, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has removed to New York to engage in literary work that will take him to the West Indies.

Victor Hugo's will, which, with the characteristic slowness of French legal machinery, has just come to probate, makes careful and minute provisions that will ensure the gradual publication of all his unpublished works.

"West Coast Shells" is the title of a book on the marine, fresh water, and land mollusks of the United States west of the Rockies, by Professor Josiah Kepp, of Mills College, and illustrated by Laura M. Melen, of Mills College, which Bancroft Brothers & Co., of San Francisco, will publish early next month.

Funk & Wagnalls will presently publish "Saragosa Chips and Carlsbad Waters: The Pursuit of Happiness and Health at the Two Great Mineral Water Resorts of America and Europe," by Nathan Sheppard. The book will be profusely illustrated, and the subject treated in the same general style as the author's "Shut Up in Paris."

The blemish upon the handsome edition of Balzac's novels which Roberts Brothers are bringing out, is the absence of the translator's name from the title-page. Miss Katherine Wormeley has shown herself to be possessed of rare powers as a translator, and the failure to give her full credit is a wrong, not only to her, but to literature.

The new volume of "The Encyclopedia Britannica," to appear this month, will contain among its literary articles, "The Sonnet," by Theodore Watts; "Sopocoles," by Professor Campbell; "Spanish Literature," by Morel Fatio, whom the *Athenaeum* pronounces to be the first Spanish scholar in Europe; "Swedish Literature," by Edmund Gosse; and "Syriac Literature," by Professor Wright.

The Messrs. Appleton have now reproduced the original Spanish of Don Juan Valera's "Pepita Jimenez" in an edition for which the greatest accuracy is claimed, the employment of the modern orthography of the Spanish Academy, the fullest matter (including the prologue specially written for the English version), and the unique distinction of illustrations. Other volumes in Spanish will follow.

The name of a new and enterprising young publisher figures frequently of late in the press notices of new books—Mr. William R. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was the dramatic critic for many years of one of the daily newspapers. From journalism he drifted into the stationery trade, as promising a more lucrative future than a salaried situation on the press. He began importing foreign standard works; then from importer he turned to publisher, and has issued quite a number of reprints and original books on a variety of subjects, generally of a high class.

The late Ben: Perley Poore had at least one thing to thank the press for, and that was for humoring the idiosyncrasy that prompted him to place a colon after the abbreviation of his first name. His name has been seen hundreds of times, in as many different newspapers, but over without the deferential colon. One would have thought that at some time or other a hasty writer, or bothered compositor, or careless proof-reader would leave it out; but if the omission was ever made in the earlier stages of preparation for the press, it was discovered and rectified before the paper got before the public. When one thinks of the havoc made by the types with ordinary names, he can not but wonder at the persistency with which this colon pursued Major Poor through a long and chequered journalistic career.

American presswork and typography have just received an unusual compliment through the Century Company. It comes in the form of a letter addressed by the Royal-Imperial Court and State Press of Vienna to the London agents of the company, under the impression that the magazine was printed in England. The letter expresses the greatest delight "with the clean, neat impression, and deep, agreeable blackness of the wood-cuts—qualities which we have not been able here to attain in the same degree, even with the most expensive inks." It continues: "With the aim of attaining such faultless printing of illustrations in the works that appear from this establishment, we beg of you to favor us with the addresses of the firms that supply you with ink and paper, and with the prices paid." A request is also made for "a few kilograms of ink and fifty or a hundred sheets of paper, the cost of which we shall make good." Specimens of ink and paper will be sent to Vienna, and a full technical description of the methods of "making ready" employed at the De Vinne Press.

"The Relations of Prince Bismarck to the Vatican" startled, recently, the readers of a Boston daily paper, who had to read below the headlines to discover that "Prince Bismarck" was intended. The point made by the Boston *Herald* that the Legislature ought to think of adjournment because "the dandelions" were "peeping up through the grass," was transformed by the man who manipulated the types into an announcement that the "chandeliers" were "peeping." Imagine the feelings of a writer of a sensational story of interrupted domestic bliss, whose thrilling head, a "Honey-moon Cut Short," is transformed into "A Hungarian Cut-Throat," or of a writer on French politics, who discoursed on "Gallic Bluster," only to find the Boston *Herald* next morning printing it "Garlic Chester." A guardian "de bonis non" masquerading in the *Globe* as "Dr. Bones non" of Taunton, and "Mutton in Paris" became "Mutton in Paris," while "O Salutaris" appeared before a devout public as "O Saleratus." Lovers of the drama were recently informed that Augustin Daly's adaptation of Shakespeare's "Turning of the Screw" was a great success. The intelligent compositor announced a few weeks ago that Mr. Mantell would appear in "Tangled Livers."

"I suppose" (says James Payn) "no literary person has ever made such a figure—or so many figures—in the English probate office as Victor Hugo. His personal estate in England has been realized at more than ninety thousand pounds sterling, and he has left money in his own country, and an estate in Guernsey beside, to one daughter—out of her mind, alas! and to two grandchildren who have lost their father—a mournful end to so much prosperity, indeed. If Walter Scott had abstained from speculation, he would have made three times the sum realized by Victor Hugo; but as it was, we all know, the pressure of debt never left him in his later years. There is no parallel, therefore, to Hugo's pecuniary success except in the case of Dickens. It is true the latter did not leave so much—with copyrights and everything, not even so much as the French author left in English investments alone; but unlike him, he had a large family, and lived all his life (save the beginning of it) in a luxurious fashion. While he was a very open-handed man to others he grudged himself nothing. Whereas, Victor Hugo was the very antipodes of the lavish Bohemians of his time (such as Dumas), and had the instinct for economy belonging to his nation in a marked degree. I shall never forget the only occasion when I had the honor of seeing him, in a romantic scene enough, for it was in the Island of Sark, engaged in a rather undignified squabble with certain boatmen who had brought him over from Guernsey. They had no doubt overcharged him, and he may have been displaying only an honest indignation, but I shall always be sorry to have seen, for the first and only time, the author of 'Les Misérables' engaged in that pecuniary transaction."

New Publications.

The famous satirical letters, the "Trips to the Moon" of Lucio, have been published in Dr. Franklin's translation, in the National

Library, by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 70 cents.

The fact that no less than forty bridges fall in the United States every year should warrant the publication of "Bridge Disasters in America," by Professor Vose, even if it were not full of valuable information on the subject and of suggestions for the remedying of this terrible and needless cause of mortality. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

A series of lectures delivered at Harvard, by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, emeritus professor of Christian morals, has been collected and published in a volume entitled "Moral Philosophy." The aim of the lectures is three-fold—to present, accurately and popularly, the principles of moral philosophy; to show its alliance with religion, especially the Christian religion; and, thirdly, to apply these principles to historical, recent, and current events and questions. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

The third number of the second volume of the American Historical Association's Papers is "William Ussellin: Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies," by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Jameson calls Ussellin the "Lessep of the Seventeenth Century," and his treatise possesses him in so many of the old colonist. The work exhibits great painstaking in the collecting and weighing of facts. Published for the Association by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Readers of magazine stories will be glad to hear that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's charming stories of Southern life have been collected and published in a handsome volume, with the title "In Ole Virginia." "Marse Chan" was the first of these tales, and created a very favorable impression, and the others—"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," "Meh Lady," "Ole Stracted," "No Haid Pawn," and "Polly"—are all striking pictures of one of the most interesting periods of our country's history, as well as delightful stories. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.25.

With the rage for Russian literature has come a desire for more information concerning the Russian people and their customs. "The Russian Church and Russian Dissent," by Albert F. Heard, is almost the only book in the English language on the subject, and it sets forth some strange and curious facts. We know vaguely of the Russian superstition and love of religious mummery, but some of the remarkable sects that Mr. Heard describes are most amazing. The "list of books consulted" constitutes an excellent bibliography for those who wish to pursue the subject further. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"The Romance of a Letter," by Lowell Choate, has been published in the Round World Series. The letter has been written by a Boston physician, sealed, and confided, with instructions that it is not to be delivered until after his death, to the safe-keeping of the girl his son is to marry. She thinks the doctor has committed some horrible crime—he had given her that impression, for he had brooded over a misdeed of his youth until he thought himself a criminal—and the course of true love is accordingly roughened; but in time the doctor dies, the letter is delivered, and the whole affair is cleared up. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Miss Bayles's Romance: A Story of To-day" is a little story which has been deemed worthy of description and comment in the London cablegrams; but why, it would be hard to say. Miss Bayles is not an impossible, but an uninteresting person—a cardinal sin in a heroine—and her actions and remarks, though unconventional, are without the originality and *chic* with which the ordinary English novelist endows his American heroine. Still, people familiar with the personages and peculiarities of London society will derive some amusement from detecting the notables, thinly veiled under pseudonyms, who figure in the story. Published in the Leisure Moment Series by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 30 cents.

It seems scarcely possible that the new *Scribner's Magazine* has been in existence for half a year, but there is ocular demonstration of the fact in the handsome volume in which the first six numbers are bound. Typographically and in the matter of illustrations it is the equal of any of the magazines, and its reading matter, while covering a wide range of subjects, is very well chosen. In fiction there are Bunner's "Story of a New York House," J. S. of Dale's "Residuary Legatee," "Seth's Brother's Wife," by Harold Frederick, and a number of short stories from well-known writers; there are the delightful Thackeray Letters, the "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" by ex-Minister Washburne, the "Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris," by Annie Carey Morris, and the series of papers on coast defence and naval and maritime affairs, and poems, sketches, political and social studies from a score of famous pens—in fact, enough amusing, interesting, and instructive reading to keep one busy until another volume is ready. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

"Connecticut," by Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College, is one of the most interesting volumes of the Commonwealth Series, which Mr. Horace E. Scudder is editing. The plan of Professor Johnston's work is to leave the biographical and similar social features of the State's history, and to confine himself to the study of Connecticut as a typical commonwealth democracy. It was in that State that the principles of local self-government had most complete recognition; her constitution of 1639 was the first written democratic constitution on record, and the extent of its influence on the government of other States may be judged from the fact that in one county of the State—Litchfield—thirteen United States senators, twenty-two representatives from New York, fifteen supreme court judges in other States, nine presidents and eighteen other professors of colleges, and eleven governors and lieutenant-governors were born. The volume is provided with an appendix consisting of the constitution of 1839, a list of governors, a bibliography, an index, and a map. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Some Magazines.

The third number of the *Writer* contains an excellent paper on "Practical Aspects of the Literary Life," by Henry Holt; "A Start in Pen-Craft," by Lew Vanderpool; some hints on style in "Advice to Newspaper Correspondents," by William H. Hills; "The Compensation of Writers," by Alfred H. Peters; "Business Relations between Publishers and Writers," by Adelaide Cilley Waldron; and several other readable articles. The book reviews are brief but commendable, and there are "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," a list of literary articles in periodicals, and other departments.

The *Overland Monthly* for June opens with a description of Santa Clara Valley by Judge Belden of San José, accompanied by a number of illustrations; General Howard continues to give his account of the Plute and Bannock war, and tells in the present installment of the beginning of open hostilities; "The Psychology of a Saint" is a study of the character of Saint Theresa, the founder of the Reformed Carmelite Order; George E. Freeman tells what irrigation is doing for the Fresno region. There are a number of other articles, short stories, poems, etc. Among the latter, Miss Ina D. Coolbrith pays a tribute to the memory of the late Professor Mill.

The *North American Review* for June opens with a paper on "Parties and Independents," by Hon. Dorman B. Eaton; "My Experience as a Lawyer," by President Garfield, consists of autobiographical notes furnished to Edmund Kirke as material for a life; "The Shakespeare Myth," by Ignatius Donnelly, presents the claim that Francis Bacon wrote "the Shakespeare plays;" General John Pope points to "Some Legacies of the Civil War," Dr. H. Pereira Mendes answers the question, "Why Am I a Jew?" Hon. Henry A. Gunthorpe shows how "The Lodging-House Vote in New York" frequently decides an election; Gail Hamilton presents some theological criticism under the head of "The American Vedas," and expresses the desire that no silly hubbub confounding her with "Mr. Arthur Richmond" shall call public attention away from the things of which she is really the author. Dion Boucicault makes a brief analysis of the charge made by the *Times* against Parnell; Charles Rollin Brainard describes "The Telephone of 1665."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A crooked compliment was once paid a young German young lady, who said: "Now, Herr Lieutenant, if you don't at once cease your flatteries I shall have to hold both my ears shut." "My adorable Fräulein," answered the officer, "your pretty little bands are far too small for that."

In the recent earthquakes at Nice, in France, an English guest at one of the hotels was awakened by a beam falling on his bed. He rose coolly and rang the bell a long time. A waiter finally arrived to answer the call, thinking that some one was in distress. "Walter," said the Englishman, calmly, "can't you give me a room, don't you know, where the beam doesn't fall on the bed?"

Some European ladies, passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question through the interpreter, "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth," was the straightforward reply.

A few years ago there was an old lake captain who was an inveterate reader of the serial papers. He would become interested in a story, and the day when each fresh installment reached him was one of joy. At one time he was wrapped up in a lurid tale, entitled "The Doge of Venice." The last section of the story came; he finished it, and in the excitement of the climax threw the paper down, and exclaimed: "Well, that dog is the dash-dash-dog I ever read about. Dashed if he don't talk and act just like a man."

Mrs. Curren and Miss Curren, of Oakland, went driving last week. Near the Three-Mile House the horse shied at a mowing-machine, ran away, and spilled the ladies out into the road. They were taken to a wayside tavern and were attended by Dr. Crowley. Both were badly bruised. After Dr. Crowley had dressed Miss Curren's wounds, he asked her to stand up. "I can't," she replied, "I've lost my leg." "Where is it?" "Out in the road somewhere, and I am afraid some wagon will run over it." The lady's leg was found in the road. It was a wooden one.

One morning Henry Compton, the famous actor, and Douglas Jerrold proceeded together to view the pictures in the "Gallery of Illustration." On entering the ante-room, they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking-glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold: "Very well, first fasten your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass; "look at it; there's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently; "very fine, very fine, indeed. Then turning to his friend: "Wants hanging, though."

A breach-of-promise action will probably be heard shortly in Dublin in which a parrot will figure prominently. An elderly professional gentleman, engaged to a pretty young lady in her teens, was visiting her father and knocked at the study door. A parrot he had presented to the young lady shrieked out, "Come in! come in!" and, on suddenly entering the room, he found his fiancée seated on the sofa with a young man uncoiling his arm from her waist, the parrot meanwhile imitating the sound of kissing, and concluding with mocking laughter. The marriage was broken off, and an action for breach of promise raised. The defendant pleads justification.

The religious education of Madame Patti was entirely neglected in her youth, and when she was married in 1868 at the Catholic church at Clapham, she had no conception of her religious duties. Professor Hanslick, of Vienna, once called on the prima donna on a Good Friday. He found her engaged in demolishing a fine piece of roast beef. He expressed his surprise thereat, whereupon Madame Patti exclaimed, somewhat piqued: "And why shouldn't I eat meat on a Good Friday?" "But have you ever heard that the church forbids the eating of meat during Easter week?" "No," Patti exclaimed, "and I don't believe it, either. I am sure it's only one of your jokes."

A gentleman, after a farewell dinner at his club, joined his wife on the steamer that was to sail in the early morning, taking the upper berth. Suddenly his wife, in the lower berth, and those in the adjoining staterooms, were alarmed by his exclaiming in drunken tones, "I've got 'em! I've got 'em! Black things are crawling all over me!" "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," sternly replied his better half. But by this time he had risen to a sitting posture, and was hurling to the floor black, squeaking objects, which caused his wife to exclaim: "Steward! lights! lights!" Steward and lights arrived, and disclosed the fact that the ship's cat had deposited a litter of kittens in the berth occupied by the gentleman, whose presence between the sheets had caused them to investigate the surroundings.

There was a very beautiful young Mohammedan widow at Tangiers who led a dissolute life. Fatmeb, the Pasha's son, was a constant visitor at her house. Pasha Bernaboo had repeatedly warned his son to discontinue his visits. He also summoned the widow, and after censuring her misconduct, he told her that if she again admitted his son into her house he would mar the beauty which was the cause of his son's disgraceful conduct. Some weeks afterward Bernaboo was informed that Fatmeb had again visited the widow. He was arrested and imprisoned, and the widow was brought before the Pasha. "You have not," said the Pasha, "kept your promise to me or to the heed of my warning. Your beauty has brought disgrace upon my son and myself. Turning to the guards who attended in the 'Meshwa,' or Hall of Judgment, he said, 'Bring a barber.' The barber was brought. 'Cut off,' said Bernaboo, 'below the cartilage, the tip of this woman's nose.' The barber, trembling, begged that the operation might not be performed by him. 'It shall be as you wish,' replied the Pasha; 'but your nose will be also taken off for disobedience.' The barber obeyed, and the tip of the nose of the pretty widow was cut off. "Go," said the Pasha to her; "you will now be able to lead a better life. May Allah forgive you, as I do, your past sins!"

James Russell Lowell once wrote from Madrid to the Secretary of State as follows: "One of the devices of Fourcade, which came with Mr. Silveo's own knowledge when in another department of the government, is so ingenious and amusing as to be worth recounting. The Frenchman's object was to smuggle petroleum into Madrid without paying the *actrol*. To this end he established storehouses in the suburbs, and then, hiring all the leanest and least mammalian women that could be found, he made good all their physical defects with tin cans filled with petroleum, thus giving them what Dr. Johnson would have called the pectoral proportions of Juno. Doubtless he blasphemed the unwise parsimony of nature in denying to women in general the multitudinous breasts displayed by certain Hindoo idols. For some time these seemingly milky mothers passed without question into the unsuspecting city and supplied thousands of households with that cheap enlightenment which cynics say is worse than none. Meanwhile Mr. Fourcade's pockets swelled in exact proportion to the Quaker breastworks of the improvised wet-nurses. Could he only have been moderate! I could he only have bethought him in time of the *ne quid nimis*! But one fatal day he sent in a damsel whose contour aroused in one of the guardians at the gate the same emotions as those of Maritimes in the bosom of the carrier. With the playful gallantry of a superior he tapped the object of his admiration, and it tinkled! He had 'struck oil' unawares. Love shook his wings and fled. Duty retired, frowning, and Mr. Fourcade's perambulating wells suddenly went dry."

THE ROMANCE OF A BOTTLE.

The house had formerly been inhabited by a painter; and the studio, which spread its gaunt unshapen length along the southern wall of the neglected garden, had been given over to the old man that he might divert himself in it as he pleased, without fear of domestic invasion. Evidently it was a place where the intruding foot of wife or housekeeper was never suffered—a forlorn disordered place—dark, too, for the great window was all smirched and blind with dust, and scraps of paper with queer, cabalistic devices were stuck over the lower panes, and rain showers, charged with soot, had blurred it, till it was almost opaque. It was a long and lofty room. Dim corners were spun all across with cobwebs; dark blotches of some long-dried chemical fluid, like old blood-stains, showed upon the bare flooring; and a little ridge of dust on either side of a smooth path some two and a half feet wide, running the length of the eastern wall, marked the course trodden by the old man when he paced his workshop in thought or meditation. The rest of the floor was covered by a fine layer of dust.

The old man himself was just the kind of an old man whom you would have expected to find in such a place. The brown and wrinkled skin was stretched tightly over his forehead and the upper part of his skull, which ascended to a sort of blunted point.

From the eyes there radiated a light of almost unnatural brilliancy. An eagerness, a curiosity, and a painful restlessness glittered in them, and they appeared never to take in the half of what they longed to see.

This old man was an alchemist—probably the last of the line.

The old alchemist in the studio had tried honestly, in his day, to make gold out of lead, and out of stones, plants, and heaven knows what other things; he had his powder of projection and his metals; his crucible, his furnace, and a poker of the proper sort, like the other alchemists; but he had not made any gold. Ten fruitless years had been spent in the endeavor to produce it by technical and prescribed processes of separation, of maturation, and of transmutation; and then, on a day in bright midwinter, it flashed upon him, with the dazzle and shock of inspiration, that the thing which, above all things else, behooved him to discover and make perfect, for the good of himself and his fellow-men, was that grand and infallible dissolvent of Paracelsus and Van Helmont, the true and only elixir, which conferred immortality on mortals.

Day by day, amid the shadowy silence that would have oppressed a student less utterly absorbed, the old man read between the yellow covers of frowsy volumes. Often from dawn to dark, and far on into the night, not a sound would be heard in the chamber save the rustle of the leaves as he turned them over, one by one. None visited him, none saw him, or had a word of him. He sat alone, amid the ghosts of a hundred generations of alchemists, whom he had summoned from the vasty deep, to teach him that secret of life which death had taught to them.

Yet, amid the dusky stillness of that dead chamber, there was a lifeless thing that seemed to watch—now mockingly, and now in sympathy—the lean, rapt figure of the alchemist.

This thing that had no life in it was a bottle—a plain, narrow-necked vessel of pale green glass, which pirl-merchants had once been wont to fill with some extravagant liquor. You can not surround with the celestial halo of romance a bottle such as this. It had stood at the elbow of the host on supper-tables. Waiters, with napkins on their arms, had placed it here at the eleventh hour, and guests who had prematurely drunk their fill of other liquors had welcomed it as an aid and stimulus to digestion. What irony of circumstance had caused this bottle, when emptied last, to be transported here, to the studio of an aged alchemist than whom no Nazirite had more rigorously abstained from elevating drink?

Many bottles of various shapes stood about upon the floor, most of which contained some dark and ntile poison scarce known to modern science. The pale-green bottle stood alone in the embrasure of a window, and held, dissolved in liquid, one of the deadliest drugs that man has yet chanced upon, in his or any age.

It had been rudely stopped, in the alchemist's unthinking haste, with a thick plug of writing paper, which, with unintentional and quite unconscious art, its fingers had fashioned into the quaint and grinning likeness of a human face.

At last the alchemist mastered the hitherto inviolable secret of the elixir of life.

Quick upon the stroke of this immense discovery came a warning from within that his own days were numbered. Was he then to die before he could prepare his elixir of life?

His spirit was not dashed, for very curiously his desire of life ceased with his conviction that there was means of cheating death. What he longed for now, was time wherein to perfect his knowledge, that happier men might profit by it. So he toiled afresh, that he might win his secret to the use of posterity.

It was spring, and the daylight lengthened. Sunshine and budding hedges comforted the world, and ature herself seemed willing to assist the drooping chemist. But one night he was seized with sudden illness, and sank half-dead from lack of sustenance, until the experiment was in the middle stage. A month later, he had a similar, but sharper and more exhausting seizure; and then he began to know he could not live to make good the secret of the elixir.

Day followed day; the sun grew warmer, and the blood in the alchemist's veins grew colder. One morning the paper stopper of the bottle, contracting the sun's rays, fell out on to the dust of the floor. The genial warmth the liquid elements within were slowly evaporated; and the drug crystallized in innumerable and almost colorless prisms on the sides and bottom of the bottle.

Not all the softness of spring, and her breath, that made the buds unfold, could arouse again the fading life in the withered body of the alchemist. Life was issuing quickly from him who had been the only living thing in the now deserted studio. He crawled on his back upon the road to health, and before the summer was established he died.

Feet that had not entered there before now, tramped the dust of the studio. All was confusion, after a great deal than the careless disarray amid which the student had fondly worked. Auctioneers' ricks came, and made their inventory of the dead man's poor belongings. They attached stout labels to articles of furniture which one smart rap of the lesman's hammer would have shivered into fragments. The only objects left untouched were a heap of old bottles in a corner beneath the window, on which the dust of years had formed a coarse and lid crust—these and the solitary bottle in the win-

dow. They were not worth a place in the catalogue, nor a label.

The morning after the sale, a fat, untidy cleaning woman strode into the room, followed, at a distance which indicated fear if not respect, by her husband, a retired or superannuated costermonger. The great, red eye of the cleaning-woman ranged the area of the studio, and noting such perquisites as the remover had left her, she indicated them to her husband, who collected and stowed them in his basket. In the course of time the whole of this collection reached the sorting yard of a rag, bone, and bottle merchant. Here the articles were sorted according to their kind, and presently an even row of black bottles, and another row of sea-green bottles, showed in what manner order might be evolved out of chaos.

The bottles arrived eventually at the bottle-cleaning yard of a well-known spirit-merchant, where they received a plentiful ablution of warm water within and without. This spirit-merchant was a person of great talent in his calling, who, by judicious blending and treatment, could produce a port of recognized standing and condition, effective for use upon a given night.

The bottles passed from the hands of the washer, having undergone as effectual a cleaning as the skill of that functionary could compass. Outwardly they were now all alike. I shall, however, select one of these bottles, and that not at random, nor without design, and shall give it henceforth a place of its own in this story. It was a pale green bottle of ordinary size and shape; it had passed through many hands, and had been preserved unbroken amid scenes of great diversity, since last it stood in the spirit-merchant's yard. It was, in short, the bottle which stood in the window of the old alchemist's studio. The ablutionary rites to which it had been subjected had not dissolved the minute colorless particles into which its deadly contents had crystallized under the sun's warmth. They still clung to the sides and bottom of the bottle, as potent as before of swift and horrible destruction. Spirit would have dissolved them in a few seconds—water touched them not.

This bottle, then, was carried presently with its companions to an upper room in the spirit-merchant's establishment, where the air was weighted with the odor of rich liquors, and processes beautiful in their delicacy and mystery were performed by talented and respectable persons during the hours from nine till six. Here, when all was prepared, the bottle received an exceedingly choice blend of old liquor—brandy. It was then corked, sealed, labelled, and properly bestowed in another department of the house. It remained there during some weeks, when it was once more removed, in the company of eleven others, to the well-chosen cellar of Mr. Theodore, the wealthy and distinguished amateur. They came under the affectionate care of Mr. Dimmick, the butler. "These bottles arrive most opportunely," said Mr. Dimmick to himself as he unpacked them. And so in fact they did, for Mr. Theodore was giving, at the end of the week, one of the graceful suppers he so much affected, to the members of a liberal profession. Twenty actors, the most renowned in London, would appear at his board at midnight on the following Saturday, for the invitations had been accepted to a man.

Preceded by his pantryman, who carried the case upon his shoulders, Mr. Dimmick descended the steps of the cellar, counting each step aloud in his progress, as his habit was. One by one, in an ample bed of sawdust on a vacant shelf, the careful-minded butler placed the bottles. The bottle was laid the last but one in the upper layer, at the end nearest to the right hand of a person entering the cellar. Mr. Dimmick then surveyed his arrangement of the bottles, and seeing that it was good, he withdrew.

The day of the supper arrived, and at eleven in the evening Mr. Theodore issued from his club, called a cab, and was driven to his residence, a costly and comfortable house in one of the most agreeable quarters of the town. He went at once to the dining-room, where he passed a few minutes in critical study of the table and sideboard. One or two of his rarer vintages, destined for an advanced and marvellous stage of the feast, were displayed upon the latter; but Mr. Theodore remarked with surprise the absence of a particular bottle, toward which his fancy had affectionately projected itself during his drive from the club. He summoned his butler, and in terms of lenient reproach discovered to him the deficiency. Mr. Dimmick apologized, could not imagine how he had contrived to be so neglectful, and, retiring in confusion, sank gravely into the fragrant shades of the cellar. Going to the shelf where he had deposited the contents of the newly arrived case of liquor-brandies, he took the first bottle in the upper layer. Holding it in the wary manner of one who understands how fine liquor should be carried, he was about to commence his ascent, when he reflected that one bottle would but just make the round of the table. "A glass apiece; and such a very fine liquor!" They will want another," said Mr. Dimmick. He went back to the shelf and took another, which was The Bottle. With the two bottles under his arm he returned to the dining-room, and the master commended the thoughtfulness of his servant.

It wanted ten minutes of midnight as Mr. Theodore crossed the spacious hall which separated the dining-room from the drawing-room. In front of a noble Venetian mirror, framed in chased and burnished silver, he gave the final set to his tie, and smoothed away from the neighborhood of his waistband the solitary wrinkle which fretted the fair surface of his satin waistcoat. Standing there, he beheld, with smooth and kindly gaze, a form which was neither youthful nor too mature, but which combined, with the admirable elegance of twenty, the cultured and slightly more philosophic repose of forty-eight.

Mr. Theodore was a man who spent the fortune which his fathers had made for him, upon principles which aimed at securing his own contentment in the first place, and, in the second, the approval of that section of society which pleased him best. A marked tendency to selfishness, plainly indicated by the shape of the nose as seen in profile, was partially corrected by the genial and humor-loving curves of the mouth. Mr. Theodore spoke in somewhat florid though nicely balanced tones, which he could shift with admirable art so as to harmonize them with those of the person to whom he addressed himself. He turned from the contemplation of his person on hearing the arrival of his first guest.

At a quarter after midnight supper was served. It was a rare meal. The host had been a traveler in many lands, and was a happy and versatile storyteller. He told tales, which his talent for mimicry sharpened to the point of wit, of the theatres of the East; of sitting cross-legged in the rushes on the floor of the play-house of Japan; of taking surreptitious lessons in the Nautch from the favorite dancer

of a Maharajah; he sang a comic song from an Indian farce which was very like an Indian dirge; and subsequently performed the all but incredible feat of condensing into half a dozen sentences the plot of a Chinese tragedy which had occupied a month in representation.

In jest and anecdote the guests matched their host fealty. Think of the genius and talent of the London stage concentrated round a supper-table, each man of them an actor who stood in the eye of the public, the star of his particular theatre, a trained humorist, a theatrical Mesmer able at will to dissolve in tears or freeze with horror an entire audience, a great declaimer—or at poorest, a magnificent Apollo for whom countless ladies nightly sighed themselves to sleep. Fired by good wine, and the desire to please, each guest poured forth his best, and the host by exhortation and example incited his friends to fresh endeavor. In this blithe way they lengthened out the hours, and the gilt clock in the hall chimed half-past two. "Dimmick," said Mr. Theodore to his butler, "you may go to bed." Mr. Dimmick gratefully made his bow and retired.

He had scarcely closed the door upon himself when Mr. Theodore noticed that the liquors had not been served. He mentioned the circumstance to his guests, with an apology, and added: "By your leave, gentlemen, I'll serve the liqueur myself." He rose, and crossed to the sideboard where, amid a noble array of glasses and flagons of all sizes and shapes, stood the two bottles containing the new liquor-brandy.

"I should rather like your judgment on a liquor-brandy I have here, gentlemen," said Mr. Theodore. "I have not yet tasted it myself, but it comes to me with a high recommendation." He took up one of the bottles as he spoke, and was already drawing the cork. That done, he touched the mouth of the bottle with a clean napkin, and then made the round of the table, filling each glass as he passed. Coming to his own place at the top, he poured out with a flourish the half glass which was all that remained of the pale golden fluid.

"Now, gentlemen! Before I fulfill my promise, your judgments all, if you please," exclaimed Mr. Theodore, lifting his own glass in challenge to his guests. Every one at the table raised and drank off his glass. Mr. Theodore alone paused for a moment, to note the first expression on the faces of his friends.

What horrid sound was that? A crash of fallen glass, followed by groans and the cries of men in agony. Mute and stiff with horror, the host clutched with both hands at the table, and stared before and around him.

In the first stage of fear a man's strength is often trebled; in the last stage, when fear is no longer fear, but has merged in sheer, resistless terror, the muscles become as jelly, and the body sinks an inert mass to the ground. By desperate exertion of will the master of the house saved himself from this state of utter helplessness, but more he could not do. His tongue was riven against his palate—he stood speechless and stared out of eyes grown almost vacant! What was it that he gazed at?

Was it death, or but a vision of death? The jest was scarcely dry on these men's lips—did they counterfeit dissolution as a better jest than all? No! Death had them all in his grip—they were dying in most cruel torment! One by one, as his convulsive struggles ceased, each guest fell down abtawt, alongside, or beneath the table; and still the miserable host stood there, rigid and gray with fright, and watched the ghastly play.

His brain was melting—his head grew like to burst—madness would have seized him next. He wrenched himself together, and staggered toward the door. The bell-rope was close against it—he caught at it, and a fearful peal echoed through the house.

A few moments elapsed in which it seemed to the wretched creature that all eternity was exhausted; and then there was a noise of feet pattering along an upper corridor, down the stairs, and across the hall. He, meanwhile, had scratched a line in pencil on the back of a visiting-card, and this he thrust into the hands of the first servant who approached him.

"Take it and run," he said, hoarsely. "Dr. F.—" (naming the first physician in the town). "Go as if the devil himself were at your heels. And you, this," he said to another, to whom he gave a card for his own physician, who lived hard by. "The rest to bed again!" He had now regained some nerve, but stood ashen-white on the threshold of the dining-room, harring all entrance there.

Through the silent streets, whitening with the dawn, two carriages were presently driving at full speed in one direction. The master of the house went out to meet the doctors, and led them to the room of death. But it was too late. The play was played out. Each of those merry guests had been a dead man for half an hour.—*Macmillan's.*

—WE WOULD ADVISE ALL LOVERS OF FRENCH and Spanish Literature, to pay a visit to TAUZY, GIFFORD & Co., No. 122 Geary Street.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Wonderful Magnifying Power of Ice in a Washington Territory Mountain.

Recently a party of gentlemen, comprised of Walter Marston, Ed. Post, Charles K-nnedy, V. Sam Fulton, and Elijah Smith, left this city for the coal banks located about twenty miles from Trout Lake, Washington Territory. The third night out they camped near the famous ice caves, in that vicinity, and, not being pressed for time, the party resolved to explore them. A half mile distant from the caves is a large fissure through the basalt. Kennedy said he had visited the spot last summer, in company with Dr. Miller, at which time the fissure was, in places, filled with ice, and in others open to an unfathomable depth. Now comes an almost incredible phase of the party's exploration.

"Early in the succeeding morning," to relate the adventure in the language of a member of the party, "Kennedy and I found the fissure so elaborately described by him the preceding evening, it being completely filled with ice of singular clearness, presenting a surface of gentle undulations, appearing much as if the Pacific Ocean near Panama had been instantaneously frozen over. We traveled several hundred yards along the edge of the fissure, admiring the prismatic rays reflected from its surface, when I was startled by a sudden cry from Kennedy, who was intensely excited. I approached him, impressed that he had become insane. He had dropped on his hands and knees, and, with an abnormal expression depicted upon his face, his eyes were intently staring into the crystalline depths.

"Following his wild gaze, I beheld at an apparent

depth of twenty feet the face and shoulders of a gigantic woman, with eyes wide open, and a beautiful complexion. The face, as near as I could judge, was well proportioned, the nose somewhat *retroverted*. Her gown, or what we could see of it, about the neck and shoulders, was constructed of rich material. The rest of the body was indistinct, owing to some flaw in the ice.

"The face seemed about six feet in length, the features appearing strangely familiar.

"Nothing was said of this discovery till the next morning, when we all visited the enormous fissure, taking with us a crude mining outfit, and resolved to dig the woman out of the ice. The first day we reached a depth of fourteen feet, but were determined to recover the huge, well-preserved corpse.

"That night we pondered upon how the woman got there, and when. Did she belong to a prehistoric race? But, then, her attire was so much like that of the present day. However, who knows what she was contemporaneous with the mastodon, whose bones tell us of their prehistoric existence in the northwest. We all tried to sleep, but in vain, so excited were we; and we sat smoking about the campfire all that blessed night, speculating as to what the next day's research might bring forth.

"At the first streak of daylight labor was resumed, but we had to work cautiously, as the fine ice had obscured the body from our view. By noon a depth of twenty-one feet had been attained and Fulton relieved me, taking his turn in the ice shaft.

"About three o'clock Kennedy, who had been remarkably quiet while at work, requested to be hauled up. When he reached the surface, he placed a piece of ice, a foot square, at my feet, then he threw himself upon the ground, rolling over and over in the most alarming and hysterical manner. In reply to my anxious appeal to him for an explanation of his strange conduct he only pointed to the chunk of ice he brought up. Examining it I saw a piece of cardboard imbedded in it, which proved, on one side, to be an advertising card, with the picture of a beautiful woman on it, and bearing at the bottom the following legend: 'Use Wisdom's Robotine for the complexion, the most delightful toilet article ever produced.'

"How did it get there? Perhaps thrown in last summer by some tourists, covered by the winter's ice, and costing five men two days' work to recover, simply because the ice, by its varying density and peculiar shape, had magnified the picture a hundred fold, and lent it a natural appearance."—*Portland Oregonian.*

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Monday Evening, June 20th and Every Evening During the Week!

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Her original character in London.

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Consisting of an oration, poem, national music by the Second Regiment Band (30 pieces), singing by a choir of 150 voices; Conducted, Professor H. J. Stewart. Also games of all kinds, for which valuable prizes will be given.

Evening celebration to consist of a grand ball, tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, superb illuminations. Also a grand display of fireworks. Gardens open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. for day celebration. Evening celebration, gardens open at 7 p. m.

ADMISSION FOR THE DAY—Adults, 25 cents; Children, 10 cents. ADMISSION FOR THE EVENING—Adults, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Christiania, Leghorn, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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He who keeps his nails well rounded at the tips is a proud man. Nails which remain long after being cut level with the finger end are a sign of generosity. The owner of very round and smooth nails is of a peaceable and conciliatory disposition. He who keeps his nails somewhat long, round, and tipped with black, is a romantic poet. He who has white spots on his nails is fond of the society of ladies, but is fickle in his attachments. Transparent nails, with light red, mark a cheerful, gentle, and amiable disposition. Lovers with transparent nails usually carry their passion to the verge of madness. He who has the nail of his right thumb slightly notched is a regular glutton. He who keeps his nails irregularly cut, is hasty and determined. Men who have not the patience to cut their nails properly, generally come to grief. He whose nails are detached from the finger at the further extremities, and when cut showing a larger proportion of the finger than usual, ought never to get married, as it would be a wonder if he were master in his own house, for short nails betoken patience, good nature, and, above all, resignation under severe trials.

One of the most extraordinary games of poker on record was played in Paris a fortnight ago, at a private house. The ante was a louis and the game unlimited. Late in the evening hands were dealt in which one of the players, a Frenchman, raised the ante and drove out all the players except one, an American, who raised his opponent. Over 100,000 francs were in the pool before either party drew. The Frenchman drew one card; the American stood pat. The American bet 10,000 francs; the Frenchman raised the bet 100,000. The American raised this 100,000, and thus the betting proceeded until there were 100,000 francs on the table for 2,000,000 francs. The American then raised his opponent 500,000 francs, warning him not to raise in turn, as he was sure he had the winning hand. The Frenchman thereupon called, laying down four aces. The American had a straight flush, king high. The money was paid next day.

In the American Newspaper Directory for 1887 appear the names of the following journals in Kansas: Carbondale *Astonisher* and *Paralyzer*, Cash City *Cashier*, Clay Centre *Democrat* and *Little Hatchet*, Colby *Cat*, Coillidge *Border Ruffian*, Eustis *Dark Horse*, Fargo Springs *Prairie Owl*, Ford Boomer, Garden City *Irrigator*, Grainfield *Cap Sheaf*, Greensburg *Rustler*, Grinnel *Gold Belt*, Kansas City *Cyclone*, Kincaid *Kronicle*, Lake City *Prairie Dog*, Larned *Chronoscope*, Leon Quill, McCune *Brick*, Madison *Zenith*, Morganville *Sunflower*, Mullinville *Mallet*, Pittsburgh *Smelter*, Ravenna *Sod House*, Valley Falls *Lucifer*, Wellington *Quid Nunc*.

An eminent English oculist is said to have declined a fee of £7,000 offered to him on condition of going to India to treat a native prince. It would astonish the public, who have a general notion that English-

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men are always ready to go anywhere, to learn how many lucrative offices in foreign parts go a-hegging yearly, and are refused by persons who only make a third of the money at home.

A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Terre Haute Polytechnic the other day, it was ascertained exactly and reduced to figures, which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half-dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was easy enough to calculate that one snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days.

A Russian peasant who, it is said, drove the sledge in which the first Napoleon traveled from Moscow to the German frontier, after the disastrous campaign in Russia, died lately in a Bavarian village. He was ninety-eight years old, and preserved as a souvenir of the memorable event several pieces of money which the emperor gave him.

The following story is attributed to the late W. R. Travers: "A friend who had been on a long trip returned. A bore was present when the friend came in. 'Ah,' said Travers, 'the pro-pro-prodigal has retur-tur-turned; let's k-k-kill Johnson,'" at the same time glaring at the bore.

At the time of the death of George IV., in 1830, there were 328 hereditary peers. There are now 477. During this period 335 new baronetcies have been created—278 by Liberals and 56 by Conservatives.

"Sixpence per complete hole" is said to be the price which a young woman in England charges for repairing worn-eaten books, each leaf being laboriously worked over.

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Every lady in the State of California, or elsewhere, should not fail to investigate personally the recent improvements in the No. 8 Machine. Automatic underration. All previous objections overcome. Call at our office, or, if living out of town, send for circular. Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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— NEW ARTISTS' STUDIES IN FLOWERS, LANDSCAPES, figures, etc. Paints, brushes, canvas, plaques, panels, gold paint, tissue paper, liquid glue, etc. Largest stock and lowest prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

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A new and delightful summer resort; yachting, hunting, fishing, etc. The ascent of Mount Tacoma (14,444 feet high), to a height of 11,000 feet and to the GLACIERS, very easily made even by ladies. For descriptive circular and terms apply to
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The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts. 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San Jose cars 8:30 morning, and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M.
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A Modern Hebe

Would not be beautiful in San Francisco if she did not use Rachel's Enamel Bloom to preserve and improve her complexion. For sale by all druggists.

— THE ROMANS SEEMED TO REALIZE HOW obstinate the women could be, in ancient times, but that was nothing to the present times when women are obstinate enough not to allow Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters to clean and renovate their carpets. Address 353 Tehama St. Telephone 3040.

— SANTA CRUZ WILL BE THE FAVORITE WATERING place this year. With fine climate, beautiful drives, and a wonderful beach for surf bathing it would be crowded, even if it were not so easy of access from the city. The best hotels are the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, both of which are under the efficient management of Mr. E. J. Swift.

— AS A HEALTH RESORT SANTA BARBARA is unsurpassed in the world. Its climate is balmy and invigorating, there are scenery for the sight-seer and surf for the bather, and its principal hotel, the Arlington, is famous among travellers who love comfort and a good table. Mr. W. N. Cowles, the proprietor, is one of the most popular bonifaces in America.

— AN AUCTION SALE OF RESIDENCE LOTS AT Pacific Grove, Monterey, will be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th inst. Excursion trains will run to the grounds on the days of the sale. This will be a good opportunity to acquire the ownership, on easy terms, of a lot at one of the most lovely summer marine resorts on the Pacific Coast.

— THOSE WHO WANT THEIR CARPETS BEATEN and relaid for five cents per yard, should call or send to Conklin Bros., 333 Golden Gate Avenue, near Larkin. Telephone 2126.

— ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY DESIRES SITUATION, companion or governess. Object, home, not salary. Address "SINCERITY," Argonaut Office.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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French, German, and English Day and Boarding School for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN. Next term commences March 23d, 1887.

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1222 Pine Street, - San Francisco, Cal. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. A sunny primary schoolroom and gymnasium are to be added to the establishment this vacation. For particulars, apply to MRS. S. B. GAMBLE.

Trinity Term will begin Monday, July 25, 1887.

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An English, French and German Home and Day School.

Regular and special courses. Lessons private and in classes. The year 1887-88 will begin on the last Wednesday in July. Address Mrs. Tracy.

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SOCIETY.

The Stewart-Fargo Wedding.

Trinity Church was filled with a fashionable assemblage last Wednesday morning, when the wedding of Miss May Adelaide Fargo and Dr. George Taylor Stewart was celebrated. The bride, who is the niece of Mr. Calvin F. Fargo, is deservedly popular among her large circle of acquaintances, and the groom is equally so. He is the son of the Hon. Thomas E. Stewart, ex-Congressman from the State of New York.

About eight hundred invitations in all were issued to the ceremony, and one hundred and twenty to the subsequent reception. Wild flowers from country vales, ferns from mountain hollows, and roses from glass-enclosed conservatories all united in making the church chancel a picture of beauty. Prominent over and above everything was the wedding ring of white peonies, which was suspended in mid-air from the central chandelier by bands of white and pale pink tulle. From this ring to the lights at either side, and over to the reredos, was a graceful drapery of the same shades of tulle, which seemed like particles of some fleecy cloud. The chancel rail was wreathed with white, yellow, and pink roses mingled in among masses of wild white hollyherry, while at the newel posts were sprays of tree ferns with a cluster of marguerites in the center, all being encompassed by white silk ribbons. The pulpit at the left was garlanded with marshall Niel roses, ferns, and wild foliage, and the brass lecturn was ornamented with a similar garland of roses. The ceiling in front of the stalls at either side of the altar, by masses of the pink Paul Neron roses at the right, and the red and yellow William Allen Richardson and Saffron roses on the left. Sprays of weeping-willow acted as a body for the roses. Empress of India roses ornamented the hishop's chair, and vases containing araleas and salmon-colored gladioli reposed upon the altar. Dense masses of white pyrethrum blossoms and fern leaves covered the altar rail, with St. Joseph's lilies rising above the posts. Resting upon the altar step was a prie-dieu made of white satin, hand-painted in forget-me-nots, which were scattered loose around the border and arranged in a wreath in the center.

The six ushers were kept busy for an hour seating the arriving guests, and during the time Mr. H. J. Stewart, the organist, played several organ voluntaries. At twelve o'clock, noon, the sound of the Bridal Chorus, from "Lohegrin" arose above the hum of conversation, and the wedding party entered the nave and proceeded to the chancel. First came the ushers—Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Harry Durbow, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George H. Howard, and Mr. Robert J. Woods. They were followed by the bridesmaids, who were Miss Mattie Peters, Miss Carrie Durbow, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Lucia Gere, Miss Nettie Schmiedel, and Miss Bessie Shreve.

Then came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her uncle, Mr. Calvin F. Fargo, while her maid of honor, Miss Lulu Fargo, marched along in the rear. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. A. H. Fish. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party were remarkably rich and elegant.

The bride, a petite blonde, wore an exquisite costume of the heaviest faille fraise, which was made with a long, square court train. The train was cut square in front and pointed at the back, being filled in with Duchesse lace, and finished with point lace and broderie Romien. There was a beautiful girdle around the waist ornamented with these pearls, and from under it fell a wide flounce of Duchesse lace, which was fringed with pearls at the ends. The sleeves were of the same style, puffed with Duchesse lace, and trimmed with pearls. They extended to the elbows and met the gloves of white, unadorned silk. A veil of white silk molaire depended from her high-dressed coiffure in graceful folds over her entire dress and to the end of the train. This train had a flounce of the Duchesse lace across it, and was also outlined with the same. Her hair was of white satin, and she carried an immense bouquet of La Marque roses trimmed with ferns, with stephanotis trailing over it, and it was tied together with a hand of white tulle. Her jewels comprised a magnificent necklace of diamonds, two solitaire pins, and two marguerites of diamonds in the coiffure, and solitaire diamond ear-rings.

Miss Lulu Fargo, the maid of honor, was attired in a dainty costume of the Madame Angot style. The bodice of white India silk, was made à l'infanta with a yoke of Point d'Esprit. There was a large sash around the waist, and the skirt was laid in loose folds. She wore a becoming capote of white lace, finished with white ostrich tips. Her hand bouquet was of blue forget-me-nots tied with blue grenadine.

The bridesmaids looked very attractive, all being attired alike with the exception of the color of the dresses. The first two bridesmaids were in pale pink, the next two in light blue, and the last two in canary-colored silk. The costumes were of the Louis Quatorze period. The skirts were of India crepe, completely draped with white lace, and made plain and tight-fitting. The colored bodices were high in the neck, with lapels of armure and plastrons of lace. The sleeves extended to the elbows, where there were cuffs of the armure and frills of lace. Their capotes were of white lace, finished with ostrich tips to match the bodices in color. Their hand bouquets were, respectively, of pink and white carnations tied with pink grenadine, cherry and wine-colored carnations tied with blue grenadine, salmon and yellow carnations tied with white and yellow grenadine. They also wore on the shoulder little cockade knots of blue forget-me-nots.

The gentlemen in the party were dressed in dark-colored four-button cutaway coats, white vests, light-tinted trousers, and they carried their silk hats. They wore little boutonnières as follows: the groom, La Marque rosebuds; the best man, white forget-me-nots; the ushers, blue forget-me-nots; and Mr. Fargo, stephanotis. The gentleman received as souvenirs a small cluster of three forget-me-nots enameled, and the ladies received the same, a trifle larger, tied with gold cord.

When the members of the party assumed their proper position in the chancel the impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hiram W. Beers. During this the organist played "Call Me Thine Own" very softly, and when the party turned to march out of the church the swelling notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" pealed forth. Those who had received invitations to the reception followed the bridal party to the residence of Mr. J. B. Fargo, the bride's father, 1330 O'Farrell Street. Upon entering, as pretty a sight as one could wish to see met the eye. Beautiful flowers and foliage embellished every apartment, and sweet perfume floated in the air. The newly-married couple, with their guests, were seated in the bay-window of the main salon. The lace curtains behind them were adorned with fern sprays, and directly over them was suspended a ring of Paris daisies and blue forget-me-nots tied with ribbon of cream-tinted grenadine. A drapery of pale blue tulle was arranged from it to the nearest chandelier in a graceful curve. Forget-me-nots, the favorite flower of the bride, were laid on the table at the side, looking just as if they grew there, and near them were yellow columbine and tulip leaves, with an abundance of their brown blossoms. Hanging on one side of the archway that spanned the room was a wicker basket filled with tulle and marsh grasses, and caught back with two shades of red and blue silk. Long branches of burnt, iridescent redwood were opposite, with old-gold-colored ribbon to set it off. Masses of wild pink araleas rested on the right side of the marble mantle, and forget-me-nots were clustered near them and to the other end. Blue silk scarfs and ferns ornamented the upper part of the mirror with a white and blue side panel. A doorway, one being trimmed with Paris daisies and yellow silk drapery, and the other with galadinas and flame-colored silk.

Pink drapery and pink carnations decked the doorway leading to the library, while stretching from it across the room was a portiere of weeping willow, beneath which the lenberg's lamp was stationed. The mantle here was draped with old pink and two shades of bronze-colored silk, while a wreath of pink and gray carnations ornamented the center. In one corner was a pretty market basket filled with Duchesse de Prabant and Empress of India roses which was tied with a pink satin bow-knot. In the adjoining room was a buffet on which the Caterpillar, in all of the shades of lavender which stood high above the vase that contained them. There were also three lovely baskets tied with purple watered-ribbon, and holding sweet peas, columbine, and lavender-colored cabella. On one end of the mantle was a vase full of magnolias, and on the other, a little rustic caryatid with purple sweet peas, a basket of pink and white sweet peas, caught back with pink

ribbons, was suspended in the hallway, and at the further end, over the stairway, was another basket containing red poppies. The apartment from which the break fast was served, contained a large buffet set with delicacies of every kind. Baskets of poppies, vases of azaleas, and masses of pentstemon—a red wild flower—completed the decoration. The gas was lighted, daylight being excluded, and the rooms looked exceedingly pretty under its effect. Miss Mary Bates arranged the decorations of the church and residence.

About one o'clock the wedding breakfast was served. Concert selections were played by the band throughout the afternoon. When the bride went upstairs to don her traveling dress, she threw her bouquet of peonies down among her bridesmaids. It was caught by Miss Mattie Peters, and it is supposed hence she will be married within a year. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart departed soon after for the overland train and proceeded to New York direct. They will attend the wedding of his cousin in New Milford, Conn., the day after their arrival, and then will pass a couple of months traveling in the East. They were the recipients of a large number of presents of much beauty and value, which completely filled a large room.

Those invited to the wedding breakfast and reception were: Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fillmore, Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leonard Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Dr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Stillwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight, Dr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Beers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Durbow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Hoerschher, Dr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sargent, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. Jennie Fish, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. George O. McMullin, Mrs. John McLaughlin, Mrs. D. W. Fargo, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Nettie Schmiedel, Miss Mattie Peters, Miss Lucia Gere, Miss Carrie Durbow, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Lulu Fargo, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Tessie Fair, Miss Minnie McElroy, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Sadie Palache, Miss Myra Giffin, Miss Louise Emma Durbow, Miss L. McLaughlin, Miss Fannie Crocker, Mr. Calvin F. Fargo, Mr. J. B. Fargo, Mr. Charles G. Hooker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. George Howard, Dr. T. Pray, Mr. W. Brooks Jones, Mr. Augustus Casserly, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. O. Livermore, Mr. W. Field, S. Jones, Mr. Harry Durbow, Mr. H. Webster, Mr. Edward Schmiedel, Captain Montgomery Fletcher, Mr. Guy Rose, and a few others.

The Heathcote-Kittle Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anna Kittle, daughter of Mrs. N. G. Kittle, and Mr. Basil Heathcote was quietly celebrated last Wednesday at the home of the bride's mother, 1610 Franklin Street. The parlors were tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers. Only the relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony which was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Spinning. The bride's sister and brother, Miss Margaret Kittle and Mr. William Kittle, acted as maid of honor and best man. A repast was served after the ceremony, and then Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote departed for the northern part of the State. Upon their return they will reside in San Rafael.

Movements and Whereabouts.

The Misses Jessie and Kate Morse, who have been at the conservatory at Berlin for the past year, will return here in September.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor went to Santa Cruz on Thursday to occupy their cottage.

Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor will soon go to Santa Barbara for the season.

Mr. John W. Mackay, who has been passing a week in Nevada, has gone East.

Dr. R. E. Williams has returned to the city after a trip to New York, London, and Paris.

Mrs. Walter Turnhill, Miss Ruth Turnhill, and Miss F. Jewett went to New York, via Panama, last Wednesday, and from there will proceed to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilsbire went to Santa Monica this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd are in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn and the Misses Thorn are expected to return to New York from Europe next week on the steamer *Germania*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Miss Nettie Schmiedel, and Miss Mattie Peters will depart soon for Santa Barbara, to remain until the end of the season.

Signor G. B. Galvani departed for Italy last Sunday to remain until September.

Mrs. M. D. Toland, Mr. Hugo H. Toland, Mrs. R. L. Ogden, Mrs. W. S. Wood, and Mrs. Morton are among the guests at Huddart's Cottage, Beach Hill, Santa Cruz.

The Misses Marguerite and Romie Wallace are at the Geysers.

Mr. E. C. Macfarlane returned from New York on Wednesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss V. Piercy, and Mrs. N. F. Flood are occupying a cottage at Santa Cruz.

Miss Mabel Pacheco is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Bessie Folger, of Oakland, departed for the Yosemite Valley on Thursday.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., was at the Napa Soda Springs last Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Fish will pass most of the summer in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Edgar B. Carroll is passing a few days at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. George A. Knight and sons are at Eureka, Humboldt County, for the summer.

Miss Nellie Joliffe is sojourning at the Napa Soda Springs.

Colonel C. W. Brush is convalescing at his sister's residence in Baltimore.

Mrs. Crowell and Miss Daisy Crowell are at the Napa Soda Springs for the summer.

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin and Miss May Ives, who have been passing several weeks at Los Angeles, left there on Thursday for the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Emeline Kirketerp has returned from a visit to friends in Yacaville.

Misses Anita and Lulu Plum are passing a week with Mrs. Captain Philip at Mare Island.

Mrs. William E. Dargie and Mrs. F. O. Van Vranken have returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Yoell in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have one of the Tamalpais cottages at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bradley, and Miss Grace Bradley, went to the Yosemite Valley on Thursday.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Maud A. Smith are at Zeigler Springs, Lake County, for the summer, and will probably go to Europe in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington went to New York last Wednesday by steamer, via Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant passed last Sunday at the Napa Soda Springs.

Dr. J. E. Crooks, of Benicia, was in the city on Monday.

Dr. O. Burgess came up from Santa Cruz on Monday for a short visit.

Colonel and Mrs. B. O. Carr, of St. Helena, have been at the Palace Hotel for several days this week.

Mrs. John P. Jackson and family went to the Napa Soda Springs last Saturday morning to remain about six weeks.

Mrs. J. Bandmann, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt went to Santa Cruz this week to remain during the summer.

Mrs. Charles G. Toland, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Florence Moulton, Mrs. and Miss Nye, Mrs. E. D. Wheeler, Miss Ada Richards, and Miss Ettie Jones have been visiting Mrs. F. J. Bowman at Gleneyre, near Cloverdale.

Mrs. D. C. Nichols is at Skagg's Springs.

Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, has been visiting friends during the week.

Mrs. John H. Wise is at the Gilroy Hot Springs.

Miss Lizzie Sinton is visiting friends at Fruitvale.

Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung and family are passing the summer at the Geysers.

Mr. Leland S. Gamble is stopping at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bryant and Mrs. S. P. Holway will go to the Geysers to-day.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is in the city from Santa Barbara, but will return there in a few days.

The Misses Mary and Florence Pope were in the city a few days this week.

Miss Minnie Houghton returned to Santa Cruz on Thursday after a short visit here.

Miss Marie Voorhies will go to Santa Cruz in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Palache and the Misses Ida and Sadie Palache went to the Yosemite Valley on Thursday.

Mrs. L. H. Clement and Miss Ethel Clement will pass the summer at Sea Side Home in Santa Cruz, returning to the Bella Vista for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and family departed for the Yosemite Valley yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, with their daughter, Miss Isabel Preston, left for Yosemite on Thursday. Upon their return, they will spend the summer at their country residence in San Mateo County.

Mr. Drury Melone came to the city on Wednesday from Oak Knoll.

Mrs. E. B. Pond and Miss McNeil have taken rooms at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Peter Decker came down from Marysville on Thursday.

Miss Julia Jucker, of Honolulu, is visiting Miss Emeline Kirketerp.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Sherwood have gone to their beautiful country villa for the season.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. Van Deuzen are visiting relatives in Oregon.

Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin are at Byron Springs.

Mr. O. F. Willey went to Santa Cruz last Saturday.

Miss May Norton has been visiting Miss Emma Yoell, at San José.

Mr. Frank O. Van Vranken will pass a portion of the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. D. Wilder are passing a few weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. A. W. Sisson was at the Geysers recently.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have gone to Santa Barbara, to remain during the remainder of the summer.

Mr. John N. Featherston passed Saturday and Sunday at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Hans H. Kohler and Miss C. Kohler are at the Kitteridge House, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Maud Estee have returned from a prolonged visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Misses Ada and Belle Sullivan, and Miss Azcacia Spence are at Santa Cruz.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Lilo McMullin, daughter of Mrs. John McMullin, will be married to Mr. E. B. Perrin next Wednesday. They will leave for the East and Europe after the ceremony.

Mrs. Elisha Cook, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Kohler, Miss Gross, Miss Tucker, Mr. Edington Detrick, Jr., Mr. William Heath, and Mr. A. M. Braccous made the ascent of Mt. Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. James A. Robinson gave a lunch party at her home at Redwood Farm, on Friday of last week, to Miss Miller, of New York, who is at present visiting Mrs. Timothy Hopkins at Menlo Park. The young ladies present were: Miss Miller, Miss Corbett, Miss Mills, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Friedlander, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Felton, and Miss Carolyn.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Fred Wheeler, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is enjoying two months' leave of absence.

Captain Daniel F. Callinan, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain Thomas J. Gregg, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., have been granted two months' leave of absence.

Major Blencowe E. Fryer, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence on account of illness.

Commodore and Mrs. Belknap, of Mare Island, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

MUSICAL NOTES

The Berkeley Choral Society.

The fifth concert of the Berkeley Choral Society was given last Tuesday evening in Assembly Hall at the University of California, Berkeley. It was a public rehearsal of Dudley Buck's cantata "The Light of Asia," which was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. The soprano solos were sung by Miss Helen Gompertz, Mrs. Hamilton Lee, and Mrs. F. C. Lippman, the tenor solos by Mr. A. Wendell Jackson, and the bass solos by Mr. William Blackie and Mr. F. L. Lippman, while Mr. H. B. Pasmore was the director of the music.

Miss Jacobine Wichmann will give a concert at the opera house in San Rafael, next Thursday. She will be assisted by Miss Nora Connell, Mr. H. B. Pasmore, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Mr. Henry Siering.

Queen Victoria's jubilee will be celebrated at Woodward's Gardens next Tuesday by an oration, a poem, national music, and choruses by a choir of one hundred and fifty voices, conducted by Professor H. J. Stewart, in the afternoon; and by a vocal and instrumental concert, a pyrotechnical display, and a grand ball in the evening.

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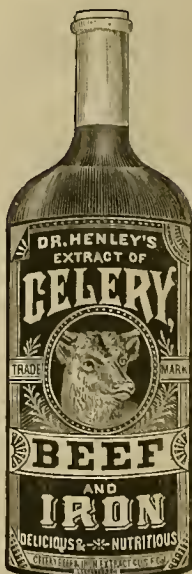
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Gus Williams will take the part of John Mishler, a German policeman, in "One of the Finest," at the Alcazar, next week.

The death of William E. Sheridan in the forty-sixth year of his age, is announced to have occurred in New South Wales, last month.

When Mrs. Langtry's season begins, the company now at the Baldwin will travel in the interior playing in "Held by the Enemy," and on their return, many of them will be in the cast of "Humanity."

A complimentary benefit will be tendered to J. J. Gottlob, the treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre, next week, by the management and the Sully company. The bill is "The Corner Grocery."

Charles Bowser arrived in town at Mr. ... to take the part of Estabrook in "Fanny ... at the Baldwin next week. He has been ... at the ... Green in "Hazel Kirke," ... and ... Bunch of Keys."

Miss Eleanor Barry, who made her debut at the Alcazar not long ago, and has been seen at the theatre and the California since, has accepted engagement with a Boston company, and will leave the East in a few weeks.

"Lady Clancarty," which—with the boudoir scene *bien entendu*—is a feature of Mrs. Langtry's repertoire, is not entirely new in San Francisco. It was given at the California under Barton Hill's management several years ago, by Ada Cavendish, and later by Mrs. Chanfrau.

Miss Belle Thorne, a San Francisco girl who has been singing with the Duff Opera Company, will appear at the Tivoli next week, singing Serpolette in the "Chimes of Normandy." She does not intend to remain here, however, as she is re-engaged for next season by Manager Duff.

An evening of "Readings and Recitations" is announced by Verona Baldwin, to take place at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Market and Seventh Streets, on Wednesday, June 22d. Seats on sale at Sherman & Clay's, and also at 208 Montgomery Street. Reserved seats without extra charge.

The California Theatre, next week, will be the scene of a somewhat remarkable show, known as "Bartholomew's Equine Paradox." It consists of a score of highly-trained horses, which go through military manoeuvres, perform tricks, and do other wonderful things that Professor Bartholomew has taught them.

A New York paper says that Mr. Langtry refuses to remain *perdu* any longer, and is coming out to America to join the Lily in her tour. Mrs. Langtry has not been heard from in the matter, as yet; but she probably would not be displeased at his presence, for she announced some months ago that as soon as she could learn his whereabouts she would have the necessary papers for a divorce served on him.

The Bush Street Theatre actually rejoices in a new piece of scenery. It is the Brooklyn Bridge scene used in the last act of "Daddy Nolan," and it shows the glimmering lights of New York in the distance, with a section of bridge in the foreground over which two miniature lines of cars run, between two miniature lines of electric lights. The cars only run half way across, and then come back, which would be rather inconvenient for passengers.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's charming little play, "Esmeralda," will be given at the Baldwin next week. The cast will include Miss Viola Allen, the original Esmeralda of the Madison Square production; Leslie Allen, who was the Old Man Rogers of the same company; Miss Louise Dillon, the original Nora; and Misses Kate Denin-Wilson and Annie Blancke, and Messrs. Henry Miller, Melbourne McDowell, Charles Bowser, and others.

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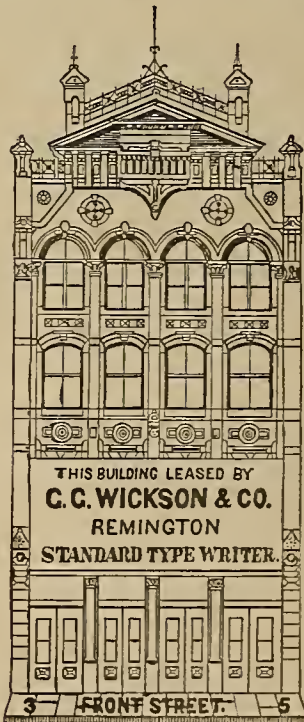
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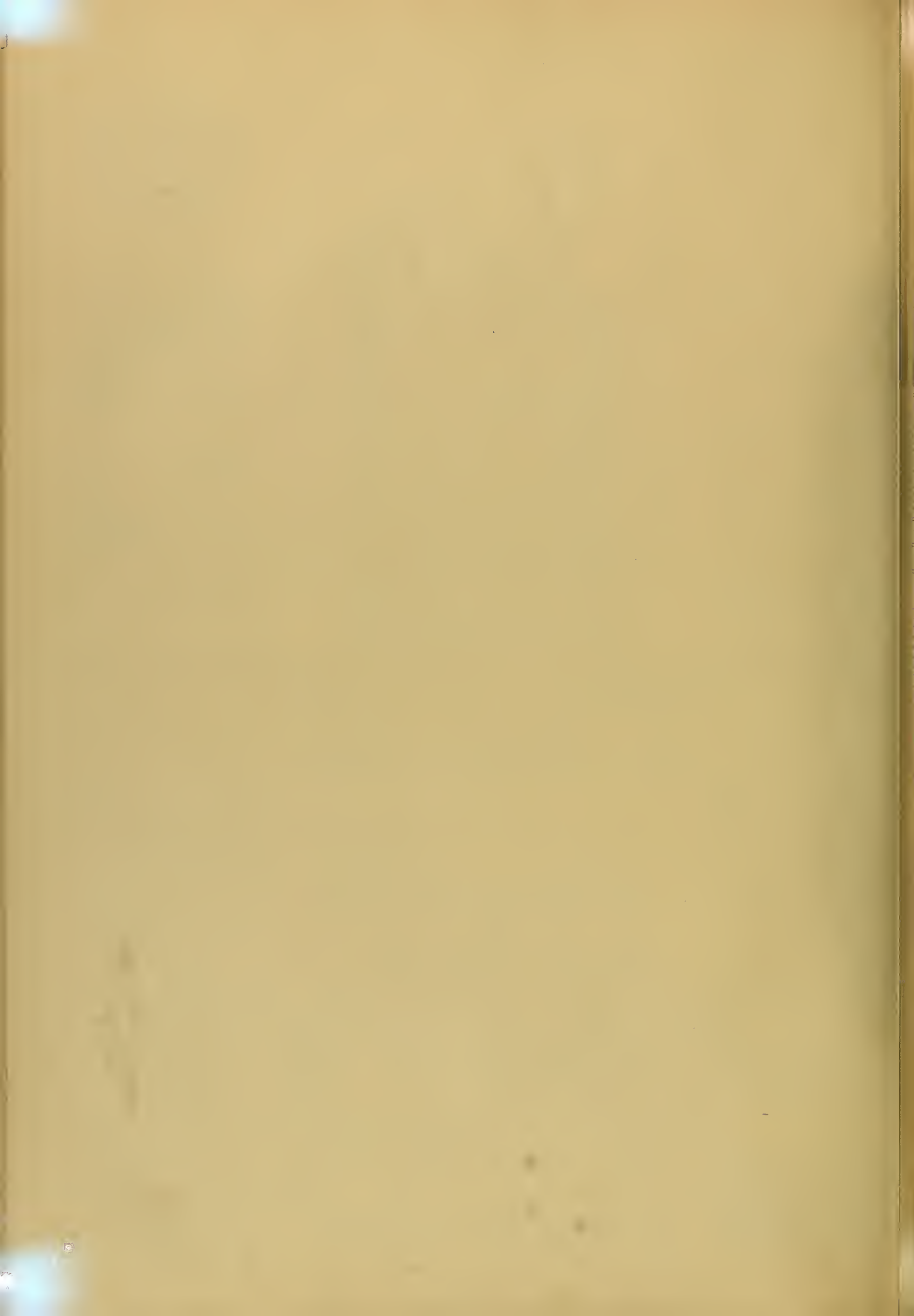
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Returning to San Francisco from a trip through the semi-southern counties, through the land of the orange, the olive, and the vine, coming from where the thermometer registers more than one hundred degrees in the shade, and the occasional breeze is a hot simoon, one's first duty is to acknowledge that the best climate of California is that of San Francisco; that its breezes are purer, more refreshing, and more healthful than those in other parts of the State. We never return from a visit to any part of this State in summer that we do not feel it a duty to apologize for all the unflattering reflections we have entertained and all the disparaging remarks we have ever made against the winds and fogs of San Francisco. Before we begin to recount the marvels we have witnessed, or describe the beautiful country we have visited, or note the progress and development, the improvement and enterprise we have seen in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, our conscience prompts us to

declare that in neither of these counties, nor elsewhere, on ocean shore or mountain range, on bill-side or valley, on forest summit or within the thermal belt, is there upon the Pacific Coast a spot where there are so many days in the year that it would be undesirable to change; that there is no other place upon the American continent where the strong, full-breasted, double-lunged man, woman, and child in health can find so desirable a climate or so enjoyable a place for residence. We hear the weak-lunged and thin-blooded complain of our ocean fogs, when, if they were not thin-blooded, and had good sound breathing machinery, and would open their nostrils and chests and lungs to inhale the salt sea-fogs, it would exhilarate them and inspire them with new life. We know that to the diurnal winds of summer are we indebted for our immunity from epidemic diseases, and from those burning days that elsewhere throughout the State, in certain seasons, make life a torture. San Francisco's summer days are cool for labor, and her summer nights are cool for sleep; her fogs are welcome, and her winds are healthful. When one has returned from Indio on the Colorado desert, and bought land where he expects somebody else to live and toil, and seen the thermometer climb to one hundred and twenty in the shade and the shade hard to find, he feels it a duty and a pleasure to apologize for the small irreverent damn-its he has profanely breathed when picking brick-bats and cobble-stones from his eyes on windy days in San Francisco. Southern California is a lunatic asylum, in which the majority of the people are mad as March hares; some are only partially deranged, some are recovering from their intensely nervous condition, some are to a degree rational, and occasionally there is one who has not been disturbed by the commotion around or excited by surrounding conditions. There are some people in some places who are apparently rational unless the subject of real estate is alluded to, when the chances are they will fly into the wildest commotion, and become total mental wrecks. The incursion of a few thousand Eastern tourists with their romantic wives and imaginative daughters, bringing with them a few millions of hoarded treasures, has brought about the most monumental and abnormal speculative gamble in real estate that was ever witnessed. Men who have toiled and scrimped and pinched to accumulate; who, immersed in busy industries, suddenly awake to wealth and leisure; who for the first time leave the counting-house and factory for travel, and for the first time in all their busy lives see sunshine that has in it no stroke of death; who experience a winter that is not an Arctic terror; who breathe the air from an ocean that does not guard its shores with ice, nor protect them with storms; who see winter and spring clothing the land with verdure, and a soil that rests in summer; who see the vine, the olive, the orange, and the pomegranate; who handle and eat all the fruits of tropic importation; who see the practical business side of a State producing forty million cents of grain, rich in all the essentials of agricultural wealth, confronting the industrious millions of Asia with a commerce that has made nations rich; who see a vast area of unoccupied lands only requiring the touch of waters, running unused and valueless to the sea, to make them bear fruits and grain—when they see these things, the sons and daughters of the family arouse themselves from the reading of poetry and romance, from dreams of elysian lands and lakes flowering with lotus to see them living realities; to this is united the greed of old Paterfamilias and the romantic imaginings of the younger ones, and the incursionist finds himself anchored by a land investment. Those who go eastward do so with a determination to return with means to settle. The inspiration catches, and the East is preparing to move down upon California in solid column. The indolent, apathetic Argonaut—fall of '49 and spring of '50—or the still more fossilized "old Californian," awakes to a realization of the fact that new blood and new capital are surging around him. Shaking himself from the dream of nearly half a century, he congratulates himself that he had courage to arouse at the new clatter, and it is not the least comical feature of the awakening to hear the old Californian boast that he has contributed to the resurrection. Those who slumbered deepest and were the last to awake, congratulate themselves for the possession of superior judgment in not selling their lands before anybody even thought of purchasing them. What has caused

the boom in southern lands is not so important as the question whether the demand for landed property will continue. It is our judgment that this immigration is not likely to decrease in volume, nor suddenly to come to an end. Our country has more than sixty millions of people; money is very abundant, and has already accumulated beyond the power of its owners to safely invest, except at a very low rate of interest; savings-bank deposits are not averaging four per cent.; government bonds can not be purchased to return three per cent.; money in large sums upon call can be had in New York at two per cent. per annum; and in London, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam at even lower rates. Social disturbances in Europe are directing emigrants and money to this country. Climatic and other considerations have turned the attention of our own people to California, and we can find no reason that justifies us in thinking that the land operations of southern California are not based upon rational foundations, and that the southern counties now luxuriating in this most delightful craze may not reasonably hope to indulge themselves in its prolonged—perhaps not indefinite—continuance. Southern California below the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude is delightful in climate, is fertile in soil, is healthful. It produces nearly every variety of fruit, and is grain-producing. Its ocean coast is attractive, and its interior valleys are salubrious. Its mountain ranges carry their soils to a considerable elevation, and in every respect, except for water, there is but little to desire. In the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Diego, and the larger part of San Bernardino there is not the abundance of water that is found in the more northern portions of the State. In San Diego and San Bernardino there are larger areas of desert than elsewhere, whose future is only dependent upon water; yet, so far as surface indications go, water does not exist in great quantities. This region of our State abounds in mines of gold and copper; it abounds in quarries of marble and choice building stones; it has inexhaustible lime, but no coal; while it has one almost perfect harbor—viz, that of San Diego—it has so quiet an ocean coast that along its entire extent excellent harbors may be constructed by some assistance from the government or private corporations. If the time should ever come when, by an unwise policy, it shall be deemed desirable to divide the State, these southern counties will possess all the essentials of independent government, and a State could be carved out that would be in most respects self-supporting and self-dependent. In a word, southern California is a splendid and most attractive country, and is increasing rapidly in population and wealth. It has, in our opinion, but entered upon a successful and prosperous career. And now, having said so many pleasant things concerning it and its people, we return to the assertion that it is a vast lunatic asylum; that its people are most of them crazy; that there is a large amount of sham in the business, and that, while fortunes are being realized by the continual turning over of land transactions, not every one is getting rich and not everybody is making money. We have been through one gambling craze, of which San Francisco was the centre. Gambling in mining stocks was not unlike this land craze: the Comstock lode was a genuine bonanza; its working turned out many millions of profit; it incited the finding of other and less valuable deposits of minerals; it made many persons millionaires; it gave to others lesser fortunes; but it ruined and demoralized hundreds where it profited scores. Land-gambling is less dangerous, because land is capable of being seen and visited, and, as a rule, the buyer will not purchase a lot that he has not visited and brought his personal judgment to bear upon its value. If he does, he is simply a fool, and the sooner he has lost his money the sooner it will reach the possession of some one who knows better how to use it. If the land-buyer from the East would rely upon his own judgment, the evils resulting from this insane land-scramble would not prove of serious consequence; but when the whole community is excited, when the waiter behind your chair, and the barber who shaves you, and the milliner who sells ribbons, and the hotel-keeper with whom you stop, and the banker with whom you deposit your money, and every one with whom you come in contact has lost his reason over the value of land, it is not improbable that very many people will part with their money without getting its

equivalent in breadth of acreage, productiveness, or value of speculative location. There are in the city of Los Angeles four hundred and eighty registered real-estate brokers. We think we do not misstate the fact when we declare that every banking-house in the city of Los Angeles is operating in speculative land transactions, and that nearly every business man, merchant, mechanic, and laborer is himself dealing with some syndicate, or in some locality that colors the advice he may give in reference to land investment. The writer did not meet an old acquaintance, or make a new one, or engage in casual conversation with anybody, male or female, who was not more or less engaged in land speculation. We met cool-headed persons who are basing their calculations upon existing conditions and upon future probabilities—men who, not being lunatics themselves, know how to make money out of lunatics; these men are "loading-up" for the expected fall immigration; they expect to buy and sell and clean up before the collapse comes. We are convinced beyond doubt that there is a large amount of sham and fraud practiced in real-estate transactions; there are real-estate brokers who are doing a legitimate business and dealing only in valuable properties; there are others who scruple at no deceit and stick at no lie to make a dishonest gain; there are auction sales that are conducted honestly and honorably; there are others that are as shameless Peter Funk frauds as were ever practiced in selling "snide" jewelry. At Pasadena, the Raymond tourists seem to have stirred the most active improvement. All available building material and labor are employed in the construction of substantial buildings and residences; had a small army, under the direction of an Alexander or Philip, been ordered to build a city, it could not have displayed greater zeal or energy. All over the surrounding country, from mountain range to ocean side, towns are springing up, farms are being purchased for subdivision, fine hotels are being erected, villa residences are growing up all over the country; every foot of ocean beach, from the Mexican line to Santa Barbara, is a prospective "Newport" or "Long Branch"; every spring of mineral, hot, or nasty water is to become a "Saratoga" or "Avon"; to every mountain height there is to be constructed a railroad and on its summit built a hotel of immense proportions. There are enough suburban villages surveyed to accommodate the combined populations of London, Paris, and New York. Los Angeles is disappointing. Its growth and the character of its improvements do not answer our expectations—perhaps we had anticipated too much. It has but one or two commercial blocks of first character in process of construction; its dwelling-houses are of moderate pretensions, excepting a very few. Mr. Flood's city residence on California Street, his country place at Menlo, and his commercial blocks on Montgomery and Market streets would equal in point of value all the improvements we saw going on in the city of Los Angeles by private individuals. There is not a first-class hotel or one of superior accommodations within the city limits. The Raymond, at Pasadena—large, sumptuous, and elegant—is now closed for the summer. The Arcadia, at Santa Monica, is spacious, beautifully located upon the very brink of the ocean, commanding a broad view, and overlooking a splendid beach. The Coronado, at San Diego, is represented as destined, when completed, to be the largest hotel in America, and to be equal to the best in point of comfort and luxurious accommodations. Santa Monica is, for an ocean resort, most delightful. Riverside for an interior place of residence can not, in our opinion, be anywhere surpassed. This town antedates the present craze, and less than any other partakes of it. It shows less of shoddy and *nouvelle richesse*; it seems to have more of repose and culture in the composition of its people. It has fewer lots to sell, fewer real-estate brokers, less unrest and nervous excitement in its streets; its orange groves are greener and better cultivated; its vines are less dusty; its waters are more abundant and move in more dignified measure along their channels, and it seems almost to be regretted that there is to be erected a new and more sumptuous and more spacious hotel than the old and quiet Glenwood, to invite people from its cooling shadows and its grateful lawns out into the glare and sunshine, and heat of a more fashionable caravansary. Riverside has but one other enterprise, and that is the "cold warehouse" to preserve its fruits and take the animal heat out of its dead pork, and veal, and beef. Of the enterprise that gives cold, sweet oranges all summer, and luscious, juicy grapes all winter, we will not complain. Concerning Santa Barbara, we heard the most glowing description of its progress, improvements, and increasing population. It, too, has a hotel, the Arlington, described as of large dimensions and possessing every requisite of modern improvement and luxurious comfort. San Diego City, which we did not visit, is represented as in most flourishing condition, giving promise of future greatness and prosperity. So, from what we saw and heard, there seems to be no question that the southern portion of California has entered upon a career of progress and development which promise a splendid and progressive future. The people of this newly discovered country are deeply impressed with their own assured career, and are fully convinced that San Francisco and the north country

are profoundly jealous of their promising condition. With immovable incredulity they listened to our statements that the northern portion of the State was in a condition of healthful progress, and was really getting along very well, and they kindly admitted that we might expect a portion of their overflowing immigration, and that it was not improbable that some of the poorer class of immigrants, who could endure our more rigorous and inhospitable climate, would content themselves with purchasing our less valuable and less desirable lands for the purpose of occupation and cultivation. When, in our enthusiasm, we claimed for the north land a climate not inferior to their own, with soil more productive, with water more abundant, with its citrus fruits held a month earlier than theirs, and pointed out the unwelcome fact that we supplied their own markets with our earlier fruits and vegetables; that from our great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin we sent forty millions of cents of grain to Liverpool; that our harbor of San Francisco was crowded with grain-carrying ships; that in San Francisco we had four million dollars' worth of buildings in process of construction; that we had great rivers rolling their unused waters through productive agricultural lands to the sea; that in the artesian belt in the counties of Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, lands unequalled for productiveness by any in the semi-tropic southland, and unsurpassed for fertility by any on earth, were selling for ten dollars per acre, we were looked upon—as all sane persons are in a lunatic asylum—as crazy beyond hope of possible cure. When we contrasted the splendid reach of broad, productive lands that from the shores of Puget Sound, through Washington Territory, down through our Sacramento Valley from the Oregon line, with wealth of primeval forests, quarries, mines, fruit, and grain lands in Butte, Colusa, Sacramento, Yolo, and Solano; the great promising empire of the San Joaquin that leads up from the plains that skirt the Kern river to the bay of San Francisco, through Kern, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Stanislaus, and San Joaquin; the splendid country that lies upon our ocean shore from San Barbara northward through San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Mateo, Alameda, and Contra Costa, and from the inexhaustible forests of Humboldt, southward through Mendocino, Sonoma, Lake, Napa, and Marin to the only harbor that for twelve hundred miles breaks through our ocean shore into a great and spacious inland sea; contrasted this broad empire with the pocket valleys and dry streamlets that contribute to the hamlets of San Diego and Los Angeles; compared our great bay and broad navigable rivers with the artificial harbor at Ballona, and the dry bed of the Los Angeles river, we were decreed incurable lunatics. When we affected confidence in the splendid future of our city of San Francisco, with its three hundred thousand people, and said we had other and more important things to think of than to indulge in jealousy at their spirit of rivalry and their boom of climate, we were considered as a chronic case of bopeless insanity. Perhaps it would interest our readers to see the names of some of the cities whose foundations are laid in the present boom—all new, all promising, all destined to become great and populous. The great Tadmor upon the oasis within the lines of the Colorado desert is not yet named. The following are only a part of the boomlets:

Marquette,	Ontario,	San Jacinto,
North Cucamonga,	Lordsburg,	Orange,
Delmar,	Palomar,	Rincon.
Oceanside,	Alosta,	Westminster,
Claremont,	Lamanda Park,	Newport Landing,
Lugonia,	Arcadia,	Tustin,
Urbita,	Monrovia,	Anaheim,
Spadra,	Pasadena,	Garvanzo,
Redlands,	Sarsamia,	Burbank,
Mentone,	El Monte,	Carpenteria,
Highlands,	Puente,	Compton,
Rialto,	Cerouna,	Carlsbad,
Beaumont,	Alhambra,	Artesia,
Banning,	Shorb,	Gladstone,
Citrus,	Ramona,	Azusa,
Perris,	Long Beach,	Ivanhoe,
Ballona,	Wave Crest,	
Pomona,	San Pedro,	

For the first time in the world's history, the Church of Rome has come in conflict with the free citizen of a great republic, in reference to his opinions and their expression upon questions not spiritual. The Church of Rome has persistently claimed authority over all matters civil and ecclesiastical. It claims to be the "Divine" Institution—Jesus is the son of God and co-equal with him in wisdom and power. The Pope is his vicar. "Vicar of Christ" is his title. He then, by virtue of his office, is the representative of God on earth. The Pope is the head of this Divine Church, and when he speaks "ex-cathedra" upon matters of faith, morals, and discipline, he is infallible. This doctrine, accepted and carried to its logical deduction, makes the Pope of Rome the supreme judge of every human question, the supreme arbitrator of every human controversy. For Dr. McGlynn to attempt to disagree with the Pope, or to dispute his mandate, or to refuse to accept any final decision he may render, is to deny the divine character of the church, is to deny the doctrine of infallibility, is to deny that the Pope is the

Vicar of Christ, or that he holds any mission that stamps him with authority from God. Dr. McGlynn, in setting his opinion against the authority of the church, is in rebellion against God, and of right ought to be anathematized and communicated, branded as a heretic, and consign to eternal torment. The Reverend Doctor has refused to Rome, and Rome will be compelled to go for the Reverend Doctor and depose him from his spiritual office, debar him from his ecclesiastical rank, and dismiss him from exercise of his clerical functions. Because we think the Church of Rome a fraud and sham, and its assumed divine authority a wicked and sacrilegious pretext; because we think its Pope bears no divine character, and because we look upon the Papal Hierarchy as a political organization looking forward to the grasp of civil power in the United States of America, and the exercise of political authority throughout the world, and as the enemy of our republican form of government, our sympathies are necessarily with the rebellious and recalcitrant Doctor. If an American citizen has any rights of opinion which the Church of Rome is required to respect, then, without doubt, the doctor, right, and Bishop Corrigan and Pope Leo are both wrong. If an American citizen has the right to entertain an independent opinion upon any subject, and the right of speech under any circumstances, then assuredly the McGlynn has the unquestioned right to think that should be no private ownership in land, and that George ought to be mayor of New York. While McGlynn has enunciated doctrines concerning property not acceptable to intelligent minds, he has taken a step in reference to the Church of Rome which will meet the approval of every intelligence not in shackles to this tedious and dangerous church. There is an immeasurable pudence in this Italian Bishop of Rome sending his message to a citizen of this great commonwealth, bidding him hold certain opinions on questions of political economy to express them, and to come in humiliation and disgrace before his ecclesiastical high mightiness, and bow before his throne and be punished at his will for entertaining expressing opinions upon political questions in America in accordance with those held by this alien church. Every statement of the proposition lifts Dr. McGlynn to the height of patriotic martyrdom, and sinks the whole of the papacy into the mud and slime of a pretentious arrogance, and contemptible ignorance of its rights and authority. There is not a citizen of this republic so humble, so weak, so spiritless, that he might not laugh and snigger at the swelling insolence of Rome, and say, "divinity that hedges the Vicar of Christ, and to the throne that surrounds the viceregal throne of God, to mind business and not to interfere with matters which can concern it." Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's, has taken that which is impregnable, and if he will hold it with the and courage that ought to clothe American sovereignty, may have inaugurated such a rebellion against Rome as dwarf that of Luther and the English reformation to proportions. The monk of Wittenberg and Henry had no such intelligence behind them, and worked in ignorance as gives opportunity to the priest of St. Stephen's overthrow of a corrupt and ambitious church. It is notable that this controversy comes in America, comes in a republican government, where personal liberty prevails, freedom of opinion is protected by law, or short shrift be given this rebellious priest. Around Galileo is an immortal shame. He held to the opinion that the sun moved around the sun in diurnal orbit, and that the sun not move around the earth. He was a great astronomer, wise and wonderful man; he was born of noble family, named and declared as professor of astronomy by the Roman Senate. He was the personal friend of Pope. He had gained the loftiest distinction, and was recognized the foremost man of learning in an age when science, literature, and art were dawning above the horizon, after a dismal night. He was a staunch, devoted, pious man. Rome. But the church was not ready for science, keeping step with the world's progress in learning; and a determination to continue the age of ignorance and servitude, it whistled for its hounds. Out came from the kennels the "consulting theologians of the holy Monks—Benedictine, Dominican, Carmelite, and others from their cloisters; cardinals, from palaces; priests, learned monsignors, from their offices, came forth, tongue-tied, for the controversy. Pope Urban VIII. gave and finally yielded his unwilling consent; theologians were assured; his book was prohibited; Galileo was cited to Rome by the Inquisition. He pleaded his age, now close upon seventy years—his infirm health, the difficulty and danger of travel. Urban looked upon him as in subordinate, and would not relent he yielded, and went to Rome. He remained in dejection at the papal court for two months, was prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition from the 12th to the 30th of April. He was accused of writing in defiance of the command of the holy office. He was examined under mercurial torture. In June he read his recantation, and received his sentence. He was condemned "as suspected of

was incarcerated at the pleasure of the tribunal, and by way of penance was enjoined to recite once a week, for three years, seven penitential psalms. The sentence was signed by seven cardinals. He lived for eight years of his life in the strict retirement which was the condition of his comparative freedom. When this grand old scholar and learned astronomer of the seventeenth century yielded his opinions to the dictation and tyranny of an ignorant and superstitious church, he arose from receiving his sentence, stamped his foot, and said: "It still moves." He not only uttered a truth, but he made a prophecy; that the world moves is evidenced by the fact that in the nineteenth century, in America, a man—a priest, an American, not learned, not great, has the courage of his convictions, and says to the successor of Urban: "I will not go to Rome." "I will not yield my opinions." "I will not suppress my speech." "I will not recant." "I will not apologize." "I defy the authority of Rome." "I do not fear its power." "I will not obey its mandates." "There is with me a great, courageous, fearless, and resolute majority of intelligent Roman Catholics. There is behind me a powerful republic whose citizen I am, and upon whose laws I depend for protection." When we hear that the Church of Rome is increasing in numbers and in power, and is threatening the repose of our government and the strength of our union, we delight to point out the existing differences. We teach in our common school the astronomy of Galileo, and a common priest defies with impunity the authority of Rome, and all the intelligent, self-respecting, courageous world applauds. We may exclaim with Galileo two hundred and fifty years after his death, "E pur si muove." It still moves, and in every advancing step the intelligent world moves away from Rome.

The movement by the citizens of California for the erection of a statue in memory of the Rev. Starr King commands itself to all who recall his distinguished services, who admire his marvelous genius, and who hold in respect his patriotic efforts to hold our State in loyalty to the Union. His organization and direction of the movement in aid of the sanitary fund, that contributed so generously to our loyal soldiery, would alone entitle him to this mark of distinction. His was a grand, pure life; he was earnest, eloquent, and, in all respects, honorable; he was invaluable to the community in which he lived, and now that more than a quarter of a century has passed, and those who knew and loved him are passing away, it is appropriate that there should be erected, in some fit place, a shaft of bronze or marble to perpetuate his name and memory. The church edifice near which his remains were deposited is to be torn down. It gives way before the march of improvement; another will be erected, and near it, or in it, all that is mortal of the great preacher will find a final resting-place. To separate Starr King's church and Starr King's grave would be to separate soul and body. His spirit hovers over the church in which he toiled, and for the congregation to move out from under its protecting shadow would be to withdraw itself from all the sentiment and sympathy that give it strength. The Unitarian church is his personal monument, around which those who knew and loved him may meet and mourn. A public monument will preserve his memory to generations who did not know him.

The *Chronicle*—for some reason we hope satisfactory to itself—has become the advocate of the Papal Church, and is, through thick and thin, a zealous defender of its principles and its policy. It sneers at the English. It fawns in sycophantic subservience to the Irish. Every item of foreign news is colored in the interest of the Church of Rome, in the interest of Irish home rule. The dispatches from the East and its local news all bear the same coloring. For months it has not had an impartial or unprejudiced line in its editorial columns concerning any matter in which the Irish Roman Catholic priest or the Irish politician takes interest. And now it advises the Lahor party to repress Henry George because he has indulged himself in irreverent comment upon his Italian Holiness the Pope. George has compared him to an itinerant organ-grinder with Cardinal Simeoni for his monkey. Why not repress the organ and the monkey? Why not drive these intruding showmen from the country? Henry George and Father McGlynn are Americans and native-born, and in our judgment have better right to entertain and express wrong opinions upon any question of American politics than has an Italian monkey to chatter of what does not in any sense concern him. If Italian popes, cardinals, organs, or monkeys do not wish to be called hard names, let them take their music and their monkey-shines out of the country.

Apropos of a paragraph in last week's paper, some one writes us: "The Southern Pacific have had in service during the last five years, several locomotives of over one hundred and sixty thousand pounds; they have two of one hundred and ten tons each, or two hundred and twenty thousand pounds."

An Alsatian who tattooed himself all over with "Vive la France" was imprisoned for six months when he came to be examined for admission to the German army.

LIFE IN LONDON.

The British Babylon as seen through American Spectacles.

The first thing in London that strikes the American's notice most prominently is the employment of women in so many of the public places, where only men are employed with us. The person who dispenses drinks in a London drinking-place is almost invariably a sharp-featured, stony-faced, business-looking woman. They are very direct and expeditious. They ignore the general conversation of their customers, but occasionally give forth a rattling machine-laugh over some ancient joke of a gilded British youth. You find them at all of the hotels. Instead of being confronted with a smiling, diamond-ornamented American clerk, you meet a sad-faced, dismal, dejected-looking young woman, who, in a husky whisper, asks you to register, and assigns you a room, then shuts up under a mantle of reserve and withdraws to the interior of the office. No information is ever volunteered at any English hotel. The rooms at the hotels, as a general thing, are uncomfortable for Americans, because they are rarely, if ever, heated. The system of heating is by open grates. This would be well enough, if the grates were of any size or had any capacity. The average grate in a London hotel room is about the size of a two-quart basket, and it is always expected to heat a room fourteen by sixteen on an average.

In every hotel of any standing there is always a large, comfortable smoking-room for gentlemen and a large lounging-room for ladies. These rooms are always well-heated, and it is a significant fact that they are always crowded. The guests of the hotel spend very little time in their rooms. The smoking-room in English hotels could be copied with advantage in the United States. There is nothing more dreary in the world than the reading-room or gentlemen's waiting-room of American hotels. In the English hotels the smoking-room is furnished with heavy leather-covered chairs and sofas, with small tables scattered about. There any one can order anything he pleases to drink, or come in, after his dinner, for his cup of coffee with his cigar. It is always a cosy and comfortable place, and, indeed, almost the only comfortable place in the hotel.

At all of the leading hotels of London there is a uniformed porter at the door. If there are one or two inside doors, you will find a porter in uniform at each one of them. At the elevator often stands a porter in the uniform of a chasseur. You will find at every turn and bend in any great London hotel a gayly-uniformed servant, ready to step across your path and insist upon helping you in the most trivial way, but expecting always in return for each act a sixpence. The English people, as a class, do not live in hotels. Every Englishman, however poor, keeps house. They are very fond of shutting themselves up behind regular forts of walls. Even the smallest cottages have brick walls built around them, and the visitors who desire to enter must ring a bell at the side of the door in the garden wall.

The authorities of London appear to be largely content with keeping the streets absolutely clean. The pavements are a marvel of solidity and excellence. They are kept perfectly clean even in the most remote and poorer quarters by a perfect system of street-sweeping. But the supervision of the streets appears to cease after the mere dirt and filth is cleared away. There is apparently no control over the lawless population which wanders about the streets of London the minute that night appears. Begging of the most impudent and shameless character is unchecked by the police. The rudest kind of altercations and rows may take place under the very noses of the police without attracting their attention. It is one of the most notorious facts of London life that shameless women walk the streets in droves, and appear, after a certain hour of the night, to have the right of way and control of the streets. Nothing that has ever been written about this has approached a semblance of the real truth. The police pay no attention to them. They may be as drunk as they please, shout or sing as loud as they like, or be as annoying to passers-by as they may see fit. The only safe rule to follow, to spare one's self annoyance, in walking the streets of London, one is told by English people, is to ignore absolutely any remark, request, or complaint made to you by any stranger. If you set your face like a graven image, and turn neither to the right nor to the left, you will rarely, if ever, be suspected of being an unsophisticated foreigner with feelings and sympathies to be worked upon by the harpies and heggars who prowl the streets, fighting like cats and dogs, howling, shouting, and drinking, warring for human prey.

They have no swift or economical system in London for the transmission of messages outside of the postoffice and the telegraph; they have no district messengers. The telephone has made but very slow progress. It is very badly managed, and it is with such difficulty that messages are sent and obtained over it, that it is not likely to become popular in the near future. Then, too, it is closed at nine o'clock in the evening. Think of that! In London, the largest city in the world, the general offices are closed at this hour, so that you can send no messages. There is scarcely a small town out West in the United States where the telephone offices are not kept open all night.

It is the public sentiment of London that keeps its streets so clean. In the lowest quarter of London the streets are as clean as in the best quarters of New York. They have tried every variety of experiment here in the direction of pavements, and have settled down to asphalt and wooden blocks. It has been said in the United States that the asphalt streets would not stand the heavy traffic of New York, but they do stand in London where the traffic is even heavier. The wooden-block pavements, which were such a failure in Washington when they were put down by Boss Shepherd, are a great success in London. The material used for the surface is the same, but the English contractors are made to put down a solid rock and tar basis. Wood with this basis becomes as solid as stone, while it retains its elasticity. They have a Board of Public Works here which sends out inspectors to see that contractors and builders do their work honestly. I was out at the American Exposition Grounds the other day, and I noticed that the circular amphitheatre seats of the Wild West Show were built upon the heaviest of posts, and that these posts were set down in walls of rock

and cement. They were made so as to endure the greatest possible strain. The bridge leading from the main Exposition building over the railroad to the Wild West grounds was made, also, of the stoutest timbers and the heaviest lumber. I said, pointing to the seats: "I never saw any outdoor seats put up this way in the United States. Where did you get your idea of making them so strong, as if they were to last for a century?" "Oh," said one of the managers, "we hadn't the remotest idea of spending that amount of money on them; but an officer of the Board of Works came along, and told us that we would have to build them that way, or not at all. It costs us a good deal more money, but the public will not be treated to a panic from falling seats, no matter how great a crowd comes."—*London Correspondent New York World.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Primrose Day."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I notice in your most interesting paper of May 21st an article from your London correspondent, giving quite an elaborate description of the manner in which "Primrose Day" is observed in that city. The writer tells the "people out of England that it is the anniversary of the day when the Earl of Beaconsfield—better known as Benjamin Disraeli—departed this life"; that the celebration is a "carnival of primroses," but "where the idea was got, or from whom or whence it originated," your correspondent "don't suppose anybody could tell you."

I will tell: "In the spring of 1880, when the news of the Radical victory was conveyed to Lord Beaconsfield, he said: 'I shall see the primrose blow at Hughenden,' and from his lordship's partiality for the tender little wildflower, as embodied in this quiet remark, has sprung up an institution which now claims a place on the calendar of England's national festivals."

On the nineteenth of April, 1881, the spirit of the distinguished statesman and author passed away to his rest. Earthly honors and defeat are alike to him. A quiet grave at Hughenden is all. At each recurring anniversary of his death the tiny primrose is worn by his admirers, as a tribute to departed genius. Wreaths and bouquets are brought as offerings of love to his memory. Even her Majesty the Queen commands that a wreath of primroses be sent to Hughenden, and placed on the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield on her behalf.

Of some who join in this "carnival of primroses" your correspondent's idea may be correct—that they worship at an empty, meaningless shrine, of whom it might be said:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But the greater number who wear the simple badge are actuated by a more tender sentiment than personal adornment.
AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

JUNE 15, 1887.

"The Shakespeare Myth."

DEAR ARGONAUT: May I risk a word on the "Shakespeare Myth"—that while I can not imagine the austere Lord Bacon any more capable of creating the dainty Ariel than that our own Chief Justice Taney could conceive a Rosalind or an Imogen—so neither can I suppose a Warwickshire farmer's boy could write "Hamlet" or "Macbeth"; in fact, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly settles the question, while the criticism of "H. F. C." in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*, Emerson, quoted from his "Shakespeare, the Poet," entirely strip the last borrowed plume from the poet's head.

It is inconceivable that a lad brought up and educated in a village school could have been endowed with such imagination, and the supposition that he created such sublime imaginings is just as ridiculous as the current belief that a tipping excise-man wrote the *Macbeth*. The score was, of course, written by the author, the poem to Walter Scott.

Who now believes that a poor cripple, educated in an Edinburgh grammar-school, were ever capable of "Child Harold" or the "Bride of Abydos"? Not an "H. F. C." or an Ignatius Donnelly. Or who now, in this enlightened era of steam and electricity, believes that Amadeus Mozart, at the age of seven years, wrote a symphony? Tell it to the marines, the sailors won't believe you, much less the Jesuits and nonnells. The score was, of course, written by his father, just as it is well known Byron's poems were written by his mother.

And who but the infatuated non believe that Haydn, wandering about Europe with a band of itinerant organ-grinders, ever wrote or imagined the sublime "Creation"? Not much. Where did he learn "With Verdure Clad" or "Let there be Light"? The intimate knowledge displayed of the Bible story proves that it was written by the abbot of St. Bernard's Monastery, where Haydn sojourned in one of his trips to Italy.

For my part, I don't believe in these erratic geniuses. I only believe, with Ignatius Donnelly, in good, hard common sense, and the holy Roman Catholic Church, which excommunicates, I believe, all these frauds.
Q. E. D.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1887.

From a Protestant Clergyman.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: On the opening page of the *Argonaut* for January 1, 1887, appeared an editorial containing a very valuable extract from an address made by the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, D. D., Bishop of Western New York, whom you truthfully pronounce "one brave and daring man, who has the courage of his convictions." In the concluding paragraph, you said: "We hope our readers will just read this extract once more. It comes from a man of grand and resolute courage, a great scholar, a man of learning and observation. We wish our Protestant brethren and sisters to read it a hundred times, and pray over it—pray for courage to act like men, and not like sheep, in the crisis which is coming to the country. The *Argonaut* needs an ally, and it is not too proud to welcome aid from any pulpits that has the courage to snap its fingers and bite its thumbs at the aggressive insolence of Papal Rome." The writer of this communication is a Protestant clergyman. He sincerely thanks the *Argonaut* for the advice given. He has read the extract from Bishop Cox's address, many, many times. Over it he has pondered that the hundreds of his brethren may have "courage to act like men, and not like sheep, in the crisis which is coming to the country."

You speak of "the advancing banners of Rome," and the tread of her "invading columns." That citizen must be short-sighted, indeed, who can not see the former, and irretrievably deaf who can not hear the latter. The following letter, just received from Professor Goldwin Smith, will tell what these "invading columns" accomplished in days gone by in Ireland:

"THE GRANGE, TORONTO, June 15, 1887.
"DEAR SIR: Accept my best thanks for sending me your pamphlet on 'Religious Persecution.' In the Letters of Monsignor G. B. Rintocini, Papal Ambassador in Ireland from 1645 to 1649, you will find an account of the wholesale slaughter of prisoners and fugitives in cold blood by Roman Catholics, which is approved by the Monsignor. Here is a quotation:

"The whole army recognizes this victory as from God, every voice declares that not they, but the apostolic money and provisions have brought forth such great fruits. Every one is venerated as a saint, and the people of O'Neill, who bore himself most bravely when asked by the colonels for a list of his prisoners, swore that his regiment had not one, as he had ordered his men to kill all without distinction." (The Embassy in Ireland, page 175.)

"Yours faithfully,
GOLDWIN SMITH."

The following extract from the *Western Watchman*, a Roman Catholic paper published in St. Louis, will tell what these "invading columns" expect to accomplish in the near future in the United States:

"PROTESTANTISM.—We would draw and quarter it. We would impale and hang it up on every cross. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons. We would fill it with molten lead and sink it in a hundred fathoms of hell fire."

This extract was shown by Chaplain McCabe to the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* at the meeting of the Maine Conference, and the editor tells us in his issue of June 9, 1887, that he "expressed doubt as to its having appeared exactly as quoted, and requested the chaplain to write to the editor of the *Western Watchman*. He did so, and the editor returned the extract with this sentence added: 'But would not lay an ungentle hand on a hair in a Protestant's head,' and then wrote, 'That is the sentence in full. E. S. PHELAN.'"

Let him who thinks that Rome "would not lay an ungentle hand on a hair in a Protestant's head," read the letter of Lord Acton, an English Roman Catholic, in the *London Times* of November 9 and November 24, 1874. Let him who thinks that Rome "would not lay an ungentle hand on a hair in a Protestant's head," read pp. 209-213 in vol. I, chap. 2, of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1882, and let him remember while he reads that an eminent Roman Catholic authority pronounced Mr. Lecky "one of the most able and impartial of living historians."

"We wish this country," says Dr. Brownson, "to come under the Pope of Rome." "We assert his supremacy, and tell our countrymen that we would have them submit to him." Shall American citizens "submit to the Pope? Do they, with the *Catholic World* of April, 1870, believe that "religious liberty must consist in the unrestrained freedom and independence of the church [of Rome] to teach all men and nations, princes and peoples, rulers and ruled, in all things enjoined by the theological law of man's existence, and therefore in the recognition and maintenance for the church [of Rome] of that very supreme authority which the Popes have always claimed, and against which the Reformation protested?" Shall "the conspicuous cowardice shown by the Protestant clergy in reference to the encroachments and aggressions of Papal Rome" compel the *Argonaut* to be "justly severe" on men who "have not the courage of the early martyrs"? God grant that henceforth every Protestant pulpit in the land may have "the courage to snap its fingers and bite its thumbs at the aggressive insolence of Papal Rome!" JOHN LEE, Methodist Episcopal Minister.
WYANET, ILL., June 17, 1887.

JOHNNY EVERARD'S CHOICE.

The influences: a raving, sobbing spring storm without; firelight and lamplight within. The people: Johnny Everard making a call on Mrs. Harding. The emotion: a long and honest friendship.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that a man can be in love with two women at the same time?"

"I wonder," she said, smiling. "I will not hide from you that I have been asked to concentrate my great mind upon this problem before now. I think, perhaps, while a man was unconscious that he was in love at all, he might be equally *épris* with two women; but as soon as love set in, so to speak, it would be definitely fixed on one object, if it were only for half a day. If love set in for the other woman for the other half of the day—"

"Ah, that's too bad," interrupted Johnny, hastily. "I didn't mean anything quite as weak as that."

Mrs. Harding questioned him a little by look, and went on with her embroidery. He leaned on the table, whirling her scissors, and then began, hesitatingly, in his soft, high voice: "They say we all have two sides to our nature, you know. A friend of mine is equally interested in two women, who appeal to different sets of emotions and tastes in him. I've seen both the enchantresses. Which will you bear about first?"

"The bad one."

"They're both good."

"The married one."

"Neither of them has a husband."

"Johnny, this could keep up forever. Give me Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, then."

"Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays," he corrected, "is a girl of about twenty-three. Splendid health—walk out or walk out half the men you know—tall and slender, round figure, little head, little dark face; great big eyes with curly lashes; great big mouth I'm afraid, intensely turned up at the corners; lots of white teeth, and an angel bang."

"Please, what's an angel bang?"

"Her hair cut off in thick locks to her ears, and in other thick locks round the back of her head, like pictures of angels, you know. She is a beautiful woman," he ended, seriously.

"Not a portrait made from one glance, and yet nothing about the inhabitant of the temple," said Mrs. Harding. "Has she a soul?"

"She wears beautiful little shoes," he laughed, evasively.

"Then tell me about Tuesdays—"

"And Sundays," he assisted. "Tuesdays and Sundays is a widow, about twenty-six. Widow has rather a poor but honest sound, I know, but it's all in the sound this time. This widow is the nearest approach to a *grande dame* that I ever saw. She knows everything—two or three languages, how to play and sing, reads everything, knows the world, too, and is awfully charitable, or tolerant, or whatever knowledge of the world makes a nice woman. She has a little daughter—a rosy, cosy sort of child. So much for madame."

"Is she pretty?" asked Mrs. Harding, significantly.

"*Simpatica*," he answered briefly.

"Johnny, it isn't very hard to tell how your friend's nature is divided," said Mrs. Harding, shaking her head at him. "Celestial and terrestrial?" he queried.

"Why, yes! How can there be a moment's hesitation between two such women? It is like choosing between life and death. Of course, I know, from your descriptions, that it is in fact choosing between Pauline Raymond and Mrs. Griswold," said Mrs. Harding, triumphantly; "the portrait of Pauline was florid, but unmistakable."

"I don't contradict you," said Everard, smiling significantly; "but supposing that it were so, how should my friend act?"

"Leave off seeing Mrs. Griswold for a fortnight, and see if Pauline alone satisfies him," said Mrs. Harding, promptly.

"But wouldn't two weeks of unmitigated Miss Raymond be nothing but a preparation for a proposal to Mrs. Griswold?" he argued.

"But on the other hand, may he not discover that he can not exist without Pauline?" objected Mrs. Harding.

"Exist," he echoed. "We can exist while our brains don't think half a thought a day, but our hearts must beat every instant or we shouldn't exist."

"You mean that the animal is the necessity, and the intellectual only an educated superfluity," interrupted Mrs. Harding.

"Wouldn't Miss Raymond be properly furious if she knew her name was being used for the type of the unintellectual," said Johnny, smiling.

He was in the vestibule, and spoke as he nursed a lighted match for his cigar, his eyes, fervent in the focussed flame, looking intensely human and living under his long lashes.

"Tell your friend to take my advice," insisted Mrs. Harding.

"I'll tell him," he replied, and the storm swallowed him up.

The influences: a warm, mellow, spring afternoon, a darkened parlor. The people: same Johnny Everard making a call on Mrs. Griswold. The emotion: *Qu'en sabe?*

"I love you, and you know it."

"You flatter me most highly, and I appreciate it."

"I don't like the way you say that, one bit."

Everard said this with self-possession, but a somewhat anxious brow. Mrs. Griswold gave him a friendly smile. He returned her look with determination.

"Please be just to me," he said: "I came here to ask you to be my wife. You are not in the right mood, perhaps. I will go away, and—What is it? What are you thinking?"

"I am disappointed."

"In me?"

"No, in myself. I fancied, of course, that you had had some such idea floating about in your mind, but thought—well, I thought it was never further from your intention than to-day. I even imagined you had come to indicate to me that you had given it up."

"You were mistaken."

"How grim you can be! It isn't your style either."

"Clara, I don't know you to-day. What have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing but reproach myself. What were we talking about?"

"I was making the simple, but to me very important, assertion that I love you."

"No, but before that. We were talking of Pauline."

"Ha!" cried Everard, mentally, with a sense of recovered ground; "she is jealous. I breathe again. You were saying," he pursued aloud, smiling a little, "how much you think of Miss Raymond."

"I didn't express myself well, for I meant how much you think of her," said Mrs. Griswold untruffled.

"I do think much of her, both in the sense of often and of highly. She is your friend; I associate her with you. I always think of you. I think of her as often as one may of some handsome and peculiar ornament that the woman he loves wears. I worship you, I can not live without you. If you do not love some other man I hope you will some time love me. I don't deserve it, except by the strength of my feeling for you, and that does deserve something."

To which she replied, nervously, "Johnny, don't!"

They all say it, from Tehama Street to the Western Addition; the difference is in the woman. Everard laughed a little. She had changed his mood, and, though she had tried to do it, her success troubled her. She had risen, now she sat down again.

"You are right," she said, seriously. "What you have said, since I did not prevent you from saying it, does deserve something. I do not love any other man, but—I think—I shall never marry."

"Very short and very bitter," said Everard.

"Please don't speak like that. We have been such good friends."

"We shall always be good friends," he said, and rose, in his turn, and walked down the room. He stood looking at the books, with his hands, which she much admired, crossed behind him, and then walked back to where she sat, feeling very helpless, and said:

"Why do you think you will never marry?"

"Because I am old enough to know what I am," she cried, almost in tears, "and I should not be a nice wife. I don't know how to live, I don't understand people, they don't understand me, and I get on better alone."

"Is that all?" he asked, smiling a little.

"I have been married, and my marriage was a failure."

He brushed the phrase aside, impatiently. That was not a matter open to his discussion, then, as she was silent:

"Aren't all your reasons," he argued, eagerly, "things that, as your lover, I am entitled to use my own judgment about? We all have little pangings of conscience about our small imperfections, but to Love those faults are dearer than perfection itself. You say you do not understand people. I do not demand that you should understand me, simple to childishness as I am; and that you do not know how to live; I should ask nothing from you, but to accept the life that I should exert every faculty I possess, to make happy and varied for you. As to understanding you, I am afraid women are right when they say men do not understand them; but that is part of the charm, where love is; and I should try to understand, if you would help me, and I think I have all experience on my side, when I say, flatly, that no one, not the most poised, and brilliant, and studious, that could be, really gets on better alone. There, I have answered every one of your objections. Will you trust yourself to me?"

Mrs. Griswold looked at him with more appeal in her eyes than she was aware of.

"You have said nothing of my marriage," she said, in a very low voice.

"How could I?" said Johnny; "I know nothing about it."

She turned from him, and looked out toward the street. He walked down the room again, and again came back, and this time sat down.

"Tell me about your marriage, if you will," he said. There was enough in his memories of his friendship with Mrs. Griswold, enough in her looks and tones this day, to make him think that very possibly she did love him after all, and that if he was sufficiently persistent, and let her talk herself out, she would confess it. He had a good deal of obstinacy, and he hated to be beaten.

"I don't know why I have never spoken to you of my marriage," began Mrs. Griswold, regaining her composure by degrees, under the influence of his. "My husband and I were both very young when we married. I had been a spoiled, only daughter, accustomed to think the set of ideas I was brought up in, the only right ideas in the world, and quite persuaded that men could only be kept in the path of duty by the diligent guidance and superior moral sense of women. All the graceful little Spanish flatteries of a man in love to the effect that all his lady does is perfection, and that he purposes to walk by her direction, I received as gospel truth, and was naively amazed when I found that my husband possessed perfectly settled views for his own conduct—and mine, too, and that he was exceedingly nettled when I differed from him on any subject. I think, now, that he had a funny, little, youthful fear of not being master in his own house. A few years over my head would have taught me to harmonize our difficulties with a little diplomacy, but then I thought diplomacy untruthful, perhaps even cowardly, and my feelings were outraged by a manifest attempt to rule me. In my whole life, as a girl, I had never considered possible anything so *bourgeois* as quarreling with anybody, yet, to my horror, found myself living in an almost perpetual wrangle. My husband was too young to treat my inexperienced oracles with the good-natured patience I have admired in so many men; to him they seemed dangerous rebellion and free-thinking in his family kingdom, to be crushed at once, and in resisting what I thought was tyranny I had neither tact nor self control."

"There had been a lull between our opposing wills for some time until it came to the naming of our child. He wished to call her Hermione, for a friend of his whom I am afraid I really hated. I don't think he was so anxious for the name as he was furious at my passionate and contemptuous rejection of it. We quarreled violently, and at the height of the difference he left the room. He often did so when his anger was getting the better of him, and I really thought little of it. It troubled me that he did not return that night, and terrified me when he was absent the next day and the next without sending me any word, but my pride

was in arms, when I guessed that this was meant for a sort of punishment to frighten me and bring me to terms. When three or four days went by, I had the baby baptized Hermione, and expected that would bring him, without reasoning how he should possibly know of it. Then I sent for his brother and asked him about my husband. He was surprised. Didn't I know where he was? He had sailed for Panama four days ago. I had a long illness and long convalescence, and, after waiting, had news of my husband's death from yellow fever at the Isthmus. His brother went down to Panama, and made all the inquiries and arrangements, but there was not a paper, nor a message, nor the faintest indication of what his thoughts or plans had been. That was the end."

Mrs. Griswold had not allowed herself to betray any excitement in telling the story, and Johnny remained silent at its close. He had expected her to conclude in such a nervous state that it would be almost a necessity for him to take her in his arms, and say, "I will console you for all you have suffered;" but, in fact, her calmness showed so plainly how deeply she had pondered the bitterness of her foolish youth, that now she seemed like a mourning figure on the other side of a grave—the grave, not of a willful man, over which he could have stepped with all the confidence of the living, but the grave of the illusion and romance of love itself. What could he do with a heart where he would only be in the portal, while in the inner shrine was a graven image of remorse with pride newly sacrificed before it daily? He felt, with a pang, that there was love strong enough to make all this troublous past forgotten, but his own was of slighter elements—it would falter before the memory of the ordeal by which the woman he loved had been disciplined.

He leaned forward, and took her hand.

"I have chilled him back to a friend," thought Clara, and then, of course, longed, irrationally, to put her arms around his neck, and beg him never to leave her.

"You have told me a sad story," said Everard, softly, "the saddest I ever heard. It would not do to unroof our friends' houses, would it? You were most kind to indulge my curiosity, when speaking must have given you pain. Thank you. Please don't reproach yourself so much—you were not to blame—and in thinking of me, try to think that all men are not alike, or, rather," he added, with a bitter smile, "that their inherent qualities of selfishness and tyranny differ in degree in different individuals. Good-bye, I shall go away now for a little while. I have made you nervous and blue by stupidly insisting when you were not in the mood, but when I come back, some time soon, you will tell me definitely, won't you, whether you ever could find it in your heart to care for me?"

The next two weeks were the only really wretched days that a beneficent Providence had intercalated into Johnny Everard's contented life. He plunged into the country, and there,

"With his guns, some novels, and fair weather, He and the birds were sorrowful together."

He was genuinely miserable, and he didn't like it.

"The stupid, morbid, inexperienced boy!" he would exclaim, apostrophizing poor Clara's "precedent lord," "why don't people keep such young calves tethered up in the nursery? To see me, anybody would suppose I was down here getting over a refusal—I wish I were! It's worse than that, it's a whole romance that's wounded and aching in me—not the pain of not getting what I wanted, but the pain of hardly wanting it any more. She seemed so calm, so far above all the pettiness of other women, and what does it turn out to be? Indifference! Her life and heart and soul have been trampled out and wasted away. She has schooled herself in expiation of her mistake until there is left only 'a casket with the gem no longer there.' She had some exaggerated idea of honor in telling me her story, I know, and perhaps, only from some exaggerated idea of duty, she will persuade herself that she should say yes when I go back to her."

At first, during his voluntary exile, when the vision of Pauline Raymond would flash through his sombre mind, he would mentally turn aside from her as one hides grief from children, but gradually as his pain grew older, and as it was not in him to nurse depression for its own sake, he began to turn with a comforting sense of human consolation to his memories of Pauline. Her beauty, her high spirits, her humorous, deprecating way of dismissing a tedious subject, as if to be bored was the one thing from which humanity had a right to save itself, at all risks—Mrs. Griswold would let herself be bored to tears for fear of hurting a bore's feelings—kept asserting themselves with greater strength and liveliness in Everard's mind, the longer he lingered among the squirrels, till at last he said to himself:

"I wonder what she's up to these days? I was to go with their party to the Carews' on the sixteenth. What day is it?" He picked up a newspaper. "The fourteenth. By Jove, I've a notion to go back and keep my engagement with them."

"Don't look sober, daughter, it doesn't become you. He'll come back."

"Or if he doesn't, 'perhaps I'll get another beau,' as that bizarre maiden said to her love-lorn friend."

"Perhaps. What have you heard?"

"Clara said he had gone to the country, she thought, so just to make sure I sent him one of my last photographs, to the old address, and, of course, he would have acknowledged it or come here to speak of it if he'd been in town, so I am inclined to think Clara is right; but why does he fly off to the country, and stay so long without bidding us good-bye, or telling us he meant to go?" questioned Miss Raymond, rhetorically.

"How does Mrs. Griswold come to know so much about his plans?" inquired Mrs. Raymond, with the insight of maturity.

"Oh, I don't know," said Pauline, lightly. "Besides, she doesn't know so much. She said he spoke of going away a little while, as everybody says in the spring."

"I hope you didn't let that woman know that you are at all interested in his goings and comings," said Mrs. Raymond, warmly.

"Oh, mamma!" laughed her daughter, accenting the name on the first syllable; "do you call the saintly Clara 'that woman'?"

"You know the elder Weller's advice about widows," said Mrs. Raymond, relaxing her severity. This speech her daughter greeted with a peal of laughter.

"Clara Griswold and Johnny Everard! Oh, it's too absurd! Why he's deathly afraid of her, he told me so himself, long ago. He's a funny youth."

With a little self-satisfied smile Miss Raymond stepped alertly to the piano and sang part of a waltz. She had not much singing voice for all her deep laugh; but she never attempted any air outside of her mellowest and best controlled notes.

Presently she whirled round.

"Mamma," she said, abruptly, "he promised to go to the Carews' garden-party with us. Now, if he doesn't come, or begs off, I shall know there's something the matter, and I'll take a good deal of pains to catch up with my young man for it, too."

"Don't think any more about him," said Mrs. Raymond, comfortably philosophical, "he's not worth it."

"Ah, but he is," laughed Pauline, "and you think so too. Now own up, you know you like him."

"I own," said Mrs. Raymond, laying down her novel with regret, "that I should like to see you happily married to a man who is able to take care of you; but I've no patience with long, slippery love affairs, or with men who don't know their own minds."

"How real it sounds, when you talk like that," laughed Pauline. "Horrid! I'm glad he's not here. I should freeze him solid if he said sweet things to me and it should pop into my mind that he was a man who is able to take care of me!"

"You are so romantic!" said the mother, with not unadmiring irony. This allusion, which Pauline understood, referred to an affair of hers two or three years back, when she had in fact "frozen solid" a man with whom she was a good deal smitten, solely because he was not "able to take care of her."

"Now, mamma," she said, shaking her head laughingly, "don't you taunt me with poor Dick. Under whose gentle guidance was it, that I told him I could only love as a sister?"

Whereupon the two kissed each other, with their mental eyes upon the sixteenth and its possibilities.

The influences: a beautiful, windless, May day, and festivity. The people—for our purposes—Johnny Everard, paler and quieter than of yore, and Pauline Raymond, irresistible in a white wool gown, and big, audacious hat. The emotion: on her side, triumph in his appearance on time; on his side, a simple sense of pleasure in amiable companionship after exile. It was the sixteenth of May, and, with the whole town, in the fashionable sense of the phrase, the Raymonds and Johnny, with a homely girl for a foil for Pauline, and the homely girl's parents to fill the other carriage with Mrs. Raymond—Mr. Raymond was absent at the south—had come down on the train to the beautiful Carew country-place, and, having greeted their hostess in doors, Johnny and Pauline were taking a tentative walk on the lawn.

"This isn't any change for you," said Pauline, joyously admiring the grounds; "but it is perfectly delicious to me. Just fancy, I haven't been out of town this season."

Why isn't it a change for me?" he asked.

"Because you—that is I understood—you have been in the country this past age," said Pauline, laughing and looking at him sideways. Neither she nor her mother had made any allusion to his absence at the house, and in the carriage Johnny had talked to the homely girl religiously, in order to save Pauline for more picturesque surroundings.

"You understood correctly, as usual," he replied, lightly, "I was in the country, but I assure you it was nothing like this."

"Lonelier?" she hazarded, giving him line.

"Rougher," he replied, strictly topographical; "but you amaze me when you say you have not been away yet. I thought you always accomplished all your whims and fulfilled all your desires."

"Irrespective of the wishes of all around me," she laughed; "what a charming disposition."

"It's the American girl's disposition," he insisted, a little more seriously than he would have said it two weeks ago; "honestly, don't you like your own way?"

"And have I a good temper, and do I say my prayers every night?" said Pauline, mockingly. "Who has been talking to you about me and my ways?" For, indeed, it did flash through her self-centered mind that some one had been representing her to him as unduly willful.

"No one. I've been having the blues frightfully. What do you do for a man with the blues?"

"Nothing at all. I turn and basely fly. Please take me back to the house." And without taking a step in advance, which would have made her conspicuous to the guests on the verandas, Miss Raymond infused into her whole attitude and expression such an air of willing escape, that Johnny was roused to attempt to amuse her.

"Who do you think is the prettiest woman here to-day?" he asked, skillfully guiding her away from the house.

"Clara Griswold, of course," she answered, with a lofty air of duty.

"Do you though?" he insisted.

"Do I though?" she echoed, making fun of him; "in the first place I do though, and in the next place I should say so anyway."

"New light on the friendships of women," said Johnny. "Do you suppose a man would think for a moment that he had to say his friend was the handsomest man at a garden-party?"

"No, indeed," laughed Miss Raymond, triumphantly, "he'd think it was his duty to call the attention of the lady he was with, to any little physical defect in his friend that she might have overlooked, and then say, 'Good fellow; good as gold. I think the world of him.' Now, who do you think is the prettiest woman here? Don't be afraid that I'll rush and tell her and turn her head forever."

Johnny looked at her in a way that would have satisfied the vainest woman alive.

"Her head's not so easily turned," he said, "or if it is, she'll be told the same thing so often before she takes the train to-day, that she'll get used to it."

"Flirting under the trees, no chaperone, perfectly scandalous. Some young ladies just breaking their hearts for the want of you, Everard," broke in the voice of a smooth-faced, reckless-tongued boy, who was one of Pauline's adorers. "They're dancing up at the house, Miss Raymond, won't you give me one, just to get up an appetite for luncheon?"

There was nothing for her but to go and dance, and then Johnny knew it was his opportunity, and—O, woeful word at a *fête champêtre*!—his duty, to go to Mrs. Griswold. A bow had passed between them on the train; the crowd since then had kept them separated, and he felt no stronger impulse than the call of duty to the side of the woman in whose hands he had placed his fate a little while ago. She was associated in the undercurrent of his feelings with the pain and ennui from which he had just escaped, and, remembering vividly the events of their last conversation, what if she should expect him to allude to that day? If she did not expect it, she could not fail to be thinking of it, and his mood just then revolted from any reminder of their relations.

"Not to-day," he muttered to himself; "to-day a different note has been struck, and with her fine feelings she may be even hoping that I will not present myself, probably she is." This thought was a pleasant loop-hole for his own desire to stay away from her, and he caressed it until he forced himself to believe that it was by her desire that he neglected her. His sought out some gay girls and gayer married belles of his acquaintance, and was assiduous in his attentions to Mrs. Raymond and the plain girl and her mother at luncheon, feeling very dutiful, and unescapably attached as he did so. Mrs. Griswold must notice, said that persistent under-thought within him, that he was with a party and must attend to them.

Needless to say that Mrs. Griswold was thinking none of the things that Johnny attributed to her in order to spend his day as he pleased without the discomfort of self-reproach. When he had bowed to her on the train, half rising from beside Mrs. Raymond as he bowed, the little excess of ceremony, which wondrously became him, made Mrs. Griswold smile sadly to herself, as her own early recognition of him among the throng at the station had given her a quick stirring of the heart. She knew that if the sight of her after his absence had awakened the same emotion in him, it would have brought him to her irresistibly. His neglect was a painful puzzle to her. She liked what she knew of his nature, but she had barred out any special interest in him till his confession of love had all but taken her by storm, although her practiced stoicism helped her then to keep her own counsel. During his absence she had decided that his love was a happiness that she was not forbidden to take when it was offered. As the *fête* day wore on, heart-sickeningly tedious to her, at last the turning point came in the tide of her feelings, and strong, and salt, and overwhelming set in the waves of pride and wordly wisdom, held back for such a little while.

"I am scarcely a *débutante*," she said scornfully to herself, "that I should permit myself to mourn over the preferred one's neglect, and all men have a right at all times to enjoy, if they can get it, the companionship that most amuses them. I have observed that they make the attempt. Mr. Everard has never claimed to be more than man. The conclusion is obvious. I have not the happiness to appear amusing to him to-day."

The hurt of disappointment, the hateful clearness of vision that always made her see Johnny wherever he was, remained, but the keener pang of expectation she was finally able to annihilate, and pay intelligent attention to the people she happened to be thrown with.

The difficulty of snatching a dance or a walk with Pauline from others, combined with the good luncheon and champagne, with some men, after his escort duties were over, was having a very exhilarating effect upon Johnny, and when he came to claim a dance late in the afternoon, Miss Raymond marked with pleasure, that he was as spirited and tense as she had known him formerly.

"Your picture," he murmured, as they floated over the perfect floor, "how can I thank you enough for remembering? How did you happen to send it just then? But you always have happy inspirations. Imagine me coming home from a wretched country inn, more out of sorts than I have ever known myself, coming to my room that I hate, nothing dusted, bills galore, and finding your picture. Oh, why do we stay in this warm room and dance, when we might be out of doors? You don't mind, do you, going out on the lawn again, just for a breath of air? You must be tired, I've seen you dancing ever so much. Oh I forgot, you never get tired."

Did she mind? What she said was:

"We mustn't go far from the house, because I see the dowagers appearing from upstairs with wraps, and I'm afraid mamma will be looking for us."

Mamma was, in fact, looking for her Pauline, but not very diligently, especially when she saw her go by with Johnny, and remarked, with experienced eyes, the suppressed excitement of Everard's manner, but as the drags and wagonettes began to drive up to the veranda to carry the guests to the train, Mrs. Raymond's eye fell upon Mrs. Griswold standing on the steps, with the elderly lady and gentleman with whom she had come. The elderly lady was urging them to go with her to look at the grounds a little, before they went home. "Only a few steps," she said, out of consideration for the fact that she had not been on the lawn all day. Mrs. Raymond determined to utilize the opportunity. She really wanted Pauline called, and here was a chance to send for her, but most of all, here was a time to insinuate to Mrs. Griswold that Johnny was devoted to Pauline, and if she came upon him making violent love to Miss Raymond, so much the better. Mrs. Raymond had always had uncomfortable intuitions about a penchant of Johnny's for Mrs. Griswold. She now said to her, plaintively:

"Oh, Mrs. Griswold, if you are all going for a walk before train time, won't you send Pauline to me if you find her? She has wandered away again with Mr. Everard just at the last moment, I'm sure I don't know why, except to make me nervous about the train."

Mrs. Griswold promised to send Pauline to Mrs. Raymond, giving that good lady a quiet little smile that somehow embarrassed her. It was a smile that emphasized Clara's recognition of the not quite honest intention in the favor asked.

Johnny led Pauline to the same little glade where they had

talked in the morning. He was praising the perfect success of the day with enthusiasm.

"How little I knew how you feel about it," said Pauline. "Truly and honestly, I expected mamma would get a little note from you, dated Milpitas, saying, so sorry but a provoking business trip, and so forth."

"No! Did you really think that?" cried Johnny. "How could you think so, when I was going with you? Or is it possible that you don't know yet how perfectly lovely you are?" His voice sank almost to a whisper. "Aren't there any brain-waves? Didn't you see me there in the wilds, counting the days—the thirteenth, the fourteenth—on the sixteenth I shall be at home, on the sixteenth I see her. And it is the sixteenth, day of all days in the year!"

"It has been a good day," said Pauline unsteadily, "bright sun, pleasant people, charming things charmingly said, to go back to and remember."

"Will you remember them?" said Everard, "or if some other man stood here with you, as undoubtedly he would if I had not come, would you remember what he said, to mark the day, Paulette? Or is what I say already mingled in with what the others have said to-day?"

Of all Everard's talk, the least real and natural thing was his daring diminution of her name, but it was the chief thing that thrilled Pauline's nerves. Her face lighted up with an expression that made Johnny's discretion even more beautifully less, when the forms of three strollers approaching, restored him to conventionality.

"Mrs. Raymond asked me to tell you that she was waiting for you, Pauline," said Clara, with admirable simplicity of manner. "How do you do again, Mr. Everard," and she shook hands with Johnny, as he held his hand out, with the cordiality of an old friend. "Yes, a delightful day," she continued, to a mumbled remark from somebody, as she walked along, not with them or behind them but all over them, as Everard felt, "and so soon over, too."

Johnny dined with the Raymonds in town, finding Mr. Raymond returned from his trip, with a handsome young Englishman, Sir Arthur Cubleigh, whom he had discovered among the orange groves, and taken under his wing to show him the coast.

When Everard was perfectly cool, and reviewed his position, he felt exceedingly chastened in spirit. He stood just as he had never meant to stand—committed to both his lady loves. Pauline might not have known it, but he knew that at the Carews' he was going rapidly over the dizzy verge of a declaration of his love for her when they were called, and called by Mrs. Griswold, too!

He wondered how he got himself into such a tangle, then he justified himself in every particular.

"However it happened, I am in for it now," he said at last decidedly. "I have made a distinct proposal to Mrs. Griswold, and I must ask for her answer."

Accordingly he sent her a note asking when she would see him. During the three or four days that she kept him waiting for an answer to his note, he would have gladly put in the time with Pauline, but at whatever hour he presented himself, morning, afternoon, or evening, he found Sir Arthur Cubleigh on hand before him, and with every indication of having found the feature of the coast that most interested him for the present. He was beginning to feel decidedly piqued about it, when Clara's note came setting a day when she would see him.

She received him charmingly, with a matter-of-course cordiality that was her most engaging manner.

"What ailed me not to devote that whole day in the country to her?" flashed through Johnny's mind, as he passed under her quiet spell.

They talked of everything the farthest removed from their relations to each other, and Mrs. Griswold, serenely studying him, thought she discerned a certain gratitude in him that it was so. But Johnny was brave, and took the situation firmly in hand, and said, apropos of nothing:

"Have you thought about our talk two weeks ago? I asked you then—"

"That was very, very far back in the past," she interrupted him smiling, "are you sure you wish to return to it?"

"Very sure," he replied, with almost painful earnestness. "Will you be my wife?"

Strange to say, his passionate face when she had interrupted his talk with Pauline, which had been before her mental eyes ever since, and with which she had meant to steel herself against him, utterly fled from her memory. She saw only their two selves making up their minds whether they should try the perilous partnership together, and a curious feeling of remoteness from him gained possession of her, mingled with a sort of pity. It was not for any of the reasons that she had thought would sway her, that she answered, with the muscles of her mouth and throat so drawn that she could scarcely articulate:

"No, Mr. Everard, I can not."

"Why, why?" he pleaded, half terrified at her look.

"For the only reason that is satisfactory alike to the cynic and the sentimentalist—I do not love you."

She was chilled from head to foot as she spoke, and leaned back watching him. He looked down and became very pale. Then, when he had regained perfect control of himself and was fully persuaded that her words were final, he stood up and bade her good-bye and left her.

She lay in her chair a long time, burying the last regrets for the brief and painful little romance.

"Oh beautiful, selfish, fortunate sex!" she murmured. "What a curious honesty there is in you, after all! I knew—better than when he left me three weeks ago, better than when he avoided me among gayer people, better than when I saw him influenced by Pauline's high spirits—just to-day, when I first looked into his eyes, that in spite of himself, almost without his own knowledge, the woman that he believed he loved, interested him as a wife no longer. I have suffered and thought too much, to be long loved by such a bright, gallant nature. His heart is guiding him right, he will marry Pauline. Oh what misery for him, if I had been weak enough to keep him at his word."

The influences: a vile August night; within, too warm for a fire, too chill for comfort. The people, Johnny Everard and Mrs. Harding of scene first. The emotion: a mental languor.

"Have you seen the Raymond wedding cards?" asked Mrs. Harding, producing a dazzling white envelope.

"No, I should like to," said Johnny, taking them.

"They came just at dinner-time, you'll find yours when you go home," said Mrs. Harding, cheerfully. "Sir Arthur Cubleigh! I suppose that 'Sir' makes Mrs. Raymond supremely happy, since they say he is rich besides. The English are not slothful wooers at least, I don't think Sir Arthur has been out here two months."

"Three," said Johnny succinctly, "he came in May, about the time of the Carews' garden-party. A friend of mine dined with him at the Raymonds, just after that affair."

"So Pauline fulfills the highest destiny of the American society girl, according to international satire. She marries a rich Englishman with a title, a little bit of a one, but not a plain Mr., anyway. Isn't it fun?" said Mrs. Harding, with glee.

"Great fun," said Johnny, with a sort of frowning smile.

"I don't think I ever knew anything more hilarious, in fact."

"I suppose there'll be 'tears and breaking hearts for she,'" parodied Mrs. Harding recklessly. "She was exceedingly popular. Ob, that reminds me, Johnny. You once told me the first part of a story about a friend of yours whose heart was equally divided between Pauline and Clara Griswold. Was there any sequel to it? Did he ever propose to either of them?"

"To both," said Johnny.

ANNIE LAKE TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1887.

CHARITABLE PARIS.

"Parisina" tells how it Opens its Purse to the Opera Comique Sufferers.

"The Parisian Heart"—*Le Cœur de Paris*—was the title chosen by that mundane, middle-aged, amateur Vaudevilleist, the Marquis de Massa, for the *revue* which he wrote at the suggestion of some of the lady patronesses of the Société Philanthropique for the performance at the ill-fated Opéra Comique.

It is a curious coincidence that the day before the tragedy, apropos of the same "*Cœur de Paris*," a writer in the *Gaillais* begins an article with the words: "If the Chambre des Députés caught fire, and all the deputies were burnt up, we should elect more; if a similar accident befell the room in which the municipal councilors hold their meetings, another set of councilors would be nominated; but if the Opéra Comique had been consumed by fire last night, and not one of the actors or actresses there assembled for this entertainment had escaped, it would take ten years to gather together such a variety of talent." This sounds strangely prophetic.

The ruins in the Rue Feydeau had not done smoking, and we were far from imagining that so many had fallen victims to the combined horror of flames and suffocation, when already the papers were full of propositions anent benefits and the like. To some of the members of the Parisian press the news of a catastrophe from fire or water, earthquake, or what not, immediately conjures up a vision of subscription lists, dramatic and musical entertainments, tombolas, fancy fairs, and other things of the same kind. In this particular case, one was relieved to find—when matters began to be seen in their true light—that all idea of any entertainment taking place at a theatre was set aside. The fact was, the very thought of spending the evening in such a way had become distasteful to the majority of Parisians, and, besides, there was something almost indecent in the very suggestion. I own I have not been to the theatre since, myself, and suppose the directors have some trouble to fill, or even half fill, the houses, for to the play-bills are superadded all sorts of indications respecting the arrangements for the safety of the audience. If the public will only keep away from the notoriously unsafe houses until the necessary repairs are made, we may hope to see them transformed before long. For years the Palais Royal has been currently called "the rat-trap," and yet it has commanded full houses. It appears, too, that the Opéra Comique has long been condemned by specialists.

No one believes that a complete list of the victims has or will be published. Rightly or wrongly, it is considered that the number given, namely, one hundred and fifty, is much below the mark. And certainly those who visited the ruins, and whose olfactory nerves were assailed by the fearful stench that proceeded therefrom after the remains of some eighty persons had been carried away, had every reason to suppose that they were on the scene of a mortality infinitely exceeding this number.

Whether the real number of those who lost their lives on that sombre evening of May be fifty, more or less, there are miseries and misfortunes in plenty to succor. Widows, orphans, husbands, and fathers whom grief has stricken sorely, several hovering between life and death, and penniless, others crippled for the remainder of their days, and the bread snatched from the mouths of numbers of families. Enough, surely, to excite a world of pity in the kindly Parisian heart. The catastrophe happened in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and for a few days no one in the general public cared a jot for the cabinet, and the political news was pushed into the second page of the journals. Sixty thousand dollars were voted by the Chambre, with only one dissenting voice. The Comte de Paris, who had run over to Vevey for a few days from England, commanded M. Bocher to carry a good round sum to M. Carvalho for distribution, and his example was imitated by most of the Orleans princes. M. Grévy was ready with his two thousand dollars. Poor man, he has been having a bad time of late, interviewing probable ministers from morning till night, and drying the eyes of his daughter, Mme. Wilson, who, it is whispered, is about to file a demand for a separation against her husband, who has been carrying on of late with that charming actress, Madame Jane Hading, and whose unpaid debts amount (so says public report) to nearly half a million of dollars; it is an absolute fact that his sister, Mme. Pelouse, has put up Chenonceaux for sale, the historic chateau which it has been her pride and her glory of late to restore to its antique splendor.

The press in general has been indefatigable throughout, and I am sure you would have thought so too, if you had seen how hard many of its members worked on Saturday to galvanize the Fête des Fleurs into a success, in spite of the fates, which were against it as usual; and how gallantly they

sacrificed their boots, and their trousers, and their new high hats, splashing the former with mud, and allowing the latter to be battered by the pelting of floral missiles. Half the entrance fees are to be handed over to the victims of the fire, the remainder being reserved as usual for the fund in the cause of which this annual battle of flowers is instituted. As for the public, they too did their duty bravely, and although the weather seemed anything but sure, hundreds of carriages and facres, beautifully decorated with flowers, had assembled in the drive by five o'clock. Women will do a great deal for the cause of charity, and the Parisian heart that beats within fair bosoms is warm and tender; but there are bounds to human generosity, and many of them drew the line at the willful exposure of their gayest costumes, so that the show of toilets was not quite as good as it would have been if the weather had been propitious. The millinery was the best thing about it; and even here, with the unerring certainty of a woman in such matters, I perceived that many of the hats had been merely freshly decorated with flowers for the occasion, and were not the latest novelties—such as put in an appearance yesterday at the Grand Prix. Besides, we all know that it is the habit with the most elegant Parisians to don feathers on this important day, and to inaugurate the first of the autumnal fashions; whereas the fête that precedes it may be considered the climax of the season.

The *demi-monde* is always well represented at these gatherings, and the ladies of the world proper set aside for the nonce some of that *hauteur* with which they are wont to scan the carriages of these fair ones—an amount of condescension which may also be laid to the account of charity. I do not think I am over severe when I say that a person not *au courant* with the physiognomies of the different members of these two worlds, might easily confound one with the other—the fair countess whose hair is palpably dyed, with Mlle. Troisetoiles of such-and-such a theatre; the fat, frowsy dowager who can't make up her mind to grow old, with the superannuated veteran of the "Bataillon Légère"; the *cocodette* who is looking for a rich husband with the *cocotte* who is in present possession of the possible Benedict. The female of doubtful reputation may have filled her carriage with virgin lilies of the valley, or great simple yellow-eyed daisies, while her more virtuous sister sits in a bower of flaunting crimson peonies, or bows to her friends and acquaintances over a hedge of painted tulips. The uninitiated must be continually falling into error. Who, for instance, if he did not know, would take that funny little woman, who has chosen of late to appear in masculine evening dress, for Mme. Dieulafoy, the wife and chum of the well-known traveller, and the bit of red in her button-hole for the ribbon of the Legion of Honor? What would be thought of a man in America who escorted his wife in such a guise to the theatres, and to dinner-parties? There is a heart, however, under that diminutive waistcoat; and this little lady who, after confronting many perils in the pursuit of scientific research, amuses herself with a foolish masquerade, most generously presented the four hundred dollars which constituted the Academic prize she won the other day, to the victims of the fire. Others may wonder that a real live duchess should drive her coach round the lake, guiding it with most expert hand among the cabs and victorias, as the Duchess d'Uzès did the other day at the Fête des Fleurs. How about her noble ancestors and that kindly *bourgeois* lady, the Widow Cliquot, from whom she inherited the greater part of her money?

The artists, whose purses are so often subjected to similar demands, were ready with their sketches and drawings, which Marie Magnier, Théo, and others, aided by the expert Arthur Bloche, sold at auction on the sward of La Muette; while the Société des Artistes Français set aside the whole of the entrance fees taken at the Salon of Whit-Monday for the same purpose. The last day of the Horticultural Show in the Champs Elysées brought in many thousands of francs, also, and not less than twelve thousand dollars were reaped by the great military entertainment held a few days ago at the Opéra. The house was crowded, and yet the horrible tragedy was still fresh in the mind of every one; but, if any building promises security, it is the new Paris Opéra, erected regardless of expense, with its wide stone galleries and staircases. A bevy of young cadets, after acting as ushers, did their duty bravely in the *cotillons*.

Mundanes, tradesmen, artists, actors, soldiers, have all contributed in one way or another to swell the budget. The club-men surely would not be behindhand in the good work, for the "*Cœur de Paris*" itself was to have seen the light at the Mirlitons, though it was afterward transported to the larger stage of the Opéra Comique. So, to-night, some of the choice spirits of the clubs appear at the Cirque Nouvelle in the characters of clowns and acrobats. Some of the most fashionable and straight-laced women of the Faubourg St. Germain will be seated in the stalls, and if the exhibition errs somewhat on the score of good taste, surely a good deal must be forgiven to those who by their presence ensure comfort and relief to the afflicted and oppressed. It had been decided in the first place that the amateur actors of the Mirlitons should get up an entertainment at the Gymnase, but in the face of the many difficulties—not the least being the license allowed in the dialogue of the piece they were to play—it was considered preferable to keep the *revue* for private delectation, and for the committee to vote a big subscription for the fund. So it was enacted with doors closed against the paying public one night, before a choice audience of actresses and bachelor members, and on the next before the married members and their wives. I never yet heard of any lady refusing to accept a ticket for one of these representations, and they are as ready to smile at the *grivoiseries* of MM. X. Y. and Z. as to applaud the amateurs in spangles and tights at the circus. You see, we do not live in a prudish age, and many of our most charming mundanes have lost the trick of blushing, though quite ready to do a kind action and more than ready to charm the money out of the pockets of the males. All is fair in love and charity, must be their motto.

PARIS, June 6, 1887.

A proposition has been made in a London paper that the words "Way Out" be painted, in large letters with luminous paint, near the exit of theatres, to guide the audience in case the lights should be suddenly extinguished.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. John Donaghue, the Boston sculptor, is making a life-sized statue of John L. Sullivan.

George Augustus Sala has quarreled with the publishers of the *Illustrated London News*, and the signature of G. A. S. no longer illuminates that excellent journal.

Throughout England and even in Parliament, Mr. Parnell's name is usually spoken as in this country, with the accent on the second syllable. But he and his closest friends accent it properly on the first syllable.

R. B. Sears, the champion lawn-tennis player of America, is a young man with blonde hair, a delicate blonde moustache, and a very ruddy complexion. He wears eye-glasses, is always carefully dressed, and smokes cigarettes.

Mrs. Alexander Mitchell has kindly consented not to contest her late husband's will, and will try to scrape along with two hundred thousand dollars cash and fifty thousand dollars annual income. There is weeping in the tents of the lawyers.

The Chicago *Tribune* says: "Miss Amelia Rives, the Virginia author who has sprung into fame on the strength of one story, is said to be a young lady of peculiar views. She smokes, is eccentric, rides to hounds, and has recently painted a nude portrait of herself—as fine as a work of art as it is lovely."

The number of nickels swallowed by the five-cent weighing machines throughout the country is enormous. The inventor, named Percival Everett, is making money out of his clever device for collecting the small change of the community. A company, of which Erastus Wiman is president, has charge of the machine, and Everett receives a good royalty on every sale.

George W. Beach, the superintendent of the Naugatuck Railroad, just leased by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, has been with that corporation since he was seventeen years of age, beginning as a brakeman and rising to conductor, then to assistant superintendent. He has made it a practice to walk over the entire length of the road, examining its bed, rails, bridges, and rolling stock, each spring and autumn.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is at present living in London, with her two sons. She will remain there indefinitely, making studies for a new novel. It is said that Mrs. Burnett is in receipt of a letter from a real Lord Fauntleroy, in which the writer expresses great admiration for the famous story in which his name is used. Mrs. Burnett's present visit to England is the third she has made since she left the land of her birth, when fourteen years of age.

King Humbert, of Italy, does not like to attend places of entertainment in solitary state, as the late King Ludwig of Bavaria did, and as even Queen Victoria does. He wants his people to be present with him. At the opening of the exhibition at Venice, the king gave expression to his disappointment at the loneliness and emptiness of the halls. An official told him that the public had been kept out from loyal consideration for the comfort of himself and the queen.

Adjutant-General Drum is a man of medium height, about sixty years of age, and not at all distinguished in appearance. He is, it is said, an Englishman by birth. He entered the army away back in the fifties. He is a strict disciplinarian, brusque in speech and manner, and is considered thoroughly honest, though extremely narrow-minded. He believes that the newspapers are a nuisance—a belief that seems to be held by a number of prominent officials at Washington.

John H. Alexander, the Ohio colored youth who graduated at West Point recently, is rather a handsome young man, of excellent figure, and light yellow complexion. "I expect," he says, "to receive a second lieutenantcy in the Ninth Cavalry, where there are colored men. I had not the slightest insult offered me at West Point on account of my color. Indeed, I think I was more leniently treated by my classmates than some white men. I minded my own business, and got along very well."

Edwin Booth, in speaking of his capabilities as a business man, said the other day that Lawrence Barrett and Henry Irving knew more about accounts in a week than he did in a year. "I have frequently thoughtlessly destroyed important vouchers," he added, "and in a certain business transaction I have had with Boston people, and which has occupied a good deal of my time in the last week, I am unable to ascertain whether I am eight thousand dollars out or six thousand dollars in. I suppose it will turn out all right."

Paris has for some time been whispering about a divorce case which is expected to create a great sensation. The gossip says the divorce case is to be brought by Mme. Wilson, daughter of President Grévy, against her husband. Mme. Wilson is dark, not handsome, but very striking in appearance. Her family consists of two young children. Mme. Wilson is fond of sport, an excellent shot and billiardist, and is renowned for her hunting costumes. Mr. Wilson (who is of remote Scotch origin,) though wealthy at the time of his marriage, is reported to be in great financial embarrassment. Mme. Pelouse, his sister, who is proprietor of the historical chateau of Chenonceau, once the residence of Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Medici, has offered the magnificent property for sale to aid her brother in his embarrassment.

It is singularly unfortunate that the royal marriage laws in Europe prevent the infusion of some healthy plebeian blood into the veins of the reigning dynasties. Continual intermarriage among relatives during a period of several hundred years has naturally engendered insanity, epilepsy, and that agreeable malady known as "the king's evil." The gradually increasing number of insane princes and princesses is beginning to alarm even the most conservative of monarchists. In addition to the Duchess d'Alençon, just reported, the names of the present King of Bavaria, the Duchess of Cumberland, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, Prince Alexander of Prussia, the Archduke Otto of Austria, the Grand Duke Nicolas Constantinowitch of Russia, the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, are sufficient to illustrate the evils of blood which is too "blue."

On the twentieth of June, 1837, King William died. His death took place at two o'clock in the morning, and at five o'clock the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham aroused the inmates of Kensington Palace, and demanded to see the Queen. She came down at once in her night-dress and dressing-gown, with slippers on her bare feet. Lord Conyngham began, "Your Majesty—" when she stopped him, and held out her hand for him to kiss. He knelt and kissed it, and then told the news. The same day, at eleven in the morning, the Privy Council assembled. The death of the King was officially announced, and the two archbishops, the chancellor and prime minister, and the two royal dukes were sent to inform the new sovereign. They returned to the council-room, then the doors were flung open, and the Queen entered alone. She bowed, took her seat, and read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without fear or embarrassment. The only sign of emotion she displayed was when her uncles did her homage, and then, as these two old men knelt before her, she blushed up to her eyes.

Madame Popp is the doyenne of Belgian journalists. She is a venerable lady, who still wields a facile pen, and can still write a very readable article. She, and her late husband, started *Le Journal de Bruges* fifty years ago in Longfellow's "quaint old Flemish city." Madame Popp, under the name of *guerre* of "The Lioness of Flanders," contributed to her journal a most interesting series of articles, begun in the spring of 1837 and not yet completed. Madame Popp has performed the remarkable feat of writing—with some few score of exceptions—an article per day since that year, on the current topics of the hour. In other words, she has written up to the present no less than eighteen thousand articles, each containing from three thousand to four thousand words. If all Madame Popp's lucubrations were classified and collected, the number of volumes would run much beyond the hundred. Madame Popp's eighteen thousand articles found their way, one by one, into the lumber-room of oblivion, and even the old lady confesses, not without a quiet chuckle, that she does not remember a thousandth part of the themes that she has expounded during the last fifty years to the reading public of Belgium.

VANITY FAIR.

The mails of public favorites overflow with letters containing wholesale commendation of their powers or persons. When a certain tenor was at the height of his fame, a young lady in high social standing became so enamored of his voice that her admiration extended to its possessor, and, quite carried away by her feelings, she wrote him a succession of fervent letters, even begging that she might have the privilege of meeting him outside the theatre. Finally, she received a note from the singer, asking her to go to his boudoir at an appointed hour. Overcome with delight, the foolish girl faithfully went, and was received by the Italian—and his wife. She had never speculated upon the singer's domestic relations, possibly because he seemed to inhabit too rarefied an atmosphere to be regarded as other men, and the presence of the lady was a decided shock to her enthusiasm. The host and hostess were most courteous, and exceedingly matter-of-fact; the call was an agreeable one, but the visitor found no opportunity of burning the incense of praise before her hero. Moreover, when brought into social contact with a somewhat commonplace individual, she was overwhelmed with shame at the thought of her silly letters. When she took her leave, the singer accompanied her to the door. "My dear young lady," he said with kindly courtesy, "will you let me give you a word of friendly warning? It is never safe to open the heart to mere strangers. You knew nothing of my character when you came here to-day, and it was fortunate for you that I happened to be a gentleman." It is only fair to say that girls are rarely as reckless as this; sometimes they are only silly. It was at one time believed that a certain maid of honor at the court of Saxe-Weimar was addicted to the use of tobacco, because her person was redolent of the weed. She one day confessed, however, that she wore constantly, in a jewelled locket about her neck, a cigar stump thrown away in the street by Franz Liszt, and instantly secured by her.

A lady living in St. Paul recently purchased a patent bustle, made of rubber, to be blown up any size desirable, which had the dual capacity of giving shape to the dress as well as being a cushion for sitting upon. Recently the wearer of this remarkable article went to Bass Lake with a party of friends. While rowing on the lake the boat was, in some manner, upset. Other members of the party were safely rescued, but the lady with the rubber attachment came near losing her life because of the buoyancy of the bustle, which kept her head and feet under water. Dollars to dimes she will wear newspapers the next time she goes boat-riding.

Rosa, the danseuse of the Kiralfy company, talked to a reporter, recently, about the character dances by amateurs at a fashionable garden-party. "Only one of the girls," she said, "showed any real aptitude for it. The others danced prettily, in the staid, decorous way of the ball-room, but this one put life and the genuine spirit into her every movement. At one point the young men kneel on the floor, each with a lady in front of him. And as the girls, with arms akimbo, turned their heads first over one shoulder, then over the other, the young men made decorous offers to embrace them. All the girls but this one smirked, as if they were conscious how funny it must be to see them up there doing such undignified things; she, however, stood squarely on her feet, swung her body round each time, looked at her partner on his knees as if the stage business meant something more than a charity exhibition—in short, was easy, graceful, and unrestrained in her actions. And in another figure, all the young ladies stood in a row at the back of the pavilion; they put their arms around one another's backs, and came tripping down to the front. It is a pretty movement; everybody has seen it done in comic opera. Lack-a-day! this one girl only tossed her head freely as she put forth one foot and then another, and she was the only one who put the toe of her foot down coquettishly. And when the line broke, at the front of the stage, and the girls all ran back to their respective partners, she was the only one who turned with sufficient vivacity to permit the spectator to note that her bosom matched exactly with her mauve shoes. She would undoubtedly shine in the front row of any ballet; the others would have to caper for months in the rear."

It is "so English, you know"; but still the attempt of the dudes to introduce the style of wearing white cuffs and collars with colored shirts has not been successful. One shirt with broad scarlet bands and another with bright blue polka dots have been worn on the avenue with white collars, presumably to advertise the style; but the repeated inquiry: "Why don't you get collars to match your shirt?" and the undisguised suspicion that old white collars were being utilized by the wearers, proved fatal to the innovation. A style more likely to be adopted is that displayed by Fred May, who has shirt, collars, cuffs, and waistcoats of the same pattern of heavy linen or marseilles. This is expensive, looks cool, and is vastly becoming.

The snatching of purses from women on the streets will be continued, probably, just so long as women insist on carrying the tempting plunder in their hands. The remedy appears simple, but the suggestions that purses ought to be carried in some other way have not always been met in the kindly spirit in which they were made. A New York police justice ventured the other day to advise a sufferer to this effect, when she tartly informed him that it was none of his business how she carried her purse, and that she proposed to carry it as she pleased. Several philanthropic men have started out in all earnestness and sincerity to solve the problem as to where a woman really ought to carry her purse, and have been astonished at the difficulties of the situation. When they have attempted to discuss the subject with those whom they desire to benefit, they have found themselves in deep water at once, and have been forced to retire with flushed countenances. It is a dangerous field for a modest man to enter upon. The amount of data requisite to any intelligent consideration of the subject is surprising. It must, among other things, include a knowledge of dressmaking and anatomy. Though there are such beings as men dress-

makers, there is some justification for the feeling on the part of women that the subject of their pockets is not one for men—either police judges or philanthropists—to meddle with. The chains which some women wear around their waists to sustain smelling-bottles can also sustain purses, and half a ton more if necessary. The only objection to riveting purses to these chains is that it may lead to the carrying off of women and the chains for the sake of the purses. But this danger, perhaps, the police could provide against.

This is from New York *Truth*: "The San Francisco *Call* stoutly avers that the delicately beautiful girls of Boston or Baltimore, and the charming creatures with half-developed physiques whom one sees in New York and Philadelphia, can never become the mothers of heroes. Yet a lady acquaintance of mine, a New Yorker, and fragile as a lily, scarce turns the scales at one hundred and twelve pounds, yet she has several bright, healthy, grown-up daughters, who are nearly Amazons in height and physique. Of course, they are not heroes, but when they become mothers, if they do not bear the kind of boys that heroes are made of it will not be their fault. She has also a son who may yet be a hero. At present he is a strapping youngster of sixteen, and his mother has to stand on her very tip toes to bestow the maternal kiss. The *Call* modestly thinks that the right kind of a girl will bail from San Francisco. It is true that California is the home of prodigals and fatted calves. Development is rapid there, and young girls don long dresses there a year or two before the Eastern maiden reaches that age which forbids that legs should be part and parcel of the passing show. As a rule, the California girl is the embodiment of health, stately, full-breasted, bandsome, lithe of limb, and altogether a gorgeous creature. But I do not find, and I have been much among them, that their offspring is more 'hefty' in brain and brawn than New York babies. The native adult Californian is oftener than otherwise short of stature and of medium build, but wiry and tough."

A great French dressmaker told a charming story the other day while conversing with a reporter. She received, one day, *carte blanche* for a costume from a lady of high distinction and immense wealth. It was for a ball-dress, and the only conditions imposed were that it should be suggestive of youth and spring. The dressmaker racked her brain, but the longed-for inspiration would not come. Time was short, the fair client much too rich to disappoint, and the idea obstinately refused to present itself. All night long the dressmaker wrestled with her wits, but they got the better of her, and at last, weary and irritable, she abandoned the struggle for the time, and threw open the window to watch the coming day-break. She leaned out, moodily watching the ever-changing grays and greens, and rosy flushes in the East, until by-and-by the sun rose in all its splendor, and with it came the vainly sought idea. The soft gray and faint pink flushes, the delicate primrose and sudden burst of rosy red were an inspiration, and when the dress was sent home, christened "Dawn in June," it was declared a veritable master-work.

The old beau is a frequenter of the pleasant dinner-tables in town, where his presence must always be welcome. He comes in, jaunty and well dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, the latest scrap of news from the seat of war upon his lips, and the latest bon-mot wherewith to amuse the company, ready to be produced the first opportunity. If he is a non-vivant he is always blessed with a good appetite, and every right-minded hostess is pleased that her good things should be done full justice to, and the knowledge that he is critical in matters culinary, will only have stimulated her efforts that all that is produced at her table should come up to the mark of her favored guest's high standard of excellence. In addition, he is invariably a pleasant and a lively talker. He understands the art of conversation to perfection, has a veritable instinct as to what subjects are dangerous, and where there are pitfalls to avoid. He may be a nobody in himself, but he is known to everybody, and what is more, he knows all about everybody else. He remembers that Mrs. A.'s father died in a mad-house, and that it is desirable to steer the frail bark of conversation clear of a discussion of the Lunacy Commission. Neither has he forgotten that Mr. B.'s sister went through the divorce court last season, and that Mrs. C.'s uncle committed suicide ten years ago, so that it would be injudicious to dwell upon any of these topics in the presence of their sorrowing relatives. In this manner he is frequently invaluable to his friends, and his ready tact is often the means of averting a social blunder or an embarrassing pause.

A well-known firm of New York stationers, who number among their customers many fashionable people, published a handsome volume some time ago, which was intended to show all the various styles of cards, invitations, crests, etc., in use in New York society. This was freely sent to all the firm's patrons, as a complimentary souvenir, and, being a large, well-made book, handsomely bound in blue and gold, and interspersed with finely executed illuminated coats-of-arms, it found a place on many a drawing-room table. Although thus given away to the firm's customers without charge, the price marked upon the book was five dollars, this having been done by the firm as a protection against outside applicants who might wish to procure such a book, containing, as it did, *fac similes* of so many visiting cards of well-known people in New York society, as well as of invitations to many notable entertainments. A few people, undeterred by this marked price, asked for and obtained the book, willingly paying the price; and it has lately been discovered why they wished to possess themselves of it. The visiting-cards reproduced in it were printed from the original plates, upon heavy cardboard, so that it was an easy matter to cut the cards from the book, and thus obtain actual duplicates of the cards of many distinguished people. Among the cards which thus appeared in the book were those of Mrs. William Astor, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, and other names equally well known. In each case, the card was of the exact size used by those persons, and contained the house address. An inquisitive young man, happening to see in the card-basket of a family whose name he had reason to

believe might be searched for in vain on the visiting list of Mrs. Astor, a card bearing her name somewhat ostentatiously displayed, resolved to quietly investigate the mystery, which he did with the result that, although he was no longer received by the family whose little trick he exposed, he has had many a good laugh at their expense, and has caused the enterprising firm of stationers, already alluded to, to resolve never to issue *fac similes* of their distinguished patrons' cards again, unless, perhaps, they may print them with the word "sample" boldly stamped across their face, as the bank-note companies do when they make specimens of their work in printing bonds or shares of stock.

Recent Tokio newspapers contain reports of an ugly scandal by which the court circles of the Mikado's capital have been greatly agitated. A Minister of State, one of the newly created peers of the realm, has detected his wife—an attractive and accomplished woman, well-known in this country as a graduate of Vassar College—in guilty intrigues with menials, and has sent her in disgrace to her parents, under whose guardianship she will henceforth remain, without other punishment than the shame which she has brought upon herself. This leniency is strikingly significant of the changes Japan has undergone in a single generation. Ten years ago the inevitable penalty for such a crime would have been immediate death. In the present case the injured husband might have taken the law into his own hands with impunity, but he chose rather to leave the wife who had betrayed him in unmolested infamy for the rest of her days. Compulsory submission to forms has not, however, been followed by a general acquiescence in the new principles. On the contrary, the antagonism of the old school has been fiercer than ever, and a wall of woeful prediction has accompanied every success of the Liberal party. It is needless to describe the exultation which has greeted the downfall of the erring countess, who was one of the most aggressive champions of feminine emancipation. Her misdeeds, it is loudly proclaimed, are directly traceable to the relaxation of the ancient rules.

Frenchwomen have rather scandalized even easy-going and unpretentious Parisians, lately, by appearing in public clad in masculine costume. The greatest sinner in this respect has been Madame Dieulafoy, a lady who was not long ago decorated with the Legion of Honor for her intrepid travels and explorations, in company with her husband, in the East. She appeared in a fashionable theatre the other night dressed as a fearfully and wonderfully got-up "dude," with Mephistophelian boots and a pair of inexpressibles made according to the latest spring fashion. To complete her she wore the ribbon with which she had been recently decorated. Rumor has it that the prefect of police, shocked at the prevailing taste for trousers evinced by the fair sex—a taste which reached its apogee when the lady alluded to posed as a *superchic* in the theatre—has furnished up an old legal weapon which was manufactured in the ninth year of the First Republic and improved upon in 1857. This empowers the police to arrest any woman found wearing male apparel out of carnival time, unless she be in possession of a certificate signed by the proper authorities to the effect that she uses man's costume for the purposes of health.

Rosina Vokes said recently in an interview: "What I object to, when a woman wears modern trappings on the stage, is that she practically can not move. Of course she can walk, and perhaps she can fall in a pleasant-looking faint, but as for being graceful in high-heeled shoes, with her dress tied back as tightly as it will go, and particularly with her sleeves so tight that it is an impossibility for her to raise her arms an inch, it simply can not be done. Just imagine a girl trying to embrace a big, broad-shouldered lover or husband, when, to save her life, she could not get her elbows four inches from her waist!" Miss Vokes has, as every woman anxious upon the subject knows, invented some sort of divided skirt to wear when dancing. It is very simple. The foundation garment is very like what Mrs. Jenness Miller calls "leg-lettes"—a sort of silk trouser, wide and straight, reaching to the ankle and hemmed. Just at the bend of each knee a kilt is put on which falls just to the edge of the hem. It is about two yards and a half around, but kilted into just the size of the trouser, and stitched on. At the thigh another kilt of equal width is stitched on, that one falling over the first to the edge of the hemmed trouser. Standing erect in these four kilts it would be impossible for the keenest-eyed woman to say that there was anything to it but a very "funny" full skirt. Over this divided skirt is put another skirt of the same material, but made in the orthodox fashion, and gathered to a yoke some five or six inches below the waist. This reduces the amount of clothing over the hips and around the waist to very few thicknesses, while the limbs are kept as warm and as closely covered as possible. Of course, it goes without saying, that it makes the most absolutely modest dancing dress that ever was known. The utmost abandon, the most trying poses, may be indulged in, and there is not even the least tantalizing glimpse of a slender ankle to be had—only a fascinating frou-frou of silk and lace. At first Miss Vokes used her reformed garment only on the stage, but afterward, having caught her heel in her petticoats and nearly broken her neck in climbing a four-in-hand coach on the other side, she had some divided skirts made for walking skirts, and has used them ever since, taking the greatest comfort in them, and knowing all the while that, no matter what accident befalls her, she will not have the discomfort of realizing that she has made an unpleasant display of white lace and lawn. This, in detail, is all there is to Miss Vokes's invention, and it seems to be beautifully on the boundary line between the vice of the modern tailor gown and the inappropriate and unbecoming dress-reform frock as we usually find it. It is not an expensive innovation to make in one's wardrobe, and there are certainly times in all women's lives, in these days of coaching, tricycling, and tennis, when such garments would be invaluable. You can't trip up on a petticoat like that, and you can't catch your heel in it, two great points gained. For rainy weather, or for wear with a heavy walking dress, the regular petticoat beneath the dress may be omitted, but for usual wear it is desirable, for it takes away all possibility of that look of "no petticoat" another woman's eye is so sure to see.

AN IDYL OF CARLSBAD.

By Betsy B.

I V.

Mr. Van Skaak's joints seemed to fairly crackle with k's, as he made a series of stiff bows with that deferential courtesy which is so rare at home, so plentiful abroad, and so thoroughly agreeable to American women. Before the choice of a breakfast café was half over, the Schermerhorn ladies had voted upon him with a glance, and he was not black-haired.

They discussed the pretty Jägerhaus upon the hill, and the still prettier Posthof away down the valley, to which one walked under long avenues of green shade-trees. They took them all in, and many more beside, on later morning walks, but for this particular first day it was decided that it would be more symmetrical, so to speak, to go to the Hirschen-sprung café, since it was from the Hirschen-sprung, or Deer's Leap, that the Emperor Charles IV. had first seen the great Geyser of Carlsbad. Furthermore, one of the great crucifixes crowned the rock itself, and beneath the cross was a great testimonial upon which were written the names of all the Russian aristocrats who had visited Carlsbad, beginning with Peter the Great.

"Why, certainly, that's where we will go," said Mrs. Schermerhorn, who still said, "why, certainly," though she had seen "The Colonel" in London; "what's the use of talking further? I love anything Russian, it's so awfully stylish. Are you Russian, Mr. Van Skaak?" asked the lady, quite innocently, a few moments later, as they toiled up the bill-mountain, they call it there—and the views became more and more beautiful.

Mr. Van Skaak shot a glance of extreme pain at her through his solitary glass. She learned later that a Russian meant to him everything that was barbaric, savage, and coarse. Just now Lena and Fred laughed in the most exasperating manner, and called attention to the Van in his name as coolly as if they had never pondered over him themselves.

"It was the address that seemed so sort of sluttish," murmured Mrs. Schermerhorn, subsiding into silence and confusion.

But Mr. Van Skaak hastened to her relief, told her that he was a Hollander, and that many people had seemed to find the Dutch language a little barish and queer; but for his part, he thought it quite as musical as Italian, with which he was almost equally familiar, or as expressive as French, or, with one of his jerky, deferential bows, as sonorous as English. They kept up the usual international question, as traveling people do, while they sipped their good Austrian coffee and ate fresh eggs at the little tables under the trees. Mr. Van Skaak solved the mystery of the little red paper packages, which they had seen carried by every one along the streets as the water hours waxed, and by the scores of people whom they had met rambling through the forest. He produced from his pocket three slices of brown "zweibach," a sort of sublimated toast much affected by Carlsbad doctors in their prescribed régimes. The Schermerhorns immediately consulted their three lists, and found, to their delight, that they were all three obliged to eat it, and to Fred's inconceivable joy, they learned further, that it was the correct thing to buy it yourself at the bakery in the morning. The Americans made some vry faces over the first mouthful, but they dearly loved a performance of any kind, and were thereafter faithfully furnished, each of them, with the little red packets, the staple, really, of their simple breakfast, the only kind allowed in Carlsbad.

"And now, for the morning walk," cried Fred, gayly, after they had inspected the big crucifix and the big stone, with its long list of patrician, unpronounceable names in Russian, and wondered who Theresia of Angoulême might be, and why they were expected to sigh over her.

"We must watch carefully for poor Eugénie and the Duke of Edinburgh. They tell me they are both here incognito," said Fred, who, in the depths of his heart, loved a lord as dearly as his lady did.

"Oh, I shall know Eugénie at once," said Mrs. Schermerhorn, with perfect confidence. "You can't tell me that a woman like that loses her style, even with empires crumbling around her and all her loved ones dying and leaving her to old age and desolation. It wasn't in her dress-maker, it was in herself."

"There go the little cripple and her father," said Lena, peering through the trees, as a little donkey-cart, drawn by a particularly neat little donkey, wound its way up the path beneath them. An immense Englishman, with probably the largest foot that was ever appended to a man, was walking along beside it, puffing, and steaming, and blowing, but walking with dogged determination. He wore a suit of gigantic tennis flannels, a pair of gigantic tennis shoes, and a gigantic soft hat which flopped about his ears and shoulders like a huge leaf. Every proportion about him was gigantic, and every line about him was round. In the cart sat a proud, imperious-looking, beautiful young girl. She was trim, shapely, and elegant, from the crown of her proudly poised head to the sole of her shapely foot, whose hoot glistened in the sunlight as she sat. But upon the seat beside her lay a pair of elegant crutches.

"Did you ever see such a devoted father?" asked Lena. "We have happened to come across them so many times since our arrival, and the little procession is always like this. They are always together, and the old gentleman is always so interested. Poor little girl, she is as pretty as a flower, but she looks as proud as a duchess."

"She is a duchess," said Mr. Van Skaak, who seemed to know a little of every one and everything, which was perhaps the secret of Fred's penchant for him; "and a very historical name she bears. They are the Duke and Duchess of Wellington."

"It is a pity the Iron Duke did not make arrangements to transmit his nose to the entire family," said Mr. Schermerhorn, a little irreverently, for the ladies were quite overcome at being so near a great name. "He is certainly not an engaging looking person."

Mr. Van Skaak looked distinctly pained.

"I have often seen this lady in the hunting-field during her engagement to the duke," he said. "She was one of the best riders in England, and certainly the most fearless. But she tried too wide a ditch once, and was thrown, poor little lady. She was picked up badly wounded, and with her leg

so shattered that it became necessary to cut it off altogether. It was amputated so completely that surgery can give her no artificial aid, and she is condemned to those crutches for life."

A glint of sunlight fell upon their silver mountings as he spoke, and the little cart disappeared in the windings of the forest. Every one said, "Poor little thing!" and seemed to consider the story finished.

"But you do not observe," said Mr. Van Skaak, with the aggrieved air of one whose point has not been taken, "the duke did not throw her over, as every one expected he would. It was thought rather nice of him—and she was not a rich woman."

Miss Schermerhorn rushed to the front with an indignant protest, but her brother, who knew her powers of debate and her violent prejudices against European marriages, stopped her in time.

"You seem to have spent much time in England; your English has the English form, Mr. Van Skaak."

"I shall hope to have the honor of answering mademoiselle later," said the imperturbable Hollander. "Yes, I have been much in England."

"And in France—you seem to know Paris by heart. And in Brussels, and in Italy. What travellers some of you Hollanders are. And yet you never come over our way. And what linguists!"

"That we are obliged to be, for, unfortunately, no one ever learns Dutch."

"And in the traveling way, I suppose you must come out of Holland once in a while, to stretch yourselves. It's a crampy sort of a little place, isn't it?"

"And rather damp, I should think," put in Lena. "Rheumatism and neuralgia must prevail in a watery country like that. I suppose you—" But Lena never got any further. She was so transfixed by the *et tu Brute* which shot at her out of his eye-glass, that she fell into an embarrassment of silence.

"Oh, I think Holland is just lovely," babbled Mrs. Schermerhorn. "There's such a fascination in watching the peasant women's spiral hair-pins, and wondering how they screw them into their temples, and the ladies at Schevenaigen dress divinely, and the Hague is a perfect little duck of a city."

"Thank you, madame. The Hague is my home," said Mr. Van Skaak, with one of his crackling hows. "Monsieur, it is true we have not your prairies, but my country home near the Hague is at least forty minutes' drive from my city house, and while space is magnificent, one man does not really need more space than that to live in. Mademoiselle, may I have the honor of defending my country against your attack?"

And they walked on together. After that they were always walking on together, and Mr. Van Skaak was always convincing Miss Schermerhorn of something.

"What in the world was he saying," asked Mrs. Schermerhorn, when they separated for their Sprüdel bath, which was one of the duties of the day. "I never saw you get on like that with a stranger before."

"Saying? A little of everything. He has almost convinced me that Holland is as big as Canada, and as dry as a bone; that the entire American marriage system is wrong; that we don't know how to love or to marry; that when we marry, we don't know how to live together; that if we can't live together, we don't know how to separate in a dignified manner; and that it is all because our money ideas are all wrong."

"Lena!" said Mrs. Schermerhorn, with about seven unwritten exclamations in her voice.

"Well, I don't like to contradict him too much, because he is an invalid," said Lena, a little shamefacedly.

"What's the matter with him?"

"A general exhaustion of the system."

"Great Scott, Lena, did you find all that out in that time?"

But at this moment Fred joined them, with the remark that he had requested Mr. Van Skaak to secure a table for them at Pupp's for the midday dinner.

How all the world turns out there in its best clothes! There is a satisfied look, as of duty done. Every one has had his morning glass, his morning walk, his morning cure-bath. There is just enough of duty and routine in this pleasant Carlsbad life to give it spice and save it from monotony, just enough monotony and ease to give it luxury. One day is just like another, one week just like another. But it is never tedious. There is a delicious do-nothingness, a delicious languor, and a delicious sense that you are doing something very good for yourself all the time. All the hard things are easy to do, because every one else is doing them at the same time.

Miss Schermerhorn never quite knew at what moment the spirit of health and the spirit of cheerfulness had returned. Was it the day they went up the beautiful path of the Schwindelweg, or climbed the hill of the "Drei Kreuzen," or when they climbed to the Franz Josef height and drank *giesshübler*, delicious *giesshübler*, as they leaned out of the round pavilion and gazed at the magnificent panorama, or as they strolled through the little Ecce Homo chapel at the foot of the hill, and always found a peasant woman praying, and knitting as she prayed? Was it the day they went to Pinkenhammer, and Fritz had bought a beautiful porcelain bath-tub, with the most exquisite decorations caracoling all over it, or the day they went to Elbogen and saw forty life-size crucifixes in one little church, and a wedding party turned to stone on the outside? She only remembered that Mr. Van Skaak was there. Mr. Van Skaak was always there, and always had something interesting to tell of every shrine, temple, slah, and hill.

"See here, Fritz," Fred used to say occasionally on these walks, when they were left to themselves as usual, "why don't you hrase up and chaperone your sister? She will be frightfully bored by the Dutchman. I like to talk to him myself; but, of course, men's conversation is different."

"They are talking about the linings of the stomach, Fred," she reported once, when she came back to him. "I can talk about the lining of dolmans all day, but this is too much for me." Another time it was the circulation of the blood, and yet again the prevalence of nervous prostration in America.

But Mrs. Schermerhorn once came back actually pale. "They are talking money, and he is giving the rich of America particular fits. He says the rich men of America don't think enough of their money, and marry any kind of a woman that comes along; and the rich women of America think so much—too much of it—that they don't marry any

one, and permit themselves to become vinegary, lonely old women. Lena will be in a perfect rage."

"Good Gad," said Fred, "what does this mean?" and putting his hands into his pockets, he plunged into the unaccustomed exercise of meditation.

The next day Mr. Van Skaak was not awaiting them at the dinner-table in the long glass corridor; but the *ober kellner* put a letter into Mr. Schermerhorn's hand, in which in a singularly magnificent manner, Mr. Van Skaak requested the honor of an interview that afternoon. Mr. Schermerhorn kindly forbore to make any explanation to his wife, or to look at the downcast eyes of his sister. When he had waded carefully through the huge stock of documentary credentials which Mr. Van Skaak had brought, including letters of introduction from three American Ministers and the written consent of the whole Van Skaak family, and given his full consent, with the additional information that Americans did not interfere much with their sister's marriages after the ladies had attained their majority, he was glad enough to fly to Fritz with the news. He had ingeniously persuaded her to lie down and rest, something never difficult to do, and she had supposed him to be chaperoning his sister.

"Where's Lena?" she asked, as he sank into his seat with a prolonged whistle.

"Down-stairs engaged in engaging herself to the Dutch man."

"What! A European?"

"Yes."

"Is she going to marry him on the European plan?"

"Even so."

"Dowries, and settlements, and things?"

"Ay, madam."

"Great Scott! Fred, how did it come about?"

"Invalid propinquity, I think. Exchange of symptom and that sort of thing. Can't account for it otherwise."

"Is it her money, Fred, or do you think he's in love with her?"

"Well, he has Dutch thrift, my dear, and he appreciates her money; but he also took out his glass, for the first time during our acquaintance, and ejaculated, somewhat violently that he couldn't live without her."

"Fred—a pause—" do you think she loves him?"

"Of course she does, Fritz. I've seen that from the beginning. You see he started in to hoss her immediately in quiet way, and a woman loves that. He has changed ever opinion she had in the world; furthermore, he's the first person alive that ever believed in her liver."

"Oh, that's cured. Do you suppose this did it?"

"What, Carlsbad?"

"No, love."

"Fiddlesticks," said Mr. Schermerhorn; but he has never been quite sure that he was right.

For there are not two healthier, wholesomer, cheerier people in Holland than Mr. and Mrs. Anton Van Skaak.

"THE EMERALD ISLE."

Its Absentee Landlords, Menaced Agents, Cabins, Bogs, and Hogs

Here I am at a farm-house, a real, Irish farm-house, a there are many hundreds—a sort of square box, approached by stone steps. Right and left are the drawing-room and the dining-room. The walls are covered with a hideous Freoc paper—red flowers on a golden ground. The windows are hung with showy, bright, scarlet curtains. My host pointed out to me that it was the fashionable color when they were purchased. In the drawing-room stand two massive cab-nets, partly let into the wall, and a few exquisite Chippendale chairs, the value of which I would not attempt to guess. In the dining-room there is a fine Chippendale sideboard, and on the walls are pictures of horses, to whose pedigrees and prowesses you have often to listen. This is the hunter of which, twenty-five years ago, the present squire cleared wall six feet high; that is the race-horse which came in second for the Chester cup half a century since; part of the mortgages with which the property is saddled are due to the hopes on that occasion.

Extensive woods spread on either side of the house like the scenery of a theatre. In their midst is a clearance, where the cattle graze on the green sward. The avenue shows evidence of their presence. Behind the house is the stable whose roof is falling into ruins and the doors all broken; the yard is full of pools of stagnant water, where ducks and geese disport themselves. Further on, in an open space shaded by laurel bushes, is an iron shed, in front of which two policemen are sitting cleaning their rifles. They have been on duty all night, and are relieved by their comrade who are now marching up and down in front of the house, leaning a little out of the window, I can watch them as I tie my cravat.

My host has, for a long time, been under the protection of the police. There is, perhaps, not in all Ireland a life of Leaguers are more anxious to take, but as he is a prudent man, he never moves a step out of doors unless preceded by a car of policemen, armed to the teeth, to clear the way, with another car, also full of policemen, bringing up the rear. This unpopularity is easily accounted for. The income of my host's property does not amount to more than one thousand pounds sterling, and it is subject to a mortgage of several hundred pounds sterling. Whatever happens, these several hundred pounds sterling must be paid, and any reduction must fall on the remaining three hundred. The faults of the fathers are visited on the children, and my host's property hardly exists except on paper. He has, however, another source of income; he is a land agent, and, as such, receives five per cent. on the fifty thousand pounds sterling a year he is bound to collect. In order to raise this enormous sum from a poverty-stricken population, one may imagine what an amount of notices, prosecutions, and evictions must be entailed. The pecuniary embarrassments of my host oblig him to carry out all these operations without mercy. Hence his unpopularity, and the earnest desire of the National party to put him out of the way, which means to murder him.

My host's family consists of his wife, three daughters, and a son. Two of the daughters are tall, strapping, ugly girls of twenty-three or twenty-four. They think nothing of riding fifteen miles to a meet, hunting all day, and riding home i

the evening; the next day they are quite ready for a tennis party, or to drive twenty miles to a ball. The third daughter is a small, pale girl, with golden hair, who spends all her time in painting flowers on the panels of the doors, or in helping her mother to carry on the household duties.

The son is quite a type of a certain class of Irishmen; we will call him Tom. After having spent several years in London, in sundry occupations, and having contracted as many debts as his creditors would allow—many more than his father cared to pay—Tom found himself landed in the bankruptcy court, and returned to the paternal mansion, where, blasé and worn out, he drags on days and weeks in such utter idleness that he often can not tear himself from his bed in the morning. His father attempted, at first, to employ him in his own business; and it is mainly owing to the hully and insolent manners of Mr. Tom that my host is not now able to go a step out of his house without being accompanied by policemen. Tom is about thirty years old. He has long legs, hony hands, and a "stable-yard" is plainly legible in his face. He walks about with a copy of the *Sportsman* under his arm, and jingling a penny and a half-crown in his trousers pocket. As he walks, he touches up with a hazel twig his trousers and his boots, their elegance being the last remains of his old Regent Street days. Allowing for a certain aptitude to turn compliments, an inexhaustible facility in expressing, I will not say his ideas, for he has none, but his tastes, which are very decided though very restricted, adding to that the few remains of dandyism which linger about his wardrobe—scarfs from the Burlington Arcade, perfumes from Bond Street, patent-leather boots, and darned silk stockings—and you may imagine what an ideal figure may be able to form in this forlorn country from the pattern of this ill-favored fellow. After breakfast he begins his chatter. He curses Ireland, calling it the most hideous hole under the sun. He then scares his mother out of her life by repeating, *ad nauseam*, that the league will reduce them all to beggary, and, having established these facts, he deliberately proceeds to develop his plans for purchasing young horses, breaking them in, and selling them in the English market. Sometimes he will stop to look at the newspaper, and fall asleep with a stump of a burnt out cigarette between his lips. Nothing more will be heard of him for an hour or so, after which he may be seen, stooping under the laurel trees, wending his way toward the stables. Whistling to their dogs, his sisters hurry after him, thrusting their hands into the pockets of their cotton dresses, while the shiny mud of the stable-yard oozes into their down-at-heel shoes. Behind the stables is a small field, lately converted into a training-ground. Here the three will stand for hours watching two colts, very like goats, ridden by country boys dressed in blue smock-frocks and heavy iron-tipped shoes, go round and round a thousand times.

You would not imagine it an easy matter to enjoy a day's shooting with a policeman at your heels to prevent a leaguer from taking a pot-shot at you while you are taking aim at a pheasant; or to give yourself up to the charms of a tête-à-tête under the eyes of a policeman, watching all the time that your kisses are not cut short by a leaguer stabbing you in the back. Notwithstanding all the precautions which are indispensable if you wish to preserve a whole skin, the natives of Mayo understand how to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. At this present moment nothing is talked about but a picnic, to be followed by an afternoon ball, the details of which are being discussed around me. From what I am told, it is to take place at a house on Loch Carra—a house which possesses a ball-room with a splendid dancing floor, says one of the young girls.

"And who, then, does the house belong to?" said I.

"Oh, to a man who lives in Paris, and never comes here. Papa is his agent, and we do anything we like in the house."

On driving to the picnic, we suddenly come upon the gleam of a beautiful lake, which is spread between the broken lines of the rocky coast and the fissures in the bog land on the other side. The undulations of the Clare Mountains, dying away in the distance, formed the horizon of the landscape, which, denuded of trees, gave the impression of a wild, uncultivated people leading a barbarous life. In Ireland one's thoughts are naturally carried back to the ancient coast pirates, and the chiefs of tribes clothed in skins. The tree of civilization which the Anglo-Saxon has for seven hundred years endeavored to engraft, has not yet taken root. That is an undeniable fact. Whether the Celt will be able to civilize himself when he has been granted "home rule" is a question on which I would not venture to give an opinion. At present he is a savage, eminently adapted to raising cattle, but totally unfitted for agricultural pursuits, without which he is necessarily doomed to starvation.

Below us, in the damp plain on the margin of the stagnant bog, stands the village. The cabins are built of rough stones, without any mortar. They are divided into two, seldom into three, compartments. The windows are not as large as those of a railway carriage. There vegetates a whole family, consisting, in most cases, of father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and eight or ten children, who fit in as best they can.

The cabins are roughly thatched, or covered with green sods taken from the next field. In front of each habitation is a species of quagmire in which a bog is wallowing, whilst the children play about the dryer spots. One may imagine that the interior is like—a dark hole sweltering with stench, the inhabitants call the fermentation of the filth, mingling with that of the sweat, a "warm" smell. Round the walls are many indistinct objects looking like big packing-cases—those are the beds. The floor is broken down in many places, and rain collects in the hollows, which have to be swept out every morning. An enormous pig, covered with vermin, wals in a trough placed in the centre of the floor, and every now and then the beast goes and takes a sniff at the cradle in which an infant is sleeping by the fire. The old grandfather clasps her trembling hands, and the beast retires to its trough.

After the pig, let us come to the family, and see them at their meals. Of cooking, they have not the most remote idea. The only utensil of any kind is the large, black, iron trivet which hangs in the chimney. The father and the mother are followed by their progeny. The mother is a big, powerful woman, apparently made for field work; she is dressed in a short, red petticoat, hardly reaching below her knees, and displaying her huge, red, shapeless legs. She

lifts the pot off the fire and takes it to the doorway. One of the children brings a sieve, into which the contents are poured, and the water runs off. The pig is then driven under one of the heds, and the family begins eating out of the sieve. The dinner is washed down with water from the well. Some well-to-do-families keep a cow, and thus add the luxury of a little milk.

These people call themselves small farmers. They cultivate from three to ten acres of land, for which they pay from twenty to twenty-five shillings per acre. Their small fields are not, as in England, separated by luxuriant hedges, but by miserable stone walls, which give the country a most dilapidated appearance. They cultivate oats and potatoes. The oats and the pig are absorbed by the rent, and they live on what is left. Balzac says: "Fine feelings enter the soul when fortune begins to gild the furniture." I never could detect in these people the remotest approach to the æsthetic. Such a thing as a pot of flowers has never been seen in the window of an Irish peasant.

Do you wish to know what Ireland is like? Well, it reminds you of the smell of a paraffin lamp. The country is redolent of the damp, musty, unwholesome odor of poverty, of a poverty which smells of the soil, and this smell overpowers you every time you enter a cabin; it floats over the chimney-places, in the smoke of the peat fires; it smoulders in the muck-heaps, and creeps along the deep, black, slimy bogs that line the roads; the miserable, barren look of the marshy fields, and of the treeless plains, recalls the odor of poverty; a poverty which makes you feel sick unto death.

We go on through roads of dispiriting nakedness. We have policemen before and behind us. All of a sudden we come upon some trees, and through the leaves we see the reflection of the lake's gray waters, and a beautiful panorama unfolds itself—long well-wooded promontories, islands, and an immense extent of bright waters. The house which dominates this extensive green valley is Mount Lake, the property of the mysterious individual about whom no one can give any information, except that he lives in Paris and writes French verses. The park is magnificent—ornamented with trees of more than a century's growth; but even here the bitter odor of poverty haunts you still. The porch is in ruins, the splendid avenue is choked with weeds, and herds of cattle wander through the groves and graze along the terraces. The house is very much like the one we have just left, only much finer. Four enormous pillars support the balcony, a large and imposing flight of stone steps lead to the main entrance, and above the door is a large tablet with the arms of the family and the date of the construction.

On the graveled path in front of the house are drawn up vehicles of every description. The policemen and the soldiers who protect the party, enter on their duties toward their charges as naturally as nurses with children. They discreetly draw near a flirting couple, and, begging pardon for the interruption, warn them of the risk they are running by prolonging their tête-à-tête in the obscurity of the grove.

The weather is delightful. Under the cheerful rays of the sun, the gay toilets of the young girls resemble bright flowers in the landscape. The extensive lake, with its reeds and rushes, its islands and its shallow shores, sparkles like a mirror in the sunlight, and the massive foliage of the elms waves gently in the breeze with the melancholy, languid motion of a lady's fan.

Our party were scattered about. Some were standing in the porch contemplating the scenery, on this lovely spring afternoon; others were dancing in the drawing-room to the lively notes of a piano, and gaiety was at its height, when suddenly a strange looking individual, unknown to any of the guests, wearing a long green frock-coat, drove up to the front entrance in a post-chaise. His small hat, his long hair, his dress cut in Parisian fashion, his pointed beard, all combined to give him a strange and almost incongruous appearance. On the boulevards he might not have appeared out of place, but here he seemed to have dropped from the skies. Nobody knows who he is. He seems rather out of temper and knocks impatiently at the door. The old servant comes at last.

"What are all these people doing here," exclaims the new-comer.

"It is Mrs. — holding an afternoon party, sir. I should be delighted to announce you, but they are now dancing in the drawing-room, and luncheon is laid out in the dining-room."

"Show me into the house. Don't you know me? This is my house, and I am just arrived from Paris."

"Dear me, I beg thousand pardons, sir. Come in and speak to Mrs. —"

You may imagine that poor lady's embarrassment—she could hardly ask the proprietor to do her the favor of joining the dance in his own house—on the other hand, she could not summon her guests and bid them to pack up their luncheon and be off. The Parisian, however, was not an ill-natured fellow; he went up-stairs, and having changed his clothes, returned and asked permission to join the party, which was most readily granted.

He and I became friends at once, and he invited me to spend some days with him, and then gave me the history of his life. He said he had always had a great predilection for things he did not quite understand. "When," said he, "you have thoroughly mastered an opera, a map, or a picture, half the charm is gone." At eighteen he had started on a tour around the world, in search of something he did not quite understand, and finding many things of that nature on the Boulevard Montmartre, he had remained there till he was thirty years old. The unsatisfactory state of his affairs had now brought him back to Ireland.

After numberless applications, his agents had at last declared that they could not obtain money for him, and he had come over from Paris, with only a few pounds in his pocket and one or two volumes of light French literature, to meet his tenants and discuss the question of a reduction of rent. He was thoroughly versed in all the minutiae of French dramatic art, but as to his estates, their situation, their extent, their condition, and their capabilities, he knew no more than I did.

Allowing for difference of age and circumstances, this is a type of men now frequently to be met with in Ireland. They are floating back to their native land from all the quarters of the globe.

G. M.

—, COUNTY MAYO, May 1887.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Thirty-six Vassar girls have been named bachelors of arts. A bachelor of arts is maid of wisdom.—*Watertown Times*.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"—*Boston Journal of Education*.

Mrs. Nouveau Riche—"Aw, yes, that's very pretty, but I don't like the title, 'Common Prayer.' Haven't you—aw—any other kind? I don't care how much I have to pay."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A popular writer, who sometimes had a had "spell," wrote the name of the illustrious author of "Pilgrim's Progress" as "John Bunion." His publishers suggested that it be put in a foot note.—*Living Church*.

Gus—"What sort of figure has the Gushington, Jack?" Jack—"I haven't the faintest idea." Gus—"Why, I thought you had met her?" Jack—"I have, but she had on a tailor-made dress."—*New York Sun*.

A Providence man astonished his friends, recently, by saying that he was considerably interested in flowers, and intended that day to plant some "Christian anthems." He meant chrysanthemums.—*Providence Journal*.

"Oh, Nell! Isn't it lucky our legacies were only four hundred dollars?" "Lucky? when we expected at least ten thousand apiece!" "But don't you see, dear, if we had all that, papa would have invested it."—*Life*.

Young man (to messenger boy)—"What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers?" Messenger Boy—"She asked the young feller who was sittin' on the porch with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole bouquet."—*New York Sun*.

A judge, joking a young lawyer, said: "If you and I were to be turned into a horse or an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure!" replied the lawyer; "I've heard of an ass being made a judge, but a horse—never."—*The Judge*.

Mrs. X—(who has been talking)—"But I see your mind is on some business matter, George. I'm afraid I'm interrupting you." Mr. X—(reflecting on the races of yesterday)—"Oh, no—no—go ahead! I'm not listening."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Farmer's Wife—"Why, Joseph, what under the sun have you bought so many cans of vegetables for?" Cute Farmer—"For the city boarders, of course. They always dote on fresh vegetables, you know. Got the lot at seven cents a can."—*Puck*.

A Pittsburg jeweler has devised a neat thing for young ladies which he calls a "seaside" locket. One side can be devoted to holding a tiny photograph, while the other side serves as a receptacle for the fair one's bathing-dress.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

"Thrift and economy, my son," said the old man, "are the important elements of success in this world. Together they will accomplish wonders." "Then I hope, father," responded the young man, earnestly, "that you will practice both for my sake."—*New York Sun*.

St. Louis and Chicago love each other as much as ever. The St. Louis *Republican* announces that "the population of Chicago is now increasing at the rate of twenty-one thousand bogs a day," and Chicago declares that President Cleveland is merely going to stop at St. Louis on his way to Chicago."—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—"I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm." Penelope (dubiously)—"Is there any society in the neighborhood?" Mrs. Waldo—"I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people."—*New York Sun*.

"Always with a hook in your hand, Miss Breezy," said a Chicago young man smilingly, as he seated himself in the parlor for an evening call; "you seem devoted to literature." "Oh, I am," returned the young lady with genteel enthusiasm, "I read everything." "What are you reading now?" "Old Sleuth the Detective."—*New York Sun*.

Bunko Steerer (to stranger): "Excuse me, sir, but is not this my old friend Mr. Ely, of Rome, New York?" Stranger—"No, sir. I am Mr. Eichlensteinhergerblumenthallichtenschwartzcoff, of Quoddyquohogmachiasmefremagog, Me." Bunko steerer excuses himself, but before he can reach his "pal" the stranger's name and address have escaped him.—*Life*.

"We have just had quite a lively discussion, Mr. Wahash," remarked Miss Penelope Waldo, as the young gentleman seated himself for an evening call, "and papa is very pronounced in his admiration for the *Century*." "Yes?" responded Mr. Wahash, with easy politeness; "I used to like *Century* myself, but it's over two years now since I have had a chew of tobacco in my mouth."—*New York Sun*.

A Minnesota poet sat by an open window writing a spring poem, on Thursday of last week. A thunder storm was raging outside. Suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, and a moment later the poet saw, burned upon his manuscript, the letters "N. G." He was so impressed by this occurrence that he resolved to give up the poetry business at once; and he is now employed in a crockery store.—*Tid Bits*.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "where did all those books on astronomy on the library table come from? They are not ours." "A pleasant little surprise for you," responded the lady; "you know, you said this morning that we ought to study astronomy, and so I went to a book-store and bought everything I could find on the subject." It was some minutes before he spoke. "My dear," he then said, slowly, his voice husky with emotion, "I never said we must study astronomy. I said we must study economy."—*New York Sun*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, reflects both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Clark Russell's new novel has the highly exciting title of "The Frozen Pirate."

After an examination of tables and statistics concerning book production, Colonel Higginson says, in the *Independent*: "If these figures are anything like a fair approximation to the truth, and if the tendencies they represent are permanent, it is evident that in another fifty years—or perhaps in a much shorter period—the United States must replace England as the great publishing centre for the English-speaking world."

It is reported that a commercial traveler in the olive interest, of a jocular disposition, recently on a visit to Tarascon, inscribed his name as Alphonse Daudet in the visitors' book of his hotel. Never was engineer more ignominiously hoisted by his own petard. The irate townsman as one man, hunted the unlucky Jang through the historic streets, and doubtless would have inflicted speedy justice had not the police rescued the fugitive, and seen him safely into the Paris express.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* is inspired by the recent publication of Edwin P. Whipple's "Essays on American Literature" to relate an incident which occurred a good while ago, in an office where certain essays of Mr. Whipple's were being prepared for publication. A proof-reader detected, in the author's text a singular verb which had been ruthlessly yoked with a plural noun. "Ab, Mr. Whipple, the proof-reader ventured, 'there is an error in grammar.' 'An error in grammar?'" said Mr. Whipple; "there is no such thing as English grammar, I do not consider it. I write for the rhythm, that's all."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has apparently scored a point on Andrew Lang. It says: "Mr. Andrew Lang's article on Plagiarism in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* has omitted any reference to one of the most remarkable modern instances of this literary vice. M. Octave Uzanne has written to *Le Livre* to state that the chapter called 'A Bookman's Purgatory,' in Mr. Lang's 'Books and Bookmen,' is taken from his own 'Caprices d'un Bibliophile.' 'On n'est pas impunément plagiaire que M. Andrew Lang (says M. Uzanne) et nous dénonçons bien vivement ses procédés à ses compatriotes.'"

Upon the site of the Bancroft Building, Market Street, burned April 30, 1886, has been erected the History Building, an elegant and substantial edifice. Organized primarily for the publication of the historical works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, the History Company, occupying premises upon the second floor of the History Building, does a general book-publishing business. H. H. Bancroft, N. J. Stone, W. B. Bancroft, E. A. Colley, and T. A. C. Dorland, all formerly connected with the house of H. H. Bancroft & Co., have incorporated under the name of The Bancroft Company, for the purpose of carrying on the book, stationery, and printing business.

The New York *Critic* says: "Mr. Joaquin Miller will have the assistance of Mr. John Vance Cheney and Mr. John P. Irish in building a stone house on a windy hill looking out through the Golden Gate at San Francisco—the rockiest bit of earth that ever defied an earthquake. Gulches and gorges and canyons lie all around it, and out of every one of them bursts a fountain of cool water from the far-off melting snows of the Sierras, whose peaks the Western poet has often celebrated in song. Our proximity to these snow-streams will surprise most San Franciscans. The *Critic* has evidently mixed Joaquin Miller's place across the bay with his ranch on Mt. Shasta—which mountain, we may state for the *Critic's* information, is some hundreds of miles from San Francisco."

There are several newspapers devoted exclusively to the undertaking trade, among which are the *Shroud*, the *Tomb*, the *Casket*, the *Grave*, and the *Stiff*. The *Stiff* is a humorous publication, devoted exclusively to the retelling of small jokes concerning fatal accidents and mortuary affairs. The others are pretentious, solemn-looking affairs, profusely illustrated with the latest patterns in coffins, shrouds and other pleasures connected with the grave. A special department entitled "Chit-Chat of the Trade," adorns the editorial page of the *Shroud*. It is illustrated with a cut of two gentlemen who look as though they had just risen from the grave, and who, seated on a couple of coffins, are smoking cigarettes and evidently discussing the benefits of the latest patent medicine. In the same paper, one portion of a column only is devoted to levity. The department is called "Nut-Crackers," and is embellished with a cut representing a person with a ferocious mustache standing on a coffin, and breaking nuts with a shinbone on the top of a gravestone.

Some time ago, an enterprising publishing house in Philadelphia got out an edition of John Payne's translation of "The Arabian Nights," which was offered for sale by subscription. It was an unexpurgated edition, and there was some trouble about it. Mr. R. Worthington, of New York, bought out this among other publications of the Philadelphia house, and before the second volume was issued, Anthony Comstock swooped down upon him and prevented the publication of any more. The book was sold by subscription, and four or five hundred sets at forty-five dollars a set—there were to be nine volumes in all—were subscribed to, but after the two volumes were delivered there were none others forthcoming, and a howl went up from over four hundred subscribers. That was over a year ago. Now the seven lacking volumes have been published and are ready for delivery. Mr. Worthington clears his skirts, as the new volumes are printed in Canada. They bear no imprint on the title-page, but simply say "printed for subscribers only"; but MacMillan & Co., of Toronto, are supposed to be the publishers.

E. V. Smalley thus writes to the *Journalist*: "A recent paragraph arouses in me an argumentative spirit. It is copied from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the gist of it is that the newspapers will crowd out all magazines and many books. I heard this same thing twenty years ago. I fancy it originates in this case with some young writer, new to the business of journalism and a little exhilarated with a sense of the power of the daily press. We older journalists see that the daily paper has its limitations, and do not believe that it will ever occupy the whole field of literature. We do not care nearly as much for it as we did years ago, when we used to glow with pride at seeing our productions in leaded brevity, on the editorial page, or leading the news page under the seductive small-cap sub-heading, 'From our Special Correspondent.' As we grow older we value books and magazines more and newspapers less. Let me give two reasons among many, why the daily paper will never supplant the magazine: First, the daily paper lives but a day. If we do not find time to read an article in it on the day it appears, we never have another chance. Nobody reads yesterday's paper. The magazine lives at least a month. It lies day after day upon the library table, beckoning to us in our leisure hours, with its bright cover. Some time or other during the month we find opportunity to read the article whose subject or authorship attracts our notice. In the second place, the magazine alone can give to the writer a national audience. It reaches thoughtful people everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the mining camps of northern Idaho and on the cattle ranches of eastern Montana I have found *Harp's* and the *Century*. These periodicals circulate more copies, in proportion to population, in Iowa and Dakota, than in New York. Where is the daily newspaper that is read all over the United States? There is none. The New York dailies reach few regular readers west of Buffalo and south of Washington. The Chicago dailies have a broader geographical field, but they do not go east of Indiana, and in the west they are cut off by the papers of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, and Kansas City. We have local dailies, and what we might call regional dailies, covering two or

three States, but we have no national dailies filling the field that the London papers fill in Great Britain, and the Paris dailies in France. If a man wants to talk to the whole country he must get into the pages of one of the great magazines."

New Publications.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" has recently been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers, price, 10 cents.

A new edition has been published of Lieutenant Peile's "Lawn Tennis," edited by R. D. Sears, which contains the dissertation on the game and advice to new and old players by the former editor, together with the newest rules, lists of officers, tournaments, etc., of the National Association. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 75 cents.

"For Boys: A Special Physiology," by Mrs. E. R. Sheperd, is an excellent book of its kind. It explains by analogies to familiar processes of nature in animal and vegetable life, the mysteries of creation, and gives much more information on the same topic which boys should know. Its language is simple, and made more so by illustrations; its information correct and important, and the book is to be commended. Published by the Sanitary Publishing Company; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.00.

The two concluding volumes, the fifth and sixth, of the Riverside Edition of Robert Browning's poetical works have just been published. They contain "The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," "Aristophanes's Apology," and Browning's other recent poems, including the "Parleyings with Certain People." Typographically they are handsome books, and admirers of Browning's intricate thought will welcome their appearance. The last volume contains an index of titles. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.75 per volume.

"Spanish Idioms with the English Equivalents," collected by Sarah Cary Becker and Federico Mora, is a convenient work of reference for the Spanish student. Nearly ten thousand phrases are contained in the two lists—idioms containing verbs, and idioms without. Both lists are arranged alphabetically, while the various idiomatic uses to which the same word is put are grouped together upon no apparent plan. There are two indexes, the first an index to the idioms containing verbs; the second, referring to the other list, is arranged alphabetically by the word which is used idiomatically in the phrase. The lists, of course, are not technical; they contain only the idioms of literature and conversation. The work of the compilers has been admirably done. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The series of papers in which Thomas Stevens described his bicycle tour of the world in *Outing* have been collected and published in book form, with the title "Around the World on a Bicycle." The first volume has already been published, and follows Mr. Stevens's course from San Francisco to Teheran. The trip across the United States was not marked by any particularly striking incident, except an encounter with a mountain lion and some rough traveling in the mountains, and the alkali plains. In Europe, too, the country is such that travel is easy, and even wheelmen are not so rare as to excite very great notice. When he struck down into Serbia and the Balkan Peninsula, however, Mr. Stevens began to meet curious sights and customs; and his novel conveyance—if a bicycle may be called a "conveyance"—was so marvelous in the eyes of the Orientals, Slavs, Cossacks, Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Circassians, and Persians, that curiosity took the part of hospitality, and he was well received. To be sure, he was stopped by Greek bandits, occasionally molested by officials, and had to swim a great many rivers, and get his "machine" over as best he could; but the trip must have been an exciting one. It is a handsome volume, and well illustrated by W. A. Rogers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$4.00.

Some Magazines.

The *American Magazine* for July is a fair number in all but its illustrations, which might better have been omitted altogether.

The July *Overland* has the following table of contents: "The Life Natural," by E. R. Sill; "Chronicles of Camp Wright," by A. G. Tassin; "Evening," by G. Melville Upton; "Bears," by Oscar F. Martin; "Cracker Jim," by Zitiella Coker; "Thus Far," by Ellen Burroughs; "Zanzibar and the East Coast of Africa," by J. Studly Leigh; "Pygmalion and I," "Old Doc Travers," by H. W. Leavens; "The Bannock Campaign," by O. O. Howard; and the usual departments.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for July contains the following articles: "The Economic Disturbance since 1873," "The Panama Canal," "Lawsuit or Legacy," "The Task of American Botanists," "Variations of Human Stature," "Warfare in Science," "Human Brain-Weights," "North American Lakes," "Among the Thousand Islands," "Earthquakes," and "Mental Differences between Men and Women." The Anti-Poverty Society's "Fight against Poverty," is discussed in the Editor's Table.

Lippincott's for July contains another one of those veal undergraduate articles discussing "social life in colleges." This is devoted to the University of Virginia, and in it some Theophilus Unpluck holds forth concerning his chums and his ladiness. In sharp contrast to it is an article in the same number on West Point; it is pitifully written, interesting, and practical. The only article in this series, by the way, which has been worth the reading, was that on Harvard—the initial article. The others are mush-like. There is a readable article on "The Mistress of the White House," and a number of other papers of varying merit. There are some very sensible remarks in the editorial department on the relations between editors and contributors. This number contains a complete novelette by Miss Julia Magruder.

The *Atlantic* for July opens with an ode by George E. Woodberry, entitled "My Country." "Donna Quixote" is a story, by Abby Sage Richardson, of the days when George Farquhar and Anne Oldfield figured on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. It is a charming story and told with much spirit. An "Old Kentucky Home" is the title of a well-written and entertaining sketch of life in the South just before the war, with a good deal of social and political philosophy cropping out through it. An essay on "The Decay of Sentiment," by Agnes Repplier, is full of bright and amusing passages. Mr. Horace E. Scudder considers "The Use of American Classics in Schools." Mr. H. C. Buoner has a little poem on Schumann's "Kinder-Scenen," and Julie K. Wetherill some verses entitled "When All Is Said." The serials are up to the mark.

Scribner's Magazine for July has for its opening article a paper by Professor D. A. Sargent, M. D., of Harvard College, entitled "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man." It contains charts for accurate physical measurement and comparison, constructed from the measurements of ten thousand individuals ranging from seventeen to thirty years of age. The article is illustrated with a number of drawings from photographs of athletes. The second and concluding article by John C. Ropes, on "Some Illustrations of Napoleon and his Times," takes up the career of the great emperor after the peace of Tilsit. The illustrations embrace several caricatures of Napoleon from contemporary prints. In addition, there are pictures of Wellington, Blücher, Groby, and Sir Thomas Picton. The fourth installment of the "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," contains the fac-simile of a four-page letter, including two Thackeray drawings. One letter describes Thackeray's failure in an after-dinner speech at the famous Literary Fund dinner. The social history of New York and New England, during the early years of this century, are described in selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne, which are here published under the title of "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago." Among the illustrations are miniatures, silhouettes, and some reproductions from prints of old New York. W. C. Brownell has written some papers on "Freoch Traits," the first of which is published in this number under the title "The Social Instinct." The fiction of this number includes an anonymous story, "Jemmy Basconi"; "A Great Patience," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson; a story of Norwegian life, "A Perilous Incognito," by H. H. Boyesen, and the serials.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Pike is prominent in the new Grosvenor Gallery Club, in London, and the other evening a vocalist, who had been singing at the club, was asked where he had been. "Fishing," was the reply. "Fishing?" "Yes," said the warbler, "I have been trolling for Pike."

Those two celebrated preachers, Rev. Dr. Bacon and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the former accused the latter of using wit in his sermons. "Well," said said Mr. Beecher, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

Mme. de Melcy, *née* Grisi, after her separation from de Melcy, married the tenor Mario. She was walking once in a garden near St. Petersburg with her two little girls, when the Emperor Alexander II. passed along, stopped, and said: "What charming children; they are your little *grisettes* I suppose?" "No, your Majesty, they are my little *Marionettes*."

Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, used to tell a story of a policeman, who recovered on a steamboat a pocketbook which had been stolen from the good Bishop Griswold. "I did not want any reward," said the policeman, "and I would not have taken anything, but I did think the bishop might have said: 'Oh, damn it, Smith, take ten dollars.' If he had just said that, I should have been satisfied."

On an English railway, when the companies took the preachers of the gospel at half price like children, one of the ticket clerks, when asked for a minister's ticket by a somewhat unclerical-looking man, expressed a doubt as to his profession. "I'll read you one of my sermons, if you doubt my word," said the minister. "No, thank you," said the ticket clerk, with a gloomy smile, and handed the ticket over without any further proof.

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M. P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school; and among the advocates of reform his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy, which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied: "I'd vote for ye Sir Henry, only you're such a fool." "Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then I'm the very man to represent you." This diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and, with a loud guffaw, he promised his vote.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, was the owner of a fine house at Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Freeman, a wealthy widow, owned a fine brown-stone house adjoining. Mr. Corcoran sent Mrs. Freeman a note saying that he intended enlarging his hotel, and that he would be pleased to learn the value which she placed upon her house, and that he would send her a check for the amount. This was a lady, but not successful Mrs. Freeman, whose wealth was reckoned by the millions, replied that she had thought of enlarging her flower-garden, and that if Mr. Corcoran would kindly place a value on his hotel, she would be delighted to send him a check for the amount.

Garibaldi's triceps, or shoulder muscles, were enormous. They were just like two half cocoanuts sticking up beneath his mantle. His strength was simply Herculean. Late one night he was passing a foot, with only one attendant, through an unlighted and dangerous part of Naples, swarming with *lizzaroni* in the pay of Francis II. So suddenly from either side two men sprang simultaneously at him, knife-hand. Before their blades, raised to strike, could fall, Garibaldi leaped by the throat, raised high in air to the full extent of his arms. He then knocked them together two or three times, and let them fall on to stones, saying only, "The poor fools have had their lesson."

There is a young married man living in Minneapolis, who is a very good fellow, but he has fallen into the habit of using profanity almost constantly. His charming wife tried a dozen ways to break him of the habit without success. Finally she decided upon a plan. He came home the other evening and remarked: "It's been a h— of a day, hasn't it?" "What in h— has been the matter with it?" asked the wife, coolly. He looked as if he had been struck by a cyclone. It required two days to break the young man of the habit, for his wife repeated every "swear-word" he used in her presence. Now he does swear even when he misses a nail, and strikes his finger with the hammer.

While at Osborne, Prince Albert, the late husband of the queen, in the habit of getting up early and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries, knocked at the door and asked the servant if his master was in. The servant replied: "is in, but not down-stairs." "Oh, very well," was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to let your name, sir?" said the servant, "my master would be angry if I do not tell him who called." "Very well," said his Royal Highness, "I may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his finger and exclaimed "Walker."

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; the stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table and, taking a large punch-bowl, said: "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and, on the pieces being counted, there proved to be an odd one. The gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas, but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estate that he was enabled to do so.

A well-known character of East Gloucester, named Captain Cook who follows the sea for a livelihood, once informed Dr. Holmes the last fisherman who had hired his boat was Dr. Brooks. "He's a very pleasant company," Captain Cook was kind enough to say, "he swore a good deal for a clergyman." "He did what?" inquired Holmes, agast. "He swore," stoutly reiterated Captain Cook. "nonsense, I don't believe it," said the Doctor. "Well, what do call this?" inquired the old fisherman; "he got a haddock on hook, and he had a great deal of trouble to get it near the boat. It last he landed him, and I said, 'I: 'Well, for a haddock, that pulled d—d hard.' 'Yes, he did,' said Dr. Brooks. Now, what's that but swearing?"

Two ladies were dining in a Boston restaurant, and had been indelicately served by a waiter, who made himself conspicuous by walking away and chatting with a fellow-waiter in the middle of an order, idling about after he had received it for five minutes before he made the slightest pretense of going to the kitchen. When they paid for the dinner, there was but five cents change to be returned. The lady put the nickel on the plate, and, putting on her gloves, rose to leave the table. She had gone about five steps, when the waiter angrily laid the piece of money after her, attracting considerable attention. It rung on the marble floor and spun away. Another incident is to be the same place. A lady had been dining there, and, on receiving change, she took it from the plate and dropped it into her purse. The waiter watched the coin disappear, then looking at her, he snapped "Why don't you take the plate?"

SOCIETY.

The Rowan-Coon Wedding.

Miss Louise Coon, daughter of the late ex-Mayor Coon, was married a week ago last Tuesday to Mr. V. G. Rowan, a surveyor and engineer of Los Angeles, son of Mr. T. E. Rowan. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride by the Rev. Dr. Kimball, Dean of the Episcopal church. A sumptuous collation followed the wedding, and at its conclusion the newly-wedded couple departed for Los Angeles, where they will reside in the future.

The Mullins Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins gave an elaborate dinner Friday evening of last week, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, of London, Eng. The floral decorations were very handsome—La France roses predominating. Several hours were spent over the dainty menu. The after-dinner time was delightfully spent in recitations, vocal and instrumental music and dancing. Signor Campobello was in excellent style, and charmed the company with his rendition of "Il Glen." Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. Pritchard, Misses Harrison, Miss Katie Regan, Mr. Cosmo Morton, Mr. William H. Rice, Mr. Cook, Mr. John Maynard, Mr. Maynard, Signor Campobello, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, and Miss Alice Mullins.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Charles Crocker is at Carlshad, in Germany. Mr. and Mrs. William Hopkins are traveling in Switzerland. Colonel E. E. Eyre is in New York City. Hon. Charles N. Felton is visiting New York City. Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth have gone north to visit their daughter, Mrs. Baker, in Washington Territory, and will also go to Alaska for a brief trip. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are crossing the Atlantic en route to Europe. Mr. J. B. Haggin is in New York City. Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and Miss Nina Macdonald are in Paris. Mrs. George Hearst expects to remain here until December, when she will go to Washington, D. C., to pass the season. Signor G. B. Galvani sailed for Italy, from New York, Sunday. Mr. Whitelaw Reid will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Mills, at Millbrae, during his sojourn on this coast. Mrs. William M. Lent and Miss Fannie Lent left New York city last Tuesday, and are expected here early next week. Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Tyrell and Miss Lulu Tyrell, oframento, are enjoying a visit to Highland Springs. Miss Susie Dugan is rusticated at the Glenwood Mountains, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Mrs. M. A. Healy, of Oakland, is at Glenwood, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Mr. Frank D. Willey went to Santa Cruz on Wednesday, to remain over the Fourth. Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., has been passing several days at Santa Cruz. Mr. Will H. Stinson is passing a week at Santa Cruz. Mr. Edward M. Greenway is at Santa Cruz for the holiday season. Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl are in Germany. Miss Adele Ferrar and Miss Carmelita Ferrar are passing a week pleasantly at Santa Cruz. Miss Belle Cohn is the guest of Mrs. de Young, at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pickens are guests of Mrs. John C. Cheney, at her country-seat, Solitude, in Napa county. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bugbee, Miss Bessie Bugbee, and the Mes Birdie and Daisy Uhlhorn are passing the summer at Iron Springs. Mr. Carlos F. Monteleone are enjoying a week's rest at Santa Cruz. Mr. Robert B. Woodward returned from Santa Cruz today, and went to Nevada a couple of days later. Miss Jennie Tay and Miss Etta Tracy are at Camp Glen, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. A. W. Sisson visited Santa Barbara recently. Mr. Daniel T. Murphy and Miss Murphy have been sojourn at the Geysers. Mr. William T. Wallace, Jr., is at San Diego, where he remains a couple of weeks. Mr. and Mrs. William T. Wallace and Misses Marguerite and Romie Wallace will go to Santa Cruz in a fortnight. Mr. James Dunphy, who has been visiting Chicago and Santa Cruz for several weeks, returned on Sunday, and went to Santa Cruz on Tuesday, to stay over the holidays. Mr. Robert Grayson has gone to Santa Cruz for a week's rest.

Mr. Matthew Crooks and family are at Moscow Cottage, Duquane's Mills, for the summer. Mr. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are visiting friends at Santa Cruz. Mr. George W. Grayson and Miss Grayson, of Oakland, are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Jungen were guests at the dental Hotel during the early part of the week. Mr. Stuart M. Taylor will soon make a trip to Santa Cruz. Mr. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are going the summer at the Liddell House in Santa Cruz. Colonel Robert Tobin, Mr. Richard Tobin and Miss Tobin are expected to arrive here from Paris about the 1st inst.

Miss Blanche Brummagim is a guest at the Kitteredge in Santa Cruz. Mr. George Hyde and the Misses Gertrude and Mamie are stopping at the Pope House in Santa Cruz. Miss Lillie Lawlor is visiting Miss Jennie Dunphy at Santa Cruz.

Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. W. J. Currie have been passing the week at Los Angeles. Mr. Gashwiler and the Misses Gashwiler are guests at also de Robles Hot Springs.

Mr. R. R. Thompson and Miss Dixie Thompson are expected to arrive at Lake Tahoe. Mr. Clara Luning has returned from a month's sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Burling and Miss Mamie Burling are guests of Miss Hill in Sonoma County.

Mr. Horace Hill is visiting her mother in Napa. Miss Blanche is passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Milton S. Latham returned from Santa Barbara a week.

Miss Alida Wilbur is passing a few weeks at Pacific Grove.

Mr. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan are visiting San Francisco.

Mr. H. H. Hobbs, Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Jennie H., Miss Anna Hobbs, and Miss Mary Norton are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. R. F. Parks and Miss Lizzie Parks are visiting in Auburn.

Mr. James M. Goewey went to Santa Cruz this week, to see several friends.

Mr. R. B. Norris, accompanied by her son and niece, M. L. Carleton, went to Chicago last week, to meet her mother. They will make a tour of Europe soon.

Mr. N. P. Perrine and Miss Florence Perrine are visiting in Pray, at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Younger will pass the holidays at Russell ranch, in Alameda County.

Mr. Oness von Schroeder was in the city last Saturday, from Santa Cruz.

Mr. Augustine Haraszty is visiting friends at Howell town.

Mr. Mrs. E. George and Mrs. Jennie Fish have gone to Santa Cruz Mountains to remain about four weeks.

Mr. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve are at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Van Vranken have gone to the Soda Springs.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis has gone to New York.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahoe have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. C. G. Toland has returned from a trip to Nevada. Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, was in the city on a visit recently.

Mrs. F. A. Will and Miss Emma Will are visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Miss Ella Jennings has gone to Santa Cruz, to remain a week as the guest of Mrs. P. Nohle.

Miss Kate Griffiths, of Redwood City, is visiting her cousin, Miss Jennie Marshall, at Healdsburg.

Mr. Henry Heyman has gone to the Yosemite Valley, to pass a couple of weeks.

Mrs. E. A. Fargo, who is now at Litton Springs, will return home next week.

Mr. George H. H. Redding is in Paris.

Mr. John T. Tallant and Mr. George Tallant are rusticated around Arcata, enjoying the fishing and hunting in that locality.

Mr. Walter M. Painter and Mr. Edgar Painter came down from their vineyard in Lake County to pass a couple of weeks here and at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet, of Los Angeles, came to the city on Monday from the Geysers, where they have been passing a couple of weeks.

Miss Maynard is visiting Mrs. Henry Stanley Dexter at Calistoga.

Mrs. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado departed for Monterey on Thursday, and will be away two weeks.

Mrs. W. W. Stow is passing the summer at Santa Barbara.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick is visiting friends in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Jr., came up from Redwood City on Tuesday, and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill were at the Occidental Hotel a few days this week, but have since returned to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Thomas Boyson returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, at Redwood City last Monday. Dr. and Mrs. Boyson will pass the holidays among the redwoods in Marin County, and later in the month will visit Amador County.

Hon. Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, has been visiting here this week.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, Miss Jessie Jones, Mrs. Gorham, and Miss Bessie Gorham have returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., came to the city from Sacramento on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tubbs returned to Calistoga early in the week after a short visit here.

Mr. Clark Crocker left for the Yosemite Valley on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and Mr. Howard D. Melone came from Oak Knoll on Monday, and remained at the Palace Hotel a few days.

Mr. George S. Ladd went to the Yosemite Valley on Thursday to join Mrs. Ladd.

Mrs. W. B. Hall, Miss Hattie Hall, Mrs. J. C. Hoag, and Miss Linda Hoag are stopping at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dore are at the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft are passing a week in Santa Cruz.

General Walter Turnbull passed Sunday and Monday at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre has returned from his ranch, and is visiting his family at Menlo Park.

Mr. H. S. Crocker is at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant are at Napa Soda Springs for the holidays.

Miss Amelia Masten came from Menlo Park on Monday to see Langtry.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett visited Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at Menlo Park last Sunday.

Miss Nellie Joliffe has been passing a week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Eva Carolan visited the Misses Pope at St. Helena last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. F. W. Gibbs and Miss Mary Gibbs are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. R. P. Doonan and Mr. Frank Dickinson will pass the holidays at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Jessie and Carrie Wiggins are visiting Lake Tahoe.

Miss Maud Estee is visiting friends at the Napa Soda Springs.

Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have returned from a visit to Miss Flora Carroll at Sacramento.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finnigan have rooms at the Napa Soda Springs for the season.

Miss Maggie Jones has gone to visit friends in Sacramento.

Captain and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Eva Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Miss Jones of Chicago, and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson went to Santa Barbara on Thursday.

Mrs. James A. de Greener is at the Napa Soda Springs for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples have returned from a visit to their daughter in Texas.

Mrs. John Landers and the Misses Landers went to Santa Cruz on Wednesday, to remain two weeks.

Miss Jennie Cheesman went East recently, and will pass most of the summer at Bar Harbor.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, U. S. N., was at the Occidental Hotel several days this week.

Captain H. B. West, U. S. Revenue Marine, has been in the city during the week.

Lieutenant George L. Anderson, U. S. A. is in the city on a visit.

Lieutenant Henry Phillips, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel with his family.

General Alexander J. Perry, U. S. A., was in the city this week.

Dr. C. W. Deane, U. S. N., who has been a leading and popular member of the Army and Navy German Club of Washington, D. C., has been assigned to duty at the Mare Island Naval Hospital, which will probably lead to duty on the *Inognois*.

ART NOTES.

William Keith is now engaged on an excellent portrait of Judge Watson, father of Mrs. P. Thomas, of Berkeley. He also has a number of Mrs. Mills, of Mills College, and of the late Mr. Caleb T. Fay under way. Several attractive landscape sketches in black and white help to fill in his leisure moments.

Heath is sketching at Santa Cruz, and has sold several of his pictures.

John Perbandt is still at Fort Ross. He will have an art sale in this city in the fall.

Charles Peters is progressing well in his studies at Julien's Academy in Paris.

A. Joulfin has been appointed assistant to Mr. Carlson at the Art School.

Tara Hill is painting the beauties of the Yosemite Valley. Raschen has been busy recently painting the curtain at the new Orpheum.

Anderson recently painted a portrait of Mr. Adolph Sutro, which will be exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair, and has an unfinished portrait of the son of Mr. George L. Brander. He is now traveling in Montana for a few weeks.

Narjat has two important paintings under way. One is entitled "La Manola" and represents a maiden, dressed in pink and blue satin, draped with black Spanish lace, standing in a room before heavy blue curtains. She is fanning herself, and is smiling somewhat impudently. The other picture is called "Far Niente," and shows a young girl clad in a light-colored, clinging robe, sitting in a large rocking chair on a tasseled marble porch. Her right arm hangs listlessly over the side of the chair holding a fan, and the pallor of delicate health is portrayed on her face. A garden scene is the setting.

John A. Stanton is engaged on a cartoon of the ladies' club at the Bohemian Club. A portrait of Mr. Henry Heyman, the sire, is wreathed with laurel, and among the faces seen in the jinks-rooms are those of Trebelli and Musio. The quotation "Weaving Spiders come not Here" is seen over the face of the cartoon, while fanciful figures, etc., fill up the details. Stanton will leave for Ingram's next week to sketch among the redwoods.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

My Landlady.

She's a widow, *petite*,
Scarcely up to my shoulder,
Twenty-nine, and so sweet!
She's a widow, *petite*,
Debonnaire and discreet,
(I wish I were bolder!)
She's a widow, *petite*,
Scarcely up to my shoulder.

She has hair, golden-brown,
And such wee, dainty freckles!
But never a frown—
She has hair, golden-brown;
To smooth its folds down
I'd give all my shekels!
She has hair, golden-brown,
And such wee, dainty freckles!

There's a "swell" from the club,
Alas! who calls on her—
While I scribble and scrub
There's a swell from the club
But this fellow I'll drub
When we meet, 'pon my honor!
There's a swell from the club,
Alas! who calls on her!

A Laggard Lover.

HE
Farewell—with humble air
I kiss your finger-tips;
The while my bold heart flies
In fancy to your lips.

The dainty glove I kiss;
A plague upon the fashion!
My purpose thwarts, duenna-like,
A-warding off my passion.

SHE.

Prithie, why should he be content
With kissing of my fingers?
Sure all the world such homage pays—
And yet the Dullard lingers! —*Life*.

The Reason Why.

She did not speak to me, tho' I
Am sure she saw me passing by.
Capricious sex! now who would know
She was my sweetheart long ago,
And gave my ardent sigh for sigh?
Her glance still mocks an April sky.
Her cheeks a mermet rose outvie;
I credit all her graces, though
She did not speak.

Has she forgot love's tender tie,
That bound us each his sworn ally?
The vows we pledged for real or woe,
The kisses we exchanged? Ah, no!
My wife was with me; that is why
She did not speak. —*Judge*.

Her Birthday.

'Twas yesterday her birthday came—
(A most bewitching little dame)
So I, to kindle Cupid's flame,
And to beguile her,
Did squander my last, to buy
Five pounds from Huyler.

To-day, while wandering down the street,
Debating where a lunch to "heat,"
Her august mother I did meet—
With greeting chill
She to me said my gift has made
The maiden ill!

Great Scott! 'twas 'er most cruel fate!
"Cold waves," the crab, prognosticate,
And now I've got to mitigate
Her ailing hours,
To-morrow morn my coat must pawn
To send her flowers! —*Life*.

Unattained.

The heach is basking in the sun,
The waves break on the shore,
And I sit here to watch for one
Whom all the girls adore.
He comes, the youth I fain would "mash,"
And 'mongst all others choose!
He wears a curly brown moustache
And patent leather shoes.

How blue his eyes, how straight his nose,
How neatly brushed his hair!
How dandy his little suit!
That forms his *boutonniere*!
He passes on with careless tread—
I can but sit and frown;
No friend the magic words has said:
"Miss Jenkins, Mr. Brown!"
—*Sophie St. G. Lawrence*.

Comparisons.

She glanced at the ring on her finger—
A diamond which he had placed there—
The stone shone as true
As her fair eyes of blue.
And the gold was a match to her hair.
She smiled at the thought
Its radiance brought,
And whispered in sweet accents low,
"Oh, thank you, dear Fred;
"To love is," she said;
"Much nicer than Tom gave, you know," —*Bazaar*.

The Fiery Ordeal.

On pottery my love was pleased to paint
Designs that were exceeding rare and quaint;
And when she had them done as she desired,
With neatness and dispatch the pots were fired.

"Love, I am but a vase of common clay—
Design me as you will, I humbly pray!"
The maiden fashioned me as she thought best,
And then—why, I was fired with the rest.
—*T. B. Sanborn*.

An Old-Timer.

Often I think, in my trim swallow-tail,
At parties where flowers their fragrance exhale,
Of times when my pate was a bowler of curls,
And I danced with the grandmas of all the dear girls.

I look on the charms that their beauties unfold—
They seem the same damsels, while I have grown old.
I feel like white winter without a warm ray;
They look like the roses that blossom in May.

But winter may look, with his shiver and chill,
Through the window at flowers that bloom on the sill;
And I may ask Edith with ringlets of jet
If she will dance with me the next minute.

I go to all parties, receptions, first nights,
I'm a merry old bird in my fanciful flights;
I may look like the winter, a snowy old thing,
But deep in my heart dwells the spirit of spring.

I know that I am not as old as I look,
My voice has no crack, and my back has no crook;
And happy I'd be if May, Maud, and Lucille
Would treat me as one who's as young as I feel.
—*Puck*.

THE INNER MAN.

The national bureau of statistics shows that on the \$700,000,000 which annually passes into the tills of the retailers of intoxicating liquors in this country there is a profit of 133 1/3 per cent. If poor people had to pay such a tax as that on bread there would be a rebellion.

It is said that London is to have a "hygienic restaurant," where dyspeptics will dine. When they enter they will tell their symptoms to one of the attendant doctors, who will plan out proper dinners for them, which they then will proceed to eat in a prescribed manner.

The truffile is a cryptogamic plant, having no visible means of fructification, and is found at all sorts of depths beneath the soil, from two inches to two feet. It possesses neither root, stem, nor leaf, and varies in color from light brown to black. It is somewhat globular in form, ranges in size from that of a filbert to a large duck's egg, and weighs anywhere from two ounces to four pounds or more. Its surface is knotty or warty, and is covered with a skin which forms a sort of network of serpentine veins. Little is known of its early developments as a vegetable production. In its native state it is found free from attachment to any other body.

The veterans at the "distinguished guests" table at Delmonico banquets seldom do more than nibble at the tempting foods set before them. Many of them also call for apollinaris instead of champagne. They are too careful of their stomachs to run through all the dishes on the menu-card of every banquet they attend. Chauncey Depew, for instance, eats little or nothing, and drinks apollinaris. Senator Hiseock never touches the fancy dishes, but he takes one or two glasses of champagne. Levi P. Morton watches the others eat, and sips apollinaris. General Horace Porter toys with each dish in turn, but takes little of any, and so does Joseph H. Choate.

The cellar of fine old wines belonging to the late Mr. R. A. Cosier, of London, just sold, consisting of upward of a thousand dozen, brought some extraordinarily high prices for the more celebrated vintages of port, champagne, and claret. Several lots of champagne, magnums, Perrier Jouet, 1874, reserve cuvée, sold at from 570s. per dozen to 700s., and one lot reached 800s.; Veuve Clicquot, 1860, from 100s. to 102s., and pints 60s. per dozen; Pommery, 1874, at 270s.; Irroy, 1873, carte d'or, 156s. per dozen. Of the clarets—Chateau Latour, 1875, 120s.; Leveille, 1864, 180s.; Lafite, 1864, 160s. to 180s.; Port, 1863, 94s. to 100s.; 1847, 134s. to 152s. per dozen; 1842, 130s.; 1846 brought less. Sherries sold well—Amonillado, J. Allnutt, 79s. to 84s. per dozen; Domecq's golden, fifty years in wood, bottled 1868 in half bottles, at 104s. per dozen; some lots rather less. Hocks—Steinberg Cabinet, 1862, half bottles, 78s.; bottles of 1857, M. Auerbach, 125s. per dozen.

Here is the receipt for the famous milk-punch which George IV. drank with his dinner for several years, and which his majesty declared to be beneficial both to the digestion and to the faculties. Lord Sefton, the renowned gourmet, thought he had achieved a great triumph when he managed to get hold of this receipt by bribing the Carlton House employees, after his quarrel with "the First Gentleman in Europe." "Put two quarts of really fine old rum in a basin, with the thinly cut peels of twenty-four lemons and six Seville oranges (or twelve ordinary oranges) and two thick slices of ripe pineapple (English for choice) cut into small pieces. Cover the basin up and leave it for twelve hours. Then turn the above into a tub, or other suitable vessel. Add a pint of lemon-juice, half a pint of orange-juice, two bottles of rum, four quarts of green tea, in which two pounds of loaf sugar have been dissolved, a bottle of Madeira, a pint of maraschino, half a pint of dry curacao, two grated nutmegs, and, finally, after the above materials have been briskly stirred, pour slowly in two quarts of hot milk. Cover up the tub and let it stand six hours, giving it an occasional stir. Then it must be slowly and carefully strained three times through flannel jelly-bags, and at once bottled. Let the bottles be thoroughly corked." This punch ought to be kept for at least a month, and the longer it is kept the better it will be. It should be iced before being consumed.

The pre-historic area of the apple was chiefly in the region lying between Trebizond and Ghilan. The lake-dwellers of Lombardy, Savoy, and Switzerland made great use of apples. "They always cut them lengthways, and preserved them dried as a provision for the winter," writes Decandolle, in his interesting work on the "Origin of Cultivated Plants." Two varieties of apples seem to have been known to the lake-dwellers before they possessed metals. Whether they ever solved the problem that hopelessly puzzled George III. and got them into a dumpling, archaeology doesn't inform us. The abundance of the fruit found in pre-historic stores would seem to indicate some kind of cultivation. The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the pre-historic dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state, and cut lengthways. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic. Philology comes largely to our aid in this interesting study. The more ancient and widely spread a plant, the more numerous its names. But pre-historic diners-out possessed one of the best of all fruits—the grape. Seeds of the grape have been discovered in the lake dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of bronze; also in the pre-historic settlements of Lake Varese and of Switzerland. M. Decandolle, moreover, informs us that vine leaves have been found in the tufa near Montpelier, where they were probably deposited before the historical epoch, also in the same formation in Provence. Whether they combined the two we know not, but it is quite probable that wine and walnuts delectated the palates of primitive feasters. The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quaternary tufa of Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into China about 140 B. C. Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any pre-historic settlement of Italy or Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain.

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NEW MEXICAN PECULIARITIES.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

The good old days, when a Territorial sportsman could go out any fine, clear morning to New Mexico, and kill half a dozen Indians before breakfast, have passed away. It is now the policy of the Government to conduct an Indian war without bloodshed, and of late years the effort has been entirely successful. The only question of moment is the one of expense. There are thoughtful statesmen who contend that to expend two millions of dollars and a year's time to capture forty Indians, who would not bring a dollar and a half apiece at sheriff's sale, is unnecessary and wasteful. On the other hand, a too rigid economy might result in the Indians remaining permanently at large, and respectable citizens might thereby lose their hair and become humorists, wandering North in great and destructive numbers to the terror of the inhabitants.

The real cause of the prolongation of New Mexican campaigns is the inability of officers to sit quietly down and map out the expedition in accordance with the rules of war. With a large family of red ants in the front parlor, with a horned toad on the window-sill catching flies, a centipede in his left boot, and the uncertainty as to whether it is a tarantula or a scorpion he feels on the back of his neck, the commanding officer is in doubt whether to send for a case of Paris green or a dose of bromide, and the tactical portion of his meditation naturally suffers. Then the constant necessity of keeping the bedposts deluged with kerosene, is apt to make a general's calculation go wrong, and I have known the simple presence of a vigorous rattlesnake behind the post commander's trunk, to break up his entire plan for a battle.

The climate is also somewhat prejudicial to military discipline and manoeuvres. New Mexican hens lay hard-boiled eggs all through the summer, and in mid-winter the post trader cuts whisky with a buzz-saw. There is more solid and substantial climate in one New Mexican day than can be found elsewhere in a year, and for an energetic officer to find his pack-mules and bacon fried together at the end of a march is disheartening.

Perhaps through a desire to cater to the taste of the inhabitants, nature has given New Mexico very little water. The rivers exist only on the map, with the exception of the Rio Grande, which occasionally has water enough in its course to lay the dust. A "spring" is to be found here and there, loaded with alkali, Epsom salts, and green scum, with an occasional covote mir-d in the centre to give it a flavor.

Vegetation is plentiful, such as it is. There are three hundred and ninety-one species of cacti to the acre, and each cactus has seventy thousand well-defined prickles with which it can be induced to part at a moment's notice. The Spanish bayonet is one variety, and closely resembles a nice, soft bunch of grass. The traveler easily learns to recognize the

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difference by a simple rule. Sit down on the suspected plant. If you rise at once it is not grass.

The fauna of New Mexico are few, but of interest. Beside sixteen varieties of rattlesnakes, twenty-one of horned toad, and forty-two of lizards, there is the coyote and the greaser. The greaser is wealthier than the coyote. I have known an opulent greaser to possess two strings of red peppers, a bushel of corn, a peck of onions, and seven dogs. One greaser, who lived near Fort McRae, was the Vanderbilt of the section. He had nine dogs. The coyote is so poor he can not even afford to keep fleas.

The coyote is superior to the greaser in that he sings. Shortly after midnight I have known officers who usually had but an indifferent ear for music, to lie awake for hours listening to a chorus of coyotes, and expressing their opinion in the strongest terms. A coyote sings every night when he has no supper, and he gets a supper about once a year when he is in luck.

Entomologically, New Mexico is richly endowed. Persons who have spent years in the North, unaffected by the beauties and wonders of insect life, find a sudden and permanent interest awakened the day they arrive in New Mexico. I was very tired the evening I arrived, but I remember getting up half an hour after I went to bed, and beginning on my collection with enthusiasm. The reports from time to time that terrapin are found in the Territory in large numbers are not correct. The travelers would have found upon scientific investigation that the specimens secured were not terrapin.

The New Mexican ant is very domestic, and will cheerfully accept the hospitality of the humblest citizen. They are both red and black, and not excessively large. An ant two inches long is considered quite full grown. The ants are easily tamed, and four or five nests in the mud floor and one or two among the rafters are attractions easily obtainable in a New Mexican house. They are quite as interesting, and occupy the mind as much as a canary, and have the superior advantage of being able to feed themselves.

The tarantula and centipede are quite as easily domesticated as the ant, and make themselves entirely at home. Occasionally one will drop from the ceiling into the soup, and there are persons who dislike the mixture. I myself learned to prefer my centipede on a separate plate.

Home life in New Mexico with these attractions is so gentle and refining that it is almost a hardship for our troops to be ordered into the field in chase of reckless and depraved Apaches, whose delight is to keep one hundred miles in advance of the cavalry, and sneak into the infantry camp at night to steal rations and an occasional army mule. We have had the campaigns against Loco, against Victorio, Ju, Natchez, and Geronimo, and, to represent the aggregate outlay of over seven millions of dollars we have scarcely seven hundred pounds of dead Indian. When our slow and plodding cavalry, after forced

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marches under a blazing sun, enduring the tortures of thirst and privations which are almost incredible, arrives in the neighborhood of the Indian. The Indian simply disappears, and turns up next morning, bright and early, to raise hair and hares at a ranch a hundred miles away. The Apache is not like the Sioux, the Kiowa, the Cheyenne, or Comanche, giving battle on the open prairie and taking his chance, but is as long-winded and sure-footed as the wolf, elusive as the wind, and as nimble in flight as a Santa Fé flea.—New York World.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Trella Foltz is in the country with the Brady-Webster company, playing such rôles as Hazel Kirke in the play of that name.

The furniture used in "Lady Clancarty" was manufactured expressly for Mrs. Langtry, and is copied from models of the period—1696.

"The Devil's Auction," with a number of clever specialists in the way of jugglers, acrobats, and ballet dancers, will continue for another week at the Bush Street Theatre.

It will be interesting to recall Henry Irving's controversy in the magazines with the elder Quigley, when the latter comes to this country in 1888 and produces his own version of Goethe's "Faust."

Richard Mansfield's "Prince Karl" reached its five-hundredth performance in New York a few nights ago, and Francis Wilson had enacted "Caddy" in "Erminie" four hundred times at the Casino a fortnight earlier.

Miss Louise Thorndyke occupied a box with her husband, Dion Boucicault, at the Baldwin Theatre last Tuesday evening, and there was much comment among the audience as to the comparative merits of the English and American beauties.

"Humanity," which will follow Mrs. Langtry at the Baldwin in the week preceding the advent of the Daly Company, has been played for nearly one hundred weeks in England. The cast at the Baldwin will include the people who were in "Held by the Enemy."

Mrs. Langtry will appear in "Lady Clancarty," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Baldwin next week. "Humanity" will follow for a single week's engagement on the eleventh of the month, and on the following Monday the Daly Company will begin their season.

Tom Whiffen, who was the Pittacus Greco of "Hazel Kirke," in this city, before Charles Bowser, has lost quite a little money in England, trying to make that play a success. His wife, who is a sister of Susan Galton, will be a member of the Lyceum stock company, in New York, next season.

Imre Kiralfy—the brothers dissolved partnership shortly after their last season in this city—will bring out a new company to the California Theatre next winter. Sixty young dancers for the company arrive in New York from Berlin next week, among them being what Mr. Kiralfy terms "the étoile d'assise of the world."

The Madame Biaoca Lablanche who returned to this country the other day, after spending six years in Italy, studying music, is a sister of Fanny Daveoport. They will go to Paris together during the summer, and Fanny will lay in a stock of new gowns that would carry her through another season, even without the death-fall in "Fédora."

Gus Williams will play "Keppler's Fortune" during his last week at the Alcazar. The Osbourne & Stockwell Company will then play "Siberia," afterward going on the northwestern circuit as far east as Montana, the Alcazar being occupied meantime by a number of stars, among whom are Edwin Thorne, Milton Nobles, and Kate Castleton.

Edward Harrigan is not ignorant and uncultured, as many people seem to think; he is a clever man, a good French scholar, and well up to the literature of his own country. He comes to San Francisco partly at the suggestion of his physician, who declared that the monotony of hard work in New York, if continued, would soon translate his labors to another sphere.

Mme. Modjeska gives her country home near Santa Ana the preference over her score or so of residences in various parts of the world, this summer, and is now stopping there with her husband, the Count Bozenta. She announced her intention, some time ago, of giving only one performance in San Francisco during the summer, and that was to be for the benefit of some charity. Time, place, and bill have not yet been announced.

O'Farrell Street has a new theatre now, the Orpheum, which is situated opposite the Alcazar. Last Thursday was the opening night, and a good variety performance was given. The leading attraction was Rosener's Hungarian Electric Orchestra, a novelty imported direct from Europe for this engagement. The house is intended to provide good variety enter-

tainments at cheap prices, and will, like the Tivoli, allow smoking and light refreshments in the auditorium.

It seems like a desecration to see the old boards of the California Theatre, which should be hallowed by the memories of the great stars who have played there in years gone by, occupied by a "horse show." But Bartholomew's Equine Paradox, however ridiculous its name, is a very good exhibition; the horses display wonderful intelligence, and far worse audiences, both in number and character, have gone there to see performances for which much more was claimed.

What with Mrs. Langtry taking up her residence here, Sarah Bernhardt's declaration of affection for San Francisco audiences, Patti yearning to visit "dear San Francisco" again, high commendation of our critical acumen from Booth, Haase, and Salvini, and a dozen more stars longing to twinkle before us once again—and, incidentally, to gather in our shekels—San Francisco is beginning to believe that there is some truth in the constantly repeated assertion, that it treats true merit on the stage better than does any other city in the Union.

"The Chimes of Normandy" will be continued at the Tivoli until the night of the Fourth, when R. C. White's dramatization of H. Rider Haggard's "She" will be produced. The play is well spoken of by those who have read it, and Conductor Furst has composed some excellent incidental music. The cast will include William West, formerly of the Ford Opera Company, as Leo Vincey, the haritone rôle; Miss Telula Evans, as Eustace, the Amhagger maiden; Barrows as Holly, the Bahoon; Ed. Stevens as the servant, Joh; Cornell, as Billali; and Frillman, as Mohammed. The rôle of She-who-must-be obeyed has been assigned to Miss Laura Clement, the Germanine of "The Chimes of Normandy"; how she is to shivel up in the last act is a question.

A tourist from London says that she met Mary Anderson in Regent Street, clothed in a gray robe so closely modelled on the Marguerite dress that she could have gone on the stage for the part without any alteration, for even her brow hair was plaited in one long braid, and hung down her back.

Mr. Bantier de Koltz, the Hungarian conjuror and the inventor of the now famous "voisling lady," has introduced at the Egyptian Hall, London, a novel illusion, which he calls "La Cocon, illustration de vers-à-soie." M. de Koltz's cocoon is of abnormal size, far too large to be concealed under one's sleeve, and the keepest-eyed spectator can not say whence it comes. In the first place, the performer suspends a cord upon two upright supports, and upon this he places a small piece of tissue-paper, upon which he makes a rude drawing of the object which he wishes to appear. Suddenly tearing away the tissue paper, he then shows the cocoon, which is large enough to admit of the appearance at the top by a process of development of the head and shoulders of Madame de Koltz, attired to imitate a fine specimen of moth or butterfly. This is done in full sight of the audience, and with a strong light upon both stage and performance.

Attempts are making to suppress the *marchands de billets* in Paris, who insist the doors of the theatres and worry the passers with offers of tickets dearer or cheaper than the box-office prices. The municipal council is at the head of this movement; but it has a small chance of success for several reasons, chief of which is liberty of commerce. The police can not prevent managers from selling their tickets as they think proper. The managers, or some of them, find it useful to have dealings with the speculators, who are often bankers in their way. The authors employ them to sell their service of tickets. The public find them useful, because, by paying a premium, they avoid the trouble of standing in the *queue* at the door and of waiting for days until they can buy places. Evidently, so long as managers, on the one hand, and speculators, on the other, find it advantageous to insure themselves by selling the necessary number of tickets to a speculator before the curtain rises on the first night, horse emissaries will continue to hang around the box-office, and to invite you to come and buy a place from their "patron," who sits with his box of coupons in a neighboring vice-shop.

An English opera company sang the "Mikado" recently in the public hall, Yokohama, under the name of "Three Little Maids from School." The manager went to one of the Yokohama lawyers and asked about the propriety of reproducing the whole piece in its original shape. The lawyer advised him to suppress the word Mikado and also to introduce a few slight changes in the wording. So the manager went on and advertised the performance in the local papers, when he received a letter from the consular authorities threatening him with certain penalties if he produced the piece. It seems that some of the government people thought the piece was too satirical to be produced in that country, and requested the consular, or more likely diplomatic, authorities to interfere. In consequence of this, some songs were left out to their entirety, and lots of changes were made. The opening song, "If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan," was rendered: "We are gentlemen of Siam." On account of these changes and omissions, the performance was not as harmonious as when produced elsewhere. But this piece was presented in Yokohama for the first time, and therefore the house was literally full. The company was induced to perform a second time, and was said to have made more money in the two nights than in six previous performances of other pieces.

The *Imperial Review* has made out a list of what it considers the best hundred plays. It allows each author only one selection. First on the list is "King Lear," followed by Molière's "Tartuffe," Victor Hugo's "Marion de Lorme," the "School for Scandal," "Richelieu," "Virginia," Schiller's

"Marie Stuart," and Sardou's "Dora," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Mlle. de Belleisle," by Dumas père, "La Dame aux Camélias," by Dumas fils, Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea." Lower down in the list come Boucicault's "Octoroon," Murphy's "Way to Keep Him," Morton's "Speed the Plow," Mrs. Cendrars' "Busby," and Cumberland's "West Indian." "The Silver King" and "Romany Rye" are considered the best melodramas. Among the best comedies are Moser's "Der Bibliothekar" mangled into "The Private Secretary," Poole's "Paul Pry," and Barrière's "Filles de Marbre" ("The Marble Heart"), "Never too Late to Mend," "The Woman in White," Falconer's "Extremes," Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," Mrs. Cowley's "The Belle's Stratagem," Pyat's "Rag Picker of Paris," Augier's "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," Feuillet's "Dalila," Merritt's "Youth," Kotzebue's "The Stranger," Otway's "Venice Preserved," and Darrel's "Forlorn Hope," are among those placed high. Such a list, however, at best, is utterly unsatisfactory.

The Kiralfy entertainment at Staten Island promises to be immense. All the scenery to be used on the historical, biblical drama, "The Fall of Babylon," has arrived, and will be mounted at once. There are twenty car-loads of it. The stage is four hundred feet by two hundred and fifty, and it will be lighted by electrical devices. The twenty-three hundred costumes were made in London and Paris. There will be a thousand human characters, beside elephants, camels, and other huge beasts, moving tableaux, and other resplendent features. In the fête of Babylon gladiatorial pastimes will be seen. The city will be destroyed by the Persians, who will use for the execution of that dire purpose huge catapults, fire-balls, battering-rams, and other curious and annihilating weapons of ancient practice. The dazzling beauties of the Babylonian court, when they get on tight and short skirts, will show the metropolitan public the kind of a picnic old Nehuchadnezzar used to have when he gave a revel and had eight hundred of his best girls dancing before him at the same time. The show will be run by electricity. It will be impossible for one-half of the dancers to hear the music of the orchestra, so Mr. Kiralfy has invented a system of signaling by electric bells, so that the ladies of the court will know just when to stop dancing, and go to kneeling and looking pretty, and doing other things necessary to the proper progress of the Babylonian fall. Twelve electric bells, with sound reflectors so arranged that they can not be heard by the audience, will give the signals to change the movements. The conductor, by another electric arrangement, will beat time so that every dancer can catch it. Such an arrangement as this has never been used before, and he expects great things of it. When the rehearsals begin, Mr. Kiralfy will take a stenographer with him. Each girl will have a big-numbered card on the front of her dress. When Mr. Kiralfy sees any of the dancers make a mistake, he will do his scolding to the stenographer, and afterward the girls will be called up and each will get the scolding that belongs to her number, according to the stenographic minutes. This will prevent the delay that would be caused by stopping the rehearsal to correct each mistake. It will take about two weeks of rehearsals to get the spectacle ready for presentation.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending July 2nd.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, "The Lady of Lyons." Cast as follows:

Claude Melnotte, Mr. Coghlan; Colonel Dimes, Fred A. Everill; Beausant, Joseph Carne; Glavis, Sidney Herbert; M. Deschappelles, H. A. Weaver; Landlord, C. Raimond; Gaspard, S. J. Browne; Notary, Mr. Lipew; Mme. Deschappelles, Mrs. C. Calvert; Widow Melnotte, Miss Kate Pattison; Pauline Deschappelles, Mrs. Langtry.

Remainder of the week, "A Wife's Peril."

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Captain Mishler." Cast as follows:

Captain Mishler, Gus Williams; Budd Bridge, Edwin Ford; Edward Warker, Frank Mordaunt; Frank Tracey, Geo. H. Trader; Mysterious Billy, E. F. Thayer; Cromwell Holiday, Chas. Morrell; Roundsmen Murray, Alexander Randolph; Sergeant Hall, Frank Wyman; Ida Tracey, Mrs. F. M. Bates; Grace Walker, Miss Kitty Belmont; Violet Pillsbury, Miss Kate McLennan; Emma Knight, Miss Fanny Bowman; Little Jeannette, Little Ida Bowman.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "The Devil's Auction." Cast as follows:

Toby, Ignazio Martinetti; Pere Andoche, T. H. Plumer; Pherezy, E. S. Goodwin; Carlos, W. F. Granger; Going Gane, C. Crosby; Lavigne, A. H. Brown; Tresbien, J. C. Tiron; Victor, A. C. Godding; Adolphe, Frank Thompson; Gustav, J. G. Shawless; Alexander, A. A. Franks; Madeline, Miss Alma Aiken; Janet, Miss Edith Murilla; Kow-Wow-Shank, T. H. Plumer; Tching Sing, T. O. Thomas; Kiobang-Kan, T. A. Throw; Moon Shong, William Edgerton; Kao Piki, Edward Lavigne; Kwang-See, George W. Knight; Sack-Kal, J. Vincens; Yen-Yan, Albert Leech; Ko-Ket, Miss Lillian Lopez; Kara Mustapha, R. A. Robbins; Null, Harry Williams; Reasmann, George W. Ames; Kahn of Turkey, George W. Powers; Christaine, Miss Agnes Earle; Chaos, William Lorella; Mephisto, Charles Eastwood.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Chimes of Normandy." Cast as follows:

Serpolette, Miss Bella Thorne; Germaine, Miss Laura Clement; The Marquis, Ed. Stevens; Grenichaux, A. Messmer; The Bailey, M. Cornell; Gaspard, James O. Barrows.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Bartholomew's Equine Paradox.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week. WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Mission and Fourteenth, Menagerie, etc. Performance Saturdays and Sundays.

At the Baldwin, next week, Mrs. Langtry in "Lady Clancarty," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Pygmalion and Galatea."

At the Bush Street, next week, the "Devil's Auction" company.

At the Alcazar, next week, Gus Williams in "Keppler's Fortune."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "She."

At the California, next week, Bartholomew's Equine Paradox.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

The Empress Eugénie never knew much about music nor cared much for it. She submitted, however, to the custom of having a piano in her parlour and also had one placed in the Flora Pavilion. It was hollow inside, and contained a crank, on turning which the "piano" was suddenly metamorphosed into a gigantic barrel-organ, loaded with tenbath tunes.

CCCCXLV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, July 3, 1887.

Okras Soup.
Fried Baracuda, Cucumbers.
Breaded Veal Cutlet, Potatoes.
Stuffed Artichokes, String Beans.
Roast Duck, Apple Sauce.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Lady Fingers.

Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Plums, Cherries, and Grapes.
STUFFED ARTICHOKE.—Reserve the very large artichokes, and boil them; take out several of the inner part of the scales, cut off the tender portions of these, and cut them fine, with a tablespoonful of fresh meat, the same ham or salt pork, and a tablespoonful of bread crumb season the mixture with pepper and salt, moisten it with little gravy, and add a piece of onion as large as a nutmeg to a pulp; fill the middle of the artichokes with this stuffing, set them in a pan, with a very little rich gravy broth at the bottom; cover it well, and let them stew slowly for an hour.

—WE WOULD ADVISE ALL LOVERS OF FRENCH and Spanish Literature, to pay a visit to TAU GIFFORD & CO., No. 122 Geary Street.

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—SANTA CRUZ, WILL BE CROWDED WITH fashionable people from the city this week, and any who contemplate going down there, should write Mr. E. J. Swift, of the Pacific Ocean House, Pope House, to secure accommodations at one of these favorite hotels.

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MISS BELLA THORNE, as Serpolette
JAMES O. BARROWS, as The Marquis
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"SHE!"

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets, for the half-year ending July 30th, 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fourths (3 3/4) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after FRIDAY, July 1st, 1887.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, for the half-year ending June 30, 1887, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society declared a dividend at the rate of four and thirty-hundredths (4 3/100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one hundredths (3 61/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after the 1st day of July, 1887. By order,
GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

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Of his Indians on the warpath,
In the sight of Queen Victoria?
Listen to this simple story
From the mouth of Punchiwatha.

When she reached the exhibition,
Lo! a box near the arena
Was prepared for her reception;
Whitley, too, and Col. Russell,
And the wily Townsend Percy
As an escort to the lady.
To the Empress of the North Land.
Then the Indians and the cowboys,
And the wonderful vaqueros,
Raced and charged and whirled before her,
Stopped the coach and wheeled and circled,
Like some birds of brilliant plumage
Round a carcass on the mountains.
Balls of glass were thrown and shattered
By the clever Col. Cody,
Like Wa-be-no, the magician;
Ladies, too, there wielded rifles,
Even as the strong man Kwa-sind.

To the Queen came Ogi-la-la,
Sioux Chief, and bowed before her;
He across the big sea-water
Came to see the Queen and Empress,
And will tell the wondrous story
Of times in the Wild West wigwams,
In the days of the hereafter.

To the Queen, too, the paposes,
Dusky little Indian babies,
Were presented, and she touched them
Gently with a royal finger;
That the squaws, the happy mothers,
Might go back upon their way-din.
On the home wind o'er the water,
To the land of the Ojibways,
To the land of the Dakotahs,
To the mountains and the prairie,
Singing gayly all the praises
Of the gentle Queen and Empress,
And the wonders of the North Land.

—Punchi.

The Unattainable Bliss.

I do not care if fortune's brood
Of evils, and her skulking kin,
To frown upon my sunny mood,
Some guile malignant ushers in,
If mostly hope may prove a snare
Or life be tortured by disease,
Just so I'm not compelled to wear
My trousers baggy at the knees.

A man may have the supple grace
Of an Apollo Belvidere;
Or in patrician features trace
Some great ancestral likeness clear;
But wit and beauty, intellect,
Though bright and pleasant fail to please,
When one must have his shanklets decked
In trousers baggy at the knees.

—Texas Siftings.

The Emancipation of Man.

When Angelina's hand was sought
In olden times by Roderigo,
In Suckling's verses drilled and taught
Unto his idol's shrine did he go;
There at her feet he bowed him low;
With voice as tremble with love's woe
He urged his suit in groveling poses;
And, if the fair one answered no,
Blew out his brains and went to Moses.

Behold the change! Now, cap-a-pie,
Armed fiercely as a Texan herder,
He strides before the chosen she,
Love in one hand, in 'tother murder:
Jack Sheppard-like he bids her stand,
Deliver up her heart and hand,
A fiery eloquence he rains out.
If she refuses his demand,
The haughty lover hurls her brains out.

—Chicago News.

Reasonless Rhymes.

The "Grand Old Man" of Hawarden,
Went out one day in his gawarden;
Laid his axe on a tree,
And said "Look at me;
Can't I chop well—axin' your pawarden?"

A hihulous person named Cholmondeley,
Behaved all the evening so rolmondeley,
That the maids and the main
Stared again and again,
And glared at the party quite glolmondeley.

A young man on board of a yacht,
Said, "I am so awfully hacht,
I would like to take queer,
But it makes me feel queer,
For I always do take such a hacht."

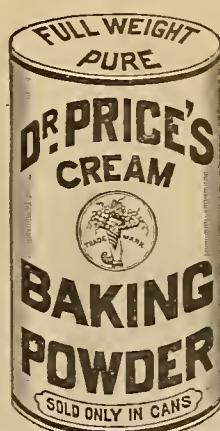
A lady named Agatha Cholmondiy,
Received all her compliments glomondiy,
But smiled with delight
When they called her a fright,
And aimed to be called very holmondiy.

—Life.

"Gaelic."

With steady, onward force she went
From Orient to Occident,
The whistling winds which touched her shrouds,
Made music, while the evening clouds
Sweeping across the upper sea,
Sped not more gracefully than she.
Each foam-capped wave, which met her prow,
Kissed lightly as it were the brow
Of one he loved and worshipped too,
And then stood back for wondering view,
That one so graceful and so fair
Had hidden strength of whirlwind there.
Proudly she pressed, then spurned away
The clasp waves which longed to stay;
With freight of lives and silks and gold,
One hand alone her course controlled,
And she consenting to obey
Laughed at the storms by night and day:
Until, with well-earned praise elate,
She entered at the Golden Gate,
The Golden Gate of hate, of greed,
Of Mammon and his hungry breed,
Where bark the dogs which dare not bite,
Where clinking silver hushes right,
And for a time imprisoned lay
In the foul waters of the bay:
There chained, within the filthy tide,
Deep in her iron heart she cried,
"God let me float, forever blest,
Upon the Ocean's heaving breast,
Where winds untainted dash the spray
Upon my decks in boisterous play;
Where freedom means that one is free,
Grand, boundless, loved, unfathomed sea!
What joy to leave the sordid land,
To press the hollow of Thy hand."
The heavy anchors rose at last,
The colors floated from each mast;
Proudly disdainful, then she went
From Occident to Orient.

—Charles A. Gunnison.



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WILLIAM M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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beover, for business or pleasure, we visit the interior of the State, we come hack impressed with the idea that we have seen its most beautiful part. It makes no difference whether we go north or south, whether upon the Coast Range with its grasses refreshed from the indrifting fogs of the ocean, or the great interior valleys hot and sear, or the Sierras with their lesser valleys and grassy slopes lifting themselves to the eternal snows of their lofty summits—all is beautiful, all attractive, each place more inviting than the last visited, each more beautiful than the other. We see new capabilities that had not before suggested themselves; new resources that up to the time had never been brought to our notice; we see inexhaustible wealth awaiting the touch of intelligent toil to give it life and send it bounding through the arteries of trade; a soil that can not be expected awaiting the touch of waters flowing valueless to the ocean. We drink the waters of the Sierras to the broad acres of

the plains, and empire arises from the magic of their embrace; great primeval forests with a wealth of timber inviting the crime of their destruction by the invading axemen, a temptation that palliates if it does not quite excuse the atrocity that converts forests into homes and churches, into furniture and altars for their adornment. Great quarries of granite and marble where for centuries buried cities have lain sleeping, from out which, to the music of the hammer and chisel, temples and palaces shall arise, and forms of sculptured beauty step forth to keep measure to the harmony of well-paid, well-guided industry; a soil equal to the valley of the Nile, which for centuries of time has gratefully responded to the exactions of industrious labor; and which obtained for itself in ancient days the proud title of Granary of Rome. In this State of California we have a hundred valleys with soils as rich as that of Egypt's richest delta, with waters equaling those of the Nile, the Rhine, the Loire, the Danube, the Seine, and the Thames, the gentle Arno, the troubled Tiber, and the beautiful Guadalquivir; on their banks shall grow a statelier splendor and around them a prouder civilization. When the Creator gave us such a land, with mountain ranges more grand than Alps or Apeonines, valleys richer than those of Cashmere, under skies so genial that we find no other spot of earth with which we may compare them, on the shores of his broadest, grandest ocean, at the base of his proudest mountain range, can we doubt that his plan contemplated this land as the home of a people who should work out the most splendid triumphs of Christian empire, and for themselves attain the loftiest summit of civilization possible to the achievement of man? In another year the writer will have been thirty-nine years a resident of this State; in it he grew his beard; over its mountains he has tramped and toiled, with pick and rocker; across its valleys he has ridden on mule-back, full of stumpy oratory and politics; he has aided to lay the foundations of its institutions; of its history he has been a part; still in the prime of life and in the vigor of brain and muscle that accompanies good digestion and a clear conscience, he delights to revisit those places in California where in younger days he gambled with God for gold dust; those mountain and valley towns with whose communities he worried to make them vote the Whig, and then the Know-nothing, and then the Republican party tickets. He is still at work with tongue and pen to make men think as he thinks, and work his way, vexed that they will not keep pace with him, and damned by the fools and dunderheads that he will not hang back and drift with them. From one of these proselyting trips we have just returned, for, having become wearied of all parties, and tired of all politicians, impatient of demagogues, and disgusted with cowardice, we have joined a new party that invites to membership those who are intelligent and honorable; who have opinions, with courage to express them; who have conscience, and morality to give it exercise; who love their country and its institutions, and have nerve to break from the party thralldom of an alien and ignorant invasion that threatens the government of the country, and imperils the freedom of its people. To make a speech for this party, which started at Fresno, and which had the good sense and the courage to name itself "American," the generosity to give invitation of membership to those of other lands, or any religion, who in their honest hearts are true and loyal Americans, we went to Fresno, and to an audience of Americans, standing under the flag and the moon, we made a speech, and a good one. All of the auditors appreciated it but one Irishman, and to him we gave permission to leave the meeting and the country. From this visit to Fresno we have just returned, full of the sentiment that prompts us to declare that California is, in the language of Colonel Gift, "God's country," and that there is no part of it more desirable than the county of Fresno. Reserving the privilege of thinking and declaring that the next locality we visit is more attractive than Fresno, we concede the beauties of this most tempting locality. The county is ever so large, reaching from the loftiest forest heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, stretching across a great, level, productive plain, the Valley of the San Joaquin, almost to the Western Coast Range. Along its northern boundary is a great river, the Chowchilla, which rises in the Sierras and empties into the San Joaquin. Along its south-

ern border is King's River, a greater stream, which, rising in the Sierras, empties its affluent waters into Tulare Lake. The San Joaquin River enters the county from its southwestern Sierras, and makes its exit from the northeastern corner. Through the very centre runs the Southern Pacific Railroad. If this county has an unproductive or valueless acre within its boundaries, we have never seen it. The soil of all this land is most excellent, and there is water enough to give it abundant irrigation. Canals traverse the county in every direction, and not half the volume of waters is as yet lifted from the river beds. The sub-irrigation of the lands renders it unnecessary to give a surface flow, and we noticed in many fruit orchards and vineyards that the smaller ditches had been dispensed with, and that super-surface irrigation for vines and trees had been found to be no longer necessary. Fresno has obtained the reputation of being malarious and unhealthy; whether it is so or not one day's visit scarcely makes us authority. We can only say that we saw no sick persons, no pallid cheeks, no one trembling with "shakes," and to inquiries put forth on every side to all kinds of persons, heads of families, mothers of children, farm laborers in town and country, the residents unanimously bear testimony to the health of the community. The town of Fresno indicates prosperity. We saw no houses to rent. It is built mostly of brick, in tasteful style of simple architecture. It has six or seven thousand inhabitants, and is growing rapidly. Water in abundance distributes itself to the highest houses by gravitation. It is water from King's River, clear, sweet, and inexhaustible. The town has gas, fine school-houses, comfortable churches, one good hotel, and another, better and more spacious, in process of erection. It has two establishments packing fruit; one employs two hundred and fifty persons, more than half of whom are girls earning one dollar and a quarter per day; the other we did not visit. The town shows its prosperity by the new buildings in process of erection. Town lots and suburban lands are at reasonable prices. There is no "boom." The town is in the centre of a district covered with orchards and vineyards. One drying concern sends away two carloads of dried fruit per day during the season. We saw the process of drying. The fruit is opened, stoned, and spread on trays by girls working at long benches; then taken by men and carried to the sulphur oven for a bleaching of thirty minutes; thence spread upon the ground for drying; thence to the room for sweating; thence to packing-room for boxing, ready for commercial handling. On Sunday, before we went to church, and in the cool of the earlier day, when the thermometer rated less than 100°—it was only 99°—we were driven through the farms, gardens, homes, vineyards, and fruit orchards that lie adjacent to the town, and while we may not particularize by name the families we visited, or the homes we invaded in linen duster, nor name the wines we drank, nor the fruits we sampled, nor the lunches we consumed, we can declare upon an oath more solemn than one proving the Argonaut's circulation, that we have never before or elsewhere, in rural district, entered homes where there was higher evidence of refinement and culture, or better proof of the intelligent enjoyment of wealth and luxurious ease. These homes of the wealthier class are only evidence of the attainable that may be reached by any family that has the means to acquire cheap lands anywhere in the valley of the San Joaquin, and the patience and industry to give them intelligent cultivation. We visited the handsome estate of Mr. Barton—one square mile of land, six hundred and forty acres—surrounded by Lombardy poplars, covered with fruit trees and vines, with manor house and wine vaults in the midst of beauty and wealth. Six years ago this square mile of land was unattractive, sear, and dry. It has recently been sold to an English syndicate capitalized at one million of dollars. Lands in its neighborhood, and elsewhere in the county, are selling from forty to sixty dollars per acre; lands as good on the same plain, in the same valley, as like this land as two patterns on the same velvet carpet, as good as this, with as abundant water procurable, are selling at less than ten dollars per acre. All around the town of Fresno, wherever we drove, we saw the very embodiment of comfort and luxurious abundance. We saw homes and families who would not exchange with the best of the larger towns and cities. We saw also that our

recent declaration that a family could not subsist in comfort upon twenty acres of land was an error of opinion, arising from an ignorance of facts. An industrious family in Fresno County, when the husband has muscle and brains and does not drink whisky, not play cinch at saloons; when the wife has industry and taste, order and cleanliness; when the boys are able to work and do not smoke cigarettes nor the girls wear hangs and play the piano and are not ashamed of their mother, and when all are willing to work, economize, and pay close attention to the minding of their own affairs; when the men eschew politics and gin and the women avoid neighborhood gossip and know how to run a sewing-machine, and raise turkeys; where the only expenditure for higher literature is four annual dollars for the *Argonaut*—we are convinced an industrious family can live in comfort, ease, and independence upon twenty acres of land. This can not be done everywhere; it can not be done except upon acres responding to careful culture; it can be done in Fresno, for we saw the acres and we witnessed where the support came from and how it came. Fresno is splendidly watered, it has more than an abundance. King's River from its several canals sends its waters in swift, clear, health-giving currents through its borders; we saw no dead pools, no stagnant ponds, and no lazy waters drifting idly along through decaying vegetation under a blazing sun. The weather is not oppressively warm—an hundred in the shade is not, in that dry climate, uncomfortable, nor an hundred and ten in the open and in the sun unendurable to the laborer. No sunstroke ever kills, as at the East; no horse at wagon or plough demands a sun-shade. This splendid valley of the San Joaquin presents to us a most attractive appearance. It seems to present more inducements to labor, to families of limited resources, and to men of small means than any other part of our State. Its climate is not as good as that of San Francisco—there must always be one spot that is the most favorable, and that is our own city of summer winds, of ocean fogs, and moving sands. Not one head of a family in a thousand in San Francisco knows any thing of Fresno or its vicinity. We wish they did. There is in the columns of this week's *Argonaut* an advertisement announcing an excursion to Fresno and return for seven dollars, with free rides, free wines, fruit and melons free. The railway trains run through this valley in the night, and little is known of its splendid resources and its vast capabilities.

We are convinced that the great Eastern dailies are not keeping their readers informed of the George-McGlynn movement; none are in sympathy with it, and all are afraid of it. The Democratic leaders see the handwriting on the wall, while Republicans can not understand exactly whither their party is drifting, or what is to be the result of such an independent movement. The split among Roman Catholic politicians is wide and irreconcilable; Irish Roman Catholics are in revolt against Rome and clerical direction—we shall feel compelled to find some other term for expression of church interference in our political affair than "Pope's Irish" if this rebellion of Irish Catholics against Italian interference in Irish and American concerns continues—the Irish Catholics of New York City, under the leadership of Father McGlynn, have struck for liberty and read the declaration of independence against the tyranny of Italian ecclesiasticism. It is the result of education in the public schools, it is the beginning of a kind of revolution that never goes backward. It has not yet reached San Francisco, but it will. Already in San Francisco the Jesuit is at war with his Bishop; there were no Italian Priests in the list of Vice-Presidents at the last Irish meeting. The opinion that the Pope and Bishop Corrigan, have transcended their ecclesiastical authority in disciplining the priest of St. Stephens is almost universal among intelligent Catholic gentlemen in San Francisco, and they are not unwilling to give expression to this opinion on all proper occasions. It is not at all necessary to endorse Doctor McGlynn's land theories, to take sides with him in his attitude of defiance to Rome. It is simply declaring the American doctrine that no foreign potentate, civil or ecclesiastical, has the right to exercise power or influence in American politics, that there shall be in America no connection between the State and any church, a doctrine for which the *Argonaut* has contended for ten years. With the Roman Catholic, in the exercise of his conscience in religious matters, we have no quarrel. We quote from the New York *Nation* the following:

Doctor McGlynn's speech contains a very significant passage, which the *Tribune* and the *Sun*, not less significantly, have suppressed. We quote from the *verbatim* report of the *Times*:

They calumniate me when they say I took the stump for Mr. Cleveland. It is a lie. They tried to make a religious feeling against Mr. Cleveland because he vetoed an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for a Catholic Protectory. I should have done the very same thing in his place.

This is the first revelation "from the inside" of the reason why "they" tried to make a religious feeling against Mr. Cleveland. Everybody knows of the effort, and that it was strong enough, in the secrecy which enveloped it, very nearly to defeat Mr. Cleveland. Many people also knew well enough the reason for it, but could not prove it. Now it is officially revealed by a man who knows perfectly what was going on in the councils of Mr. Cleveland's opponents in 1884. The revelation is one of the greatest pieces of Mr. Cleveland's proverbial luck. A secret diversion of the Roman Catholic vote from a Democratic candidate is a serious misfortune, but open, announced opposition on re-

ligious grounds is another matter. No better piece of luck could befall a candidate than to have it known that he was to be "jumped on" by some of our foreign citizens "because he vetoed an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for a Catholic Protectory." Such an announcement would insure his election. Our people will not stand religion in politics; least of all will they stand the Pope in politics.

Doctor McGlynn has an article in the current number of the *North American Review*, entitled "The New Know-nothingism and the Old," which is attracting very wide attention. He calls up in brief review the history of the old Know-nothing party, and declares that its fears were "ludicrously exaggerated," and the zeal of its members prompted by "insensate and vulgar theological hatred" of the kind now existing between Orangemen and Catholics in Ireland, and yet Doctor McGlynn admits that existing abuses of the Catholic machine and existing evils growing out of church influence more than justified the apprehensions that called the Know-nothing party into existence. Then, says Doctor McGlynn, the clergy were desirous of assimilating themselves to the American type, to acquire the common language of the country, to rid themselves of European titles, such as "Lord" and "Lordship," and to merge their foreign nationality and become American. Then there were comparatively few aliens and Catholics in the country, now they are many in number and rapidly increasing. Now there is exhibited a desire to Germanize the Catholic Church in the Northwest, to multiply German schools and parishes, to secure the appointment of German cardinals at Rome and German-speaking bishops in America. "There were not then [says Doctor McGlynn] as now, in our great cities, and in whole quarters of the agricultural districts of great states, vast agglomerations of men of one foreign nationality, preserving almost entire their manners, language, and traditions, and by virtue of their numbers making even the public schools in many places use a foreign tongue as the common vehicle of instruction, and producing the strange spectacle of native Americans of some totally different stock actually taking on the speech and characteristics of other nationalities. Thirty years ago there was no thought of what to-day is with many of our foreign-born citizens of other speech than the English, and especially with their clergy, whether Catholic or Protestant, an avowed hope and intention, through their influence in public schools, and still more in church schools, of which they have exclusive control, to perpetuate their foreign tongue, and to make it for all time the language of large portions of the country. This insane hope is cherished chiefly in Wisconsin and in the Valley of the Northern Mississippi. The ears of American boys born of German parents are boxed by the religious teacher in parochial schools in St. Louis for the heinous offense of speaking the common language of America—the English—and a clerical superintendent, to reproach an American boy of German parents for manliness and independence, can find no better words to do justice to his reprobation than to say, 'Du bist ein Amerikaner' (You are an American)." Doctor McGlynn attacks with severity the doctrine of protecting American manufactures by imposition of duties, and wonders why it has not occurred to "misguided workingmen" that "the better way would be to forbid the importation of men and the birth of children by the imposition of prohibitory taxes." Continuing, he writes in surprise of the apparent indifference of Americans toward existing dangers, and especially by those of them that are represented in the public press, of the attitude of the churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic Church, toward our government, our laws, our American principles, traditions, and institutions. Now that the number of foreign-born inhabitants, and still more the number of Catholics, is in a much larger proportion to the total population, we hear nothing like the former frantic cries of alarm from the native-born and the Protestant. And yet things have been happening within the last few years all over the country, and especially in the State and City of New York, a mere tithe of which would, but a generation ago, have stirred the country to a white heat of anger. Contrasting the moderation of views presented at the first and second plenary councils held at Baltimore, when the most that was claimed in reference to the common schools was that text-books should not misrepresent the church in their teachings and that "sectarian efforts" should be resisted with "constancy and moderation," he says: "There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere under threat of expulsion to found such schools. This has already been accomplished in Poughkeepsie, New Haven, and elsewhere, and, for a brief period during the offensive and defensive alliance between a certain set of priests and the Tammany ring of the days of Tweed, Connelly, and Sweeny, an appropriation procured by legislative trick and fraud awarded several hundred thousand dollars to the parochial schools of New York City—schools exempt from taxation—while the tendency is to forbid Catholic pupils from attending public schools under penalty of privation of the sacraments of the church. Another thing which was almost unheard of a generation ago, and the suggestion

of which, in anything like its present extent, would then have caused the gravest civil disturbances, is the appropriation of valuable public lands and of millions of dollars of public money to the support of all manner of sectarian institutions under the control of churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be sufficient, by way of illustration, to refer to the Catholic Protectory in Westchester, to the House of the Sisters of Mercy in Eighty-first Street, and to the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity in Sixty-Eighth Street, immense institutions supported by the city treasury of New York at an expense of from half a million to a million of dollars a year, and the two latter built upon blocks of ground given by the city through the favor of the Tammany ring and worth hundreds of thousands each. There is a host of smaller institutions of the same character and supported chiefly by the public treasury, to nearly all of which children are committed as to public institutions by the civil magistrates. Would it not be enough to make the elder Know-nothing bigots turn in their graves could they hear that vast sums and great public properties are thus turned over to irresponsible private and sectarian institutions, especially if they could learn that the priests, and monks, and nuns, whose institutions are thus benefited by the public, are but the more emboldened to denounce our schools and other public institutions in language at times brutal if not obscene, while indulging in unwarranted pharisaic glorification of their own institutions and of themselves. The extraordinary zeal manifested for the getting up of these sectarian schools and institutions is, first of all, prompted by jealousy and rivalry of our public schools and institutions, and by the desire to keep children and other beneficiaries from the latter; and secondly, by the desire to make employment for and give comfortable homes to the rapidly increasing hosts of monks and nuns, who make so-called education and so-called charity their regular business, for which a very common experience shows that they have but little qualification beyond their professional stamp and garb." Doctor McGlynn asserts that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and Catholic children would be allowed to grow up in "brutish ignorance of letters," as in Italy where the doctrine was taught by Jesuits that all that is necessary for children to have is their bread and the catechism, and both are attainable without knowing how to read. A confirmation of this is to be found in the very general illiteracy in countries where churches and churchmen have been exceedingly abundant and have exercised temporal control. It is a remarkable fact that in Italy, France, and other so-called Catholic countries, in spite of their hostility to the government schools, the clergy do not establish parochial schools. The ecclesiastical authorities of Italy, while willing enough to impose on our Catholic people America so heavy a burden, do not dare to try to impose a similar burden upon their people nearer home. But what most of all, might seem well adapted to revive and intensify the old hateful and bigoted spirit of Know-nothingism, and justify its fears and predictions, is the actual and direct interference in politics of bishops, vicars-general, and priests in their ecclesiastical capacity and because of their ecclesiastical influence, to promote the pecuniary and other temporal objects of the ecclesiastical machine." Referring to the interference of bishops and priests in the politics of the country the Doctor says: "And yet we witness the extraordinary spectacle of the indifference of the old political parties to the danger, and their actual coöperation in bringing about this state of things through legislative action. A similar indifference, where there is not positive acquiescence in coöperation, is to be noticed in the great majority of the journals of the country. The reason of this is not hard to find. It is actually the fulfillment of the provision of those who saw in the growth of a vast army of foreign-born voters likely to be swayed as one man by other than American objects and considerations, and in the growth of an ecclesiastical power, secret and despotic in its method, and owing, it was alleged, blind obedience to a foreign potentate, a real danger to the unity and distinctive characteristics of our nationality, and to the liberties and institutions of our country. The old political parties, and the newspaper press, which is mostly devoted to one or the other of them, are now so much impressed with the importance of the Catholic vote, and the adopted citizens' vote that they will not run the risk of alienating either." Doctor McGlynn has turned State's evidence upon the subject of interference by Roman priests in the political affairs of our country, and he foreshadows the organization of just such an American party as has been formed in California. He admits the necessity of the organization, by admitting the existence of evils that have arisen out of foreign emigration and are produced by the interference in our politics of the priests of the alien church from which he has been recently excommunicated. We welcome the reverend doctor as a soldier within our lines, we welcome him as a deserter from the enemy, and we shall claim the privilege of watching his agrarian doctrines, and claim the privilege of not putting him on guard of nights when there is danger that the trenches of republican government will be attacked.

The following letter, with the communication accompanying, from that eminent scholar and gentleman, Professor Goldwin Smith, will, we hope, afford our subscribers as much pleasure to read as it does us to print.—ED.

THE GRANGE, TORONTO, July 28, 1887.

THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—DEAR SIR: If you should do me the honor to insert the enclosed letter on the Irish question, you would oblige me by addressing a copy of the number to me at post-office, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

IRISH DOMINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—DEAR SIR: I cannot help stretching the band of fellowship to the only American journalist, so far as I know, who dares to deal freely with the Irish question. It is surely harmful to see all the journalists and all the politicians of the United States trucking to a power of savagery and superstition, and abetting it by putting civilization under its feet, for the sake of Irish subscriptions of the Irish vote. The liberal press of Europe is not Irish, nor, so far as I can see, is the German press of the United States.

You see, what hardly any one else sees, that the revolt of Irish lawlessness against Anglo-Saxon law, which is at the bottom of this agitation, concerns not Great Britain alone, but America and every community in which the Irish are strong. I was reading, the other day, an article in an Australian review on the political institutions of those countries. It said that no reform would be of any use so long as the Catholic Irish continued to act as a body apart, fighting for their own end, bawling between the two parties, and making government impossible. Canada suffers in exactly the same way.

The Irish in the United States, in Canada, and everywhere else, are not citizens. Welded together by their church, and fighting under her banner for the glory of God and for political plunder, they oppress vote-hunting politicians by their gregariousness out of proportion to their numbers, and are thus enabled almost to turn the United States into an Irish republic. The other day one of their ecclesiastics was exhorting them to divide their forces equally between the two parties, as they might play one party against the other and enslave them both.

Such is the Irish Catholic notion of citizenship and its duties. I have written an "Irish History and Character" in a strain sufficiently sympathetic to win for me the commendation and the friendship of Irish patriots, while, like John Bright, I pleaded both for Disestablishment and Land Reform in Ireland long before Mr. Gladstone had laid a word upon those subjects. But I can not be blind to Celtic weaknesses which every impartial observer, British or foreign, has noted, to the fact that the race stands in need of the tutelage of a higher civilization, against which in its present stage of progress is constantly belling.

An attempt has been made to show that Ireland compared with England is free from ordinary crime, and that she therefore needs no Crimes Act. If the fact were correctly stated the inference would be fallacious, since it is not against ordinary crime but against terrorist conspiracy that the Act is pointed. It turns out, however, that the fact is not correctly stated. The comparative immunity of Ireland from crime is largely an appearance produced by a difference of legal classification and nomenclature; while of the crimes set down as English many are committed by Irish domiciled in England. I fell in, some years ago, at a meeting of the Social Science Association, with an American who told me that in his city an Irishman having been executed a very brutal murder, the murderer's funeral had been celebrated by his compatriots with the greatest pomp, and the whole clan had followed him to the grave.

The Crimes Act, misnamed a Coercion Act, restrains nobody from doing anything which a civilized man would desire to do or to license others to do. No civilized man, I suppose, wants a reign of terrorism, order, hounding, and cattle-hounding. No civilized man wishes farmers for paying their just debts should be huttered before the eyes of their wives, that women should be shot, pitch-capped, hounded from medical assistance in their travail, or mobbed at their husbands' graves; that boys should have their brains beaten out in their thiers arms for obeying their lawful employers; that cows should be their udders cut off, or that crowds of innocent sight-seers of all ages and sexes should be massacred with dynamite. The aim of the Act is simply to protect life, property, and lawful industry against age, tyrannical, and murderous conspiracy. It is exceptional, and I more so was the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. Any European government would simply proclaim martial law, and a word would be said against it. The independent Parliament of land passed more Coercion Acts in proportion to the period of its existence than has the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Observe the victims of the leagues, with the single exception of Lord Derick Cavendish, have been Irishmen or Irishwomen.

Speaking of "Ireland" and "the Irish cause," people forget that there are two Irelands. The laws and institutions of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant Ireland of the North are the same as those of the Celtic Catholic Ireland, and so are its relations to Great Britain. Yet the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant Ireland is prosperous, contented, law-abiding, and loyal to the Union. This is the fact which takes you at once to the heart of the Irish question. In Spain and Calabria independence, apathy, slovenliness and thriftlessness beget the same misery which they beget in Ireland.

The Irish tenant now has privileges and facilities for acquiring the ownership of his holding beyond what tenants have in the United States or in any other country. But he wants to rob his landlord, of whom, perhaps, he took the farm but yesterday, of the whole of his rest, and, when the sheriff's officers come for the rent, to receive him with showers of stones, red pepper, and scalding water. America did not endure the destruction of all the rights of property and of civilization with them. Observe that the tenant farmer wants to rob the landlord in his own interest alone. There are hundreds of thousands of laborers in Ireland to whom the tenant farmers are hard masters, and whom not a rod of the land would be given. Mr. Kilbride, who has been over here with Mr. William O'Brien as a specimen of an oppressed Irish tenant, holds two large farms; his co-agitator—Mr. O'Brien, I think was his name—holds five, and keeps race-horses. Between them they probably employ a score of laborers, who are not to have any share in the plunder, while they probably get no more than the market rate of wages. No wonder the Irish agrarians fall out with Henry George.

The British Parliament of late it has simply been a question whether the majority should be allowed to legislate and govern, or whether the minority should prevent them by obstruction. The success of the latter would be the ruin of elective institutions, which I suppose the Irish hardly wish to promote, any more than they wish to promote the ascendancy of lawless conspiracy over law. If they do, their chickens will soon come home to roost.

Mr. Gladstone and his partners are cited on the other side, all I say is that you know what faction and ambition are, and that they are capable of traducing as well as betraying a country. Mr. Gladstone, a Jewish statesman, eagerly welcomes the homage of a Jewish trader in a British sentiment from New York, and regales him with abuse of Great Britain. Lord Aberdeen, to whose religious effusions you have been listening, makes his triumphant exit from Dublin amidst a hail of rebel flags, glorying in insults to the country which he serves. There are few Americans who, even if they hate England, have not in their hearts national spirit and patriotism enough to sympathize with an Englishman in regarding such treason to the country with disgust and scorn. Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, July 28, 1887.

As an evidence that all the intelligent world does not sympathize with Ireland's parliamentary riot, and that the rebellion of the Irish tenantry against payment of rent, is not sanctioned by everybody on the civilized earth, and that every one is not deceived by the demagogical tergiversations of Mr. Gladstone and his home rule conspirators, we quote following from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a journal of lead-

ing influence published at Munich. If from any important German source, or from any individual of influence, statesman, scholar, or editor, anything has been said to indicate that the sympathies of the higher German classes are with the Irish rebels in their endeavor to break from the control of English law, we have not seen it. In San Francisco there has been, so far as we know, no German, Frenchman, or other foreigner of character, who has shown any sympathy with the Irish insurrection. The demagogic American politicians who are looking for office or are in office, are the only class that lack the self-respect and courage to deny the use of their names as vice-presidents to an "anti-coercion" or "anti-rent" meeting when horrified by petit larceny:

For about the last eighteen months Mr. Gladstone has omitted no opportunity of declaring that, in the matter of the Irish question, he has the whole civilized world on his side. . . . Well, as for us Germans at least, we should scarcely have one excuse in our favor if we lend Mr. Gladstone's present policy the moral aid which he seems to expect of us; for English party hatred can neither carry us away nor blind us. From our countrymen in the United States we know what difficulties there, also, are thrown in the way of a prosperous social and political development of things by the Irish revolutionary element. On American as well as on its native soil it rebels against law and right, against labor and progress, and disavows all the responsibilities on which our civilization reposes. Every policy which is calculated to intrust power to such people and their friends we must reject as disastrous. Transient differences of opinion may arise between England and Germany, and these have never been lacking whenever Mr. Gladstone was at the helm. But between Germany and the Irish revolution, with its appeal to the brute fanaticism of the masses, to plundering and murder, any understanding is impossible.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 1, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—DEAR SIR: Some time ago, in perusing the editorial columns of your paper, I noticed an account of Galileo which you gave, and who you said was persecuted by the Roman Inquisition for his belief that the earth revolved and for the scientific doctrines that he preached. As an admirer of justice, I undertook to refute the charge. There is ample proof that the charge you make against the Roman Inquisition is false; made either through ignorance of ancient history or hindrance of bigotry. John Lord, a Protestant writer of world-wide reputation, makes this statement concerning Galileo: "It was not for the scientific teachings he advocated that he was summoned before the Roman Inquisition, but it was because he ridiculed the teachings of the Dominican and Jesuit orders, and sought to undermine the Scriptures." The foregoing are historical facts, and if you can convince me of their error, I would like to hear from you through the medium of your paper. The Catholic Church has always been a friend of science from its earliest ages down to the present time, as has often been demonstrated to you by the loyal hearted editor of the *Monitor*. Your shameful and unjustifiable treatment of everything Catholic leads all upright and intelligent people of whatever persuasion to look upon you and your writings with abhorrence. It is your opinion that the Catholic Church is in her last days; allow me to tell you that the Catholic Church will flourish and triumph over her enemies, for she still has in her keeping Christ's divine promises; "that the gates of hell shall never prevail against His Church and that He, Himself, will abide with her forever." The Catholic Church has withstood the onslaughts of her worst enemies who sought to overthrow her power, and she still will stand, young, fair, and immutable, when an atom of humanity called the Editor of the *Argonaut* (who is but an instance on this vast globe) will have crossed over to the other side, escorted by kindred spirits whose work you so ably did on earth (for the devil has his agents), and where at the judgment-seat of God you will have to render an account of your evil actions.

A constant reader of your paper but not an admirer of the sentiments expressed therein,

MRS. ROBERT WALSH.

We are deeply indebted to the highly gifted and amiable lady who has so kindly communicated the above criticism. We are grateful for the historical information so generously conveyed, not less than for the Christian spirit in which it is expressed. When the intellectual world has rested in darkness for two hundred years, believing that Galileo had been unkindly and unjustly treated by the Holy Apostolic Church at Rome and its infallible head, it will hail this original and authentic statement of the real facts with pleasure. We had honestly supposed the eminent astronomer and distinguished scientist had been disciplined by the church because he had asserted that the earth revolved around the sun and that the sun did not revolve around it; the learned men of the world have so interpreted the historical incident; to be now informed by Doctor Lord and Mrs. Walsh that Galileo was humiliated and imprisoned because, like Doctor McGlynn, he would not go to Rome, relieves the church of a great scandal and an unjust reproach. How long the Papal Church may live does not so much interest us, or whether it keeps step to the progress of science, or conforms its religious dogmas to the rules of common sense, as that its prelates, priests, and members may properly demean themselves and not intermeddle with the civil administration of the American Republic; this is the only question that gives us concern. When we come to cross over to the other side and reach the judgment-seat of God, may we not remind this most pious and excellent Roman Catholic lady that it will be her Christian duty to advise God through prayers and masses what disposition he shall make of my sinful soul, and relieve me from that purgatory where all who are not good Papists must expect to go?

Harry George is in great distress. He is laboring in pain over the birth of his new party, and is still undecided what name to give the child—if it lives. It will be a babe of cosmopolitan parentage, and seems likely to be born with teeth. Its parents are philosophers, statesmen, politicians, Knights of Labor, socialists, anarchists, aliens, and papists; its object is to abolish poverty; its road to wealth is along the highway of confiscation. The name of the party, if it shall not prove an abortion, if it shall survive its birth, is important, and many have been suggested. "Poverty" party is suggestive of the shabby genteel, old clothes, and a breath of garlic; "Labor" party is a reproach to those who neither toil nor spin, but wear better clothes than did Solomon.

Those who toil, as did Sampson, with the jaw-bone of an ass, delight to think themselves the true representatives of the labor class. One suggests the "Land and Labor" party which, if it means that the sons of jaw-bone toil intend to steal the land of those who labor, is a good one. "Radical," "Progressive," "Commonwealth," and "Crusaders" have all been proposed. As it is mostly composed of Roman Catholic Irish and its object is to steal land, we would suggest that the members call themselves "Rent Robbers," or "Land Rats," or the "Consolidated Land Rats and Rent Robbers" party. The name is sonorous and suggestive of the real object of the political conspiracy.

The wheat gamble has collapsed. We are sorry for it, because, if the wheat farmer can get ten dollars more for his crop in California than it is worth in Liverpool, it is a good thing for the farmer, and so far as we can reason gambling in wheat, stocks and merchandise is a good thing for the community; it keeps money in circulation, and when money is in active circulation we always get some of it. We are sorry for the men who lose, but this grief is modified by the reflection that somebody else has won. In fact, in this grain collapse, nothing has been lost. It is not such a kind of calamity as a fire or railroad smash-up, because nothing is destroyed; there is just as much wheat and money in the world this Saturday as last, only different people have it. If there had been fire in a grain warehouse or the sinking of a wheat laden ship, it would have been serious; but if a syndicate of grain gamblers have dumped about seven and a half millions of their easily acquired wealth into the pockets of certain other grain gamblers, we can not perceive that it is a very serious matter, or is in any sense important in its consequences to any body except the losers, and we are not required to give them any sympathy till they ask it. So far the general public does not know their names.

There is something extremely humorous in the seriousness and gravity with which the arrangements are being discussed for a duel between General Boulanger and Monsieur Jules Ferry, in consequence of some disagreeable language which the statesman is said to have used in reference to the warrior. Apart from the absurdity of the spectacle of two presumably intelligent representatives of our nineteenth-century civilization seriously affecting to believe that the only way of settling their difference is by a resort to the barbarous mediæval practice of casting conviction upon their souls by letting daylight through their bodies, the whole farcical situation is one which it would do no discredit to the writer of "Pinafore" to embody in a production for the stage. General Boulanger is reported as desiring a "serious reparation," one properly proportioned to the gravity of Ferry's affront. And in order that this devoutly wished for consummation may be reached, Boulanger's seconds are said to have agreed to be content with an exchange of shots between the principals—the pistols having been selected by the offended party as the arbiter of the affair—at twenty paces without any word of command. Ferry's seconds, on the other hand, could only accept a duel at twenty-five paces with a single exchange of shots, the fire to be opened at a word of command. While bowing to Gallic etiquette, as in duty bound, upon all such nice points of honor, we may, perhaps, be humbly excused for suggesting that neither twenty or twenty-five paces convey to the ordinary American mind a fitting idea of the "serious reparation" which these bloodthirsty combatants intend; and that, perhaps, it is better for all parties that the seconds have been unable to agree upon the conditions; that, in sporting phrase, the affair may be declared "off"; and that both warrior and statesman may have the satisfaction of knowing that there is no possibility of applying a salve to their respective wounded honors, at least under the code.

For a number of years past the project of constructing a tunnel between England and France, beneath the bed of the channel, has been coming up before the British Parliament at pretty regularly recurring intervals. A division upon the bill was had last Wednesday, before a thin house, its passage being only defeated by the small majority of one hundred and fifty-three to one hundred and five, indicating that popular opinion is gradually becoming educated up to a fair consideration of this most important public work. The distance is only twenty-two miles; plans and surveys were completed twenty years ago by experienced engineers; the undertaking has been long since recognized as perfectly feasible; the only objection being the very frivolous one that it might be used in case of war as a means of transit for the invasion of England, by French troops. It is certain that the work would pay large dividends, besides tending largely to bring into closer relations in the matter of commerce and personal intercourse two great peoples. It is now quite within the scope of probability that the bill will pass in the very near future, and that even before ten years are over the dirty little smoky steamers and the choppy channel will, so far, at any rate, as passenger traffic goes, be things of the past.

The electric stove is a neat little affair that contains probably the only fuel superior to natural gas. The heating is done by a spiral coil of carbon, made incandescent just as in the case of the lamp. In the little stove, however, it is heat, not light, that is wanted, and sufficient caloric is quickly generated to heat water to a boiling point.

An English novelist has found a neat motive for his forthcoming story. He endows his hero with the faculty of foreseeing the future, but makes him unable to disclose to any one what he knows.

THE SAILING OF THE BOOMERANG.

The *Boomerang*—that was the name the Daisy gave her, saying, as she broke a bottle of champagne across the *Boomerang's* bow, "I christen this yacht the *Boomerang*, and," sotto voce, "I'm proud to do so, for she's the prettiest boat in the New York Yacht Club." In return for which the owner of the *Boomerang*, blushing ingeniously under the brim of his brown derby, had offered the Daisy the privilege of a sailing party at any date she might name.

Now the Daisy was not the person to neglect an opportunity. Her affection for sailing parties was negative; but her affection for the *Boomerang's* owner was positive. She ran over her engagements, and appointed a day forthwith. She would furnish the feminine half of the party, the chaperone, the girls and—herself. There came a pause and a glance just here to which only the pen of a Thackeray could do full justice. And Mr. Gerret Van Cuyler Manhattan, owner of the *Boomerang*, would provide the men and—himself. And here there came two glances, followed by two blushes, one a real blush, and one a make-believe blush.

"I hope you will get nice men," the Daisy had said, as she buttoned her long, tan glove, "they must be handsome, and, of course, clever, and," she laughed wickedly, "all of the first family. Au revoir until Tuesday."

The Daisy was a young woman of social talents. Owing to the ill-nature of her sponsors and a conjugal combination, she was known in the society which she adorned as Miss Susan Hartly Cramer. Among the Boys, however, she had several pet appellatives, won by glorious action on the tented field. She had been called upon various occasions a "stunner," a "smasher," and a "crusher." And on one or two afternoons, in the monastic seclusion of a club window, she had been alluded to as a "corker"—but perhaps this had reference to the ancestral glories of her family tree; perhaps she was a "corker" in the same way that Mrs. Sparsit was a Powler. If by this mysterious term one means a girl with the largest eyes, the smallest waist, the reddest lips, the tiniest ankles, and the most deliciously impudent manner in the world, then the Daisy was certainly the corkiest of corkers.

The owner of the *Boomerang*, Mr. Gerret Van Cuyler Manhattan, thought so. On the subject of the Daisy he became eloquent. Allusions to her made him look uneasy, a sudden mention of her name caused him to blush consciously. He was a young man of parts. In the eyes of the Daisy these parts consisted of, first, the *Boomerang*, then a box at the opera, after that a pair of chestnut trotters with a record, a cousin married to an English earl; and, in such an elaborate summing up, one might include the absolute genuineness of his coat of arms, and the superior set of his clothes.

Among his large circle of acquaintances Mr. Manhattan enjoyed popularity. He was miscellaneous in his tastes. He had a leaning to German music, and an equally keen appreciation of fox terriers, and ladies of the dramatic profession. He read Balzac in the original, and he never talked about his ancestors. He acknowledged without a blush that the bunt of which he was a member chased an anise-seed bag, and in his conversation he inclined to the use of superlatives. For, as perhaps the reader may have guessed, Mr. Manhattan was young. When he and the Daisy laughed and talked together at the balls of the winter season, passing couples alluded to them as "a desperate case." The Boys said with melancholy unction, "Poor old Gerret! He's hit in the wings." And his girl friends introduced the Daisy's name in conversation, and then cast at him oblique glances colored by smiles.

On the Tuesday morning appointed by the Daisy, the party assembled on the wharf. The Daisy had executed her part of the bargain well. In the first place she was a nautical harmony, in the most bewitching white sailor-hat with a blue and white striped ribbon around it, and a white flannel gown with a blue sailor-collar folding back from a throat as round and smooth as that of a marble Venus. Beside her stood Marcia Fisk-Brown, daughter of the Fisk-Browns, not those horrid Peter Fisk-Browns, if you please—make no mistake about that. Marcia was a young woman with liquid brown eyes and a fine flow of conversation. At the balls she was always surrounded by a throng of admirers, who occasionally said among themselves that she could "talk the hind-legs off a dog." Marcia had never actually tried this canine experiment—perhaps she was afraid of Mr. Bergh. She was invariably amusing, could tell any number of funny stories in the most enchanting manner, and was the author of several nicknames. The young boys in her set patronizingly alluded to her as "a success." Her success had been achieved mainly by her persistent snubbing of these same young boys, who, the more she snubbed them, the louder proclaimed her social superiority. Marcia, looking lovely in a mahogany-colored dress with gold arabesques twisting round her collar and cuffs, and with a bunch of velvet nasturtiums blooming in the front of her brown sailor-hat, had brought her banjo, and had promised to sing "Jennie Johnson" and "Hush little Baby, don't you cry." Katharine Lamar, was also of the party, Katharine with a profile like "Fabiola," and eyes like Goethe's Mignon; and Katharine's aunt, Mrs. Bailey, was the chaperone.

As to the Boys, they were the usual old stand-bys—Sammie Rushmore in his tweeds, and a hat of the same with the two ear-laps tied up on the top of it. Sammie didn't care to wear the blue coat and brass buttons because he didn't look so English in that. In his tweeds Sammie prided himself that he would pass muster on Regent Street. In fact there was a story he loved to tell of how he crossed the ocean with Lord Tom Noddy, who, at the end of the voyage, had said to him, "Englishmen like ourselves find so few congenial spirits on these boats." Sammie glowed and gloated over that story. But he had other accomplishments besides masquerading in tweeds. Not one of the Boys could "give the grin" as Sammie could. When on the avenue he met an acquaintance, his face, set in an expression of rigid melancholy, lit with a sudden smile. He tore off his hat, fiercely banged it down again over his ears, misery fell once more upon his ingenuous countenance, and he continued on his way with the very closest imitation of the Regent Street swing. This walk was really the gem of Sammie's British repertoire. When he walked he was superb. He had just the proper bend in the knees, like a memory of the "Boston

Dip" combined with a suggestion of "The Newport." Sammie was not "a desperate case" with any one. He had no bright, particular star; he admired the whole planetary system. Had you inquired into the state of his affections, he would have answered languidly "I'm like Pelham, you know. I go for all the women, and I let the men alone." Next to his tweeds and his little story of Lord Tom Noddy, Sammie liked five-o'clock tea best.

Beside Sammie, there was Ferd Fish-Brown, Marcia's brother, a man of years and large proportions. Yachting was his only love. Many a time and oft had Ferd done doughty deeds on the winner of the Seawanaka Corinthian, as "heef on the main-sheet." He had come to pass judgment on the *Boomerang*, much as the great master comes to pass judgment on his pupil's picture. He kept his left hand thrust in the pocket of his coat, where his fingers lovingly closed on his old briar-wood pipe.

Gresham Sterling made up the party. Everybody loved Gresham, and everybody called him by his Christian name. His very misdemeanors were attractive. He was always in love, and all the world loves a lover. He was perpetually telling his experiences in the tender passion to any girl who would listen to him. His heart had been broken a dozen times at least, but there were still enough pieces left to go round. The girl too ugly or stupid for Gresham to love must be indeed a *chef d'œuvre* in her particular line.

But Gresham had not yet arrived. The men were impatient, and had it been any one but Gresham, would have been angry.

"He is to bring his cousin, a Miss Gresham, with him," said Gerret, looking down the flight of slimy steps, to where two brown-skinned, blue-shirted sailors held the *Boomerang's* gig steady; "he asked me if he might bring her," looking deprecatingly at the Daisy, "she's just come from the West."

"A girl," said the Daisy, raising her eyebrows in surprise, "a Western girl," she added, as she leaned against a post and looked lovingly at her pointed toe. There was meaning in the Daisy's tone.

"Here they are," said Ferd, as a hansom pulled up at the other end of the wharf. "I wonder if the Cousin's pretty," he murmured, watching, with lazy interest, as Gresham assisted a young woman to alight.

"Good morning, Gresham," they all shouted, as that tender-hearted youth, rosy and smiling, came striding up the wharf with the Cousin, "what made you so late?"

"The Cousin seems to be little strong-minded," whispered Marcia after a brief survey of the approaching figure, which, shabbily dressed in clothes of a fashion long deceased, looked like a crow among peacocks.

"She eschews a bustle as a vanity of the flesh," said Sammie solemnly, adjusting his eyeglass. Sammie was allowed the privilege of making such remarks. He was well versed on subjects of feminine apparel. A badly hung skirt gazed on him; a home-made bonnet chilled his young blood. A man does not attend five-o'clock teas and retain his pristine innocence.

Gerret, who been consulting with the sailors, came up the steps to welcome the newcomers. He nodded to Gresham, and, with some pleasant words of greeting, shook hands with the Cousin. Then came numerous introductions. She was shy and uncomfortable. Beneath the brim of the most antediluvian hat her frightened eyes peeped out with timid apology. She had evidently been taught to shake hands on an introduction, and half put out a black-gloved hand, which she as quickly withdrew again, chilled by the graceful but distant bows of these superb ladies. When the time came for her introduction to the men, she was too crushed to offer a hand which they would have gladly taken, but tried to bow too, and gazed at them pathetically, with eyes suggestive of tears. The girls, though polite, as all well-bred young ladies are supposed to be, let the Cousin know, in that mysterious way which members of the first families so thoroughly understand, that they regarded her presence as an intrusion. The chaperone was coldly indifferent as she proceeded toward the steps, which she slowly and falteringly descended sideways, like a monstrous, preadamite crab. Gresham, who, still in the first flush of his youth and innocence, labored under the delusion that all women were as pleasant to each other as they were to him, left the Cousin beside the unresponsive Katharine, and began telling Marcia some story of last night's dance, over which they immediately established an *entente cordiale*. Gerret, as host, stood at the bottom of the steps with one foot in the gig, and helped Mrs. Bailey to her seat in the stern-sheets, then turned to where the Daisy, with her blonde curls blowing in the freshening breeze, and a "hand like a white, wood blossom" extended toward him, came tripping down the sudden steps. With the other hand she gathered the folds of her white skirts about her, vouchsafing to the eyes of her swain a fleeting glimpse of the slenderest of ankles and the loveliest of feet in patent-leather shoes fastened with silver buckles. Then, with a light spring, which caused Mrs. Bailey to shriek daintily, she was in the boat, and, as she settled herself on the crimson velvet cushions, she encountered a glance from Mr. Manhattan's brown eyes that made her soul sing. Marcia, with the nasturtiums in her hat trembling as if with a chill, and the gently-bovine Katharine, followed. Gresham and Sammie rushed after them to assist them, and everybody forgot the dowdy little Cousin, except Mr. Ferd Fish-Brown.

If Mr. Fisk-Brown only loved a yacht, he certainly had an eye for a girl. He was the Cousin's Columbus. As she stood desolately watching the laughing girls in the boat, he stood reflectively watching her. Had his thoughts been put into language he would have said drawlingly, for Mr. Fisk-Brown never hurried himself, "She's a deucedly—pretty—girl, and that's what's the matter." Then the burly yachtsman strode to her side, and, seizing her hand, cried to his sister, "Push up there, Marcia—make room for Miss Gresham!" And in a twinkling he had hurried her down the steps and helped her into the boat, where the ladies, regarding her with cold politeness, gingerly drew aside their spreading skirts, and offered her a fraction of the cushions.

Scaling up the steps on the side of the yacht there was more laughing. There was quite a sea on, and the gig had an unpleasant trick of dropping into the hollow of a wave just as the girls seized the rope balustrades. It was all very well for it to drop and leave the Daisy suspended, like Mahomet's

coffin, between the sea and sky, with those patent leathers describing graceful parabolas and other geometrical forms; but when it dropped with Mrs. Bailey, the boldest held his breath till it rose again. Mrs. Bailey in her youth had been a daughter of the gods, and as she hung pendulous, using her feet as a swimmer does when he is treading water, it was an intense moment till the gig was lifted on the crest of the next wave and offered her a fulcrum. She was closely followed by the Cousin, who sprang up with the agile grace of a squirrel. Whereupon Mr. Fisk-Brown, who received her on the deck, complimented her with the effusiveness customary to sad sea-dogs, which caused the unsophisticated child of the prairie to blush slyly and hang her head. Mr. Fisk-Brown was staggered by this exhibition of native coyness, and went forward, whistling softly under his mustache. As he absently inspected the *Boomerang's* bow, Gerret joined him and said, with anxious pride in his new pet:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

To whom the dreaming Ferdinand, seizing him by one of his brass buttons, made impressive answer:

"Gerret, she's a beauty! And I'll be hanged if she doesn't know how to blush."

Meantime, the *Boomerang* weighed her anchor, and, burying her nose in the stinging spray, sprang like a live thing forward to the Narrows. The ruffled waves folded back with a crisp rush from her sharp, black bow, and closed with a seething, bubbling swash in her wake. The salty breeze, keen and spicy from the heaving ocean, tore at the scalloped edges of the awning, and made the lace frills on parasols dance and flutter wildly. Out beyond the Narrows the ocean glittered to the sun, with here and there the flash of a wheeling sea-gull's wing, and the white sails flying on the blue horizon. But these beauties were lost on the passengers, who were inspecting the *Boomerang* with vivacious enthusiasm. They raved over her mirrored saloon; they coyly peeped into her chintz-lunged staterooms; they drank claret-punch from her tint glasses, where her owner's monogram and crest interlocked in patrician combination; they glanced over the books and magazines; they laughed and joked and were extremely merry. At a sign from Mrs. Bailey, whom they had left on deck, the girls had asked the Cousin to accompany them; and then, the demands of politeness being satisfied, had left her to follow them timidly, oblivious of her existence, except when, in an ecstasy of admiration, they stepped backward on her feet. Afraid of intruding, she fell back to the rear, where she was left entirely to herself, as Gresham and Mr. Fisk-Brown were on deck. Gerret was doing the honors, and Sammie only liked people who could appreciate the careless perfection of his tweeds; and his English accent. Sammie didn't care much for Cousins from the West. He liked Cousins from London best. He could always ask them if they knew Lord Tom Noddy, and tell them that funny story. It would be quite hopeless asking this girl if she knew Lord Tom Noddy, and instinct told him that she would never see the point of the story.

When they came up from the cabin, the *Boomerang* had passed the Narrows, and was forging ahead toward Sandy Hook, leaving behind her the silvery streak of Coney Island with its elephant and observatory mistily outlined against a pale sky, and the wooded slopes of Staten Island, where "bosomed high in tufted trees," the white shoulder of a villa or the glass dome of a green house caught the sun. In a long, wicker-chair on the after-deck, swathed in shawls and sniffing delicately at a bottle of cameo glass, Mrs. Bailey reclined; was it the shadow of the crimson white-striped awning, or was it the unbecoming shade of her yellow shawl that made the damask check of that ci-devant daughter of the gods wax so pale? Why did that dignified lady, as the stern dropped suddenly between two seething rollers, clutch the arms of her chair with a spasmodic grip, and, rolling up her eyes till only the whites were visible, lower her eye-lid in that manner heretofore peculiar to the amateur stage. The girls looked at her with smiling pity, and, securing men dispersed themselves. The Cousin went up to her, and softly spreading a shawl over her feet, sat down beside her on a canvas lounging-chair.

Amidships, on the deck, lay Mr. Ferd Fish-Brown, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his white duck cap down over his eyes. From under its brim the searching breeze snatched sudden puffs of smoke and tore them into nothing. Mr. Fisk-Brown was enjoying himself. He could hear the singing of the wind in the creaking cordage; he could run his nautical eye over the expanse of lucent green hill which sparkled and gleamed, heaved and sank before him which burst bubbling and hissing outward from the pressure of the screw, and parted before the bow with a sizzling rush like uncorked soda-water. From the bow, where his sister, Katharine, Sammie, and Gresham sat surrounded by cushions and shawls, the fierce breeze filched scraps of conversation, tail ends of sentences, mutilated bon-mots, and rippling roulades of feminine laughter.

They were gay in the bow. Marcia was in "good form." Katharine, to be sure, never talked much; having contributed her "Fabiola" profile to a party, she considered her duty done, and was apt to be silent. But looking at Katharine's profile and talking to Marcia was sufficient for most men. Gresham and Sammie lay strewn afar on cushions. Sammie's charms were swathed in a checked ulster with capes made by Poole, and Sammie was happy. As the boat pitched and rolled on its way to Sandy Hook, the conversation, sown thick with local jokes of the day, finally turned on the Cousin.

"Come now, Gresham," said Marcia, falling into a coaxing tone, "where did you get her from. She is the Great American Cousin imported from the West at enormous expense—of course, we all know that; but where did you find her in the first place?"

"She's my mother's niece," said Gresham, beaming absently from force of habit; "don't you think she's pretty?"

"Gresham," solemnly, "how long will it be before you're in love?"

"Well," pushing back his cap, and ruffling his pretty curls "perhaps one week, perhaps two. As I grow older these things take longer to reach a climax."

"A week!" cried the supine Sammie, with scorn, "I give you two days."

"Why, Gresham," said Katharine, reproachfully, "you used to be able to do it in two hours."

"Oh, I was a novice then," said Gresham, superbly, "my methods were crude. The moon was made too much of."

"What did you do with the moon—bay it?" asked Marcia, with languid interest.

"No—not quite as had as that. The moon, if recollect rightly, directly preceded the"—he smiled a tender smile, in memory of the fire of his youth—"the hand-racket."

"How did that go?" asked the unconscious Katherine, innocently.

For answer he leaned forward and grasped her hand, with a look of languishing sentimentality which would have made him famous on the stage.

"How did you do in the daytime—use last night's moon?" asked Sammie, deeply interested.

Gresham blushed. "There were defects in the system," he acknowledged gloomily, "it was by no means perfect. In desperate cases, I've had to fall back on the sun. But, skillfully handled, any of the heavenly bodies would do."

"And after the hand-racket," queried Sammie, who, in his soul, thirsted for information on all points of tender dalliance.

"Well," said the Prophet of Love, musingly, "the system was subject to modifications. You had to make it suit the subject. There are cases on record in which the hand-racket was followed by"—he raised his eyebrows reflectively and stroked his frail mustache—"by a salutation after the manner of the early Christians which in its turn, was followed by 'How dare you, sir?' and then you left hurriedly, cutting short your adieu. But in most cases, you generally fall back on a new play, or the last dance, or in desperate straits you can try the photograph album"—he raised his laughing eyes to Marcia's and stopped short.

What had happened to her all of a sudden? She was deadly pale, in fact quite greenish. She held her hands tightly clasped in her lap, and was staring at him with terror in her eyes.

"Why—how—how—funny you look!" he cried, quite frightened.

She gave a painful smile, and said, with a wan assumption of her usual gaiety:

"I'm afraid of getting sun-burned. Won't you please get my parasol?—it's over by that coil of rope."

When he gave it to her, she retired precipitately beneath its umbrageous shade, and, by a change in her position, appeared to be looking down into the sea. The Boys and Katherine rose and absently drifted toward the stern. The Boys looked out at the horizon with an air of abstraction, and avoided meeting each other's eyes.

Meantime, the Daisy and Gerret had been performing prodigies of flirtation on the after-deck. Mrs. Bailey had gone below, and the Cousin was ministering to her, so they had it all to themselves. There they sat in two wicker chairs under the flapping, straining awning; and there the Daisy, with the skill of the veteran of seventy fights, slowly and guardedly unveiled her masked batteries. Now, as Gerret drew to his sorrow, the Daisy, in a duet, rose to greatness. Moreover, to-day she was particularly dangerous, because she looked so pretty. Looking deep down into her eyes and remaining impassive was one of those things that no man could do. To see her bend her soft throat sideways, and with rosy finger tuck behind her ear a fluttering strand of loosened hair, was a sight that would have subjugated Saint Anthony. And was our poor Gerret tougher-hearted than that notorious woman-hater? Not in the least. He sat on the edge of his chair, dangling his cap between his knees, and watching her intently, as she displayed all the dainty intricacies of her art. He rejoiced in the quivering shadows of her eyelashes on her downy cheek, and the soft, languid sigh she gave as she drooped her head under his glance. At first she coquetted. This put Gerret off his guard. In the innocence of his heart he coquetted too. They played at alchemy, and confided their faults to each other; they talked of their old love-affairs, and looked deep into each other's eyes with guileless unconsciousness. But presently, from confidences and coquetry, by means as imperceptible and subtle as the blending of the colors in the rainbow, they drifted into sentiment. The Daisy claimed sentiment with very swift, oblique glance, and Gerret created a supply to meet the demand. But the evolution of this almost fatal conversation was not yet complete; for, from sentimental, they grew hesitatingly, falteringly, timorously tender. Just here it began, Gerret never knew. The first intimation of anger he had was the unpleasant conviction that he was jolly and deliberately making love. He never could understand by what means he had been brought to that pitch. He merely, in a vague sort of way, recognized the Daisy's power, and was conscious, beneath his alarmed surprise, of an undercurrent of regret that she had not devoted herself to poker. With a sigh for her misdirected genius, he saw, in fancy, the exquisitely artful gradations with which she would slowly raise on a full hand.

But these vain regrets were swamped by the actual dangers of his situation, which momentarily grew more perilous. The Daisy had now brought all her guns to bear upon him; he felt that his capitulation was at hand. Their sentences had grown short and stilted—but, oh, how pithy! their looks, rare and shy, as the glances of the frightened deer, were charged with a deep and tender meaning. The Boys seemed to vibrate around them. The Daisy began to dilate and turn pale, and Gerret slowly, surely, steadily bent himself one better with every sentence. He felt that, unless a miracle intervened, he was a lost man. He thought, with a homesick longing, of the freedom which was slipping from his grasp. A mighty force impelled him recklessly forward. The Daisy's lids drooped over her eyes, she was deadly pale, and occasionally gave a little gasping sigh. The max was nearing.

Suddenly a fiercely howling gust of wind seized her dainty floor-hat, tore it off, and hurled it violently at the unwilling Gerret. It happened, however, to be fastened to her collar by elastic, after the manner adopted by yachtsmen. As it bounded from Gerret's nautical brow, the elastic caught on one of his brass buttons, twisted about it with demoniac ferocity, and, lo and behold!—they were tied together by a slender, black cord. The situation was strained, to say the least of it. Gerret fumbled at the elastic with no success. The Daisy offered to unfasten it. Afraid to meet her eyes, he drew himself to the edge of his chair and looked absently out to sea, while she gently twisted and pulled at the button. He also met with no success. Once, with a sudden jerk,

she struck his chin with the back of her hand. The moments grew hours. Gerret's eyes were glued on the sea. The wind tearing at her ruffled hair kept blowing strands of it across his cheek. Presently she said, in a voice which sounded as if her teeth were set:

"It's knotted, I think."

Gerret could stand it no longer. He drew in his chair and tried to catch a glimpse of the offending button. Instead, he saw her fringed and drooping lids, her pouting lips, the dimple in her pale cheek, the little brown freckles on the bridge of her nose. To relieve the intolerable silence, he said, with a wild laugh of desperation:

"We seem to be tied together forever."

The next instant horror at the folly of his words fell upon him. He shot a terrified glance at her, and met her eyes, full, clear, direct, and read his doom in the look.

"Would you object to that?" she asked in a low voice, looking at him unflinchingly.

The blue blood of the Manhattans receded from Gerret's heart. He was speechless. Now was the time for the miracle. For one delirious instant he half expected that the heavens would roll up like a scroll, or that there would be a tidal wave, or a Great Sea-Serpent, or some such marine phenomenon, which would arrest his fate. Then, the heavens above and the waters beneath remaining in their normal condition, despair seized him, and the fatal words rose to his lips. But that nautical form of Walküre which guards the yachtsman succored him in his need. Even as he looked at the Daisy, racking his brains for words, the grey pallor of her cheeks extended to her lips. She rose with a movement so sudden and abrupt that it snapped the elastic. For one instant she leaned against her chair, with one of her hands clutching her flying hair; then she turned to him and said, with magnificent self-possession:

"I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Manhattan, but the sun has given me such a fearful headache that I think perhaps it would be better if I went below."

She inclined her head with languid grace, and then, the yacht lurching suddenly, was thrown forward toward the companion-way, and disappeared.

For a breathing space, Gerret sat where she had left him, dazed. The miracle had been performed. Then, genuinely grieved at her indisposition, and politely desirous of offering her the freedom of the *Boomerang's* brand-new medicine-chest, he hurried to the head of the companion-way, where he met the Cousin coming up.

"Mr. Manhattan," she said gravely, "I have come to find you. The ladies are really very ill."

"Ill?" said the dazed Gerret, "who is ill?" Then, after a pause, he added vaguely: "Why?"

"They are all ill but me," she answered, "they are in the staterooms, sucking lemons. They won't take anything else."

"Sucking lemons!" he echoed, with a horror-stricken expression, as the truth flashed upon him. "Good heavens! I am very sorry! I'll go and tell the captain to put back into smooth water at once. But I'm afraid it will be a good two hours before we make the Narrows."

After giving his orders he returned with the Boys, who had been inspecting the fo'castle, and who were clamoring loudly for food. Soon afterward, the yacht being headed for the distant forts, lunch was served. The Cousin presided. Having visited the various staterooms with libations of tea and champagne, she sat down at the head of the table and drew off her gloves, revealing a hand that, modeled in wax, would have made the fortune of a manicure, and then pushed back her overshadowing black hat, disclosing hair such as Greuze loved to paint, rough, deep-brown hair, that warmed into rich red round her face. There was no doubt about it—she was pretty. Gerret stole shy, furtive glances at her, as she carefully smoothed out her old black gloves and laid them between the stems of her glasses. Sammie was going to put up his glass and stare at her through it, as he had seen Lord Tom Noddy do, had not Ferd Fisk-Brown, under the pretense of reaching for the pepper, struck him in the elbows with such force that the glass leaped from his fingers, and plunged with a muffled pop into his bowl of lobster bisque.

Despite the absence of so many of the party, that was a lunch to be remembered. The Boys enjoyed an entirely new sensation; ditto, the Cousin, who began, timidly, to emerge from her shell. She was nervous at first; chilling memories of the Daisy's Arctic smile, and Mrs. Bailey's preoccupied glance returned to her, and checked her little, hesitating outbursts of soft laughter, and froze the remarks trembling on her lips. Then, under the genial warmth of Gerret's smile and Mr. Fisk-Brown's encouraging attempts to introduce the West into the conversation, the nervousness began to melt like snow in an April sun, and she grew shyly friendly, bashfully arch. To Gerret she seemed like some wild, lovely, woodland creature, a nymph in the brake, a Hamadryad, ever on the alert to fly at a word. But then, Gerret was young. Mr. Fisk-Brown, on the other hand, thought tenderly that she was like a rabbit. There was something in the soft, quick movements of her head, in the suppressed alertness of her whole figure that reminded him of a rabbit when it pauses, palpitating, and listens. But then, Mr. Fisk-Brown was a gentleman of sporting blood, who habitually drew on his experiences for all comparisons and similes.

And now the Cousin began to bloom. Her first laugh was an era in the history of that lunch. Her gradually diminishing blushes struck the fancy of the Boys as the sweetest and most genuine blushes they had ever seen. Then, with a quick, shy glance and a vivid smile—an electric flash of eyes and teeth—she would snatch a look at one of them, an answering smile leaped into each man's eyes, and they drew up closer to the table, delighting in her graceful coyness. She was amused at the stalest jokes. The stupidest old stories, fossils of last winter, held her enthralled, with parted lips and scintillating eyes. Sammie was filled with vain regrets that he had not told her the Lord Tom Noddy story. He saw now that it would have impressed her greatly. But he feared the gibes of the Boys, and kept silent. So charming was she, as her cloak of shyness slipped and fell away from her, that presently, when she began to tell a story of her Western life, of a girl in a lonely log-cabin, who was attacked by a bear, the Boys almost held their breaths for fear of startling her back into her reserve.

And how she did tell that story! Her eyes glowed like coals, her lips parted—sometimes grave, sometimes smiling,

as the interest of her story fluctuated. Her hands, at first folded in her lap, accentuated her tale with quick, emphatic gestures. When she arrived at the climax, where the girl took aim at the bear with her father's rifle, she betrayed the fact that she knew how to fire a gun by raising to her shoulder an imaginary engine of destruction and snapping an imaginary trigger with her pink fingers. Finally, when the bear's huge carcass rolled over dead, and she paused, breathless, with dilated pupils, Mr. Fisk-Brown said to her, with gentle tranquillity:

"Do you know, Miss Gresham, I am afraid of you? A young lady who is not only a good sailor, but an infallible shot with a rifle, is a rarity in the effete East."

The poor Cousin! Had she been accused of the seven deadly sins she could not have looked more embarrassed, or blushed more deeply. The oldest of campaigners, the Daisy herself, could not have done anything more effective, or acknowledged the truth with a more graceful diplomacy. Gerret kicked Mr. Fisk-Brown under the table for confusing her, and Gresham, in a state of paralyzed surprise, murmured, gently: "Why, Effie!" Sammie didn't know exactly what it was all about, but he thought the Cousin was prettier than ever in her rosy embarrassment, and, as he leaned toward Mr. Fisk-Brown to let the steward refill his glass with the amber champagne, he whispered, "Pon me soul, she'd be a nice-looking girl if she wouldn't wear a jacket like a priest's cassock."

It was a little later that the Daisy, lying an invertebrate blue and white heap on the berth in one of the staterooms, was roused to the consciousness that there was still something left to live for by the fact that the *Boomerang* was no longer rocking, and that sounds of laughter penetrated her seclusion from the saloon. There was a concert of masculine laughter, deep and rich. Occasionally it broke, and the Daisy could distinguish a soft, feminine treble, like the rippling of a hidden brook heard in a forest when the deeper murmuring of the pines ceases. She raised herself on the palms of her hands, and pricked the "meek, attentive ear." Yes, it was the Cousin. The Daisy was not exempt from the faults of her sex. She rose, pale and dishevelled, shook her skirts into shape, pushed back the thick curls from her temples, cocked her hat at the right angle, and opened the door. From the doorway she surveyed the field.

Lunch was over. The slanting lines of light struck rifled piles of fruit, the creamy sides of bananas, the heaped-up clusters of dusty, purple grapes between their scalloped leaves. In the half-empty glasses the tiny bubbles rose through the slender stems in circling spirals, and clustered twinkling round the brim. The white sunbeams, falling on decanters of claret and the rounded lumps of ice in the glasses, threw crimson blotches and quivering prismatic colors on the table-cloth, and struck fountains of sparks from the facets of the cut crystals. The Cousin had the floor. She sat at the head of the table, talking with a gravity which a flash in her lightning glances belied. The Boys were listening intently, their eyes on her demure face. Even Sammie was deeply enthralled, leaning with his elbow among his glasses, and the dawning smile on his lips breaking into a delighted grin as he met her eyes. As she paused and let her solemn glance rest on them in turn, their laughter broke out again in one sudden and simultaneous geyser-like burst, Mr. Fisk-Brown's bass roar, which gradually died away in a series of exhausted groans and chuckles, soaring above the concert like a trombone. The Daisy, feeling as if a needle shower-bath had been turned on her, softly retired, shutting the door.

Half an hour later Gerret stood on the wharf bidding good-bye to the robust gentlemen and languid, pea-green ladies of his party. The latter acknowledged his inquiries and farewells hastily and faintly, having sufficiently revived to be conscious of the havoc made in their beauty "by the sea, the sea, the open sea, the blue, the beautiful, the free." The Boys were properly subdued, and assisted them to carriages, with a due regard for puddles and irregularities in the pavement. Gresham and the Cousin were the last. As Gerret bade the still beaming Mr. Sterling good-bye, he murmured:

"Gresham, old boy, I congratulate you on your new relation. A thousand thanks for bringing her. She's a"—habit was strong with Gerret; he had almost said "a corker," but he paused in time, and added, enthusiastically, "she's the most charming girl I ever met."

* * * * *

The maple-leaves were turning yellow when Fisk-Brown met the Daisy on the avenue.

"Heard the news?"

"No," replied the lady, languidly.

"Gerret's to be married next week to Gresham's Western cousin, and they sail at once in the *Boomerang* for the Mediterranean."

GERALDINE M. BONNER.

July, 1887.

A traveler among the South Sea Islands gives an account of huge clams—so big, that a single shell makes an admirable bath for a child—the very touching of which is sometimes attended with fatal consequences. Diving for clams generally falls to the share of the women, and many a one has met her doom from getting nipped by the ponderous dentated shell, or so held prisoner in the depths, never to rise again. Quite recently, a poor fellow, fishing on one of the Paumotu atolls, dived to the bottom of the lagoon, feeling for pearl oysters, when he unluckily slipped the fingers of his left hand into a gaping clam-shell, which closed and held him as in a vice. The shell lay in a hole in the coral, so that it was impossible to reach the byssus by which it was moored in that safe harbor; the wretched man, in agony of mind and of body, severed his own fingers with his knife, and rose to the surface, having, indeed, escaped drowning, but being maimed for life. There have been other cases where a diver thus imprisoned has, with greater deliberation, contrived to insert his knife into the shell, and so force it open sufficiently to release his other hand.

Steam yachts, luxurious luxuries that they are becoming, keep multiplying. Joseph Stickney, of the New York Yacht Club, has just had one built, the *Susquehanna*, at a cost of one million dollars. She is two-masted, schooner-rigged, and measures three hundred tons. By means of the trim cabin the crew may work the vessel without going on deck.

DINNER-TABLE TALK.

"Flaneur" tells of the Conversation at a Dinner during the Dog Days.

I went to a small and drowsy dinner the other night. The table had been removed out on a piazza in the rear of the house, and four of the highest and roomiest arm-chairs surrounded it. There was a fountain playing in the yard, a few pots of dried and desolate-looking plants stood around, and the heat simmered gently over the fences and down in the cloudless, hot humid sky. The thermometer was 94°, though it was nearly seven o'clock. It was an ordinary city residence, and most of the houses in the vicinity were closed. There were, however, a few isolated heads sticking out of lonely windows, and gazing hotly and disconsolately down upon us. The host was a family man, but his family was at Newport. He wore a suit of green, yellow, and red pyjamas, more or less toned down by a long silk gown, and a queer little polo cap was balanced recklessly on the ridge-pole of his utterly bald head.

A distinguished lawyer and ex-statesman of some fame was one of the guests. He is a man of dignified and imposing presence, and he has a fine, rotund, and oratorical fashion of speaking. He drifted out on the piazza with his hat in one hand and a palm-leaf fan in the other, looked at the Wall-street man—the host—piteously, and said, shortly:

"Good Gawd! What a night to dine out!"

"We are dining as far out as we can without getting in the yard," said the man of the house, feebly mopping his face. "Take off your coat, and waistcoat, and collar—you will be more comfortable. I have an old pair of slippers in the library, too, if you want them."

The distinguished politician disappeared, and came out a moment later in his trousers and shirt, and his friend's slippers. The rest of us were in similarly conventional and correct attire. Two pretty and plump young women, who were twins, we afterward learned, waited on the table.

"They're a devilish sight cooler to look at than men," said the host, gazing at them with more or less interest, "and they don't make half so much noise." And he listened sharply as one of the young women tip-toed across the piazza, and said, abruptly:

"Mary, you are wearing hoots."

"Y—ye—yes, sir."

"New hoots?"

"Yez, sir."

"Is Jane wearing new hoots, too?"

"She is, sir."

"Good God," sighed the master, aghast; "I never heard of anything so abominably sultry in my life."

"Madam gave them to her," said the girl timidly, "on the Fourth of July, sir, and we have just put them on."

"Take them off," howled the master of the house, excitedly. "Slippers are the thing for this sort of weather—easy and noiseless slippers."

"Well," said the politician ponderously, "I have attended many dinner parties in my time, and I have spent hours and weeks over Oliver Wendell Holmes, breakfast table talk, but I don't think that I ever knew of a dinner-table talk to begin in a more touching and poetic manner than that of tonight. By the way, what are we to have for dinner?"

"Cold bouillon, little-neck clams," said the host thoughtfully, "a frozen salmon that was sent to me from the Restigouche, chicken livers and bacon hrochettes, claret and mint and a mouthful of old-fashioned Jersey ice-cream, some reed-birds and corn with a tomato and lettuce salad, champagne cup, frozen fruit, and cigars."

The two girls reappeared at this time and began the service of the dinner. They were light, deft, and intelligent, and dinner was served with such remarkable skill that nobody knew anything about the service from that time on. The politician drank his bouillon, fanned himself vigorously, and started off at once to tell us about some operations of his in Kansas City with a man who was known to several members of the party. His name was Garrett.

"Did you ever hear of his theatre party?" the politician asked in the course of the talk. "It is one of the most remarkable instances of Western hospitality and enthusiasm that I have ever known of. It occurred this spring, when my friend Edwin Booth visited Kansas City. Garrett, as most of us know, is a corking good fellow, and a man who has the most exalted ideas of the worth and value of personal friendship. He went out to Kansas City some years ago, lost every cent he possessed, and was in hard luck for nearly a year. Most of the people who had been fond of him during his prosperity deserted him when the reverse came, but there was a goodly number who stuck to him vigilantly. Luck was continually against him, but his friends gave him a hand wherever they could, for he was just as popular among them as before his slip-up. There is a tremendous boom in land speculation in Kansas City now, and it was this that particularly interested the energies of Garrett. His speculations were nearly always right, but unfortunately he never had money enough to hold on to his bargains, and he kept going further and further under, until he was in a strait that was absolutely desperate. Finally, one day, he got an option on a property of which he thought very highly, and he made a last appeal to his friends for two hundred dollars, so that he could hold this option for forty-eight hours. They let him have the money. He twisted his deal around, held on to his property, re-sold it, bought it in again, got a foothold, and fought like a panther until he had got firmly on his feet. Within a month he had made sixty thousand dollars clear. Then the idea presented itself to him of giving his friends a party in commemoration of his retrieved fortunes. He made out a list of the guests that he wished to invite, and the list numbered a hundred and twenty-seven names. He decided to give a theatre-party and a supper. Booth was going to play in Kansas City for the first time, the seats were three dollars apiece, and there was a line of men a hundred feet long waiting night and day at the box-office. Garrett went to the foot of the line, and paid his way ahead, paying an average of ten dollars a man until he got up to the box-office, where he had first choice of seats when the house was opened. Then he bought a hundred and twenty-seven seats in the middle of the house.

"This little transaction alone cost him in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars. Then he engaged a special train

to run up to Fort Leavenworth and bring down the military guests whom he had invited. They were the officers of the posts and their wives. It happened that the hotel of that place was undergoing alterations at that time and was in a state of chaos and confusion, but this did not haffle Garrett in the least. He had gangs of men at work night and day, threw the six principal rooms of the first floor into one apartment, had decorators at work with flags, hunting, and hammers, laid carpets for the occasion, hought furniture, and had a magnificent table built something in the shape of the letter 'S.' It was said that the 'S' was the only tribute that Garrett paid to a far-away sweetheart of his. Her name was Susie, I believe. Electric lights were introduced, chairs that had never been sat on were brought from a neighboring city, and every detail of the supper arranged in a fashion that would have delighted an epicure. The entire table was hanked in hot-house flowers except where there was room for the plates, and, at the right hand of each guest there was a little slot or slide in the table in which stood five wine-glasses. These were filled with various kinds of wine during supper, and, as each emptied glass was removed, a magnificent rose was put in its place by the waiter. When the supper was over, the host pulled a lever at his end of the table, and the five roses which had replaced the five glasses at each place were drawn together, and bound into a complete bouquet by a mechanical arrangement of wires under the table. The monograms of the guests adorned their places at the table, and every lady was fairly inundated with flowers. Men and women were all in the most elaborate evening attire, the ladies dressed low, of course, and the officers of the garrison were in full military dress. As they sat in the body of the theatre, it made as pretty a picture as I have ever seen. The smiling Garrett was tucked away craftily in one corner, the picture of benevolence and joy, beaming graciously on his friends. There was a place for Booth at the table during the supper that followed the play, and I went behind to see if I could not induce him to accept the invitation, but he was not well enough to go. The supper was a rattling good one from beginning to end. The guests were taken to their homes in dozens of carriages, coaches, and special trains, all under the supervision of Garrett's agents, and, at four o'clock, the real-estate speculator took a final humper of champagne, and went home the happiest man in the world. His little blow-out had cost three thousand one hundred and twelve dollars by actual count. The following day, the carpets were taken up, the table torn to pieces, the chairs sent back, the electric-light fixtures returned to the factories, the banners and hunting sent back, and not the faintest trace remained of the dinner outside of the memories of the guests, except a beautiful souvenir of the occasion which was mailed to every one of Garrett's one hundred and twenty-seven friends the following day. There was nothing of the snorting or hip-hip-hurrahing quality about the entertainment, and, despite all talk of the crudeness and lack of polish in the West, it was as amiable and easy a feast as I have ever seen outside of Paris."

One of the other guests was a retired naval officer of very high rank. He is an exceedingly sweet tempered and lovable old man, and he told us of an incident that happened that day with such pathetic expression and impressiveness that I do not think any of the quartette will ever forget it.

"I had an exceedingly uncomfortable night," he said; "and, about nine o'clock this morning, I left the front of the house and went into my wife's apartments, in the rear, where it is quiet and shady, and as everybody is in the country, I threw myself on one of the beds and went sound asleep. Hence I did not rise until it was very late, and it was noon before I went downstairs to breakfast. I sat near the window where there was a bit of air stirring, and saw, right across the corner from me, a blind man of perhaps forty-five years of age, holding out his left hand for alms and leaning heavily on his stick with the other hand. The heat was simply stupendous. It seemed to radiate before the window. Almost nobody was abroad, and, although occasionally a cluhman or a loiterer would drag himself slowly along the shady side of the street to breakfast, the neighborhood was deserted. That poor blind devil stood there facing the sun on the edge of the gutter, and within a foot of the dense shade of the house. Had he moved but twelve inches to the right, he could have stood in comparative comfort in the shade, but of course he did not know this, and he simply stood there with beads of perspiration on his face, and the left hand which he held out trembling more or less spasmodically. Occasionally he swayed a little back and forth. Three or four people passed him, stared sorrowfully and sympathetically at the man, but did not attempt to move him toward the shade. A shop-girl came along, took some pennies out of her pocket, and placed them in his hand. He smiled when she spoke to him, but she did not think of the shade apparently, and she went away, leaving the man there. He had a clear-cut and finely molded face, but it was woefully wasted by disease and want. I sat there for half an hour and wondered why I did not go over and give the man something or remove him in the shade. I hate myself to this hour to think that I did not. I waited and waited for my breakfast to come, and finally I took a mouthful or two, but I could not take my eyes from the poor devil standing in the scorching heat. The time went on. I argued with myself that he had been there four or five hours, that he might be a charlatan, and that perhaps the heat was not so trying to him as it would be to me. I was warm, my head throbbed, and I had not had my breakfast; and so I waited for somebody to move the man in the shade, or give him enough to enable him to go home. I waited too long. He began to sway back and forth. I rushed to the front door and down the stoop to the street, but before I could get to him, the poor fellow reeled over backward, and fell into the most horrible convulsions on the sidewalk there, in the face of the blazing sun. Then it was too late to do anything but care for him till the ambulance came and took him to the hospital. It is the least grateful incident in my life, and I shudder when I think of my callousness and inhumanity."

We sat there until midnight and the talk was closed by a discussion of Henry Watterson's recent assertions about New York city. He claims with convincing enthusiasm and ability that it is the finest summer resort in the world, and he proves that he is sincere by spending the hot months at Richfield Springs.

NEW YORK, July 26, 1887.

BLAKELY HALL.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Getal Boulanger's daughter is about to become a nun, and his enemies say it is a shrewd device of his to curry favor with the Clericals.

General Amboden of Confederate cavalry fame, recently stated, in a letter, that Virginia's mineral wealth had been as fully developed in 1860 as now, there would have been no war.

Librarian Poole, of the Chicago Public Library, whose "Index to Periodical Literature" has made his name familiar in every country where English is spoken, began the preparation of the work when he was a Sophomore at Yale College in 1848.

Miss A. F. Ramsey, of Girton College, who gained such signal honor at the recent Cambridge classical tripos, has a picture devoted to her in the current *Punch*. Mr. Punch, in professor's robes, is politely showing Miss Ramsey, also in academic robes, into a first-class railway carriage labelled "for ladies only."

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke says that American women don't know how to live. If they want health, she writes, let them learn to live in fresh air—open their windows, wear flannel night-gowns, and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold, but never to sleep with closed windows—and air all the clothes and their room daily, eat simple, wholesome food, wear bonnet waists and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots. Then, she argues, they will be rosy, happy, healthy, and a comfort to everybody as well as themselves.

The tongue of scandal is again busy over the affairs of the erratic Duc de Morny, who recently married the daughter of the wealthy Guzman Blanco. The plain facts seem to be these: When the gay bachelor was married his debts amounted to over a million francs. None of these were paid by his father-in-law as he did not have courage to confess them, but the latter gave him settled income, and built him a new house. Now that the house is finished, it has begun to rain leg documents of all kinds, until there are now enough to cover the newly papered walls.

The Sultan of Johore has a wonderful palace near Singapore. It is wealth and beauty rivaled by the "Arabian Nights" tales in splendor; and he is always willing to show his marvels to many strangers touching at his shores. He entertains his guests at meals with food served in golden vessels, which service cost seven hundred thousand dollars. The regalia he wears is valued at five hundred thousand dollars, a sword Queen Victoria presented cost the neat sum of fifty thousand dollars, and his delights to dazzle the eyes of his enchanted spectators with these wondrous visions of wealth.

Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, whose name is known all over the country in connection with the National Opera Company, is a handsome brunette with large hazel eyes and dazzling teeth. She wears her hair combed high off her forehead in the style known as that of *La Pompadour*. Her skirts are like the skirts of any other woman's dress, but she wears a coat and waistcoat of the most ultra tailor-made style with a turned-down linen collar held together with a loosely tied silk tie. Her watch-chain is made of Egyptian scarabs, and runs through a buttonhole from waistcoat pocket to waistcoat pocket. On her shapely hand she wears a number of curious and valuable rings. In the winter Mr. Thurber lives in New York. In the summer she rusticates in the Ca skills, in a very primitive style of mountain cottage, which she calls "Lotos Land." Her writing-paper from "Lotos Land" is made of represent birch bark, and the imitation is so good that one might think she had torn it off the nearest tree rather than that it came from stationer's shop.

The judges have decided that, pending her divorce suit, Jane Hading is not to play at any other theatre but the Gymnase, which is managed by her husband, and that the eighty pounds a month which he allows her is in all reason enough. What do they know about the requinments of a theatrical star who has a name for beauty to keep up? What would be the opinion of a first-class *lingerie* on the subject? When the washing of a pair of pantelettes worn by the *divette*, Jeanne Granier, in one of her characteristic rôles, came to one hundred and thirty francs, what figure could La Comtesse Sarab make on the allow-ance granted her by Koning? Her luxurious dressing-room at the Gymnase is just as much a Passage des Princesses as Mlle. Schneider's when she was playing as La Grande Duchesse at the Variétés. The family of the charming actress are from Marseilles, voluble, demonstrative, and smelling strong of garlic. This would not matter to Southerners, but to the olfactory nerves of Northerners it is not pleasant. Hayden and Hading are gypsy names of Dutch origin. The family of the attractive Jane have very gypsy ways and manners. One fee among them as though one were in a camp of *gitanos*, and Mrs. Hading, mère, is the image of an old gypsy dame.

Queen Marie Henriette, of Belgium, is one of the cleverest conjurers in Europe. When in 1882 the famous magician, Professor Herrmann arrived at Brussels on his way to the sea baths at Ostend, one of the queen's chamberlains called at his hotel and inquired if he was the same Professor Herrmann who had formerly given sleight-of-hand performances at the palace of the queen's father, the Archduke Palatine of Austria. On ascertaining this to be a fact, he informed him that her majesty would be glad to receive him in private the next day. The queen received him most kindly, and, after talking of old times, expressed a wish to learn his tricks, and Professor Herrmann gladly consented to teach her his tricks, and during the following four weeks he spent daily several hours in initiating her in an adept of the black art. Of course these lessons took place with locked doors, the Professor having made a point of insisting that nobody else should be present besides his royal pupil and himself. The queen displayed a remarkable talent in acquiring the art, and many of the tricks which she subsequently practiced on her family and attendant. Professor Herrmann, who died three weeks ago, leaving an enormous fortune, absolutely refused to accept any remuneration for his services to the queen, however, met the difficulty by sending a magnificent bracelet and a pair of diamond earrings to the Professor's wife. Only a short time before his death he received an autograph letter from the queen congratulating him in the kindest manner on his seventieth birthday, and adding "Do not be afraid. I have not divulged your secrets to any one."

In the recently published memoirs of Count Vitthum, of Eckstadt, proofs are given of the hereditary character of the mental disease which afflicted the imperial family of Russia. All the sons of the Emperor Paul I., like that unhappy monarch himself, who was murdered in 1801, became subject to fits of insanity. Paul I. had four sons—Czar Alexander I., the Grand Duke Constantine, Czar Nicholas I., and the Grand Duke Michael. Every one of them, after his forty-fifth year, exhibited undoubted signs of mental derangement. This was not fully discovered in the case of Nicholas I. until after the Czar's death. An English physician, however, the count says, noticed the appearance of the hereditary disease in the Czar as early as July, 1853, and he predicted that the monarch had not more than two years of life before him. This he stated in a letter to Lord Palmerston. The Emperor Nicholas died in March, 1881, about four months earlier than the date predicted. The count appears to have no doubt that the Crimean war, so far as it depended upon Nicholas, was the rash act of the ruler "whose mental equipoise was disturbed." None of the four sons of Paul I. lived to sixty years of age, and every one of them suffered from congestion of the brain after reaching his forty-fifth year. Alexander died at forty-eight, a miserable man, moody and despondent, as Prince Metternich has painted him, "tired of existence." His brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, though not manifestly insane, gave frequent signs of mental disturbance, in which he did not think himself fit to be trusted with the reins of government. His conduct in the year 1830, at the outbreak of the revolution in Warsaw, will remain to prove his mental unsoundness. He had to be entrusted to the care of his wife, the Princess Lowicz, who was cautioned in the same way as is a physician in charge of a patient having intermittent fits of insanity. He died in his fifty-second year from congestion of the brain. The Grand Duke Michael was killed by a fall from his horse at the age of forty-eight. Some years before his death he had exhibited signs of undoubted mental disease and his physician declared that he was on the road to certain insanity.

VANITY FAIR.

There is a race among even the titled people in London society to see who can secure the most notoriety and notice (says the London correspondent of the *New York World*). The so-called society of London is made up largely of people who have special gifts of pushing themselves to the front with their coteries of adherents. A noted society lady said the other day that there were only four dukes in London society. The other dukes appear only upon the surface on the occasion of some great court festivity, and are never seen at any of the crowded gatherings of what is known as society. Many of the leaders in London society, who are the most prominent and who are the oftentimes mentioned in the newspapers, have no titles. They have made their social positions by tact, push, shrewdness, and a liberal use of money in entertaining. Each year prominent and conservative families have withdrawn more and more from general society in London, until an entire transformation has taken place. An English gentleman who has made this transformation his study said to me yesterday that he believed that within the next ten years London society would be more inaccessible to strangers than any other society in the world. "We have already," said he, "neighborhoods where the society is controlled by one or two great families, and whose barriers are crossed with as much difficulty as are those which surround the Faubourg St. Germain." This gentleman then went on to argue that much of this retirement and much of this exclusiveness now being built up by some of the most prominent families in England, was owing to the fact that general society in London was dominated and overrun by a class of Americans who have no prominent social standing in their own homes. He thought that the Prince of Wales was largely responsible for this. He then went over a long list of American women who are prominent at every London gathering, and who are every day given positions of prominence over the representatives of the oldest and most distinguished families. Whenever the Prince of Wales is invited to dinner it is regarded as necessary to have American ladies among the guests. He prefers their brightness, their originality, and their hearing to the humdrum dullness of the average English society woman of any rank. This inclination of the prince has given many American women an opportunity of entering the most fashionable London circles, but the comment chiefly directed against them is that they are accorded positions here that they do not have at home. Miss Chamberlain, for instance, who has returned to London, is conspicuous at every fashionable gathering, and is a guest at the dinner-tables of some of the most noted of London entertainers. When she was in the United States last year she received no particular attention. She was in Washington last winter, and her presence there was barely noticed; the prestige of her London success was not sufficient to secure her more than a few invitations. She therefore was returned to England, and most probably will remain here for some time. The English ladies are very jealous of what they call American invasion of their social field.

The Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons lead the happiest of lives without being aware of it. Great is the blessing of being unknown beyond a man's own street or parish. The little world in which most of us live, with our petty jealousies and emulations, our small aspirations and success, is quite large enough. What matters it that the journalists who write for the newspapers and the folks who read them have never heard our names? Such ignorance of "our noble selves" does not affect our appetite or deprive us of sleep; Nature has the same charms for us as she has for lustrious statesmen or for millionaires—nay, more charms, since we are free from the grinding pressure of society, and from the responsibilities of office. "Emulation, the strongest use that heats in high minds," has its inconveniences. The pulse is not merely strong, but feverish, and men once accounted wise have been known to do the most foolish things in the insane desire to keep their names before the public. In the anxiety for fame, they simply achieve notoriety. They are talked about, no doubt; but only to be laughed at. When Milton's Satan declares that to reign is worth ambition though in hell, he exactly expresses the feeling of the man who is bent, at any cost, on earning notoriety. The desire for fame may be an infirmity, but it prompts noble actions; the wish for notoriety prompts to whatever actions may achieve that object. It may lead a man to throw himself off St. Paul's, or to set fire to a city.

That class of young ladies (says a writer in *Lippincott's*) now among the students as "college widows," and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly or unjustly acquired, she can bid good-bye to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may call on her; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement; but he rarely or never marries her.

The costumes of the hatters at Narragansett Pier have not enough variety to make the effect a pretty one, but being loud, says a correspondent of the *Providence Journal*. One, called the Fisher's dress, is of *voile* cloth, an open-work texture of gray, worn over red flannel. This is worn by a pretty girl, who seems to enjoy attitudinizing on a beach or hunting for cockle-shells on the rocks. Another argument is decidedly *bizarre* and would do for a Barnum's Irlequin. One-half the front and all the back are of striped blue and black, with the other side of the front of solid orange-hued cloth buttoning diagonally over the barber-pole portion. The trousers are black. Black stockings and a large Yokohama straw hat with trimming of the striped goods make a striking dress among the usual ones of dark blue. Each fair hatter has a handkerchief of turkey red wound undanna fashion on her head. This, with her tiny feet pocking in black to the ankle and white the rest, her pinkish trousers and short skirt, make her look, as she runs off shame-faced to the water, like a Fanny Elssler in flannel instead of gauze. Mrs. William Sprague, the senior, and

Mrs. William, the junior, come from Canonchet to bathe each morning. It is said they affect the unusual, in that they are seen with hair unbound—envious ones remark that its beauty may be observed—and wear flesh-colored hose and immense bunches of pond lilies at the belt. The habies and little folks have the best of things at the beach, if they do not in the parlor. For them the portable tents are placed, provision made for their unrestricted indulgence in their fun and frolics, and, with their *bonnes*, they swarm on the sand, attracting much attention to their lovely little faces and quaint garments.

The universal use and adaptability of the French title of courtesy, "Madame," common also to Germans, and the Italian "Signora," with their respective diminutives, "Mademoiselle," "Fräulein," and "Signorina," mark a distinction, the absence of a conversational equivalent to which is, in this country, socially speaking, most inconvenient. Without an exact knowledge of a person's name the most polite of Englishmen or Americans are left without any elegant means of avoiding what hinders on rudeness. In a foreign tongue it is possible to converse any length of time with a nameless "Madame," or even "Mam'zelle," or to refer to her existence with a third person without any awkwardness, while these simple forms of address will be further found to cover all difficulties in determining the often vexed questions of rank and title.

The *New York Sun* recently printed a frank statement of failure by a man who had undertaken to wear a flannel shirt instead of a white shirt, during the summer. His failure was owing, as he said, to the lack of promised support from supposititious friends, chiefly artists and litterateurs. What promised to be a "movement" in flannel shirt wearing, petered out to a single man, the correspondent donning one, and then being gayed for his peculiarity. There is much to be said in favor of flannel. It is in reality cooler than other shirts. The stiffness which other shirts have, and on which their beauty depends, and which they lose so easily, the flannel shirt never loses, for the reason that it never has it. But though it is somewhat off-hand in style, the true quality of the wearer never fails to show through it clearly. A gentleman is a gentleman as unmistakably in a flannel shirt as in the holediest of "boiled rags." And they are also cheaper. But he must wear them conscientiously. The conscience comes in when it dictates a change of shirts, although in the case of flannels the necessity for it may not be so obvious to outsiders. Because a shirt does not look soiled, is no reason for neglecting its being turned out and replaced by another clean one, when the revolving days prove that the change is imperative. With this law well observed, flannel shirts are things of considerable beauty and undeniable joy.

From being *passée* at twenty, to being charming at thirty, tells in itself the whole tale of woman's growth in the past century. That peculiar combination of angel and idiot which was the ideal woman, was unthinkable except in the teens. Idiocy can not be angelic after the first score of years. The rosebud is delightful, and everybody loves it, but there is not a woman who would care to be always eighteen. Up to thirty-five, a woman knows she has gained in charm; she knows that the man who fought shy of taking her out to dinner during her first season, and who was mute and hored during the whole time that he sat by her side, will seek her out in company now, and will recognize her added experience and maturity, by giving her credit for common sense in the talk that he begins with her. She knows that where her crudeness used to drive off people worth knowing, she can, at her will, call them about her now.

William Black's heroines, whatever their diversities of character and unlikeliness of situation, invariably have one thing in common—their style of dress. They are all, physically, of one type, too; and a portrait of one, with trifling changes, perhaps of hair and eyes, would answer for all the fair throng. They are always tall, fair, and slim; English Dianas modernly draped, and each and every one of them seem to have come out from De Maurier's drawing-rooms. Their creator never permits any frivolity of taste among them; no fantasticality of puff and flounce, nor eccentricity of color. They are almost invariably clothed in one color, "relieved"—Black's great millinery word—with one other. Black velvet is a favorite gown with him, "relieved" by a hand of gold, a knot of ribbon, or row of colored beads at the throat. Sometimes it is a white gown, sometimes a gray—never any other color, and "relieved" by a slender bit of brilliant contrasting tint. The taste of these long-limbed nymphs becomes rather monotonous in time. We know the contents of all their armoires and wardrobes; and we heartily approve of the heroine of "Sunrise" when she appears with a scarlet cap upon her dusky locks, even although, as usual, the dress is the same black velvet, always so numerously kept in stock by Mr. Black.

One breezy woman (says a writer in the *Mail and Express*) is bound to compel attention at Ocean Grove, where she astonishes the visitors by a variety of queer toilets. She is possessed of some magnificent lace—better, no doubt, than any owned by the other inhabitants of the hotels there. She will come out at dinner with costumes made in the latest style, but of the coarsest and commonest materials, fitting her perfectly, and trimmed with the costliest lace. She will go riding in a robe made of the crash that is used for kitchen towels—a rough, honey-combed surface of dingy drab cotton that is sold at twelve yards for fifty cents. She is trying to outdo the once famous Princess Metternich, who went to the races in a gown made of blue and white bed-ticking buttoned up the front of the corsage with fine diamonds, and trimmed with old round point worth a small fortune. Our dame will go into the water a perfect female Mephistopheles with a red dress, stockings, sandals, and a little horned cap on her head.

There is a highly humorous British hook on the "Manners and Tone of Good Society," by a Member of the Aristocracy, so very insular in its advice that it has never been reprinted by an American pirate, although it has gone through many editions in England. In its fourth edition now

is a similar French work, the "Manuel de la Bonne Société, par la Comtesse de Valresson." It is amusing to note the way in which the French authoress holds up the English as exemplars of selfish bad manners, while the Americans figure in her pages only casually as rather too free and easy. American girls who wish to understand exactly how a well-bred French woman is taught to conduct herself in public, at a theatre, a concert, or a dinner, can not do better than read this pleasantly written and unpretentious little manual. And students of society who may wish to see exactly how foreign to our ideas of marriage and of giving in marriage are the French, may read the chapter which Mme. la Comtesse de Valresson has devoted to this important subject. It is almost as instructive as the elaborate discussion of French ways of thought and feeling on this question to be found in Mr. Hamerton's "Around My House."

Among the little fanciful adjuncts of the toilet (writes Eleanor Corbett in the *Pittsburg Bulletin*) are the silver tie-fasteners for low shoes. Every one knows there is an immense amount of innate depravity in every hit of cord, braid, or ribbon which is used for shoe-ties; that they are forever untying at most inopportune seasons, trailing in the dust, tripping up the wearer, and causing more embarrassment than any other object of the same size. But just get a pair of those little saw-toothed clamps, and you can bid defiance to the provoking shoestring, and walk your way rejoicing. They are to be had in various fancy designs in oxidized silver and enamel, and are also set with moon or with Rhine-stones. From four to eight dollars will buy a pair. Those who object to paying as much for a fastener as the shoe itself costs, can get cheap ones, quite as efficient if not as ornamental, of brass or copper, which have a dark glaze on the surface, making them almost invisible when clamped on to a black tie.

Young women whose mothers' admonitions against tight lacing have been unheeded should listen to the story recently reported in the *British Medical Journal* of the death of one of their sisters. A spinster lady, aged fifty-two, recently dropped dead in a London street and was taken to the hospital. She had died from syncope. He heart had stopped beating; her lungs had ceased to work, and the hospital surgeon said that was due only to tight lacing. He had known her of old. Only two years before she had fallen in the street and "broken a blood vessel," as it was said. Perhaps she had, but the surgeon knew that it was because she had squeezed her ribs by her dressing appliances, tighter than any lover's arms could press a beloved waist; and the great difference between that powerful instrument of compression and the well-made corset is that the latter is tireless and never lets go. This lady was fifty-two. Young ladies ambitious of small waists may think that a single woman of fifty-two had better die anyway.

One of the things noticeable in the rise and progress of the wheel in Washington, says the *Washington Star*, is the great increase within two or three years of the number of women who ride tricycles. A few years ago Mrs. Belva Lockwood attracted much notice by appearing on the streets on a tricycle. The machine she used, though it was a new pattern at the time she bought it, is old-fashioned now. The tricycle of the day is made with crank and pedals, and a graceful woman who rides properly seems to acquire new grace upon it. Sitting erect, the movement is natural and easy, and she glides like a goddess. After Mrs. Lockwood appeared on the street, some other venturesome women tried the machine, and used to ride for pleasure, riding chiefly at night. About four years ago a number of ladies, who were enthusiastic riders, handed together in a club, with several gentlemen, and every pleasant evening a long train of tricycles, with their twinkling lamps, could be seen sweeping along on some of the wide avenues of the city. The women's tricycle club was out. Gradually, however, ladies began to appear singly on the street in broad day, and now a woman on a tricycle attracts no more attention than a woman on a horse. Every week adds to the number of cyclists. There are five hundred ladies in this Washington ride tricycles. Many of them own their own machines; others rent tricycles when they want to use them. There are "singles" and "sociables" and "tandems" and tricycles of a great many different patterns. A lady should be dressed properly for riding in order to get the full benefit of the exercise and all the pleasure of riding. If she tries to ride with bustle and other encumbrances, of course she will find it uncomfortable. An ordinary riding habit is a good thing. A slender young lady who had just alighted at the curb from a tricycle, wore a dark-blue flannel dress with a blouse waist and loose skirt that, so far as the reporter could make out, concealed no hustle or other artificial means of supplying outline to the form. "She will ride with as much freedom and grace as a man." He went on: "Another lady, the wife of a well-known literary man here, has a very simple but ingenious costume. She wears two loose flannel skirts, the under one longer than the other. The outer skirt is so arranged that when she leaves her tricycle to go into a house or store she can pull or gather it up at the sides with concealed strings, so that it becomes a flounced overskirt. When she resumes riding she simply lets out the skirt and it falls down at full length. Some ladies ride very well. It is a great pleasure to ride with a lady who understands how to ride, who sits erect and brings her weight squarely on the pedals." A novelty promised for this fall is a bicycle for lady riders. There are several riders in Washington ready to take to this lady bicycle when it comes. It will be so arranged that a lady who will learn to ride it can do so with as much grace and propriety as she could ride a tricycle. It will be a modification of the Rover type of bicycle for gentlemen, with the back-bone or frame curved downward like the letter U between the wheels, so that when the lady sits upon the saddle there will be no obstruction in the way of her dress between her feet and the saddle. "The only trouble," said the dealer, "will be in mounting. Ladies who ride will have to have gentlemen with them to assist in mounting." When the velocipede came out early in the century, machines with the U-shaped back-bone were constructed for and used by the great grandmothers of the present race of tricyclers.

A MILITARY PAGEANT.

"Cockaigne" describes the Queen's Review of the Troops at Aldershot.

The Queen's Jubilee review of troops on Saturday last was one of the grandest sights in the memory of Englishmen. Not alone to civilians was it so, for army officers themselves will tell you that they never before witnessed or took part in one whose every concomitant, in number of troops, propitious weather, the presence of royalty and distinguished personages, both domestic and foreign, vast attendance of spectators, and general éclat, combined to make it a military spectacle of such gigantic proportions. Certainly never again in Great Britain, will there ever be occasion to parade sixty-six thousand troops in all the gorgeous, though peaceful, pageantry of full dress. Never shall I forget the sight which greeted my eyes as with a party of friends I drove on to the review ground and took my seat on the grand stand. The review took place at Aldershot, England's great camp and military rendezvous and depot. Aldershot is about thirty miles from London, on the Southwestern Railway line, and besides the camp proper, around which a thriving town has sprung up, embraces a vast tract of level and gently undulating country peculiarly suited for military evolutions and operations on a large scale. I can't begin to say how many troops are always in quarters, either in huts or under canvas, at Aldershot. Many thousands there are of all arms of the service. Not only was the camp itself drawn upon to supply a large quota of battalions, but from every quarter of the kingdom were troops moved to this common centre for days before, many of the volunteers only arriving on the spot within a few hours of the beginning of the parade. About three or four miles from the main camp and town of Aldershot, is situated "the long valley," a lengthy hollow about a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide. In this valley were the troops assembled, and there did the queen review them. Along one side of this valley, at the foot of the hill, the grand stand was built, a structure some thousands of feet in length, with seats rising in tiers from the ground, and constructed to accommodate four thousand persons. In the centre of this building was the royal enclosure.

Let the *Argonaut's* readers imagine themselves seated with me half-way up on one of the grand stand's sections, whose seats cost each occupier the sum of ten shillings, or about two dollars and a half. On the right is the royal enclosure with a tall flagstaff planted in its front, the immediate sections on either side being occupied by members of the House of Lords and House of Commons. Every section is thronged with ladies in all the beauty of picturesque summer frocks, and gentlemen in the *de rigueur* male costume when royalty is present—black coats and tall hats. We carry back a confused mental picture of Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the Duke of Abercorn, the Duchess of Manchester, Lord Hartington, Mrs. Cornwallis West, the Duchess of Leinster, Lord Charles Beresford, the new prince-admired beauty, Miss Haliday, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord Lonsdale, (without Violet), Sir Harry Keppel, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Tennyson, Algernon Swinburne, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and—but the list is too full to prolong.

Away to the left glisten and gleam in the bright sunlight the shining cuirasses, helmets, and sabres of the Heavy Brigade, half-way up the hill, which faces us. Behind them, in one solid mass, is the Brigade of Light Cavalry, the busby plumes and bags of the Hussars, and fluttering red and white pennons of the Lancers making a diversified movement of color above their heads. Midway, in the middle distance, are ranged solid masses of infantry, as brigade after brigade, each five and six battalions deep, stretch away from left to right, the red of the Guards and line contrasting with the blue of the Marine Artillery (paraded as infantry) and the dark, invisible green of the Rifles, while the heavy bearskin caps of the Guards, white helmets of the "Ordered-to-India" line battalions, and ostrich-plumed "bonnets" of the Highlanders vie with each other for first place in the mind of the beholder. In the centre of the infantry the bands are "massed" awaiting the signal of the queen's approach. Yonder along the entire sky-line of the opposite ridge, stand out in bold relief against the elevated horizon the artillery. A soft breeze blows across the valley, most fortunately from the grand stand, thus carrying with it the clouds of choking, black, sandy dust, which rise at intervals in the train of troops moving into position or upon the heels of some galloping orderly with lance "ported" obliquely across his horse's shoulder; or aid-de-camp, gorgeous in scarlet, gold lace, and cocked hat.

Shrill and prolonged notes from a dozen artillery bugles on the ridge ring out, there is immediately a puff of white smoke, and, bang! the first of the jubilee salute of fifty guns goes echoing across the valley as the queen leaves the royal pavilion, and, with her suite and escort, crosses the ridge on the right and drives to the royal enclosure. Ere her outriders and four-horsed and double-postillioned open carriage appear in sight, a brilliant cavalcade comes down the valley at the left, the troops through which they pass opening to give them way. All the time the cannon on the ridge are belching forth flame and smoke, and thundering out at half-minute intervals. The cavalcade come slowly on and ride past us. It is the Prince of Wales, resplendent in the gorgeous full-dress uniform of a field marshal, the blue ribbon of the garter crossing his breast from shoulder to hip. He rides a magnificent bright chestnut charger, glossy as satin and thoroughbred all over. Beside him rides the King of Greece (his brother-in-law), the Duke of Sparta, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince of Portugal, and others comprising his staff and suite, half a dozen scarlet-liveried grooms making up the rear. As the party ride past, the grand stand shouts itself hoarse with loyal cheers, a compliment which military discipline forbids the prince to notice. Meanwhile the bayonets have been fixed and gleam out like silver sheen above the solid blocks of infantry a mile in length, the colors (only carried on "state occasions") are uncased and flutter out to the breeze, held aloft in the hands of the two junior officers of each battalion; the officers draw their swords. So nicely is it timed that the prince and party meet the queen as she drives slowly up from the opposite direction, and both wheel into the royal enclosure together, the massed bands playing the national anthem and the drums rolling.

The Duke of Cambridge—who with his entire staff, has accompanied the queen from the pavilion—now takes his place out in the centre, in front of the assembled army. In a moment he is seen advancing with a scroll in his hand. He goes straight to the queen's carriage and presents her with a congratulatory address from the officers of the army, the queen makes a hurried reply, and the duke, returning to his former post, doffs his cocked hat and holds it aloft. This is the pre-arranged signal, and thereupon sixty thousand throats and pairs of lungs shout out in one vast, mighty cheer; the Guards and Highlanders emphasizing their vocal plaudits by hoisting their bearskin caps and bonnets on the ends of their bayonets and waving them about.

And now, like clockwork, the "march past" begins. Everybody holds his breath and looks, as the combined bands of the Guards' brigade strike up the "British Grenadiers" and a battalion each of the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots wheel into line, and (as is their right) lead the van of the advancing column. At the head of the line, as commander-in-chief of the two army corps of which the entire force consists, rides Sir Archibald Alison and a glittering staff, his empty left sleeve telling of his gallantry away back in the Crimea. The Guards are the flower of the army, and march by in unbroken lines of double companies, nearly two thousand strong, as only the Guards can march. After them come the Marine Brigade, the famous Marine Band playing "A Life on the Ocean Wave." First the Marine Artillery, and then the Light Infantry. The Marines make a splendid appearance with a grand total of over two thousand men, and give way to the Brigade of Fusiliers. There are four battalions of them, and their turn-out is something over twenty-five hundred. After the Fusiliers comes a brigade of the line, whose four battalions muster upward of twenty-four hundred men. There is no distinguishing feature to break the monotony of their short, red tunics and dark-blue trousers save in the color of the helmets, one or two battalions being under orders for India, and therefore wearing the regulation white cork helmet adapted for hot climates.

The next division comprises the Highland Brigade, or, rather, half-brigade, for there are but two battalions of her majesty's favorite soldiers present, and only one of these is killed. The first battalion is the "King's Own Borderers." Its "Scotch" is known by its tartan "trews," as their trousers are called, and scarlet doublet instead of tunic. The second battalion is that of the "Cameron Highlanders." Their bare legs, kilts, and swaying black ostrich plumes are one of the most effective features of the whole column. With their pipers at their head, and their officers grasping thin, straight-bladed and basket-hilted "claymores," at half-arms' length instead of held to the hip as in other regiments, they march past grandly. After the Highlanders come the Brigade of Rifles. The Rifles proper have to rely for their distinctive difference from other corps upon the matter of uniform. They are uniformed in invisible green, a color decidedly more like black than green, and when well-peppered with dust, as it has become to-day, makes the men look more like a lot of foot-weary tramps than anything else. The Rifles (when undusty) are known in the army as the "Sweeps." As the Rifles approach the royal enclosure and standard, a solitary general officer is seen to leave the side of the queen's carriage, and make his way up the parade ground to meet them. A moment's glance at the trim, neat figure, drooping mustache, high-bridged nose, and thorough soldierly bearing of the young man, shows that it is the Duke of Connaught. The Rifles are a corps in which he once served, before he was made at five-and-thirty a major-general, and now, as their colonel-in-chief, he takes his place at their head and rides past his royal mamma with them.

After the Rifles come the militia in two brigades of between four and five thousand strong. The militia are in the main most creditable in their drill and bearing. They are uniformed exactly like the line, the only distinctive mark being the letter M on their shoulder-straps; but beards may be worn, a thing not allowed in the regulars. The militia passed, the long and tedious march of the volunteers begins. Many of them have come hundreds of miles and travelled night and day to take part in the grand review, and it is one of the necessary features of the day that the foreign and East Indian potentates, princes, rajahs, pashas, and officers present, should be shown the vast power and resources of England which lies in her volunteer force. And so, thirty-three thousand of them bave to go by. In the main the "game of soldiers" is as apparent as ill-fitting coats and awkward movements can make it.

I have a lot more to say about the artillery and cavalry, but I fear my space is up. By long odds the Horse Artillery carried off the honors of the day. They go by as though the whole six batteries are made fast to a floor on rollers, so compact in formation and unbroken in line of guns are they all. At this point the Prince of Wales meets the brigade of Household Cavalry of which he is colonel-in-chief, and puts himself at their head. Passing the saluting point with them, he falls out of line, and returns to head the Tenth Hussars which are to follow soon. He is colonel of them, too. The Tenth Hussars do not come by, however, until the Heavy Brigade passes, and so, after the Life Guards and Blues, the Royal Dragoons, and famous Scots Greys, with their grey horses and high bearskins, ride by. Then come the Light Brigade, consisting of one lancer regiment and four of hussars. The lancers, the Fifth Royal Irish, share the palm with the Horse Artillery. As one man, the four hundred ride past. There is a buzz of irrepressible admiration as the green plumes and bright spear-heads seen to slide along, so little movement is there.

The "march past" over, the cavalry form in line near the top of the opposite ridge, from right to left, making an unbroken line of horsemen of over a mile in length. The trumpets blare out and the line advances across the valley at a gallop. On, on they come, growing larger each second, until the valley's centre is reached. Then a trumpet is sounded. By Jove, they have stopped. Never a waver their mile's length when they charged, there is never a break as they come to a sudden stand. Such a cavalry display of perfect drill and discipline it is hard to picture. With this single evolution the day's proceedings terminate. The queen and party hastily drive away, a salute of twenty-one more guns thundering out as the bands again play the national anthem, and the royal standard is lowered from the flagstaff.

LONDON, July 11, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Heretic's Tragedy.

[It would seem to be a glimpse from the burning of Jacques de Bourg-Mela at Paris, A. D. 1314; as distorted by the refraction from Flemish brain to brain during the course of a couple of centuries.]

PREAOMONISHETH THE ABBOT OEOGDAET.

The Lord, we look to once for all,
Is the Lord we should look at, all at once;
He knows not to vary, saith Saint Paul,
Nor the shadow of turning, for the nonce.
See him no other than as he is!
Give both the infinities their due—
Infinite mercy, but, I wis,
As infinite a justice too.

[Organ; plagal-caden.]

As infinite a justice too.

ONE SINGETH.

John, Master of the Temple of God,
Falling to sin the Unknown Sin,
What he bought of Emperor Aldabrod,
He sold it to Sultan Saladin:
Till, caught by Pope Clement, a-buzzing there,
Hornet-prince of the mad wasps' hive,
And clapt of his wings in Paris square,
They bring him now to be burned alive.
[And wateeth there grace of lute or clavicithern,
shall say to confirm him who singeth—
We bring John now to be burned alive.

In the midst is a goodly gallows built;
'Twixt fork and fork, a stake is stuck;
But first they set divers tumbrels a-till,
Make a trench all round with the city muck;
Inside they pile log upon log, good store;
Fagots not few, blocks great and small,
Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more—
For they mean he should roast in the sight of all.

CHORUS.

We mean he should roast in the sight of all.

Good sappy havins that kindle forthwith;
Billets that blaze substantial and slow;
Pine stump split deftly, dry as pith;
Larch-heart that charrs to a chalk-white glow:
Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,
Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
Sing "Laudes" and bid clap-to the torch.

CHORUS.

Laus Deo—who licks clap-to the torch.

John of the Temple, whose fame so bragged,
Is burning alive in Paris square!
How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged?
Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there?
Or heave his chest, while a band goes round?
Or treat with his fist, since his arms are spliced?
Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound?
—Thinks John, I will call upon Jesus Christ.

[Here one crosseth himse]

Jesus Christ—John had bought and sold,
Jesus Christ—John had eaten and drunk;
To him, the Flesh meant silver and gold,
(*Salva reverentia.*)
Now it was, "Saviour, bountiful lamb,
I have roasted thee Turks, though men roast me!
See thy servant the plight wherein I am!
Art thou a saviour? Save thou me!"

CHORUS.

'Tis John the mocker cries, "Save thou me!"

Who maketh God's menace an idle word?
—Saith, it no more means what it proclaims,
Than a damsel's threat to her wanton bird?
For she too prattles of ugly names.
—Saith, he knoweth but one thing—what he knows?
That God is good and the rest is breath;
Why else is the same styled Sharon's rose?
Once a rose, ever a rose, be saith.

CHORUS.

Oh, John shall yet find a rose, he saith!

Alack, there be roses and roses, John!
Some, honeyed of taste like your leman's tongue:
Some, bitter; for why? (roast gayly on!)
Their tree struck root in devil's dung.
When Paul once reasoned of righteousness
And of temperance and of judgment to come,
Good Felix trembled, he could no less:
John, snickering, crook'd his wicked thumb.

CHORUS.

What cometh to John of the wicked thumb?

Ha ba, John plucketh now at his rose
To rid himself of a sorrow at heart!
Lo—petal on petal, fierce rays unclose:
Anther on anther, sharp spikes outstart;
And with blood for dew, the bosom boils;
And a gust of sulphur is all its smell;
And lo, he is horribly in the toils
Of a coal-black giant flower of hell!

CHORUS.

What maketh heaven, that maketh hell.

So, as John called now, through the fire amain,
On the Name, he had cursed with, all his life—
To the Person, he bought and sold again—
For the Face, with his daily buffets rife—
Feature by feature it took its place:
And his voice, like a mad dog's choking bark,
At the steady whole of the Judge's face—
Died. Forth John's soul flared into the dark.

SUBJOINETH THE ABBOT DEODAE.

God help all poor souls lost in the dark!

—Robert Browning.

Mexico, notwithstanding its republican form of government, is very much of a military despotism, and the general officers of the army naturally arrogate to themselves a great deal of the authority that is supposed to be vested in the civil arm. A curious example of this occurred in June, this year, when General Ruiz proceeded by train to Chihuahua with a couple of companies of soldiers, with all the women, children, and other field necessities; at abo Jimenez the engine turned a somersault, greatly to the indignation of the doughty general, who, calling a corpora guard, put the unfortunate engineer under instant arrest having caused the accident. The question in the general mind was, "What can we do with him?" And it required all the calmer judgment of his combined staff to persuade him that "immediate execution" was not the right answer.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

What Several Editors and others Think of Them.

The editor of the *Epoch* has secured an expression of opinion from a number of well-known people concerning daily newspapers. Among the writers are three editors and a clergyman. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, a prosperous German journalist, head of the New York daily *Staats-Zeitung*, expresses himself as follows:

It occurs to me that there are two things to be specially noted about our daily newspapers. One is that they show great improvement in the presentation of news, while, on the other hand, the editorial page has very much deteriorated. Not many years ago public opinion was largely influenced by the press, but readers now pay little or no attention to such criticisms as the editor may choose to give on any question of the day. One reason for this indifference on the part of the public is the fact that the editorials and editorial notes are poorly written by men who are not intellectually competent to grasp large subjects, and to treat them in a capable manner. . . . If the reader wants to get "views" nowadays on important questions, he is forced to buy the literary weekly or the monthly magazine, where important topics of the day are discussed by well-informed writers. . . . The editorials in the daily papers are not as able as they were a few years ago. . . . I believe that our Sunday papers are better than our dailies. It is true they are very seasonal, but on the other hand, they contain much literary matter which has a very wholesome influence. I think the habit of presenting illustrations in such journals is foolish and in very bad taste. The pictures are miserable hotches and never give a fair representation of a face or an occurrence. Being a new idea, the habit of illustration was eagerly adopted by the American publishers. I believe, however, that the public will soon tire of the custom. The Sunday papers are now of enormous size, and it would not seem that they could be made much larger; but twenty years ago we did not suppose they could gain the size they have attained at present. It may be that, in the future, new inventions and greater demands on the part of the public may result in the Sunday newspaper being larger than it is at present. Though the Sunday paper is more or less literary, I do not believe that it interferes now, or will in the future interfere, with the circulation of the literary weeklies and the magazines. All thinking men will naturally go to the weeklies and magazines to be informed on certain subjects. A great change would have to take place in the daily newspaper before it could be a serious opponent to the more carefully prepared weeklies and monthlies. I do not think that the moral or religious influence of the press is as strong as it was twenty years ago. It will be noted that the tone of most of the daily papers is agnostic. . . . It requires a great deal of moral courage to conduct a newspaper properly. If the moral atmosphere of the community is bad there is always a great danger that it may permeate the editorial room and affect the ethical sense of the editor, and those under him. . . . We may have some fine editorial writers on the press now, but whether they write with feeling and sense of conviction is another question.

This is what Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of the *Christian Union*, thinks of daily newspapers:

It seems to me that the leadership of the daily newspaper press is not so decisive and conspicuous as it was twenty years ago. . . . On the other hand, it seems to me that the commercial element is more prominent in newspaper management than formerly. The newspaper is properly a business enterprise, and as everywhere else, courage, conviction, and independence of judgment and action are certain to bring in the best results. It seems to me that our newspapers are suffering in moral and intellectual force because this fact is not kept clearly in view. They are run too near the momentary feeling of their constituents, and not held, distinctly and firmly, to more permanent principles. I think the newspapers would be stronger if they deferred less to their readers and led them more fearlessly. There is too much concession on the part of leading journals to the prejudices of their constituents. During the last twenty-five years the general culture of the country has been greatly advanced and broadened. Fewer people depend upon the newspaper editorial for their opinions than formerly, and although there is a great deal of ability of a high order on the press, the average editorial does not maintain the relative position of excellence which the average editorial of a quarter of a century ago maintained.

Dr. Charles F. Deems, the well-known clergyman, has this to say:

The habit of giving minute details of the modes in which crime is committed has been one of the most powerful educators of criminals. I think that the daily papers should abstain more and more from those details, and give us profitable information. The Sunday newspaper I consider an unmitigated nuisance. There are hundreds and hundreds of people deprived of their rest by the Sunday newspaper, including (beside those who are in the office) the transporters in the city and through the country, the sellers and the deliverers. . . . It is injurious on another ground, namely, that the editors keep all the best matter they have for Sunday, and make that one paper better worth buying than all the other six. . . . The thinness of our Monday morning issues gives one a ghastly remembrance of some anatomical selection that he has seen, or a dish made up of the leavings of a feast. . . . There is hardly ever a paper issued in New York on Monday morning that is worth half a cent. . . . My idea of the newspaper is that it should give the news in a condensed way. As for editorials, they have ceased to have much influence. . . . I think one reason for this is that they are often so carelessly written, and not by the editor whose name is known. You cannot tell what nincompoop for a dollar and a half wrote the editorial you read this morning. The people are becoming too well instructed to be affected by impersonal newspapers conducted in this way. If each editorial bore the name of its writer, the papers would be compelled to employ men of brains and position, and so become influential. . . . I think one reason for the decline of the daily newspapers is the inaccuracies which get into their columns. You can not tell whether a man wrote a certain letter or made a certain speech assigned to him. . . . I very seldom now go into print to correct anything about myself. A paper published in an interior city, not long ago made statements about me that were absolutely libelous and had no foundation whatever in fact, but I saw that the editor supposed the article would sell the paper and that was the intention of publishing it. At first I felt like inserting a statement simply for the sake of the truth of history, but when, subsequently and very soon, I had a most urgent and peculiarly impressive invitation from that very town to lecture, I saw that the editorial had not affected public opinion in any way which need give me any concern. I mention this in sorrow, because the editorial opinion ought to have weight, and it would have if the public knew that it was carefully expressed. . . . I believe the time is coming when we shall not have three columns devoted to baseball news in a leading paper that has only three paragraphs devoted to the entire religious movements of the continent. The conductors of newspapers will come to learn that a man need not be a blockhead because he is religious.

The symposium can not be better closed than by giving the views of Mr. George Jones, himself the head of a great daily journal—the New York Times:

In considering what the future of the American daily journal may be, it is sometimes asked if the size of our dailies will be smaller. I do not think that they will; on the contrary, it is my opinion that the number of sheets will be increased. The smaller form of newspapers, like *Harper's Weekly*, would not be popular with the public for daily use, and the shape would be a great disadvantage to the advertiser, who is a very important factor in the life of a newspaper, and whose wishes have, to a certain extent, to be consulted. Some of the American dailies can be justly criticised for their habit of pandering to the sensational tastes of their readers. Long stories are published one day only to be contradicted the next, and large space is given to murders, divorces, and crimes of a revolting nature. This kind of matter is, of course, appreciated by readers of low taste, who read their journal rather for the purpose of having their fancy tickled by "spicy reports," than to receive

information on the important topics of the day. In this age when there is so much good reading matter, consisting of books, magazines, weekly papers, and some well-conducted dailies, no respectable newspaper editor will publish frivolous or false news. In course of time, readers themselves will get tired of filching their minds with this kind of chaff, and will make the publishers feel that sensationalism in the long run does not pay. . . . The English newspapers are superior to ours in some respects. The style in which their editorials are written is much better than can be found in most American dailies. In the London papers the city news is given in a very small space, unless it is some matter of extraordinary importance. In this country the slightest occurrence in the city is reported. Possibly we are in the habit of giving too much space to that class of news. . . . In the case of some papers, it is true that editorials have ceased to have the influence in forming public opinion which they once had, but that is largely the fault of the papers themselves. Such journals have ceased to be properly edited, and the public have no confidence in them. If the editorial page is properly managed, and men of brains and sound principles direct the policy of the paper, the readers, in forming their opinions on public questions, will be largely influenced by the views of their journal. It is undoubtedly true that many daily papers have no influence whatever on their readers. They have no distinct policy, unless it be one of personal abuse. Of course, their readers pay no attention to the editorial page of such journals. I think that at the present time there is more space given to the cable news and foreign news than is required. When one daily paper adopts this policy the others feel that they must do likewise. I do not believe that many persons read our long cable dispatches. I never read them through. I can imagine, however, that an Englishman temporarily staying here would read that column with interest; but such people represent but a small proportion of the readers of a newspaper. It is sometimes said that newspapers, or at least some of them that assume the literary tone and give considerable space to literary matters, are injuring the sale of the magazines and weeklies. I doubt that statement. Our country is growing at such a rate that any damage that might come from such a course would be offset by our great population. We are growing at the rate of five per cent. a year, and I believe that there is room for all kinds of legitimate literary ventures. Our magazines are largely supported, and our literary weeklies meet with a favorable reception from a large and growing class of intelligent readers.

The two royal princesses from India who attended the Queen's Jubilee festivities, attracted much attention. A correspondent thus describes them at the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the Jubilee Institute: "The Maharani of Kuch Behav is slight in figure, with a clear yellow-brown complexion, straight and regular features, flashing black eyes, and full red lips which, when they parted, disclosed the most dazzling white teeth. She wore about her crinkled mane of hair a filmy white veil, which twisted twice about her head round her dusky hair, falling in soft waves upon her dark, lustreless black silk dress. Near her was the Kanwarani Harnam Singh. She looked more like a pure negress; she had the thick lips and pale pupils and the yellow-hued eyeballs of the mulatto. The officer attached to her husband's staff was a pure negro. His head was covered with short, tightly-twisted wool, through which a narrow parting had been shaved. A slight black mustache shaded his thick lips. He had a good straight figure. He was buttoned up closely to the throat in a dark-blue uniform, heavily embroidered with gold; skin-tight white breeches and high patent-leather boots completed his uniform. There was a haughty look of pride and resolution upon this negro's face, which was greater than that seen upon the countenance of any of his chiefs. Upon his right, sat a fair, lily-faced blonde of the purest Anglo-Saxon type. Her features were daintily regular, the color upon her cheeks was a real peach-blossom. Her hair was the color of a wheat sheaf; her willowy, graceful figure showed to its full advantage in a tightly fitting dress of the most delicate heliotrope color. She is one of the most prominent of the society belles in London. She was as politely attentive to this negro officer as if he had been a white prince of the most royal blood. There was an air of intimacy and perfect equality between the two hard for any one to understand who has seen the negro only in the United States. Colored people are apparently very popular in England. There does not seem to be any prejudice against them on account of their color. I saw, the other day upon Regent Street, a negro girl, black as a coal, walking along leaning upon the arm of a fashionable, well-dressed Englishman, who seemed perfectly charmed and contented with his dusky companion. In the same way I have seen white women, respectable in their appearance and dress, walking in public leaning upon the arms of negroes."

At both the Brighton Beach and Manhattan music-stands, last week, "Boulanger's March," the new musical sensation from Paris, was the feature of the day. Gilmore and Cappa had run a race to present it first to the public. It was cheered to the echo, triple encores being demanded by the enthusiastic audiences. The so-called "March," "En revenant de la revue," while light and catchy in music, is in the words sung to it about as flippant and frivolous stuff as one could well imagine for the rallying cry of a great cause. Yet, oddly enough, precisely the same criticism might be made upon "Yankee Doodle," which, nevertheless, claims the dignity of a national air. An uninformed foreigner might well be astonished at the words of "Yankee Doodle" if they could be conveyed to him through the medium of a translation. He might be puzzled to understand why a great nation could sing such trash. And certainly the words of the new French song are amusing and in no sense silly, while as brave men have campaigned to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" as to those of "The Marseillaise" or the "Wacht am Rhein."

There are one hundred and fifty female physicians in New York to-day, and the number in Brooklyn and the surrounding cities about doubles that. Among those in New York City there are quite a number who have incomes of ten thousand dollars; two or three make yearly sums ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The medicine-chest is as much a necessity on trains as on ships. So think the managers of the Maine Central Railroad, who have now provided each one of their conductors with "emergency" cases, if we may so call them, containing, besides medicines, linen and rubber bandages, surgical instruments, and whatever else may be needed by the conductor or the chance doctor in cases of accident.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In a restaurant, Cincinnati: *Stranger*—"I say, waiter, can I get such a thing as a pork chop in this city?" Waiter falls dead.—*Town Topics*.

Tennyson's "memory for faces" is said to be very bad. His later poetry shows that his memory for feet is also defective.—*Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*.

"Ma," said Bobby, "you told me to count one hundred every time I got angry." "Yes, Bobby." "Well, I've got up to sixty, an' I'm gettin' madder all the time."—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Sissy—"Ya'as, I don't deny that I am an anglo-maniac. I thought you knew that, Miss Maude." *Miss Maude*—"I knew you were something of a maniac, Mr. Sissy, but I didn't know what kind."—*Life*.

Her Mother and His Mother-in-Law—"He's a brute, my dear, and don't cry. I gave you to him because he said he knew the secret of making you happy." *Daughter*—"Well, he's kept his secret admirably."—*French Fun*.

Mabel (innocently)—"Clara, is that Mr. Twiddlestone an Englishman?" Clara—"No, dear; he was born in Boston." Mabel—"Then where did he get that strong English accent?" Clara—"He lived six months in New York, darling."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Featherly (to Dumley, coming out of a photographic gallery)—"Been having your picture taken, Dumley?" *Dumley* (complacently)—"Yes; a dozen cabinets." *Featherly*—"A dozen? Great Scott, Dumley; you can't get rid of a dozen!"—*Puck*.

De Young—"By Jove! That's a stunning suit Miss Van Goldville has on." *De Smith*—"Ya'as; she is evidently trying to get as near as possible to the style worn by her grandmother." *De Young*—"Grandmother? Who?" *De Smith*—"Eve."—*Judge*.

"What a delicious drink!" said an agriculturally ignorant young woman, who was sipping some kumyss at the cattle show: "is it made from the product of the grapevine, George?" "No," replied George, "it is made from the product of the bovine."—*Life*.

A pianist at a concert had been pounding away at the same stupid piece for over half an hour. "There's nothing strange about that," said some one; "he's deaf, and can't hear himself." "Then," remarked Jones, "you'd better signal to him that he's got through."—*Judge*.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, who was reading the paper, "what is a 'stony glare'?" "It is the expression which comes over a man's face at church," explained the old gentleman, "when the contribution-box is held before him and he has neglected to provide himself with ten cents in change."—*New York Sun*.

Woman (in book-store)—"I want a motto of some kind to hang up in my parlor." *Clerk*—"Yes, madam. How does 'God Bless Our Home' strike you?" *Woman*—"Old-fashioned, ain't it?" *Clerk*—"It is a trifle old-fashioned. Well, there's 'Thrice is He Armed that Hath His Quarrel Just.'"—*Life*.

Promenading behind two young ladies at Long Branch we caught the following scrap of their conversation: "You know that there was absolutely no room for Tom at our cottage, and he couldn't find a room at the hotel every week, and so at last he and Minnie decided to get married right away."—*New York World*.

"Remember, Bobby," said his mother, "when you are about to do something you know to be wrong, that, although I may not see you, there is One who does." "Who do you mean?" inquired Bobby, anxiously. "God." "Oh," said Bobby, with a look of intense relief, "I thought you meant pa."—*New York Sun*.

Gilhooley—"How much Dr. McGlynn travels around?" *McGinnis*—"Yes; one day he is in New York, and the next you read of him being in Albany, and the day after he is in Chicago." "His traveling around so much settles the vexed question at last." "What's that?" "That he is still a roamin' Catholic."—*Exchange*.

American tourist (to Interpreter)—"Ask the clerk if Mr. Rousseau is in." *Interpreter*—"Est-ce que M. Rousseau est chez lui?" *Clerk*—"Non, Monsieur. M. Rousseau n'est pas en ville. Il est allé à Tonnerre, en Gascogne." *Interpreter* (to A. T.)—"He says that Mr. Rousseau is not in. He has gone to thunder in Gascony."—*Life*.

It is recorded of a young fool who visited one of the Rothschilds, that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said, "Yes, it is a pretty stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantel-piece made of it in the next room!"—*Philadelphia Call*.

Talmage says that he wouldn't give much for a Christian convert who didn't take a bath and have his hair cut the first thing after he felt the new spirit moving. When the Salvation army hears what the great orator has said they will immediately add to their already overcrowded list of songs the one entitled "Chippy, Get Your Hair Cut."—*Peck's Sun*.

Hotel Guest—"Is n't this Arthur De Forest De Kaigh? I can't be mistaken!" *Bell-Boy*—"S-s-sb! It is!" *Guest*—"But what means this menial position for the son of one of Boston's bluest-blooded sires?" *Bell-Boy* (looking around uneasily)—"Harvard-Yale—race—Backed the red. Working out hotel bill, see?—Front? Yessir! Two ninety-nine—ice-water—yessir!"—*Puck*.

A Second Ward lady, who usually has bad to wait patiently for the butcher boy's arrival, was surprised a morning or two since to see him coming along quicker and earlier than usual. She was so elated with the prospects of a punctual dinner that she gave the boy a nickel, explaining that the reward was for promptness. The boy was out of breath, but he managed to stammer out: "Thankee, mum, yes; the boss told me to hurry up with the meat so as to get it here before it begunned to smell."—*Ogden Herald*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have played sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Marshal McMahon is about publishing his memoirs, which will bear the title "The Journal of My Life." A full and graphic account of the battle of Sedan is promised in this book.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. will publish early next autumn a "Guide to Southern California," prepared by Doctor Walter Lindley, of Los Angeles. It will contain maps, and be fully illustrated.

Messrs. Pickering & Chatto are about issuing a reprint of Sir John Maundeville's curious and interesting book "Voyage and Travayle." This new edition will contain fac-similes of the quaint illustrations of the original.

While a dramatization of Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" was making its first appearance in San Francisco, an adaptation of his earlier novel, "Dawn," was being brought out in London. It was produced under the name of one of its characters, "Devil Carefoot." The play had some success, but it is said that too much was left to the spectator's imagination.

Germany seems to have its Ignatius Donnelly in the person of Mr. Otto Seck, who maintains that there were three original Odysseys, which were interwoven into one poem by Pistratus. His methods of proof are much the same as Donnelly's with the Bacon-Shakespeare question, and are regarded by German scholars with precisely the same feeling that English students have for Donnelly's cipher.

The current number of the *Revue Bleue* pays some queer compliments to Lord Tennyson. Under the head "Notes et Impressions" it addresses itself to the Jubilee Ode by the Laureate, and to the Laureate himself. It says, for example, in addressing Lord Tennyson: "Not only have you the superb imagination of a Gaelic bard, the erudition of a Jena professor, but you have more sensitiveness than a whole convent of young girls; not only are you . . . the most accomplished of living poets, but you are also the Poet Laureate of the Queen—that is to say, a cross between a chamberlain and a scullion."

Ouida's nationality seems to puzzle the biographers. The *Publisher's Weekly* indexed her name, Louise de la Ramé, under R, and a correspondent wrote: "If she is a Frenchwoman, the name should be under L (like La Rochefoucauld); if, as is generally supposed, she is English, it should be under D (like De Quincey)." The editor now says that R (for Ramé) was adopted by the Boston Public Library, "whose reason was, if we remember right, that Ouida's father was a Spaniard." The B. P. L. has now, however, decided to consider her as an Englishwoman, and enters her under D. Ouida's home is in Italy.

Lee & Shepard have nearly ready for publication a very remarkable book, compiled by Dr. J. C. Street, entitled "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold." The book deals with about every sort of mysticism ever heard of. The author spent many years in thorough investigation among the secret archives of orders and societies which have flourished in Eastern countries for centuries, and has had unusual opportunities to gain that knowledge which enabled him to produce so voluminous a discussion of occult theories. His work is, perhaps, more interesting from the fact that he believes thoroughly in the truths of his statements and theories.

The History Company and the Bancroft Company are now established in their quarters in the handsome History Building on Market Street. The History Company is incorporated for the publication of H. H. Bancroft's series of histories and to do a general publishing business, acting also as the agent of several Eastern publishers of subscription books; the Bancroft Company will do a general book and stationary trade, as A. L. Bancroft & Co. did before the fire, and will further endeavor, by extending courtesies and facilities to book-lovers, to make their store a rendezvous for people with literary tastes in San Francisco, as many of the bookstores are in Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities.

Mr. Besant says that it was Mr. Rice who proposed the literary partnership which was dissolved only by the death of the latter. He also proposed the subject of the first novel—had, indeed, written several chapters of it before the matter was talked over. This was "Ready Money Mortihoy," the first crude idea of which was "the return of the Prodigal Son ten times more than when he went away." It was published anonymously and "on commission." Its success was unmistakable, and it is still widely read. But in its three-volume form, when it only appealed to the circulating libraries (which took, in all, four hundred copies), its sale did not realize a profit of more than seventy pounds. An American publisher gave the authors fifty pounds; "but we did not get rich by the success of 'Dick Mortihoy.'"

New Publications.

The latest edition of Harper's Franklin Square Library is "The Holy Rose," a novel by Walter Besant. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

We have received the "Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York for the Year 1886." It contains much valuable information on apprenticeship, manual training, technical institutions and trade schools, strikes, boycotting, and street-car employees. Published for the State of New York by the Argus Company, Albany, N. Y.

A ninth edition of Sir J. W. Dawson's "Story of the Earth and Man" has recently been published. Several corrections and additions to the work, made necessary by new discoveries in geology, have been introduced, and new notes have also been added; but the general statements and conclusions of the earlier editions remain unchanged. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Bar Harbor Days," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is a story for children told in the form of an autobiography of one of two dogs, which have accompanied their masters, two little New York boys, to Bar Harbor for a summer vacation. There is a plot to the story which is rather deep for children; but the boys' adventures will abundantly amuse those younger readers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Mr. Sidney Colvin's "John Keats" has just been published in the series of English Men of Letters which Mr. John Morley is editing. It contains, besides the facts narrated in former biographies, notably Lord Houghton's, many newly discovered and interesting facts gathered from unprinted sources, such as letters, etc. The critical portion of the work is very well done. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"Horsemanship for Women," by Theodore H. Mead, is an excellent guide in all matters pertaining to the use of saddle-horses by women—training, judging points, remedying defects, "equitation" proper, the etiquette of the saddle, leaping, huying a saddle-horse, etc. The directions are sensible and plainly described and further elucidated by explanatory illustrations by Gray Parker. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Sebastopol," by Count Leon Tolstoy, has been translated from the French by Frank D. Millet. Mr. Millet has visited the scenes of which Tolstoy writes and is familiar with the personages and incidents, so that his translation retains much more of the author's thought than translations ordinarily can. The introduction by W. D. Howells is brief, but extremely eulogistic and containing much information in its

small space. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Roland and Isabella," by Henry Sade, is a lengthy poem, in blank verse with occasional lapses into various forms of versification, which is chiefly remarkable for the fact that (as the writer declares) it was composed when the writer was less than twelve years old and wrote so illegibly that he memorized his productions and carried them in his head until, having arrived at years of discretion and learned to write, he transcribed them. Published by the Golden Era Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"Thirteen Stories of the Far West," by Forbes Heermans, is a volume whereof the character is to some extent explained by its title; in addition, however, it may be said that the stories are picturesque and natural, with humor and pathos well blended. "The Wedding at Puerta de Luna" and "Don Quivote at Santa Rosa" are particularly good; "Molokai" and the other Sandwich Island stories are not so true to description, and consequently not so satisfactory. Published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

"Post-Laureate Idyls and Other Poems" is a small volume of verses by Oscar Fay Adams. The "Post-Laureate Idyls" are ten nursery rhymes changed into mock-Arthurian epics, amusingly conceived and written in a smooth blank-verse. The other contents of the book are "A Tale of Tuscany" and "The Golden Lotus," a number of lyrics, etc., among which are some clever *vers de société*, and a few sonnets. It is a good example of the productions of the young school of American writers of light and graceful verse. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Blot on the Scutcheon and Other Dramas," by Robert Browning, is the newest of the series of England classics edited by William J. Rolfe, with the assistance of Heloise E. Hersey. It contains, besides "A Blot on the Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," and "A Soul's Tragedy," prefaced by a critical introduction by Lawrence Barrett, and critical comment on Browning as a dramatist and on these three dramas by James Russell Lowell, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Richard Henry Stoddard, and many other writers. The notes, as in all Mr. Rolfe's editions of the poets, are copious and scholarly. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Between Whiles" is the title given to a new volume of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's posthumous sketches. The longest of the sketches it contains is "The Inn of the Golden Pear," which is unpolished and incomplete and correspondingly unsatisfactory; "The Mystery of Wilhelm Rütter," "Little Bel's Supplement," "The Captain of the Heather Bell," "Dandy Steve," and "The Prince's Little Sweetheart" are the other contents, some of which are familiar to the magazine readers. The volume will not add much to Mrs. Jackson's reputation; but the sketches are by no means to be despised, for they are natural and interesting, and the last-named is a very pretty fancy. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

Gilman's Historical Readers are three in number—"The Discovery and Exploration of America," "The Colonization of America," and "The Making of the American Nation"—and are intended for the instruction of children in schools and at home. They are carefully graded in subject and style, the first giving the most romantic side of our country's history in such simple language as the youngest children may understand, the second being larger and more difficult, while the third is the largest and treats of the principles of our government and kindred topics. Each volume is furnished with an index, and the appearance of the volumes is quite attractive. Published by the Interstate Publishing Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, respectively, 36, 48, and 60 cents.

"Mr. Incol's Misadventure" is the title of Edgar Saltus's first essay in novel-writing. As one would expect from his former works, "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" and "The Anatomy of Negation," it is brilliant in style and original in plot and treatment. It embodies in a lighter and more popular form than do his earlier works, Mr. Saltus's pessimistic views of life. Mr. Incol is a New Yorker; fabulously wealthy and of brilliant intellectual attainments, of course, and a widower. He marries a woman who deceives him, and then he conceives with the most careful deliberation his revenge; he fastens the name of blackleg upon the lover—who, being accepted as a gentleman, kills himself—and asphyxiates his wife by narcotizing her in her bedroom and turning on the gas, locking her bedroom door from the outside by means of a "nameless instrument." Having avenged his honor without jeopardizing his name or bodily safety, he calmly goes out of the book into a probably peaceful after life; the last time we see him he is going over his courier's accounts with the entire tranquility which marks his every action. Published by Benjamin & Bell, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for August contains the following: "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," "The Falls of the Mississippi," "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," "The Metal Art of Ancient Mexico," "Changes in the Aspect of Mars," "Educational Endowments," "Manual Training in School Education," and "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886." The subjects of "Scientific Orthodoxy" and the application of "Physical Culture as a Means of Moral Reform" are discussed in the "Editor's Table."

The novelette in the August *Lippincott's* is by Sidney Luska, a tale of life among the American residents of "A Land of Love," meaning the Latin Quarter of Paris. There is another story in the magazine, by H. F. Boyesen, entitled "Life for a Life," Mrs. Bloomfield Moore endeavors to tell the secret of the Keely motor. Mrs. Edgar Fawcett tells "The Truth About Ouida," one part of which is that she is "in many ways" a greater genius than George Eliot. A Yale student writes of the social life at that University, and John M. Ward, of the New York Club, writes on the new fashion of "selling" base ball players.

The opening paper of the August *Century* is "Snubbin' 'tbro Jersey" by J. B. Millet and F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations by the latter, George Wharton Edwards, and others, describing an excursion through New Jersey on a decorated canal-boat, by a company of artists. "Our Kivigot" (an Eskimo clairvoyant) is a reminiscence of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, by General Greely. "Is it a Piece of a Comet?" is by the owner of a meteorite which fell in Mexico. The Lincoln history presents an account, with extracts, of the Cooper Institute speech, and reviews the John Brown raid and the Charleston Convention. Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) begins a three-part novelette. Other fiction includes chapters of Stockton's novel, and a humorous sketch by Eva M. de Jarrette. Edward Atkinson contributes a paper on "Low Prices, High Wages, Small Profits: What Makes Them?" and Brander Matthews writes on the "Songs of the War," a footnote to which gives Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's own account of the writing of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The war papers include an account of "Hood's Invasion of Tennessee," by Colonel Henry Stone, and General J. E. Johnston's description of the services of his army in "Opposing Sherman's Advance to Atlanta."

The California State Engineering Department has recently published a valuable topographical and irrigation map of the San Joaquin Valley. It is printed on four sheets, each one presenting a portion of the district, but they may be so cut and joined as to make a continuous map of the region from the Mokelumne River to the Tehachapi Pass, including the foothills of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range. It is a complete topographical map, and also shows existing and possible irrigation works and practice. The topography of the hills is shown by fine line hachuring, and the elevation of the valley by contour lines. Various tines define the irrigated lands, the lands moistened by irrigation, swamp lands, bottom lands, lands to which water may be carried by canals, and those lands possessing water-rights. The scale is three miles to the inch, the combined map occupying a space eight by three feet. For sale for the State by Wm. C. Hedricks, Sacramento; price: unmounted, \$1.00; mounted on cloth, \$2.50.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

That was a neat compliment that a French wit paid to an enemy who had come aod scribbled "Coquin" (blackguard) upon his door one night with a piece of chalk. Next morning the wit went to the fellow's house, and said, in the politest way possible, "Monsieur, you left your name at my door last night, and I have come to return the visit."

Lady Lytton used to tell the following: During a dinner at the Bulwer's, Dean Swift became the subject of conversation, and when the ladies had retired, one of them asked Lady Lytton, "Who is this Dr. Swift? Can I ask him to my parties?" "Hardly so." "Why not?" "Because he did a thing, some years since, which effectively prevented his ever appearing again in society." "What was that?" "Why, he died about a hundred years ago."

H. W. Ripley, of Portland, Me., who has passed forty-nine summers in the White Mountains, tells a story about Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Beecher once drove a passenger wagon from the Twin to the Crawford, just for fun. To touring around, his team became tangled up and his wagon bid fair to tip, when a Portland & Ogdensburg conductor, looking out of a chamber window of the hotel, shouted, "Let go your leaders, you — old fool!" "That's good advice, young man," was Mr. Beecher's calm reply, as he followed it.

Guanajuato, the capital of the State of the same name in Mexico, has a gentlemanly murderer in her midst whose inventive genius may save a sensational novelist from a great deal of trouble. He had a rival in the affections of some brown-skinned beauty—a married man of considerable business importance in the city. One day he disappeared most mysteriously; and no clue was ever obtained to his fate until, on his death-bed, the gentlemanly murderer avowed that he had killed him. He was a soap-boiler by trade; and finding his rival out late one night when nobody was around, he treated him as Sullivan's sailor did the cook of the *Nancy* brig, except that he hoisted him in lye instead of broth; and the good people of Guanajuato washed themselves for a long time with the mortal remains of their dead townsman, in blissful ignorance of the grim joke that was being played upon them.

This story is told of Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the New York Central Railroad, who is a very brilliant lawyer and orator, and is also known as a kind-hearted man: One day he was visited by a lawyer whom he had known as a reputable man, and of whose downfall into the ranks of mendicants he had not heard. With tears in his eyes, the man told of his wife's sickness and death, and then asked the loan of sufficient money to bury her. Mr. Depew, being greatly moved, gave the man a liberal sum and much sympathy. Six months later the same man again called upon Mr. Depew, and taking out the same old handkerchief, began the old story of his wife's sickness and death. "I helped to bury that wife six months ago," said Mr. Depew, interrupting the man. The man stopped talking, wiped his eyes dry, and then, looking Mr. Depew in the face, said, "After all the years I have known you, I didn't expect this from you, Chauncey."

Shortly after the grand review following the return of the French army from the Italian campaign, Marshal McMahon had ordered a sham fight, intending to reproduce the field of Magenta for the benefit of the new and untired soldiers. His very best officers led the various movements in person. The day proved to be exceedingly warm. The clouds which had at first obscured the sun were floated off by a puff which went with them, and the heat poured down oppressively. In one of the attacking divisions were two grizzled, battle-scarred veterans—a sergeant and a cannoneer—who had helped McMahon to win his laurels in the Crimea, and who had stood stoutly by him in Italy, brave as the bravest, and true as steel. These two heroes took it into their heads, when a charge had been ordered, that they would rest, so they withdrew, and threw themselves down in the shadow of a hedge, where the watchful marshal espied them. "Ha! what is this?" cried the duke, riding to the spot; "what! my braves of Malakoff! do you shirk your duty? See how grandly your division is charging!" "Alas, Marshal," said the old sergeant, "we were with Castellane's battery—we were killed!" The marshal smiled, and rode away, and presently sent *avandrière* to care for his dead children.

This instance of a grizzly making an unprovoked attack upon a man is told by a writer in *Harper's*. Two brothers were prospecting to a range of mountains near the head waters of the Sinking Water River. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work with a pick or shovel, was weak-minded, and the elder brother never allowed him to go any distance away from camp or their work alone. He, however, sent him one evening to the spring, a few rods off, to bring a kettleful of water. The spring was to a deep gorge, and the trail to it wound through some fissures in the rock. As the young man passed under a shelving rock, an immense old female grizzly, that had taken up temporary quarters there, reached out and struck a powerful blow at his head, but fortunately could not reach far enough to do him any serious harm. The blow knocked his hat off, and her claws caught his scalp, and laid it open clear across the top of his head in several ugly gashes. The force of the blow sent him spinning around, and not knowing enough to be frightened, he attacked her savagely with the only weapon he had at hand—the camp-kettle. The elder brother heard the racket, and hastily catching up his rifle, found his brother vigorously endeavoring to bear down upon the head with the camp-kettle, and the hear halting at him savage blows, any one of which, if she could have reached him, would have torn his head from his shoulders. Three bullets from the rifle, fired in rapid succession, loosened her hold upon the rocks, and she tumbled lifelessly into the trail. The poor idiotic boy could not even then realize the danger through which he had passed, and could only appease his anger by continuing to maul the bear over the head with the camp-kettle for several minutes after she was dead.

Prior to the battle of Nashville, (writes R. H. Eddy in the August *Century*) Major-General James L. Donaldson (who won honors in the Mexican war, and who died in the spring of 1886) was quartermaster under General Thomas. He once told the following incident. Having occasion to purchase mules for the army, he ordered a person to whom he had confidence, to visit the contiguous Northern States, inadvertently saying to him, "Buy as many as you can"—not supposing he would be able to secure more than a few thousand at the most. Some weeks afterward, just before the attack upon Hood's army, General Donaldson, on meeting his agent, inquired how many mules he had been able to secure. To the amazement of the general, he was informed that twenty thousand or more had been obtained. Upon which the astonished general exclaimed, "I am a ruined man! I shall be court-martialed and driven from the army for out-limiting you in the purchase. You have procured many times more than I had any idea or intention of purchasing; but the fault is mine, not yours. I ought to have been particular in my orders." In an extremely disinterested state he went to his home, believing that such a thoughtless act on his part could not be overlooked by the commanding general. He had scarcely reached his house before a messenger came from General Thomas with an order for General Donaldson to come immediately to headquarters. This seemed to be the sealing of his fate, and in a state of trepidation bordering on frenzy, he appeared before General Thomas, whom he found in a mood, apparently, of great depression. Soothe after Donaldson had entered his presence, General Thomas said, "Donaldson, how many mules have you?" "With some perturbation he replied, 'Upwards of twenty-five thousand.'" "Twenty-five thousand, did you say?" repeated the general; "is it possible that you have this number?" Donaldson, accept my most heartfelt thanks; you have saved this army! I can now have transportation, and can fight Hood, and will do so at once."

SOCIETY.

The Newman Reception.

As a compliment to Dr. and Mrs. John P. Newman, of Washington, D. C., Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford gave them the use of their residence on California Street last Wednesday evening, for the purpose of receiving their friends in this city. The reception was, to an extent, informal but there were many pleasant features regarding it. The spacious parlors on the first floor were thrown open for the reception of the guests and were brilliantly illuminated. The beautiful frescoes, the magnificent works of art, statues and many articles of vertu that so well adorn the hall and salons all combined in making a scene that could not but be admired. Dr. and Mrs. Newman, with Senator and Mrs. Stanford, received the congratulations of their friends as they arrived. Prominent here and there and conversation filled much of the time of the evening, and there was a delightful surprise in the way of some vocal and instrumental music rendered by Miss Henderson, Miss Adele Martel, Mr. J. B. Chrystal, and Professor Fleissner. All of the selections were pleasing and well delivered, and were highly appreciated by the auditors. A dainty collation was served at half-past nine o'clock, and at eleven all retired to their homes with pleasant memories of the event.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Signor G. B. Galvani is now at Novara, Italy, visiting his parents. He will go to Milan soon, and also to Venice to see the exposition, and will return here in about six weeks. Miss Fannie Morrison, of San José, is visiting Miss Mollie Phelan at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings at Green Valley.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett are expected to return from Santa Barbara next Monday.

Miss Fannie Crocker has returned from a month's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd and Miss Louise Vail, of Boston, who have been passing a month in the Yosemite Valley and at Wawona, have returned to the city.

Mrs. Richard H. Pease, Jr., is sojourning at Lake Tahoe for a month.

Miss Belle Grant is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. Bandman, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt have returned home from an extended sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Christian Reis is passing a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Le Breton are occupying their cottage at San Luis Obispo.

Miss Lulu Holladay is entertaining Miss Fannie Thompson, of Sacramento.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. Van Deusen, of the Presidio, have returned from a visit to Fort Canby.

Misses Maude and Gertrude Moore, of San José, have been visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. J. Henry Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace returned from Martinez last Sunday.

General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond and Miss Laura Bates are passing a few weeks at their country residence.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle have returned from an enjoyable visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, of Piedmont, have returned from a seven weeks' visit at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Misses Tessie and Birdie Fair, Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Belle Smith have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have the Reverend and Mrs. John P. Newman as their guests.

Miss Louise Simon has returned from a visit to Mrs. L. M. Coit at Lakeside.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue has returned from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Lansing, Mr. Gerrit Lansing, and Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore, who are passing the summer at Fruitvale, will return to the Hotel Bella Vista about September 1st.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard will go to Santa Cruz to-day, to remain a fortnight.

Mrs. Horace Davis will leave soon to visit Mount Shasta.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have returned from Santa Cruz, where they passed the summer.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Miss Ruth Turnbull, Miss F. Jewett, and Miss Gibbs arrived safely in Leipzig on July 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Masten, of Portland, Or., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten at Menlo Park. They will go to Arizona soon.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, who is passing the summer at Santa Cruz, will return to the city a few days.

Mrs. D. D. Colton has returned to Santa Cruz from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Irwin McDowell and Miss McDowell are passing a few weeks visiting Congress Springs, Santa Cruz, and other resorts.

Mrs. Captain Cox and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft are at Santa Cruz.

Miss Kittie Nolan has returned from a visit to the Rancho Corral de Tierra near Pajaro.

Mr. Sidney Johns visited Santa Cruz last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. John B. Wright, of Sacramento, has been passing a week at the Hotel Bella Vista, having returned from a visit to Mrs. B. Crocker at Los Angeles.

Mrs. Fred Castle and Mr. Neville Castle have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Rollin M. Daggett has returned from a visit to her sister at San Diego.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Lucy Otis have returned from prolonged visit at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Landers and Miss Helen Landers have returned on their visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Eva Carolan and Mr. Herbert Carolan, who have been at Santa Barbara most of the summer, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding are enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones and Miss Grace Jones have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor have returned from an extended sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George W. Phelps, of Belmont, is passing a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Miss Maud Howard has returned from a visit to Miss Nellie Peyton at her home near Santa Cruz.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet have been passing a week at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos F. Monteleone went to Lake Tahoe Wednesday to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Conner and the Misses Carrie and Julie Conner, who have been at Fresno for the past six weeks, are expected home to-day.

Mr. F. E. Beck, who has been visiting the mountains at Santa Cruz for the past two weeks, will return to the city next Monday.

Mrs. William F. Taaf, of Mountain View, and Miss and Arques, of San José, visited Mrs. Peter Donahue last Saturday.

Miss Susie Smith, of Napa, who has been visiting Miss nie de la Montanya, has returned home.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters and Miss Mattie Peters, who have been at Santa Barbara during the summer, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Bolado, and Miss Dulce Bolado are to their ranch in San Benito County last Sunday. They were accompanied by Judge and Mrs. John Hunt of Mrs. S. W. Holladay, who will be their guests for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, nee Sperry, have returned from their European tour, and are at the residence of Mr. Charles Crocker on California Street.

Mrs. H. N. Cook and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder have gone to Santa Cruz to pass a few days at the seaside.

Mrs. James de la Montanya and Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr. are residing at Skaggs Springs.

Mr. Henry Heyman returned to the city last Saturday after passing a couple of weeks pleasantly at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands, who has been visiting Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh in England, is expected home this week.

His children will remain in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel and Miss Nettie Schmiedel, returned to the city a week ago after passing a summer month at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, who have been visiting Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, returned home by steamer on Wednesday.

Mrs. Edna Spell Poulson and Miss Adeline A. Birdall have returned from the Calaveras Big Trees, and are spending the month of August in Oakland at the residence of Mrs. Pedar Sather.

Mr. and Mrs. William Beckman have returned to Sacramento after passing several weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs returned from Lake Tahoe on Monday after passing a couple of weeks there.

Mr. George H. Redding, who has been inspecting the Paris hospitals for several months, is now in London.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sperry, of Stockton, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. Minnie B. Unger and Mrs. Rogers are in London.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl and Mr. Charles Crocker are still at Carlisle.

Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt, of San Mateo, visited friends here a few days this week.

Mr. James L. Flood, came up from Menlo Park, on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and family are stopping at the Hotel in London.

Mrs. B. C. Truman and daughter, are enjoying a visit to the Swiss Alps.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward came from San Mateo on Monday to see the Day Company.

Mr. Charles N. Felton was in the city during the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Wallington returned from their Eastern visit on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frank Unger and Mr. Walter Maxwell are at the Hotel Metropole, in London.

Mr. Morrill returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are enjoying Scotland's picturesque scenery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Castle arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John A. Russell and Mr. Jean Russell are at the Hotel Bartholdi in New York City.

General and Mrs. George Stoneman returned to the city on Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel. They have been visiting Alaska, Oregon, and Northern California for a couple of months.

Mrs. David Wilcox and Miss Tulita Wilcox are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz in New York.

Miss Blanche Simmons is now residing in Oakland.

Mr. Ferd. Peterson and the Misses Maggie and Carrie Peterson, who have been visiting the family of Captain Nelson at Seminary Park, during the summer, have returned home.

Mrs. Jessie and Kate Morse left Germany last Thursday on the steamer *Elder* for New York. They will go to Chicago and from there to Santa Barbara with their mother, Mrs. A. C. Morse, and a large party of Chicago friends who will make California their future home.

Mr. J. De Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Ellis are at the Hotel Victoria in London.

Mrs. H. J. Booth is now residing at 3934 California Street.

Miss Booth has returned from a month's visit at Lake Tahoe, where she was the guest of Mrs. D. L. Bliss.

Doctor Tonner, a former well-known resident of this city, is now at the Hotel Metropole in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Coit were in the city early in the week.

Mr. F. E. Sharon came down from Virginia City last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, and Miss Miller, of Menlo Park, passed a few days early in the week.

Miss McMullin left the St. James Hotel in London.

Judge John Quincy Ward, of Kentucky, who is here on a visit, left for the Yosemite Valley on Wednesday with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McDermott and family are sojourning at Shanklin on the Isle of Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Bullock, of Hartford, Conn., returned from the Yosemite Valley on Tuesday.

Mr. F. N. R. Martinez leaves to-day on a short business trip to Europe. Mrs. Martinez accompanies him.

Mrs. S. W. Sperry, of Stockton, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Crocker.

Dr. and Mrs. E. George and Mrs. Jennie Fish have returned from a month's sojourn in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Mead, of East Oakland, next week.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae, who have been passing a few weeks at Santa Barbara, returned to the city on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, have been passing the latter part of the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie returned from El Carmelo on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. H. M. Yerrington, of Virginia City, arrived here last Wednesday.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison gave a very pleasant dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett entertained a party of six friends at a dinner at the Maison Dorée on Thursday evening. Beautiful flowers graced the table, and an elaborate menu was served.

Miss Louise King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King, will be married to Mr. George L. Underhill on Thursday, September 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2111 Pine Street.

Mrs. J. P. Hale, assisted by her daughter, Miss Josephine Hale, and her niece, Miss Porteous, of New Orleans, gave a charming lunch party last Tuesday at the Occidental Hotel. The daintiest delicacies were provided for her guests, who were visitors from the East, and the event was made one of much pleasure.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Edward J. McClelland, U. S. A., is now on duty as aide-de-camp to General Gibbons, U. S. A., at Vancouver Barracks.

Lieutenant William P. Van Ness, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Cornell University.

Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, U. S. A., is on detached service at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant David Price, Jr., U. S. A., and Lieutenant John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., are on duty at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

Captain C. Bryant, U. S. A., was a guest at the Occidental Hotel on Thursday.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, U. S. A., of the Presidio, is at San Carlos, A. T.

Lieutenant John P. Wissner, U. S. A., of Fort Mason, Cal., is at West Point.

Captain Douglas M. Scott, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is on recruiting service at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Francis O. Ferris, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, is now at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Lieutenant Benjamin S. Weaver, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to duty after a pleasant leave of absence.

Colonel Nelson B. Sweitzer, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to Fort Bidwell.

Lieutenant John J. Crittenden, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

Dr. J. L. Ord, U. S. A., is enjoying a two months' vacation.

the Mare Island navy yard on September 1st., to report for duty on the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant John B. Milton, U. S. N., who has had change of the branch Hydrographic Office in the city, was placed on waiting orders last Monday.

Lieutenant John G. Eaton, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Ranger* on September 1st.

Lieutenant J. M. K. Davis, U. S. A., and family have returned from an enjoyable sojourn at Soda Bay.

Captain Hamilton, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to his post at Walla Walla, W. T.

Colonel George E. Weeks, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty here on October 15th, and will then be stationed in New York City.

Captain Joseph E. Sladen, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver Barracks.

ART NOTES.

At the gallery of the San Francisco Art Association there is exhibited a large painting by Evariste Vital Luminais, entitled "The Robbers of the Sea." It received a medal at the Paris salon, and is regarded generally as a meritorious work of art. It depicts a scene on the coast of France after a shipwreck when the wreckers are gathering a harvest from the unfortunates who are washed ashore by the waves.

Morris & Kennedy have placed on exhibition in their gallery the painting of "Lenten Lilies," by Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, of this city, which took the Norman Dodge prize at the National Academy of Design in New York City. It shows a full-length portrait of a maiden dressed in a loose, white gown, which is encircled at the waist with an orange-colored girdle. Her apron, which is partially upheld before her by her hands, is filled with clusters of lilies.

CCCC.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, August 7, 1887.

Vermicelli Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Baked Rock Cod, Ashed Potatoes.
Goslings à la Chasseur.
Summer Squash, Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Venison.
Cucumber Salad.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Chocolate Cake.
Peaches, Apricots, Peas, Plums, Gages, Apples, Nectarines, and Grapes.

GOSLINGS A LA CHASSEUR.—Singe the bird clean, and quarter it; let it stand in a bath, or marinade, of wine and spices four hours, drain; melt a little butter in a pan, and when very hot toss the pieces in it until partly cooked; add half a pint of hot water, or, if possible, clear soup; cover and simmer an hour; add a few spoonfuls of the marinade and a teaspoon of onion vinegar, remove the bird, skim off all fat, add a little sherry to the sauce—say about half a gill—thicken the sauce with half a teaspoonful of browned flour, pour it over the bird, and serve.

Manager Dan Frohman and Actor Ed. H. Sothern put "The Highest Bidder" on the stage at the Lyceum Theatre in New York a few months ago, and the piece made an instant success. It had lain for twenty years among the papers of the elder Sothern, and had not even been tried on the stage. When Messrs. Frohman and Sothern saw how finely "The Highest Bidder" was doing, they determined to send souvenirs of the piece to Madison Morton and Robert Reece, the authors. The souvenir consists of a number of sheets of heavy cream-and-chocolate colored paper bound together with ribbon. The first page has a photograph of E. H. Sothern. At the bottom is the legend, in the writing of Sothern, "He didn't do it very well, but he did it." It is signed by Sothern. The four following pages are filled with sketches made by Sothern from scenes in the play. Madison Morton long ago finished his stage work and is now a Charter House pensioner, but Robert Reece is still a thriving theatrical man. Messrs. Frohman and Sothern were hotheads for while they were trying to hit on an eminently proper way out of their difficulty, Edwin H. Low arranged things for them. "I'll fix it," he said, "so that a District messenger will hurry to London, deliver the souvenirs, and scotch back to New York with all his tickets signed in less than twenty-eight days." So the theatrical men went to the Mutual District headquarters in Murray Street, and out of a small army of boys picked out Sergeant Eugene B. Sanger, the brightest and handsomest of the lot. When Eugene found out what he had to do, he immediately ordered a new suit of dark blue, with irreproachably bright buttons, and his sergeant's stripes neatly pricked out in fine red lines on his sleeves. Messrs. Frohman and Sothern thought they might as well send souvenirs to a few more friends in London, and kept adding to the list until it grew into this shape: Madison Morton and Robert Reece, authors of "The Highest Bidder"; Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Charles Overton, Henry E. Abbey, William F. Cody, Edmund Yates, Clement Scott, H. Labouchère, A. Oakley Hall, Nate Salisbury, Charles Warner, Kyle Bellow, Charles Wyndham, John Toole, William Beattie Kingston, William Fullerton, Willie Edouin, Mrs. John A. Mackay, Mme. Blanche Roosevelt, Emily Faithful, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Miss Geraldine Ulmer, Miss Jessie Millward, Mrs. Alice Lingard, Miss May Fortesque, Mrs. James Brown-Potter, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Eastlake, George R. Sims, Cecil Raleigh, H. F. Gillig, Edward Cleary, Marshall P. Wilder, Major John H. Burke of the "Wild West"; George Delacher, Green Room Club; Thomas Burnside, Savage Club; editor *Typical Times*, editor *Referee*, editor *Stage*, editor *Sporting and Dramatic News*, T. C. Crawford, representing New York *World*; George W. Smalley, representing New York *Tribune*; Harold Frieder, representing New York *Times*; W. W. Kelley, manager Grace Hawthorne; Marcus Mayer, William E. Chapman, Townsend Percy, representing Boston *Herald*; editor *Sporting Times*, 52 Fleet Street. Promptly at half past ten on the morning when the *Germanic* sailed, Dan Frohman and Ed. Sothern came down the White Star Pier with Eugene B. Sanger in tow. He had his packet of souvenirs under his right arm and a bright smile on his face. He is fourteen years old, and a handsome youngster. When he had been safely led aboard the *Germanic* he hurried to his stateroom amidships to put away his package. Going through the cabin a big horseshoe of roses and violets was the first thing he saw. It was from his fellow-messengers. With it was a big bouquet of white roses from Ed. Sothern and a basket of flowers from N. S. Woods, the boy actor. When Eugene had admired the tributes, Dan Frohman took him up to the hurricane deck and introduced him to Captain Gleadell. Eugene will sit near the captain at dinner all the way across the Atlantic. Just as the steamer was leaving the pier, down marched fifty Mutual District boys, with a boy drum-and-file corps at their head. They lined up like little soldiers on the string-piece, and said "Hooray!" many times to Eugene. He took of his cap and waved it at them. Mr. Bosworth, theatrical agent of the Midland Railway, will meet Eugene at Liverpool and rush him through to London. The steamer will arrive early next week, and the

souvenirs will all be delivered, Eugene will be received by Buffalo Bill at his levee, and Mr. Low will hand him back to Manager Dan Frohman, the contract having been carried out. The lad will travel six thousand two hundred miles, and bring back his pink tickets all properly signed.

There was once a popular belief—it was a long time, perhaps twenty years, ago—that an animal was one thing, and a vegetable another. The sea anemone certainly was a difficulty; for the poets called it "the flower of ocean," and yet it obviously had no appetite. And there were tales told by ancient travelers about sheep in Tartary which grew like mushrooms from one leg, and were shorn annually without any wriggling or bleating. But even these prodigies are less perplexing than vegetable cheese. This delicacy, called by the Japanese "Tofu," is prepared from beans; but it "approaches more nearly in its composition to animal food than any other vegetable known." One-fifth of its weight is fat, and nearly two-fifths are nitrogenous matter—twice as much nitrogenous matter as in a beefsteak.

There is a growing belief among sanitarians that salicylic acid is being used more and more extensively in the preservation of canned foods, milk, wine, beer, and other articles. To such an extent was this done in Paris that the French Government has already twice taken action upon the matter. Dr. E. H. Bartley, chemist to the Brooklyn Health Department, has recently called attention to this matter. He states that in 1885 the chief adulterations which he found in beer were yeast and bicarbonate of soda. Lately he has examined several different kinds of bottled beer sold in Brooklyn, the list including some of the Western beers. He has found salicylic acid in them. The amount of this acid required to preserve beer is about twelve to fifteen grains per gallon. Salicylic acid, if taken continuously, tends to injure digestion and irritate the kidneys.

New Orleans is the largest consumer of snails in this country. They are first thrown into hot water, says a Southern epicure, and killed. Then they are washed in a weak solution of lye, which removes the slime, and the shells are cleaned with a stronger lye. Then the meats are boiled and replaced in the shells, with a dressing of bread and parsley, and thus prepared the snails are roasted. When the covers are removed from the dish one must eat the snails, whether one likes them or not, the flavor is so enchanting. They can be eaten in two ways; the meat can be picked out with a fork, or the shell may be put to the mouth and the meat sucked out bodily.

Mary Anderson is said to entertain a secret aversion for America which grows apace. Her disinclination for marriage grows also, although she announces that she may marry at thirty if the right man comes along. He must be rich.

Shrew was pronounced "shrow" in Shakespeare's time, but the article itself was of the same brand as that which flourishes to-day.

THE AUGUST SUPPLEMENTARY SEASON is AT Santa Cruz now under way, and Mr. E. J. Swift, of the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, has his hands full. He is one of the most experienced hotel managers in America, and his guests are always more than satisfied.

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY WILL REOPEN her piano studio on Monday, August 8th, at 327 Larkin Street, corner Golden Gate Avenue. For particulars, inquire Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, from two to three, P. M.

THE POPULARITY OF SANTA BARBARA AS A watering place is constantly increasing, and Mr. W. N. Cowles, of the Arlington Hotel, says he expects to have an unusually busy winter. The climate there is very equable, and as a winter resort it is considered unequalled in America or Europe.

A GRADUATE OF HARVARD WHO HAS STUDIED in Europe, will prepare students for examinations for matriculation or degrees—also a class in French and Literature.

MISS ELLA S. PARTRIDGE, TEACHER OF Piano, has returned to the city and will resume lessons. Address: 1914 Webster Street, near California.

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Mr. Henry Heyman

Begs to announce that he will resume giving Lessons on the Violin and in Ensemble playing on Monday, August 8, 1887. Address: 206 Ellis Street, San Francisco.

A Regal Beauty

Was heard to say that she would become a perfect fright if she did not use Rachel's Emanuel Bloom for her complexion. For sale by all druggists.



A pretty kettle of mischief Mr. John Drew has brewed in erstwhile happy households with the dash and the swagger of his Petrucio. This was sometime Petrucio, and is still in the old prints; but people have been carefully mispronouncing it for three hundred years, and so in deference to custom Petrucio lost a letter in the new "Taming of the Shrew," and people pronounce it in the old way, with quite a comfortable conscience.

As for the kettle of mischief, is it not incontestably true that every man Jack who has been to the Baldwin Theatre this week, came down the exit steps bullying his wife, if he had one?

Was ever lesson learned from a play so quickly? Did not the men conspire like Nihilists in the lobby, and rub their hands and gloat over the conquest of the fiery Kate, and dare to say that Petrucio knew the secret of managing a woman? And did not the women shiver with a little anticipatory dread, and have they not been the meekest and most submissive of creatures ever since?

Truly, though they do say this little play is the very worst of Shakespeare's writing, it always makes its mark upon the time, and husbands are holder and wives are meeker for a week or a fortnight after its run.

This, even when it is slighted in its mounting and clipped to a fragment. How much more then, when, as now, the fashions of an olden time are resurrected in a sumptuous mass of color and with that fidelity to detail which so pleases the modern mind.

Signor Baptista was a man of condition, and presumably well housed. It is a treat to the eye to see the mural decorations of his old Palazzo, the wonders of his Venetian carvings and lamps, the marvels of his Florentine tapestries. His two beautiful daughters move stately enough through the splendors of their Italian home, and Signor Baptista is himself so mediaeval in his long velvet garments, his deep grey beard, and his Florentine cap, that he seems to belong in all this pomp and circumstance. Mr. Fisher looks at first, just like a kind of sublimated Shylock, but he carries himself with much patriarchal grace, and might have an Italian title as long as a yardstick, he would wear it so well.

Furthermore, he has the true Shakespearean flavor. It is a thing that wears as well as wine, and is always richer and stronger in an old actor than in a young one, but good enough to leave a sweet, nutty taste in the mouth when one finds it in either. There is a delightful taste of it all through this production. Leaving the actors out of the question—and they have, almost all of them, a breath of it—there has been an unusual attempt made to do justice to Shakespeare's own intention.

People usually do not care for Mr. Christopher Sly. "The Taming of the Shrew" has long been clipped, and used as an after-piece for tragedians to relax themselves as well as to show their versatility. But once upon a time the hops of the over-merry tinker were considered a marvelous good joke, painters painted him, caricaturists drew him. For the matter of that, all the commentators and big guns, say that the Induction is alone worthy the pen of a Shakespeare, and that the rest has been sketched in by feeble imitators.

Out upon the commentators and the big guns for a pack of theorists! Was there ever a man but Shakespeare that could have drawn this wondrous Kate, who is so violent a shrew that she terrifies us, and yet makes us love her, all in a breath?

We like our Christopher Sly in it, because Shakespeare put him there; and it is so hard to get at the root and nature of things nowadays, under the veneer which is the mode, that to find an old thing just as it is, and was in the beginning, is almost like getting a whiff of nature in the fields.

We don't mind having Mr. Augustin Daly manipulate Shakespeare a little. It is just as well that he should drop Mr. Christopher Sly, the Tinker, with the fall of the first curtain, and cut off that gentleman's remarks, which once used to crop up through the little play which has been arranged for his benefit. Shakespeare never finished him up and there is no reason why Augustin Daly should, but your true Shakespeare lover likes this sharp change from an English lane and a vine-clad English pot-house to the romance and splendors of Padua, and there is no good reason why "The Taming of the Shrew" should be set without it. Mr. Gilbert, who is always rather too effervescent in the Daly drama, has exactly caught the spirit of this boorish clown in Shakespeare, a character almost known by pictures alone, and it is something to see the original of an idea which has since been wrought upon in so many various ways.

To those who are not true lovers, the first act, or the Induction, with all its play of quaint, old-time humor and the delightful care of its mounting, is a long tedium.

They only begin to rejoice when the Italians come, and do not achieve the full measure of their content till Ada Rehan bursts in upon them from the tapestries at the side, a flash of burnished copper, from the curly fly of her rampant locks to the last swish of her long-tailed gown.

Some people affect to find the lovely Ada not Shakespearean, and to discover in the entire company an aggressive modernness which disturbs them at their meditations.

The rest of us think the Daly company were born to play old comedy, Shakespeare, Wycherly, Beaumont and Fletcher—any one you like.

It is told that an actor of the Comédie Française was heard to say one day, about twenty years ago, "What do you think! there's a little Jewess at the Conservatory who reads 'Camille' as if she were talking, and they tell me that, strange as the idea may be, it is very effective."

The Daly company are as comfortably colloquial to Shakespeare as in the adopted German drama, and in no single instance does their modernness intrude. It is true that Fisher, Lewis, and Holland have just a fold more of the mantle of tradition about them than the others, but there is not a flaunt of the banner of Gotham in any of them.

Even Mr. Bood, who was the typical New York dude last week, has the true spirit of old comedy this week, and reads his Shakespeare intelligently and intelligibly. Mr. Skinner is so much more at home in the sock and buskin, belongs so truly to the legitimate, that he seems to have returned to his native dramatic heath.

As for Mr. John Drew, who could have dreamed that there was so much good Shakespearean stuff in him? A rattling, dashing blade of a Petrucio he, with just that deft touch in it which prevents his being quite a bully. That's a rare stroke of art in the play which makes us like these two people well for all their stormy fronts, and think it well that they should come together.

Katherine has only been made a scold by early indulgence and bad education. There are many, many Katherines in America, where indulgence thrives so rankly in our homes. The little tale has its counterpart in a modern way a thousand and a thousand times over again. Petrucio may not snap his whip so loudly, or rate his servants so boldly. People do not rate their servants with impunity in these days of unions. But who has not seen many a spoiled, indulged, only daughter, whose father, mother, and relatives have stood to absolute terror of her temper during her short life of twenty years perhaps, lower her proud front and become a very miracle of amiability after six months of matrimony? It is the meek angels of girlhood who become the viragos afterward, for in the fancied armor of amiability they take their husbands unawares. But when a man knows that he has taken a Tartar in hand, his way is short, sharp, and prompt.

Miss Ada Rehan looked to be a most unpromising Katherine for the daughtiest Petrucio of them all, as she loomed up tall and magnificent in her rage and her defiance.

What a deliciously versatile actress she is, and what a warm, vital, abounding personality she has!

We all see too much of these people—that is, too much for their own good. In New York, where people only drop in upon them once in a while to pass a pleasant evening, custom can not stale their infinite variety.

But here, where they come but rarely and where they crowd so many parts and we so many visits into a few brief weeks, we are so familiar with their every movement, gesture, and glance that it becomes really difficult to detect the nuances of difference which they throw into their several parts.

They are, as individuals, so firmly fixed in our minds that we involuntarily dissociate them from their roles.

And yet, in this pretty pageant, Ada Rehan is indeed the homeliest Kate in Christendom, and the sparks seem to fly from her red locks as she dashes about in her rages. Perhaps she calms down a little too quickly. Other Katherines carry their temper over the threshold of Petrucio's house. There are little spurts of it still left. But, with this one, her anger is spent, her spirit broken, by the time she comes in at that wonderfully becoming green plush traveling suit.

Her wedding gown is the most characteristic costume she wears, and there is a delicious flavor of old-time merry-making to the entrance of the bridal party, but perhaps the picture of Katherine which will remain longest in the mind, is the beauty in her haughty mood, with her shining copper-colored draperies swishing her indignation at the audacity of her bold wooer. Is she not a picture then?

There are all sorts of delights for the eye in "The Taming of the Shrew," even when there is but a line or two to uphold a part. Miss Dreher is something lovely to look upon as the gentle and timid Bianca, though her rôle is but small and her low-tale not vitally interesting. And Skinner and Holland as the rival lovers, both with a strong dash of the heavy legitimate in their style, carry their rich and picturesque costumes with a happy grace.

But the closing scene, the banquet hall all aglow with light and color, is the gem of the tableaux. As

the sweet voices of the choral boys rose through the gauzy background, led by Miss St. Quoetio in the old melody which fitted the time, what with the gleam of the silver cloth and the fall of the antique lace, the melting of colors one into the other under the soft flash of lamps, it was but an indistinct mass of pretty color.

As it resolved itself, it grew to look like Rubens's "Garden of Love" as it hangs in the great Dresden gallery, for every gallant was paired with the lady of his choice, and so the curtain fell upon them, to leave us only the memory of a beautiful night.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"My cake is dough," "thereby hangs a tale," and several other familiar quotations disclosed their origin to many people this week.

Edward Harrigan will present another of his pictures of life in New York next week at the Bush Street Theatre in "Cordelia's Aspirations," which, with "Old Lavender," will occupy the week.

Miss Cecelia Adler will be assisted by Messrs. Herman Brandt, violinist, and Samuel Fabian, pianist, at her farewell concert, which takes place at the Baldwin Theatre, Sunday evening, August 27.

Edwin Thorne will play "The Three Guardsmen" at the Alcazar next week, which is the last of his engagement at that theatre. Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phoebe Davies will follow in "Rosedale."

George Clarke plays nothing in the Daly repertoire but his small part in the Induction of "The Taming of the Shrew." He was in San Francisco once as leading man of a Union Square troupe.

The Dalys will give "A Night Off," which was such a favorite here two years ago, on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee of next week, "The Taming of the Shrew" filling the remainder of the week.

An artist was sent abroad to make sketches of the furniture and costumes for the revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," and such of these furnishings as were not brought from New York were copied here from the sketches made by the artist in Italy.

Another of Shakespeare's comedies, "A Hunter's Tale," is shortly to be revived in London with all accessories of scene and costume. Mary Anderson will play both the leading rôles, Hermione and Perdita, a royal matron and a simple shepherd maiden.

Miss Ada Rehan has a brother, Arthur Rehan, who has been playing the Daly successes in the Middle states for several years. Miss Adele Waters, a San Francisco girl, and George Parkes, who was with the Dalys at the Bush Street Theatre two years ago, are members of his company.

It may be some consolation to wives who have become involuntarily submissive, to know that Beaumont and Fletcher wrote a sequel to "The Taming of the Shrew" called "The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed." In this Petrucio is, in his turn, completely tamed, but, alas! by a second wife.

Minnie Palmer is expected to arrive in this city from Australia to-day. She begins a two weeks' season at the Bush Street Theatre on the fifteenth of the month, playing in "Pert and Her Stepmother," which was written for her by Frank Marsden, and was first produced in Australia last year, where it proved a success.

The obsolete play of "The Taming of the Shrew" ended in this wise: The last scene represents the ale-house on the heath where Sly was picked up by order of the lord. Two servants enter, carrying to Sly asleep in his old costume, and place him on the ground in the same spot where they first found him. They retire, a tapster enters from the house, and the following dialogue ensues: Sly (awaking)—"Sim, give's some more wine. What, all the players gone? Am I not a lord?" Tapster—"A lord with a murrain! Come, art thou drunk still?" Sly—"Who's this? tapster! Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life." Tapster—"Yes, marry; but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night." Sly—"Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast waked me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife and tame her too, if she anger me." [Curtain.] They did not write up to a curtain in those days.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending August 6th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: "The Taming of the Shrew." Cast as follows:

Katherine, Miss Ada Rehan; Bianca, Miss Dreher; Curio, Mrs. Gilbert; Widow, Miss Gordon; Petrucio, Mr. John Drew; Grumio, Mr. James Lewis; Baptista, Mr. Charles Fisher; Lucentio, Mr. Otis Skinner; Lord, Mr. George Clarke; Gremio, Mr. Charles LeClerq; Sly, Mr. William Gilbert; Hortensio, Mr. Joseph Holland; the True Vincentio, Mr. John Moore; the False Vincentio, Mr. John Wood; Tranio, Mr. Frederick Bond; Biondello, Mr. Edward Wilks; Page, Mr. Will Collier.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "The Black Flag." Cast as follows:

Harry Glyndon, Edwin Thorne; Owen Glyndon, Frank Mordant; Jack Glyndon, Harry Mainhall; Augustus Scamion, Geo. H. Trader; Captain Handyside, S. W. Keene; Inspector, F. Wyman; Locksley, Hobart Bosworth; Ned, Miss Helen Mason; Naomi, Miss Ethel Brandon; Topsy Carroll, Miss Annie Adams; Ruth, Miss Fanny Young; Sam Lazarus, L. R. Stockwell; Jim Seaton, George Osbourne.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Investigation." Cast as follows:

D'Arcy Flynn, Edward Harrigan; Leander Tuck, John Wild; Lorenzo Hogan, Dan Collyer; Oscar Underdonk, M. J. Bradley; Orient Oberhoe, Harry Fisher; Ezra Wheatfield, George Merritt; Bernard McKenna, John Sparks; Gasper Perkins, Peter Goldrich; Canby Canfrut, Richard Quilter; Miss Dullop, Joseph Sparks; Mrs. Hop-sing, Philip Warner, Charles Sturges; Mr. Hop-sing, William West; Clarence Montgomery, Mr. Smiley, Charles Coffey; Tramp, George L. Stout; Emma Sinclair, Harry Guion; J. R. Barker, Robert Gordon; Mr. Whitecrow, Edward Murphy; Charley Gilder, W. Fielding; Mr. Savage, James Sullivan; Aunt Hanna, Master Alfred Waite; Belinda Tuggs, Miss Amy Lee; Mrs. Hogan, Maid, Mrs.

Oberhoe, Miss Emily Yeamans; Julia Tuggs, Miss Anna Langdon; Mrs. Underdonk, Miss Kate Langdon.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "She." Cast as follows:

Ayesha, Miss Laura Clement; Ustane, Miss Tellula Evans; Delyesha, Miss Mamie Taylor; Hilyia, Miss Fredie Stockmeyer; Leo, W. H. West; Job, R. C. White; Tim, Ed. Stevens; Horace Holly, Jas. O. Barrows; Mahomed, H. W. Frillman; Asaf, Al. K. Feeley; Achmet, J. Roberts; Billali, M. Corneli; Sinbolli, A. Messmer; Abdalli, Mr. Fielding; Ollia, F. Raabe.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Daly Company in "A Night Off" and "The Taming of the Shrew." At the Bush Street, next week, Harrigan's company in "Cordelia's Aspirations" and "Old Lavender."

At the Alcazar, next week, Edwin Thorne's company in "The Three Guardsmen."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "She."

At the California, next week, no announcement. At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

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RECENT VERSE.

Place Your Hand in Mine, Wife.

'Tis five-and-twenty years to-day
Since we were man and wife—
And that's a tidy slice, I say,
From anybody's life.
And if we want, in looking back,
To feel how time has flown,
There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
With whiskers of his own.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

It's not been all smooth sailing, wife—
Not always laughing May;
Sometimes it's been a weary strife
To keep the wolf away.
We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
We've often grieved and sighed;
One lad has cost me many a tear,
Our little baby died.

Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

But, wife, your love along the road
Has cheered the roughest spell,
You've borne your half of every load,
And often mine as well.
I've rued full many a foolish thing
Ere well the step was taken;
But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring
And wed you o'er again.

Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand
That's working all along,
You've brought me understanding,
Still bringing right from wrong.
You've kept me brave and kept me true,
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.

Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

—Frederick Langbridge.

In the Café.

What! Galopin is dead, you say?
Why, he was with us yesterday;
His face was like a rose in bloom;
His laugh the lightest in the room;
His wit—Poor Galopin! Ah, out!
C'est lui, mon cher, un bel esprit!

And now, to-night, you say he lies,
The seals of death upon his eyes,
His lips for evermore at rest,
The crucifix upon his breast.
Poor Galopin! *Quelle farce pour lui,
Plus gros farceur de tout Paris!*

He hurried off; it was, you know,
His night upon the *Figaro*;
See! Through the print his spirit shines!
Ah, when the angels read these lines,
The talk of all the town he'll be,
If there's a town *au Paradis*.

You saw the chamber in its dress
Of lilies and of lilacs—yes,
The tapers, lace—I know their ways—
The carnival at *Père-la-Chaise*!
For all the earth I would not see
That earth in their *diablerie*!

Work made and killed him. Even so,
He goes as it were best to go.
The dead ride fast. *Adieu, adieu!*
A Galopin! The stirrup-cup!
And now to work! Ah, *cher*, if he
Had mourned for us—he had *esprit*!

—T. R. Sullivan in August Century.

Ballade of Asphodel.

Now who will thread the winding way
Afar from fervid summer heat,
Beyond the sunshafts of the day,
Beyond the blast of winter sleet?
In the green twilight, dimly sweet,
Of poplar shades the Shadows dwell,
Who found erewhile a fair retreat
Along the mead of asphodel.

There death and birth are one, they say,
Those lowlands bear no yellow wheat,
No sound doth rise of mortal fray,
Of lowing herds, of flocks that bleat;
Nor wind nor rain doth blow nor beat,
Nor shrieketh sword, nor tolloeth bell,
But lovers each the other greet
Along the mead of asphodel.

I would that there my soul might stray,
I would my phantom, fair and fleet,
Might cleave the burden of the clay,
Might leave the murmur of the street,
Nor with half-hearted prayer entreat,
The half-believed-in Gods; too well
I know the name I shall repeat
Along the mead of asphodel.

ENVOY.

Queen Prosperine, at whose white feet
In life my love I may not tell,
Wilt give me welcome when we meet
Along the mead of asphodel?

—Graham R. Tomson.

A Sea-Grave.

Yea, rock him gently in thine arms, O deep!
No nobler heart was ever hushed to rest
Upon the chill, soft pillow of thy breast—
No truer eyes didst thou e'er kiss to sleep.
While o'er his couch the wrathful billows leap,
And mighty winds roar from the darkened west,
Still may his head on thy cool weeds be pressed,
Far down where thou dost endless silence keep.
Oh, when, slow moving through thy spaces dim,
Some scaly monster seeks its coral cave,
And pausing o'er the sleeper, stares with grim,
Dull eyes a moment downward through the wave
Then let thy pale, green shadows curtain him,
And swaying sea-flowers hide his lonely grave.

—James B. Kenyon in July Cosmopolitan.

The costumes to be worn by Sweatnam, Rice & Fagan's new minstrels in the first part will, it is claimed, excel in cost and beauty anything yet seen on the minstrel stage. The nine principal singers will wear the dress of the French War Department. It will be of the richest material, and covered with gold lace and embroidery. The end men—sixteen in number—will be attired in the elegant court costume of the period. The orchestra of eighteen will wear military officers' gorgeous uniforms. The dresses of the song-and-dance men—sixteen in number—will be of silk and satin of richest colors, and will present a brilliant effect. The costumes of the Dinahs and Chloes will fairly dazzle. The dresses of the Apollo Belvidere Guard in their drill, song, and movement will be a surprise. The cost of putting Sweatnam, Rice & Fagan's minstrels on the road will be fifteen thousand dollars.

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Notice is hereby given that the power of attorney granted by La Trinidad Limited, in favor of James Thomas Browne, and dated on or about September 25th, 1885, was, on the seventh day of July, 1887, revoked, and the said James Thomas Browne, from the last-mentioned date ceased to have any authority to act for or represent La Trinidad Limited under the said power.
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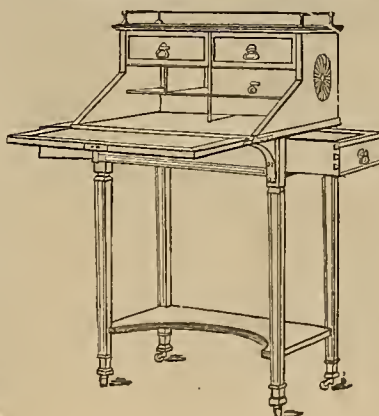
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HENRY M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Roman Catholic Church charities are among the most brazen of frauds. For clear, cold-cut robbery, for wading into the treasury, commend us to a Roman Catholic charity. An orphan asylum, a Magdalen asylum, a home for abandoned children, old men, old women, anything under the charge of priests, or nuns, or Ladies of the Sacred Heart, or Sisters of Charity or Mercy, or any one of the sanctified bugs of the Church of Rome, any of the orders of friars, Dominicans, Lazarites—we do not care by what name they are called, whether male or female, they are all pretty much the same and are all very nearly akin to mendicants, and prey nearly all leeches and beggars upon the community, and pretty closely allied to robbers of the public funds. From New York to San Francisco, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, this thing has been going on since the first priest soiled the continent with his feet. There is no church in America that expends so little in charity and so much in building edifices as the Church of Rome, no Christian association that closes its heart more brutally and coldly to the appeal of the unfortunate, nor extends its open palm so persistently and unblushingly for alms which never get

beyond church use. There is not in San Francisco a Roman Catholic Church charity of any kind. There is no place where a poor Roman Catholic, in sickness or distress, can find relief, except it is saddled upon the state treasury. Every Roman Catholic orphan asylum, every lying-in and foundling asylum, or hospital, or Magdalen asylum, or old men's or old women's home is a source of profit to the institution that runs it. We charge, without fear of contradiction, that every Roman Catholic institution in the State of California that pretends to be a charity is a money-making institution, and shows clean net profits instead of a deficit to its executive management. In 1887, the State of New York paid \$577,417 to eighteen Roman Catholic institutions, nominally for the support of the poor; in 1878, it paid \$615,419; in 1879, \$550,371; in 1880, \$662,458; in 1881, \$555,223; in 1882, \$684,519; in 1883, \$696,838; in 1884, \$837,462; in 1885, \$838,719; in 1886, \$1,055,615. The total disbursements in twelve years amounted to \$8,052,528.48, fully the one-half of which is clear profit to the church. In the city of New York, the Roman Catholic Protectory receives from the state \$110 for the support of each child, while the average cost of each child did not exceed \$50. The reported number of children in its care was two thousand. Here was a cold robbery in one institution of over \$100,000. New York is robbed of \$4,000,000 annually in the name of Roman Catholic charities. This money is used to propagate the Papal religion and build Papal edifices. More than twelve times as much money is abstracted from the public treasury by the Roman Catholic institutions as by Protestant and Jewish combined, while Protestant and Jewish institutions maintain more dependent children than all the Roman Catholic institutions together. The Jewish people have less paupers and criminals thrown upon the public than any other sect; more than any other they look out for their own. In the United States of America, Roman Catholic paupers, mendicants, criminals, insane, and diseased are out of all proportion to the Protestant element. Roman Catholics do not take care of their own poor, and do not concern themselves about them except for the purpose of making money out of their care. In a word, the Papal church begs alms of a Protestant and irreligious community to support its poor, and then steals enough of it to build churches, asylums, parochial school-houses, and other edifices required for church use. Look about in California: A cathedral being erected in San Francisco, another in Sacramento, and churches in every town and country village; the Jesuits have erected a splendid church and school edifice in San Francisco; the Franciscan and Dominican friars, a good-for-nothing set of idle monks, are housed in splendid buildings, colleges, and school edifices on a most expensive scale; nunneries and monasteries growing up in every direction and every side, exhibiting an expenditure that would not be possible if they did not get money out of the state and municipal treasuries, and did not direct the money stream, from assisting the poor, in to a dishonest direction. In a word, they throw their criminals and paupers, their orphans and dependents upon the public for maintenance, while they grasp all the money in reach to build. This is the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic as a rule, never contributes to a Protestant charity; the Protestant, as a rule, never enquires the religious character of the institution to which he gives his money in charity. Ford county, Illinois, has twenty-four insane persons, costing the state six thousand dollars per annum for maintenance, and among them is not a single American-born citizen. The Church of Rome is the richest religious establishment in the world; the order of Jesuits is the richest order in the world; the Roman Catholic Church and its orders have more valuable property in San Francisco than any other institution—and yet there is not a place where a poor, destitute, sick Papist, one disabled by infirmity, helpless from age or infancy, can find refuge, food, clothes, or medicine. Well and most properly does Doctor McGlynn style it a "machine." and most truthfully does he charge that all this charity business is a pretense "to make employment for and give comfortable homes to the rapidly increasing host of monks and nuns who make so-called education and so-called charity their regular business, for which a very common experience shows that they have but little qualification beyond

their stamp and garb." That there are Roman Catholics who are broad-minded, great-hearted, and generous, we will not deny, but it is not the policy of the "machine" to permit them to indulge their generous emotions outside the pale of the Papal church or in any other direction than in upholding and enriching the Church of Rome. There has been enough money expended by the Roman Catholics in San Francisco within the last ten years, in politics and in aid of the Fenian and home rule agitations in Ireland, to purchase every poor alien family in this state a good farm. If those who are born abroad in the communion of the Papal church, bad, after immigrating to America, been counseled by their priests to keep all they earned, to expend none in alcoholic drink, none in political agitation, none in Peter's pence, and one in masses for souls in purgatory, we should have no poor of foreign birth in California, and there would be but few in our penitentiaries and insane asylums. The foreign immigration of an undesirable and dangerous character that is now invading this country is not from Ireland and not altogether Roman Catholic. When the Irish shall have emancipated themselves from the dominion of the church, and forgotten their hatred for the English, and concluded to let alone the politics of their native land, and refuse to pay heed or money at the demand of every blatant demagogue who calls upon them for sympathy or coin, they will become good Americans. It is from Hungary, Roumania, Italy, Poland, and Portugal that we are now receiving the most ignorant and superstitious hordes of emigrants. Than the Polish or Russian Jews none can be more undesirable as residents of a commonwealth where education is an indispensable qualification of citizenship. The Hungarian is a bad type of humanity. Italy sends us an unintelligent mass, which will assimilate with great difficulty, and lowers the standard of our moral civilization. The immigration will this year be nearly one million of people, and seven-tenths of them undesirable to the last degree. To prevent the arrival upon our shores of this class of foreign immigrants is difficult, if not impossible. The only thing we can do, and the thing which in self-defence we are compelled to do, is to repeal at once and unconditionally the naturalization laws. We must reserve to ourselves the authority to control this uneducated mob, and compel their obedience to the law. They can not do jury duty, they can not intelligently perform any of the duties of American citizenship, and we shall be compelled to deny them the privileges of citizenship in the future. This is a necessity for the protection of our own lives, property, and liberty.

California is confronted with a labor problem unlike that presented to any other part of our Union; it is serious, and demands the serious attention of the labor-employing class; it grows out of our climate, and is directly attributable to our two seasons, the rainy and the rainless. All, or nearly all, of our crops mature within a period of about four months; all, or nearly all, of our labor must be put forth during that period. The rainy season is the season of cultivation, preceded by a season of rest to the soil and to the cultivator, and followed by a season of growth, so that from the first of June to the close of September, nearly all of our crops mature, demanding harvest and care; and, as California is especially a fruit state, every inducement tending to increase the cultivation of fruits, the drying, and canning, and raisin-making industries all demand a vast amount of labor and afford but a short period for its performance. Recent excursions through our fruit-bearing valleys have presented the consideration of this question in the very atmosphere of a labor scarcity. It is during the summer months that the hay crop matures, the grain crop demands attention. Hay and grain may be longer exposed than in Eastern States, but unless grain is harvested it shells; unless hay is cut it becomes dry and less valuable; unless fruits are gathered when ripe they fall—unless promptly cured they decay; unless hops are picked at the proper time they become worthless; unless grapes for wine or raisins are taken from the vines at the very hour they demand attention, the wine crop is impaired and the raisin vintage is seriously injured; olives and nuts must be gathered and treated when ripe, and so on almost through the entire range of our agricultural and viticultural industries. This anomaly is presented of concentrating

nearly all of the field, farm, orchard, and vineyard labor of the state into the four summer months, leaving eight months of the year during which there will be an excess of labor over demand. This encourages the tramp and idler, and gives him, by organization, the power of bolding the industries of the State at his will when there is an imperative demand for labor. One fruit-grower, in Fresno, working one hundred and sixty acres of orchard and vine land, informed the writer that his ordinary force was from four to six laboring men, but during the period of fruit and grape gathering he would require sixty extra hands; one fruit drying establishment that is now running two hundred and fifty hands—men, women and children, is closed for seven or eight months in the year. The small farmer who cultivates ten or twenty acres of his own land, and who is glad to be employed by the larger farmer for his leisure days, finds himself for the fruit and grape season busy upon his own place. American families, governed by a sense of provident care for their children, are not willing to turn them into a hop field, fruit orchard, vineyard, or cannery, where their associates are cosmopolitan, unprincipled, and often criminal; the suggestion of giving summer vacations in order that our school-children may find employment, is one of doubtful propriety. Hop-picking in County Kent brings from London in its season an invasion of criminals who indulge in every known vice, and are a terror to the surrounding country during the incursion. At present, as in Santa Clara, Napa, Sonoma, San Joaquin, Fresno, and other fruit growing localities, the labor demand is supplied from the towns and villages of the vicinage, but as the growth of fruit, nuts, olives, and vines is extended, and as the processes of fruit drying and packing, and the raisin culture extends, this question is destined to become more important and more serious. An intelligent friend who has been brought practically face to face with this embarrassment, and who resides in a locality where the increasing demand for labor is already felt, suggests as a remedy that we take the back track upon the Chinese question, repeal the present restrictive laws, throw wide open the gates for Chinese immigration, and allow as many to come as the labor market demands. His reasoning is, "the Chinese are the only people who can tide over the eight months of partial employment for the chance of four months of full wages; they can gather into the villages and larger cities around their traders and wash houses, find shelter and food sufficient for their necessities, and in the harvest months of employment receive a compensation which will average up their year of labor at remunerative wages; they will come from China when the labor market demands them, and retire when it is over-crowded; they are quiet and easily governed, are good laborers do not bring their families, and thus are avoided the complications that arise from an over populous condition, and whatever dangers may ordinarily arise from a redundant population they are terminable by future legislation when they become apparent; this class of emigration should be denied the privilege of acquiring the ownership of landed property, and should not be permitted to become citizens, and would thus always be held in the ranks of labor; and finally that it is stupid and altogether absurd for Americans upon the Pacific to discriminate against the Chinese and deny themselves the advantage of their labor upon this coast, while all the Atlantic ports are thrown wide open to the influx of Hungariao, Italian, Roumanian, Polish, Russian, and Portuguese paupers, criminals, exiles, thieves, socialists, anarchists, political adventurers, and agitators of every nationality and every religion, every ignorance and every superstition. It is customary when the prairie fire comes sweeping onward toward a Western home or village, to guard against destruction by lighting a counter-fire and keeping it under control and direction till the two billows of flame meet and subdue each other; so," says this, our intelligent friend, "let us avail ourselves of these quiet, industrious, law-abiding Chinese to meet this European wave and give it countercheck; let the Western wave of barbarism meet the tidal wave of European invasion in mid-continent; let us keep Buddhism and the worshippers of Confucius on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and give to them on the other side the religions of Rome and Jerusalem; let our emigrants smoke opium, while theirs drink alcohol; let ours obey the law, wash themselves, and keep quiet, while theirs riot, strike, boycott, organize into labor associations, dictate to American citizens the price of wages and the hours of labor, and fix an iron rule which in the interest of alien workman shall exclude American-born youth from becoming apprentices to skilled employment. Let our adult male Chinese toil and earn their money and send it out of the country, unable to acquire land or enjoy the privilege of the elective franchise, while theirs breed like pestiferous rats, fill jails and penitentiaries with offenders against the laws, hospitals with their diseased, and poor houses with their paupers, let them gain lands and enjoy their use by confiscating possessions which have been acquired by honest toil and self-deprivation of beer and gin; let their alien hordes run the politics of the country, pollute the hallot-box, plunder municipal governments. We will stand our Chinese joss houses with their loud-smelling incense and their music of funeral gongs, and their feasts of

roasted pigs and rice, as less offensive and less unendurable than costly cathedrals and costly pomp of ceremony in edifices begged from the toiling class or stolen from the municipal treasury by boodle aldermen." These are not our sentiments, but the sentiments of the intelligent friend who is now engaged in searching for fifty Chinese laborers to gather and dry his fruit, to cut and cure his raisin-grapes, and who thinks them more desirable as laborers and denizens of the country than the same number of working persons from any European state. The ideas of not allowing Chinese immigrants to acquire title to land or enjoy the privileges of an elector are also his sentiments and his opinions; but these we have adopted, they concur with our judgment and we favor their extension to European immigrants as expressed in the recently adopted platform of the American party. This labor difficulty in prospect may be largely avoided by diversifying our industries. If everybody undertakes to raise fruit and grapes, nuts and olives, there will be encountered labor difficulties for which at present we see no other solution except that of our intelligent friend, *viz*: to repeal the laws restricting Chinese immigration, and to permit adult Chinese male laborers to come to the country.

The name of General Philip Sheridan is being suggested by the politically garrulous as a proper candidate for the presidency. There are so many reasons why he should not be nominated, and why he should be defeated if nominated, that we shall indulge ourselves only in stating and not arguing them. No military man ought ever to be allowed to become President of the United States. Every experiment within the last half-century in that direction has been a failure; the greater the general, the greater the failure. General Harrison was, perhaps, an Indian warrior, perhaps he was not; General Taylor was an able military rough-and-tumble fighter; but Harrison and Taylor gave no evidence, during their brief Presidential experiences, of executive ability. By all comparison Abraham Lincoln was the ablest President our nation has ever had; by all comparison General Grant was the most conspicuous failure. The incident of General Sheridan's proclaiming martial law in Chicago at the time of the great fire, is evidence of his utter incapacity to appreciate the relation in this government of civil and military authority. General Sheridan is a Roman Catholic, his wife is a Roman Catholic, and the time has not come, nor is it ever coming, when a Papist can be elected President of the United States. The identical same reasons make it equally undesirable and impolitic to consider the name of General Sherman in the Presidential connection. If such a thing were even possible, his letter, with its contemptuous reference to our public free schools, and the education of his son for a Paulist monk, places his name on the list of the impossibles. Mr. Blaine will never again be the nominee of the Republican party for president, and, if he is, will without doubt be defeated by an overwhelming majority. His connection with the priests and politicians of the Roman Catholic Church, and the results of the election as shown in the vote of nearly all the great Northern cities, imply an agreement with Roman Catholic Church authorities that excludes him from ever being entrusted with the civil administration of this nation. Mr. Blaine had the devotion of our best years; we had a faith in him which could not be disturbed by any argument; we regarded every charge against him as a calumny, every proof of ill-doing as a lie; we looked upon him as America's most gifted, most brilliant, most eloquent, and most patriotic son, but, until his political connection with the Church of Rome is explained, we shall believe he intrigued and trafficked with it for his political benefit. No statesman ever trafficked with Rome except at the sacrifice of his country; no American politician ever intrigued with the Papal power who did not intend to betray some important constitutional privilege and permit this church to take one progressive step in the direction of dominance over the civil power. Mr. Blaine may play his political haggips in Presbyterian Scotland, or the Irish harp in Catholic Ireland, and his political sharpshooters may ambuscade their forces in the United States, but, all the same, this eminent strategist has had his day, and its sun has gone down. Whether John Sherman, or Ingalls, or Edmunds, or Evarts, or Harrison, or any one of the Eastern aspirants for presidential honors may be able to marshal his political hosts in successful battle line to capture the national convention at Chicago, we may not conjecture; whether the old party feuds can be reconciled and old political enemies brought together in harmony, we may not attempt to prophesy. If this can be done, or if, from the outside, a dark horse may be entered who bears no weight of old grudges, and no burden of sectional jealousy and no quarrels arising from past faction fights, and who comes before the country clean of antagonisms arising from labor difficulties or class prejudices or local traditions, with capacity and moral qualities which would give assurance that he would adorn the high position of chief executive, there could be no doubt of his election. Mr. Cleveland will be nominated by the Democratic party, and he deserves at least re-nomination at its hands, for his has been an administration more cleanly and more honorable than the country

had the right to expect, so lean and hungry a mob a once grand old party had become. The American people think not unkindly of President Cleveland, and the Republican convention and its leaders will make a mistake if shall come to the conclusion that his defeat can be accomplished by any other than the best and most available bidate of the Republican party.

So often have we been asked of late concerning the speech delivered by General Grant to his comrades at Des Moines in Iowa, that we have determined to print it in full a good sized type, that every one of our readers may preserve it. It seems to have been an inspired utterance, and it deserves to be remembered and treasured, warning, by all who love their country and its institutions, ought to arouse the indolent, embolden the timid, and the patriotism of every American to guard against impending danger. When General Grant said, in the presence of veterans who had passed through the smoke and carnage of a hundred battles, that, if we are to have another conflict in the near future it will not be on sectional lines, it was between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and ambition and ignorance on the other, to what did he refer? The utterance stirred the pulse beat of the nation's heart quicker throbs. It was like the bugle blast, the drum alarm, the trumpet's call that on the night of one victory sounds the signal of another battle. General Grant was never an alarmist, never sensational, never excited; he never endeavoring to inspire new recruits with enthusiasm was calmly reviewing the possibilities of another and fiercer civil strife, the shadow of which he saw on the political horizon; this, in the presence of heroes who had demonstrated their devotion to the country by an offer of lives, and not of a howling mob of greedy politicians clamoring for the spoils of office and the plunder of place. A free non-sectarian school is the cradle in which freedom, liberty and justice matured, and when General Grant stepped upon his comrades in arms to guard it and throw around their shields and over it the panoply of their battle-soldieries, he was not making a speech, for he was not an actor, he was not thinking of well rounded periods, for he was not eloquent; he was warning a grave and serious audience of brave men, and through them the nation, of the existence of a great danger which, unless watched and guarded, would hurst upon them; he saw the conspiracy that was going around him, the intrigue that was being worked, and thought it prudent to advise his countrymen to strengthen the foundations of the house which our patriotic forefathers laid at Concord and Lexington. Now, we ask our readers, is this danger, in what direction does it lie? Where is the ambition hidden that one day hopes to assert the prerogative of empire over this Republic? Where is the superstition of ignorance that is to aid this bad ambition to overthrow and destroy the government of the United States of America? There is but one answer: It comes from the hierarchy of Rome, it lies ambushed in the intrigues of Jesuitry, couched in the superstitious bigotry that looks to the Roman Catholic Church for direction in the civil affairs of the world, and for salvation in the other. General Grant has the sense to observe and the courage to proclaim power as the enemy of republican government, and to the American people against its advances. The American party, the order of Masonry, the Protestant Church, the secret order of Patriotic Sons, the great intelligent rank, and file of the American people, the patriotism of the South, the loyalty of the North are all standing guard around the American school-house, for it is against this the first assault will be made, around it the first skirmish will take place, and in its vicinity will occur the victory.

GRANT'S DES MOINES SPEECH.

COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years and to live over again in memory the trials and hardships of those days, hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, believe now that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in our common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped such will never again befall our country. In this sentiment a class of people can more heartily join than the soldier submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and battle-field, on whichever side he may have fought. A class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guard-

against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of our free publican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a public like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign, and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic fathers one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, and free press; of pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and solve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmingled with sectarian, pagan, or heistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battle which has been fought "The Army of the Tennessee" will not have been fought in vain.

The politics of Europe furnish an inexhaustible vein to the intrepid newspaper correspondent, who must in these days of eight-page dailies fill up a certain amount of space, be retired from his position. It is a field, moreover, in which his imagination can run riot at its own sweet will, as the more his lucubrations savor of romance the better will they tickle the palate of the ordinary reader. The reader, however, is fortunately not left entirely to the mercy of a single individual. The correspondent's name is legion; his way of looking at things is kaleidoscopic in its variety; and it comes to pass that, even as in the multitude of counselors there is wisdom, so from the flatulent and contradictory sense with which our foreign dispatches are filled, there is, if one is careful, to be extracted a modicum of sense. The rhapsody of the New York *Herald* may be offset by the sobriety of the *World*, and the bolus of the *Tribune* may be as a corrective to the all-too-luscious *extremets* of the Associated Press. The motive for this diatribe upon the ethy caterers who dish us up our European news for breakfast, is drawn from the very different lights in which the present attitude of Germany, with regard to her neighboring nations, is viewed by the intelligent gentlemen commissioned to worm out the secrets of diplomacy in that quarter. The *Herald* man, for instance, in one of those key interviews with an exalted diplomatist whose identity, of course, too sacred to be disclosed, lays bare the startling fact that France and Germany are natural allies and, at heart, friends, and that the real enemy of Germany, and of France, and Russia is England. The statesman of the Associated Press, on the other hand, points out, across the column upon the same page, that the French and Germans are again spitting and snarling at each other, like cat and dog, on the Alsatian frontier, over fresh cases of expulsion coming from the German side; and that, far from Russia being in accord with Germany, the press of Moscow and St. Petersburg make the death of Editor Katkoff, for some unexplained reason, the occasion of fresh hatred towards Germany. It is a remarkable circumstance, too, that in spite of the manifest destiny which newspaper correspondents and editorial writers have been mapping out, year after year, for Russia, that power is as far as ever from Calcutta and Constantinople; and one is tempted to wonder how far the wish is father to the thought that the unmistakable Hibernian inspiration which characterizes the bulk of our dispatches from abroad, in so far as they deal with matters affecting British interests. We would further suggest that, while it may be deemed politic in certain quarters for a paper to pander to class or race prejudice, no policy will ever pay which winks at the distortion of public facts for the sake of airing a private grievance.

Of a piece with the dispatches alluded to above is the sensational rumor that Germany is about to throw an army into Holland, gobble up that little kingdom, and calmly proceed to appropriate its rich colonies and dependencies in the West Indian archipelago. The acquiescence of France is to be bought by the relinquishment of Alsace-Lorraine; Russia to have Bulgaria as the price of its connivance; and everything is once more to be lovely and the goose suspended

at a serene attitude in the European household. The Dutch, however, are not Germans, as the inhabitants of Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine radically are; both territories having once before been integral parts of the German Empire, and in their case absorption merely meant a return to the original fold. With the Dutch it is different; they constitute a distinct race, a nationality that has never been subjugated, and one that has frequently fought for and always retained its independence. Sooner than submit to invasion, it is quite likely that they would again flood the polders, as in the days of the Spaniards under Alva, and oppose a hulwark of water to a German advance. There are too many conflicting interests at stake to admit of matters ever coming to this, and Bismarck, who is the party credited with the idea, will be found much too sensible to attempt it.

And while we are on the subject of European news, as originally supplied by the correspondents of the great metropolitan journals of the East, and subsequently overhauled and judiciously sifted out to us here by the intelligent gentlemen detailed to fill out so much space per diem with foreign matter, relevant or irrelevant, bad or good, we should like to say a few words about Prince Ferdinand. It is true that scarcely a day passes without recording the doings of this princely personage, who, to judge from the character of our kaleidoscopic dispatches, must add to his other attributes those of ubiquity and most abnormal caprice. He is at Vienna, at St. Petersburg, just returning from Italy, and on his way to Sofia, all in a breath; while the *Herald* and the *Times* and the Associated Press are giving each other the lie in the same column in the most unconcerned manner possible regarding his intentions. None of them, however, have thought of telling us who Prince Ferdinand is, and though we personally do not care a cent who or what he is or is not, we have collated the following particulars from that fountain of knowledge pertaining to the *haute noblesse* of Europe, the *Almanac de Gotha*, for the benefit of such of our readers as do. Prince Ferdinand, who, it appears, is about to assume the throne of Bulgaria at the invitation of the governing body of that kingdom, is the third son of Prince August, brother of the reigning duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the Princess Marie, daughter of the late Louis Philippe of France. His full name is Ferdinand-Maximilian-Charles-Leopold-Marie, and he must not be confounded with his elder brother, Prince Ferdinand-Philippe. He was born at Vienna in 1861, and is, consequently, about twenty-six years old. He is a lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment of Austrian Hussars, and owns considerable property in Austria. As to his other qualifications, he is said to part his hair in the middle and wear bracelets on both arms. And now, we have at least the satisfaction of having established, beyond a peradventure, the identity of a most worrying and tantalizing personage.

In the current number of *North American Review* is an article, written by Wong Chin Foo, a Chinaman, which almost persuades us to become a heathen. We commend its perusal to those good, earnest folk who are engaged as Christian missionaries to foreign lands, in the hope that it will hasten their return. We print a portion of it that our readers may have a taste of its quality. We have not space for it all.

Born and raised a heathen, I learned and practiced his moral and religious code; and acting thereunder I was useful to myself and many others. My conscience was clear, and my hopes as to future life were undimmed by distracting doubt. But, when about seventeen, I was transferred to the midst of the showy Christian civilization, and at this impressive period of life Christianity presented itself to me at first under its most alluring aspects; kind Christian friends became particularly solicitous for my material and religious welfare, and I was only too willing to know the truth.

I had to take a good deal for granted as to the inspiration of the Bible—as is necessary to do—to Christianize a non-Christian mind; and I even advanced so far, under the spell of my would-be soul-savers, that I seriously contemplated becoming the bearer of heavenly tidings to my "benighted" heathen people.

But, before qualifying for this high mission, the Christian doctrine I was taught had to be learned, and here on the threshold I was bewildered by the multiplicity of Christian sects, each one claiming a monopoly of the only and narrow road to heaven.

I looked into Presbyterianism only to retreat shuddering from a belief in a merciless God who had long foreordained most of the helpless human race to an eternal hell. To preach such a doctrine to intelligent heathen would only raise in their minds doubts of my sanity, if they did not believe I was lying.

Then I dipped into Baptist doctrines, but found so many sects therein, of different "shells," warring over the merits of cold-water initiation and the methods and time of using it, that I became disgusted with such trivialities; and the question of close communion or not, only impressed me that some were very stingy and exclusive with their bit of bread and wine, and others a little less so.

Methodism struck me as a thunder-and-lightning religion—all profession and noise. You struck it, or it struck you, like a spasm—and so you "experienced" religion.

The Congregationalists deterred me with their stanchness and self-conscious true-goodness, and their desire only for high-toned affiliates. Unitarianism seemed all doubt, doubting even itself.

A number of other Protestant sects based on some novelty or eccentricity—like Quakerism—I found not worth a serious study by the non-Christian. But on one point this mass of Protestant dissension cordially agreed, and that was in a united hatred of Catholicism, the older form of Christianity. And Catholicism returned with interest this animosity. It haughtily declared itself the only true church, outside of which there was no salvation—for Protestants especially; that its chief prelate was the personal representative of God on earth, and that he was infallible. Here was religious unity, power, and authority with a vengeance. But, in chorus, my solicitous Protestant friends beseeched me not to touch Catholicism, declaring it was worse than my heathenism—in which I agreed; but the same line of argument also convinced me that Protestantism stood in the category.

In fact, the more I studied Christianity in its various phases, and

listened to the animadversions of one sect upon another, the more it all seemed to me "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

The creation fable did not disturb me, nor the Eden incident; but some vague doubts did arise with the deluge and Noah's Ark; it seemed a reflection on a just and merciful Divinity. And I was not at all satisfied of the honesty and goodness of Jacob, or his family, or their descendants, or that there was any particular reason for their being the "chosen" of God, to the detriment of the rest of mankind; for they so appreciated God's special patronage that on every occasion they ran after other gods, and had a special idolatry for the "Golden Calf," to which some Christians allege that they are still devoted. That God, failing to make something out of this stiff-necked race, concluded to send his Son, to redeem a few of them, and a few of the long-neglected Gentiles, is not strikingly impressive to the heathen.

It may be flattering to the Christian to know it required the crucifixion of God to save him, and that nothing less would do; but it opens up a series of inferences that makes the idea more and more incomprehensible, and more and more inconsistent with a will, purpose, wisdom, and justice thoroughly divine.

But when I got to the new dispensation, with its sin-forgiving business, I figuratively "went to pieces" on Christianity. The idea that, however wicked the sinner, he had the same chance of salvation "through the blood of the Lamb," as the most God-fearing—in fact, that the eleventh-hour man was entitled to the same heavenly compensation as the one who had labored in the Lord's vineyard from the first hour—all this was absolutely preposterous. It was not justice, and God is justice.

Applying this dogma, I began to think of my own prospects on the other side of Jordan. Suppose Dennis Kearney, the California sand-lotter, should slip in and meet me there, would he not be likely to forget his heavenly songs, and howl once more: "The Chinese must go!" and organize a heavenly crusade to have me and others immediately cast out into the other place?

In the first place, my faith does not teach me predestination, nor that my life is what the gods hath long foreordained, but is what I make it myself; and, naturally, much of this depends on the way I live.

Of course, we decline to admit all the advantages of your boasted civilization; or that the white race is the only civilized one. Its civilization is borrowed, adapted, and shaped from our older form.

China has a national history of at least four thousand years, and had a printed history thirty-five hundred years before a European discovered the art of type-setting. It the course of our national existence our race has passed, like others, through mythology, superstition, witchcraft, established religion, to philosophical religion. We have been "blest" with at least half-a-dozen religions more than any other nation. None of them was rational enough to become the abiding faith of an intelligent people; but, when we began to reason, we succeeded in making society better, and its government more protective, and our great reasoner, Confucius, reduced our various social and religious ideas into book form, and so perpetuated them.

China, with its teeming population of four hundred millions, is demonstration enough of the satisfactory results of this religious evolution. Where else can it be paralleled?

Call us heathen, if you will, the Chinese are still superior in social administration and social order. Among four hundred millions of Chinese there are fewer murders and robberies in a year than there are in New York State.

True, China supports a luxurious monarch—whose every whim must be gratified; yet, withal, its people are the most lightly taxed in the world, having nothing to pay but from tilled soil, rice, and salt; and yet she has not a single dollar of national debt.

Though we may differ from the Christian in appearance, manners, and general ideas of civilization, we do not organize into cowardly mobs under the guise of social or political reform, to plunder and murder with impunity; and we are so far advanced in our heathenism as to no longer tolerate popular feeling or religious prejudice.

A heathen is not allowed to marry unless he is a good citizen, moral, and capable to instruct the children he may be honored with. "Parents are responsible for the crimes of their children." This is an axiom of the common law in Chinese heathendom.

We bring up our children to be our second selves in every sense of the word. The Christian's children, like himself, are all on the lookout for No. 1, and it is a common result that the old people are badly "let" in their old age.

As the heathen does not encourage labor-saving machinery, I do not have to be idle if I don't want to, and, as a result, work is more equally distributed.

Christians are continually fussing about religion; they build great churches and make long prayers; and yet there is more wickedness in the neighborhood of a single church district of one thousand people in New York than among one million heathen, churchless and unsermonized.

When the English wanted the Chinamen's gold and trade, they said they wanted "to open China for their missionaries." And opium was the chief, in fact, only missionary they looked after, when they forced the ports open. And this infamous Christian introduction among Chinamen has done more injury, social and moral, in China than all the humanitarian agencies of Christianity could remedy in two hundred years. And on you, Christians, and on your greed of gold, we lay the burden of the crime resulting; of tens of millions of honest, useful men and women sent thereby to premature death after a short, miserable life, besides the physical and moral prostration it entails even where it does not prematurely kill! And this great national curse was thrust on us at the points of Christian bayonets. And you wonder why we are heathen!

Here in New York, the richest and poorest city in the world, misery pines while wealth arrogantly stalks. The poor have the votes, and yet elect those who betray them for lucre to corporate and capitalistic interests; and the administration of justice—in fact, the whole system of jurisprudence—is to stimulate crime rather than prevent it. As to preventing poverty, or rendering it less intolerable, that is the most remote thought of religious and political local administration.

We heathen are a God-fearing race. Aye, we believe the whole universe-creation—whatever exists and has existed—is of God and in God; that, figuratively, the thunder is His voice and the lightning His mighty hands; that everything we do and contemplate doing is seen and known by Him; that He has created this and other worlds to effectuate beneficent, not merciless designs, and that all that He has done is for the steady, progressive benefit of the creatures whom He endowed with life and sensibility, and to whom, as a consequence, He owes and gives paternal care, and will give paternal compensation and justice; yet His voice will threaten and His mighty hand chastise those who deliberately disobey His sacred laws and their duty to their fellow-man.

"Do unto others as you wish they would do unto you," or "Love your neighbor as yourself," is the great divine law which Christians and heathen alike hold, but which the Christians ignore.

We had written a short editorial concerning Messrs. Bandmann & Neilson's explosion. Coming to look over the proof, for the purpose of correction, in fear that in our indignation we had used too strong language, we found the word "murder" used in describing the killings of this firm, and we canceled the article as perhaps too severe. We recall the first advertised announcement of this firm in our city, and the deadly explosive for the sale of which these gentlemen are agents, by the wrecking of Wells, Fargo & Company's Express building and the Union Club, and the death of valued citizens. The explosion of Thursday is accredited with the loss of one life. It looks to us as though a score of persons had been killed, and that the refusal to admit reporters to inspect the ruins was made that mangled bodies might not be exposed. It seems to us an inexcusable crime to plant this murderous industry in vineyard to Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco, near colleges, asylums, and homes; it depreciates the value of property within five miles of it, and within that distance makes residence undesirable. We are informed that the firm load vessels at our wharves, and transport their dangerous merchandise in wagons through our streets. In our opinion, the gentlemen who manage the business, and are responsible for it, ought to be prosecuted by criminal indictment for criminal conduct. If not, a law should be passed imprisoning Messrs. Bandmann, Neilson & Co. within the walls of their most perilous industry, so that only one more casualty would occur for which they are to be held responsible.

A FATAL BRIDAL NIGHT.

I was descending the last slope of the Canigou, and though the sun was already set, I could distinguish on the plain the houses of the small town of Ille, towards which I directed my steps.

"Of course," I said to the Catalan who since the day before served as my guide, "you know where M. de Peyrehorade lives?"

"Just don't I," cried he; "I know his house like my own, and it were not so dark I would show it to you. It is the finest in Ille. He is rich, M. de Peyrehorade is, and he marries his son to one richer even than he."

"Does the marriage come off soon?" I asked him.

"Soon? It may be that the violins are already ordered for the wedding. To-night perhaps, to-morrow or the next day, how do I know? It will take place at Puygarrig, for it is Mademoiselle de Puygarrig that the son is to marry. It will be a sight, I can tell you."

I was recommended to M. de Peyrehorade by my friend, M. de P. He was, I had been told, an antiquarian of much learning and a man of charming affability. He would take delight in showing me the ruins for ten leagues around. Therefore I counted on him to visit the outskirts of Ille, which I knew to be rich in memorials of the Middle Ages. This marriage, of which I now heard for the first time, upset all my plans.

"I shall be a troublesome guest," I told myself. "But I am expected; my arrival has been announced by M. de P. I must present myself."

When we reached the plain the guide said, "Wager a cigar, sir, that I can guess what you are going to do at M. de Peyrehorade's."

Offering him one, I answered, "It is not very hard to guess. At this hour, when one has made six leagues in the Canigou, supper is the great thing after all."

"Yes, but to-morrow? Here I wager that you have come to Ille to see the idol. I guessed that when I saw you draw the portraits of the saints at Serrabona."

"The idol! what idol?" This word had aroused my curiosity.

"What! were you not told at Perpignan how M. de Peyrehorade had found an idol in the earth?"

"You mean to say an earthen statue?"

"Not at all. A statue in copper, and there is enough of it to make a lot of big pennies. She weighs as much as a church-bell. Two weeks ago M. de Peyrehorade told Jean Coll and me to uproot an old olive-tree, which was frozen last year when the weather, as you know, was very severe. So, in working, Jean Coll, who went at it with all his might, gave a blow with his pickaxe, and I heard *bimm*—as if he had struck a bell, and I said, 'What is that?' We dug on and on, and there was a black hand, which looked like the hand of a corpse, sticking out of the earth. I was scared to death. I ran to M. de Peyrehorade and I said to him: 'There are dead people, master, under the olive-tree! The priest must be called.'

"What dead people," said he to me. He came, and he had no sooner seen the hand than he cried out 'An antique! an antique!' You would have thought he had found a treasure. And there he was with the pickaxe in his own hands, struggling and doing almost as much work as we two."

"And at last what did you find?"

"A huge black woman more than half naked, with due respect to you, sir. She was all in copper, and M. de Peyrehorade told us it was an idol of pagan times—the time of Charlemagne."

"I see what it is—some virgin or other in bronze from a destroyed convent."

"A virgin! Had it been one I should have recognized it. It is an idol, I tell you; you can see it in her look. She fixes you with her great white eyes—one might say she stares at you. One lowers one's eyes, yes indeed one does, on looking at her."

"White eyes? Doubtless they are set in the bronze. Perhaps it is some Roman statue."

"Roman! That's it. M. de Peyrehorade says it is Roman. Oh, I see you are a savant like himself."

"Is she complete, well preserved?"

"Yes, sir, she lacks nothing. It is a handsome statue and better finished than the bust of Louis Philippe in colored plaster which is in the town-hall. But, with all that, the face of the idol does not please me. She has a wicked expression—and, what is more, she is wicked. You see, we had gotten down on all fours to stand her upright, and M. de Peyrehorade was also pulling on the rope, though he has not much more strength than a chicken. With much trouble we got her up straight. I reached for a broken tile to support her, when if she doesn't tumble over backwards all in a heap. I said, 'take care,' but not quick enough, for Jean did not have time to draw away his leg!"

"And it was hurt?"

"Broken as clean as a vine-prop. When I saw that, I was furious, I wanted to take my pickaxe and smash the statue to pieces, but M. de Peyrehorade stopped me. He gave Jean Coll some money, but all the same, he is in bed still, though it is two weeks since it happened, and the physician says that he will never walk as well with that leg as with the other. It is a pity, for he was our best runner, and, after M. de Peyrehorade's son, the cleverest racquet player. M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade was sorry, I can tell you, for Coll always played on his side. It was beautiful to see how they returned each other the balls. They never touched the ground."

Chatting in this way we entered Ille, and I soon found myself in the presence of M. de Peyrehorade. He was a little old man, still hale and active, with powdered hair, a red nose, and a jovial, bantering manner. Before opening M. de P.'s letter he had seated me at a well-spread table, and had presented me to his wife and son as a celebrated archaeologist who was to draw Roussillon from the neglect in which the indifference of savants had left it.

While eating heartily, for nothing makes one hungrier than the keen air of the mountains, I scrutinized my hosts. I have said a word about M. de Peyrehorade; I must add that he was activity personified. He was never two minutes in repose. His wife was a trifle stout, as are most Catalans when they are over forty years of age. She appeared to me a thorough provincial, solely occupied with her housekeeping.

Though the supper was sufficient for at least six persons, she hurried to the kitchen and had pigeons killed and a number broiled, and she opened I do not know how many jars of preserves. In no time the table was laden with dishes and bottles, and if I had but tasted of everything offered me I should certainly have died of indigestion. Nevertheless, at each dish I refused they made fresh excuses.

In the midst of his parent's comings and goings, M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade was immovable as rent-day. He was a tall young man of twenty-six, with a regular and handsome countenance, but lacking in expression. His height and his athletic figure well justified the reputation of an indefatigable racquet player given him in the neighborhood. He was dressed in an elegant manner; but he seemed to me ill at ease in his clothes; he was as stiff as a post in his velvet collar, and could only turn all of a piece. In striking contrast to his costume were his large sunburnt hands and blunt nails. They were a laborer's hands issuing from the sleeves of an exquisite. Moreover, though he examined me in my quality of Parisian most curiously from head to foot, he only spoke to me once during the whole evening, and that was to ask me where I had bought my watch-chain.

As the supper was drawing to an end M. de Peyrehorade said to me: "Ah! my dear guest, you must learn to know our Roussillon, and to do it justice. You can not imagine all that we have to show you, Phœnician, Celtic, Roman, Arabian, and Byzantine monuments. I shall drag you everywhere, and will not spare you a single stone."

A fit of coughing obliged him to pause. I took advantage of it to tell him that I should be sorry to disturb him on an occasion of so much interest to his family. If he would but give me his excellent advice about the excursions to be made, I could go, without his taking the trouble to accompany me.

"Ah! you mean the marriage of that boy there," he exclaimed, interrupting me; "stuff and nonsense, it will be over the day after to-morrow. You will go to the wedding with us, which is to be informal, as the bride is in mourning for an aunt whose heiress she is. Once they are married, I shall be free, and we shall bestir ourselves. I beg your pardon for boring you with a provincial wedding. For a Parisian tired of entertainments—and a wedding without a ball at that! Still you will see a bride—a bride—well, you shall tell me what you think of her. But you are a thinker and no longer notice women. I have better than that to show you. You shall see something; in fact, I have a fine surprise in store for you to-morrow."

"Ah, my friend," said I, "it is difficult to have a treasure in the house without the public being aware of it. I think I know the surprise in reserve for me. But, if it is your statue which is in question, the description my guide gave me of it has only served to excite my curiosity and prepared me to admire."

"Oho, so he spoke to you about the idol, as he calls my beautiful Venus Tur; but I shall tell you nothing. To-morrow you shall see her by daylight, and tell me if I am right in thinking the statue a masterpiece. You could not have arrived more opportunely. There are inscriptions on it which I, poor ignoramus that I am, explain after my own fashion; but you, a Parisian savant, will probably laugh at my interpretation; for I have actually written a paper about it—I, an old provincial antiquary, have launched myself in literature. If you would kindly correct it I might have some hope. I am very anxious to know how you translate this inscription from the base of the statue: *Cave*. But I do not wish to ask you yet! Wait until to-morrow. Not a word more about the Venus to-day!"

"You are right, Peyrehorade," said his wife; "drop your idol. Can you not see that you prevent our guest from eating? You may be sure that he has seen in Paris much finer statues than yours. In the Tuileries there are dozens, and they also are in bronze."

"There you have the gross ignorance of the provinces!" interrupted M. de Peyrehorade. "The idea of comparing an admirable antique to the insipid figures of Coustou! Do you know that my wife wanted me to melt my statue into a bell for our church? She would have been the godmother. Just think of it, to melt a masterpiece by Myron, sir!"

"Masterpiece! Masterpiece! A charming masterpiece she is—to break a man's leg."

"Madame, do you see that?" said M. de Peyrehorade in a resolute tone, extending toward her his right leg in its changeable silk stocking; "if my Venus had broken that leg for me I should not regret it."

"Good gracious, Peyrehorade, how can you say such a thing! Fortunately, the man is better. And yet I can not bring myself to look at a statue which has caused so great a disaster. Poor Jean Coll!"

"Wounded by Venus, sir," said M. de Peyrehorade, with a loud laugh; "wounded by Venus, and the churl complains! Who has not been wounded by Venus?"

The supper came to an end. I had ceased eating an hour before. I was weary, and I could not manage to hide the frequent yawns which escaped me. Madame de Peyrehorade was the first to notice them, and remarked that it was time to go to bed. Then followed fresh apologies for the poor accommodations I would have. I would not be as well off as in Paris. It was so uncomfortable in the provinces! Indulgence was needed for the Roussillonais. Notwithstanding my protests that after a tramp in the mountains a bundle of straw would seem to me a delicious couch, they continued begging me to pardon poor country people if they did not treat me as well as they could have wished.

Accompanied by M. de Peyrehorade, I ascended at last to the room arranged for me. The staircase, the upper half of which was in wood, ended in the centre of a hall, out of which opened several rooms.

"To the right," said my host, "is the apartment which I purpose to give the future Madame Alphonse. Your room is at the opposite end of the corridor. You understand," he added, in a manner which he meant to be sly—"you understand that newly married people must be alone. You are at one end of the house, they at the other."

We entered a well-furnished room where the first object on which my gaze rested was a bed seven feet long, six wide, and so high that one needed a chair to climb up into it.

Having shown me where the bell was, my host asking me a number of times if anything was lacking, wished me good-night, and left me alone.

The windows were closed. Before undressing, I opened one to breathe the fresh night air so delightful after a long supper. Facing me was the Canigou. Always magnificent, it appeared to me on that particular evening, lighted it was by a resplendent moon, as the most beautiful mountain in the world. I remained a few minutes contemplating its marvelous silhouette, and was about to close the window, lowering my eyes, I perceived a dozen yards from the house the statue on its pedestal. It was placed at the corner of a hedge that separated a small garden from a perfectly level quadrangle, which I learned later was the racquet-court of the town. This ground was the property M. de Peyrehorade, and had been given by him to the parish at the solicitation of his son.

Owing to the distance, it was difficult for me to distinguish the attitude of the statue; I could only judge of its height which seemed to be about six feet. At that moment the scamps of the town were crossing the racquet-court quite near the hedge. They paused to look at the statue and one of them even apostrophized it aloud. He spoke Catalan, but I had been long enough in Roussillon to understand pretty well what he said.

"There you are, you wench!" (The Catalan word was much more forcible.) "There you are!" he said. "was you then who broke Jean Coll's leg! If you belong to me I'd break your neck."

"Bah! what with?" said the other youth. "It is of the copper of pagan times, and harder than I don't know what."

"If I had my chisel!" (it seems he was a locksmith's apprentice), "I would soon force out its big white eyes, as would pop an almond from its shell. There are more than a hundred pennies worth of silver in them."

They went on a few steps.

"I must wish the idol good-night," said the taller of the two, stopping suddenly.

He stooped and probably picked up a stone. I saw him unbend his arm and throw something. A blow resounded on the bronze, and immediately the apprentice raised his hand to his head with a cry of pain.

"She threw it back at me!" he exclaimed. And the two rascals ran off as fast as they could. It was evident that the stone had rebounded from the metal and had punished the boy for the outrage he had done the goddess. Laughing heartily, I shut the window.

Another Vandal punished by Venus! May all the decorators of our old monuments thus get their due!

With this charitable wish I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. On one side of my bed stood M. de Peyrehorade in a dressing-gown; a servant sent by his wife was on the other side, with a cup of chocolate in his hand.

"Come, come, you Parisian, get up! This is quite laziness of the capital!" said my host, while I dressed hastily. "It is eight o'clock, and you are still in bed! I have been up since six. This is the third time I have been to your door. I approached on tiptoe; no sound, not a sign of life. It is bad for you to sleep too much at your age. A my Venus, which you have not yet seen! Come, hurry, and take this cup of Barcelona chocolate. It is real contraband chocolate, such as can not be found in Paris. Prepare yourself, for when you are once before my Venus one will be able to tear you away from her."

I was ready in five minutes, that is to say, I was shaved, half dressed, and burnt by the boiling chocolate had swallowed. I descended to the garden and saw a marvelous statue before me. It was truly a Venus, and marvelous beauty. The upper part of the body was nude as great divinities were usually represented by the ancients. The right hand was raised as high as the breast, the palm turned inward, the thumb and two first fingers extended, the others slightly bent. The other hand, drawn close to the hip, held the drapery which covered the lower half of the body. The attitude of this statue reminded me of that of the *morra* player which is called, I hardly know why, by the name of Germanicus. Perhaps it had been intended to present the goddess as playing at *morra*. However it may be, it is impossible to find anything more perfect than the form of this Venus, anything softer and more voluptuous than her outlines, or more graceful and dignified than her drapery. I had expected a work of the decadence; saw a masterpiece of statuary's best days.

What struck me most was the exquisite reality of the figure; one might have thought it moulded from life, that if nature ever produced such perfect models. The head drawn back from the brow, seemed once to have been gilded. The head was small, like nearly all those of Greek statues, and bent slightly forward. As to the face, I should never succeed in describing its strange character; it was a type belonging to no other Greek statue which I can remember. It had not the calm, severe beauty of the Greek sculptors, who systematically gave a majestic immobility all the features. On the contrary, I noticed here, with surprise, a marked intention on the artist's part to reproduce malice verging on viciousness. All the features were slightly contracted. The eyes were rather oblique, the mouth raised at the corners, the nostrils a trifle dilated. Disdain, irony and cruelty were to be read in the nevertheless beautiful face.

Truly, the more one gazed at the statue the more one experienced a feeling of pain that such wonderful beauty could be allied to such an absence of all sensibility.

"If the model ever existed," I said to M. de Peyrehorade, "and I doubt if heaven ever produced such a woman, how I pity her lovers! She must have taken pleasure in making them die of despair. There is something ferocious in the expression, and yet I have never seen anything more beautiful."

"*C'est Venus tout entière et sa proie attachée!*" cried M. de Peyrehorade, with delighted enthusiasm.

But the expression of demoniac irony was perhaps increased by the contrast of the bright silver eyes with the dusky green hue which time had given to the statue. The shining eyes produced a sort of illusion which simulated reality and life. I remember what my guide had said, that those who looked at her were forced to lower their eyes. It was almost true, and I could not prevent a movement of anger at myself when I felt ill at ease before this bronzed figure.

"Now that you have seen everything in detail, my de-

colleague in antiquities, let us, if you please, open a scientific conference. What do you say to this inscription which you have not yet noticed?" He pointed to the base of the statue, and I read these words:

CAVE AMANTEM.

"Quid dicis, doctissime?" he asked, rubbing his hands. "Let us see if we agree as to the meaning of *cave amantem*!"

"But," I replied, "it has two meanings. You can translate it: 'Guard against him who loves thee,' that is, 'distrust lovers.' But in this sense I do not know if *cave amantem* would be good Latin. After seeing the diabolical expression of the lady I should sooner believe that the artist meant to warn the spectator against this terrible beauty. I should then translate it: 'Take care of thyself if she loves thee.'"

"Humph!" said M. de Peyrehorade; "yes, it is an admissible meaning; but, if you do not mind, I prefer the first translation, which I would, however, develop. You know Venus's lover?"

"There are several."

"Yes; but the first is Vulcan. Why should it not mean: 'Notwithstanding all thy beauty, thine air of disdain, thou wilt have a blacksmith, a wretched cripple for a lover'?" A profound lesson, sir, for coquettes!"

The explanation seemed so far-fetched that I could not help smiling.

To avoid formally contradicting my antiquarian friend, I observed, "Latin is a terrible language in its conciseness," and I drew back several steps to better contemplate the statue.

"Wait a moment, colleague!" said M. de Peyrehorade, catching hold of my arm; "you have not seen all. There is another inscription. Climb up on the pedestal and look at the right arm." So saying, he helped me up, and without much ceremony I clung to the neck of the Venus with whom I was becoming more familiar. For a second I even looked her straight in the eyes, and on close inspection she appeared more wicked and, if possible, more beautiful than before. Then I noticed that on the arm were engraved, as it seemed to me, characters in ancient script. With the aid of my spectacles I spelt out what follows, and M. de Peyrehorade, approving with voice and gesture, repeated each word as I uttered it. Thus I read:

VENERI TURBVL . . .
EUTYCHES MYRO.
IMPERIO FECIT.

After the word "Turbvl" in the first line it looked to me as if there were several letters effaced; but "Turbvl" was perfectly legible.

"Which means to say?" my host asked radiantly, with a mischievous smile, for he thought the "Turbvl" would puzzle me.

"There is one word which I do not yet understand," I answered; "all the rest is simple. Eutyches Myron has made this offering to Venus by her command."

"Quite right. But 'Turbvl,' what do you make of it? What does it mean?"

"'Turbvl' perplexes me very much. I am trying to think of one of Venus's familiar characteristics which may enlighten me. But what do you say to 'Turbulenta'! The Venus who troubles, agitates. You see I am still preoccupied by her wicked expression. 'Turbulenta' is not too bad a quality for Venus," I added modestly, for I was not too well satisfied with my explanation.

"A turbulent Venus! A noisy Venus! Ah! then you think my Venus is a public-house Venus? Nothing of the kind, sir; she is a Venus of good society. I will explain 'Turbvl' to you—that is, if you promise me not to divulge my discovery before my article appears in print. Because, you see, I pride myself on such a find, and, after all, you Paris savants are rich enough to leave a few ears for us poor devils of provincials to glean!"

From the top of the pedestal where I was still perched, I promised him solemnly that I would never be so base as to filch from him his discovery.

"'Turbvl'—sir," said he, coming nearer and lowering his voice for fear some one besides myself might hear him, "read 'Turbulnara.'"

"I understand no better."

"Listen to me attentively. Three miles from here at the foot of the mountain is a village called Boulternère. The name is a corruption of the Latin word 'Turbulnara.' Nothing is more common than these transpositions. Boulternère was a Roman town. I always suspected it, but I could get no proof till now, and here it is. This Venus was the local goddess of the city of Boulternère; and the word Boulternère, which I have shown is of ancient origin, proves something very curious, namely, that Boulternère was a Phœnician town before it was Roman!"

He paused a moment to take breath and enjoy my surprise. I succeeding in overcoming a strong inclination to laugh.

"'Turbulnara' is, in fact, pure Phœnician," he continued. "'Tur,' pronounce 'tour'—'Tour' and 'Sour' are the same words, are they not? 'Sour' is the Phœnician name of Ty; I do not need to recall the meaning to you. 'Bul' is Baal; Bâl, Bel, Bul are slight differences of pronunciation. As to 'Nera,' that troubles me a little. I am tempted to believe, for want of a Phœnician word, that it comes from the Greek *neros*, moist, marshy. In that case, it is a mongrel word. To justify *neros* I will show you at Boulternère how the mountain streams form stagnant pools. Then, again, the ending 'Nera' may have been added much later in honor of Nera Pivesuvia, wife of Tetricus, who may have benefited the city of Turbul. But on account of the marshes, I prefer the etymology of *neros*."

He took a pinch of snuff in a complacent way, and continued:

"But let us leave the Phœnicians, and return to the inscription. I translate it, then: To Venus of Boulternère Myron dedicates by her order this statue, his work."

I took good care not to criticise his etymology, but I wished in my turn to give a proof of penetration, so I said—

"Stop a moment, M. de Peyrehorade. Myron has dedicated something, but I by no means see that it is this statue."

"What!" he cried, "was not Myron a famous Greek sculptor? The talent was perpetuated in his family, and it

must have been one of his descendants who executed this statue. Nothing can be more certain."

"But," I replied, "on this arm I see a small hole. I think it served to fasten something, a bracelet for example, which this Myron, being an unhappy lover, gave to Venus as an expiatory offering. Venus was irritated against him; he appeared her by consecrating to her a gold bracelet. Notice that *fecit* is often used for *consecravit*. The terms are synonymous. I could show you more than one example if I had at hand Gruter or Orellius. It is natural that a lover should see Venus in a dream and imagine that she commands him to give a gold bracelet to her statue. Myron consecrated the bracelet to her. Then the barbarians or some other sacrilegious thieves—"

"Ah! it is easy to see you have written romances!" cried my host, helping me down from the pedestal. "No, sir; it is a work of Myron's school. You have only to look at the workmanship to be convinced of that."

Having made it a rule never to contradict self-opinionated antiquarians, I howed with an air of conviction, saying:

"It is an admirable piece of work."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed M. de Peyrehorade, "another act of vandalism! Some one must have thrown a stone at my statue!"

He had just perceived a white mark a little above the bosom of the Venus. I noticed a similar mark on the fingers of the right hand. I supposed it had been touched by the stone as it passed, or that a bit of the stone had been broken off as it struck the statue, and had rebounded on the hand. I told my host of the insult I had witnessed, and the prompt punishment which had followed it.

He laughed heartily, and, comparing the apprentice to Diomedes, wished he might, like the Greek hero, see all his comrades turned into white birds.

The breakfast-bell interrupted this classical conversation, and, as on the preceding evening, I was obliged to eat enough for four. Then came M. de Peyrehorade's farmers, and, while he was giving them an audience, his son led me to inspect an open carriage, which he had bought at Toulouse for his betrothed, and which, it is needless to say, I duly admired. After that I went into the stable with him, where he kept me half an hour, boasting about his horses, giving me their genealogy, and telling me of the prizes they had won at the county races. At last he began to talk to me about his betrothed in connection with a gray mare which he intended for her.

"We shall see her to-day," he said. "I do not know if you will find her pretty. In Paris people are hard to please. But every one here and in Perpignan thinks her lovely. The best of it is that she is very rich. Her aunt from Prades left her a fortune. Oh, I shall be very happy."

I was profoundly shocked to see a young man appear more affected by the dower than by the beauty of his bride. "You are a judge of jewels," continued M. Alphonse; "what do you think of this? Here is the ring I shall give her to-morrow."

He drew from his little finger a heavy ring, enriched with diamonds and fashioned into two clasped hands, an allusion which seemed to me infinitely poetic. The workmanship was antique, but I fancied it had been retouched to insert the diamonds. Inside the ring these words in Gothic characters could be discerned: *Semp'r ab it*, which means, thine forever.

"It is a pretty ring," I said, "but the diamonds which have been added have made it lose a little of its style."

"Oh! it is much handsomer now," he answered, smiling.

"There are twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds in it. My mother gave it to me. It is a very old family ring—it dates from the days of chivalry. It was my grandmother's, who had it from her grandmother. Heaven knows when it was made."

"The custom in Paris," I said, "is to give a perfectly plain ring, usually composed of two different metals, such as gold and platinum. The other ring which you have on would be very suitable. This one, with its diamonds and its clasped hands, is so thick that it would be impossible to wear a glove over it."

"Madame Alphonse must arrange that as she pleases. I think she will be very glad to have it, all the same. Twelve hundred francs on the finger is pleasant. That other little ring," he added, looking in a contented way at the plain ring he wore, "that one a woman in Paris gave me on Shrove Tuesday. How I did enjoy myself when I was in Paris two years ago! That is the place to have a good time!" and he sighed regretfully.

We were to dine that day at Puygarrig, with the relations of the bride; so we got in the carriage, and drove to the château, which was four or five miles from Ille. I was presented and received as the friend of the family. I will not speak of the dinner, or the conversation which followed. I took but little part in it. M. Alphonse seated beside his betrothed, and whispered a word or two in her ear now and then. As for her, she hardly raised her eyes; and every time her lover spoke to her she blushed modestly, but answered without embarrassment.

Mlle. de Puygarrig was eighteen years of age. Her slender, graceful figure formed a striking contrast to the stalwart frame of her future husband. She was not only beautiful, she was alluring. I admired the perfect naturalness of all her replies. Her kind look, which yet was not free from a touch of malice, reminded me, in spite of myself, of my host's Venus. While making this inward comparison, I asked myself if the incontestably superior beauty of the statue did not in great measure come from its tigress-like expression; for strength, even in evil passions, always arouses in us astonishment and a sort of involuntary admiration.

"What a pity," I thought, on leaving Puygarrig, "that such an attractive girl should be rich, and that her dowry makes her sought by a man quite unworthy of her."

While returning to Ille, I spoke to Mme. de Peyrehorade, to whom I thought it only proper to address myself now and then, though I did not very well know what to say to her. "You must be strong-minded people in Roussillon," I said.

"How is it, madam, that you have a wedding on a Friday? We would be more superstitious in Paris; no one would dare be married on that day."

"Do not speak of it," she replied; "if it had depended on me, certainly another day would have been chosen. But

Peyrehorade wished it, and I had to give in. All the same, it troubles me very much. Supposing an accident should happen? There must be some reason in it, or else why is every one afraid of Friday?"

"Friday!" cried her husband, "is Venus's day! Just the day for a wedding! You see, my dear colleague, I think only of my Venus. I chose Friday on her account. To-morrow, if you like, before the wedding, we will make a little sacrifice to her—a sacrifice of two doves—and if I only knew where to get some incense—"

"For shame, Peyrehorade!" interrupted his wife, scandalized to the last degree. "Incense to an idol! It would be an abomination! What would they say of us in the neighborhood?"

"At least," answered M. de Peyrehorade, "you will allow me to place a wreath of roses and lilies on her head: *Manibus date lilia plenis*. You see, sir, freedom is an empty word. We have not liberty of worship?"

The next day's arrangements were ordered in the following manner: Every one was to be dressed and ready at ten o'clock punctually. After the chocolate had been served, we were to be driven to Puygarrig. The civil marriage was to take place in the town-hall of the village, and the religious ceremony in the chapel of the château. Afterward there would be a breakfast. After the breakfast, people would pass the time as they liked until seven o'clock. At that hour every one would return to M. de Peyrehorade's, at Ille, where the two families were to assemble and have supper. It was natural that, being unable to dance, they should wish to eat as much as possible.

By eight o'clock I was seated in front of the Venus, pencil in hand, recommending the head of the statue for the twentieth time without being able to catch the expression. M. de Peyrehorade came and went about me, giving me advice, repeating his Phœnician etymology, and laying Bengal roses on the pedestal of the statue while he addressed vows to it in a tragi-comic tone for the young couple who were to live under his roof. Towards nine o'clock he went in to put on his best, and at the same moment M. Alphonse appeared looking very stiff in a new coat, white gloves, chased sleeve-buttons, and varnished shoes. A rose decorated his hutton-hole.

"Will you make my wife's portrait?" he asked, leaning over my drawing. "She also is pretty."

On the racquet-court of which I have spoken there now began a game which immediately attracted M. Alphonse's attention. And I, tired and despairing of ever being able to copy the diabolical face, soon left my drawing to look at the players. There were among them some Spanish muleteers, who had arrived the night before. They were from Aragon and Navarre, and were nearly all marvelously skillful at the game. Therefore the Illois, though encouraged by the presence and advice of M. Alphonse, were promptly beaten by the foreign champions. The native spectators were disheartened. M. Alphonse looked at his watch. It was only half-past nine o'clock. His mother's hair he knew was not dressed. He hesitated no longer, but taking off his coat asked for a jacket, and defied the Spaniards. I looked on smiling and a little surprised "The honor of the country must be sustained," he said.

Then I thought him really handsome. He seemed full of life, and his costume, which but now occupied him so entirely, no longer concerned him. A few minutes before he would have dreaded to turn his head for fear of disarranging his cravat. Now he did not give a thought to his curled hair or his fine shirt-front. And his betrothed? If it had been necessary I think he would have postponed the wedding. I saw him hurriedly put on a pair of sandals, roll up his sleeves, and, with an assured air, take his stand at the head of the vanquished party like Cæsar rallying his soldiers at Dyrrachium. I leaped the hedge, and placed myself comfortably in the shade of a tree so as to command a good view of both sides.

Contrary to general expectation, M. Alphonse missed the first ball. It came skimming along the ground, it is true, and was thrown with astonishing force by an Aragonese, who appeared to be the leader of the Spaniards.

He was a man of about forty, nervous and agile, and at least six feet tall. His olive skin was almost as dark as the bronze of the Venus.

M. Alphonse threw his racquet angrily on the ground. "It is this cursed ring," he cried, "which squeezes my finger, and makes me miss a sure ball."

He drew off his diamond ring with some difficulty; I approached to take it, but he forestalled me by running to the Venus and shoving it on her fourth finger. He then resumed his post at the head of the Illois.

He was pale, but calm and resolute. From that moment he did not miss a single ball, and the Spaniards were completely beaten. The enthusiasm of the spectators was a fine sight; some threw their caps in the air and shouted for joy, while others wrung M. Alphonse's hands, calling him the honor of the country. If he had repulsed an invasion I doubt if he would have received warmer or sincerer congratulations. The vexation of the vanquished added to the splendor of the victory.

"We will play other games, my good fellow," he said to the Aragonese, in a tone of superiority, "but I will give you points."

I should have wished M. Alphonse to be more modest, and I was almost pained by his rival's humiliation.

The Spanish giant felt the insult deeply. I saw him pale beneath his tan. He looked sullenly at his racquet and clinched his teeth; then, in a smothered voice, he muttered:

"Me lo pagarás."

M. de Peyrehorade's voice interrupted his son's triumph. Astonished at not finding him presiding over the preparation of the new carriage, my host was even more surprised on seeing him racquet in hand and bathed in perspiration. M. Alphonse hurried to the house, washed his hands and face, put on again his new coat and patent-leather shoes, and in five minutes we were galloping on the road to Puygarrig. All the racquet players of the town and a crowd of spectators followed us with shouts of joy. The strong horses which drew us could hardly keep ahead of the intrepid Cavaliers.

We were at Puygarrig, and the procession was about to set out for the town hall, when M. Alphonse, striking his forehead, whispered to me:

"What a mess! I have forgotten the ring! It is on the finger of the Venus; may the devil carry her off! Do not tell my mother at any rate. Perhaps she will not notice it."

"You can send some one for it," I replied.

"My servant remained at Ille. I do not trust these here. Twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds might well tempt almost any one. Moreover what would they think of my forgetfulness. They would laugh at me. They would call me the husband of the statue. If only it is not stolen! Fortunately, the rascals are afraid of the idol. They do not dare approach it by an arm's length. After all, it does not matter; I have another ring."

The two ceremonies, civil and religious, were accomplished with suitable pomp, and Mlle. de Puygarrig received the ring of a Parisian milliner without suspecting that her betrothed was making her the sacrifice of a love token. Then we seated ourselves at table, where we ate, drank, and even sang, all at great length. I suffered for the bride at the coarse merriment which exploded around her; still, she faced it better than I would have expected, and her embarrassment was neither awkward nor affected.

Perhaps courage comes with difficult situations.

The breakfast ended when heaven pleased. It was four o'clock. The men went to walk in the park, which was magnificent, or watched the peasants, in their holiday attire, dance on the lawn of the château. In this way we passed several hours. Meanwhile, the women were eagerly attentive to the bride, who showed them her presents. Then she changed her dress, and I noticed that she had covered her beautiful hair with a hefeathered bonnet; for women are never in a greater hurry than to assume, as soon as possible, the attire which custom forbids their wearing while they are still young girls.

It was nearly eight o'clock when preparations were made to start for Ille. But first a pathetic scene took place. Mlle. de Puygarrig's aunt, a very old and pious woman, who stood to her in a mother's place, was not to go with us. Before the departure she gave her niece a touching sermon on her wifely duties, from which sermon resulted a flood of tears and endless embraces.

M. de Peyrehorade compared this separation to the rape of the Sabinas.

At last, however, we got off and on the way, every one exerted himself to amuse the bride and make her laugh; but all in vain.

At Ille supper awaited us, and what a supper! If the coarse jokes of the morning had shocked me, I was now much more so by the equivocations and pleasantries of which the bride and groom were the principal objects. The bridegroom, who had disappeared for a moment before seating himself at the table, was pale, cold and grave.

He drank incessantly some old Collioure wine almost as strong as brandy. I sat next to him, and thought myself obliged to warn him. "Be careful! they say that wine"—I hardly know what stupid nonsense I said to be in harmony with the other guests.

He touched my knee, and whispered:

"When we have left the table, let me have a word with you."

His solemn tone surprised me. I looked more closely at him, and noticed a strange alteration in his features.

"Do you feel ill?" I asked.

"No," he answered, and began to drink again.

Meanwhile, amidst much shouting and clapping of hands, a child of twelve, who had slipped under the table, held up to the company a pretty pink and white ribbon which he had untied from the bride's ankle. It was called her garter, and was at once cut into pieces and distributed among the young men, who, following an old custom still preserved in some patriarchal families, ornamented their button-holes with it. This was the time for the bride to flush up to the whites of her eyes. But her confusion was at its height when M. de Peyrehorade, having called for silence, sang several verses in Catalan, which he said were impromptu. Here is the meaning, if I understood it correctly:

"What is this, my friends? has the wine I have drunk made me see double? There are two Venuses here" . . .

The bridegroom turned his head suddenly with a frightened look, which made every one laugh.

"Yes," continued M. de Peyrehorade, "there are two Venuses under my roof. The one, I found in the ground like a truffle; the other, descended from heaven, has just divided among us her girdle."

He meant her garter.

"My son, choose between the Roman Venus and the Catalan the one you prefer. The rascal takes the Catalan, and his choice is the best. The Roman is black, the Catalan is white. The Roman is cold, the Catalan enflames all who approach her."

This equivocal allusion excited such a shout, such noisy applause, and sonorous laughter, that I thought the ceiling would fall on our heads. Around the table there were but three serious faces, those of the newly married couple and mine. I had a terrible headache; and besides, I do not know why, a wedding always saddens me. This one, moreover, even disgusted me a little.

The final verses having been sung—and very lively they were, I must say—every one adjourned to the drawing-room to enjoy the withdrawal of the bride, who, as it was nearly midnight, was soon to be conducted to her room.

M. Alphonse drew me into the embrasure of a window, and, turning away his eyes, said,—

"You will laugh at me, but I don't know what is the matter with me—I am bewitched!"

"You drank too much Collioure wine, my dear Monsieur Alphonse," I said. "I warned you against it."

"Yes, perhaps. But something much more terrible than that has happened."

His voice was broken. I thought him completely inebriated.

"You know about my ring?" he continued, after a pause.

"Well, has it been stolen?"

"No."

"Then you have it?"

"No—I—I can not get it off the finger of that infernal Venus."

"You did not pull hard enough."

"Yes, indeed I did, but the Venus—she has bent her finger."

He stared at me wildly, and leaned against the window-sash to prevent himself from falling.

"What nonsense!" I said. "You pushed the ring on too far. You can get it off to-morrow with pincers. But be careful not to damage the statue."

"No, I tell you. The Venus's finger is crooked, bent under; she clinches her hand, do you hear me? She is my wife apparently, since I have given her my ring. She will not return it."

I shivered, and, for a moment, I was all goose-flesh. Then a great sigh from him brought me a whiff of wine, and all my emotion disappeared.

The wretch, I thought, is dead drunk.

"You are an antiquarian, sir," added the bridegroom, in a mournful tone; "you understand those statues; there is, perhaps, some hidden spring, some devilry which I do not know about. Will you go and see!"

"Certainly," I replied. "Come with me."

"No, I would prefer to have you go alone."

I left the drawing-room.

The weather had changed during supper, and a heavy rain had begun to fall. I was about to ask for an umbrella, when a sudden thought stopped me. I should be a great fool, I reflected, to go and verify what had been told me by a drunken man. Besides, he may have wished to play some silly trick on me to give cause for laughter to the honest country people; and the least that can happen to me from it is to be drenched to the bone and catch a bad cold.

From the door I cast a glance at the statue dripping with water, and I went up to my room without returning to the drawing-room. I went to bed; but sleep was long in coming. All the scenes of the day passed through my mind. I thought of the young girl, so pure and lovely, abandoned to a drunken brute. What an odious thing a marriage of convenience is! A mayor dons a tri-colored scarf, a priest a stole, and then the most virtuous girl in the world is delivered over to the Minotaur! What can two people who do not love each other find to say at a moment which two lovers would buy at the price of their lives? Can a woman ever love a man whom she has once seen coarse?

During my monologue, which I abridge very much, I had heard a great deal of coming and going in the house. Doors opened and shut, and carriages drove away. Then I seemed to hear on the stairs the light steps of a number of women going towards the end of the hall opposite my room. It was probably the bride's train of attendants leading her to bed. After that they went down stairs again. Madame de Peyrehorade's door closed. How troubled and ill at ease that poor girl must be, I thought. I tossed about in my bed with bad temper. A bachelor plays a stupid part in a house where a marriage is accomplished.

Silence had reigned for some time when it was disturbed by a heavy tread mounting the stairs. The wooden steps creaked loudly.

"What a clown!" I cried to myself. "I wager that he will fall on the stairs." All was quiet again. I took up a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was the county statistics, supplemented with an address by M. de Peyrehorade on the Druidical remains of the district of Prades. I grew drowsy at the third page. I slept badly, and awoke repeatedly. It might have been five o'clock in the morning, and I had been awake more than twenty minutes, when the cock crew. Day was about to dawn. Then I heard distinctly the same heavy footsteps, the same creaking of the stairs which I had heard before I fell asleep. I thought it strange. Yawning, I tried to guess why M. Alphonse got up so early. I could imagine no likely reason. I was about to close my eyes again, when my attention was freshly excited by a singular trampling of feet, which was soon intermingled with the ringing of bells and the sound of doors opened noisily; then I distinguished confused cries.

"My drunkard has set something on fire," I thought, jumping out of bed. I dressed quickly and went into the hall. From the opposite end came cries and lamentations, and a heart-rending voice dominated all the others: "My son! my son!" It was evident that an accident had happened to M. Alphonse. I ran to the bridal apartment; it was full of people. The first sight which struck my gaze was the young man partly dressed and stretched across the bed, the wood-work of which was broken. He was livid and motionless. His mother sobbed and wept beside him. M. de Peyrehorade moved about frantically; he rubbed his son's temples with cologne water, or held salts to his nose. Alas! his son had long been dead. On a sofa at the other side of the room lay the bride, a prey to dreadful convulsions. She was making inarticulate cries, and two robust maid-servants had all the trouble in the world to hold her down. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what has happened?"

I approached the bed and raised the body of the unfortunate young man; it was already stiff and cold. His clinched teeth and blackened face expressed the most fearful anguish. It was evident enough that his death had been violent and his agony terrible.

Nevertheless, no sign of blood was on his clothes. I opened his shirt, and on his chest I found a livid mark which extended around the ribs to the back. One would have said he had been squeezed in an iron ring. My foot touched something hard on the carpet; I stooped and saw it was the diamond ring. I dragged M. de Peyrehorade and his wife into their room, and had the bride carried there.

"You still have a daughter," I said to them. "You owe her your care." Then I left them alone.

To me it did not seem to admit of a doubt that M. Alphonse had been the victim of a murder whose authors had discovered a way to introduce themselves into the bride's room during the night. The bruises on the chest and their circular direction, however, perplexed me, for they could not have been made either by a club or an iron bar. Suddenly I remembered having heard that, at Valencia, *bravi* used long leather bags filled with sand to stun people whom they had been paid to kill. Immediately I thought of the Aragonese muleteer and his threat. Yet I hardly dared suppose he would have taken such a terrible revenge for a trifling jest.

I went through the house, seeking everywhere for traces of house-breaking, but could find none. I descended to the garden to see if the assassins could have made their entrance

from there; but there were no conclusive signs of it. In any case, the evening's rain had so softened the ground that it could not have retained any very clear impress. Nevertheless, I noticed some deeply marked footprints: they ran in two contrary directions, but on the same path. They started from the corner of the hedge next the racquet-court and ended at the door of the house. They might have been made by M. Alphonse when he went to get his ring from the finger of the statue. Then again, the hedge at this spot was narrower than elsewhere, and it must have been he that the murderers got over it. Passing and repassing before the statue, I stopped a moment to consider it. The time, I must confess, I could not contemplate its expression of vicious irony without fear; and, my mind being filled with the horrible scene I had just witnessed, I seemed to see in it a demoniacal goddess applauding the sorrow fall on the house.

I returned to my room and stayed there till noon. They left it to ask news of my hosts. They were a little calmer. Mlle. de Puygarrig, or I should say the widow of M. Alphonse, had regained consciousness. She had even spoken to the *procureur du roi* from Perpignan, then in circuit at Ille, and this magistrate had received her deposition. I asked for mine. I told him what I knew, and did not hide from him my suspicions about the Aragonese muleteer. I ordered him to be arrested on the spot.

"Have you learned anything from Mme. Alphonse?" asked the *procureur du roi* when my deposition was written and signed.

"That unfortunate young woman has gone crazy," he said smiling sadly. "Crazy, quite crazy. This is what she says: She had been in bed for several minutes with the curtains drawn, when the door of her room opened and son entered. Mme. Alphonse was on the inside of the bed with her face turned to the wall. Assured that it was her husband she did not move. Presently the bed creaked as laden with a tremendous weight. She was terribly frightened, but dared not turn her head. Five minutes, or ten minutes perhaps—she has no idea of the time—passed this way. Then she made an involuntary movement, or else it was the other person who made one, and she felt the contact of something as cold as ice, that is her expression. She buried herself against the wall trembling in all her limbs."

"Shortly afterwards, the door opened a second time, and some one came in who said, 'Good evening, my little wife. Then the curtains were drawn back. She heard a stifled cry. The person who was in the bed beside her sat up, apparently with extended arms. Then she turned her head and saw her husband, kneeling by the bed with head on level with the pillow, held close in the arms of a sort of greenish colored giant. She says, and she repeated it in twenty times, poor woman!—she says that she recognize—do you guess whom?—the bronze Venus, M. de Peyrehorade's statue. Since it has been here every one dream about it. But to continue the poor lunatic's story. At that sight she lost consciousness, and probably she had already lost her mind. She can not tell how long she remained in this condition. Returned to her senses she saw the phantom, or the statue as she insists on calling it, lying immovable, the legs and lower part of the body on the bed, the bust and arms extended forward, and between the arms her husband, quite motionless. A cock crew. Then the statue left the bed, let fall the body, and went out. Mme. Alphonse rushed to the bell, and you know the rest."

The Spaniard was brought in; he was calm, and defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind. He did not deny the remark which I had overheard, but he explained it, pretending that he did not mean anything except that the next day, when rested, he would heat his victor at game of racquets. I remember that he added:

"An Aragonese when insulted does not wait till the next day to revenge himself. If I had believed that M. Alphonse wished to insult me, I would have ripped him up with my knife on the spot."

His shoes were compared with the footprints in the garden; the shoes were much the larger.

Finally, the innkeeper with whom the man lodged asserted that he had spent the entire night rubbing and dosing on of his mules which was sick. And, moreover, the Aragonese was a man of good reputation, well known in the neighborhood, where he came every year on business.

So he was released with many apologies.

I have forgotten to mention the statement of a servant who was the last person to see M. Alphonse alive. It was just as he was about to join his wife, and, calling to this man he asked him in an anxious way if he knew where I was. The servant answered that he had not seen me. M. Alphonse sighed, and stood a minute without speaking, then he said: "Well! the devil must have carried him off also!"

I asked the man if M. Alphonse had on his diamond ring. The servant hesitated; at last he said he thought not; but for that matter he had not noticed.

"If the ring had been on M. Alphonse's finger," he added recovering himself, "I should probably have noticed it, for I thought he had given it to Mme. Alphonse."

M. de Peyrehorade died several months after his son. In his will he left me his manuscripts, which I may publish some day. I did not find among them the article relative to the inscriptions on the Venus.

The statue no longer exists. After her husband's death Madame de Peyrehorade's first care was to have it cast into a bell, and in this new shape it does duty in the church at Ille. "But," adds M. de P., "it seems as if bad luck pursues those who own the bronze. Since the bell rings at Ille the vines have twice been frozen."—Translated from the French of Prosper Mérimée.

The ancient and famous city of Damascus, which was a place of importance 1,900 years B. C., is busy with plans for laying railroad lines through the streets. Street cars in a city said to have been founded by Abraham would be a startling novelty. The place has one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants.

Dakota among the states and territories stands sixth in the number of bushels of wheat produced. Only eleven states raise more oats, sixteen have more schools, fourteen more newspapers, and but twelve have more miles of railroad.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has beaten the record with regard to shooting large game. During three hunting days at Berence he shot with his own gun forty-seven roebucks—a feat unprecedented in the annals of European sport.

French land-owner named Breiller has just died. He was once lord of his town, but, after assaulting a workman, was compelled to spend a year in prison. His disgrace alienated his affection for his native land, and his large property is willed to the Crown Prince of Germany.

Patti was commanded to do a little singing at Buckingham Palace to mark the jubilee. But royalty refused to pay Patti prices, and she allowed that her majesty's command might be laid on somebody else. She wouldn't sing, not a note, for less than her price. She didn't get her price, and the jubilee had to get on without Patti.

A correspondent who has met Buffalo Bill and his daughter in London describes the latter as a young lady of nineteen, "inclined to be playful, but rather conveying the impression that she revels in sucking oranges, chewing gum, etc." One of the curious features of her make-up was a piece of court-plaster stuck artistically on the side of her nose.

Howard Augustus Freeman, D. C. L., Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, etc., long ago expressed dislike of being called "professor." Freeman. Now, he says, he wishes to be spared "the handle of 'Dr.'" What, then, is he to be called? Plain "Mr." is insufficient for so august a personage. The *St. James's Gazette* suggests that he be called simply "A-Yessir" or "He-Who Mustn't be Contradicted."

One of Sir George Pullman's cognac costs him over fifty dollars a gallon, and is imported by himself directly from France. He has brandy and whiskeys that are a half-century old, and people who have ended his cigars after an evening banquet say that they are simply helpful to contemplate. Sir George buys the most expensive obtainable, and they are made according to his directions. Then they are wrapped in leaves of different flavors and kept at least a year before being used. His particular cigar is wrapped in orange leaves.

The Imperial Institute corner-stone laying, it is said, Queen Victoria describes the first time in public. Mr. Matthews had forgotten to bring the reply to the address which, as Home Secretary, it is his duty to draw up and hand to her majesty, so that she might read it at the proper time. So when the proper time came the document was not forthcoming, and Mr. Matthews hastily scrawled from memory a reproduction of the document over which he had scratched and chewed his pen the night before. The scrawl was too good for the queen, and she produced from her pocket the small handkerchief which she uses for reading by lamp-light.

A band of highway robbers was the other day brought before the Court of Poltava, at the head of which stood a noble lady of the name of Rustanovitch. The band was exceptionally well organized, and appears to have been extremely difficult to obtain a membership, every member having to undergo a severe examination by the lady, who apportioned his work to each. Mme. Rustanovitch was in the widest sense of the word the head of her people, who blindly obeyed her orders. She distributed the work, had her agents, who sold the spoils of the work, and divided the spoil equally between them, keeping, however, the lion's share for herself. The final capture was due to treachery of a member. All the members, as well as the daring chief, presented a bold front to the authorities, and were all of them condemned to terms of imprisonment.

The manner in which Meilvaque, the soi-disant vicomte who ran with Mlle. de Campos in Paris, wormed himself into the impenetrable heart of the attractive heiress is characteristic. In the first place, after having attracted her attention by following her to church kneeling near her during mass every morning, he caused a paragraph to be inserted in the *Constitutionnel*, announcing that a marriage about to take place between the Vicomte Lacour de Garbœuf and Mlle. de C., the wealthy Spanish heiress. A few days afterwards a newspaper contained the account of a fictitious duel alleged to have taken place the day before between the Vicomte Lacour de Garbœuf and another gentleman, who was reported to have been badly wounded. It was hinted in the paper that the cause of the duel was a trifling Spanish heiress. Copies of both of these papers, carefully read, were put into the hands of Mlle. de Campos, in whose eyes the vicomte immediately assumed the aspect of a hero of ancient times. The abduction took place about six weeks later.

The Empress Regent of China, not content with directing the intricate policy of the most populous empire in the world with wonderful foresight and sagacity, has now entered the ranks of competitors for light-weight championship of the Celestial Empire. Attired in an old-fashioned bloomer costume, she takes daily lessons in boxing from an old Chinese. Her appearance at the age of fifty, in short skirt, hitting out with a venerable preceptor, and occasionally receiving punishment herself, must be comical to the last degree. The Empress Regent was a favorite of the Emperor Hien-Fung, on whose death she was appointed to act as co-regent with the dowager empress during the minority of her son, the late Emperor Tung-Chi. When the latter died a few months after his marriage, his young bride, who was engaged at the time of the young monarch's death, died mysteriously before the birth of her child, and the old dowager empress and co-regent took her departure for another world rather suddenly a few days afterwards, leaving the present Empress Regent in undisputed possession of power.

Gertrude, the late conjurer, seemed to defy the impossible. Once, at a change in Buenos Ayres (where he was an extensive and most successful operator), at an hour when the building was crowded with men, a short delay, on being challenged to exhibit some *tour de force*, he took his hat and displayed his own foot on his head—this, he it is said, without going near a table or, as far as any one noticed, making any concealment for his bare foot or opportunity to remove his foot. In Constantinople, when he dined with the British Minister and a number of other gentlemen, in the course of the meal he raised his glass, which had just been filled with champagne, above his head, and, catching the attention of all present by crying, "Oh, what beautiful champagne!" caused the champagne to sink in the glass and vanish. On being replenished, the same thing occurred; the third time the glass disappeared also. He would never suffer himself to be outdone by any other necromancer; hence, his possession of apparatus which he described. His gold-fish bowls were larger than those of other prestidigitators; his singularly long, spare body admitted of his dress-coat containing two tiers of "loading pockets," and afforded great facilities for concealment. When at Cairo he was rivalled by a troupe of Arab sword-dancers, and, in spite of his detestation of serpents, he forced himself to imitate their manœuvres with two cobras from which the cobra had been taken. Such was his horror of these reptiles, however, that more than once he was impelled to rush from the stage and tear off his hat, where they were lying, snugly stowed away in the profundes. He designed an ingenious wand for transformation into a living snake. It was a hollow tube painted black to resemble his usual magic wand. A snake of suitable length was caused to enter this, and a metal cap was screwed firmly on as soon as its tail was in. The head would now project about an inch at the other end, over which a rather loosely fitting cap was placed, the whole then looking exactly like an ordinary magic wand. To the screwed end a fine silk cord was attached, passing through the sleeve, across the chest beneath the shirt-front, and down the other arm, where it was tied around the wrist, the length being so adjusted that it admitted of the wand being held with both hands when the arms were bent, but effected its rapid withdrawal up the sleeve when the opposite arm was extended. The loose cap was to be removed and replaced by, say the left hand, the snake's head exposed, grasped, and moved forward, the action of the extension causing the wand to disappear. The effect was marvelous, but he never used it in public, nor did he avail himself of the services of a couple of young boa-constrictors, which were tamed for him at his own request.

VANITY FAIR.

A new form of shirt collar for men is needed (says the *New York Sun*). We have noticed the great number of handkerchiefs that are tucked around men's necks nowadays between the shirt collar and the skin of the neck. By some men they are tucked in with more or less neatness, with a corner of the handkerchief on a precise line with the top button of the waistcoat; others rumple them and cram them down their throats carelessly, producing an effect such as one might imagine would be the result of turning the shirt upside down and putting its lower end, or skirt, on top. This new style of negligé-collar is very ugly. It is also very untidy, and it must be very uncomfortable. It makes the clothing around the neck closer and tighter than it is with the collar alone, and the high value that men set upon their collars can be seen by the freedom with which they sacrifice themselves in order that the collar may be preserved. It must also be said that the style of collar most generally used of late, fitting high and close to the throat, is particularly ill-adapted for hot weather. But even turned-down collars are seen to be sheathed with the handkerchief. Exactly what sort of a collar we want for the summer months we will not undertake to say. On principle it would probably have to be at least a twenty-inch collar—in other words, very loose. It may be standing or lying down, whichever suits the inventor's taste, and it should not be too décolleté. It is not necessary that it should be, in order to give the neck such freedom that the handkerchief which now disfigures it may be laid aside. The only proper alternative for some such collar is a flannel shirt.

Hitherto nothing was more approved than to match the hose and slippers to the tinted evening gowns with which they were to be worn, and now, since the drapers and others took to selling and exhibiting not only stockings but also satin ties and slippers of various kinds to correspond with their dress-pieces, ultra-fashionable people declare that the only perfect kind of foot-covering is a black satin slipper, or a sandal of finest French kid in bronze. Few women will object to this decision, as it is quite a matter to accomplish economy so easily. The black satin slipper needs only a change of bows to fit it for any light-colored toilet. It is almost superfluous to add that rosettes have gone out entirely, and that small oblong bows, composed of inch-wide picot ribbon in satin or moire, are worn instead. Rhine-stone huckles are still very fashionable shoe and sandal adornments. Sometimes, and particularly to wear with pearl, heliotrope, jet, or garnet-beaded tabliers, two leaf-shaped pieces, composed entirely of beads to match, take the place of bow or buckle.

The royal caste of Europe, which consists essentially of two families or clans, all the Catholic and the Protestant royalties being more or less closely related either by marriage or by blood, is growing numerous, and tends to become a minute but closely knit aristocracy, claiming, and in certain ways securing, a position greatly above that of the European nobility. The precedence of its members, besides being uncontested, as that of no noble is, is European instead of local, and is accompanied by a deferential and even slavish respect, which was once paid also to the nobles but is now in their case perceptibly dying away. It is a curious mark of grade, but it is a very real one, that on the Continent of Europe a prince is the only man except a priest who can not be compelled to accept a challenge. He has, theoretically, no equal except in his own caste, and even imperious military opinion acknowledges his exemption. Certain forms, too, are observed in receiving and addressing royalties which are not maintained for any other human beings, and they are waited on even by nobles as gentlemen would be ashamed to wait on the members of any other class. They marry only among themselves; they claim and enforce a special marriage privilege, which is in fact, a right to have their recognized concubines acknowledged by society; and though the fortunes some of them possess are small, and they begin to be solicitous for wealth, yet they resist with immovable tenacity what must be the severe temptation to absorb the great heiresses of European society.

"Buffalo Bill's cowboys are becoming a bore," says the *London Bat*, "as one is liable to meet them in the most unexpected places. A few women in good society seem to have lost their heads over these untutored sons of the prairie, and many of the men have taken them up as visitors to the clubs. The result is that one meets cowboys at garden parties, at Sunday picnics, and even at dances, and has to listen, if not to their uncouth language, at least to their irritating drawl and their wild Western comments upon current events. The presence of these men would not be tolerated in the salons of New York or Boston, yet in England these adventurers are welcomed with open arms, flattered as though they were Bayards or Crichtons, permitted to flirt with the prettiest girls and married women, and readily excused if, perchance, they have to be sent home in a state of semi-intoxication. Some women, who ought to know better, have even begun to call upon them in their tents and to sip afternoon tea with these rough fellows." The *Saturday Review* says: "This same worship is in close analogy to the later and more rotten days of the Roman Empire, when the gladiators were the favored ones and pets of the Roman ladies."

The newest tennis freak is for a number of girls, who are in the habit of playing in the same party, or who expect to spend any part of the summer at the same hotel or mountain house, to have their gowns made in the same style and in harmonious though different colors. Of a half-dozen aspirants to the honors of the racket, one gets herself up in sea-foam green, for instance, and the second in pale-pink. Numbers three and four make themselves charming in blue and old-rose; and five and six are attired in lavender and golden-brown. Sateen and the cotton fabrics are the foundation of these outdoor dresses *en suite*, and the effect is piquant and picturesque, though the modern touches of the outfit, with the competition in cut and fit, decidedly weaken the advan-

tages of the game. For tennis hats everything is in order this summer, from a Tam o' Shanter to a sailor-hat or a rough straw flat heaped with wild flowers and turned up behind. The latest addition to the tricycling outfit is what appears to be a simple kilted skirt, but which is really a copy of the English divided skirt laid in kilts overlapping one another. The garment has never been used in America until this summer, but it is the easiest of any costume yet tried for wheeling purposes. Some women wear draped skirts over it, but that is not necessary. As a rule, wheelwomen take to very scant skirts, cut after the manner of the narrow cloth gowns of twenty years ago. These do not blow up vexatiously, but are not adapted to active exercise either. The divided skirt is better. The only imperative rule to follow in dressing for the wheel is to avoid adorning the gown. A woman's dress for any athletic exercise is ruined the minute she begins to consult a modiste about it.

Bar Harbor has taken on that look of rainbow-hued animation which is so marked a peculiarity of the place. The red and white, and blue and green, and purple and pink, and yellow and brown clad specimens of the sterner sex, the startlingly wonderful brilliancy of whose raiment has often been commented on before, have greatly increased in numbers, and almost every additional masculine arrival hurries to his hotel or cottage, disappears into his room, awaits with fuming anxiety the delivery of his baggage, and without the loss of one single precious moment reappears totally transformed and, if possible, more vividly paralyzing to the vision than those who preceded him. Not content with the unpolished gorgeousness of red and yellow flannel garments, which fill the immediate vicinity of the wearer with a warmth of color effect that would shame a tomato-omelette on a blue dish, some of these young butterflies have gone in for silk blazers, which possess a shimmering sheen which the wearers of the most stunning flannels can not boast. It is doubtful, indeed, if a complete suit of flannels copiously bespattered with gilt stars, or a scarlet silk blazer embroidered with rhinestone polka dots, would now attract more than a passing glance here, so utterly and completely does the average Bar Harbor young man bow down before and worship the rainbow as a model to be followed in the selection of his apparel.

The most admired bathing dress that has appeared at Long Branch this year was brought out on the pretty figure of a Philadelphia girl. It was of cream-white boating flannel, scalloped out on the bottom in the shape of grape-leaves, above which were bunches of grapes, tendrils, and stems in embroidery. The leaves were shaded green, the grapes were purple, and the skeleton leaves were veined with threads. The stockings were cream white, with ankles of shaded violet, dark at the foot and getting paler as they went up. A straw hat had grape-leaves and grapes twined around it. She had given to the artificial leaves and fruit three coats of copal varnish, and could go into the water all summer without shedding the dyes.

As a sample specimen of a single lady's—or rather of one married lady's—wardrobe, a correspondent refers to that credited to Mrs. William Laytin, of New York, who, with her husband, has recently arrived at Saratoga. It is rumored that the wardrobe of this pretty demi-blonde consists of two hundred costly and elegant toilets. Seventy-five are for out-door wear, with parasols, hats, fans, gloves, and boots to correspond. Some of these costumes are said to have cost the fabulous sum of fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars each—real old black and white thread laces, real round point, duchesse, and Irish point laces. Her jewels are also pronounced superb.

A tendency of the present day (says the *London Saturday Review*) is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies in society in their male friends. This evil is one of very rapid growth, and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think that they can make themselves as agreeable to the men as their successful rivals, by adopting the same style and allowing the same freedom of conversation. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women which for some time now has been dominant in London society; for now a woman, if she is extremely lovely and can get an introduction, is sure to be a star in society for a time, no matter what her position may be and whether it entitles her to be fêted and made much of by the great ones of the land, and wishing to make her reign as successful as possible until a brighter star arises and eclipses her, permits and encourages that loose kind of conversation that is so attractive to many men. This rage for beauty has been a great bane in London society for some time, and has rightly been a source of annoyance to the younger unmarried members of families who hold their position by right, for it is an undoubted hardship for them to feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favor of the fashionable beauties, and some of the sillier of them think that they can improve their position by copying the ways, manners, and conversation of these piratical craft.

Apocryphal of the hops at Saratoga, the most remarkable feature of them is the magnificent, wonderful display of priceless jewels. Diamonds prevail, and diamonds you see everywhere. Their glitter dazzles the eye at every turn. In the hair, all over the necks, ears, arms and fingers, on the corsages, even as buttons on sleeves are they to be seen. Many millions would not be too extravagant a figure at which to value the collection of diamonds at some of the hops in the most fashionable of the hotels. It is useless to wear jewels there, unless one be a plutocrat. The ordinary five hundred dollar affair seems as puny and commonplace compared with the average stone worn, as a rhinestone would compare with it. There was a quadrille set at the hop at the States the other night in which there were four young ladies representing the comfortable sum of twenty millions of dollars. All young and charming girls, and not one engaged! And there are many more there like them. Rather a rich field for the professional fortune hunter, one would think. But that species of mankind seems to meet little encouragement at Saratoga.

NEW YORK NOVELS.

"Iris" discusses Haggard and "Ouida," their Books and their Readers.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. is dead. This means a great loss to New York, from brownstone fronts on the Avenue to flats in Harlem. Sylvanus Cobb leaves a vacancy hard to fill. He was for years the sensation novel-writer of the *Ledger*. He was an indefatigable worker, and his stock of plots was as inexhaustible as the mines of Potosi. He never "padded," for he was never at a loss for a thrilling situation. Murder, revenge, hatred, love, bank-robberies, elopements, abductions, battles flowed from his pen as fluently as descriptions of Scotch scenery flow from the pen of Mr. William Black. He also possessed that which ensures success to the writer of newspaper novels—the knowledge when to stop. Like the well-beloved contributor of the *Weekly Chamber-maid's Own*, Mr. Cobb always arranged things so that the villain's fingers were closing on the draperies of the fleeing heroine when the number ended. If you once got that far, your fate was sealed—you had to take the next number just from curiosity to see how the author was going to untangle the snarl he had got his people into. Mr. Cobb's romances were, moreover, of a strictly moral character, which added to their popularity. The lilies and langours of virtue, as generally represented by the beautiful and persecuted heroine, invariably triumphed. As you read of the prodigious perils and pit-falls which encompassed the path of this chaste Diana, deep in your heart lay a pleased conviction that all would yet be well with her. In the matter of lives, she was distinctly feline. She survived the thrust of the dagger and the poisoned cup with equal vitality. Hurling from a precipice, she always lit on a mound of turf, which in softness put a hair mattress on a spring bed to shame. Flung from a plunging horse, in the last stages of condition powders, judging by the illustration, a natural phenomenon, a disturbance in the atmospheric currents, bore her to the limb of an adjacent tree where she clung. She rose serene from a cataleptic trance, or an hour's immersion in the vasty deep. Is it strange that the author of such adventures should be popular? Sylvanus Cobb was so. The tales bearing his signature found their way into scented boudoirs, where, between naps, they whiled away the long hours of rainy afternoons.

Apropos—what New York women read is just now, in these days of summer novels, a vexed question. There are people who say the New York woman is a creature of advanced literary taste. This is the impression she would like to leave on you. Witness the girl, who, in answer to the question, "What books are you taking away this summer?" answered, "Oh, all the works of Ruskin, and John Stuart Mill, and Locke, and Lecky, and Carlyle, and Buckle, and—oh, you know all that sort of thing." The truth is, however, that the bulk of New Yorkers—men and women—read very little. The Westerner, secretly despised and openly patronized by the elegant and airy denizens of Fifth Avenue, is infinitely the better read of the two. With the women and girls this is emphatically the case. A New York girl is a lovely thing to look at, occasionally an amusing thing to talk to, but she is an awful fool when it comes to books. The favorite authors of the average New York woman are "Ouida" and "The Duchess." Of course, she is too smart to let you find this out. It is a dead secret, like the real size of her shoe or her age. She will talk with some degree of enthusiasm on Thackeray and Victor Hugo; she will say that Browning is the poet of the future, and Swinburne's "Atalanta" like an old Greek frieze; that Tennyson is the DeMusset of England, and that Crabbe is a neglected genius. This is easily acquired—a good memory is all you need. But if you are on intimate enough terms to catch her napping, to invade her sanctum on a rainy afternoon, ten to one she is lying on the sofa in a delightfully loose gown of pink India silk, with a silver box of crystallized rose-leaves and violets on the table beside her, and "O, Tender Dolores" or "Idalia" in her jeweled hand.

To the free-born and independent American, who only recognizes an aristocracy of genius or an aristocracy of money, there is something infinitely charming in reading "How Lady Blanche, she said this, and how Lord Augustus said that."

It may be the charm of novelty, but deep down in their hearts Americans do dote on lords. And in default of a live lord, a pen-and-ink lord—they are generally the nicest—will do. The lords of "The Duchess"—aristocratic combination—are delightful young men, mild and harmless as church fair lemonade. They all have "drooping blonde mustaches" and "large rent-rolls." They don't drag about with them "ropes of pearls" like Disraeli's lords, nor do they cry, like Don Juan, "Mingo—me diamonds," but they are rich enough for ordinary, every-day lords. The women take after the men—not in the mustaches or rent-rolls—but in an inclination to droop about the lower portion of their faces. They all have "drooping red mouths." How enchanting it would be if the drooping blonde mustache and the drooping red mouth could be combined on one countenance! Imagine the wiled effect! It would be almost as original a combination as the novel William Black and Bret Harte were going to write together, entitled "Macleod of Slaughter Gulch." It was Mrs. Cleveland, who, in a moment of rash candor, confided to the world at large that "The Duchess" was her favorite authoress. It was, at least, an innocent taste.

The popularity of Haggard in New York is something astounding. His book "Allan Quatermain," was not out a day before everybody was reading it. Going down in the elevated train in the morning, every other man—grey-headed bank-presidents and Wall Street magnates—sat with their noses buried between its pages. Haggard is more popular among men than women. Women don't read him, and fail to appreciate his talents for ever-varying incident and adventure. Their tender hearts are true to the respectable, nineteenth-century "Duchess" and the gorgeous "Ouida." The reason of which is that Haggard is one of the few authors—"Hugh Conway" excepted—who can write a book, teeming with interest from the first page to the last, without a word of love. And a book without love is a soup without salt, to the generality of women. It is the only thing many of them can do, and it naturally interests them more than battles. Besides the varying series of thrilling incidents which chase each other across the pages of Mr. Haggard's books, there

is another reason for their unexampled popularity. New Yorkers, after all is said and done, are a decent set of people and like decent books, and a decent book which is an exciting book is the rarest of rare birds. In fact, it would appear that the most steadily popular books in this country are those not only of a moral but of a religious tendency. At heart we are orthodox. The books of one Edna Lyall are almost as much in demand here in New York as those of Haggard himself. They are of a moral and religious character, with women's ideal men for heroes. The authoress is English. She regards euche as the great game of American professional gamblers and confidence men.

The summer novel is the book of the hour. It bristles with our old friends, Lady Gwendoline, Reginald Vere de Vere, Sir Percival Vane, Lord Cecil Beresford, and all the rest of them. They all go through their old paces in their old manner. These lordlings and ladylings are not remarkable for originality. But I suppose we can't have everything. Reginald Vere de Vere is the same bold, handsome guardsman that he was ten years ago; Lady Gwendoline has the same "nimbus of golden hair," and the same lace gown, except that of yore it was spread over the majestic surface of a crinoline and now it "falls about her statuesque form in clinging folds." All the Lady Gwendolines wear chamois underclothes. Nothing else could account for the universal disposition to cling shown by their flowing skirts. They also wear *brodequins*, and always recline in *fauteuils*, have *riant* voices and *insouciant* faces. Or stay—perhaps it's *riant* faces and *insouciant* voices. Moreover, Lady Gwendoline is an heiress. She has old halls in Hertford, Bucks, and Hants. Reginald has no old halls of his own, and not enough money to hire some one else's old halls. The reader of summer novels will recognize the situation, and know what to anticipate.

The latest fad here among women is the collecting of photographs. It began with collecting portraits of actors, actresses, and English beauties. All the demure looking school-girls, who every afternoon walked down Fifth Avenue in well-dressed squads, used to squander their allowances on photographs of their favorite actors, over whom they established a "rave," school-girl fashion. One girl, in a fashionable school patronized by the daughters of Western millionaires, had at one time thirty-six different pictures of Osmond Tearle, that English beauty with the drooping lids. They also had "raves" over certain of the beauties; Mrs. Cornwallis West was a favorite with these moneyed lasses, who bought every new picture of her as fast as it appeared in the shop-windows. Soon after this it became quite the thing to have a large case of stamped India silk, holding from eight to ten photos of the beauties, standing on the drawing-room table. If you had an abnormally stupid man visitor, you asked him his opinion on each beauty in turn. Done slowly and carefully, always using the form "What do you think of her?" not "Isn't she lovely?"—this could be made to last a half hour. Soon cases of beauties decked everybody's table. They gained a justifiable popularity. Lovely Evelyn Rayne, Mrs. Langtry in her netted gown, Mrs. Cornwallis West (small and dark as a Creole), the ponderous Countess of Lonsdale, the gorgeous Vicomtesse Castlereagh, and that full-throated goddess Lady Kildare, could generally wring speech out of the dumbest of men. But the photograph craze has now advanced another step; unmounted photographs of paintings are the rage. When the collector has several hundred, she buys an album and pastes them in. In the matter of silent men, this knocks the British beauties into a cocked hat. Where is the man living who can gaze unmoved on Cabanel's "Aglæ" or Tadema's "Sappho." It is one of the most engrossing hobbies. Cousin Pons on the track of a Porbus is not more deeply interested than the New York girl on a hunt for Gérôme's "Cleopatra and Caesar," or Henner's "Weeping Nymph." If the collector has some knowledge of art and good taste, the collection in time becomes a possession of value. She must beware, however, and exercise judgment. Photographs from engravings are to be avoided, and yet the works of certain artists are constantly slighted in this manner. Photographs from engravings of Detaille and De Neuville are common enough; but photographs from the painting of these masters are hard to get. That same "Aglæ" mentioned above, is almost invariably photographed from an engraving, and, in consequence, the exquisite dreamy expression of the two faces is coarsened and hardened. Photographs from etchings are also to be avoided. On the other hand, the photographs of the works of certain artists are always good, notably Millet and Henner, Gabriel Max and Munkacsy. Dupré's, though hard to get, are also good; and occasionally one comes across a Carot in which the strokes of the brush are visible. But, as a rule, figure-pieces are preferable. The beauties of a landscape are lost without the coloring, but a figure-picture tells its story as well in black and white as it does in the glowing tints of life.

NEW YORK, August 2, 1887.

Colonel J. H. Pierce, of Saithington, who has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, has reached a point at which he hopes to show that a tube across the Atlantic can be used. The tubes will always be in couples, with the currents of air in one tube always moving in an opposite direction from the other. The heaviest cannon will serve to illustrate the tube. A car takes the place of the charge, the tube to be indefinitely continuous and the speed of the car to be governed by the rapidity with which air can be forced through. Time is required to establish a current of air flowing with great swiftness through a tube perhaps thousands of miles in length, but when once created the motion will be nearly uniform. The speed of the current may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam driver fans employed in blast furnaces. Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains to connect this continent to with the Old World. The temperature within the tube may be regulated by passing blasts of air entering the tube through furnaces or over ice. The speed attainable may reach one thousand miles an hour. The tube lining and car exterior would be of polished steel, with corrugated sides matching with wheels provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight, and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube; thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable.

OLD FAVORITES.

[From "Colonial Ballads," by Margaret J. Preston.]

The First Proclamation of Miles Standish,

NOVEMBER, A. D. 1620.

"Ho, Rose!" quoth the stout Miles Standish,
As he stood on the *Mayflower's* deck,
And gazed on the sandy coast-line
That loomed as a misty speck

On the edge of the distant offing—

"See! yonder we have in view

Bartholomew Gosnold's 'headlands,'
'Twas in sixteen hundred and two

"That the *Concord* of Dartmouth anchored
Just there where the beach is broad,
And the merry old captain named it
(Half swamped by the fish)—Cape Cod.

"And so, as his mighty 'beadlands'

Are scarcely a league away,
What say you to landing, sweetheart,
And having a washing-day?

"For did not the mighty Leader

Who guided the chosen band
Pause under the peaks of Sinai,
And issue his strict command—

"(For even the least assilment

Of Egypt the spirit loathes)—
Or ever they entered Canaan,
The people should wash their clothes?

"The land we have left is noisome,

And rank with the smirch of sin;
The land that we seek should find us
Clean-vestured without and within."

"Dear heart!"—and the sweet Rose Standish

Looked up with a tear in her eye;
She was back in the flag-stoned kitchen
Where she watched, in the days gone by,

Her mother among her maidens,

(She should watch them no more, alas!)

And saw as they stretched the linen
To bleach on the Suffolk grass.

In a moment her brow was cloudless,

As she leaned on the vessel's rail,
And thought of the sea-stained garments,
Of coil and of farthingale;

And the doublets of fine Welsh flannel,

The tuckers and homespun gowns,
And the piles of the hosen knitted
From the wool of the Devon downs.

So the matrons aboard the *Mayflower*

Made ready with eager hand
To drop from the deck their baskets
As soon as the poop touched land.

And there did the Pilgrim Mothers,

"On a Monday," the record says,
Ordain for their new-found England
The first of her washings-days.

And there did the Pilgrim Fathers,

With matchlock and axe well sung,
Keep guard o'er the smoking kettles
That propt on the crotches hung.

For the trail of the startled savage

Was over the marshy grass,
And the glint of his eyes kept peering
Through cedar and sassafras.

And the children were mad with pleasure

As they gathered the twigs in sheaves,
And piled on the fire the fagots,
And heaped up the autumn leaves.

"Do the thing that is next," saith the proverb,

And a nobler shall yet succeed:—
'Tis the motive exalts the action;
'Tis the doing, and not the deed;

For the earliest act of the heroes

Whose fame has a world-wide sway
Was—to fashion a crane for a kettle,
And order a washing-day!

The Last Meeting of Pocahontas and the Great Captain

A. D. 1616.

In a stately hall at Brentford, when the English June was gay
Sat the Indian Princess, summoned that her graces might be
For the rumor of her beauty filled the ear of court and Queen

There for audience as she waited, with half-scornful, silent air
All undazzled by the splendor gleaming round her everywhere
Dight in brodered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the

As with striding step he hasted, burdened with the Queen's command
Loud he cried, in tone that tingled, "Welcome, welcome to my land
But a tremor seized the Princess, and she drooped upon her

"What! no word, my Sparkling-Water? Must I come on knee?
I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the sea;
On the banks of wild Pamunkey, I had perished but for thee

"Ah, I keep a heart right loyal, that can never more forget!
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids wet
I can feel the sudden tightening of thine arms about my yet

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of
Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footstep
To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart Captain
While the courtiers press around her, and the passing pages
But no sign gave Pocahontas underneath her veil of hair.

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen-leaf,
And she crouched as if she shrivelled, frost-touched by some sudden
grief,
Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching
brief.

At the Captain's haughty gesture, back the curious courtiers
And with soothed word and accent he besought that she would
Why she turned away, nor greeted him whom she had served so

But for two long hours the Princess dumbly sate and bowed her
Moveless as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said
"White man's tongue is false. It told me—told me—that my

was dead.

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves
(Who hath care for song or corn-dance, when the voice with
grieves?)

Looking westward where the souls go, up the path the sunset
"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my husband's arm I
Never shadow, *Nenemosa*, our twin hearts shall come betw
Take my hand, and let us follow the great Captain to his Q

FICKLE PARIS.

"Parisina" tells how the Popular Tide is turning against Boulanger.

The fact is we are getting heartily sick and tired of him. He amused us just at first. I, for one, was very enthusiastic—say, for a fortnight. For the space of fifteen days, I thought this General Boulanger a grand figure head of a man. But the fortnight was soon over, and now I loathe his very name. Has it not been printed and reprinted, dinned into our ears till we are weary to death, sung until our days become hideous and our dreams nightmares? Merciful heavens, are we never to hear the last of the senseless burden, "C'est Boulange, Boulange, c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut?" Is the smiling, self-satisfied smirk of this carpet knight to go on smiling and smirking at us from every kiosque, every photograph shop, from the pages of every illustrated paper, from every possible coign of vantage where a smirking, smiling portrait may be hung, exhibited, printed? In justice to our over-wrought nerves, our vexed tempers, our tired eyes, cocked hats ought to be put down as a public nuisance, or relegated to the learned dogs and dismal quadrumans that crouch on the Savoyards' organs. Beards have become distasteful. The new Minister of War, if he had any spirit, should have the army shaved to a man. And as for ribbons and decorations, away with the mercery and ironmongery; we have had enough of them and of cocked hats and beards to last a generation.

When Boulanger's star first rose on the Parisian horizon, we all got it into our heads that a hero had been vouchsafed to us. The grounds for the supposition were small. Fortune had favored him with a fine horse; nature had endowed him with a soft, silky beard; and custom had set upon his head a cocked hat, splashed his breast with a broad belt of red ribbon, and hung various medals and crosses somewhere in the region of the Boulanger heart. This was all. No, I forget, he had a trick of sweeping his hat from his head and bowing to his saddle-bow that did his riding-master credit.

Do you think we troubled ourselves about the previous career of our hero? He might have sprung all armed into life, like Minerva, for aught most of us knew to the contrary. Just a few, here and there, had a hazy notion that he had stormed some place in Cocbin China, and had something to do in Tunis. These are slender lines to build a reputation upon, but when people have made up their minds to put a man on a pedestal and to bow down and do homage to him, they don't stick at trifles or worry about facts.

Besides, it was Paulus who clinched matters. Every one knows Paulus, the café concert singer, or at least his portrait as it has long adorned the walls of the city. Some one wrote "En revenant de la Revue," and Paulus sang it. Now, for Paulus to take up a song is to make it popular. Paulus and Thérèse may not be great geniuses, but they have the knack of hitting the general note, perhaps, very refined taste. The diva of the Alcazar once set everybody humming "La Venus aux Carottes," and "Quand les canards s'en vont deux par deux," and the success of Paulus in "Coming Back from the Revue" was immense. It has been said, yet I do not vouch for the truth, that the introduction of this special general's name was quite accidental, and that the line, "not 'brav' Général Boulanger," was hit upon merely as a rhyme to "Pour voir et admirer." Be this as it may, it sent Boulanger up ten per cent. in no time.

This is an old story now. It is twelve months ago since "En revenant de la Revue" first came into existence, and throughout those twelve months it grew and prospered, to culminate in a furore when the cabinet, of which Boulanger was the shining light, came to grief, and the general—in disgrace at the Elysée—was transformed into the idol of the faubourgs. Throughout the last few weeks the people seemed to have had but one voice to shout "En revenant de la Revue," varying it with "C'est Boulange, Boulange, c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut"—a more recent production in the poetic line, which, if it has the merit of being more precise in its language, is set to a less taking tune.

I have not the slightest intention of sketching M. Boulanger's political career, or of criticising what he did or what he left undone while he helped to drive the car of state, which is a matter of history now, so fast do we live in these days. Society, to an extent, stuck to him as long as he was minister; it only gave him up entirely when he left the Rue St. Dominique. And then each one poured forth the phials of his wrath. But for one admirer he lost among his own class, he gained a hundred. The proletarian took him up, and every socialist and anarchist, every patriotic ligueur, every noisy demagogue, every unit in the great crowd of plebs, down to the gamins in the gutter, were for him. It was Boulanger they wanted—no one else would satisfy them—he was their ideal, their glory, their standard, their "brav' Général Boulanger," while his former friends were cracking jokes at his expense, and laughing at what they had themselves once thought so dashing. Even his beard, and his horse, and his fine figure came in for a share of their squibs. "Was he so very handsome, after all?" the women asked each other. "Who could not have so fine a horse, if he paid the price?" sneered the men. And "Don't you think he is growing corpulent?" As for his moral character, society was hard at work tearing it to shreds. To hear them all was enough to make one turn Boulanger again, and I verily believe I should have done so out of pure contradiction, only there arose such a pæon from the faubourgs that it stilled the small voice of conscience and set one bristling again with opposition.

If there is one man more than another who has the faculty of putting me out of temper, it is Paul Deroulède, the president in fact—though no longer in name—of the Ligue des Patriotes. He it was who organized that charming manifestation at the Gare de Lyon. That he was, to a certain extent, the victim of the crowd whose stupid, meaningless enthusiasm he had aroused, was only common justice. Let us, just for the sake of argument, admit that General Boulanger is all that they credit him with—the man who is to head the Revanche, restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, and pay out the Germans. Was this a reason for mobbing him, half squeezing the life out of him—under pretence of preventing his departure—and keeping him two hours shut up in a third-class railway carriage? One is glad to think that Deroulède was shut up with him too. I hope he felt un-

comfortable, though not so uncomfortable as the general, who is not tall and thin but slightly plethoric. They must have had a lively time of it in that carriage, to which they had fled as the only available haven. The mob screeching, yelling, vociferating outside, clinging to every coping and step they could cling to, and presenting an insurmountable barrier to the departure of the train. At such times, one thinks but little of the claims of the public. Yet, if you or I had been there among the passengers—private passengers, not generals or patriotic ligueurs—how should we have liked to be hemmed in and prevented from setting forth on our journey? Do you think we would have felt kindly towards our tormentors, or sympathetic in respect to Deroulède?

If Paulus was one of the authors of General Boulanger's renown, Deroulède and his merry men were his undoing. The situation was grotesque, absurd. A station stormed, police and railway officials set at defiance, a train delayed, an engine hung over with placards and portraits of the hero, a few thousand rioters hanging on to the general's coat-tails. And when at last he managed to give them the slip, and by dint of dodging and doubling to leap upon another engine and get away at last, the whole affair was mock-heroic, farcical, ridiculous. It has often been said that ridicule kills. If this be the case, General Boulanger is a dead man—that is, so far as his political reputation goes. Report said that this business had given the general a fit of the gout. What more likely? Or perhaps he was merely sulky, and there was nothing the matter with his big toe at all. It was hard to be sent to Coventry—I mean Clermont—before the Fourteenth of July, before the great annual review. How he must have philosophised over the mutability of human affairs. To be condemned to Clermont after having curvetted so bravely at Longchamps—what a fall was there! Poor Boulanger, no wonder he wouldn't appear at the petty provincial arraying of troop, while his enemies were lording it in the Bois du Boulogne; no wonder he got a fit of the gout or a fit of the spleen. Which was it? *La nuit porte conseil*; why not a journey to Clermont? I question whether distance lent enchantment to the mob of partisans whom he had left behind him, and who were shouting themselves hoarse with their "Boulange, Boulange." They might hiss M. Grévy, but they couldn't prevent society in the grand stand from doffing its hat with much more than ordinary courtesy to the President. The outrageousness of the situation set people to thinking and drawing conclusions for themselves. On what grounds could a Boulangerist party be founded? He can't be a minister if he hasn't the majority in the Chamber. As a soldier he must submit to orders, or place himself above them, and we will not suppose for a moment that he contemplates a little *coup d'état* of his own. Absurd parallels have already been drawn between Boulanger and the Napoleons First and Third, but the authors thereof forget that Bonaparte's assumption of political power was based on solid military service rendered to the state, and Louis had a name that surely went for something; after all, he was his uncle's nephew, and if his career previous to the Ham episode was devoid of éclat, the founder of his family had garnered glory at Toulon long before he was called upon to have a finger in the government of the Directorate. A pamphlet recording Boulanger's life and doings being sold about at a nominal price, no one now has any excuse for ignorance in the matter; this interesting literary production is, of course, profusely illustrated. We have a juvenile Boulanger drilling his school-fellows, a dashing cadet Boulanger commanding the First Battalion at St. Cyr, Lieutenant Boulanger severely wounded by a Chinese lance, spruce Colonel Boulanger mounted on a gallant war-horse, etc.—Boulanger charging a barricade held by the Communards is, judiciously enough, omitted. Between his friends and his enemies, one might fill a shelf of one's book-case with Boulanger literature. There is "Le Dossier du Général," "Boulanger jugé par l'Etranger," and other works; while *le Boulangerisme* is a word coined by journalists to describe this extraordinary craze, which reached its height on the morning of the Fourteenth of July. Throughout this day, and for many days previously, hawkers had been crying about medals with the effigy of the general upon them, Boulanger pipes and field-glasses, Boulanger whistles and sleeves-links, Boulanger cravat-pins and hats. Imagine a cocked hat in blue straw with a tri-color cockade—a delectable head-dress—and then ask yourselves if it is surprising we have had more than enough of our hero—a straw hero at best. *Le ridicule tue*; does it? Then, surely, those pipes, and this mock jewelry, and the medals in *toc*, and the head-coverings in *bleu de France*, and the "c'est Boulange, Boulange, Boulanger qu'il nous faut," to say nothing of such a blundering aide-de-camp as Deroulède, and so poor-spirited a partisan as Henri Rochefort, who was all brazen impudence the other day at Longchamps until some one suggested the advisability of giving him a ducking, when he slunk off much discomforted.

There may be the stuff of a hero in the general, I don't say there isn't. Perhaps it is only the fault of circumstances that he is not a victorious soldier; chance not having placed the pyramids or a Malakoff in his path. But that he is wanting in discretion is evident. The letters he wrote a day or two since, and which officious friends made public, have done him almost as much harm as the championship of the cheap job. It is bad enough to know that you have been sent to Coventry, but it is suicidal to admit the same, as Boulanger has done. He might have learned caution from the narrow escape he had once before, when, only a sucking celebrity, he was well-nigh smashed by the publication of a letter in which he had thanked, in the language of a sycophant, his then chief, the Duc d'Aumale, for his nomination to the rank of general. Of course, it might have stood him in good stead had the Orleans come into power; but it went very near bowling over even the man who had been so active in driving the princes out of France, coming to light as it did.

They say everything in France *finit par des chansons*. So far as General Boulanger is concerned, it has ended as it commenced—*par des chansons*. "C'est Boulange, Boulange, Boulanger," the Boulanger "Marseillaise," still echoes in our ears; but it won't be for long. Hasn't Paulus another song to give us? We are sick and tired of this one. Let's strike up another tune, and have done with the general, once for all.

PARIS, July 18, 1887.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It is said that a small hand indicates refinement. It also indicates that the holder will get beaten unless he draws cards.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

A farmer at Ysleta went out to look at his pigs during one of the melting days last week, and found nothing left except three buckets of leaf lard.—*Mohave Miner*.

The waiter's ready explanation: "How can you give such a dirty napkin as this?" "Beg pardon, sir; got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir; how's that, now?"—*New Age*.

Lizzie (before leaving her hatching cabin)—"Mamma, dear, is there anybody looking?" Mamma (in next cabin)—"Not a soul about, love." Lizzie—"Then I'll wait till there is."—*Town Topics*.

An Arkansas paper tells of a man of lofty soul who once remarked: "Every night I get down on my little knees and say my little prayer, and I don't care a—who sees me."—*Arkansas Ex.*

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whisky will produce the same effect.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Domestic life has no finer picture of confiding love than that of a husband wearing a smoking-jacket of his dear wife's making, and trying to make believe that it fits him divinely.—*Fall River Advance*.

At Lake George: Mrs. Co Henn is going down for the third time. Mr. Co Henn (who can't swim a stroke)—"As you loaf me, Leah, throw dem earrings ashore! Dey gan't pe mabched in der cldys!"—*Puck*.

New acquaintance—"Take a claret punch with me?" Summer actor—"Thank you, but claret doesn't agree with me. However, if it's all the same to you, and as the price is the same, I'll take three beers."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Proclamation:—"We command that the kicks directed against our august person shall not be sent in with any more force than the infallible judgement of our dearly beloved subjects shall determine is necessary." "Kalakaua, Rex."—*Puck*.

Caller (to old Mrs. Bently)—"The new minister is making himself quite popular, is he not, Mrs. Bently?" Old Mrs. Bently—"Well, I ain't much sot by him. For the last three Sundays he's prayed for rain, an' there ain't a drop fell yet!"—*Puck*.

St. Peter—"Come in, good and faithful servant." Newly arrived spirit—"Sarvant is it ye say? Its lady's help I was, sor." "O! well, never mind. Come in." "That's heaven, is it?" "This is heaven." "How many nights and afternoons out will I have?"—*Ex.*

"I hold," said the divinity student in the woods at Catskill, "I hold that we extract more that is beneficial from nature than from hooks and—!" "Well," said his fair companion, "you can keep on holding, but my feet are wet, and I'm going back to the hotel."—*New York Mail and Express*.

"Good-bye, my dear," said a wife, anxiously, as her husband turned to go. "I shan't have a moment's peace until you return. Oh, John, when will you have saved enough to give up a life so beset with peril and danger?" "Before long, dear, I hope. But I must go. I want to call the game promptly at four o'clock."—*New York Sun*.

"Yes," said young Mr. Wahash of Chicago, to a lady visiting Boston, "I am engaged in the pork-packing business." "The pork is packed in barrels, is it not?" she asked. "Yes, in barrels." "I fancy you must find the work very laborious during the warm weather," was a further remark she made.—*New York Sun*.

He was an amateur yachtsman, and he looked around the store in a timid way before he hesitatingly asked: "Got any tacks?" "Yes, sir, plenty of 'em. How many papers?" "I guess I'll take a paper of starboard and a paper of port. I'm going a-sailing, and I want to be provided with both kinds."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why don't you propose to her, Joe?" "Well, I'm half afraid." "She loves you, doesn't she?" "Oh, awfully." "You agree with her father in politics?" "Yes." "And with her mother in religion?" "Yes." "And with her brother as to who is the best pitcher?" "Yes." "Then blow me if I can see what you're afraid of."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Amateur Artist (to friend)—"What do you think of it, Charley? It represents two urchins gathering apples. I call it 'A Day in June.'" Friend—"Well, my opinion is, old boy, that if those urchins eat any of the apples they are gathering in June, somebody will have to get up in the middle of the night and run for the doctor."—*New York Sun*.

Suspicious Party—"Say, Mister George! Skinny an' me was up ter your meetin' las' night, and we've been converted to your doctrine of Division of Property." H—y G—ge—"Well, I'm glad to hear it, my good fellows." Suspicious Party—"Yes, an' as we two is sort o' impetuous fellers we've decided to put the theory to work at once; so shell out an' divide."—*Life*.

"I have just returned from the ice cream saloon with your daughter, sir, whom I have left in the parlor," said the young man, nervously, "and—and—may I say a word to you, sir?" "Certainly, certainly," responded the old gentleman with hearty encouragement; "go right ahead." "Thanks. I want to ask you, sir, if—if you could lend me five cents to ride up to Harlem with."—*New York Sun*.

Tramp (recognizing friend)—"Is that yourself, Tooley? An' what are ye doin' in that hole?" Friend—"Don't say a worruld, 'tis a foinie job I have; the felly what runs the summer hotel below here pays me seven dollars a week to live here, an' he calls me 'The Hermit of Scrub-Oak Hill.' The hoorders come up here he the dozen to luk at me, an' it's good cigars I'm shmokin' the whole day long!"—*Puck*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of drawing any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new novel by "The Duchess" is "A Modern Circe," just issued in England.

Sir George Grove gives the history of "Yankee Doodle" in his new volume of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Albert R. Frey, of the Astor Library, is preparing a dictionary of soubriquets and nicknames, to be published by Ticknor & Co.

Miss Braddon has been engaged by Messrs. Long & Co., of Sheffield, to write exclusively for them during the next three years.

A new edition of Robert Grant's clever trilogy, "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," is shortly to be issued by Cupples & Hurd.

Mr. George P. Upton will follow up his "Standard Operas" and "Standard Oratorios" with similar handbooks devoted to cantatas and symphonies.

The Boston Transcript informs us that the mother of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was first cousin of Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) and of Mrs. James G. Blaine.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play, "The Earl"—which failed to please Boston and was the subject of divers wrathful letters—will soon be brought out in book form by the Ticknors.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is engaged in writing certain autobiographical reminiscences. This will include a number of facts respecting his distinguished father, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of the great romancer and the wife of George Parsons Lathrop, will contribute a short story to the September number of the *American Magazine*.

"Sea-Spray; or, Facts and Fancies of a Yachtsman," by S. G. W. Benjamin, will soon appear from the press of Benjamin & Bell. The ex-Minister to Persia is well known as a nautical writer.

Professor Goldwin Smith has resigned his editorial position on the *Toronto Week*, and has severed his connection entirely with that journal. Hereafter he will devote himself to magazine work.

Mr. Julius Chambers, it is said, has been transferred from the *New York Herald* and placed in charge of *Galignani's Messenger* in Paris, which has recently been purchased by James G. Beonett.

The Duke of Northumberland is about to issue, for private circulation, the "Annals of the House of Percy, from the Coquoet to the Opening of the Nineteenth Century." It will be a romantic history.

A "Library of Wit and Humor," prepared for the most part by Mark Twain, will be published in the autumn by Charles L. Webster & Co. The work will probably consist of a single large volume of nearly eight hundred pages, though it may appear in two volumes.

Mr. John Montgomery Ward, who wrote the article "Is the Baseball Player a Chatter?" in the August *Lippincott's*, is a graduate of the Columbia College Law School. He has had enough of being a chatter, and means to give up professional ball playing next month.

Mr. Maurice Thompson considers Tolstoi an abominable writer; Mr. Howells regards him as the greatest among writers of fiction; *La Nouvelle Revue* declares that the only thing written by the noble Russian which is not stale, flat, and unprofitable is "Anna Karenina."

There is shortly to be brought out in Scotland a book which will be of great interest to all yachtsmen. Its title is to be "Famous Clyde Yachts, 1880-1887." It is to be a handsome folio containing thirty large colored prints of famous yachts, including the *Thistle*, *Genesta*, and *Galatea*.

Mr. Wm. S. Walsh, editor of *Lippincott's* will soon issue, through the publishers of that magazine, a small volume on the Faust legend, illustrated with five etchings by Herman Faber. He will seek to show, incidentally, the relation existing between Goethe's "Faust" and the poet's own life.

A series of photogravure representations of scenes about the home of Washington Irving will soon be published by the Putnams. The volume will bear the title of "The Land of Sleepy Hollow" and will include Irving's legend of the Hollow and "The Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost." Only six hundred copies will be printed.

A member of the London Browning Society, who prefers to remain anonymous, has written a novel the plot of which is based on Browning's "Waring." The story will bear the title of "St. Bernardo, the Romance of a Medical Student," and the title-page will present the evidently professional pseudonym of "Æsculapius Scalpel."

A hit of novel criticism appears in the Boston *Christian Register* of July 23. Its editor is the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, the author of "The Shylocks in Camp." As all his personal friends whom he could trust to review his book favorably were out of town, according to his statement, he proceeds to review his book himself to the extent of three columns.

What is promised to be "a queer novel" is soon to be begun in *Longman's Magazine*. It is a story of Britain in the first century, and is somewhat heavily described by its authors, who are Mr. Christie Murray and another unnamed writer, as "an experiment in imaginative art." Apparently suggested by Hamlet's soliloquy, its title will be "One Traveler Returns."

A book containing much curious information regarding the legends and other folk-lore of the Sandwich Islands will be published in the autumn by Charles L. Webster & Co. Its title is "The Myths and Moths of the Hawaiian Islands," and the author is King Kalakaua, who has been assisted in the preparation of the volume by ex-United States Minister R. M. Daggett. The book will be fully illustrated.

Atalanta, a new penny illustrated magazine, is to appear shortly in London. Among the contributors to the first number are Mrs. Molesworth, Mr. Edwin Arnold, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Rider Haggard, with Miss Alice Havens and Mr. Gordon Browne as artists. A preface by Mr. Ruskin is promised, and Mr. Walter Crane has designed the cover.

The Thackeray Letters to be published in the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* will include the remainder of the English letters, with some extracts from Miss Kate Perry's recollections of Mr. Thackeray, and also several anecdotes furnished the publishers by Mrs. Brookfield. The October instalment will consist of letters written by Thackeray to the Brookfields from America, and will conclude the publication of this interesting series.

Mr. James Russell Lowell continues his literary labors while abroad. *London Truth* says: "Mr. J. R. Lowell has been engaged during the past few months on a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which will probably be published next year. The materials for the work are very ample, and I hear that there is to be a special chapter devoted to Salem society and those of its worthies who have exercised so great an influence upon the best social and domestic life in America."

The *Argonaut*, of 122 Geary Street, have issued a new catalogue of the Gifford & Co., which they have imported. It consists of ninety pages, the works being arranged under the author's names, which come in alphabetical order, with the price appended. Under the letter "B" are grouped a number of "bibliothèques," comprising classical and

modern French works and translations from Latin, Greek, and foreign authors; a score or more of dictionaries, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$2.00, are mentioned; and there is a full list of the "Nouvelles Amour-euses," Pichés Roses, etc., of Charles Aubert, Marc de Montford, and other similar writers.

Mr. W. A. Clouston, whose "Popular Tales and Fictions" was recently published, is about to print privately a work entitled "A Goup of Eastern Romances and Stories," consisting of translations of the following works: "Fortune and Misfortune," a Persian story-book of unknown date; "The King and his Four Ministers," a translation of the Tamil romance "Akasa Katha," one of the sporadic versions of the "Sindibad" ("Seven Wise Masters") cycle; "The Rose of Bakawali," a Hindi version of an old Persian romance, from the French rendering of Garcin de Tassy; and, finally, "Entertaining Stories," from the same collection which furnishes "Fortune and Misfortune," and in which are found parallels to some of the *fables* of the Trouvères and tales of the early Italian oviellists. The work will be printed uniform with the same author's "Book of Sindibad," and will comprise from five hundred to six hundred pages. The impression is limited to three hundred copies, crown 8vo., and the subscription price is ten shillings and sixpence.

New Publications.

"The O'Dooells of Inehfawn," a novel by L. T. Meade, is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"St. Paul's Problem and its Solution," by Faye Huntington, is a religious story intended to disseminate the ideas and explain the workings of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with "Nymphidia," by Michael Drayton (1627), several of Herrick's fairy poems, and three early versions of "Pyramus and Thisbe," has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Calamity Jane," by Mrs. George E. Spencer, is a somewhat remarkable story of life in the Black Hills. Calamity Jane is a brilliant young woman who spends her leisure hours practicing highway robbery under the name of Road-Agent Charley, "whose feats had been the wonder of the holdst." Published, appropriately enough in the Rainbow Series, by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, 25 cents.

"Dorothy Thorne," by Julian Warth, is a companion work to his former novel, "The Full Statue of Man." Dorothy is the daughter of an old chemist, and from him she learns enough of the science to make more than a livelihood for herself, when his death throws her on her own resources. Temperance, the labor question, and other social problems are brought into the book, but not to such an extent as to lessen interest in the story. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"A Lad's Love," by Arlo Bates, is a well-written novel in which the hero, a mere lad, falls in love with a widow of mature but well-preserved charms, and after a time, transfers his love to her daughter. The translation of a tender passion from mother to daughter does not seem attractive; but Mr. Bates has handled his subject with delicacy. There are, moreover, in the book, a number of well-sketched characters and good incidents. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.00.

"Tempest-Driven" is a new English novel by Richard Dowling. It opens with an account of how a young Englishman makes the acquaintance of a beautiful but strange young woman, by fetching a doctor as her aged husband is dying; there is some suspicion that she has killed the old man; the young man falls in love with her; and, what with mystery, love, jealousy, and psychology, "Tempest-Driven" is made interesting for three hundred and fifty pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

A half-score of the addresses delivered by Sir John Lubbock at various opening meetings of schools and colleges, and similar gatherings have been gathered together and published in a volume entitled "The Pleasures of Life." The duty of happiness, the happiness of duty, the choice of books, the blessings of friends, the pleasures of travel and of home, and the value of time are among the topics on which he discourses; and it is almost unnecessary to say that he treats them in an entertaining and instructive manner. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Republic of the Future," by Anna Bowman Dodd, is an account of what would, according to the writer's ideas, be the condition, socially, politically, and materially, of the United States three centuries hence if socialism obtained full sway. Women being on absolute equality with men, and all property being held in common, the words "home" and "wife" drop out of the language, and with them disappears the entire domestic life. But a brighter side of the picture is given in the accounts of wonderful labor-saving apparatus. It is a curious little book, and will while away an hour very pleasantly. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, 50 cents.

"The Monk's Wedding" has been translated from the German of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer by Sarah H. Adams. The story is supposed to be narrated by Dante to the courtiers grouped about the fireside of an old Venetian palace, and in beauty of thought and language it almost justifies the author in this putting his words into the poet's mouth. As a novel it is of absorbing interest, being extremely dramatic in many scenes, and the change from the tragic termination of the story to the peaceful picture of the poet slowly ascending the stairs as the eyes of the spell-bound company follow his departing figure, is very effective. Published by Cupples & Hurd, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"The Law of Divorce," by A. Parlett Lloyd, of the Baltimore bar, is a valuable treatise for the laity as well as a convenient hand-book for lawyers. The book gives the causes for which divorces will be granted in the various States; the time of residence required in each; a brief digest of the leading decisions by the appellate courts of the various States; and a careful compilation of the latest divorce statistics. The use of technical language is avoided as much as possible, for the convenience of non-legal readers; blank forms of the various papers used in divorce suits are given; and the volume is carefully indexed. The book is, in fact, concise and comprehensive, and is a valuable addition to legal literature. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, \$2.00.

"Madrigals and Catches" is the title of a dainty little volume of dainty little verses by Frank Dempster Sherman—"songs for gladsome youth, half in jest and half in truth," he calls them. Mr. Sherman is a most prolific young versifier, and, if he wrote less his productions might be the better for it; but, as it is, they are of excellent quality—not quite cynical enough, perhaps, in the *vers de société* nor simple enough in the poems of nature. But pretty thoughts, gracefully and fluently expressed, his verses certainly show, and "Madrigals and Catches" contains some of his best things. The book itself is a handsome volume in white parchment, with a band of little cupids dancing over the cover, to a satyr's piping, and is printed on heavy uncut, uncalendered paper. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price \$1.

A new "Practical and Natural Method for the Study of the Italian Language" has been prepared for the use of American students by T. E. Comba, Professor of Modern Languages in the Brooklyn Latin School. The intention of the work is to place before the eyes of the student the language of to-day, together with the essentials of grammar. There is a preface in English, the remainder of the book being written in Italian in order that the student may have every reason to familiarize himself with the use of the lexicon. Part I, consists of graded conversations, anecdotes, etc., exercises for reading and translation, and the essentials of grammar; part II, of idioms, proverbs, and poetical selections for translation from Macaulay and others; and part III, of exercises with the verbs, regular and irregular. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Baron Alderson once was trying a civil action in which the plaintiff claimed damages against the defendant for having fractured his skull and broken some half-a-dozen ribs. There was practically no defense, the case for the plaintiff being unanswerable, and the jury returned a verdict for him, with damages one pound sterling. Said Baron Alderson: "We won't try any more cases with this jury. Call another." And, as they were retiring, he remarked: "Go home, gentlemen, and, as you value your heads and limbs at one pound sterling, I hope you may find some liberal purchasers on your journey."

John Randolph was at Clay-Hill one day, at a dinner-party given to a young army officer. At table the military guest was giving a glowing account of the Mexico churches, some of the finest of which, he said, had been turned into barracks by the United States troops. "Why, captain! were you not afraid to do it?" asked one of the ladies. "Oh, no; for my part," the captain replied, "I have become so used to such things that I could take my dinner on an altar as comfortably as elsewhere." "And so would a hog, sir," said Mr. Randolph. In the silence which followed this terrible thrust, they say the very air of the room seemed to tingle as the nerves of the guests did.

On the day before her departure from Paris, the Empress of Austria took her usual morning walk in company with Countess Goëss. Her attention being drawn to the large five-horse omnibus which passes along the Champs Elysées, she decided to get in. Scarcely had she got in when the guard gave the customary intimation that he desired the fare (six sous). The empress slipped a louis d'or into his hand, and, as the guard remarked that he had no change, she gave him to understand by a gesture that she did not want any money returned. Imagine the astonishment of the other passengers. The guard himself was speechless. When he came round he handed the empress a small ticket, and said, in a voice half stifled with emotion: "Here madame, you will surely at least take a *correspondence* (transfer ticket)?"

An Irish laborer in Boston was starting out one morning for his work and a small boy of three or four years insisted in trotting along after him. The father kept telling the dirty little morsel of humanity to go back, but the urchin kept steadily on, until they came to a place where it was necessary to cross the street. Here the father turned to his offspring, with an air of one speaking a great foal. "Now, Patsy," he said, sternly, "if you've got to be a'fther goin' straight away home this blessed mornin', I won't niver get yez on the police force." The little Irish mite stopped as if a spell had arrested his footsteps. He looked up at his stalwart father, to see if it were possible that he could mean anything so terrible, and then, perceiving no relenting in the face above him, he turned on his tracks like a flash, and ran home with all the swiftness his little legs could compass.

At a fancy-dress ball given in England, some time ago, to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, one of the masters of ceremonies was Lord Arthur Seymour, a person who might well have sat for the original of Dunderbury. A mischievous naval lieutenant informed the sprig of nobility that one of the guests was attired as Judas Iscariot. Lord Arthur was pleased to consider this a bad taste, and attempted to find the imaginary arch-traitor. During his search he came across a friend, and the following conversation ensued: "Yoush name is—er—L., believe?" "Yes, my lord," replied the individual addressed. "Well, I am—aw—told that—aw—a person is present who—aw—is dressed as Judas, and positively has the—aw—thirty pieces of silvah in his bag. It is—aw—like his d—d impudence to cawwy silvah heah! Why the dayvel couldn't he—aw—bring sovereigns?"

A lady having some business with the editor of a New York paper, ventured upon a call on him at his office. He was most cordial, and her errand was soon completed to her satisfaction. Just as she was about taking her leave, there came a knock, and she rose at once to go. "Oh, pray wait one moment," said the editor; "I know that knock. Oblige me by waiting until the gentleman has handed me his manuscript." "I did wait," says the lady, in telling the story, "and found that the new-comer was a celebrated author of our city. He glanced at me, gave the editor a package, and hurried away. To tell the truth, I was immensely flattered that the editor should have preferred losing the celebrated man's call to shortening mine. Judge of my feelings when he said, as soon as the door had closed behind the visitor, 'I really beg your pardon for making use of you in this way, madam, but I absolutely couldn't resist the temptation. I knew he wouldn't stay if he saw I had a visitor, and his calls are so confoundingly long!'"

One evening, there was arrested in a Maioe city an old gentleman of position and of cheery habits. The policeman said he had found the old gentleman on the street very drunk. The complaint was entered against him, but he was released on his recognizance, and sent home to a hack. When his case came up in court, the only witnesses summoned to prove his condition were the policeman and the old family servant of the accused, a faithful and devoted retainer. The policeman had given his testimony to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the stand. He testified flatly, to the surprise of the court room, that the old man was sober when he came home. The prosecuting attorney proceeded to question. "You say that Mr. — was sober when he came home?" "Yes, sir." "Did you put him to bed?" "Yes, sir." "And he was perfectly sober?" "Yes, sir." "What did he say when you put him to bed?" "He said 'Good night.' " "Anything else?" "He said as how I was to call him early." "Anything else?" "Yes, sir." "What was it? Tell us exactly what he said, every word." "He said as how I was to call and wake him early, for he was to be queen of the May!" The old gentleman was fined.

When Count von Beust was Chancellor of Austria-Hungary, he was the possessor of so many foreign decorations that he used to keep the cases containing diamond stars and gold crosses in a large drawer. One day the minister of a second-class European power was to be received by the count. As the visit was to be an official one, Count Beust asked a friend to ransack the drawer and find the grand cross of the order of the country represented by the minister. The friend searched but could not find it, and told the count of his failure. But as the chancellor was sure it must be mislaid; and as it was only fitting that he should pay the minister the compliment of wearing his country's insignia, he sent his secretary to a jeweler to purchase the decoration. Having been duly provided with the cross, he attended the reception. The minister appeared, carrying in his hand a parchment roll and a large jewel case. Beust, being short-sighted, did not notice these, but, engaging the diplomatist in conversation, sought to discover the object of his visit. The minister seemed embarrassed, and scarcely took his eyes from the star which adorned Beust's coat. At last, he stammered out that he had been commanded by his royal master to confer a grand cross on Count Beust. He held in his hand the insignia and the diploma, but as his excellency was, as he saw, already possessed of the order, his mission, so far as the investiture was concerned, was at an end. Beust's face was a study, but he was equal to the occasion. "Your excellency," said he, "will, I am sure, readily believe my error. So many great powers have honored me with their crosses that I could not believe that I did not already possess one from his majesty, your sovereign." The minister, being the representative of a second-rate kingdom, was pleased with the compliment. The count took off the purchased order and put the other in its place.

SOCIETY.

The Houghton Dinner Party.

An enjoyable event was a dinner party given at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday evening by General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn., who have been visiting them for several weeks. It was a farewell dinner, as Mr. and Mrs. Bulkeley leave to-day for their Eastern home. The repast was served in one of the private parlors on the fourth floor, and was sumptuous in every respect. Covers were laid for twenty-three in all, and the table was picturesque in its beauty. Lovely flowers, from Mr. Houghton's conservatories in San Mateo, were arranged with artistic effect, and magnificent specimens of California fruit acted as an accompaniment to these floral treasures. The name cards were unique in appearance, bearing the name of each guest in letters of gold, and being tied at the corner with tiny ribbons. The guests were seated at the table soon after seven o'clock, and the viands and wines occupied their attention for the succeeding hours of the evening. The event proved extremely pleasurable in every way and afforded much enjoyment for the guests.

Those present were: General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss May Ives, Miss Spearhawk, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Captain M. Fletcher, and Mr. H. B. Houghton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have returned from an enjoyable trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, and Miss E. Haggin sailed for Havre from New York last Saturday on the steamer *Cascogne*.

Mrs. J. T. Hay is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland and Mr. Hugo H. Toland are visiting Los Angeles.

Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, and Miss Jennie Chesman are passing several weeks at Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve are rusticating at Summit Soda Springs for a few weeks.

Mr. James V. Coleman is in Germany and will return here in October.

Mr. S. D. Hayne returned to the city early in the week, after spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Miss Alice M. Bacon, who has been rusticating at Seigler's Springs, returned to town last week.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes and Miss Allie Hawes returned last Sunday from Honolulu on the steamer *Zealandia*, after a prolonged visit on the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, *nee* Stetson, are traveling in England.

Mr. William Dunphy has gone to Nevada on a visit, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will go East next month. Mrs. Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy will go to Lake Tahoe in a few days.

Miss Ada Smith, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to friends in California.

Miss Alida Wilbur is enjoying a visit to Alaska.

Hon. E. B. Pond is visiting Oregon for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. William H. Smith has rented her residence on Leavenworth Street, and with her daughter, Miss Belle Smith, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Miss Lillie Jones are still at Santa Cruz, but will return home in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs and Miss Mary Gibbs are now residing at the Berkshire House.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett went to Glen Ellen last Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore has returned from a pleasant visit to Mount Shasta.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are the guests of Lord and Lady Waterlow in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett, who have been visiting the summer at Santa Barbara, returned home this week.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard has been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Miss Juliet Shafter is in the Catskill Mountains and will return here next month.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin and Miss May Ives have returned from their visit to the Summit Soda Springs. They will probably go to Lake Tahoe in a few days.

Misses Cora and Florence Cadue will make an Eastern trip soon.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Sophie McPherson, who have been passing the summer at Clear Lake, have returned to the city.

Baron Von Schroeder has returned from his ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. Frank D. Willey was at Santa Cruz last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Florence Reed has returned from an extended visit in Napa County.

Miss Mary Gibbs will make a trip to Lake Tahoe this month.

Miss Hattie Peterson departed for Philadelphia this week, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill have returned from a month's sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, *nee* Eldridge, arrived here from Chicago last week and are residing in San Rafael.

Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson is entertaining the Misses Jones of Chicago.

Mr. John D. Spreckels has returned from a trip to San Diego.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and the Misses May and Florence Pope are at their villa in Calistoga.

Miss Eva McAllister has returned from a visit to Miss Julia Peyton near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. G. Richardson is at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George M. Stoney and Mr. Harry Babcock have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Mabel Pacheco is the guest of General Schofield and family at Governor's Island, New York.

Miss Thornton has been passing a few weeks at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Harry T. Gibbs is at Skaggs's Springs for a few weeks.

Mrs. Maria Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hay, who are traveling in Europe, are expected home in about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Hudson departed for Paris on Wednesday and will return about November 1st.

Miss Jennie Waters, of Oakland, has returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bray, of Los Angeles, are visiting relatives at 722 Sutter Street, for a few weeks.

Mr. Calvin F. Fargo has been making a visit to Santa Barbara.

Major-General and Mrs. O. O. Howard visited Santa Cruz for several days this week.

Mrs. R. G. Brown and the Misses Lillian and Floy own, who have been passing the summer at Santa Cruz, returned to their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wickham and Miss May Wickham, of Petaluma, went to Alaska last Monday.

Dr. Frederic J. Huse rejoined his family in London in time to witness the pageant of the queen's jubilee. They are now in Switzerland, but will return in a few months to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Hoage are visiting friends in Carson City.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Dr. and Mrs. A. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton, and Mrs. McBean, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Talbot were at Sissons, near Mount Shasta, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Latham went to the Yosemite Valley last Sunday.

Mrs. John A. Russell and Miss Jean Russell returned to the city on Thursday after a two months' sojourn in the stern States.

Mr. John W. Mackay is expected here from New York City next week.

Mr. James L. Flood returned from Menlo Park on Tuesday.

day. Mr. James C. Flood is at his residence there, with his family, and is improving in health.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Nuttall, of San Mateo, came to the city on Monday to see the Daly company.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Younger returned to the city on Wednesday, after passing a couple of weeks at the Russell ranch in Alameda County.

Mrs. A. A. Taft returned from the Napa Soda Springs last Saturday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker has been visiting her mother, Mrs. William M. Stewart, in Carson City.

Mrs. William E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., passed several days at Lake Tahoe last week, and arrived here on Sunday for a week's sojourn.

Mrs. John P. Jones, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Bessie Gorham, and Miss Anna Sparger arrived here from Nevada last Sunday and, after remaining a few days at the Palace Hotel, went to Santa Monica.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, are at Santa Cruz.

Hon. F. F. Low went up the coast yesterday on a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Deane, and Miss Mamie Deane have returned from a month's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. F. A. Taylor, of San José, is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mr. C. T. Saunders arrived in town last Wednesday, after a very pleasant trip to London and Paris.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Mrs. Lawrence Hopkins, Miss Flora Carroll, and Miss Susie Russell, who went to Alaska a month ago, returned recently to Portland, Or., where they were joined by Mrs. Adam Grant and Mrs. John Hunt.

The entire party is now visiting the Yellowstone Park and will return here about the 15th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. McBean, who have been passing the summer at Blithedale, will return to the city next week, to reside at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. William Martin left for the East on Thursday, and will attend the Phillips Exeter Academy.

Mrs. J. Bandmann, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt returned to the city last Saturday, after passing the entire summer at the Wilkins House in Santa Cruz. They will go to Sausalito in the latter part of next week, to remain a fortnight.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Fletcher, who formerly resided at the Hotel Bella Vista, are back there again for the winter season.

Doctor J. De Lano Eastlake departed on Thursday for an Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley will return to their home in Hartford, Conn., to-day, after passing considerable of the summer season here and at Santa Cruz, in addition to a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, of Oak Knoll, have been passing most of the week in this city.

Mrs. Volney Spalding is gradually recovering from the effects of her recent severe illness. Next week she will enter-leave the city, and will be visiting Mrs. Whitaker, of Philadelphia, who are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa at Piedmont.

Miss Lizzie Sinton has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. L. M. Coit at Larkmead.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, *nee* Fargo, who are passing their honeymoon delightfully in the Eastern States, will return to the city on September 1st.

Mrs. J. B. Wright came down from Sacramento on Thursday and is visiting Mrs. Volney Spalding at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San Jose, has returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Gummer has returned to the Bella Vista, after passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Hon. William M. Stewart, of Carson City, has been passing the week at the Grand Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Joseph Marks gave a delightful lunch-party in her apartments at the Palace Hotel last week, in honor of Mrs. F. W. R. Martinez, who departed for Europe on Saturday.

Beautiful decorations and a dainty menu were the features of the pleasant event. The other guests were: Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. W. Barton, Mrs. A. Cheesbrough, Mrs. J. M. Chretien, Miss Grace Benjamin, and Miss Helen Aldrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis entertained a party of twelve friends at dinner, a week ago Thursday evening, at their residence on Taylor Street.

Mrs. Bessie Garvey, who is well known in this city, was married in New York on July 20th, to Mr. Wilcox, a banker of that city.

Mrs. Peter Donahue gave an elegant dinner-party, last Thursday evening at her residence on Bryant Street, to a number of friends at Santa Cruz.

The members of La Mandolinista Club will give a concert at Sausalito this evening in aid of a worthy charity.

The guests at the Hotel Bella Vista will give a hop next Friday evening at the hotel.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant A. M. Patch, U. S. A., arrived here from Fort Huachuca last Tuesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Quailrough, U. S. N., are passing a couple of weeks at the Napa Soda Springs.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturges, Jr., and Lieutenant T. B. Mott, U. S. A., have gone to Fort Gaston, Cal., for a few days.

Major John S. Witcher, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Department of California.

Lieutenant James R. Cranston, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Orchestral Union will give its first concert of this season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, August 31st, under the direction of Mr. Herman Brandt.

The orchestra will have the assistance of Miss Louise Elliott (soprano) from Boston, who is visiting California, and Mr. Julius Hinrichs (cellist). Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," "Dolce Segno," by Balzino (for string orchestra), and a serenade by Moszkowsky will be among the orchestral pieces.

Among the honors bestowed by Queen Victoria on her Jubilee Day, the Marquis de Piro, of Malta, who was lately for some time the guest of friends in San Francisco, received the appointment of "Companion of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George."

CCCCLI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday August 14, 1887.

Oxtail Soup.

Cantaloupes.

Broiled Salmon, Potato Croquettes.

Macaroni with Oysters.

Corn, Egg Plant.

Roast Chickens.

Tonno Salad.

Lemon Pie, Apples, Peaches, Figs, Pears, Nectarines, Plums, Gages, Apricots and Grapes.

MACARONI WITH OYSTERS.—Boil your macaroni in salted water, and drain through a colander. Take a bake dish, put in alternate layers of macaroni with grated cheese and oysters, well seasoned with pepper and pieces of butter; bake until brown, and serve in same dish.

Pulled bread is an edible that ought to be on every table. It is designed to be eaten with cheese, and it is delicious. Take a loaf of freshly made bread, and while it is still warm pull the inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand or smaller. Put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut. Eat pulled bread once with your cheese and you will want it often.

THE INNER MAN.

I regret that I did not note the processes of cooking, says a Honduras correspondent of *Good Housekeeping*. All I can say is that much of the food was cooked in earthen pots and bowls, made in the country hereabout; but vessels of copper, brass, or other metal were also in use. The good, old-fashioned brick oven, which is so highly praised and little used in the States, here has its counterpart in every pueblo and larger town. They are usually conical, having at one side an opening which one can close by sitting with his back against it, as I saw a bright girl do one day to hide the bread inside the oven when we were riding up to the house. She knew that if we caught sight of the bread, there would be no good excuse for telling us: "Nada, nada, señores," when we would ask if they had anything for us to eat. Beef, poultry, and other meats are frequently roasted in pots, but the conserva of fruits and sugar are cooked in metal utensils, as a rule. Frijoles are brought to the table, simmering hot, in a shallow bowl of red earthenware. Whether they are ever served in any other style, I do not know. Somebody has said that the salon of the Spanish-American house is a large room in which the family rest all the afternoon from the exertion of doing nothing all the morning. Certainly the sitting-room of the Honduran house of the better quality is not used in quite so luxurious a way, for the time from café to breakfast seems to be tolerably well filled with duties of an active nature. At half-past eleven breakfast reunites the family, and men and boys sit down together at table. There may be families in which the women of the house sit down at meat with their lords; indeed, I know of one family in which the pretty and intelligent mistress eats with her husband and his guests—but he is a Michigan man, who married a descendant of one of the ancient families of Olancha, and is settled in prosperous content on a fine cattle estate, spending his time most agreeably in teaching his wife to talk good English, and live in American ways, and in counting the increase of his herds. Ordinarily, breakfast in the house of my Tegucigalpa friend consists of soup and two or three courses of meat, with cabbage, yams, squashes, or other vegetables. Then come frijoles—the delicious red beans of the country, the like of which is not known to the benighted beings who think Boston-baked beans are good. There are beans and beans; but none other can compare with frijoles, served blazing hot as Hondurians serve them. After the frijoles, cakes or conserva of oranges, pineapple, lemons, and, perhaps, a lime added to lend an edge, all stewed together with sugar; or, there may be jelly of guava or other native fruits, or little randy kisses, or pastry rolled thin as a wafer and doubled over like a diminutive turnover, with a little lump of sugar between the lids. When baked the upper crust puffs up, and the whole breaks and melts away on the tongue in a way that is to a hungry man most suggestive of eating fog, or of slow starvation. Then come ripe bananas and other fruits and coffee.

The ingenious Count Rumford—so true to principles that he wore in winter a white hat and a white coat to economize the heat of his person by saving the difference of radiation between black and white—tells us, in his essay on food, that, after an experience of more than five years in feeding the poor at Munich, during which time every experiment was made that could be devised in choice of articles and in their combinations and proportions, it was found that the cheapest, most savory, and most nourishing food that could be procured was a soup composed of pearl barley, peas, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water in certain proportions. The barley was first boiled in the water, then the peas were added, and the boiling was continued over a gentle fire for about two hours; then the peeled potatoes were added, and the boiling went on for another hour, with frequent stirring to reduce the mixture to one uniform pulp; vinegar and salt were added last, and immediately before serving the soup was poured upon the cuttings of the bread, the staler the better it was found, for staleness makes mastication necessary, and mastication is an enemy to dyspepsia and prolongs the enjoyment of eating.

"After all," says the *Nineteenth Century*, "the reduction of prehistoric bones and ivory to vulgar powders for medicinal use is not more strange than the fossil food which forms so large a part of the daily bread of multitudes of our fellow-creatures in Lapland, Finland, and Sweden, in Carolina and Florida, on the banks of the Orinoco and of the Amazon, where vast tracts of earth are found composed wholly of myriads of microscopic shells, and this strange mountain meal, being duly mixed with meal of the nineteenth century, is freely eaten by the people. In Lapland alone, hundreds of wagon-loads are annually dug from one great field, and there are men who eat as much as a pound-and-a-half per diem of this curious condiment. We hear of fields as yet untouched, having been discovered in Bohemia, Hungary, and other parts of Europe, so, perhaps, we may ere long add these primeval atoms to the delicacies of our own tables."

Fourteen years ago a Mr. Iden, living in Dallas township, Nebraska, dropped a ball of butter into a well. It went to the bottom, forty feet below the surface, turned upside down, and rested on a board, where it remained until one day last week, the flow of water into the well having been so great that all attempts to clean it out until the recent drought were futile. When the well-cleaner reached the bottom, he found the ball of butter, and, on bringing it to the surface the color was found to be as perfect as on the day it was dropped into the well. There was no rancid or other offensive smell about it. When an attempt was made to cut it however, it was found to be tough and to have a body very much like cheese. The strangest part of it is that when set out in the sun, with the thermometer at 90°, it showed no signs of melting.

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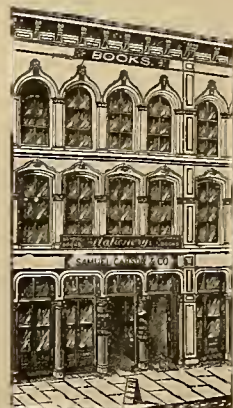
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MUSICAL EDUCATION.

By Clara Louise Kellogg.

I have been asked a great many times what I thought of musical education in America—that is, what I thought were the advantages or disadvantages a young person would have who attempted to study music in this country.

To answer this question briefly, I should say that, so far as teachers are concerned, a scholar can do as well here as in Europe; but if he wants to study in a musical "atmosphere," he must go to Europe to find it. My own studies were pursued in this country—in New York—but I went abroad, not to "finish off" so much as to become permeated with music, as it were, as one can be only in Europe.

Perhaps, as I have had more experience with the female voice, I should address myself to the young women among my readers. I have often received calls or letters from young women who have reason to think they have special musical gifts, and who wish advice as to their musical studies. Of course I am interested in this subject, and am glad to give such advice as observation and experience enable me to give; but I fear they do not always act upon it.

"Can we learn all that we need to learn of music in this country?" they ask.

"Yes, you can, if—"

"If what?"

"If you are in earnest."

The trouble is, most of them are not in earnest. They have been told by thoughtless friends that they possess extraordinary voices, and ask advice simply to confirm these injudicious compliments, and are annoyed if the home verdict is not confirmed. Noting the bad effect of ignorant and partial opinion upon these musical aspirants, I was foolish enough, at one time, to resolve to tell such applicants the simple truth. After this decision was made, the first young woman who came to see me professionally asked if I would hear her sing, and give my "candid opinion" of her voice. It was in a distant, rural city.

"My friends said that I have talent, but I am afraid their hearts are sounder than their judgment. May I ask you, as a favor, to give me your honest opinion?" she said.

I was pleased with the girl's frankness and apparent common-sense, and told her I would tell her can-

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didly what I thought of her voice. She said she had studied with a local teacher, who gave her great encouragement—music teachers have a great deal to answer for!—and that she knew a number of songs.

"Which of them will you sing?" said I. After some thought she chose Clay's "She Wandered down the Mountain-Side," which then was in great vogue. I played her accompaniment, and she sang as well as it is possible for a person entirely without voice or training to sing. It was lamentable. A tiny thread of a voice, and very little knowledge of time or tune.

"Now, Miss Kellogg, tell me just what you think."

"Do you propose studying singing as an accomplishment, or for a livelihood?" I asked.

"For a livelihood," she replied, promptly. "I have no time to learn accomplishments. If I can become an opera singer I will study, but not otherwise."

"Then, my dear," I replied, as gently as I could, "you would be wasting both time and money to go on studying. I think your voice has hardly the qualities that are essential in a public singer. You would, I fear, fail. I am sorry, but you wish me to be frank with you, and I think it much better for you that I should be so."

She seemed disappointed, but thanked me, and said it was much better to get such a verdict from one person than from the public. A day or two later I picked up the local paper, and my eye caught the head-line in capitals: "Miss Kellogg's jealousy! Her unkind treatment of a possible rival!" Further on, the reader was told that I was the most insanely jealous singer in the world. A young girl had recently come to me to have her voice tried, and, seeing how superior to my own it was, I had said everything in my power to discourage her and to prevent her from appearing before the public—the only judge whose judgment was worth having. The young lady's name was mentioned, and my cruel jealousy of her was dwelt upon at length. I have read many strange statements about myself in print, but none that so greatly astonished and pained me as this. That it was generally believed by the good people of the town in which I was singing, I had reason to feel by their chilling manner at my next concert.

I made up my mind that I would avoid the expression of a frank opinion in dealing with young

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipzig with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual.

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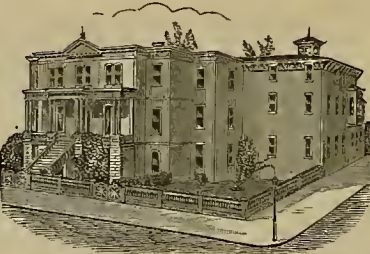
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would-be singers, thereafter. I could not refuse to bear them, of course, but I had had my lesson. It is a pleasure for me to say that I have met young women who were grateful for advice, but they have been those whom I have had reason to praise and encourage. I may add that the young woman of whose gifts I was said to be so envious has never been heard of as a singer.

The trouble with most young girls is a want of seriousness in seeking to study music. They do not seek to study with the intention of giving it all their time, but rather with the intention of giving it as little as possible. They have a vague desire to learn to sing and to go upon the stage, and think more of making money than of making a career.

"I want to take a quarter's lessons," said a young woman to a music-teacher of my acquaintance, "and then I shall take pupils myself!"

To accomplish the greatest results with the least trouble should be their motto.

After a young girl has shown that she has a good natural voice, and has formed the resolve to become a professional singer, she must make the cultivation of her voice a life work. She must be made to feel that this is no child's play; that it involves work, and very hard work.

She must give up most of the pleasures that young people so highly prize, and devote her whole time to preparation for her future profession. Her parents, or whoever has her in charge, should see that she leads a regular life, and that her general health is watched over as carefully as her voice. She must eat nourishing food. She must take plenty of exercise. She must get nine hours' sleep, if possible; and she must study dramatic action as well as singing. Every requirement in the profession must be considered and studied.

There is a great deal written about inspired singers, but inspiration goes for but little if it is not guided by art.

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dramatic action, my dancing master, my Italian master, and my French master. There was no day that I was not visited by two or three of the masters.

During the years I was studying, I was taken to all the good singers who came to New York. The strong points were called to my attention, and learned a great deal by observation. Everything that those years of training was turned to professor account. The usual amusements of young people knew nothing about it. It is a life work from which public singer escapes, no matter what her natural qualities may be. I think every one will admit that Mrs. Adelina Patti enjoys exceptional natural gifts, yet there is not a prominent singer who has gone, or goes through a more severe course of training than she. An American girl studying in America has the disadvantage of her surroundings to contend with. She can secure the services of excellent teachers (as she must make no mistake in this), and she can study intelligently, but she has not the stimulus to study that she would have in Europe, and particularly the Continent. There art is courted for art's sake. America is too young a country, and too little concentrated for an art "atmosphere" to make itself felt here. If all we have could be compressed into a state, we should be conscious of it; but stretched over the whole country, from Maine to California, it is necessarily very rarefied. We have the matter here. American voices are making themselves heard. They are of delightful quality, perhaps a little light as yet, but this is a generation of light sopranos and when the public taste turns, and more dramatic voices are called for, there is no reason why the demand should not be supplied. American girls have the natural voices, the intelligence, and the opportunity for developing into fine singers. All they wish to apply themselves and to realize thoroughly nothing can be done well without hard work and many sacrifices.—F. X.

Mr. Henry Heyman

Begs to announce that he will resume giving Lessons on the Violin and in Ensemble playing on Monday, August 8, 1887. Address: 206 Ellis Street, S. Francisco.

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P.M.

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8.00 A.M., (Sundays only), / San Francisco at the following Round trip rates: (Tickets good on day sold only.) Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.25; Duncan Mills and Ingram's, \$2.50. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 7.30 P.M. on Thursdays, and at 8.00 P.M. on Sundays.

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such legs I'd never wear Knickerbockers while I retained my reason. That old boy in the Panama worth a million. Rustle out those boxes of eggs

lively, now—they're at owner's risk! All aboard!
Hotel Thalatta—free coach. Get off my toes! Steer
over there, sir—green barge with a nigger driver. Oh
Sophie, I'm awfully glad to see you! Checks? A

right. You'll have to stack those eighteen trunks on your own on the lawn, mum—no room in the house. That isn't Miss Amoureuse, I'm mistaken! I thought she'd gone into a nunnery, or something. Well, oh chappie, how's life? You'll be nicely accommodated

at Mrs. Squeezer's; only four cots to the room there. Why didn't you bring down those mosquito nettings, John? Harry, the governor says you can't draw on him any more. Why, Alice; you old splendid! Clams six times a week and baked blue fish on Sundays.

[And so on till the pier is cleared.]—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

— LADIES' PURSES, CARD CASES, LETTER CASES, satchels, photographs, cases, albums, and a fine line of brass easels, broom holders, match safes, etc., are among the new things just received by Sanborn, Va.

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night, and have him at rehearsal to-morrow evening without fail.

Acute Observer—I know that gentleman with the high forehead must be a literary man. A look at his

Second A. O.—And the one with the white straw hat is certainly a wealthy youth. He's just thrown away his cigar, half-smoked, and taken another.

Third A. O.—And the other in the gray suit is consummate flirt, I know. See how he keeps twisting his mustache! Besides, he's the only man on deck who hasn't looked at us, even once.

The literary man—Well, I ain't no sorter use for this place in my business. Slow a-lookin' spot as ever I see—nothin' but readin' po'try on the rocks! int'kt'l' 'moosements, I'll bet a copper cent!

The wealthy youth—Wonder how I'm going to

stay here a week on sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents, with all this month's wages trusted by that confounded tailor? Looks as if I'd have to cut breakfasts and lunches, it really does!

The consummate flirt—Nice place this for a man

who hates women's society as much as I do! There must be a hundred of the chattering creatures on the wharf at this blessed moment. I'll leave on the morning boat, that's what!

Engaged person (on pier)—There's George! [Wave handkerchief and smiles beamingly.] Goodness, do hope none of these gossiping old maids will hint anything to him about Mr. Masher! He'd be just raving if he knew. [Rushes forward.] Oh, George

Engaged person (on boat) — Yes, that's Molly [Lifts and flourishes hat, bows devotedly.] What a lass I was not to persuade Minnie to wait a week. I she gets here before Molly leaves. I'm done for on

both sides of the house. [Meets Molly's rush half way.] Oh, Molly, darling!

[Landing takes place amid general excitement.]

Chorus—What do you think of the girl in yellow?

She's a beauty that beats any queen of a ball!

Slack away that head-line, some of you: it's bad

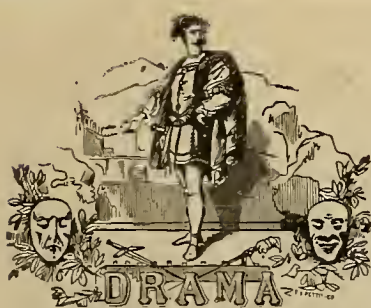
Hotel Thalata—free coach. Get off my toes! Ste over there, sir—green barge with a nigger driver. Oh Sophie, I'm awfully glad to see you! Checks? A right. You'll have to stack those eighteen trunks o yourn on the lawn, mum—no room in the house.

Why didn't you bring down those mosquito nettings, John? Harry, the governor says you can't draw on him any more. Why, Alice; you old splendid Clams six times a week and baked blue fish on Sunday—better try the other house.

satchels, photographs, cases, albums, and a fine line of brass easels, broom holders, match safes, etc., and among the new things just received by Sanborn, Van & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 3 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 122 First Street,

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THE THEATRE HAT.

Mr. Augustin Daly, a man with the talisman of success attached to his name, is reported to have worn a brief war against high hats in his theatre in New York. He failed.

It was so brief and so feeble a war that the circumstance is scarcely worth mentioning, if it were not that he is the only manager of any prominence who has taken any stand in the matter at all. His line of action was a mistake. It was a mere skirmish on the edge of the line, for he did nothing more than politely request the ladies of New York to remove their bonnets before entering the auditorium, and placed a luxurious dressing-room at their disposal to enable them to remove them with comfort. That is to say, it was presumably a luxurious dressing-room; Mr. Augustin Daly is apt to do these things well, and if he failed this time, then there was no extra inducement for the ladies of New York.

Every theatre of any pretension, excepting a few of the new and handsome lager beer theatres, has a ladies' dressing-room. It is always a deadly, dismal, dirty place, with a stench in it which smells to heaven so loud as to be almost a voice. It wears an air of having originally been handsomely upholstered, but all the moths, the mildew, the damp and the dust, the grease and the rust of many years standing in a theatre seem to select the ladies' dressing-room for their special abiding place. If a woman is seen to enter it during the opera season to remove her mantilla or her wrap—women are never known to find their way there at any other time—she flees affrighted before this intolerable stench, and can never be induced to enter the place again.

A ladies' dressing-room was, therefore, but a sorry stroke with which to seek to annihilate a fashion.

Meantime, as if indignant at the attacks upon them, hats are growing larger and larger, until they have assumed the proportions of an outrage. Latterly, in addition to their tall crowns, they have taken on a width of brim which renders them simply maddening. It is a wonder that the women wear them, for a hat in the theatre is neither pretty, appropriate, nor becoming. A woman under a big hat, in the play of the shadows in our half-dark auditoriums, might as well be a dark mulatto or a Choctaw Indian as the loveliest fair that ever charmed the senses in the light; her skin becomes a dark copper color, and all play of feature is lost. The narrowest towering bonnet is bad enough, though women of perfectly amiable intention are reduced to wearing them because it is necessary either to conform to custom or be conspicuous.

As for a broad hat, it is uncomfortable in the heat of the theatre, hideously unbecoming in the shadows of the auditorium, and serves no earthly purpose that any one can see except to inconvenience those behind it. It must be, therefore, that it is worn out of pure devilry. Devilry is a trouble which is rather peculiar to women, and is best corrected by active bullying.

It is the men who are the chief sufferers by the hat outrage, and whose wrongs in the matter should first be righted. The whole question could resolve itself into a nutshell if they dared to do it, but men are such cowards in a domestic way that the simplest solution of the problem is the most unfeasible. It would only be necessary for every man to arise in his might and forbid his womankind, mother, daughter, wife, sister, or mother-in-law, to enter a theatre with a hat on her head, and lo! the deed would be done. Peace, upon one subject, at least, would reign in the land, a sea of profanity and ill-temper would be washed away, all the intelligent men who have forsown theatres would come back to them—for an army of them has been driven out by women's hats—and perhaps the present decadence of taste would rise to its old time standard.

But no man dares to let his own wife start the custom, and it would be a difficult thing to do. It would require leaders of fashion to inaugurate the style, and we have no leaders of fashion. Mrs. Cleveland, the first lady in the land, is a very estimable young person, and discharges the onerous duties of her exalted position with great political sagacity; but she is not *grande dame*, and she can wear gloves at dinner until she is bald as Mithras, but the American ladies will not imitate her. She also has condescended to go to the theatre without her bonnet—there is just a little touch of pharisaical condescension about Mrs. Cleveland's way of doing things—but it has not had the slightest effect, and the hats grow taller and taller.

The hat-wearers themselves object that it is impossible to change the present custom, on account of

the climate. But, as our climate is rather milder than that of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, and London—in all of which cities evening bonnets are something unknown, and a milliner would not know what in the world you meant if you should ask for one—this objection does not hold. Furthermore, we have generally had our grand opera in the month of March, and our greatest dramatic attractions during the cold, bitter months of July and August. When we have cheap opera, every woman wears her hat or bonnet; when we pay six or seven dollars a seat, every woman sheds her bonnet cheerfully; sometimes she makes this concession for a great dramatic occasion, if the price be sufficiently high, and we hear no talk of temperature. She wraps her lace scarf, or whatever it may be, comfortably about her head, and jumps into the street-car as cheerily and contentedly as if a hat were perched on the apex of her coiffure. The carriage question need not enter into the discussion at all. One can roll to the opera in a street-car with a millionaire almost any night. Our people are not carriage people. Those who have them seem, in many cases, to be so burdened with the magnificence of the idea that they pass their lives in trying to save their horses. A horse is a noble animal, but he is a beast of burden as well. As it seems impossible to make the carriage people of San Francisco take this view of him, carriage transportation does not, as in other cities, enter into the discussion at all. People ride in the street-cars at night as a matter of course.

The hat question, therefore, resolves itself into a matter of price. The more a seat costs, the more willing a woman is to remove the nuisance. Perhaps, after all, this is as it should be, and is the only way of regulating the affair.

In America, the whole theatre is open to a woman, whatever she may choose to wear.

In London, no woman may sit in the stalls with her bonnet on, but she may buy a cheaper seat in the balcony and wear a sky-scraper, if she likes.

In Paris, the stalls are still the old-fashioned pit, and a woman may not sit there at all, bonnet or no bonnet.

And what fools the men have been ever to let their privilege of exclusiveness in the best part of the theatre slip from them. Why do they not make a strike back for their liberty and comfort, or even take it as the Englishman does, under pleasant conditions.

This is the only reasonable and feasible way of managing a nuisance which has been a gigantic joke so far for the caricaturists and comic papers, but, with the incoming fashion, the new instrument of theatre torture is called, variously, the "Buffalo Bill" and the "Cowboy Hat"—the thing is becoming serious.

The women will not yield, and the men dare not strike.

It all remains, therefore, in the hands of the managers. Dressing-rooms will not do it, and managers will yield to nothing but financial considerations. It is not exactly feasible to segregate the audiences, and put all the women on one side of the house and all the men on the other.

The spectacle of all the heterogeneous hats mingled in kaleidoscopic confusion, with not a man's head between them, as now, to make the space, would be too ridiculous. Furthermore, women are not very patient with other women's hats, and it is probable that half the hat side would be removed in angry hysterics with each performance.

It might answer to charge admission for hats. One dollar for the person and a dollar and a half for the hat would not be unreasonable. Yet even this might not mitigate the discomfort. Women are very cranky creatures, hard to count upon, and curiously prone to do the unexpected. And they are very fond of expensive things.

There is but one way, after all, the old conservative way, which prevails in every theatre in England, down to the heart of the deepest province, and in many theatres in Germany. Let the people who like to wear their hats wear them, and let those who are willing to go without do so.

Only, it is but fair to be fair. As those who go without their hats impede no one's view, let them have the orchestra chairs to themselves. It would be only right to give them the front rows of the dress circle also. The orchestra is built upon so slight an incline that a hat is more maddening there than elsewhere. But many people prefer the dress circle because they would rather look down upon the stage than up to it. And those who are willing to dress with some courteous consideration of their neighbors' comfort are certainly entitled to the best that is to be had. Since the division of the hatted from the unhatted has worked well enough in all other parts of the world, why should it not in this?

The idea of full dress, which is so much a matter of faith with the English, and from which the Americans shrink with such dread, is a mere phantasm. An Englishwoman's full theatre dress does not cost as much as an American woman's market gown. But she is fond of little fal-lals, wears light colors, low necks, and short sleeves. She feels, rationally enough, that where one goes to the theatre, one goes to an evening entertainment indoors, and, intelligently enough, she sees no use for a hat.

The German woman omits the fal-lals and the low cuts, but goes without her bonnet for comfort. There is no necessity for revolutionizing our habits by dis-

carding the bonnet in the theatre. It has nothing to do whatever with full dress. The time will never come for us when they will pin a man's coat-tails back, in deference to an idea, as they do at Covent Garden in the season, and let it go for a swallow-tail. It is merely as a matter of comfort to the wearer and to the unhappy being who sits behind her that a woman is requested to take off her bonnet.

And since no other expedient remains but this division of the theatres, what say Messrs. Managers? BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Panorama of the Land and Naval Battles of Vicksburg seems to be fully as popular as was its predecessor, the Battle of Waterloo.

"She," which is now in its sixth week at the Tivoli, bids fair to rival the famous "Satellina." It is a matter of some difficulty to get a good seat by eight o'clock, and "Have you seen 'She'?" is about as common a question as "Have you read 'Allen Quaternian'?"

Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phoebe Davies, who have been resting in this city for some time past, are about to begin their winter's work with a short season at the Alcazar. They open next Monday night in "Rosedale." Their trip will be in the Southwest, and will extend to Alabama.

Minnie Palmer, who, with her husband and manager, John R. Rogers, has been resting in this city during the past week, will play a short engagement of two weeks at the Bush Street Theatre before she goes to New York, opening next Monday night in "Pert and her Stepmother."

James M. Ward and Carrie Clark Ward will play at the California Theatre next week, under the management of Robert M. Eberle. They will present Dan O'Connell's Irish drama, "The Red Fox," which was produced in the East last winter, and, if its merits have not been exaggerated by the New York and Boston papers, it should be a success in this city.

There were some people who did not understand why Dan Mulligan, in "Cordelia's Aspirations," should reject with such extreme disgust the champagne he drinks in the second act. It was explained on Monday night by a gentleman in the audience, who loudly exclaimed to his neighbor: "Good God! It nearly poisoned him. He's used to drinking whisky."

One would say that Harrigan had made a mistake in not given us "Cordelia's Aspirations" earlier in his engagement, if the houses had not been packed every night; it is certainly the funniest of his plays, and its popularity here is shown by the fact that Harrigan substitutes it for "Old Lavender"—his favorite and best rôle—which was to have filled the latter part of the week.

Mr. Daly's version of the comedy, "The Country Girl" and the clever adaptation from the German, "A Woman's Wont," will be given by the Dalys on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee; "A Night Off" will be repeated on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings; and "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given at a special matinee on Wednesday.

Dion Boucicault, who with his handsome wife, Miss Thornydyke, has been a frequent observer of Harrigan's transplanted Irishmen at the Bush Street Theatre, has his new Irish play in good shape to follow "The Jilt," in which he succeeds the Dalys at the Baldwin. By the way, several people have mistaken his husky silver locks and pale face for the ghost of Hon. Philip A. Roach, whom he closely resembles.

Harrigan is a singer to the extent of being afflicted with the San Francisco hoarseness so badly that he could not appear during the latter part of last week; and on Monday night he was unable to sing one of his songs, M. J. Bradley singing it for him. That is, Mr. Bradley presumably sang, for the orchestra played and Mr. Bradley contorted as comic singers always do; but his voice was as inaudible as that of a stock-broker's conscience.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending August 13th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, "A Night Off." Cast as follows:

Justinian Babbitt, James Lewis; Harry Damask, Otis Skinner; Jack Mulberry, John Drew; Lord Mulberry, Charles Fisher; Marcus Brutus Snap, Charles Leclercq; Prowl, F. Bond; Mrs. Zantippe Babbitt, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Nisbe, Miss Ada Rehan; Angelica Damask, Miss Virginia Dwyer; Susan, Miss St. Quentin; Maria, Miss Campbell.

Remainder of the week, "The Taming of the Shrew." Cast as before.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Cordelia's Aspirations." Cast as follows:

Dan Mulligan, Edward Harrigan; Simpson Primrose, John Wild; Rebecca Allup, Dan Collier; Palestine Pater, Peter Goldrich; Planxty McFudd, Harry A. Fisher; Walsingham McSweeney, M. J. Bradley; Gustavus Lochmuller, Joseph Sparks; Ridgeway, Charles Sturgis; Mulvey, Charles Coffey; Mr. Browner, George Merritt; Clerk, George L. Stout; Tommy, Harry Guion, Jr.; Policeman, James Sullivan; Cordelia Mulligan, Mrs. Annie Yeamans; Diana McFudd, Miss Amy Lee; Mrs. Lochmuller, Miss Emily Yeamans; Ellen McFudd, Miss Annie Langdon; Rosey McFudd, Miss Kate Langdon; Jim Grace, F. C. Goldrich; Mr. Dancerfield, William West; Mr. Clinton, E. Murphy; Topsy, John Sparks; Billy Kersands, Hiram Nicoll; Call Hicks, Richard Quilter; Jim Bland, Charles Sullivan; Sam Lucas, Robert Gordon; Joe Hardhead, Charles Coffey; Jay Weldon, J. Decker.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallerrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "The Three Guardsmen." Cast as follows:

D'Artagnan, Edwin Thorne; Athos, George Osbourne; Porthos, Frank Mordaunt; Aramis, Hobart Bosworth; King Louis XIII, James M. Brophy; Cardinal Richelieu, E. N. Thayer; George Villiers, Rand Germaine; Count de Rochefort, George Turner; De Treville, F. H. Wyman; Boniface, F. M. Page; Houchet, P. M. Fuller; Le Tour, George H. Tralder; Sendin, Harry Russell; Jacques, G. T. Henry; Courier, Emil Collins; Captain, Charles Enright; Ann of Austria, Miss Ethel Brandon; Lady de Winter, Miss Annie

Adams; Constance, Miss Helen Mason; Manette, Miss Fanny Bowman.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "She." Cast as follows:

Ayesha, Miss Laura Clement; Ustane, Miss Tellula Evans; Delysha, Miss Mamie Taylor; Hilyia, Miss Fredie Stockmeyer; Leg, W. H. West; Job, R. C. White; Tim, Ed. Stevens; Horace Holly, Jas. O. Barrows; Mahomed, H. W. Frillman; Azef, Al. K. Feeley; Achmet, J. Roberts; Bllali, M. Cornell; Simbali, A. Messmer; Abdalli, Mr. Fielding; Olia, F. Raabe.

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WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Fifteenth and Mission Streets.—Menagerie, performance Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the Daly Company in "The Country Girl" and "A Woman's Wont," "A Night Off," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

At the Bush Street, next week, Minnie Palmer's company in "Pert and Her Stepmother."

At the Alcazar, next week, Joseph R. Grismer's company in "Rosedale."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "She."

At the California, next week, James M. Ward's company in "The Red Fox."

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Scriba, Post-Obit.

He climbed the shining, golden stair
With confident and lordly air,
Until he reached the landing, where
The crowd assembled.
He crowded to a foremost place;
Determination stamped his face;
Some scion of a high-toned race
He much resembled.

He greeted Peter with a smile,
As though 'twere hardly worth his while
To bow his head, or doff his tile,
To a mere porter.
We stood aside to let him pass.
St. Peter muttered: "Second class!"
Then cried: "One harp of polished brass
For this reporter!"

—W. S. Case in Puck.

"Yankee Doodle."

(A New Version.)

[Trying to sing "Yankee Doodle" on a transatlantic steamer lately, the Americans were twitted by an old Scottish resident of New York, who said he would furnish them with a better set of words within half an hour, which he did. The satirical result may amuse some of the readers of the Argonaut who are not quite enraptured over the connection referred to.]

Yankee doodle! Yankee dude!
Yankee doodle dandy!
He's got a wife, plague of his life,
A regular Irish "randy."*

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle up and down,
Yankee doodle dandy!
O! he's the boy for Miss Molloy,
Wid all his cakes and candy!

She came to York and begged to work,
She said she was so handy;
And she would work like any Turk
For Yankee doodle dandy.

She'd scrub the floors, and do the chores,
And thankful be forever;
And only ask for all the task,
What he'd a mind to give her.

His heart beat free in sympathy,
Yet, with an eye to barter,
He married then, was taken in,
And done for ever after.

She took his purse, and what was worse,
She took to beer and brandy,
And evermore she tore and swore
At Yankee doodle dandy.

He said he lov'd her—there he lied—
His "Mason's line and Dixon's" braves
Row over slaves, with Southern braves,
Was nothing to this vixen's.

In banged red hair and jewels rare,
O! is't she a grandee?
But home she'll reel and raise the de'il
On Yankee doodle dandy.

She dons his pants, and raves and rants,
"By all the saints and Mary,
She'll fly his flag on every crag,
From Rathlin Isle to Kerry."

Her blood is up, she's got the whip,
No longer words she'll baddy,
She'll shed a flood of Saxon blood,
"By Yankee doodle dandy."

She'll have the swing in everything,
Her Pat shall be the mayor;
She'll make the laws and break the laws,
And make the people pay her.

* * * * *

In Yankee laws there is a clause,
The bands of love to sever;
But Biddy sticks, like lime on bricks,
To Jonathan forever.

In vain he's sad and raving mad,
To rid him of his randy,
He'd give his bonds and half his lands,
O! Yankee doodle dandy!

MARCHEANK, Scotland, June 30, 1887. J. H. P.

A Romance of Baseball.

Steele N. E. Howe was a batter bold,
One of the sturdy kind;
When the furious mob threw chairs and kegs,
Which bowled him off his manly legs,
When they overwhelmed him with blast eggs,
He never appeared to mind.

W. Inning a pitcher was,
A pitcher of power and nerve;
The ball from his hand flew fierce and hot,
Cleaving the air like a cannon-shot.
He could cover the space of a half-mile lot
By the aid of his magic "curve."

Cora Fay was a beautiful thing,
Who danced by the footlight's flame;
She worshipped Inning, and when he'd play,
She always wanted to get away,
From drive, rehearsal or matinee,
And be on hand at the game.

The wonderful batsman loved the maid,
So he would say to her;
"I'm the handsomest—just one hug!"
She would reply, with an artless shrug,
"You certainly have an attractive mug,
But my pitcher I prefer."

"He's bet all his money on this one game,
If he wins it, we're to wed!"
Then with his face and heart aflame,
The batsman, hating his rival's name,
Stood in the field as they called the game,
With a wicked thought in his head.

And he ruined W. Inning's throws
Till the throes were of despair.
The game was lost and the pitcher blue,
All of his money had vanished, too,
So with venomous rage the ball he threw
At the batsman standing there.

Through that wretched schemer's quivering form
It sped in an awful way.
It gave to the huge grand-stand a whack,
Behemoth the pitcher in flying back
And left in its devastating track
A lifeless Cora Fay.

* * * * *

And there, at the midnight hour, 'tis said,
When the light and the life are gone,
With mystical motions that appall,
Two shadowy figures rise and fall,
Playing a ghostly game of ball,
With a phantom looking on!

—Edward E. Kidder, in New York World.

* A virago (Scottish).

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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France has passed through its legislative chambers two laws that strike at the very heart of Roman Catholic power in that republic. The first denies to the clergy the privilege of educating the youth of France, and confides the authority and privilege of teaching in its public schools to laymen. The other law, recently enacted, refuses to exempt ecclesiastical students from military service. It is

decreed by the chambers that seminarists and students of all creeds and all classes must share with the rest of their countrymen the incidents and perils of military duty. Like all other citizens, theological students are made to bear arms, and fight side by side with their countrymen. They are liable to be drawn as conscripts, sent to the barracks, and, in event of war, to fight the battles of France. Bishop Treppel, who has been very active in his efforts to defeat the passage of this law, made an earnest effort that the students might be held to duty, not in the ranks and among the common soldiers, but in ambulance corps to aid the sick and wounded. The argument by the church is, that life in the barracks is a had preparation for the priesthood, and the government by enforcing this law is endeavoring to stop the supply of priests. The answer to this is, if candidates for the priesthood can not stand this ordeal of army life, it demonstrates their unfitness for the clerical, and is proof that the ecclesiastical trammels would be hard for them to endure. Republican France declares that all citizens owe their first duty to their country; the church claims that the first and paramount allegiance belongs to the church. The church claims the whole man, and all his life, his body, and his soul. He must at the call of religious duty leave father and mother, deny himself wife and children, give up social ties and fortune, and consecrate himself to the service of God and the Church of Rome. This might be very well when the effect is to secure some honest, earnest soul who is intent upon a religious life, and who will enter the priesthood with the determination to consecrate to its service the devotion of all his powers, but not for the inexperienced hoy who takes upon himself the duties of a clerical vocation, and then too late, finds himself in galling slavery to a profession he despises, preaching dogmas that revolt his reason, and practicing ceremonies that he looks upon with aversion and contempt. Service for a time in the army, life in the barracks, the garrison, and the frontier post will demonstrate to the seminarist whether his vocation is at the altar, or in the service of his country. We do not doubt there are many priests and preachers in the Church of Rome, and in other fields of ecclesiastical subjection, who would give their lives to have had an opportunity for more deliberate choice in the selection of a profession, from which, when once in it, they can find no honorable avenue of escape. Rome makes it very hard for any one who has taken vows to retire from them, and find other honorable vocation in life.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In looking over the list of officers and employees of the city government I was most disagreeably surprised. I am a German, and have tried to get work in some of the public squares, or at the Park, but to my great disgust, the Democrats now in power don't look at anything but an Irishman. In looking over the list of persons now elected, appointed, and in the employ of this county government I find the following:

Sheriff, and nearly all of his deputies.	Irish
Assessor, " " " " " "	Irish
Chief of Police and two-thirds of the officers.	Irish
Judge of Police Court.	Irish
Clerk of Police Court.	Irish
Poundmaster.	Irish
Gas Inspector.	Irish
The Registrar of Elections and his clerks.	Irish
All the workmen at Golden Gate Park.	Irish
Nearly all the janitors in Public Schools.	Irish
All of the keepers of Public Squares.	Irish
Public Administrator.	Irish
Chief Jailor of County Jail and sixteen watchmen.	Irish
Superintendent of the Industrial School.	Irish
Superintendent of the Alms House.	Irish
All of the watchmen of the Industrial School.	Irish
Superintendent House of Correction.	Irish
Nearly all of the keepers House of Correction.	Irish
Five Superior Judges.	Irish
All the employees at the Hospital and most of the patients.	Irish
Watchmen of City Hall.	Irish
Fire Alarm Superintendent.	Irish
License Collector.	Irish
Keepers of Magdalen Asylum and all of the inmates.	Irish
Nearly all the inmates of the Alms House.	Irish
All the Industrial School inmates are Irish or direct descendants of.	Irish
All the laborers in State Harbor Commission.	Irish
All the workmen in Public Schools.	Irish
Most of the San Francisco Fire Department.	Irish

And there are more that I don't know of. Now, what chance is there

for a German here? None whatever; neither is there for an American (in San Francisco at least). This is under a Democratic government, and I don't understand it. Are the Irish a privileged class? I guess so. I am told that under the Republican government it is nearly the same class holds all the places. I have always been a good Democrat, but now I think I will join the American party. Just look what the Registrar of Voters reports, as follows:

Ireland.	9,608
Germany.	6,396
United States.	35,000
All other countries.	8,000

Now these people who ignore the Dutch will find it to their cost next election, and they will find out too that there is a terrible array of Americans when you stir them up with a long pole.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

There are 48,514 voters in San Francisco, as shown upon the great register. Ireland furnished 9,608; Germany, 6,396; and 7,749 from all other foreign nationalities. There are enough Americans to more than outnumber all of foreign birth. An American party that would draw its lines along the boundary of birthplace, would find difficulties hard to overcome. But when the German fellow-citizen, who calls himself "Dutchman," begins to realize that the Roman Catholic Irish have organized a political conspiracy to steal all the occupations of a political character through the Democratic party, leaving enough in the Republican party to monopolize everything when it is in power; when Ireland and the Papacy furnish an Irish Catholic boss to the Democratic party and an Irish Catholic boss to the Republican party, who own both; when the Protestant Lutheran Dutchmen, the north of Ireland Protestant Orangemen, the two thousand six hundred and ninety-five native-born Yankees from Massachusetts, the four thousand nine hundred and seventy native-born sons of New York, the one thousand three hundred and seventy-nine Dutch from Pennsylvania, twenty-four hundred native-born sons of the South, with thirty-five hundred from Great Britain and her colonies, begin to realize that the politics of San Francisco are being monopolized by Roman Catholic Irish for their own base, selfish purpose, we think it possible to form an American party in San Francisco, and at the next election, and for all the offices that shall make the fur fly, no more Roman Catholic Irish need hereafter apply for office in the City and County of San Francisco. The American party is composed of all classes—men of all nationalities, of all religions, of all sections, of all colors—except Pope's Irish, and it has determined that in California, and especially in San Francisco, it will make one honest, determined effort to drive this Irish clique out of the city hall. It is an impudent set, and can be driven from the crib; if the class of people referred to in this note will no longer stand in awe of the Irish shillalah, or, what is better, if American young men will pay no attention to either of the existing parties, or any of the political leaders, or heed the advice of the press, but seize the organization of the American party, wield the black-thorn themselves, and drive these hungry Irish out of office, they will have accomplished great good. We do not know the man who sent us the above communication, it is anonymous. If the Germans who "keep watch on the Rhine" will join the Americans, we will clean out the Pope's Irish at the next election.

The English-Irish political situation continues to be persistently misrepresented by the American press, very much to the delectation of the Irish-Americans in this country. Three or four special parliamentary elections have resulted in the triumph of Separatists, or the reduced majority of Unionists, and this seems to have carried Mr. Gladstone and his Parnellite allies off their feet; they pretend to think they see in this the returning popular wave, on the crest of which Mr. Gladstone is to be returned to power and Ireland permitted to set up a Jacobin government in Dublin. These are the evidences of the good time coming—when Ireland will become a Papal state under the guidance of ecclesiastical power, when land-owners shall be compelled to turn their estates over to a non-rent-paying tenantry, and when Protestantism, property, and intelligence shall, in Ireland, be subjected to the rule of an ambitious church, agrarianism, anarchy, superstition, and ignorance. The Crimes Act for Ireland has become a law of the realm. Her ma-

jesy's writ is now being enforced in Ireland, evictions under the law for the non-payment of rent are taking place, and there is no evidence that an early dissolution of Parliament is likely to occur, or, if it does, that the people of England will become a party to the Irish rebellion against the law, now being fought under the leadership of Gladstone, Parnell, and their co-conspirators among English, Irish, and American demagogues. The contest has been long and bitter, and is not yet ended. The strength of the conspiracy has lain in America, the money with which it has been carried on is a contribution from the American Irish. The majority of the English electors are opposed to the independent nationality of Ireland; they have decided this question fairly after a full presentation of the question upon the hustings, and the minority should have submitted, would have submitted, had it not been for American gold placed in the hands of Irish demagogues for the purpose of continued agitation, prompted by an irreconcilable hatred toward everything English. Failing by fair means, the Gladstone Irish have resorted to foul, and for five months have delayed Parliament in passing a law for punishment of the peculiar crimes that have been deliberately set on foot in Ireland to accomplish the confiscation of real property. The criminal combination against which the Crimes Act is particularly directed is that most vicious and cowardly conspiracy known as the "hoecott." The great leading object of the ministerial policy is the obligation to restore the authority of the law in England, and we have no doubt of the power of Parliament to enforce the authority of the law throughout the extent of the British Empire. When the Parliament of England shall find itself powerless in any part of Ireland, and from any cause, the British Empire will have fallen to pieces. Not to have passed this Crimes Bill, and not to enforce it in Ireland, would have been to turn five millions of Irish people over to anarchy; to have let loose three millions of uneducated, unarmed, impoverished Irish, led by fanatical priests and unprincipled politicians; to provoke civil war against two millions of a brave minority, well-provided, well-armed, led by disciplined soldiers, and kept upon a war footing by the strongest military power of Europe—such a conflict would visit upon Ireland scenes of desolation in comparison with which the invasion of Cromwell and his devastating army would seem a dress parade. It is criminal for the Irish in America to encourage armed and forcible resistance to the execution of the British laws in Ireland; that is what our demagogues are now doing; to oppose evictions is the object for which money is now being contributed, and to oppose them by barricades and armed resistance to sheriffs in serving legal processes. The Irish-Americans who give and the Irish politicians who receive money for this object are inviting the poor, ignorant Irish tenant to his own destruction. The church, or priest, or politician, whether it be Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Walsh, Gladstone, or Parnell, or any of the lesser conspirators that reach from Duhlin Green to the San Francisco Sand-lot, engaged in this absurd and unlawful attempt to make war between the Government of Great Britain and the people of Ireland, are clearly and unmistakably alluring the ignorant Irish peasantry to certain and inevitable ruin. If this conflict of arms shall ever occur, the Irish demagogue and politician will turn tail and run from danger, as they have always done; if anybody stands by the Irish rebel, and dies with him, and does not betray him, it will be the priest and not the politician.

It does sometimes occur in the Parliament of England and in the Congress of the United States that a commission of its members may be appointed to investigate facts upon which important legislation may be predicated. When a deliberative body chooses from its own number a "commission" and clothes it with power to investigate matters of importance, it usually selects its most responsible members, members of the highest intelligence, and of the most unquestioned integrity. When, for some indefinable reason, in order to placate some uneasy sentiment, hush some clamor of small scandal, and put to silence the gossip of gossiping tongues, a "smelling" committee of small men is dispatched with authority to nose around and report. It is a mode of rewarding the small partisans and of paying some of the liabilities which leaders incur to their meaner servants. Per diem, mileage and perquisites, chance to travel, and an opportunity to clothe one's self with authority in which to play fantastic tricks and generally to put on airs, is compensation enough to members of a "smelling" committee; they find their reward in the increased respect they can pay themselves. The Hon. Mr. Henley, member of Congress from California, aided by all the enemies that infest great enterprises and hinder the achievement of great undertakings, has spent his congressional career in securing the passage of a law establishing a Railway Commission to smell out all the errors, mistakes, and irregularities that any aided railway may have committed during its existence. Mr. Henley would have desired to occupy a place upon the commission, but he was rejected by the President, as were many others, because of assumed unfitness arising from prejudice. By one of those accidents too small for profitable investigation as to its cause, three very small specimens of the smell-

ing politician were chosen upon the commission now holding its session in San Francisco. Pattison, Anderson, and another person came to our city and opened their investigations touching the construction, management, and general financial control of the Central Pacific Railroad system. In a small room of the company's general office they went to work. Governor Stanford and the gentlemen in his employ gave these persons every facility in their power, and in every respect were disposed to aid them in their labors. Not till after the commission had entered upon its work; not till by sneers innuendoes and small insults, sarcastic remarks and insulting comments, was it observed that the three persons engaged in the business of railroad investigation, lacked dignity, lacked fairness, lacked the knowledge of good breeding. Innudoes and small sarcasms degenerated into unmistakable insult and blackguardism, until Governor Sanford and other gentlemen called as witnesses were compelled to decline answering questions the asking of which implied the commission of crime, questions in which the tones and manner of their asking implied an intention of personal affront, and the substance of which was deliberate and premeditated insult. Mr. Stowe would have been justified in personally chastising the chairman of the commission for his offensive interrogation, and Governor Stanford would have been excusable if he had rung for his colored porter and had him lead ex-Governor Anderson from the building by the ear and kick him at its portal. Gentlemen do not conduct themselves as have these commissioners. Commissioners do not conduct investigations as have these gentlemen, if they are honestly seeking facts. If they have determined upon a report of scandal; if their visit to this State was to find sufficient evidence to justify scandalous misrepresentations to Congress for political effect to be used against this railroad company, in the interest of a party which did not sanction the construction of the railroad and no member of whose board of management has been a Democrat, they have acted well their part. Whatever report will be made by this commission is robbed of its power to injure the Central Pacific Railroad people or prejudice the community respecting its management. There are old and stale slanders raked up by this commission, and while no one may pretend that any corporation heset by political enemies, made to stand and deliver by black-mailers and corrupt lobbyists, subject to the exactions of political bosses and party rogues, assaulted on every side by dishonest lawyers, and compelled to run the gauntlet of competition, may not be compelled to use its secret service funds at times in self-defense, this community has not received any evidence that the Central Pacific Railroad Company has contemplated defrauding the government of what may be justly and equitably its honest due, or that Governor Stanford has been guilty of any personal conduct that does not entitle him to the respect and confidence of every honorable man. Governor Stanford says, in his answer to the summons for him to appear before the Federal courts to show cause for not answering certain interrogations propounded by the commission:

Since its organization I have been and still am President of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. As such, I have taken a very active part in the construction of its road and the management of its affairs; and in the earlier road and the management of its affairs; and in the earlier part of the history of the company I was its financial agent and representative upon this coast.

In its incipency, the enterprise was regarded as of doubtful success. The project was considered as visionary; its practicability was questioned; the liability, under the laws of this State, of the stock-holders for their proportion of the debts and liabilities of the company contracted or incurred while stock-holders, created distrust, and deterred the public from taking an interest in the enterprise, or extending it financial aid. These causes rendered the company, as such, unable in its corporate capacity to borrow money or secure the necessary funds with which to carry forward the construction of its road. Time was material, delay was disastrous. Public and private interests alike imperiously demanded a speedy completion of the road. Under the circumstances, no alternative remained to myself and associates but upon our individual responsibility, as best we might, to raise the necessary funds to enable the company to prosecute the work of construction of the road. Upon its success we staked our fortunes, assumed the responsibilities, and borrowed upon our individual credit the necessary funds.

I have taken part in transacting the business of the company for a period now extending over twenty-five years, and in point of value aggregating upward of four hundred million dollars. As the business took place I was cognizant of it, but owing to its multiplicity and the pressure of matters more important than mere detail, as well as the lapse of time, I am now no longer able to recall many of the matters with which I was once personally so familiar.

Governor Stanford then recites how promptly and exhaustively he and his associates responded to the commissioners' demand for information; he says:

In May, 1887, I received a circular from the commissioners calling upon me for information touching the matters specified in the act of Congress creating it. This embraced all the matters contemplated and provided for in the act. How extensive and detailed is the information thus asked for, an inspection of the act of Congress alone can tell. Comprehensive and sweeping as are its requirements, immediately upon the receipt of the circular, I, in good faith, diligently endeavored to comply with them. Agreeably to the request thus made, I gave the necessary instructions to the officers and employees of the company to secure all available information thus called for, and called to my assistance all the aid at my command to fully, completely, and categorically answer the various interrogatories propounded to me. These answers I have submitted to the commission. Some time after the receipt of this circular I was also favored with the presence of accountants and experts of the commission, at whose request they called upon me for the purpose of investigating the books of the company and its affairs. I promptly placed at their command all the books and all the information at my disposal. Since then, these gentlemen, with the assistance of the various officers and employees of the company, have been diligently engaged in collecting all the data and information they desired in respect to the subject of the circular. Since the arrival of the commission in San Francisco, I have waited upon them; the principal offi-

cers and employees of the Central Pacific Railroad Company waited upon them; and every person in the employ of the company whose presence was desired, or who could furnish them information respect to the subjects of their investigations, has promptly and fully done so.

Exhaustive annual reports had been made every year to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, giving names and residence of the stock-holders, directors, officers of the company; the amount of stock and amount paid in; description of the lines of the road surveyed; fixed for construction, and the cost of surveys; amounts received from passengers and freight; statement of the expenses and indebtedness of the company, setting forth details, all of which were sworn to, and, on or before the 1st of July, submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury. The requirements and provisions of the law were complied with.

Coeval, therefore, with the creation of its indebtedness, the company was required to furnish the government with a statement of such coeval with the time of the requirement did the company furnish such statement, and I believe has ever since continued to do so.

The government in its relation to this railroad enterprise is a creditor, and until the amount owing it becomes due in default is made in payment, it would seem as though it is no right to demand an accounting of its resources. Upon this point Governor Stanford, continuing, says:

As repeatedly declared by the highest court in the land, the relation created by the act of Congress between this company and the government was that of debtor and creditor.

The repeal of the act of Congress would not do away with the Central Pacific Railroad Company. Its existence does not depend upon the act of Congress. It owes its existence to the laws of the State of California and to those laws alone. While to the provisions of the act of Congress are due the bounties therein provided for, the company does not owe its existence to that act but to the laws of the State of California. However the repeal of the act of Congress may affect the bounties, it can in no wise affect the existence of the company.

An auditor is provided by law to make a thorough vision of the accounts, books, and vouchers of the company. This auditor, says Governor Stanford,

Visited the office of the Central Pacific Railroad Company in San Francisco in 1879, and made a thorough examination of the accounts, books, and vouchers of the company from the date of its organization down to the date of his examination. He was given every facility in his examination. Upon his report the account between the company and the government was then settled and adjusted.

Like examinations have annually been made, and the accounts between the government and the company adjusted accordingly, the one being on December 31, 1886. In these various ways were the government and the country kept fully informed of the mode prescribed by Congress of the condition of the affairs of the company as they stood up to the 31st of December, 1886. The affairs of the company run from the 1st day of July, 1862, to the 31st of December, 1886, were annually made public to the country before the road of the Central Pacific Railroad Company had assumed any tangible shape. Its condition was reported to the United States Secretary of the Treasury. It was annually reported the amount received from passengers and freight over the road. To him was reported "a statement of the indebtedness of the company, setting forth the various kinds thereof." The road was constructed and the indebtedness therefor created, it was reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, and it was so reported annually. Congress and the country were thus annually advised of progress of the enterprise, and of the mode and manner in which it was conducted. The work was not done in secret; its magnitude for the interests of the parties forbade; the interests of the public forbade. The solemn declaration of Congress that "the better to accomplish the object of this act, namely, to promote public interest and welfare by construction of said railroad and telegraph line, and the keeping same in order," fully attest the character of the enterprise, and at the same time demonstrate how futile would have been the effort to conceal or disguise anything concerning the mode or manner in which it was carried forward. The mode and manner in which it was carried on was not dissimilar from the public; but the public in this State and the public through the United States at the time well knew how the work was carried. The embarrassments and difficulties attendant upon the construction of the road deterred capital and banished all grounds for cupidity. No risks had to be incurred, liabilities assumed, the prospective profit was success were contingent and doubtful, and few were hardy enough to embark in the enterprise. While myself and my associates did at the time hesitate to take the risk and stake our fortunes on the success of the enterprise, and while we do not feel that we are on that count alone entitled to justly complain of any fair or even critical examination of the mode and manner in which the affairs of the company have been carried on and the interests of the public been treated, yet we feel that where we have complied with all the requirements of the law, where we have annually reported to the United States Secretary of the Treasury, as required under the Act of 1862; where we have submitted the affairs of the company to the investigation of all the officers charged with the investigation of the same; where we have complied with every requirement of the law, oppressively as it has sometimes borne upon the company; and where the properly authorized officers of the government have accepted and received the reports of the company, fully showing the condition of its affairs as required by law, up to the 31st of December, 1886. It is hardly in keeping with the solemn compact made between the company and Congress, under the Act of July, 1862, that no addition to, alteration in, or amendment to that act should be made without having due regard for the rights of the company, on the 3d of March, 1887, to pass the Act of Congress authorizing the present investigation, under which we are called upon to go over now and investigate transactions reported to the government over a quarter of a century ago, and long since settled and closed.

It may be true that there is no statute of limitations to run against the Government of the United States in any suit or proceeding at law or in equity. But, assuredly, where parties have carried on their dealings agreeably to the provisions of the several Acts of Congress for twenty-five years, openly and publicly, under official responsibility, subject to the scrutiny of the public press, it is not too much to say that, after such lapse of time, some clear, imperative public necessity should demand a disregard of all the principles and rules governing in the ordinary business relations of life, and require the existence of some overruling necessity to call upon and justify the overhauling of such dealings. Clearly this can not be the "due regard for the rights of the company," referred to in the Act of 1862. "With due regard for the rights of the company," such investigation can not be had. "With due regard for the rights of the company," its duties, alike the government and its stockholders, can not be disregarded. "With due regard for the rights of the company," its confidential relations as private business affairs can not be made the subject of public investigation.

Notwithstanding having in these various modes, from the time of passage of the original Act of July 1, 1862, down to December 31, 1886, placed the government in full possession of the true condition of the affairs of the company; yet upon the arrival of the commission this city, as already stated, I and the various officers of the company have promptly and cheerfully afforded to the commission every facility for a full, complete and most thorough investigation of all matters in examination of which the commission could properly be charged with. This examination has not only extended to the affairs of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, but it has extended to a search

investigation of the affairs of all the consolidated and allied companies connected with that corporation. Their affairs have been examined into, not only by the experts of the commission, but the commissioners themselves, and all their business relations have been exposed to the public and the prying curiosity of rival business competitors. Despite all the information thus promptly and cheerfully extended to the commission, it insists upon an investigation of matters with which the government has and can have no possible concern. The government, as already stated, is but a creditor of the company; its interest is in its percentage of the net earnings of the company. What disposition may have been made of its assets in the past, or what disposition may have been made of such portion of its assets or earnings as the government has, and never had, any interest in, is a matter with which the government can have no possible concern.

In the answer submitted to the commission on behalf of the company I have already stated, and now state, that in determining the amount of the net earnings of the company for the purpose of ascertaining what would be coming to the government, or amounts in respect to which satisfactory and detailed vouchers are not furnished shall be regarded as if the money represented by such vouchers were on hand, and the account with the government settled as if such moneys remained unexpended. And I here make the same statement, in view of which I am wholly unable to discover how the government can be concerned in any of the other earnings or funds of the company, or to which it has not and can have no possible legal or equitable claim. As to all moneys and funds of the company upon which the government has not and can have no legal or equitable claim, it occupies the position, and stands clothed with all the legal rights and powers of any other debtor in the management, conduct and disposition of this property and is entitled to the like protection under the law.

It is in regard to this class of property the commission insists upon answers to questions, insistence upon which can have no possible effect upon any of the just relations between this company and the government, and can only tend to cast doubt and suspicion upon parties whose names may be mentioned in the course of such investigation. As the subjects, in respect to which these questions are propounded, are of an exclusively private character, and in no ways affecting the interests of the government, neither the company nor its officers feel called upon to answer them.

To this course I feel the more constrained, as the gentlemen of the commission have distinctly and repeatedly avowed, in the course of their examination, that they did not regard themselves bound in such examination by the ordinary rules of evidence; that they would receive hearsay and *ex parte* statements, surmises, suspicions, and all character of information that might be called to their attention. And during the course of my examination before the commission, it has more than once transpired that I was examined upon charges made in pleadings and proceedings instituted against the company, based upon suspicion and surmise, and in many cases without actual foundation. Questions have been propounded, and a line of examination pursued, manifestly prompted by disaffected and hostile parties, whose aim was more the pursuit of personal enmity of a private character than the interests of the public at large, or the ends of justice. To answer any of the objectionable questions propounded necessarily gives rise to the implication that all persons whose names may be mentioned in the questions to which answers are declined are guilty of the acts of commission which is implied in the bare asking of the question.

In my testimony given to the commissioners I have said in substance, and now repeat that I have never corrupted, or attempted to corrupt, any member of the legislature, or any member of Congress, or any public official, nor have I authorized any agent to do so.

There is not an honorable and honest man who knows Governor Stanford, or who has ever done business with him, or been thrown in contact with him, that doubts the literal truth of the above declaration; and as a complete answer to all the commission can claim in reference to any of the money represented by vouchers which the Governor is unable or unwilling to explain, we commend the following. If any voucher is unsatisfactory, it may be thrown aside in the final accounting with the government, and it can be replaced by coin.

In regard to the vouchers referred to on the present application, I have already submitted my explanation to the commission; and I have already stated to them, as I have hereinbefore stated, that they shall not be allowed in anywise to injuriously affect the interests of the government. Yet I do not in this connection deem it proper to admit the implication of the commission of anything improper upon my part because of the form or characters of the vouchers, or the failure to explain the same. All the claims covered by those vouchers have received not only the approval of the board of directors of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, but likewise the approval of the stockholders of that company. All parties who could in anywise legally or equitably be affected by the disbursements embraced in those vouchers were fully satisfied therewith and have ratified and approved of the same. In addition to which I may be permitted to say that in the conduct and management of a business of the magnitude of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and the various corporations consolidated and allied therewith, it is impossible not, from time to time, to have to do business involving disbursements which every dictate of business prudence will not admit of being made public. Arrangements of a private character, names of parties not publicly known, and the disclosure of which could only result in defeating the ends in view, and exposing the persons so named to suspicion or obloquy, would forbid making the same public, either upon the archives of the company or before a public commission. We find this course of policy not only sanctioned by ordinary experience in business life, but we find that the government of these United States and the government of the State of California, as well as the government of the city and county of San Francisco, severally allow to their chief magistrates money, the investment of which is committed exclusively to their judgment and discretion, and for which detailed vouchers are never required.

I regret that the commission has deemed it its duty to propound questions involving criminality on my part, and on the part of the persons whose names have been mentioned by the commission in such questions, answers to which, for the reasons already stated, I have felt constrained to decline to make.

I had supposed that every American citizen was protected by law from such questions. Be that as it may, acting, not merely on my own behalf, but in behalf of those whose interests as stockholders of the Central Pacific Railroad are committed to my charge, I feel bound to decline to answer them unless the court shall otherwise direct. All citizens of these United States are entitled to the equal protection of the laws, and no person can be deprived of life, liberty, and property, without due process of law.

I feel that I am entitled, not only personally, to the benefit of these constitutional guaranties, but that all my fellow-citizens whose interests I, through this company represent, are likewise entitled to their benefit. I do not feel personally at liberty to decline to assure to them and to their interests committed to my charge the benefit of the protection secured to them by these great fundamental principles of our constitution and laws, and therefore, I respectfully submit that under their protection I am not required to answer the questions propounded, nor should the court make the order prayed for in the petition herein.

This answer is sworn to by Governor Stanford, and though it is subscribed by his attorneys, Messrs. McAllister and Bergin, as the law requires, it is apparently the work of the Governor himself, for no one so well as himself is conversant with the affairs of the Central Pacific Company from the hour of its inception to its final completion. Every fair-minded person who has intelligence to comprehend the vastness of this great national work, the doubts that involved the practicability of its accomplishment when first undertaken,

who know the struggles—financial and material—through which it has passed, the enmities it has encountered, the oppositions, jealousies, intrigues, and deviltries it has had to meet and overcome at every step of its progress, who knows what it has accomplished for the Pacific Coast, and what it has been to the nation, will not sympathize with any mode of investigation that is not generous, nor any settlement by governmental authority that does not take broad equities into account.

The united labor convention is in session at Syracuse under the chieftainship of Henry George, Father McGlynn, and John McMakin—a philosopher, a priest, and a politician. Let us do this trinity the justice to admit that so far in their party organization they have had the courage to refuse association with the corrupt whisky men, the depraved vote-sellers, the unscrupulous party bosses and the whole scum of unprincipled foreign socialists agrarians, anarchists, and sham labor class that works only with its jaw bone and only perspires during the heat of a political contest. It is encouraging to know that McMakin had the boldness to denounce the "Labor party" as tramps and pirates, and that the "united labor convention" had the nerve to refuse any alliance or compromise with political loafers who are only masking in the disguise of labor agitators in order to betray the cause of honest labor reform. The George movement is an important one, and may have an influence upon political and party results that is not now measurable. It may be wrong, but it is unquestionably earnest, and it seems honest. Its underlying principle of nationalizing all land and compelling land alone to become subject to taxation; in other words, to confiscate real-estate property by stealing rents under the name of taxes, does not commend itself to our sense of justice or of right. The great bulk of our voting community is made of men who till their own acres; they think they own them, and the non-agricultural workers, non-land-owning residents of cities and towns will have to multiply vastly in numbers before this rural land-owning class and the town class, who own their residences and places of business—or who think they do—will yield their possessions to philosophers, priests, and politicians, who, baving speculated, prayed, and plundered without accumulating anything in this world, or laid up much that is available in the other, now propose to plunder and divide through party management and political control. This may be a very good way to abolish poverty, only we are not disposed to join Mr. George's party, nor to cooperate with the Reverend Edward McGlynn in that way of acquiring what we have not worked for.

We seem to be entering upon a new era in politics. Ohio holds a State convention, and endorses Senator Sherman for President; Pennsylvania holds a State convention, and endorses the Hon. James G. Blaine. New York has not yet spoken officially, but her leading politicians declare that it is indispensable to a party triumph that one of her favorite sons should be nominated for the Presidential office. It is in these three great States that nearly all the political feuds occur, that all the party quarrels are inaugurated, and all the squabbles and dissensions over spoils are carried on. A blanket that would cover New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and a small part of New England, would cover all the wrangles among party leaders, all the discord, mugwumpery, and party strife, all the contentions, jealousies, warring ambitions, and angry personal conflicts that have for years disturbed the harmony of the Republican party, and two years ago in New York sent it to an unexpected defeat. If the West and South should ever happen to get tired of these things and unite for their punishment, there would be wailing under the gates, and sorrow in the sky. It would, we think, be a wise lesson to teach the East, that while the sun rises in it, that it sets in the West; that it is from the place where it sets that it must rise, and that the party of the great loyal West has power to prevent its victorious appearance above the Eastern horizon. Perhaps it will not be amiss to remind Mr. John Sherman, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Roscoe Conkling of New York, Mr. Edmunds of Vermont, the Republican leaders, editors, and party managers of the East, that it has been demonstrated by the election of Mr. Cleveland that they are not indispensable to the welfare of the country; that the survival, progress, and prosperity of the nation during Mr. Cleveland's one term of administration, may embolden the country to the experiment of entrusting him with another four years of administration.

If a man is justly chargeable with the ownership of great wealth, his affairs—private and personal—are the subject of free comment by the press. Mr. Flood is just at present the subject of attention by half the journals of the State in reference to the condition of his health; whether he lost money in the wheat deal; whether it is his purpose to travel in Europe, and why he has devolved his business affairs upon his son during his proposed absence. Mr. Flood is at present at his country residence at Menlo. He is not seriously nor in any sense dangerously ill. He is not alarmed for himself, nor is his family alarmed concerning him. He is not advised by his physicians that he has any organic trouble. He is

annoyed with an affection of the eyes that gives him great inconvenience. He contemplates going abroad for recreation, travel, rest, and health. He has lost no money in the wheat deal, for he has never speculated in that class of merchandise, nor has he, for more than three years past, employed his fortune in any other than legitimate banking. During that time he has not been interested in any stock transaction or dealt in any mining shares. That he has made his son, James L. Flood, his agent, with full power of attorney, is a matter of record, and shows the confidence reposed in that gentleman by his father, and may serve to silence some of the whispered gossip that is indulged in by those who find pleasure in such things. No one better than Mr. James Flood has earned the luxury of foreign travel, or can better afford to treat himself to the rest which a long, active, and successful business career makes desirable. Mr. Flood was born near Fort Hamilton, in the State of New York, has never been abroad, nor, so far as we know, has his family ever visited Europe.

We have received from Skaggs Springs, Sonoma County, under date of August 9th, a very neatly written note, and signed by a lady whose first name is Gertrude. We can not read the writing, nor can we even guess the surname of the writer. The signature is a hieroglyphic which we can not unravel. The body of the note is neatly and tastefully undecipherable. We take this mode of informing our correspondent of the reason we do not reply, and through this lady we beg to inform all other correspondents, who, knowing how to write, do not take sufficient pains to write legibly, that, as we have no time to decipher undecipherable cbirography, we toss such letters into our waste-basket. No writing is good unless it is plain. This makes us seem discourteous in not answering letters, and we have no doubt that we often lose very valuable communications by not reading them. If any letter is worth answering, it should be plainly written that it may be quickly and easily read. If any communication is worth printing in the *Argonaut*, it is worth careful, plain penmanship. It is vulgar to involve a signature in the disguise of ornamental flourishes; every useless and unnecessary mark of the pen in ordinary penmanship detracts from the beauty of the page, and makes it more difficult to read. We have received every week for several years—usually on Monday morning—a long, closely-written letter, underscored and interlined, signed "D. K." We tear the envelope and throw it into the waste-basket, because it is illegible. We receive hundreds of letters every year which we throw aside for the same reason. The letter that most vexes us is the one which is fair upon the page, but the letters of which are not so formed and rounded that they can be easily read.

Major Hinze, a retired officer of the Prussian army, has been tried before a court of honor of the army corps of the guards, and deprived of his military title and uniform, because he failed to challenge a political opponent who, in the heat of a general election, cast an imputation upon his military honor. He not only failed to challenge his defamer, but prosecuted him in a regular court of law and obtained his punishment. What makes this case so strange is that the criminal code of the empire forbids the challenging to a duel with deadly weapons on pain of fortress imprisonment for six months, and this applies to both military men and civilians. Major Hinze is rebuked for two offences—for not violating the law and for having resorted to the courts for redress of a wrong. This finding of the court of honor was approved by the emperor.

The Reverend Doctor Curran, who was assistant rector of St. Stephen's with Doctor McGlynn, and who has been encouraging the doctor by attending picnics and public meetings in company with him, has crawled, and skeddaddled back to Rome. Archbishop Corrigan, the Pope, and the Propaganda were too much for Doctor Curran, so he has apologized and sneaked back into his clerical hole. In our opinion, there will be a very inconsiderable number of Irish priests who will have the courage to face Rome in its anger, or who will dare to entertain or express opinions at variance with her policy. As a rule, Roman Catholic priests are the slaves of the machine.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over about two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a half as the required space to stop its progress. The violent collisions in some cases during fog may thus be accounted for.

The great lion-slayer of Algeria, Ahmedben-Ahmar, is dead. He killed eighty lions and as many panthers from the time he learned to shoot until his departure to the happy hunting-grounds.

Mrs. Jackson, a missionary recently returned from India, says that during ten years she never saw a Hindu child receive a caress from its mother.

A MEXICAN LUCRECE.

The Tragic Legend of the Street of the Jewel.

The street was named thus many and many a year ago, when the City of Mexico as yet was young. The City of Mexico thus named and known; for the Great Tenochtitlan—the Town of the Snake and the Cactus—had stood on the same site, how long before, there is no man can tell. But the happenings to be recited in the present tale befell after the Conquistadores had huilt, on the spot whence they had razed the Aztec city, the capital of New Spain, and had in-rooted in the new soil as many as they might of the customs of their native land, overlaying the half-barbaric manners of the time with what pomp and luxury of life they could command, all heedless that, giving as they did to Mexico all they enjoyed in Spain, all still fell far short, in many chief respects, of the civilization and advancement whose tokens they swept away from the conquered land. But the haughty Spanish spirit was given to no reflections so little complacent, and the social and political flats were all modeled on the plan of those of other lands across the seas. The vice-regal circle at Mexico reproduced in little the sumptuous glitter and glory of the Spanish court, with its pomp, and form, and elaborate ceremony; and more than in little it copied, too, the corrupt and profligate life of the old world. The nobles were gay, and—harring external pretensions—godless; their splendor flouted back his rays to the sun. And the poor skulked here as elsewhere, ashamed and shrinking in their rags, shunning the too penetrating, too disclosing light of day. Between the two was a great middle class, here as everywhere the hope and the salvation of the country, free from the privations and sufferings that inevitably harden and degrade the very poor, and, from inclination as well as from questions of caste, avoiding the temptations and the responsibilities of the higher rank.

Of this intermediate grade was Gaspar Villareal and his wife, Violante Armejo. Gaspar was of good, although not noble, family, and he had inherited a patrimony sufficient to maintain a moderate family, free from the necessity of labor. He was an intelligent and clever man, who might have taken office, and therein found preferment, if he had so elected. But something of a philosopher he was, and seeing clearly through the flimsy shams of attraction in such a life, he chose to live his own, serene and apart. It would have been hard to find a fitter mate for Villareal than was his wife, Violante. She was of wondrous beauty, and when she came to the city from her clear-aired mountain home, and leared what unclean thoughts, and schemes, and passions seethed through the general life of the day, she was fain to turn aside and bury that extreme loveliness, as in a convent, behind the jealousies of the little home to which her husband brought her.

In those days, ere the vandal axe of the conqueror had ravaged the works of God from the face of the earth, as it had already destroyed the works of man, the whole Valley of Mexico, now flat and bare of woodland, was timbered thickly throughout; and in a clump of noble cottonwood-trees, a league away from the city, Gaspar had made his home. A modest place it was, supplied, indeed, with all the comforts known to that day and section, but owning little of luxury. It was a shrine of heaven, however, to the loving pair. In the little garden they sat in converse, or woke the tones of the young wife's guitar, or read from old-world poets, being more studiously inclined than the major part of their neighbors of that day and generation. And husband and wife were happy, loving, and knowing no doubt of one another.

Along the highway that skirted this little Eden rode one fine day Diego de Fajardo, a young gallant and noble, newly arrived from Spain. Returning from the chase, the pangs of thirst beset him on the way, and chance, or fate—it could never have been Providence—led him to draw rein and check his mare Xeres at the *zaguan* door of Villareal, and ask a draught of water from the *mozo* at the door. It was toward the decline of day, and Violante sat in the corridor looking upon the garden, and watched the linnets stealing apricots from her trees. She heard the young voice at the doorway, and the merest hend of her head would have shown her the form of the handsome cavalier, yet she moved not a hair's breadth. What to her was the semblance of gay gentlemen, living here in her cottage, far retired from the alien intrigues of the court? For her there was but one man on earth worth bending aside to see, and he was her own true husband. But the claim of hospitality was quite another thing. She called to the *mozo* as he passed, doffing his hat of straw, and hearing to the stranger a *jicara* of water.

"Go put away the gourd, Joaquin," she said, "and bring from the *sala*—see, here are the keys—thy master's cup of silver, and a crystal cup on a tray with a flask of wine. From the voice of the stranger yonder, he should be a person of quality, and it ill becometh that such go from thy master's house with only the comfort of a meagre cup of water." And the servant did her bidding, and, proud of the quality of hospitality dispensed by his patrons, he explained to the young cavalier the reason of the change in his refreshment.

The etiquette of the day was imperative and cumbrous, and to Diego de Fajardo, living in the atmosphere of most rigorous conventionality, it seemed that he would do a churlish thing did he ride away without making his acknowledgments to the mistress of the house in person. His conception of her—formed, as we always imagine the personality of an unknown person, instantly and unconsciously, in vagueness—was that of an elderly woman. The servant's term "*la niña*" told him nothing, for in Mexico of that day, as still at the present, that infantile phrase was applied to the bahe in arms, or indifferently to the dame of ninety years. De Fajardo tossed his hridle-rein to the man, and passed into the garden. Violante still sat in her hammock garbed in spotless white raiment, with her long satin braids fraying against the tiles of the corridor floor as she swung slightly, impelled by one delicate foot. The plumes of the gallant's broad-brimmed hat trembled as if wind-shaken, as it hung at his side, and almost fell from his hand. The usual glib fluency of his speech hushed in his throat, and he could not utter the compliment of thanks he had come to

speak. He stammered out some incoherent phrases, and howed himself away. His spasm of modesty, however, was only temporary, and he had ridden not half a league before the old Adam in his nature repented bitterly of his sensibility, and he turned about and rode back to the thickets around the little *quinta*, when he could perceive the graceful form of Violante moving about her abode.

These times were not the times of pretty morals. The Spaniards of that regime were dissolute and profligate to the last degree, and by them women were regarded simply as a quarry to be run down for passing amusement. No thought, then, of honor, duty, or responsibility deterred Diego de Fajardo from his pursuit of the wife of Gaspar Villareal. His accustomed interests failed him under the overwhelming force of this new passion, which was a veritable infatuation; for no other woman had attracted him as did this one. He renounced his usual avocations, and gave himself up wholly to the one purpose. But the conditions were unfavorable to his wishes. Content and happy in the company of each other, and with no sordid demands of necessity to separate them, the Villareals were never long apart, and De Fajardo found no opportunity to approach Violante out of her husband's presence. That his advances might be repulsed, he never dreamed. Rich, young, and noble, gifted with many charms of person and manner, and disillusioned of woman's loyalty and virtue by many a facile conquest among the complaisant ladies of the court, it never occurred to him that other types of women still existed, nor that love for another might prove a mightier safeguard for a woman than any consideration of personal dignity or safety. Therefore, on every day that he rode out toward the home of Villareal, he rode as one secure of conquest, were the lists but open. But many and many a day found his quest fruitless. Gaspar Villareal was ever at the *quinta*, held there, not by bonds of suspicion but by ties of affection; until at last, approaching the house near nightfall, the anxious would-be wooer saw the husband come forth, and, taking saddle, ride toward the city.

Now that the moment had come, he could scarce believe in his good fortune. Exultant, eager, confident, he threw himself upon his knees before Violante, as the usage of the times demanded, and poured forth a flood of eloquent protestations of devotion.

Violante smiled at his ardor.

"But you have chosen wrongly. These little comedies are amusing, that I grant you. But, for their participation, one needs not only the court training but the leisure needful for practice. You were mistaken, *caballero*, to think to find a competent person in me—a humble villager from the mountains."

As in duty bound, Diego de Fajardo swore his sincerity by the souls of saints and disciples; and in his tremulous speech, for all its exaggerations, rang the convincing tones of a genuine passion. But its discovery held no softening influence over Violante—all the contrary. When De Fajardo had first rushed into her presence, her displeasure had been tempered by an amused endurance, supposing that this was but the perfunctory impromptu profession of some court gallant, determined to slight no opportunity to practice his fascinations. But she now perceived that a deeper motive lay beneath his behavior, prompted by deliberate intention, it was evident; and all her dignity of self-respect and loyal self-consecration rose up in arms with a mighty indignation, and found utterance in words so earnest, so full of scorn, so bitterly trenchant, that the young man before her shrank and cowered as if touched by the ignominy of the lash.

So clear and logical were the words of Violante, so true and just were her expressed convictions, that the notes of her voice fell cold and hard as hail on the flame of Diego's ardor, and dispelled the delirium in which he was wrapped by her presence. For the first time, he was beheld of his own eyes by the true light. The glamor of his light loves and his adventures fell away like a mantle, and he saw his own conduct in all its hideous nakedness and viewed himself—Diego de Fajardo, of enviable rank and station, as he had considered, a personage, a paragon—in his true character—a despoiler of homes, and so a false friend, a traitor; an intriguer for contemptible results, a libertine whose pursuits had not the extenuation that might be offered by the interests of a real passion. Calmed, disconcerted, ashamed, trembling with mortification and the weakness of reaction from the frenzy that had possessed him, he stumbled to his feet, and left the presence of Violante, and hurried homewards, another man than when he rode out thither.

Mistaken as had been its manifestations, this was a true love that had awakened in his bosom, and it brought this resolution—henceforth the paths wherein he had walked would he no longer charming, but loathsome.

As for Violante a shock of horror possessed her. She had known of the evil in the world, with sufficient detail and clearness, as needs a woman must in that day and generation, however innocent; but an abstract knowledge of evil is a very different thing to a woman from that which surges about herself, creeps to her feet and scorches them, laps her garments, and leaves its sear upon them. She was stunned, she was all a-quiver with burning recoil and pain, she was wretchedly instinct with a sense of stain and pollution, as if she were to blame for the sin of another; as if some occult, hitherto undiscovered quality in herself had been the spring of De Fajardo's conduct.

She was fleeing to her chamber to seek her rosary, to cool her throbbing brow with the touch of holy water, when her foot struck an object lying near her. Her glance turned upon it—it sparkled. She stooped and took it into her hand. It was a bracelet—a splendid jewel, rich with incrustations of magnificent diamonds, that gleamed like constellations; and on its inner surface, newly engraved, her own name "Violante," close beside the coronet and arms of De Fajardo.

This was a fresh blow to her. In the story it told of her suitor's conviction of success she seemed to feel herself by force compelled to acquiescence, and her sensations were as if De Fajardo had, in spite of herself, embraced her.

As she stood there with the jewel in her hand, a step sounded behind her; she turned. There stood her husband. Villareal, returning sooner than he expected, had been struck with horror on nearing his home to see a man rush from its gateway, spring into saddle, and ride away so madly that the husband, as he passed, could neither stop nor hail him, nor

even see his countenance. Gaspar had hastened, fearing to meet in his home-nest he knew not what evidence of deeds of ghastly violence. He found his wife overwhelmed with agitation—surely pallor and trembling are the signs of a guilty conscience—and in her hand a regal jewel, like none that he could give her.

Gaspar Villareal was a man of mighty and impetuous passions. If his faith in Violante had been absolute, he believed in no other woman, and the merest suggestion sufficed to create a reaction in his jealous nature. As the fond wife turned to meet him, secure in the knowledge of her own unwavering loyalty, and thinking to find her natural refuge from the shame and indignation that had distressed her—as she joyfully sprang toward him, he lifted a hand toward heaven, as if in accusation or invocation, and in it glittered somewhat that seemed to mock the bauble in the hand of Violante—and something that—was it by analogy?—was gleaming from her bosom as she sank to the floor, gasping. Gaspar Villareal stood gazing down upon her. A crimson current bubbled from her breast, over her spotless draperies, and crept across the tiles till it laved the gleaming bracelet still grasped in her stiffening, nerveless fingers, and dimmed its sumptuous brilliance. Villareal snatched that ill-omened token from the dead woman with a certain ferocious, vindictive jealousy, and examined it for a trace of his enemy.

"Diego de Fajardo!" he cried, and seemed to find an added pang in the thought that his undoing was the work of this famous gallant, with whose adventures the city was ever ringing. Then he plucked the dagger from that bleeding, freezing bosom, and fled along the causeway toward the city.

Diego de Fajardo had passed a dreadful, solemn night of introspection and self-arrangement, and its issue had been a resolution to retire from the world and enter the cloister, now that he was confronted with the spectres of his sins, and the one true love of his lifetime—a love that might have redeemed him to uses good and lofty, but that its hopelessness mocked him.

Resolved, however, to lapse no more into his old-time degradation, he fell at last asleep exhausted, but was all too soon awakened by his confidential servant, trembling like the palsied, and with a white, scared countenance.

"Señor, a strange and awful thing has happened. Will it please your worship to dress and descend to the *zaguan* as speedily as may be? The people fear to change ought till you have seen. Perhaps you can understand it."

Aye, aye! too well, indeed, Diego de Fajardo understood the sight that met his eyes when he reached the great arched street entrance. Near by, on the cold stone flags of the pavement, Gaspar Villareal lay rigid, his garments soaked in the life blood that had welled from his lips and clotted in a pool beside him.

And high beside the great bronze knocker on the massive door of De Fajardo's mansion hung a strange and awful object—a splendid diamond bracelet, whose gems flashed here and there through their ensanguined coating, suspended on a blood-stained dagger that had been driven into the oaken panels with a mighty blow of despair and agony.

August, 1887.

Y. H. ADDIS.

Eight years before Columbus discovered America an old Portuguese sailor, named Diego Cam, went cruising down the coast of West Africa until he came to a great river, on whose south bank he set up a big white stone and carved an inscription upon it celebrating his discovery. It was the mighty Congo, and for many years the famous Pedra Padrao stood on the shore hearing silent witness to the old sailor's achievement. Years later when all eyes were turned to the new world, the Congo was almost forgotten, and when it next attracted notice the Pedra Padrao had disappeared. The spot where it stood has for centuries been known as Padrao Point. Three or four months ago Baron von Schwerin, the Swedish traveler, heard from some natives of a large fetish stone hidden in the tall jungle grass at some distance from the beach. It was only after long palavers with the chiefs that he obtained permission to visit the revered object. He found, to his delight, the veritable Pedra Padrao, its well-known inscription only partially effaced. This famous monument of a great discovery will doubtless be treasured hereafter as one of the most interesting relics of the early navigators.

With reference to the conviction and sentence to death of the Paris murderer, Pranzini, a curious question has arisen concerning the disposal of the fortune of his principal victim. Mme. Regnault, who possessed property to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had signed a will bequeathing the whole of it to Marie Gremeret, the little girl of her maid and her own goddaughter. Now, if the murder of the child preceded that of Mme. Regnault the will is thereby rendered null and void, and the property goes to the relatives of the dead demi-mondaine. If, on the other hand, the latter was killed before the little girl, the nearest relatives of the child inherit the whole of the estate. The only person who could have thrown any light on the subject is the murderer Pranzini, who, however, absolutely denies any knowledge of the crime, and who, moreover, since his conviction and sentence, has lost all his civil rights and is incapacitated from tendering any legal evidence.

A natural curiosity has been discovered at Solothurn, Switzerland, the centre of a large watch-manufacturing district. It is the nest of a wagtail, built wholly of long spiral steel shavings, without the least part of vegetable or animal fibre used in its construction. The steel shavings are half a millimeter thick and about twelve centimeters long. The nest has been preserved in the Museum of Natural History.

Statistics show that within twenty-one years the annual expenditure of the population of the British Islands for patent medicines has risen from nearly two million and five hundred thousand dollars to more than eight million dollars. Americans spend about twenty-two million dollars in the same way every year.

A collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold piece marked "Christian Idol."

AT THE BRANCH.

"Iris" describes the Pleasures of Life at an Eastern Watering-Place.

Life at Long Branch is as monotonous as life on a Western ranch—that is, if you take it respectably and healthfully, go to bed at reasonable hours, get up at reasonable hours, wear only reasonably tight corsets and shoes a reasonable number of sizes too small for you, only eat a reasonable amount of *marrons* between meals, and a reasonable number of truffled *entrées* at meals. To be as ponderously respectable as all this means to be dull; to have an exciting, furious, gay time means to be fast, and the respectable people prefer to bear those ills they have, rather than fly to others that they know not of. In the morning at ten they rise from downy couches, the interior anatomy of which has a way of forming into hard lumps—which render the downy couch an up-and-downy couch. The solemn rites of the toilet follow, which are not to be exposed to the curious and vulgar eye, even in writing. At this hour a crisp and delicate smell pervades the corridors, which the initiated recognize as the bouquet of burning hair, or to borrow apt alliteration's artful aid, the bouquet of burning hangs. After the toilet, she enters the breakfast-room a radiant vision, with a soft sprinkling of *poudre de riz* over those chiseled features, a halo of feathery curls, which go to bed nightly in neat little paper night-gowns, and are subjected to ordeal by fire every morning, lying mistily on her brow, and a charming morning-gown, all lace and ribbon-ends, airy as a French chaussonnette, floating lightly around her. Breakfast is a serious undertaking; it must be made to last three-quarters of an hour, even if you have to eat twice through the hill of fare. Lovely ladies, in dresses whispering of Paris with every frou-frou of their flounces, with white hands studded with gems, and artistically simple head-dresses, eat daintily at other tables and exchange greeting in "voices low with fashion, not with feeling softly freighted." Lovely gentlemen, pale and drooping as snowdrops, with their manly shirt-bosoms barred with pink stripes, look wilted and hored. Their chevelures are original and stylish; their hair is brushed forward on the sides and parted coyly on the brow. They are currently known as "fades," and they look as if their knowledge of life was deep, vast, and terrible. It is the Pelham type redivivus.

After breakfast comes a loaf of two hours. Nobody does anything. Couples of girls saunter up and down the dim corridors, whispering; elder women sit in clumps in the parlors gossiping and "doing fancy work"; the summer girl spreads her parasol and sits down in a corner of the great piazza, with her feet on the rungs of a chair, and does wonderful things with her eyes; the wearied men read the register, a few sit in the low wicker-chairs in "dorms," absently picking their teeth. Those of fierce energy play tennis, and their cries of "Love—fifteen and thirty—forty, deuce—vantage in, game" float softly in on the drowsy air. A leading soprano who, large, impassive, and ponderously indifferent to all but meals, is recuperating at the hotel after the winter season, is asked to sing. The parlor is fringed with listening women, who doze over summer novels; the sad young men talk through the windows to those pretty, well-dressed, insignificant girls with small feet, who are always to be met with at watering-place hotels. The leading soprano, massive and calm, sails to the piano, crashes out some Wagnerian chords, and fills the room with voluminous harmony. There are murmured thanks, fragments of praise, feeble applause. The young men at the windows complete the ends of their sentences in soft and tired monotone, watching, with a blasé and slightly contemptuous expression, the coquettish bridlings of their companions. Everybody is madly hored, a runaway would be hailed with joy, a fire would be a boon.

The bathing hour arrives in time, and relieves the horror of the situation. There is a great exodus to the beach, files of girls, their bouffant white dresses glaring in the sun, hurry across the drive and disappear down the face of the bluff. Matrons follow, carrying parasols, and maids bearing bags and various aids to the toilet of Beauty. The mothers sit in pavilions on the top of the bluff and fondly watch the aquatic evolutions of their offspring. It is delightful in the pavilions—below them the long sweep of hard yellow sand fades away into a blue and distant horizon, the creamy curving waves dwindle in a fine perspective into straight, white lines like the marks of a piece of chalk. The ocean glimmers like a gem. In the offing lie the yachts, steam-yachts (with raking masts and stretched awnings), schooner-yachts (large, roomy, comfortable family affairs), racing sloops, all taut and trim, idly rocking on the long, ruffled swells that heave shoreward. Some spread their great canvas wings, and, slow and stately as the queenly swan, glide from their anchorage. Then the breeze catches their drooping sails, which strain and creak, spread and swell, and sweep them forward over the dancing waves in a grand and glorious march. Against the sun and the primrose sky the sails swell blue and dark, flashing suddenly glaring white as the yacht comes about with a swing of boom, and slashing of loosened ropes, and a shivering of limp canvas.

The bath and lunch over, another appalling vacuum is filled with the siesta. This is preparatory to the great event of the day—the drive on the Bluff. No one stirs, the hotel is hushed as still as the Sleeping Beauty's castle. The shutters are closed, the piazzas deserted, every one is napping. Through the closed blinds of ground-floor apartments the afternoon sunlight trickles, and lies in little white bars on the floor. On the bed, in airy *negligé*, with up-curling white hand lying over her head, and loose hair spread on the pillow, "my lady sleeps" through the brooding, heated hours till the sun begins to sink. Then comes the toilette of the day—a sumptuous one, this time. Maids and tongs, French dresses and English hats, embroidered shoes and beaded stockings, lace skirts and be-laced waists, wrinkled gloves and perfumed handkerchiefs—all the aids of beauty are impressed into the service that my lady may make a sensation on the Bluff.

The Bluff at the Branch, at the driving hour, is a thing to see. There the "chariot-wheels of vanity" roll from Monmouth to Elberon in gay and glittering streams. There the rich, the would-be rich, the ostentatious, the ill-bred, the

well-bred, the sometime grocer, the high-nosed patrician, the soft-cheeked young hord, the fading beauty, stream by in unending variety. Low victorias flash along, with their fine and delicate occupants, languid and lovely under filmy parasols, lolling back in assumed indifference. Shining dog-carts drawn by superb English thorough-breds, broad of barrel, deep-chested, with satiny flank and arched neck, tossed head and out-flung fore-legs, whiz by. Coaches, a blaze of gay paint, fresh varnish, and gilt, thunder past, freighted with swiftness in green coat and brass buttons, and beauty, slim-waisted, broad-shouldered, long-necked, in snow-white cloth ulster and cap, or bright, grass-green jacket and white skirts. In a dog-cart mounted aloft, irreprouchable in dress, bored, and properly blasé, guiding his nervous roan with a practiced hand, sits a youth known alike to fortune and to fame. As he dashes by one catches a glimpse of the girl at his side, cold, elegant, high-bred, looking as if she might be the descendant of all the Howards. "That's Miss —," says the crowd on the foot-path, with a great rounding of eyes in her direction—"the young lady of whom all the world and his wife are talking. She's a very gay dog," etc., etc. They are gone the next instant, and a gorgeous mail phaeton, the wheels shining discs, the body glittering in paint and varnish, has their place. Then a huge family landau solemnly rolls along, with a fresh-faced, smiling, buxom mamma in the back seat, dressed quietly and irreprouchably. Beside her, slender, soft-eyed, pink-cheeked, sits her eldest daughter, a little fresher and finer, a little less buxom, with larger, clearer eyes, brighter hair, and smoother skin, but otherwise her pretty image. The boys sit opposite with backs to the horses, nice, brown, honest-eyed boys, with freckled noses, polo caps, and long legs in knitted pepper-and-salt stockings. On the box, solemn family retainers grown grey in the service, sit a red-faced coachman and footman on their neatly folded coats. Then with a clatter of hoofs, a cloud of dust, a chorus of surprised and admiring exclamations, an equestrienne and her groom dash between the carriages, and away for the open road. She is a stunning girl, as well-groomed, sleek, and shining as her English hunter. Her habit sits smoothly on her broad, square shoulders and tapering waist, and the skirt falls over the pommel and her knee in a glossy, smooth, wrinkleless sweep, then droops heavily in a few dark folds. Everything about her has a soft gloss, her shining hair, her heaver, set at just the right angle, her horse's heaving flanks and arched neck. The sun falls richly on her as she clatters by, sitting her horse like a Centaur.

Follow her a couple of trim young men in a dog-cart, with two grays hitched tandem, and a smug-faced English tiger in the back with buckskin breeches and folded arms. Then comes a splendidly appointed T-cart mounted in dark green cloth. The coachman and footman in the back wear dark-green liveries to match, buckskin breeches, and top-boots, but, alas, also cockades in their hats! In the front sits a fine gentleman and lady, the latter all in white lace and muslin with a little bonnet of white tulle. Behind them, close on their aristocratic wheels, comes a heauty of the *coulisses*, lying back in an irreprouchable spider phaeton; there is a fleeting glimpse of languorous dark eyes, softly shadowed, and a pink and white velvety face gleaming through a filmy veil, a pair of tiny feet crossed on a cushion, the ankles emerging blackly from a cloud of white lace and muslin flounces, and an ivory hand, bare and scintillating with jewels, clasped on the black handle of an orange silk parasol.

The ponderously gorgeous equipage of the last *nouveau riche* follows her. Everything about it glitters as new and bright as his fortune. The horses are the finest money can buy, the crest is emblazoned on the panels. Inside, large, opulent, high-colored, vulgar, and handsome, sit the family, clad from top to toe in the latest from Paris. They wear many jewels on their hands and enormous solitaires in their ears, also bushy bangs. There is a handsome young daughter, of a somewhat florid style, who sports huge emerald earrings as big as a sparrow's egg. Just behind them comes the violet velvet-mounted victoria of the married belle, the successful watering-place flirt. As I saw her the other day, she was a beautiful but rather common-looking woman, exquisitely dressed in heliotrope *crêpe*. Innumerable fluffy flounces of white point d'esprit billowed out round her ankles over the wheel. Her large and becoming hat was trimmed with lilacs veiled in heliotrope tulle, a parasol, airy, transparent, of heliotrope point d'esprit, shaded her face. Her gloves were of pale heliotrope on the outside, and a darker shade on the underside. Her feet were clad in low shoes of patent leather and heavy heliotrope silk, and stockings to match embroidered up the instep in an arabesque in heliotrope beads. Round her waist was a heavy silver chain. On the seat beside her sat her little girl, a heavy-eyed little creature, dressed in white muslin and white sailor hat. She leaned back with her hands, in small white gloves, folded in her lap, looking inexpressibly weary.

AUGUST 9, 1887.

IRIS.

The oldest tree on record in Europe is asserted to be the Cypress of Somna, in Lombardy, Italy. This tree is believed to have been in existence at the time of Julius Caesar, forty-two years before Christ, and is therefore one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine years old. It is one hundred and ninety-six feet in height and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down his plan for the great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

The other day a well-dressed little woman called on Liverman Thompson of Portland, Me., and said she had a horse and carriage for which she had no further use, and which she would sell cheap. He said he would look at them. She went to another livery stable, hired a horse and carriage, returned, struck a bargain with Mr. Thompson for one hundred and ten dollars cash, pocketed the money, and walked away. She has not been seen in Portland since.

The German Fishery Union intends to set out seven thousand young salmon in the Rhine and Weser this spring. A tiny silver plate with the number "1887" engraved on it will be attached to each fish.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The government ought to allow the *Century Magazine* a handsome pension.—*Puck*.

It has been estimated that a pair of wrens destroy at least six hundred insects a day. They do this to renovate their systems.—*Exchange*.

The Italian Government is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of nine million lire, and has sent to a prominent New York newspaper for estimates.—*Life*.

Train boy—"Rock candy, rock candy, sir?" *Crusty old party*—"No, no; go away. I haven't any teeth." *Train boy*—"Gumdrops, sir?"—*Judge*.

What beats us is to know how it was possible to stretch the skin so tightly over a shad, and yet not have the bones punch through.—*Dansville Breeze*.

The first question Empress Victoria asked when she was introduced to Buffalo Bill was, "Is he receipted?" It may be inferred from this that *Punch* is one of the Crown Prints.—*Life*.

A Southern paper rises to remark that the crying need of the hour is not natural gas, but natural apple-jack. A political convention is probably due in that town.—*Baltimore American*.

They were discussing art matters. "Have you ever been done in oil, Mr. Smith?" she asked. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Who was the artist?" "He wasn't an artist—he was a broker."—*Puck*.

"So you were caught in the act, madam?" remarked the judge; "you deceived your husband." "On the contrary, your honor, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town, and he didn't go."—*Judge*.

Countryman (in restaurant)—"I guess you kin git me up a nice piece of beefsteak, and have it fried rare." *Waiter*—"Fried?" *Countryman*—"Yes, you don't expect I'm going to eat it raw, do you?"—*New York Sun*.

Citizen (to rheumatic friend)—"How is it that the gentleman to whom you were just telling what a sufferer you are from rheumatism didn't suggest a sure cure?" *Rheumatic Man*—"Because he is a doctor."—*New York Sun*.

"That is rather a shabby pair of trousers you have on for a man in your position." "Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir."—*St. Louis Sunday Critic*.

"How is real estate in Kansas City?" he asked of a citizen. "Booming, sir, booming!" replied the enthusiastic Westerner; "why," he continued, "corner lots are so high in Kansas City that we are wearing them for jewelry!"—*Puck*.

Miss Del Noce—"Hasn't that Miss Humbleton grown perfectly immense?" *Gallison*—"Ya-as. Been tewwibly forced, y' naw!" *Miss Del Noce*—"Forced?" *Gallison*—"Ya-as. Pabsed lawst wintah at Hollywood under glawss."—*Puck*.

Jealous Mrs. Ipstein—"Aha, Elias, you vos been firldin! How dis long hair gom your goat-sleef, on, eh?" *Conciliatory Mr. Ipstein*—"S-s-h, Raychel! I solt von eggscelsior maddress for hair to-day. Dot vos der selling samble."—*Puck*.

Daughter—Mother, may I go in to bathe?" *Mother*—"Yes, my darling daughter; put on that thousand-dollar dress and then sit on the beach and let a New York reporter describe your bewitching costume—but don't go in the water."—*Tid Bits*.

St. Peter (to pilgrim)—"You seem to be a mild sort of young man, and I guess I'll let you in. But what's that you've got on?" *Pilgrim*—"That's a pink cross-bar shirt with white collar, sir." *St. Peter* (closing the gate)—"We don't wear that combination here."—*New York Sun*.

Hebraic prevalence: *Miss Mahaffy* (at Long Branch)—"Waiter, bring me a piece of pine-apple." *Waiter*—"Yes, lady. Served with the juice, lady?" *Miss Mahaffy*—"For heaven's sake, no! I've been waiting an hour to get this table alone for my mother and myself. Serve it here!"—*Puck*.

Shakespeare seems to have been very well up in most of the slang phrases of the present day. In "Henry VIII," we have "too thin"; in "King John," "come off!" and "you are too green and fresh"; in "A Winter's Tale," "What? Never?" and, although he does not exactly use the exclamation "Rats!" we have in "Hamlet" "A rat! a rat!" which is pretty near it. John Bunyan used the phrase "It is a cold day" in connection with adversity.—*Boston Courier*.

Chicago belle—"In Omaha I miss that open-handed generosity so noticeable in Chicago." *Omaha girl*—"I haven't heard any such criticism before." *Chicago belle*—"Oh, the people are so petty about things. Why, at the hotel where I am stopping they actually seem afraid of wearing out their property. At lunch the waiter brought nothing but a fork and looked amazed when I asked for a knife." *Omaha girl*—"What had you ordered?" *Chicago belle*—"Pie."—*Omaha World*.

"Realism." A correspondent writes us as follows: "Sir: In reading Mr. W. D. Howell's story now running in *Harper's Monthly*, I found the following sentence, referring to the manner of a young lady in taking a gentleman's arm at an evening party: 'She did it with a cold, bright smile, making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes.' Will you kindly give me the receipt which she used for making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes?' We really do not know how she did it, but she got there just the same."—*Life*.

GEORGE AND MCGLYNN.

"Flaneur" discusses some Interesting Features of New York Politics.

People who are being gossiped about at this season of the year are of small importance. This is usually the way. Men of affairs and importance generally go off and recuperate when the dog-days come on, and new and puny heroes spring up. This is the real reason why McGlynn and George have created such a lot of talk. They have spread over into the summer season, and, as there is nothing else of decided importance in the town, they have been magnified into great men. McGlynn is still the greatest man in New York, but he is falling at a rate that would astonish a bear on mining stocks. When the fall season opens and men of actual consequence come before the people, newspaper readers will look back at the hullabaloo, hurrah, and noise that accompanied the beginning of the McGlynn-George crusade, and wonder what on earth it was all about. This is only one political result which is pretty generally accepted as a fact in all the McGlynn fanfare; this is, that the Labor party at the next national election will, with the repentant Mugwumps, give the Republicans a very large chance of winning. A few days ago, George William Curtis and the National Civil Service Reform League put the finishing touch on all the disgruntled and ill-natured criticism of the president, by condemning his policy outright, pronouncing him a disappointment, and prophesying that, unless he dismissed the now-famous Higgins forthwith and heeded the warnings of the "Independent vote," the Mugwumps would desert him. This strikes the average man as being rather hard. The president antagonized all of his old friends and the greater number of his supporters in the Democratic party by sticking to Curtis's schemes, and when the pressure became so strong that it was utterly impossible for him to resist it and he went back to what are sometimes known as "Jacksonian principles," the Mugwumps, for whom he had braved so much wrath and Democratic abuse, turn on him and withdraw their support.

But to return to the men who are talked about in New York to-day. McGlynn is now far ahead of his collaborator and bosom friend. At one time, everybody spoke of George's friend McGlynn, but now they speak of McGlynn without mentioning George at all, and when the ex-priest delivers an address at the Academy of Music, the scene almost beggars description. Thousands and thousands of people wait for hours in the intense heat and fight like hungry wolves for admission to the building. Once inside, it takes a cordon of police to keep the others from tearing the structure to pieces in their efforts to get in. Masses of people stand about in the streets while McGlynn is speaking, and every cheer within the building is echoed by frantic cheers without. The first appearance of the priest is celebrated in a fashion that would startle the most popular of statesmen. The audience jumps to its feet, and there is howling, screaming, yelling, and cheering for minutes at a time. It is a notable fact that nearly three-fourths of McGlynn's audiences are women. The other fourth is made up of boys, curiosity-seekers, laborers, a handful of observers of the town, and a very small percentage of working or voting people. When George speaks at one of the smaller halls or assembly rooms, the attendance is invariably light, while through the country he is looked upon as more or less of a charlatan. I met a man the other day who had just come on from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and he told me that George lectured there to an audience that consisted of exactly twenty-seven people. This is one of the most populous and important towns in the mining regions, and was supposed to be a stronghold of the labor vote. McGlynn's lectures in the East have also been very slimly attended. It may not be generally known, by the way, that both these reformers are eagerly seeking engagements night after night, at every little hamlet and village where they can make a penny by exploiting their theories; but nowhere out of New York are they received with anything like the warmth that characterizes McGlynn's talks here. It is a mistake to underrate the influence of either one of these men in New York city, however. Their following is very large. If McGlynn is nominated for a local office at the next municipal election, he will distance George without an effort. The time will come when these two men will find themselves in opposition. Both are self-willed, incisive, forcible, and ambitious. Of the two, McGlynn is much the abler man, though George has a certain amount of "smartness," which tells in public life. Doctor McGlynn has been very much abused, and there is little doubt, now, that his ambition is selfish and worldly, but he was for so many years a sterling and honest friend of the poor people, an earnest and helpful priest, and a man of such dignity and force of character, that it will be many years before he breaks down the reputation that he so patiently built up for benevolence, zeal, and honesty. He is accomplished, admirably tutored, has a strong and attractive face, and speaks with peculiar force. Among the hay-seed legislators and half-educated senators and assemblymen at Albany, he would create something akin to a sensation, for he is a shrewd tactician, and his knowledge of affairs is very wide. I have known him slightly for a number of years. He was always a notable guest on public occasions, and he invariably talked well. There is a secure foundation for his prominence in New York. The reason that both he and George are so palpably losing their hold upon the public, and particularly upon the working people, is that their methods and objects can no longer be misunderstood, despite all the gush and talk of the Anti-Poverty League, the welfare of the nation, and the good of mankind. It is becoming patent to the most obtuse and idolatrous admirers of both lecturers that they are simply looking after the interests of George and McGlynn. Every chance to earn a penny is eagerly embraced, and the selfishness of the two crusaders, who announce themselves so positively as being interested only in the welfare of mankind, is now too apparent to deceive any one excepting the servant girls and the blind worshippers of notoriety.

Politics are stirring here. The leaders of both parties are in Saratoga with olive branches in their hands and harmony or the ends of their tongues. The civil service laws are now in full force in New York State, and I think in Massachusetts too. They are the only two States that have legally adopted

the civil service measures, and the effect here at least has been to lessen party strife notably. Patronage has been reduced, so that such offices as the Secretary of State, State Treasurer, State Engineer, Controller, Attorney-General, etc., amount practically to very little. The emoluments are small, and the only things really worth fighting over are the legislature and the governorship. Hence, the wire-pulling, scheming, and underground work which formerly went on, from the top of the ticket to the bottom, have disappeared, and everything is concentrated upon two branches of the State equipment. It is unlikely that politics will be very exciting in New York before August 30th, when the state committees will begin their sledge-hammer work.

The civil service examination of the New York captains for the vacant office of inspector resulted in the eminence of two men, Captain Williams and Captain Conlin, Billy Florence's brother. Both are well-known policemen in New York, and, singularly enough, they are both strong party men. Out of the whole list of competitors, these two alone are strongly recommended, and the situation is exactly where it has been for two years. One is a Democrat and the other is a Republican. The police board is at a deadlock, and, after all the fiddle-faddle of civil service examination, the board finds that it is called upon to judge between a prominent Democrat and a prominent Republican, just as it always has been in the history of local government. People who believe in blood and good ancestry may be interested in knowing that Captain Williams is entitled to sport two pretentious coats-of-arms—one from his father's and one from his mother's family. His mother was a Campbell, and a direct relative of the Duke of Argyle, while his father came of an old Virginia family which dated well back on this side of the water, and thence in a direct line to an English family in Suffolk which boasted several titles. Williams is a handsome, stalwart, temperate, and courageous man. He has been more violently abused than any other official in town, and he has come out of it the idol of the masses. When the police parade, he is cheered from one end of the town to the other, and his presence is a menace and a terror to the worst mob that can be drawn from the gutter and the slums of the town. Besides all this, he is a man of great intelligence, unswerving personal excellence, and a staunch and honest friend. He has everything in his favor for promotion—even including the civil service endorsement—but he is a Republican, and two of the members of the police board are Democrats. Hence, promotion is denied him. What rot!

NEW YORK, August 8, 1887.

THE GLADIATOR.

Ah, Lord! how long, how long
Ere I subdue my heart as I do men?
Oh, Lord! you made me strong—
To fight my brothers in the Roman pen.

But she, up there, so sweet,
So very soft, and beautiful, and meek,
Can crush beneath her feet
As I crush men who my life bravely seek.

I taught her all she knows
Of our barbaric and yet glorious art;
And then—oh, blows of blows,
I taught her bow to break my Roman heart.

I've killed to-day three men
Who were my comrades true of yesterday;
And she looked on, and then—
Without a smile she coldly turns away!

She wore me for a day
Within the sacred precincts of her soul;
Then tossed my soul away—
And now, ten thousand leagues between us roll!

Hail, Caesar, hail! send on
The mightiest gladiator of the band!
He's weaker than the one
Who holds my crushed heart in her velvet hand.

One of the most curious features of the great Krupp works at Essen, Germany, is the monster steam hammer which bears the name of "Unser Fritz." It is nearly two hundred feet high, and the hammer, which weighs one thousand tons, falls on a block of metal weighing no less than twenty thousand tons. It has a steam-engine of its own. On one of the cross-pieces may be seen the following inscription in large gilt letters. "Fritz, nur immer d'ruff!" (Let her go, Fritz!) It commemorates a visit of the Emperor in 1877. Mr. Krupp presented the mechanic in charge of the hammer to the Kaiser, and stated that his skill was so great that he could bring down the enormous mass of metal on the most delicate and fragile object without breaking it. The Emperor thereupon drew his watch from his pocket and placed it under the hammer. The man hesitated for a moment, whereupon the Kaiser, with a view of encouraging him, exclaimed, "Nur immer d'ruff, Fritz." The experiment succeeded, and the Emperor presented the watch in question to the man as a reward for his skill. All access to the Krupp gun works by strangers is strictly forbidden, and even who foreign royalties visit Mr. Krupp's domains their aides-de-camp and gentlemen in attendance are not allowed to accompany them. When completed, the smaller guns are experimented with in a wonderful underground tunnel to insure secrecy. Every three months the heavy wooden framework supporting the roof and sides of the tunnel have to be renewed, so great is the effect of the concussion of air. The great guns are tried in an immense inclosed space at Dummeln which is over seven kilometres long. The Krupps employ a force of twenty-five thousand workmen, and besides the immense establishment at Essee, own works at Neuwed and Sage in Germany and enormous iron mines at Bilbao in Spain. The firm possess, moreover, four large and splendid steamships, twenty-nine locomotive engines, eighty miles of railway, ninety miles of telegraph, eight hundred and eighty railway cars, four hundred and thirty-nine steam boilers, four hundred and fifty steam engines supplying a total of nineteen thousand horse-power, and which consume daily three thousand one hundred tons of coal and coke. It may be added that no gun ordered by a foreign government leaves the establishment without the express permission of the German Government.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College, has resigned her position to marry Professor Palmer, of Harvard.

May Sharpstein is a little girl of seven who is heiress to one million dollars. She inherits the money from her late father, who was a member of the wealthy firm of Arnold, Constable & Co., of New York city.

General Brandreth, Commissary-General of Subsistence on Governor Hill's staff, is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a son of Brandreth, the famous pill manufacturer, and has a beautiful place at Sing Sing. He is a handsome, well-educated young man, has traveled extensively in Europe, and knows how to enjoy the money at his disposal. His yacht, the *Camilla*, is a fine screw-propeller, and cost its owner about eight thousand dollars.

Prince George of Wales keeps up his reputation as a merry jester. While relating his visit to the Wild West, at the Marlborough House dinner-table, he insisted on calling Col. Cody's nags, "Bronchitis," and when his father, who doesn't like his sons to make blunders, clinched the point, as he fondly thought, by saying that *branco* was the right designation for the little horses at the Wild West, Prince George replied, "Well, bronchitis means a little hoarse, doesn't it?"

The Crown Prince of Germany, while present at the Spithead naval review on board the queen's yacht, met the ex-Empress Eugenie, who, as the guest of the queen, was also admiring the magnificent spectacle from that vessel. The last previous occasion on which the crown prince had met Eugenie, then Empress of the French, was at the festivities which took place on the opening of the Suez Canal in November, 1869—an interval of eighteen years, crowded full of events for both the empress and the prince.

The King of the Belgians has lately invested five million five hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of estates in Hungary and Austria. They are nominally to become the property of his majesty's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Austria and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, but it is generally believed that this step has been taken in view of possible mishaps. The late king invested largely both in England and America, and his son has followed in his steps, and has considerably increased the stores accumulated by his provident sire.

Bill Nye was traveling recently on the Chicago and Northwestern road, when one of the train boys asked him to purchase a book of humorous sketches. Much to his amazement, Mr. Nye discovered that the book was entirely composed of articles from his own intellectual jack-plane, a number of which had been copyrighted. He had never before heard of the existence of the volume, and immediately began suit against the publishers, Rhodes & McClure, of Chicago, for twenty thousand dollars' damages for infringement of copyright.

Lord Charles Beresford is a fair type of the titled Englishmen who employ every possible means to gain notoriety. Beresford is a sporting nobleman, tall, slim, with a straight figure. He has regular features, clear blue eyes, straight nose, and a high-colored complexion, which is not lessened by the flaming color in his red mustache and close cropped side-whiskers. He is generally dressed in grey and wears a high white hat, three-quarters covered by a thick mourning-band. He has a perfect passion for social lion-hunting. At the first coaching meet he challenged attention with Buffalo Bill. At the last meeting Beresford again fastened public attention upon himself by crowding the entire top of his coach with Indian princes.

About a dozen years ago, Madame Blavatsky, then well known, created a stir by proclaiming that she was, par excellence, the apostle of theosophy. Having founded what she fondly deemed was the cornerstone of a sublime religion—the New York Theosophical Society—she sailed for India to restore the ancient faith in the dark places of that benighted land. Madame Blavatsky has again been heard from. She is now in London, and having joined unto herself one Mabel Collins, is about to renew her efforts at reform. The two women, as appears by an elaborate prospectus just received, are about to issue the first number of *Lucifer*, a monthly magazine "designed to bring to light the hidden things of darkness on both the physical and psychic planes of life."

The betrothal is announced of the second daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris, Princess Helen, to the young Dom Pedro, of Brazil. This prince, only twenty-one years of age, is the eldest son of Prince August of Saxe-Gotha, and admiral and commander-in-chief of the Brazilian army. He is, through his deceased mother, Princess Leopoldine, grandson of the reigning emperor. As for the Princess Helen, who has just attained her seventeenth year, she is an accomplished young lady, and London society, which has had opportunity of seeing a little of her during the last season, is sorry that some plans entertained in high quarters could not be realized on account of religion. In going to Brazil, she will find there a family circle. Her future father-in-law is her uncle.

There are two very curious-looking objects hanging in the house of Mrs. William McKee Dunn, at Washington, which have a rather peculiar history. Mrs. Dunn was formerly Miss Morrill, the daughter of the late Hon. Lot M. Morrill. After Major Dunn had won the heart of Miss Morrill he was referred to her father. The major sat down and wrote Mr. Morrill a letter, formally requesting the hand of his daughter. Now, the major writes a hand that looks like a cross between a Virginia rail-fence and a Chinese laundry bill. Mr. Morrill sat up with the letter several nights, and finally guessed the contents. If anything, Morrill's handwriting was even worse than Dunn's. He replied, accepting the major as his son-in-law. Neither of the young people could make out a word of the reply, but they guessed it was favorable. Of all the great number of visitors at Mrs. Dunn's house, no one has yet been able to decipher the two letters.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown-Potter have separated (says New York Truth). Mr. Potter occupies rather a lucrative position with Brown Brothers, the bankers, which was secured for him some years ago through the influence of his relative, Bishop Potter. These gentlemen urged upon Mr. Potter the importance of withdrawing his wife from the notoriety of a stage career, and, backed by his own and the family feeling on the subject, he started for London, and arrived there just prior to her *debut*. She positively refused to accede to his demand, suggested a termination of their marriage relations, and demanded his return to America at once. An agreement of separation was entered into then and there, and Mr. Potter returned to America minus a wife; there was a tacit understanding between them that no recourse should be had to the divorce courts, unless their disagreement should become public property. The contemplated engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is off. This leaves her practically without a New York opening. There is only one thing for Mrs. Potter to do—throw up the sponge, ask forgiveness of her husband on bended knees, and sink meekly into private life again.

Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, models himself on "Ouida's" heroes. He is as fond of knick-knacks as a lady. His private apartments are the nearest approach to the talented but vulgar authoress's ideal of a young guardsman's rooms. He would not brush his hair otherwise than with an ivory-backed brush to save his life. Eau de Cologne and other perfumes have their place in his bath. To write a note on paper that was not the triumph of the perfumer's art, would, in his own imagination, be unworthy of his tastes and position. He has started in life, in fact, as an exquisite of the George IV. type; but he is preserved from some of the most objectionable traits of the "First Gentleman" character by the sensitive shyness of his disposition. He differs again from most exquisites in having a praiseworthy desire to pay promptly for the luxuries in which he indulges. Like his father, he gets his clothes—and plenty of them—from Poole. Prince Albert Victor's idea of dignified mufi is a frock-coat and lavender or gray trousers. He seldom wears a cutaway coat, and, even when traveling, hardly ever appears in a suit of dittos. On the whole, he may be described as a very stately and solemn young man.

VANITY FAIR.

Both great and small, the Paris milliners form a highly interesting community, but with the exception of M. Emile Zola, whose indefatigable pen has left hardly any department of social life untouched, the modistes have not been a favorite topic with writers. While M. Zola's possible projection about milliners remains in an embryonic condition, a great realistic writer has been anticipated by M. Leoux, who gives an admirable sketch of the ordinary life and manners of the Lutetian milliner. According to him the ranks of the modistes are largely recruited from schoolmistresses who can not find pupils, daughters of theatrical people who do not like to expose their children to the perils of the stage, and persons whose parents have come down in the world. Never does the Parisian milliner allow herself to be called *bourgeoise*. She is, on the contrary, a *démouille*, and the very poorest of these *démouilles* would die rather than cross the street like a work-girl, that is to say, without hat or gloves. In some great houses of millinery, dignity is so much thought of that the staircase leading to the modistes' rooms is often marked "escalier des artistes." The apprentice milliner, who has paid a premium, is allowed to sew wire around hats and to work on old models, while the charity apprentice, or *modillon*, picks up pins from the floor of the workroom, runs errands for the artistes, and carries parcels for the firm all over Paris. After about two years' apprenticeship the blossoming modiste becomes an *apprentise*, and earns about fifty francs per month, eagerly awaiting the day when her elevation to the rank of *garnisseuse*. These (*garnisseuses*) are the stars of the profession. They are to be met everywhere looking for hints. They are at first nights at theatres, scanning with close scrutiny the dresses of the actresses who, like Marie Magnier, have a new costume for each scene in which they appear. They attend fashionable weddings at the Madeleine, and even hunt about the bookshops and stalls on the quays, peering over old-fashioned engravings. Not so well paid as these are the *vendeuses*, who must have a good deal of tact, an eye for form and color, and be able to hit off the taste of customers to a nicety. Some of the *vendeuses*, who speak English in addition to their French accomplishments, receive as much as three thousand francs per annum in good houses. A few of the "sellers" are also employed in soliciting orders for their dresses. Milliners are divided into two classes, those in shops, and those in apartments or private rooms. The *modiste en boutique* is not a "creator" of fashions, so she generally sends one of her most aristocratic-looking assistants as a customer into the private rooms of the leading milliners in order to ask for the novelties of the season. Sometimes the trick is discovered and vengeance is taken in any ways peculiar to the inventive female mind. On one occasion a *première*, or forewoman, from a milliner's shop was identified by a fashionable Mme. Mantellini in her rooms. She was locked up in a closet, where she received bread and water for her sustenance, until her mistress had to come, distressed and confused, to claim her. These are some of the sidelights of the life of Paris milliners, but the subject might easily be enlarged upon.

Most American gentlemen have a horror of going around in their shirt-sleeves, and one can not blame them; for anything more hideous than a man in his shirt-sleeves, if he wears suspenders, can hardly be imagined; but if he doesn't wear suspenders, he may look very comfortable and picturesque without his coat. I know a gentleman (writes "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*) who has spent a number of years in tropical climates, who is always in his shirt-sleeves round his house in the dog-days, but never impresses you as a man in that predicament. In the first place, his shirts are made of the finest Chinese silk, with loose turn-down collar, and they turn back at the wrist. Around his waist he wears a colored silk scarf, also of soft Chinese silk, instead of suspenders. This scarf is about five or six inches wide, and carries the ugly belt line of brass buttons that disfigures the side of men's trousers. If he wants to go into the street he puts on a white coat of Chinese silk, and either a hat of very light straw, or one of those pith abominations, that may be comfortable, but which are exceedingly ugly. His trousers may be of some light woolen goods, or they may be white silk or even white silk. When he is rigged up entirely as he went about in China, his whole suit is of silk.

Two principal causes (writes Julian Magnus in the *Epoch*) are held to be the decline in matrimony among fashionable or middle-class circles in New York, and some of the other large cities. The first is the increased comforts and diminished expenses of bachelor life; the second is the over-attachment to which we have accustomed our women. The quality with which suites were secured in the first bachelor apartment-house built in New York soon led to the erection of similar structures. In these, suites of two, three, or more rooms can be had at a cost little exceeding what a man used to have to pay for one large furnished room in a well-situated lodging-house. Some of these houses have restaurants attached, and in others the occupants can arrange with the proprietor for the supply of a light breakfast. The number of couples has increased almost proportionately with that of the apartment houses. At his club, the member finds an amount of comfort, often of luxury, that only an enormously rich man could furnish for himself. Here he can dine or lunch at a price which little more than covers the cost of the provisions. Many of the clubs have sleeping-rooms over the public ones, and thus offer exceptional advantages to bachelors. A single man, with an income of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars a year, can live well and dress well. Properly started, he can have an unlimited amount of social gaiety, and an occasional bouquet or a *bonbonnière* at Christmas is all the return he is expected to make for the innumerable hospitalities received. Now, supposing that he is sufficiently in love with some girl to be willing to surrender a greater portion of his little comforts to the desire to please her wife, is he likely to find her willing to accept of him? Most probably not! And if she would accept him, would her education and training be such as to make her a helpmate to him? Again the answer is a negative. In considering the wherefore of these negatives, the second

principal cause, before stated, is naturally reached. The daughters of wealthy, luxurious parents enter into the competitive struggle of lavishing thousands of dollars on balls and dinner parties, because they are imbued with the idea that their position depends on their not allowing themselves to be out-dressed, "out-entertained," or "out-gaيتied" by any of their friends. To marry and live in a boarding-house, or in a cottage, far removed from the sacred precincts of fashion, is annihilation. No matter if it were to be for only a few years, while the husband should be making his fortune, such descent could not be contemplated. The society young lady wants to begin her married life on the same scale that her parents are ending theirs. Declining to recognize any other possibility, she has never taken steps to learn anything about domestic duties, and is entirely ignorant of the way to make a dress or trim a bonnet. She employs the most expensive of trades-people, probably spends double what an English nobleman's daughter would, and wastes more on ice-cream, candy, and flowers than the entire income of a working-woman. If she goes to the theatre or opera, she must have a carriage, a corsage bouquet, new gloves, and a supper. None of her toilets must be seen too often, and she must be registered in the summer at some expensive resort, or go to Europe. Her parents pet and indulge her in every way, her bachelor friends adore her, and she receives almost as much worship as did a goddess in the days of Greece and Rome. Very probably she is pretty, highly educated, accomplished, bright, and attractive—a delightful partner for a dance or a flirtation, and very likely an excellent wife for an extremely rich man. But ask her to come down from her pedestal, to be the helpmate of a man of moderate means, to cut herself loose from the acquaintances that can only be kept up while she is wealthy, to share in his struggles and to rise or sink with him, and she will, most likely, politely but firmly refuse. It is difficult to foresee what the remedy for this state of affairs will be. It is unprecedented, because in European countries class prejudices have, as a rule, kept people in sets. Mere wealth seldom suffices to move a family out of its original set, and the girls are content to marry and remain in the circles to which they have been accustomed, without trying to push themselves into higher ones. If the proportion of unmarried girls continues to increase among us, as it certainly seems likely to do, we shall probably find that the French custom of the *dot*—which has hitherto been considered un-American—will be considered an indispensable accompaniment of marriage to any young lady who shall aspire to be "in society."

Somebody has been noting the colors worn during Queen Victoria's reign, and decides, after reviewing the list, that the queen had very little influence on the fashion, although, to hear the outcry that has been made since she assumed mourning, one would suppose that all the dyes and all the makers of bright-hued stuff in the kingdom and colonies depended upon her nod. Blue came first; blue of the various shades of crudity known as Mazarin, Marie Louise, and sky-blue, all except the last generally unbecoming, and the last only to be worn by a blonde. And then there was a pink season or two, and then a time when everybody had a yellow bonnet, and then a crimson-satin season, and then a general confusion, when no color was predominant. From this, everybody was drawn by the aniline tints of Solferino and Magenta and various other coal-tar horrors, some of which the United States were almost wholly spared, for the melancholy reason that half the country was in mourning. And then came really new and beautiful colors—deep, pure reds, and exquisite silver blues, and the Watteau pink and blue in the most delicate tones, and linden green, and then the whole scale of art tints and shades, and here we are in 1887, and there is hardly one of these colors except the Magenta and Solferino which may not be found in the shops in one quality or another of ribbon.

The Man Milliner is not a modern notion, it seems. Shakespeare has one in the "Taming of the Shrew," an instance which some may consider as belonging to fiction only. There are cited in the London *Standard*, however, several historical facts that go to show the antiquity of the calling. In 1675 women dressmakers in Paris prayed Louis XIV. to relieve them from the competition of the men in the trade, who claimed a monopoly in the making of women's garments; and the king, in response, issued an edict establishing the women as a corporation, prefacing his order with the polite preamble that it was indispensable to the delicacy and decorum of French ladies that they should be attired by persons of their own sex. But the tailors would not give way, and after much petitioning, a compromise was effected by which the women were given the right to make skirts and petticoats, while the tailors retained the monopoly of hodie-making, and held it until 1781.

Somehow or other John Bull's fashionable "chappies" and their peculiar fads take the fancy of the gilded youth of many countries other than our own. Next to Americans the Japs are perhaps the most assiduous in seeking out and following the lead of London. The observant Japs see everybody else imitating the English, and naturally enough they follow suit. Being the best imitators in the world, they make a more decided success of it than anybody else. Thomas Stevens, writing about the young Japs he met at a hall given at one of the fashionable club-houses in Tokio, says: What impressed me particularly about these young men was that they had mastered all this so perfectly that it sat on them as gracefully as though to the manner born. Good breeding, and that freedom from stiffness and restraint which comes from an assurance of their position, characterized their carriage and deportment. While dressed with scrupulous care, they allowed their hair to stray about their eyes in that mildly wanton and unconventional manner permissible to the darlings of the drawing-room. They seemed to have quite discovered the difference between the snob, with his over-varnished exterior, and the real 'quality' that knows how to be graceful without being too priggish. These Tokio nobles had imitated their London models with the same marvellous exactness that the artisans of Japan imitate European goods. They had studied their models tho-

roughly, and having no kindred traits of character, or pattern of deportment to bias or restrain, their change has been more complete than the Anglo-maniacs of any other country. But why do these people imitate the British at all? The Japs are popularly understood to regard America with more favor than other country. As they will imitate some Western state of society, why don't they affect the purely American? The reason is not very far to seek. Through a side door Mr. Suyematsu led the way into one end of the hall-room. Here about one hundred couples were gracefully threading the measures of waltz, polka, square and round dances—all European. Every Japanese lady on the floor was dressed in full hall-room costume. Only one or two on-lookers at the end of the room were in native costume, and they looked lonesome and chagrined, as though painfully impressed with a sense of being behind the times. Every native gentleman present was arrayed in the conventional swallowtail. A dozen or so foreign ladies and gentlemen were present, dancing among the gay throng, with no distinction save their own personality. Some of the foreign gentlemen were six feet tall or more. The Japanese ladies averaged probably four feet eight. They looked like mere children, and their tall partners had to handle them almost like dolls when waltzing. It was Gulliver and the Lilliputians."

An Atlantic City correspondent writes as follows: As I sat to-day in one of the many comfortable pavilions gratuitously provided for visitors, looking at the thousand different bathers—their figures, costumes, and movements—I noticed a young girl in bathing-dress, with a fancy, grayish, bathing Tam O'Shanter. About every three and a half seconds she would go out into deep water and hashfully reach down, as if feeling the bottom for sea-shells. Her companion was a dandish young fellow, with the promise of a light mustache. He did not seem to comprehend the situation, and seemed too modest to question his girl. She, however, continued to stoop down and apparently sound the bottom before going further out. The young man gazed, and the girl blushed. It required little penetration to discover that the girl was sorely perplexed. She looked down the coast, then up the coast. She looked at the young man—her escort, and then screwing up her courage deliberately walked ashore. The thievish breakers had robbed her of both her circular elastic appendages, and her stockings threatened, in consequence, to drop off. Here was a dilemma. No one of the bathers could supply the missing elastic, and there was no time to dilly-dally before miles of spectators. But the girl was equal to the emergency. As her sunburnt face took on a maiden blush, she quietly and modestly removed both stockings, held them in her hands, and went into deep water. Her escort looked scared, but said nothing. As she came out of the surf after her bath had been completed, holding in her hands the pair of black stockings, the spectators beheld a pair of well-turned ankles and shapely limbs. The next day her bashful escort was conspicuous by his absence.

"While I was in a store to-day buying a pair of stays the saleswoman showed me a lightly built object of wire that looked like an inverted rat-trap," said a lady. "Upon inquiry I learned that the contrivance was a 'bathing corset.' It was a rounded framework to be fastened on the breast by women under their bathing-dress to give them a shapely figure when they go into the surf. I understand that they are worn at all the seaside resorts." Another lady, in a little burst of confidence, imparted the secret that many charming girls wear five and six pairs of stockings when in bathing costume in order to give their legs a plump and attractive appearance. In order, however, to preserve the smallness of the foot, the feet of all the stockings, save the pair worn outside, are cut off. Imagine a beautiful girl sitting in her bath-house peeling off six pairs of sea-soaked stockings. What a picture for gods and men!

An immense change has passed over male attire since the eighteenth century. The contrast of color between male and female dress which is now so conspicuous, then hardly existed; and rank, wealth, and pretension were still distinctly marked by costly and elaborate attire. Nor was this simply true of the "hucks," "beaux," "frihhles," "macaronis," and "dandies" who represented in successive periods the extremes or the eccentricities of fashion. The neutral dress scarcely differing in shape or color which now assimilates all classes from the peer to the shop-keeper was still unknown, and a mode of attire was in frequent use which survives only in court dress, in the powdered footmen of a few wealthy houses, in city pageants, in the red coats of the hunting-field, and in the gay coloring of military uniforms. The pictures of Reynolds and Gainsborough have made the fashionable attire of their period too familiar to need a detailed description, and it may be abundantly illustrated from contemporary literature. Thus, when Lord Derwentwater mounted the scaffold, he was dressed in scarlet, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat. Dr. Cameron went to execution in a light-colored coat, red waistcoat and breeches, and a new hag-wig. One of Selwyn's correspondents describes a well-known highwayman who affected the airs of fashion as going to Tyburn dressed in a blue and gold frock and wearing a white cockade as an emblem of innocence. Dr. Johnson's usual attire was a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same color, black worsted stockings, a large bushy, grayish wig, and silver buckles; but on the night when his play of "Irene" was first acted, he thought it right to appear in the theatre in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. Goldsmith went out as a physician in purple silk small-clothes, and with a scarlet roquelaure, a sword, and a gold-headed cane, and he had other suits which were equally conspicuous. Wilkes wrote to his daughter in Paris, in 1770, asking her to beg Baron Holbach to purchase for him a scarlet cloth of the finest sort and color to make a complete suit of clothes, and the most fashionable gold buttons for the whole. He is described by one of his friends, walking to town from a house which he had taken at Kensington, usually attired either in a scarlet or green suit edged with gold.

"THE QUEEN'S NAVEE."

"Cockaigne" describes the Jubilee Naval Review off Portsmouth.

People are not yet done talking about the naval review, although there are some hopes that "Goodwood," which finishes to-morrow, will be the means of providing a new topic of conversation. It was a grand affair, this review, and—whether as spectacle to the multitude of British-horn spectators, or as warning menace to the crowd of foreigners who viewed it with different feelings—one likely to make a deep and lasting impression. Now, I have no wish to bore the *Argonaut's* readers with naval statistics. Statistics of any kind are dull and monotonous, and none are more so than naval statistics. Besides, the cable, that inexorable foe of the correspondent by letter, will have anticipated and forestalled me at every point where the review was susceptible of general description. But in my personal view of the scene, it is not unlikely—as it is said that no two people ever see the same thing alike—that I may have encountered a few incidents which will be of interest to your readers for me to repeat, and which may not have fallen to the lot of those affable gentlemen of the Associated Press, whose stereotyped accounts have, long ere this, been read from one end of the American Continent to the other.

There were six ways of seeing the review: first, you could go on board one of the hundred men-of-war which in four long lines of over a mile in length, were drawn up at moorings off the Isle of Wight for the queen's inspection; second, you could see it from the dozen or more troop-ships (known in naval parlance as "troopers"); third, you could see it from one of the many merchant steamers which carried passengers for the day; fourth, you could see it from the deck of your own or a friend's yacht; fifth, you could hire a small sail or row-boat and skirmish about on your own hook; and sixth, you could see it standing from the shore—either from the Isle of Wight or Portsmouth side of the water. In the first case, a condition precedent to your going was an invitation from one of the officers of the ship—the number of invitations being limited so that at the most an officer could ask but two friends; in the second, you had to be either a peer, a member of Parliament, an official dignitary, a member of the diplomatic corps, an army, navy, colonial, or Indian "swell" of some sort, or a favorite friend of the admiralty authorities; in the third, you had to pay from ten shillings up to eighteen pounds for a ticket, and the less you paid the bigger the crowd and the poorer the accommodations; in the fourth, you had to own a yacht or have a friend who did; in the fifth, you ran a very fair risk of being run down; and sixth, you stood a very slender chance of seeing anything at all, the distance was so great.

All the different means of view had their disadvantages and impediments; least of all was that of No. 4. Unfortunately for myself, I possessed no yacht, but fortunately possessed a friend who possessed one, a trim schooner of over a hundred tons, and he kindly invited me, with a small party of other intimates, to partake of his hospitality on board of her from Thursday afternoon to Sunday morning. I need not say I accepted. All yachts and small sailing craft had to be in place within the prescribed limits for them off the coast of the Isle of Wight, and between Ryde and the assembled fleet of war vessels, by eleven o'clock on Friday morning, and by dint of being early we got in the first line. The party consisted of two young ladies, with one middle-aged lady for chaperone, and six men, four others besides the owner and your humble servant. It was not an especially lively party, taken as a whole. One or two more enthusiastic spirits than the rest tried to make things go, but as a "gang" we didn't seem to hit it off together. Whether it was the calm of suppressed enthusiasm, or that it so happened that one of the young ladies had on one occasion been crossed in love by a young man, who by some mischance was included in the number of male guests, I can't begin to say. I don't in the least know if my friend knew of the little amatory contretemps. Perhaps he did, and may have thought it not only a good joke, but a capital bit of diplomatic strategy to bring the two former lovers together in the hope that loyal enthusiasm and enforced association for two or three days would work reconciliation. Whichever his motive was, I imagine he will now henceforth and forever give up the rôle of either practical joker or peace-maker in love affairs. The awkwardness of the thing was as trying to the on-lookers as to themselves. Instead of being brought together, their studied avoidance of each other's society was more painful than ludicrous. Whichever got to a meal first kept (not the floor but) the table. One time it was he, another she. Neither would come down into the cabin till the other had gone. If the one stood to windward, the other went to leeward, and *vice versa*. Perhaps, after all, looking back at it, watching the two was a form of diversion to the rest of us which we would have missed, and which made the first twenty-four hours at anchor not so wearisome as they would otherwise have been.

It was an interesting scene, all the great ironclad monsters lying like so many huge black beetles on their backs, the spars, masts, and rigging playing the part of gigantic legs and feelers. Two long lines there were of them, fading away into the hazy distance; behind, toward the Hampshire coast, were two more lines of coast defence vessels, gunboats, and torpedo-boats, about forty in all, a veritable mosquito fleet of itself. Behind, toward the Isle of Wight, was the line of troop-ships. All the war-ships were in place when we dropped anchor; but throughout the day water-craft of every kind, sort, and description kept on arriving, and taking up position. Every one watched the weather with anxious eyes. The barometer, too, kept falling, and the sky grew dim, dusky, and ominous. Was this, the last act in the great jubilee, to be the only one unblest with the "queen's weather," which has so wonderfully marked the jubilee since it began? Yet, night fell after a cloudy twilight, and at midnight one had to look long for a dimly flickering star.

About eleven o'clock the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, three princesses, and a large suite and party, including among others the inevitable Sir Harry Keppel, arrived by special train at Portsmouth from London, and went immediately on board the Royal yacht *Osborne* set apart for them. By the bye, let me just

here stop a moment to observe what a fairly good time of it these royalties have. While others have for weeks been plannings, straining, and struggling to get advantageous positions and accommodations for seeing the review, here at almost the last minute come down "Tummy" and his wife, with a party of jolly companions, and find every thing prepared and comfortable for them (as they always do). No trouble, no hurry, no anxiety, no fatigue. "He is always going somewhere or doing something. You or I couldn't stand it all as he does. It's wonderful!" people will tell you. "Yes, true," I answer. "But does it ever strike you that he has no petty worries and troubles that form the wear and tear of travel? He never has to think whether he'll catch or miss a train, or whether he'll be able to get rooms at an hotel. He hasn't to bother about exchange in money, or fear that his letter of credit may expire, or circular notes give out. He has a carriage to meet him when he arrives at every railway station or sea-port in the world. He has no trunks to pack or unpack, no custom-house to go through. He may well travel without fatigue. So could you or I, did we have no trouble about the details of our journeys." That's the way it is with him always. He has about as good a time as any man living. The best, I should say.

Every one was astir by sunrise on Saturday morning, and, as the morning wore on and the surrounding water grew fairly alive with water-craft, the sun shone out in steady brilliance, and a lovely day became an assured fact. The troopships lying at their docks at Portsmouth one after another took on their various human cargoes and steamed majestically over to their stations behind the iron-clads; all were crowded to their utmost capacity, except the *Euphrates*, which carried the Cabinet and House of Lords. There was no crowding on her. The comfort of rank, birth, and station again! Did it strike any one else, I wonder, that every one had to pay for the building of this troop-ship, and will have to pay for the cost of sailing her on this special occasion. As she steamed slowly past us, the blue blood of England lounging luxuriously on her white decks, I tried to decipher through my binocular the familiar features of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Lonsdale, the Marquis of Ailesbury, and others who have so long typified in themselves the favorite axiom *noblesse oblige*. I couldn't make them out, though there is no reason why they weren't there. I thought I got a glimpse of Tom Brassey, who as one of England's latest lords, is a splendid exemplification of the true meaning of the axiom. But it couldn't have been, as he was doubtless aboard the *Sunbeam*, with his lately ennobled "Missus." One by one the "troopers" steamed by crowded to repletion, and all gay with pretty summer frocks and parasols. On board of ourselves we must have made a fair showing. The three ladies came out strong, one in heliotrope, the other (the jilted one) in cream, and the third (the matron) in loyal blue. White duck trousers and loose jackets with straw hats and canvas tennis-shoes were good enough for us. I saw some poor chaps on neighboring yachts decked out in all the misery of black tail-coats and tall black hats—the accepted dress for men when royalty is present in the day time.

What was that? A signal from the *Inflexible*, the commander-in-chief's flag-ship. Like a flash of light every warship is decked out in all the fluttering glory of hunting of every line and color, in lines and streamers "from truck to keelson." Soon hoat and steam-launch loads of visitors were to be seen going on board the men of war, whose decks are long were as brilliant in the various bright shades of feminine toggery, as was the rigging aloft.

At one o'clock, just as we are going down to luncheon—the young lady having got the start by half a minute—the Prince of Wales and his party steam past in the *Osborne*, the prince, in the uniform of an admiral of the fleet, standing on the bridge with his glass to his eyes, and the princess, in white, beside him. From that on to three o'clock there is nothing to do but smoke cigarettes and drink champagne cup. The scene all about is most picturesque. The surface of the water, where not filled by some stationary vessel, is one seething mass of hoat-life—one moving panorama of water-craft. Three o'clock at last arrives. The queen, always so punctual, is late this time. One hour more we have to wait. Bang! There goes the signal gun from the *Inflexible*. The queen has started. Then from every ship of war of the entire fleet helches out fire and smoke in a royal salute of twenty-one guns. It is deafening. At last it is over, and then we are told that the queen in her yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is making her tour of inspection among the fleet, and up and down between the lines of ships. We can just make out the tall masts of the famous steam-yacht as, having completed the tour of the first line, she swings round to retrace her steps on the other side. She flies the admiralty flag at the fore, the royal standard at the main, and the flag of an admiral of the fleet at the mizzen, and comes gradually on, evolving herself out of the smoke and haze. Extra-strong marine-glasses show the queen under an awning on the quarter-deck. She looks pretty much as she always does on such occasions. One gets tired looking and straining one's eyes at last. Yet one can't feel right in complaining, when one thinks of the poor blue-jackets standing out on the yards for two long, weary hours, when one hour should have been ample.

At length the good-hye salute thunders out. The *Victoria and Albert*, attended by her retinue, steams slowly back to Cowes, and the royal naval jubilee review is over. I dare say it is all very well to have seen it and to be able to say so at the next jubilee review (when it comes off). But, all the same, reduced to practical common-sense, it was a great expenditure of money for the gratification of a bit of "jingoism." If it was for the instruction or amusement of the English people, it was a costly business at best. If intended to "awe the foreigners," as has been suggested, then better means of accommodation for the foreigners should have been provided.

Every one who can stays on to see the illumination of the fleet. Unfortunately a foggy, hazy night hid much of the illuminations in a belt of light cloud, and prevented the signals being seen on the ships. They were pretty enough, however. Some of the ships being lighted up with blue-fire, others with red, others white, and so on. Chinese lanterns in strings and the monogram "V. R." in colored lamps decorated each vessel.

LONDON, July 29, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Persephone.

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea,
Persephone—Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook?
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
"The coal-black horses rise—they rise:
O mother, mother!" low she cries—
Persephone—Persephone!

"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;
The coal-black horses wait for me,
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!
Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?
Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.
"My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught," she cries, "for want of thee,
Persephone—Persephone!"

"Meadows of Enna, let the rain
No longer drop to feed your rills,
Nor dew refresh the fields again,
With all their nodding daffodils!
Fade, fade and droop, O lily lea,
Where thou, dear heart, wert left from me—
Persephone—Persephone!"

She reigns upon her dusky throne
Mid shades of heroes dread to see;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone—Persephone!
Or seated on the Elysian hill
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.

A voice in Hades soundeth clear,
The shadows mourn and flit below;
It cries—"Thou Lord of Hades, hear,
And let Demeter's daughter go.
The tender corn upon the lea
Droops in her goddess' gloom when she
Cries for her lost Persephone."

"From land to land she raging flies,
The green turf falleth in her wake,
And harvest fields beneath her eyes
To earth the grain unripened shake.
Arise, and set the maiden free;
Why should the world such sorrow dree
By reason of Persephone?"

He takes the cleft pomegranate seeds:
"Love, eat with me this parting day;"
Then hides them fetch the coal-black steeds—
"Demeter's daughter, wouldst away?"
The gates of Hades set her free;
"She will return full soon," said he—
"My wife, my wife Persephone."

Low laughs the dark king on his throne—
"I gave her of pomegranate seeds."
Demeter's daughter stands alone
Upon the fair Eleusian meads.
Her mother meets her, "Hail," saith she;
"And doth our daylight dazzle thee,
My love, my child Persephone?"

"What moved thee, daughter, to forsake
Thy fellow-maidens that fatal morn,
And give thy dark lord power to take
Thy life living to his realm forlorn?"
Her lips reply without her will,
As one addressed who slumbereth still—
"The daffodil, the daffodil!"

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,
And sunny wafts that round her stir,
Her cheek upon her mother's breast—
Demeter's kisses comfort her.
Calm Queen of Hades, art thou she
Who stepped so lightly on the lea—
Persephone, Persephone?

When, in her destined course, the moon
Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And laboring on doth seem to swoon
Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—
Emergent at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,
And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one hiding trace impress
Of all the darkness that she made;
The greater soul that draweth thee
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy dear face, Persephone!

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well
The wife should love her destiny:
They part, and yet, as legends tell,
She mourns her lost Persephone;
While chant the maids of Enna still—
"O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

—Jean Ingelow

An ohelisk of Ramses II., of the nineteenth dynasty, is been set up at Rome in memory of the Italian soldiers destroyed at Dogali by the Abyssinians. It was known to have existed in Rome in the last century, but was rediscovered only in 1883. Curiously enough, Ramses II. was a conqueror of the very people who committed the recent sacré at Dogali.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

Some Interesting Stories of a French Fire-Eater.

Duelling is not an ancient institution. No traces of it are to be found among any of the nations of antiquity. The mediæval trial by brute force would seem to have been the foundation of the modern duel. The first recognition of single combat as a regular judicial proceeding is to be found in the laws of Gundebald, King of the Burgundians, at the beginning of the sixth century. The practice spread rapidly among the warlike Franks, and in the reign of Charlemagne, three hundred years later, it had become so universal that not only the parties in a common suit at law, but the witnesses and even the judges were constantly summoned to mortal combat in support of the justice of their cause, the truth of their testimony, or the uprightness of their decisions. This manner of trial was afterward restricted by Louis VII. to the decision of criminal accusations or of civil causes, when, as shown by the ordinance he rendered in 1168, the object of the dispute exceeded five "sols," or cents, in value—five cents in those days being, of course, a much larger sum than it is to-day.

These laws and customs are the sources of the duel; and it is from this ancient practice of making the sword the scale of justice that the modern duel, modified from time to time, has descended to us. Single combat as a judicial proceeding did not, however, survive the fifteenth century, and with its gradual disappearance the modern duel became the recognized means of vindicating offended honor. Italy was the first great field for this modified single combat. Thence the rage spread with redoubled fury into France, Spain, and Great Britain. In England we hear little of it before the profligate days of the Stuarts. But it is France that affords the most detailed and authorized records of dueling. The French kings and Parliament long maintained its formal and practical legality. Henri II. presided, with his whole court, at the combat between M. de La Chataigneraie and M. de Jarnac, caused by a scandal, which terminated in the death of La Chataigneraie; when de Jarnac, his hands yet reeking with his kinsman's blood, raised them to heaven and exclaimed: "Not unto me, O Lord, but unto thy name be thanks." Charles IX. was the last French king who presided at one of these exhibitions; so he was also the first who sought to check the practice by naming a "Court of Honor" for the satisfaction of offences committed against its laws. In Henry IV.'s reign, and in defiance of his edicts inflicting the penalty of death on all duelists, there fell in duels no fewer than four thousand of his subjects, while upwards of fourteen thousand pardons were granted for fighting.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the Sainte-Eustache Church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock-in-trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel de Roaumont, built by Philippe Hurault, Bishop of Chartres and Abbé of Roaumont. Later on, it was occupied by François de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duelists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the resident surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds, were invited, with the duelists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duelists, a race to which Choquart evidently belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII., the swash-bucklers of the Hotel de Roaumont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquart's mania for dueling, his ever-recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of lisping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee-house, take his seat, and say to a near neighbor:

"After you, the *Figaro*, please."

"Sir," the other would politely respond, "it is not the *Figaro* but the *Constitutionnel* that I am reading."

"Ob! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or, by God! I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive way, please!"

"I" expostulated the customer. "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Ob! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquart would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful persons could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like tucking up their sleeves and knocking Choquart down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquart one day entered a court-yard to challenge a master-builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master-builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquart by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump, and soused him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquart's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.

One night, at a masked ball, Choquart quarreled with a

Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day, Choquart, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well-to-do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint-Martin quarter. On entering the premises, Choquart inquired after M. Ballu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquart. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill-bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquart, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquart, "spits blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Hasn't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now, listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and a deceiver, and placard his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquart's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass farthing whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquart took hold of my arm at the Variétés coffee-house, and said: "Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint-Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquart entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquart was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral draft indorsed six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquart, "the rogue is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"

"What did he do, the villain? Just listen, and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance Theatre. I walked into the green-room, in my dress suit. I am spare of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me, and bawled out: 'Halloo, there goes the Fat Ox! Make way, please, for the Fat Ox!' Everybody roared at this sally. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow, you shall be a dead man!'"

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquart, as soon as he set eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"Monsieur Cboquart!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquart—Choquart, do you hear, sir?—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife? She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, avowed that you were on your last legs, and would be as dead as a berring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! Monsieur Choquart," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquart, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you are a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney-beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Aglae, why don't you come? Here is M. Choquart who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquart's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I should like to have your opinion, Monsieur Choquart."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Cboquart, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"But—"

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gesticulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuileries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the King's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII., his majesty, turning toward the cup-bearer, said: 'XV! that to Choquart, and give him my compliments.' Do you bear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquart, I assure you—"

"I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screeched Choquart, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down

with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney-beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquart, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit? I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining-room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like a planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquart, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?" So saying Choquart took up the ladle, and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquart, as he leant over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir, 'twas a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."

"God, in his goodness?" went on muttering Choquart. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come, now, Choquart," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Ballu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquart, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquart recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

* * * * *

Choquart died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received five hundred francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters. Another chapter will throw light on this side of his character.

Several years ago, we were supping, after midnight, at the Vaudeville coffee-house. Among those present were Bouffe, the lessee and manager of the Vaudeville Theatre; Briffaut, the journalist; Doctor Lallemand, who was the proprietor of the Passage Radziwill; an old notary of the name of Dubois; Armand Marrast, then a writer on the staff of the *Tribune*; an old sheriff's officer, called Mouton, and Choquart. The latter bad, as usual, grown tender over the fate of the princes belonging to the elder line; and Mouton, the sheriff's officer, whose political sympathies inclined toward the republic, went so far as to say that Charles X. was an old idiot. At this, Choquart, pale with rage, rose from his seat, and said to Mouton:

"I have taken an oath to slap the face of any man who insults my king. I shall now, therefore, slap yours."

The situation was exceedingly grave, and everybody felt dreadfully uncomfortable. Choquart suddenly stopped short, and said:

"Dear me! I owe Mouton a lous, and can not strike him without first reimbursing the money. It would be ungentlemanly in me to act otherwise. Briffaut, lend me a lous, will you, that I may slap Mouton's face?"

"I have no change," answered Briffaut.

"Bouffe, quick, lend me a lous, that I may cuff Mouton's ears!"

"My dear Choquart," replied Bouffe, "I shall be only too happy to lend you four times the amount outside of this place, but I can not lend you a lous for the purpose you mention."

At that moment I entered the coffee-house.

"Ah! here comes Villemot," exclaimed Choquart, and bounding toward me he said, hurriedly: "Lend me a lous. Quick! I want to box Mouton's ears, and delicacy requires that I should first give back the lous I owe him."

I was at a loss to make out what he meant.

"Don't lend it, don't lend it!" cried out those who were present.

At that time of life, especially, I had a strong reluctance to lend a lous, so I drew back.

The most amusing part of the story is that Bouffe persuaded Mouton to believe that he was no longer in safety.

"A lous, you see, is no large sum," said Bouffe; "Choquart is bound to have a spare one some day, and he will carry out his threat. If I were you I should lend him twenty lous; he'll never be able to give back so large a sum, and you are safe for the rest of your life."

So, after supper, Mouton offered to lend Choquart twenty lous, who was dumbfounded at the proposal. He saw the danger, but danger had special attractions for him. He pocketed the gold pieces, and said to Mouton as he did so: "Never mind; we are not quits yet. The first time I receive my pension you shall get your ears boxed all the same."

Choquart, however, was never able to command so fabulous a sum as twenty lous at any one time, nor to wreak righteous vengeance on the offender who had insulted and slandered his king.—*Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Villemot.*

The threatened extinction of eideweiss and other Alpine flowers a short time ago, led to the founding of gardens and inclosures for the cultivation and protection of these plants. At one of these mountain stations, at about the height of seventy-five hundred feet, plants of the Pyrenees, the Himalayas and the Caucasus are cultivated, as well as those of the Alps.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that the "Duchess" has sold her pseudonym to another writer and has retired from the field of letters.

"Pen and Ink: Essays on Subjects of More or Less Importance," by Brander Matthews, is the title of a volume of literary papers to be issued in the fall by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Students of political economy will learn with interest that Mr. R. B. Haldane, M. P., has written "The Life of Adam Smith." It will appear as the September volume of the Great Writers Series.

Walt Whitman is to be the object of a society now organizing in Philadelphia. The care of Mr. Whitman and the study of his works will employ the leisure of the members of this organization.

The London Bacon Society, formed to extinguish the dramatic claims of Gentle Will, has accomplished nothing at all—unless listening to a paper by the erudite Mrs. Pott may be termed something.

Kate Greenaway has made a dainty little book, illustrated with her water-color brush, which she calls "Queen Victoria's Jubilee Garden," and which George Routledge & Sons, of London, are to publish.

Sir Richard Burton's third volume of "Supplemental Nights" is in the hands of the printers. Two of the tales have been translated directly from the Arabic MSS. lately acquired by the Bibliotheque Nationale.

Of the magazine poetry for the month of July, forty-six per cent. was written by men, thirty per cent. by women, and the remainder was either anonymous or signed by initials that gave no clue to the sex of the authors.

In his coming work, "The Viking Age," M. Paul Du Chailly shows the Vikings were no barbarians, but accomplished people eminent in the arts of peace no less than those of war. Their literature will also be fully dealt with.

Dr. Tanner, the member for Mid Cork, who has attracted so much attention of late, has written a novel, entitled "Gerald Graotley's Revenge." The *Saturday Review*, which does not love Dr. Tanner, has been waiting for the appearance of his book with some interest.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons will publish an English edition of "Les Grands Ecrivains Français." The first volume, which is now ready, is "Madame de Sévigné," by Gaston Boissier, and the next will be "Montesquieu," by Albert Sorel. The Routledges also republish the Lytton translation of Schiller's "Poems and Ballads."

The MS. of the Reverend Henry M. Field's letter to Colonel Ingersoll, printed in the *North American Review*, was sent to the latter by the author with the promise that "if it contained one word that was offensive to him it should be stricken out." Colonel Ingersoll replied that there was nothing, although he did not agree with Dr. Field's conclusions.

Mr. J. Gleeson White is preparing for publication in Mr. Walter Scott's series of Canterbury Poets an anthology of the poems written in our language in the various romance forms, the *rondeau*, and the *ballade*, and their fellows, which have been abundant in the years since Mr. Austin Dobson introduced them to us. Mr. White's volume will appear in November. It will contain a full selection from the younger American poets.

Since the publication of the "Light of Asia," which had an enormous sale, little verse of any account has appeared from the pen of Edwin Arnold. Messrs. Trübner & Co., however, will bring out, in autumn, a volume of Mr. Arnold's verse in which will appear several poems not hitherto printed. One of these is entitled "In an Indian Temple," a dialogue between an English official, a nautch dancer, and a Brahmin priest. Another, "A Casket of Jewels," will present in new form several Eastern legends connected with precious stones.

Henry Mayhew is dead, the first editor of *Punch*. He is the last of the little hand who, on the 17th of July, 1847, produced the comic journal which has now become almost a necessity in an educated Englishman's life. John Leech is dead; Mark Lemon, who succeeded Mayhew, is dead; Douglas Jerrold is gone; Richard Doyle, who designed the wrapper, has been beneath the daisies for four years; and the literary men and artists who helped to make the early numbers acceptable to the public, from Thackeray to A. Beckett, are men of the past generation. For forty-six years *Punch* has now been in existence.

The *Academy* finds much to praise in Bret Hart's "Crusade of the Excelsior." In conclusion it says: "In this story the author shows a faculty of invention and a literary tact so noteworthy that we may expect another romance as superior to permanent value to the delightful 'Crusade of the Excelsior' as this is to its predecessor, 'Gabriel Coorey.' The *Athenaeum*, on the contrary, declares that the book is Hart's first complete failure. 'Once or twice,' it says, 'it appears that Mr. Hart must have been trying his hand at an imitation of the analytic school of American novelists, and at times he sinks so low as to amuse himself with 'American humor.'"

From a timely article on the Irish party in the British House of Commons, in *Harper's Magazine* for August, it appears that some of the most prominent members of it have been or are connected with journalism. Edmund Dyer Gray is editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*; Justin McCarthy is a leader writer on the London *Daily News*; T. D. Sullivan is editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Nation*, on which also Thomas Sexton was a leader writer; William O'Brien, our recent visitor, is editor of *United Ireland*; Timothy Harrington is proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel*; James O'Kelly is the celebrated special correspondent of the New York *Herald*; and T. P. O'Connor has had a varied journalistic career, ranging from a place as sub-editor in the office of the London *Daily Telegraph* to that of London correspondent of the New York *Sun*.

Allen Quatermain.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard's new story, "Allen Quatermain," has been out for some weeks, and everybody has read it. In order that those who have read it may know whether to praise it or not, we append a few extracts from a number of criticisms.

The conservative critic of the *San Francisco Bulletin* remarks that "After the spirited verisimilitude which distinguished 'King Solomon's Mines,' and the romantic imaginative power displayed in 'She,' this novel marks a distinct falling off in H. Rider Haggard's power." The New York *World*, on the other hand, says: "Allen Quatermain" is the strongest, most symmetrical and best-written story he has yet produced. It proves that the author can yet do careful and effective work, and is by no means 'written out'; while the *Bulletin* goes on to say: "There is no appeal to probability; no *verisimilitude*, and little originality of conception. Unless Mr. Haggard does better next time, it will appear that he has written himself out." Concerning *verisimilitude*, the *World* says: "All improbability is overcome by the ingenious details which the author works into the narrative. 'The battle of the Kraal' is one of the most interesting and vivid descriptions in recent fiction, and of itself would establish the reputation of an author." The *Providence Journal* says: "Mr. Haggard's yarns are absurd. He never preserves a semblance of truthfulness. That would be fatal to him. But let him be as preposterous as he will, and he will rhyme you wotter and summer together." The *Epoch* says: "Mr. Haggard's chief excellence lies in his art of stating impossibilities with so much detail and such appearance of good faith, that incredibility

often hides its head." The *San Francisco Chronicle* agrees with both, to some extent, saying: "It is the highest compliment to Haggard's genius that he makes you lose sight for the time of the glaring absurdities of his plot by sheer force of a realistic imagination that is without an equal among the novel and romance writers of the period." The *Chronicle* further says: "The story is told with such sustained power that only once does it flag—in the labored description of the strange city of Milosia; but the New York *World* says: "The interest never flags for a moment." The same paper adds: "The care with which the whole story is told is one of its most striking characteristics. There is nothing slovenly or hurried in the workmanship." But the New York *Times* holds that "there is slipshod writing here and there in 'Allen Quatermain,'" and the *Chronicle* says: "The style shows signs of haste and carelessness."

Of the book's place in literature, the New York *Times* says: "Since Jules Verne soared to the bottom of the sea, and penetrated the bowels of the earth with his marvelous ships and air-machines, no one has done the thing better than Mr. Haggard." But the *Critic* remarks: "The flights of Jules Verne have a sort of legitimate interest, because they suggest science, if they don't teach it; but there is nothing in Mr. Haggard's subterranean adventures but fantastic fancy and a swirl of suggested enormities that pleases some people simply by its daring." The London *Times* compares the three adventurers, Curtis, Good, and Quatermain, to the Pickwickians, and says: "The Mr. Tupman of this queer party is presented in the fat and lopsided naval officer, with his glass eye stuck in his eye, and his smart uniform safe in a tin band-box, who will ogle and serenade the proudest of the austere princesses in the palace where fate stands armed with sword and fire. Mr. Quatermain, of course, is a better shot than Mr. Winkle; and the baronet, if not much wiser, is a man of nobler presence than Mr. Pickwick; nevertheless, even with the addition of Umslopogass, the Zulu warrior who uses a battle-axe, we relish the humors of this company less than those of our old familiar Cockney friends."

Leaving criticism for comment, a correspondent of the New York *World* writes: "In reading 'Allen Quatermain' I noticed something that appears to have been overlooked by critics in general. In the story it states that as the party drifted down the subterranean passage and came nearer the 'Rose of fire,' the air became hotter and hotter till it finally overcame them, charred the boat, and singed the feathers of the swan they had killed. If it was hot enough to singe swan feathers, under what miraculous power were God's whiskers spared?"

The general cry of plagiarism—which Mr. Haggard, with a certain dry humor, anticipated by sundry remarks in his appendix—are well summed up by Mr. J. K. Bangs, in *Life*. He says: "First—Mr. Haggard locates the story in Africa. This has been done before, not only by Stanley and Du Chailly, but by H. Rider Haggard himself. Second—Three men go through uncharted hardships to find a white race in the heart of Africa. There is nothing original in three men going anywhere! The three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl! Jules Verne sent three men from the earth to the moon ten years before Mr. Haggard became known as a writer. Third—The adventurers went through a pillar of fire in a boat. Ages before Mr. Haggard's ancestors were born, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had a similar experience without the boat. Perhaps Mr. Haggard never heard of them. Fourth—They found the white race, and one of the party became a king. This is happening every day with emigrants to this country, with the exception that there are no kings. They become officers of the government and rule over us, which is sufficiently parallel a case to convict Mr. Haggard. Fifth—Mr. Haggard describes the palace at Milosia as follows: 'Right in front of us was the wonder and glory of Milosia—the great staircase of the palace, the magnificence of which fairly took our breath away. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a splendid stairway sixty-five feet from balustrade to balustrade, consisting of two vast flights, each of one hundred and twenty-five steps, etc. On page two hundred and eighty-six of Baedeker's 'Handbook to Paris,' edition of 1884, I find these words: 'The Palace of Versailles presents a pleasing appearance when seen from the *Pièce d'Eau des Suisses* to the south of the *Porterie du Midi*. On this side two flights of marble steps, one hundred and three in number and twenty-two yards in width, descend to the orangery.' This clearly shows that instead of being original Mr. Haggard has done nothing but grossly exaggerate."

New Publications.

Dostoevsky's "Prisoel Life in Siberia," translated by F. Sutherland Edwards, is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Banquet of Plato," "Essay on the Learning of the Athenians," "Speculations on Metaphysics," "Speculations on Morals," "Ion," and "Menexenus" have been published in a single volume of the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Bag of Diamonds," by George Manville Fenn, is a long short story in which two love affairs, a bag of diamonds, a midnight robbery in a London surgery, and several other dramatic elements are so mingled as to keep the reader in an enjoyable state of suspense until the last page is reached. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 25 cents.

"Common-School English," by James G. Kennedy and Fred H. Hackett, is a little book containing instruction for teachers as to how children should gradually be taught the use of the English language. The lessons are carefully graded and fully explained, and the book will be found useful by teachers of young children. Published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"Beecher as a Humorist," is a volume containing extracts, long and short, from the late Henry Ward Beecher's published works, selected with taste by Eleanor Kirk. The longer extracts in the latter part of the book are good examples of Beecher's humor; the shorter ones are generally forcible and striking figures of speech, with occasional wit or grotesque incongruity. Each extract is credited to the work from which it was taken. The advance sheets have recently been published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

That excellent little volume of translations of some of Balzac's short stories which appeared a year and more ago under the title of "After Dinner Stories from Balzac," has been followed by another little volume entitled "Tales Before Supper," from the pen of the same translator, Myndart Verelst, and also with an introduction by Edgar Saltus. The tales are two in number, "Avatar," by Théophile Gautier, and "The Venus of Ille," by Prosper Mérimée. They are both excellent examples of the famous writers' styles, and Mr. Saltus's introduction is a charming essay. Published by Brentanos, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price: paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1.25.

"A Terrible Legacy: A Tale of the South Downs," by G. W. Appleton, is an English story which has all the earmarks of being ground out by a blood-and-thunder novelist. The hero's father dies and leaves directions in his will that his residence, a gloomy and mysterious country-house in Sussex, shall be walled up and left intact for several years after his death; a suspicion of murder attaches to his memory, and it is in removing the stain that the hero meets with the adventures which fill the book. It is a fairly interesting story, but padded into undue length with irrelevant incidents and dialect conversations between Sussex countrymen, which, however faithful, are wearisome to the American reader. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

"Mrs. Shillaber's Cook-Book," by Lydia Shillaber, is an excellent practical guide for housekeepers. There are so many good cook-books now that the whole field is no longer covered by a single book; and the especial field for which "Mrs. Shillaber's Cook-Book" is designed, is the average household in which the house-wife must do her own work, or teach and direct unskilled help. Accordingly, her recipes are for plain, wholesome, appetizing dishes, which require simple and inexpensive materials and require no elaborate paraphernalia in their preparation. The list of recipes ranges through the dinner from soups to cheese, including also breakfast, luncheon, and supper dishes; and an index is conveniently provided at the end of the volume. An introduction has been written for the book by "Mrs. Partridge" (B. P. Shillaber). Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Archer was a lifelong partisan of his illustrious brother-in-law, Governor Giles, one of the ablest politicians of Virginia. Some time after the governor's death, the doctor, in the heat of a political discussion, said to his opponent: "Go and ask Giles. If you doubt what I say, sir, go and ask Giles." "But I can't," remarked the other. "Giles, sir, is dead—dead and in hell." "I don't care a snap if he is," cried the doctor, "go there and ask him!"

Counselor Oberfield was arguing a motion before Justice Cullen, and in support of it quoted a decision. "But," said Justice Cullen, "that decision has been reversed by the Court of Appeals." Counselor Oberfield scratched his head for a second, and then he said: "Well, your Honor, I must bow in deference to the opinions of the learned Judges of the Court of Appeals, but I must say that they make laws a sight faster than I can read them."

An American has the following story to tell of his visit to the Citadel of Quebec: "An officer," says he, "detailed a man to show me about, and he took me everywhere. Noticing, as I was about to leave, a small black cannon, half hidden by the snow, I said, in fun, 'I guess I'll take it away with me.' 'Go look at the inscription on the breech,' said the soldier, laughing. I looked, and read, 'Taken at the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.' I saw that the soldier had the best of it. That stirred my blood, and I loomed to make a fit reply. I read the inscription over again to gain time. 'Young man,' I said, at last, 'you've got the cannon, but we've got Bunker Hill.'"

A certain manager of a menagerie died, and word was sent to his native village that his remains would be brought home for interment, and that they would be accompanied by a member of the troupe. When the box arrived, however, the friends noticed that it was very large—as large as a table, and exceedingly heavy; so they thought an investigation ought to be made, and they opened the box. Great was their amazement to discover the carcass of a huge lion. They called to the man having it in charge, and asked: "How is this? We received word that the body of the manager was coming, and instead of that we find the carcass of this great lion." He answered: "Well, that's just it. Him's the fellow what ate up the manager. The manager's inside."

There is a curious story told in regard to C. F. Hathaway, proprietor of the extensive shirt works in Waterville, Me. Mr. Hathaway, it seems, wears no buttons on his coats except those absolutely necessary to keep them together. His eccentricity is thus accounted for: Mr. Hathaway one day met one of his operatives, a girl of about eighteen, decked out in furberlows and various bright-colored ribbons. Noticing a particularly fascinating bow on her hair, Mr. Hathaway said: "What do you wear that for? Does it make you look or feel any better?" The girl pertly replied: "What makes you wear buttons on the back of your coat?" The justice of the criticism struck Mr. Hathaway so forcibly that he has never allowed his tailor, since then, to make him anything but buttonless coat-tails.

On one occasion while in a bar-room, Van Amburgh, the great lion-tamer, now dead, was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He said: "It is by showing them that I'm not the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow, who was sitting opposite, Van Amburgh said: "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently, the fellow straightened himself gradually, got up, and came across to Van Amburgh. When he got close enough he drew back his arm, and struck the tamer a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clear over the chair, with the remark: "I hope you'll know me ag'in!"

During the war a quantity of personal property belonging to a resident of Washington was seized and confiscated by the United States. For years the original owner made repeated attempts to secure an order for its restoration from the quartermaster who had charge of it. But he was obdurate, and insisted that it should be restored only through an act of Congress. Still the attorney for the plaintiff persisted, and again he wrote to Quartermaster-General Meigs for an order of restoration. This was about the seventh attempt, and the officer had grown impatient. He wrote an exceedingly vigorous reply, in which he emphatically refused to do as requested. The handwriting was frightful. The attorney saw his chance. He hastened to his client, and thrusting the letter to him said: "I have succeeded at last. Here is the order." The "order" was taken to the corral, where the officer in charge recognized the signature and at once turned over the property. When General Meigs asked what had become of it, he was told that it had been restored on his order. He saw the order, and, as he could not read it, he simply said, "I do not remember signing it."

It was forbidden to cross the lawn in front of the dean's lodge, at Christ's College, of which the poet Calverley was an undergraduate. He often transgressed, however, and on one occasion was hauled up. "How is it, Mr. Calverley," said the angry dean, "that every time I am standing at my window, I see you jump the paling and cross the lawn?" "I do not know, Mr. Dean," was the ready reply, "but it is a wonderful coincidence that every time I jump the paling and cross the lawn, I see you standing at the window." He generally had the laugh on his own side, but was once innocently discomfited by the master's daughter. He was spending the evening at the lodge, when it became time for the children to bid good night. The little girl, about five years of age, kissed her father and mother, and was leaving the room, when her mother said, "Why, my dear, are you not going to kiss Mr. Calverley?" "No, mamma, Mr. Calverley doesn't want to kiss me." "How do you know he doesn't?" "Because, mamma, whenever he meets us walking at the back of the college he always kisses nurse, but he never kisses me." This was a stunner, and put the wit to rout.

Half a dozen small boys, including one in a faded district messenger uniform, stood on a Third Avenue corner, on a recent afternoon in New York, discussing the merits of certain cigarettes displayed in a cigar-store window, and bemoaning the fact that they had no money to buy any of the tempting array. As they stood there a street hand of half-a-dozen instruments stopped before the corner saloon. The leader rang his neo along the curb, marked time in the air with his cornet, and then blew through his brass throat a shrill waltz, in which the other instruments joined. The boys listened attentively through the waltz, and then as the band started in on a rattling polka, an idea struck the boy in the faded messenger uniform. Talk of his hat he slipped into the liquor store and passed it around among the loungers, where he collected a nickel or two. Then he put on his hat, slipped out, and went into a fancy store. The music was not bad for a street band, and the boy was lucky again. Then he went into a meat market, where he was so lucky that he became overhauled, and came out on the street, hat in hand, and began collecting of the crowd on the sidewalk. He was doing remarkably well when the regular collector of the band saw him and set up an angry yell. The polka was cut short off in the middle of its liveliest strain, and the band started in a wild but unsuccessful chase after the boy. Two minutes later, when the hand had gone and the neighborhood had become quiet, the boy came back, and after buying three packs of cigarettes, related with impish glee to the cigar-store man and a *Sun* reporter how he had "beat de blokes out of de collection."

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DONNELLY'S DILEMMA.

The Impossibility of his Bacon Cipher Theory.

The second Assistant Secretary of State, Hon. Alvey A. Adee, in a letter not meant for publication, takes some exceptions to the cipher theory once again brought to notice by Mr. Donnelly in the June and July numbers of the *North American Review*. It seemed good to give this criticism wide circulation, and accordingly Mr. Adee having yielded his consent, part of his communication is published in *Shakespeareiana*.

The time is not ripe for critical analysis of Mr. Donnelly's discovery. He keeps back so much that is essential to the application of his methods that a scientific refutation is impossible. In this, he is like Keely. No physicist, with due regard for his reputation, can undertake to demonstrate that Keely's motor is a fallacy. He can only say, dogmatically, that it appears to rest on a violation of all known laws of matter—to which Mr. Keely rejoins: "It is a violation of all known laws—because it is a new law—the law of molecular disintegration by vibratory force." We feel it to be a delusion, but we can't prove it such.

Now, Mr. Donnelly announces certain results which, in the few instances he has given, can be verified by actual count after certain arbitrary fashions—but the key to the key is withheld. He has never given the slightest intimation of the rules which, according to his own premises, must govern the system and prescribe an unerring method, showing whether the hyphenated, bracketed, or italicized words are to be used in each particular case, and from what point his counting begins—and lastly, how order is to prevail in the arrangement of the heterogeneous jumble of words he picks out from the printed page.

The most that can be done now is, to demonstrate that the dilemma confronts Mr. Donnelly on one or other horn of which he runs the risk of impalement. The plays on which he relies, "1" and "2 Hen. IV.," and "Merry Wives," were printed in quarto form twenty years or more before the folio. In the "Henry IV.," the plays, the two texts are substantially identical, changes, whether of revision, omission or addition,

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PATENTS

THOS. P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patents until obtained. Write for inventor's Guide.

are infrequent in the passage from the quarto to the folio form, as compared with other altered "plays like 'Hamlet' or 'Lear.' Most of the verbal constructions on which he dwells—the strained use of words and phrases—to claim that a cipher must be involved, are in the quartos. Thus we go back twenty-three or twenty-five years to find the "worm-eaten hole of stone" and other phrases which be avers could not have been written by a sane man unless with the deliberate purpose of introducing words necessary to the all pervading cipher. But these plays appear in the folio in strict chronological order, and the page-numbering follows in due sequence (with very few exceptions, and those varying in different copies of the folio.) The page-numeration, therefore, does not arbitrarily fit the cipher, but the text, reprinted twenty years later, fits the page-numbers. Now, it is claimed that not only a "quintuple" relation of the in-folding words to the thing in-folded exists (i. e., that one word in five is a cipher-word), but it is alleged that in some pages more than half the words are cipher-words. So we have this alternative: either (a) the quartos were so written and printed as to contain the hidden cipher, so that, when printed twenty years after, in the parallel columns of the folio, each cipher-word would fall naturally into its numerical place with reference to the page-number key, and, with trifling changes of hyphenation and bracketing, unfold the cipher—or (b) the quartos do not contain the cipher, and were not framed with reference to future use, as a cipher, in the folio form—in which case the typographical changes are too few to account for half the words, or even one fifth of them, being cipher-words.

Mr. Donnelly, by his reliance on the text-construction and the forced use of words (which are found in the quartos), seems to be committed to the first alternative. In this case, he is called upon to explain the singular spirit of prophecy pervading the work—as, for instance, in the introduction of St. Albans (St. Albans), Bacon's title as Viscount, into the text of 1598—when he was not created Viscount St. Albans until January, 1621. [Bacon was plain Francis Bacon until 1603, when he became one of James's batch of 600 knights—and was made Baron Verulam in January, 1618.] Another prophetic instance is the al-

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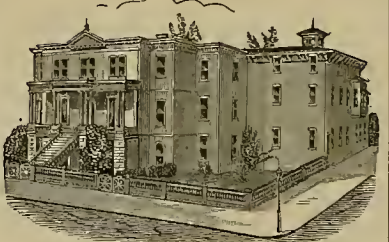
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leged reference to "Measure for Measure," which exists—if it exists at all—equally in the 1600 quarto—whilst the play referred to was certainly not written until 1603-4.

The first alternative involves more of a strain on credulity than I think even Mr. Donnelly would care to impose. How, for instance, would Mr. Donnelly set about writing a quarto play now, which, twenty-three years hence, on being printed in parallel folio columns would, with trifling alterations, yield a cipher according to fixed rules of interpretation?

The second alternative involves an even greater strain. How, for instance, would Mr. Donnelly set about reprinting a twenty-year-old play, even if written by himself, in folio form, so that, with a trifling alteration of hyphenation, bracketing, etc., half its words or one-fifth of them, would fall into a cipher narrative of events, some of them necessarily posterior to the original imprint. One might as easily print Washington's farewell address in folio form, so as to yield a connected narrative of the Beecher trial. The hyphenation, bracketing, italicization, and capitalization of the 1623 folio may perhaps seem more inconceivable and arbitrary to Mr. Donnelly than to those who have diligently studied the imprints of the period, say from 1613 to 1630, when the wildest license prevailed in all these typographical peculiarities. It was a time of transition, and many of the compositors in London being then imported German craftsmen, the rules of Continental type-setting were creeping into English use. Approaches to a system are discernible. We find a beginning of the capitalization of nouns, which for a time became the English rule, and still obtains in Germany. Proper names are italicized; parenthetical expressions are bracketed, where before commas were used; and adjectival phrases of two, three, or more words are frequently hyphenated. In the phrase "smooth-comforts-false" (so hyphenated in the folio, but not in the quarto) I think I can see the effort of a German type-setter to make (as a German might do nowadays) a visible word-picture of the idea, which is evidently "smooth-false comforts" as opposed to "true wrongs."

If this book is ever published, and the Key to the Key honestly stated, it will, I doubt not, afford self-

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refutation, on the testimony of the quartos and in light of a practical knowledge of the printing methods of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Till then, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Keely may be bracketed, or hyphenated, and bide their time.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

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Every one who can manage to sit the first act through, should wait for the second act of "Pert and her Stepmother." He will then have seen Miss Minnie Palmer's entire dramatic stock-in-trade.

She wears her feet in the first act, and her diamonds in the second. Her feet are small, neat, trim, arched, pretty, and well dressed.

Her diamonds appear to be of the first water. One goes to the theatre to see Miss Minnie Palmer because she has been so thoroughly, so systematically, even so aggressively advertised. One comes away as soon as possible, because Miss Minnie Palmer does not for a moment suggest that she can possibly be the person who inspired these advertisements.

She is not arch, sprightly, merry, kittenish, or any of the stock things which it is so easy and so natural for little women to be. She is a starched, stiff, prim, serious little person, without one redeeming ounce of dramatic talent.

All that saves her is that she goes through this latest aberration of Mr. Fred Marsden's intellect with such dense gravity, and with such very evident honesty of intention, with such a firm conviction that she is being as funny as she possibly can, that one can not help admiring the little thing.

There is something so almost childlike in the little Palmer's confidence in herself, that the spectator does not feel absolutely sold. It is every child's ambition to have curly hair. When nature does not provide them this pretty adornment, they will make themselves happy with the curly shavings from under a carpenter's bench, rather than go forever with none at all. Some people, trading cruelly upon the sublime faith of childhood, have been known to tell a little child that her hair lay upon her neck in the glossy ringlets of the old-time novelist, when its relentless curls pointed straight as the finger of destiny, and the child has believed them till the cruel waking came.

Mr. Rogers has been advertising for so many, many years that Minnie Palmer is the youngest, the prettiest, the jolliest, the liveliest, the most successful, the most talented sweetheart in the world, that he has finally persuaded the little woman herself of it, and she goes through her paces with such perfect confidence of the approval of her audience, that this of itself is the funniest thing in the performance.

It is not otherwise amusing. It has the usual distinctive features of the machine-made play.

When these things are located in America it is generally their fortune to be played by English actors. When they are located in England an immense crop of Americanisms is sure to spring up in the performance.

This play does not seem to be located anywhere in particular, but is swept over by an Australian wave.

Pert is herself, in her capacity of spoiled daughter, most palpably an American with quite an elaborate attack of Anglo-mania, and has carefully surrounded herself with an English element. The effect is a mixed one.

Pert has also provided herself with a foil.

When she stands by her stepmother in the play, one is reminded of the photos of the giants who are thrown into such high relief by the small insignificant person in the corner who is gazing up at Gog with awe and admiration.

One must gaze at Pert's stepmother with awe. She has a large slow threat of manner and a massive movement which are positively terrifying. This amiable lady looks as if she could tear brass into ribbons without a change of countenance and without much provocation, and it is unnecessary to say that she puts Pert's father into excellent training without much apparent waste of force, and with a readiness truly remarkable.

Pert's lover is a journalist, also an Englishman, an Australian Englishman probably, judging by his tailor. He has a little voice and some talent, so much that a year in America will do a great deal for him. The American finish upon the English article has worked admirably in this country, and Mr. Roberts has the quick, open look of the man who learns.

Minnie Palmer is not the singing and dancing soubrette in this play that her reputation would indicate. Pert is a sort of milk-and-water emotionalist and, though she wears a shorter dress in the first act, while still delivering a series of homilies upon the ways of women, than children of five and six years are permitted to wear off the stage, she does not dance. What in the world was it then that captured the English and made them turn the cold shoulder to bright little Lotta as an imitator?

For Lotta once could sing, she still can dance, and,

quite aside from her strong individuality, she has a little dash of the divine afflatus. The English are easily amused, as the past summer has shown, and it can only have been pure conservatism. They liked Minnie Palmer best because they liked her first, and the Englishman never stultifies himself.

What shocking bad acting they do put up with sometimes, merely because they are used to it, or because they have once accepted an actor!

We are different, *nous autres*. If we get tired of any one, we are cruelly prone to say so. If they themselves degenerate, we do not hesitate to stay away, and if they grow stupid, we yawn.

Who did not yawn through "A Woman's Won't" on Monday, even though we knew it was our cherished Dalys that we were looking upon, and Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis were in the cast. It was unmitigatedly a bore, and every one breathed a sigh of relief when the curtain fell upon three conquered women. It seemed a most lame and impotent conclusion, that the maid-servant, an actress, too, without a sparkle of comedy in her, should have had her little defeat for the climax. It was all dull, wrong, un-Dalyish.

Perhaps "The Country Girl" went all the merrier for the contrast. There is such a different smack to it, too, from all the rest. Wycherly comes just long enough after Shakespeare to make a pleasant halt in the centuries between "The Taming of the Shrew" and "A Night Off."

As for Ada Rehan, she has that wonderful versatility which makes her fit into any period you like as snugly as if she were born there. The crusty old English of Wycherly comes as trippingly from her tongue as the modern nonsense when she tells fortunes from the cards in "A Night Off."

It is not given to every one to fit comfortably into the century he is playing. Otis Skinner does not belong in the nineteenth at all. He is a gallant, handsome little gentleman, and an excellent actor in the seventeenth, or the fifteenth, or the eighteenth, whereas he is stiff jerky and mannerish in the nineteenth.

Mr. Drew, on the other hand, belongs in the nineteenth only. He plays Petruccio capitably, and looks like an old-time print in "The Country Girl," in which, by the way, he is a most deliciously ugly man, but in both of them he wears the air of playing, while in the latter-day Daly drama he might really be any one of the nonchalant young men he plays so well, and no one would dispute his identity.

But Ada Rehan takes on the manners of the time so naturally and so easily, that one is actually carried to the Hyde Park of the olden time, when another code of manners existed, built upon precisely the same code of morals as rules in that beautiful pleasure-ground to-day.

Perhaps the sparks of two hundred years ago made their advances less gradually. Gallantry was bolder in its expression and prompter in its action, but so far as news can be gleaned from the togs of the centuries, the results were precisely the same.

At all events, they give us the old picture so cleverly that we watched the pretty game of hide-and-seek among the trees, without any question of its probability.

Mr. Fisher puts just the right touch of shadow on all these gay young blades, with the sombreness of the passionate and fiery Jack Moody, and one is glad enough to see him outwitted at last by his frisky ward; though Wycherly would tremble for his successful little play if he knew how managers coming after had dared to change it. It is well they have done so. It would be a pity were we cheated of it, because they spoke English in Wycherly's time with naked frankness, and guarded their wives with open watchfulness. *Autre temps, autre mœurs*.

Ada Rehan is a succession of pictures to remember in "The Country Girl," either in her simple sash and frock with its old-time embroidery; in her Belinda bonnet, mantle, and veil in the last act, or her blue-satin smalls, etc., which she carries so handsomely as a boy. She is a treat in one way, in that she is so delightfully unconscious of her legs in this costume. It is seldom that an actress resists the disposition to pose in a boy part. There are so many affections of the feet, and we all know every one of them at a glance, by reason of long training with opera bouffistes and soubrettes. Ada Rehan is guiltless of each and every one of them. If her toes turn in by some accident she lets them turn, and seems to forget all about them; but when she says "Oh, jiminy!" with a snap, one shapely member helps her very handsomely to accentuate herspeech.

It is a great accomplishment for an actress to be able to forget her legs, and one which very, very few possess.

And so once more good-bye to the Dalys, or rather *au revoir*, for they do not give us good-bye any more, but alternate us with Europe. They have been almost the only good we have had to temper the wind, and fog, and cold of this bitter summer weather.

BETSY B.

Augustin Daly proposes to bring out Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" this winter, but it does not fit his company particularly well, as it is an extravaganza and a spectacle rather than a meaty comedy. It is curious, though, that all successful managers turn to Shakespeare in the high tide of success as naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Streets of New York" will be revived by the Grismers at the Alcazar next week.

Minnie Palmer will play "My Sweetheart" during the second week at the Bush Street Theatre.

Dion Boucicault will begin a short season at the Baldwin next Monday evening, opening in "The Jilt." His new play will be produced later.

"The Red Fox," a rather good Irish drama of the accepted type, by Daniel O'Connell, has been running with rather indifferent success at the California Theatre.

The panorama of the Battle of Chattanooga and the Storming of Missionary Ridge is now nearly ready for inspection, and will be opened to the public next Monday.

Ada Rehan wears two simple cotton gowns in "A Night Off," and she never wore anything more becoming in her life. She looks to be just fifteen by the watch, in both of them.

Miss Lizzie St. Quentin of the Daly company, is an ex-queen of English opera bouffe. Mr. Daly thinks there is fine material in her, and hopes with care and patience to tone down the exuberance of her style.

Minnie Palmer's play at the Bush Street Theatre has been mounted with remarkably fine settings. The cottage garden in the first act, is quite a little gem, and the interiors are almost worthy the nahob theatre.

"A Woman's Won't," like almost all of Augustin Daly's comedies, is adapted from the German, and is almost as stupid in the adaptation as the original, where it is known as "Gott sei dank der Tisch ist gedeckt."

Ada Rehan was once an opera bouffiste, and first appeared with the Daly company in "The Royal Middy" when they produced that opera with great spectacular effect some years ago, with Catherine Lewis as the prima donna.

Miss Evelina Cooke, who is confined to the very smallest of parts, managed to make a little hit this week with a hearty gurgling laugh of singularly good calibre. It was a good laugh that first made Kosina Vokes's fame, and, eventually, her fortune.

Miss Rehan's white frock in "The Country Girl" is evidently a genuine antique, and well worth possessing. It is, therefore, respectfully suggested to her maid that there is a large round rent in the second scallop of the front breadth, which is well worth darning.

The Grismers, who are gradually extending their Eastern circuit, take a fresh start at the Alcazar every now and then, and the little theatre seems to be a sort of mascot to them. They are playing now in the never-failing "Rosedale," and all the romantic girls are having a lovely time.

Charley Schultz was good enough to forego the dreadful noise of his orchestra during one of the *entr'actes* this week, and gave an old song instead. It was sweet and strangely familiar to the ear, but had been out of fashion so long that it took people some time to locate "Happy be thy Dreams."

Mr. W. J. Scanlan's company, which is to open at the Bush Street Theatre Monday evening, August 20th, arrived in the city yesterday. The entire company come direct from New York, and includes Miss Katie Blancké, Miss Kitty O'Shea, Miss Millie Sackett, Messrs George Deyo, Sidney R. Ellis, Thaddeus Shine, Charles Thompson, George W. Barnum, Charles Dade, C. R. Webster, Albert Morrell, and W. H. Brockway, musical director. The company, with two exceptions, is the same as that which has traveled with Mr. Scanlan in the East for the past two seasons.

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A Lucky Man.

For several days it has been brooded round, and indeed we published the statement, that Mr. John B. Boyd of this city had been so fortunate as to draw the nice little sum of five thousand dollars in the June drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and all his old friends were rejoiced at Mr. Boyd's good luck, always reserving the usual exclamation "if it is true." To vindicate ourselves, and to give the public the information, we have interviewed Mr. Boyd on the subject.

"Did you draw \$5,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, Mr. Boyd?"

"I did, on the one-twentieth of ticket No. 21,658."

"What was the amount?"

"The second capital prize of the lottery on that drawing was \$100,000. The twentieth was \$5,000."

"Did you get your money?"

"I did, in \$20 gold pieces, with no delay or bother."

"Who acted as your banker?"

"Wells, Fargo & Co. made the collection, at a cost to me of \$65."

"Had you other tickets in the same drawing?"

"Yes. One of them drew a small amount, say \$200, but it was a fractional ticket and did not yield largely."

Mr. Boyd placed part of his winning in real estate at once, as he is an old timer, and in the abstract business for Woolwine, Sprigg & Nerney, he knew as well where to place it as these gentlemen themselves. We are only too glad of our old friend's good luck, and to hear that all was done by the Lottery people on the square, promptly and no growling. —San Diego (Cal.), San Diego, July 7.

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RECENT VERSE.

Love-Letters.

I've learned, in dream or legend dark,
That all love-letters purged with fire,
Drawn in one constellated spark,
To heaven aspire.

To-night there streams across the sky
An unfamiliar reef of stars:
Are those the letters you and I
Thrust through the bars?

In tears of joy they once were read,
In tears of sorrow slowly burned;
And now to stars hung overhead
Can each be turned?

O leaves too warm to be discreet,
O words aslant that throbbed too loud,
With astral laughter now you greet
Behind a cloud!

You watch us sleeping all night long,
Until gray morning bids you fade;
You charge us, with your choral song,
Be undismayed!

Alas! the Magians knew your names,
Ye ancient lamps of amber light;
'Tis vanity of passion claims
So rare delight.

We might as well lay claim to Mars!—
And yet—I surely understand
That softest yet now flashing stars
Italian hand?

—Edmund Gosse in August Longman's.

In Arcadia.

Because I choose to keep my seat,
Nor join the giddy dancers' whirl,
I pray you do not laugh, my girl,
Nor ask me why I find it sweet
In my old age to watch your glee—
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
Quite out of place in scenes like this,
You can't imagine how much bliss
It gives me just to sit and dream,
As you fit by me gracefully,
How I, too, dwell in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes
A vanished summer buds and flows,
And with the same bright cheeks of rose
I see your mother's image rise,
And o'er a long and weary track
My hurried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
On your sweet form my swimming glance,
I think your mother used to dance
Just as you do, in that dead past,
Long years ago—yes, fifty-three—
When I, too, dwell in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring
That have been hushed, ah! many a spring.
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth—nay, do not blush—
The boy's his father o'er again.
And hark ye, miss, I was not plain
When at his age—what! must I hush?
He's coming this way? Yes, I see,
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

July in the West.

DAY.

A rhythm of reapers; a flashing
Of steels in the meadows; a lashing
Of sheaves in the wheatlands; a glitter
Of grain-built streets, and a twitter
Of birds in a motionless sky—
And that is July!

A rustle of corn-leaves; a tinkle
Of bells on the hills; a twinkle
Of sheep in the lowlands; a bevy
Of bees where the clover is heavy;
A huttering blundering by—
And that is July!

NIGHT.

A moon-flooded prairie; a straying
Of leaf-hearted lovers; a baying
Of far away watch-dogs; a dreaming
Of brown-fisted farmers; a gleaming
Of fireflies eddying night—
And that is July!

—James N. Matthews.

The large octagon-shaped building at the corner of Market and Tenth streets, this city, erected at great expense for the panorama of the Battle of Mission Ridge, is so nearly completed that the mammoth picture of the battle has been put in its place entirely around the walls. The panoramic representation of the great battle as portrayed by this splendid painting is worthy of the highest praise, as the work shows the imprint of a master-hand. The most trifling details of this stirring event have not been neglected, and every feature, from the most thrilling scenes of the terrible conflict to the broken kettle of the deserted camp-fire, is given a place that makes the scene complete; in fact, the writer of this, who was stationed on one of the mountain peaks a few miles distant, considers this a more comprehensive view of the battle than the reality appeared at the time. The beautiful Tennessee River serpentines its way among the different hills skirting the city of Chattanooga, showing plainly the several pontoon bridges that span its breadth, leaving the foot of Point Lookout, which stands proudly erect against the western horizon, with the stars and stripes unfurled on its summit, where the grand old flag had recently been planted after one of the most disastrous battles of the war. The hand-to-hand conflicts of the two armies are shown in this valley. The different positions of the several batteries. The steady advance of the Federal troops and the desperate resistance of the rebels. The hastily constructed breastworks running along the top of the Mission Ridge, where the rebels made their last desperate stand and where so many brave men of both sides were mercilessly sacrificed to the ravages of war. A description of the panorama could be prolonged to great length, especially by one who was present at the battle, but space forbids; suffice it to say that eye-witnesses to the real scene can find nothing that they would improve in the Panorama, as it is truly a model of correctness and worthy a visit from every American citizen. It will be opened to the public on Monday, August 22d.

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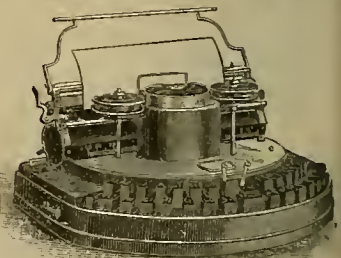
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The boom is upon us; from every side we hear the roar of speculation's great artillery; from every side our ears are pierced by the sharp rattle and quick detonation of the real-estate gamblers' lies. The conflict began in the southern counties by an invasion of one-lunged, heavy-pursed, retired Eastern gentlemen with romantic wives and daughters, who had the sense to observe that sunshine and ocean breeze, comfortable winters and cool summers, could be had in exchange for Arctic colds, sleet, ice, and drifting snows, sum-

mer heats that kill, cyclones, lightning strokes, mad dogs, and epidemics. The kind of people who can afford travel; who are blasé of the European trip and of the swamps of Florida; who have seen Alps on Alps arise, and dreamed of alpenstocks and the wild chamois till the goitre began to swell in their throats, bethought themselves of their native land, the broad magnificence of plains and mountain heights, of deserts, cactus, sage, and ocean views, and they began to make experimental trips to the Pacific Coast; dared the hardships of railroad travel, and faced the perils of Pullman palace coaches, to determine for themselves whether civilization with its exposed breasts, bare arms, and jewels, had really reached this distant shore; whether the church had raised its spires, and school-houses had begun their erection; whether the natives were tame and hospitable; whether life on the western coast was endurable, even for a brief visit for the relief of ennui. It must have been a matter of profound surprise for these tourists, dyspeptic with the charms of travel and the beauties of distant lands, to find such a spot in their own country; to find exiles from their own class here, living in luxurious ease; to find homes of beauty with which their Eastern ones are incomparable; to find poor people owning land and sunshine, living amid orchards of olive and pomegranate, and drinking better wine from their own vineyards than comes under the most artistic labels of the best print-shops of France. It can not be a matter of wonder that these wealthy men, who could hang ten-thousand-dollar brilliants from the ears of wife and daughters, should indulge themselves in the luxury of a home in fruitful valleys where the sun shone, and within view of an ocean that does not always scowl in storm and rage in tempest. It is not surprising that this sudden inpour of Eastern coin woke the greed and incited the speculative tendencies of a people that had long waited for the caravan to arrive with its spices. It is not surprising that everybody did not keep cool, nor that lands and town lots advanced under the speculative excitement. It is not surprising because with this invasion of Eastern families that are coming to stay, there is a stream of gold that is enriching the land, awaking the slumberers, and inciting to new enterprise the old fossils who had laid themselves down for an eternal sleep. We of the North, who got an occasional sprinkle from this great Southern shower, could not stand it; at first we looked wise and shook our heads; then we smiled a feeble, incredulous smile; then we looked a sorrowful, pitying look; then we argued the evanescent and unsubstantial character of the boom. But when we saw homes being built, and towns being planted, and villages changing to cities; sandy beaches converted into fashionable and thronged watering-places; harbors being dug from the shores, and piers advanced into the ocean at which ships might lay; when we saw the immigration and read the assessor's report of added millions to the assessment roll, our peanut-venders, small traders, dealers in clothes and swappers of commodities, our stock-gamblers, pool-sellers, and horse-racers began to stir themselves to see if we could not have a boom. We waited patiently, and it did not come, nor did it promise to come, and so we stirred ourselves to make it come. First, we tried Los Angeles city lots at auction, and they sold; then we attacked the great drifting sand-dunes that lay miles away, south of our hurrying-ground, race-track, and park, and they are selling. Then we tackled San José, and formed a syndicate of speculators with a newspaper proprietor in the lead and an auction-house of experience, and the boom is upon us. Santa Rosa, Solano, Yuba, Butte, Contra Costa, Alameda—every county has a hoard of trade, and every village has a boom. Every dead-beat and dead-broken real-estate speculator is perspiring at every pore with some great speculative scheme which is first to enrich himself, and then enrich his principal, by the plundering of some one beyond. We have it in Marin County, at Corte Madera, and San Rafael, and the other important centres of that sleepy little dead-and-alive dormitory of San Francisco. When we get together on morning and evening ferry-boat and train, we spend our time in showing our commutation tickets to Mr. President Coleman's conductors and gatemen and in talking up the boom. We have had the journals aid us in the business by informing the community

at least half a hundred times that Mr. Robert Watt has sold his home for a hotel, while the hotel itself has furnished enough newspaper items to explain the necessity of a twenty-eight-page edition of the *Sunday Examiner*. We tell each other that lands have advanced; that none can be purchased at less than from four to ten hundred dollars an acre; we lie to each other about sales that never occur, about values that do not exist; we tell each other some marvelous tale of profits realized and transactions entered into, when the truth is that there is no movement of land in Marin County, not more than an occasional transaction in San Rafael and Sausalito, while at the principal place—Corte Madera—there has not an acre of land, or town lot, changed hands, except at sheriff's sale, for the last ten years. Yet this interesting and most agreeable town, basking in sunlight and shadow at the foot of Tamalpais, is only thirteen miles, or forty-five minutes, by steam and rail, from San Francisco. The valley of the San Anselmo along the rail from Corte Madera to San Rafael is the most beautiful glen in America. It can not be surpassed in the world for climate; its hill-sides are covered with the most beautiful evergreen shubbery; its fruits can not be excelled; its wines are excellent; it raises oranges, lemons, and limes; through the entire length of the valley runs a stream of pure, sparkling water; bold springs exist along the slope of its western hills, and over its entire scope, from a splendid mountain lake, water is carried in mains to San Rafael. If there is a sanitarium in the State, if there is one in the world, it is in the country that stretches from the tunnel at Corte Madera to the stations at Fairfax and San Rafael. And yet there is land in abundance to be purchased at less than an hundred dollars per acre. There are homes and country-seats that can not be purchased at any price. Such gentlemen as McAllister, Kittle, Barbour, Tompkins, Hoffman, Ames, Allen, Butler, Kent, and Diblee have with deliberate choice made their homes in this picturesque and delightful valley of the San Anselmo, and there is no reasonable price at which they would entertain the idea of a sale. There are some men who will not sell an old horse, or a faithful dog, or make merchandise of a home. To such men as these it is a safe and easy plan to offer prices beyond reasonable values, and on these false offers have lying estimates. The Bank of California has two hundred acres of land at Corte Madera for sale at eighty dollars per acre. Patrick King offers four hundred and thirty acres of land at less than fifty dollars per acre. Mr. Worme had four hundred acres, which were sold by the Hibernia Bank under foreclosure and held through a period of six months for redemption at less than seventy-five dollars per acre; Mr. Fisher's elegant place with one hundred acres of most fruitful land and a home costing fifty thousand dollars was sold for twenty-eight thousand dollars, and now awaits redemption; and these sections are a fair average in location, soil, and beauty of the best lands of the San Anselmo valley. Building lots in the Cañon Holon do not command one hundred dollars per acre. The choicest five acres in Baltimore Gulch, its very centre and covered with trees, can be bought for one thousand dollars. We specify these acts to illustrate the sham and hollowness of a boom in Marin County. The booming business of California is fast degenerating into an organized fraud, at the bottom of which are gamblers and real-estate speculators. When to sell lots at San José it is necessary to furnish free transportation, music, and wine; when it is necessary to purchase whole sides of newspapers to advertise and pay for special misrepresentations in editorial columns; when it is deemed expedient for respectable real-estate firms to resort to the devices of an auction sale for snide jewelry, the presence of fraud is more than suspected—it is proved to exist. Engaged in this fraudulent scheme of land-robbery is the entire force of the press. A village journal has not the courage to set itself in opposition to what is by some considered legitimate and by all desirable, while there is not a metropolitan daily journal in California which would refuse to insert a paid announcement of any kind of land speculation. There is this difference between a land boom and a stock boom—the land boom must have a piece of God's earth to rest upon, and over it enough of God's blue sky to give the wronged

and plundered buyer a glimpse of promised rest where thieves do not break through and steal. But when the deluded and swindled purchaser pays five hundred dollars for an acre of land worth fifty dollars, he is robbed of four hundred and fifty dollars which he will never see again. There is no better investment than land; there is no place on earth where land is more desirable than in California. There is no city where investment in lots is likely to be more advantageous than San Francisco. But all the same there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and stock-thieves. Prudent men will keep themselves free from land excitement, and honest men and honest journals will not lend themselves to fan the fires of a gambling and speculative land boom.

The Henry George state convention has met at Syracuse passed a series of resolutions which we have not read, and nominated a state ticket at the head of which Mr. George has placed himself for Secretary of State. Henry George may be a philosopher, perhaps a political economist, but he has committed an error which no public man can survive. No man can play the part of political reformer who stands ever ready to take office to himself. Henry George is justly chargeable with being the thing he assails—a party dictator and party boss; Tammany and its rings; cliques conspiring to plunder the treasury. Henry George has always been in office or looking for office, till he has put it in the mouths of his enemies to say that he is not disinterested and is not honest. It is charged against him that while inspector of gas meters in San Francisco he made the place profitable by hyindirection. It is charged by prominent Eastern journals that his whole career is mercenary, that his books, his weekly journal, his political speeches, are all for coin; that he never writes for magazines, and never lectures, and never makes political speeches, except for pay. Now, as a literary man, following the pursuit of professional writer on questions of political or economic reform, he has the unquestioned right to charge for his works, or by the page or column for his intellectual labors, to pass the hat at anti-poverty meetings, or arrange for gate-money when he makes exhibition of his prowess in the intellectual arena; but as a candidate for office, as a reform orator, in his endeavors to put all the public burdens and impose all the taxation upon land so that the impecunious idler who drinks beer, who toils not nor spins, may come in for an equal share of the world's wealth with him who toils, economizes, and drinks cold water, Mr. George can not be paid. The American people, who love money, and who are very willing that anybody should make money in any honest, honorable, and legitimate way, do not look upon it as legitimate, or honest, or honorable for the cranky philosopher to establish a political party, write it into prominence by a journal which is not free, call a convention whose delegates are all chosen from his own clubs, excluding delegates from it because their views are not in accordance with his own; who writes his own platform, and formulates the party's principles from his own vagaries, and then causes himself to be nominated for the best office on the ticket. This is just what Mr. Henry George has done. Having been a candidate for Mayor of New York city, he is now a candidate for "Secretary of State." His candidacy for the mayoralty was the result of accident, honest impulse, and in that sense was excusable; he was thrust forward by conditions that we may presume he could not control. Mr. George now asks for the votes of New York State as the candidate of a party he has himself created, upon a platform of principles he has himself written, as the choice of delegates he has himself chosen. There is an assumption of superior virtue that looks like arrogance in his present attitude. King-makers do not often become kings, and we shall be mistaken if Mr. Henry George is not charged with being mercenary as well as ambitious, egotistical, vain, and presumptuous in pushing himself to the front of this movement he has called into existence. Father McGlynn and Mr. McMakin, and the other delegates to the Syracuse convention, may be greater men than we think them, but what seemed to us a few weeks since as likely to become a dangerous party movement is beginning to look like a possible fizzle. A "Henry George party," with Henry George as a candidate for Secretary of State, a Henry George party with a plan for relieving everybody from poverty by giving Mr. George a lucrative office, does not seem altogether attractive. It is an admirable mode of relieving Mr. George himself from a condition of poverty, and if elected he may lift Mr. McMakin and Father McGlynn out of the hole in which they have been wallowing together; but when it comes to asking the farmers and land-owners of the great agricultural State of New York to assume all the burdens of taxation in order to make Mr. George and his associate mendicants happy in the possession of office patronage and party spoils, we shall be surprised if they do it. As Mr. George is the first philosopher that ever has undertaken to carry his reforms into practical effect by securing himself to be elected to office, we shall watch his career with interest.

Whatever may have been the reasons that called the Railroad Commission into existence, whether it was from motive of sblack-mail, the greed of Wall Street gamblers, or

at the bottom lay the secret fear that Governor Stanford would become dangerous to the political aspirations of certain ambitious politicians unless he and his associates could, in some way, he fouled, and over their great and successful national achievement there could be thrown some shadow of a crime, we may never know till informed through the dying confessions of some repentant gambler, or lawyer, or the posthumous memoirs of some dead politician. The Central Pacific Railroad was the conception of certain gentlemen of Sacramento, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, C. P. Huntington, Edward and Charles Crocker; it was the embodiment of a dream that had been indulged by enthusiasts since the Mexican War had been terminated, giving to us this broad, fair, and fruitful domain of the Pacific, with possessions broader than that of many of the most powerful empires of earth, with resources more inexhaustible and varied than any other nation, and having capacity for the luxurious maintenance of a population vast in numbers. The history of the country, its acquisition through war, its settlement through the discovery of gold, that brought to it the marvelous immigration of its earlier years, form a romantic episode in the history of conquest and occupation that has been seldom rivaled. With this early immigration, which came to work its placers of gold, were these five young business men, all Republicans, all Northern, all loyal, all merchants at the State capital. When the civil war burst upon the country it revealed, in startling possibilities, the dangers attending our isolated position upon a coast more distant than the intervening miles of desert, plain, and mountain that separated its people from the places of their birth. The necessity of a railroad became national, and the resolution to build it was the dream in which these enthusiasts indulged. Had they been older men, and of broader experience, they had not dared the enterprise; had they been wealthier they would not have risked their larger fortunes; had they possessed a keener financial intelligence they would not have had the courage to face the perils of an enterprise so desperate. In June, 1861, the incorporation was formed under the law of California, and the route established across the Sierras. A more southern route would have been desirable, but the political situation rendered it impracticable, and it became necessary to dare the ice and snows of the Central line. In 1862, Congress passed an act to aid in the construction of a trans-continental route, without which aid, it is safe to say, the Central Pacific Railroad would not, in many years, have become more than an unimportant local road. The Congress of the United States found this company organized and working with zeal for success and for the accomplishment of what was to the nation an indispensable work. War existed; the Pacific possessions were imperiled; to move troops and munitions of war to the border lines, and beyond them to the ultimate West, was a military necessity, then costing annual millions for transportation by wagons. Under these circumstances, the Congress of the United States entered into an agreement with the Central Pacific Railroad corporation to aid it in the construction of a work that was from its nature a national necessity, and at the time an immediate and pressing need. It was not the original purpose of this company to build beyond the eastern border line of California, or to endeavor to accomplish more than to secure the business that grew out of the silver discoveries of Nevada. The proposed aid by Congress gave to the work a national importance, and it became part of a great trans-continental line. There was an understanding implied, and, as the Pacific builders then believed, written, in the great cañons and serrated peaks of the Sierras, that the government should not subject them to a railroad competition. Up to this time the annual cost to the government for the transportation of troops, munitions of war, Indian service, and mail had exceeded eight million dollars per annum; and this figure, with an increasing growth naturally arising from national development, was the basis upon which the railroad company placed its estimate of future service and future earnings. The government loaned its interest-bearing bonds, which interest the company had reason to believe it could earn, and finally pay the principal in carrying service for the national government, the company also agreeing to pay into the treasury five per cent. of its earnings. This agreement was not carried out in good faith by the government; it was not carried out at all, for no sooner had the road been built than the administration exacted from it, services at rates of compensation fixed by competitive roads through populous States. Had the Central Pacific depended upon the government aid alone it could not have been built in the twelve years allowed for its completion; but fortunately for the country it was a California corporation, and had State and municipal assistance to the extent of some three million dollars, and this with the personal and private resources of its incorporators enabled their energy to push the road to completion seven years within the time allowed by Congress. In 1864, Congress gave further aid in permitting the company to subordinate the government bonds to a mortgage of equal amount, the details of which are familiar to all railroad and financial men. This great en-

terprise, so important to the State, so indispensable to the general government, was first derided until its construction seemed possible; it aroused all the antagonisms that local interest and personal jealousy could suggest; local enterprises saw that the profits and stealings of their isolated positions were to be destroyed if ever California could be brought into connection with the great Eastern community. The local press, inspired by local interests, gave howl in unison; the money-lender saw his usurious interest endangered by a more direct connection with the moneyed centre; the merchant saw his opportunity for forestalling and cornering merchandise imperiled by telegraphic and railroad communication. The road was completed in May, 1869. It was an herculean task accomplished by herculean labor impelled by an energy that finds no god of mythology to give it name. Into the snows and storms of a Sierra winter, three thousand men and four hundred horses, with the camp materials, working implements, and equipage of a railroad army were transported three hundred miles ahead of completed lines; over mountain heights, and through cañons drift with snow, Charles Crocker led his brigade of railroad builders to war with the elements in the subjugation of nature for the building of a railroad; there is no act of the war that for energetic daring has its parallel. This transportation of supplies, railroad iron, locomotives, and men through the deep snows of the Sierras, was done at a costly sacrifice, indicating that Governor Stanford and his associates were not at that time coldly calculating profits, but with a generous enthusiasm, that is not misnamed patriotism, were honestly endeavoring to serve their country by the construction of this national work. This enthusiasm and zeal cost the Central Pacific Railroad builders seven millions of dollars discount on their government bonds, loss by discount and interest will at the maturity of these bonds amount to twenty millions of dollars. A like discount and loss was had upon the first mortgage bonds. Railroad at war prices, labor at abnormal rates of wages, a great war with its drain of men, a great mining excitement from the silver discovery in Nevada added to the complications and embarrassments, both financial and constructive, added vastly to the cost and entanglements of the undertaking. The road was built, as Governor Stanford testifies, at more than double what it would have cost if they had delayed its final completion till the end of the twelve years—July, 1876. What the country through which the "Union" and "Central" have been built, was in the year 1861, all old Californians know; how broad and desolate was that vast region lying between the Missouri and the Sacramento all know who traversed it in the early time, and even those modern travelers who pass it now in the enjoyment of palace cars, looking through plate-glass while thundering along with steam over rails of steel, may get some appreciative conception of what the country was when it was fitly described as the great American desert. Then, the saints of the city of the great Salt Lake were housed in tents and covered wagons; then, the great peaks of the Rocky Mountain Range cast their shadows where now are laid the foundations of a prosperous State with its thronged and busy towns; great cities are now growing where then the buffalo roamed; a great populous community of civilized Christians has filled the desolate places where less than twenty years ago only barbarism held sway. These roads have opened up an interior empire that could never have become the homes of an industrial and prosperous community by any other process of material development. The work was properly national in its character, and would have been indefinitely postponed if the necessities of the country had not compelled the recognition of the necessity of their construction. California would for half a century have slept and dreamed in drowsy indolence, resting in sun-light and soft breezes till its men had clothed themselves in sombreros and Mexican buttons, and its fair women had grown content with combing their hair and eating water-melons sitting in the shade of their redwood homes. What these roads have done for California, let the intelligent Californian answer; let figures in the hands of the statistician answer; let the observant traveler from all the broad world answer; let every honest man who has accumulated property and within their limits laid the foundations of a home answer. The Central Pacific Railroad has accomplished all it promised; has kept all its obligations; has paid all its matured debts to the government and to individuals; has responded to every mandate, and answered to every decree of court that has given it a hearing; has complied with every enactment of Congress that has been passed. It has made the interior habitable. It has created the State of Nevada, and contributed to the possibility of comfortable residence in Deseret and Wyoming. It has made residence in this beautiful State of California practicable, and, while we may not attribute climate or wealth of soil to the creation of individual or corporate effort, it is clearly apparent that to the Central Pacific as the pioneer of all other transcontinental roads is due the present advanced social and material condition of all the country lying west of the Rocky Mountains. The passage of the Thurman Act of 1878 was an act of hostile and hurtful legislation, which up to this period has cost the company one million six hun-

ed and twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-two cents. The refusal of the government to allow a company a compensation approximating that formerly paid for similar service when performed by wagons and pack-mules was at least ungenerous, and when applied to the seven years in which the company completed its building short of the term provided, seems almost dishonest. The company should have received for this annual government service the sum of four million dollars, instead of which it received less than one eighth of that amount. For seven years the government has in this particular alone been benefited over twenty-four millions of dollars. The saving to the general government since the completion, a period of more than seventeen years, has been largely in excess of the total amount advanced by it in aid of the construction. Not only is the government not acted generously in this respect, but while the Central people were putting forth every effort and braving every peril for a speedy completion of the road, the government aided other and competitive roads by land grants more generous than all the aid conceded to the pioneer enterprise. The Northern Pacific, the Texas Pacific, the Chinsoon and Topeka have all been aided by the government since the commencement of the Central Pacific. Did any man in America think that when this enterprise undertook to scale the Sierra and the Rocky Mountains, and aid the government by this vast work, that the government would refuse assistance to competitive railroad undertakings before work was accomplished, indeed before its successful completion was demonstrated to be possible? It was this assistance that made the construction of competitive roads possible. When this recent act of Congress passed establishing a commission charged with examining into the workings and financial management of all railroads that have received aid in lands from the general government, Governor Stanford held seat in the national legislative body, and secured the insertion of certain amendments whereby it was made the duty of the commission to consider the general equities arising from the conditions of the construction of the road, such as the aid of the government transportation before its building; what was the saving to the government in this respect; what was the company had met by discount on bonds; what loss competing lines; what extraordinary expenses had grown out of early construction. It was claimed by the company that when these equities were considered and allowed it would be found that the government was equitably indebted to the company. The company had the right to think that this commission would have opened up the full question of the equities existing between the government and a creditor which had rendered it such efficient and faithful service, and was in accordance with this belief that Governor Stanford, acting for the Central Pacific Railroad corporation of California, submitted claims of the company against the government amounting to sixty-two million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand five hundred and fifty-seven dollars and eighty-two cents. This attitude seemed to surprise the members of a commission that acted as though its mission was to unearth a conspiracy in which Governor Stanford and his associates had been engaged for nearly two complete decades in robbing the government of the United States. It was unfortunate that in an important commission, one requiring of its members the highest judicial character, the most impartial and dignified demeanor, the keenest intelligence, and the most unchallenged integrity, that all these essentials were found wanting, and that in their minds the partisan spirit prevailed over the judicial. That commission from its very beginning indicated such an uncomfortable animus toward the company and its officers as to render it difficult to keep the examination within the limits of courteous investigation. Sarcasm, and suspicious inquiries, accompanied by pleasant insinuations, soon degenerated into open, disguised, and offensive interrogations, intended to insult and wound the feelings of the gentlemen to whom they were directed, and compelling the commission to call in the aid of the United States attorney and the Federal courts to enforce the answering of questions put by all gentlemen and lawyers it is regarded as inadmissible to ask. Notwithstanding this unpleasant condition of affairs a long and searching investigation was had, all the books of the company and all of its accounts were thrown open to the examination of an expert accountant imported for the purpose. Every voucher and receipt was offered for examination and every item of expenditure accounted for, that was charged against the government with which as a creditor of the corporation it had the right to enquire. The earnings of the Central Pacific had not been appropriated to the construction of any other road, but had been used exclusively for the benefit of the company. There had been no discrimination of rates in favor of unaided as against aided roads. The assets of the company now available as security for the government's debt are eight hundred and fifty-eight and eighty-seven hundredths of a cent of road, with the equipment and paraphernalia. Dividends had been unlawfully declared; no proceeds of trust funds had been diverted from their lawful use; no lands or stock had been issued contrary to law. The schedule of Governor Stanford's large railroad property

was given. The amounts of money loaned and borrowed by the company were stated. On oath Governor Stanford stated: "I have never corrupted or attempted to corrupt any member of the legislature or any member of Congress or any public official, nor have I authorized any agent to do so." What money the company uses that the government does not share in as a creditor is not charged against it. The total amount of stock in the Central Pacific is one hundred million dollars, of which only sixty-eighty million dollars is issued. The net earnings of the road from the time of its completion till the first of January, 1887, were fifty-nine million two hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty-four cents. A full statement of annual salaries was submitted. There are no taxes due to the United States and unpaid upon lands granted by Congress. Land patents have never been allowed to remain unissued in order to avoid taxation. The company secures the patents as rapidly as it can induce the government to issue them. THE CENTRAL PACIFIC—considering all the elements involved in determining the rates at which passengers and freight can be moved, the amount of business done, and the cost of doing it—IS THE CHEAPEST RAILROADING IN THE WORLD. Governor Stanford, in his very exhaustive examination, went over the entire railroad history, from its conception in 1861 to the present day, explaining in the fullest manner every point of doubt, stopping at nothing, evading nothing, concealing nothing, until it came to the direct inquiry by the commission whether he had not used money represented by a certain voucher for a criminal purpose. This Governor Stanford thought to be a premeditated and deliberate insult, which he declined to answer. Every officer in the employ of the company was equally unreserved and open as to all matters which they were advised the commission had the right to ask. The relations of the Contract and Finance Company, the Pacific Improvement Company, and the Western Development Company to the Central Pacific Company were all explained, and their workings laid fully open to the commission. Some of the early hooks concerning unimportant transactions that had been completed twenty-six years had disappeared and could not be found. The contract for constructing the road was on record in the Central Pacific office, upon which Governor Stanford testified that he had received no money dividend, and that when the road was completed to Ogden he and his associates would have gladly parted with all their interest in the Central Pacific at ten cents on the dollar. The Governor admitted that certain blackmail suits have been compromised by purchasing the stock upon which the actions were based at par. Why the Southern Pacific was incorporated in Kentucky was explained. All this information the commissioners have gathered and borne away with them to make up a voluminous Congressional report that will never be read and never referred to, after they, and those who employed them, shall have made such a report to Congress as in their judgment shall best advance the purpose for which the commission was appointed. What use is to be made of the material gathered by this commission, we can have no knowledge. That it has been collected for an honest purpose does not seem apparent; that there are any facts that, rightly interpreted, can be used to the prejudice of the company, or the personal injury of any of the gentlemen connected with the administration of its affairs, we do not fear. It is to be hoped that before the thirty years shall have passed away, and the time arrives for the Central Pacific Railroad of California to come to an adjustment of its accounts with the general government, that a congress will arise composed of men disposed to deal generously with an association of gentlemen who have done as much as these have for the country; that a commission will some time be charged with the examination of all the equities that ought to be considered by so great and wealthy a nation as ours in settlement of moneyed accounts with citizens who have accomplished for their country what Governor Stanford and his associates have done in the way of railroad building. We shall watch the report of these gentlemen with interest.

The Evening Post reflects the profound excitement going on in official circles by reason of a communication in the *Argonaut*, written by an anonymous German, asserting the nationality of the city officials. The answer of the *Post* is an evasion of the charge. More than seven-tenths of those in office and official employment in San Francisco are Irish, of Irish blood, and are Roman Catholics. Although born in America, they are as completely and irredeemably Irish as though born in Irish bog or cabin on Irish soil. According to the *Post*, the offices of assessor, chief of police, county clerk, district attorney, head engineer, head gardener, registrar, sheriff, tax collector, and treasurer are all of foreign birth, and if their deputies—McGinney, Mulvey, Quirk, Mahoney, Casey, Croke, Heeney, Feeney, Sullivan, Maguire, Rearden, Levy, Ryan, Shaughnessey, Quigley, Monahan, Rooney, Brady, Sbeehy, Caddogan, Mullane, and Riley—are not Irish, we should be pleased if some person would kindly inform us to what nationality they belong and from what race they have descended. Nor do we quite see

what difference does it make to the Dutchman born on the Rhine whether all the democratic offices are held by old Irish or new Irish, so long as there is no place for him. We have a family of English pigs littered in our own sty from a thorough-bred imported Berkshire sow, and we call them "Berkshires." We have a herd of Jerseys, descendants from imported Jersey stock, and we call them "Jerseys." Perhaps our Dutch friend from over the Rhine was equally careless when he used the word "Irish" to express the kind of persons who run our politics, boss our parties, and monopolize our offices. We beg to inform these persons and the *Post* that the American party will not longer submit to this kind of imported stock, no matter where they are littered.

When the Republican Convention of Ohio was in session at Toledo, the *Bee* appeared with an article written by General John Beatty of Columbus. General Beatty is an influential Republican leader in Ohio and is regarded as one of the most eloquent of its party orators. He is ranked as a friend of John Sherman. His article against Blaine may seem to indicate the kind of antagonism that in Ohio and other Eastern States will be aroused before another National Republican Convention will be called upon to nominate a Presidential candidate. The article is as follows:

General Beatty says: "If the Irish question and the Irish vote are the main things to be sought for, then Mr. Blaine had better seek office in Ireland." Further on the General says: "Blaine is not by any means as strong as he was in 1880. Those who know him best, and people are going to know him pretty well, know that he is a political Jesuit, courteous in manner, cordial and plausible in speech, but silent, crafty, and unscrupulous in the promotion of his schemes; professing open friendship while stabbing secretly; keen in his scent of money, not particular as to the mode of its acquisition, and lavish in its expenditure for his own political advancement; brainy and fertile in resource, with an element of meanness so audacious that it does not always provide against exposure. He was Garfield's evil genius; his detractor while living and most eloquent eulogist when dead. He involved his administration in needless and distressing complications, from the effects of which the country is still suffering. He used the power conferred by a high official position to enforce his private animosities to execute personal vengeance. He encouraged his following of half-breeds to strike down Secretary Folger for being a stalwart, and thereby elected Cleveland Governor of New York by a majority of two hundred thousand, and put it in the power of the solid South to obtain control of the executive office. He will never be forgiven in full for this treachery, and he never ought to be. His nomination in 1888 would simply multiply the mugwumps of New England by ten, and these would be reinforced in every Northern State by better republicans than Blaine ever was. He cannot carry New York. He could not touch bottom in Indiana, and it is doubtful even if he could again carry Ohio. In short, he is a plumed knight who does his fighting with his jaw and employs a substitute to incur the risks of battle. We have carried him on our shields too long. It is time now to prod him with our spears. The people have had enough of him and his spotted record."

In our House of Correction are six hundred and twenty-two inmates; of these, born in the United States are three hundred and twenty-two; born in Ireland, one hundred and fifty-one; born in all other lands, one hundred and forty-nine. How many of these criminals accredited to American birth belong to an alien classification cannot be ascertained. We may approximate to the figure by examining the table of religious profession: Roman Catholic, three hundred and thirty-two; all other beliefs and disbeliefs, three hundred. More than half the criminals, thieves, drunkards, and vagrants in this institution are Roman Catholic Irish, for, says the superintendent of the House of Correction—himself a Roman Catholic Irishman—Mr. John Foley, "of the commitments two-thirds are for petit larceny and vagrancy." It costs the city thirty-six thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars and forty-two cents per annum, and seems to be well and economically administered. If all our penal, insane, and pauper institutions would give us such statistics as are afforded by Mr. Foley, so that we could get the nativity and religion of our criminals, mendicants, and unfortunates, we should be able to open our eyes in intelligent surprise. Most of these reports are doctored and bedeviled so as to hurry the facts out of public sight.

If Governor Bartlett shall die and Lieut.-Gov. Waterman be called to fill his place, it will be remembered that his occupying that place will be due to the American party. If there is any advantage in having this exalted position filled by an American-born citizen of intelligence, wealth, and unquestioned integrity, rather than by Mr. Michael F. Tarpay, it will be accredited to the influence at the polls of the American ticket. Mr. Swift's minority for Governor was six hundred and fifty-two; Mr. Waterman's majority was between twelve and thirteen thousand. Messrs. Reichert for surveyor-general, Hoyt for superintendent of schools, Patterson, McFarlain, and Jackson Temple for judges were elected through the same agency. Sullivan for supreme judge was beaten by the American and Protestant spirit that was then abroad, and which has not abated. We are writing while Governor Bartlett is still alive. We hope he may not die, for he is an honest executive and an honorable man. If Mr. R. W. Waterman shall succeed the present governor, he will bring to his executive duties the highest business capacity and an unchallenged integrity.

Iowa statistics show that nine hundred and fifty-three women own farms in that State. Of the number, only eighteen are carrying mortgages.

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

The Tests to which the Spaniards Subjected a Spy.

When the Peninsular war was at its height, General Murat, who was in command of the French troops at Madrid, desired to send a dispatch of the gravest importance to General Junot at Lisbon. The distance was not great, but the country through which the messenger would be obliged to travel was infested by a band of guerrillas who carried on an irregular warfare on their own account, much to the annoyance and detriment of the French army. These lawless volunteers fought from their ambushes in the forests and mountain passes with unparalleled ferocity, frequently surprising detachments of the regular army and capturing their stores and ammunition. The heroic deeds of General Castanos, the guerrilla commander-in-chief, were echoed throughout Europe, and it was well known that he gave no quarter to French prisoners. Therefore General Murat could find no soldier desirous of undertaking an errand so fraught with danger.

In his dilemma he sought the advice of Baron Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador, who was friendly to the French cause.

The baron, being well aware of the gravity of the situation, deliberated for several minutes; the result was the following suggestion: "Send one of your most reliable Polish lancers in Russian uniform," he said, "with a verbal message to our admiral, now in Lisbon harbor. He, in turn, will communicate with Junot without arousing the slightest suspicion on the part of the English. No doubt your courier will be arrested a score of times *en route*; but as my country has maintained neutral ground thus far, it is not probable that the result will be fatal. Castanos is too much of a diplomat to risk the displeasure of Russia, and, by observing the proper caution, it will not be difficult to deceive him."

General Murat was charmed with this clever proposition, and at once ordered the Captain of the Warsaw Lancers to select from his company a brave, reliable fellow who could be trusted to undertake the important mission.

Early on the following day, Lieutenant Lackinsky, a young Pole, eighteen years of age, sought audience of the French general, who explained the nature of the service he required of the youth, without concealing the perils it would entail. Lackinsky, nothing daunted, declared with a contemptuous smile that he eagerly awaited an opportunity to prove how little he feared the guerrillas, and that he was prepared to set out at once on his journey.

Pleased with the young Pole's enthusiasm, as well as with his evident desire to distinguish himself, the general repeated with precision the message to be carried to Junot.

Baron Stroganoff's Russian dispatches having been duly secured, the courier started for the coast, completely armed, and disguised in the uniform of an officer of the Czar's guard.

Nothing of importance occurred until the afternoon of the second day, when our hero entered a defile in the mountains near Talavera. He had not advanced more than a quarter of a mile when he was met by half a dozen guerrillas, who, without waiting to parley, roughly dragged him from his horse, seized his weapons, and led him to a chapel in a cave hard by, where he found himself face to face with the terrible Castanos.

"Who are you?" asked the guerrilla chief, in French, while he angrily scrutinized the prisoner.

Alive to the danger of his position Lackinsky's heart failed him for an instant, but, quickly recovering his presence of mind, he fixed his eyes on his interlocutor's face with a meaningless stare. Presently he answered in German: "I do not understand."

Castanos called one of his officers, and requested him to continue the examination in the prisoner's tongue. Observing the utmost caution lest by an inadvertent expression he might betray his knowledge of French, the Pole replied to all the officer's questions either in Russian or German.

During the examination the chapel had become crowded with guerrillas, attracted there by curiosity and a desire for excitement. Each bung upon the prisoner's words, eager to detect the slightest evidence of deception on his part.

Suddenly there was an interruption, caused by the appearance of Castanos, leading by the arm a peasant whom he placed before the Pole, saying: "Look carefully at this man, and tell us whether he be Russian, German, or, as I strongly suspect, a cursed French spy."

The peasant obeyed, and presently replied, in a loud, decided tone: "He is a disguised Frenchman. A few weeks ago, when I took a load of hay to Madrid, this was the very officer who signed my receipt."

Lackinsky betrayed no sign of fear, and the expression of his countenance did not vary, as he looked from one to the other of the excited soldiers who surrounded him. They would have torn him to pieces had not their general, discouraged by the failure of his test, interfered.

"My friends," he loudly exclaimed, "nothing is yet proved against our prisoner, and he has certainly shown beyond a doubt that he does not understand French. This peasant might easily make a mistake, for it would be difficult to recognize a man whom he saw only once and then in a different uniform from the one he now wears. The prisoner looks like a Russian, his papers are addressed to the Czar's admiral, and I think we had better allow him to proceed."

"No, no," was the cry that arose from a hundred voices at once, "we are not yet satisfied, and he shall not go until we are."

"But are we to take the risk of offending the Russians by interfering with one of their dispatch-bearers?"

The guerrillas agreed that they did not dare to act in opposition to the Czar, at the same time they were not yet convinced of the nationality of the man; they suspected he might be a French spy, in spite of appearances. Accordingly he was conducted to a vault beneath the chapel, and locked in.

A hard ride of many hours over rough roads, added to the agony of mind which he had endured during his examination had so exhausted poor Lackinsky, that he sank upon a

heap of straw in one corner of his prison, and was soon sound asleep.

Two hours elapsed, when the door was softly opened, and some one entered. A gentle tap on the shoulder aroused the young lieutenant, and a woman's gentle voice whispered: "*Voulez-vous souper, Monsieur?*"

Heavy with sleep, the prisoner fancied himself, for a moment, with his mess at Madrid. The fearful ordeal lasted only a single moment, for, looking up and rubbing his eyes, Lackinsky's position was recalled to him by the darkness of his cell, which served the double purpose of concealing his doubt and surprise. His presence of mind did not desert him even then, and he inquired, in German, what was wanted of him. Without another word, the woman disappeared.

When reporting this test to his comrades, Castanos added, with a coarse laugh: "You see, I was right in believing him to be a Russian, for were he French he would surely have betrayed himself to a woman. Give him something to eat, saddle his horse, and send him on his way."

Unfortunately for the prisoner, the general's authority over his volunteer corps was not absolute; his order was therefore obeyed only in part. Supper was served, but Lackinsky remained in his cell.

The following morning Castanos, who had his own reasons for wishing to be favorably reported to the Russian government, visited his prisoner and told him not be discouraged, adding an assurance that his detention would soon end. At the same time, taking the youth kindly by the hand, he assured him, with a smile, that there was nothing further to fear.

Though inwardly rejoicing, as he listened to the encouraging words, Lackinsky appeared to comprehend nothing but the gentle tone and the friendly pressure of the hand.

Later, he was led to a spot where ten French prisoners of war had just been shot. There, in the presence of the ghastly, bleeding corpses, he was forced to remain until night. Prison was a relief compared with such a cruel spectacle, yet, in spite of the general's reassuring remarks, he could not obtain the repose of which he was by this time sorely in need. The fate of his companions in arms, which he fully expected to share, haunted him continually, until sleep overcame him after several hours of weary watching and tossing on his hard bed of straw.

As before, a woman gently aroused him and spoke in the same low tone in French: "Come quickly; I will save you; your horse is saddled; everything is ready; follow me softly, softly."

The young lieutenant's senses were immediately on the alert; his suspicion was fully aroused and he was not to be taken unawares. "What was it you said?" he quietly asked in German. "I did not understand; can you not speak to me in my native tongue?" The woman immediately vanished.

On hearing of this incident, Castanos again spoke in behalf of his prisoner; but the assertion made so confidently by the peasant had worked upon the minds of the guerrillas to such a degree that they refused to be convinced until they had made one more trial. It was therefore agreed that Lackinsky should remain in captivity another night.

Five guerrillas entered the vault on the following morning, uttering furious threats against the French, accompanied by maledictions on the head of Napoleon. They spoke in Spanish, of which Lackinsky understood quite enough to know what they were saying, but he assumed an air of unconcern and looked from one to another as though wondering what could be the cause of their excitement. After being informed that he was to have another trial, he was led to the chapel where, ranged along the steps of the altar, he beheld a dozen guerrilla chiefs who had constituted themselves a council of war. With a show of suddenly understanding that he was to undergo an examination, the young lieutenant demanded an interpreter.

A soldier who spoke German was sent for and the trial proceeded.

"What is the object of your journey from Madrid to Lisbon?" was the first question.

"Being an officer of the Czar's guard," answered Lackinsky, "I have been entrusted with important dispatches from Baron Stroganoff to Admiral Sinlirin."

"Ask him if he is a friend to Spain," said one of the judges to the interpreter.

"Indeed I am!" replied the Pole, when the question was put to him in German; "I honor and esteem the Spanish nation, and would be delighted if they would consent to form an alliance with my country."

Turning toward the council the interpreter said in French: "The prisoner declares that he is a Russian, and he adds that his sovereign is a firm friend and ally of Napoleon. He also says that he despises Spain, and that he considers her soldiers a band of robbers and cut-throats who ought to be wiped from the face of the earth."

This was the most terrible ordeal the young man had yet undergone, but he did not betray, by the movement of a muscle, that he understood what was said. He seemed merely to be wondering what could so suddenly have aroused the council, who watched him narrowly while giving vent to angry threats. They well knew that nothing would be so likely to put the prisoner off his guard as the apparent treachery of the interpreter.

"Comrades," said Castanos, who entered the chapel at the conclusion of the interpreter's remarks, "are you convinced at last; and will you now permit this dispatch-bearer to proceed?"

The guerrillas answered with one voice, and so eager were they to make amends for what they considered their error, that within one hour Lackinsky's horse, papers, and weapons were restored, and he was far on the road to Lisbon, rejoicing at his escape.—Translated for the Argonaut from the German by R. K.

The British imperial monogram caused a great deal of surmise when it was first exhibited over the British Legation in Mexico. Some of the meanings ascribed to the letters were very original. *Viuda del Reino Inglés*—(widow of the English Kingdom) was one; but another was a stroke of real genius. "*Viva la República Inglesa*"—a rendering hardly palatable to the highly conservative plenipotentiary, in whose eyes it is not unlikely that the Black Republic is the type and figure of them all.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Langtry is fond of surf bathing and is a fine swimmer. Last week she appeared on the beach at Lang Branch clad in a tight fitting jersey suit of deep black, tastefully trimmed with gold braid. She dived through the billows with grace and vigor, and swam out far as the end of the pier.

Buffalo Bill, according to recent reports from London, is not likely to return with much money. It is said that he made an unfortunate contract with the managers of the American Exhibition to something like the effect that he was to receive one-third of the receipts of his show and assume all the expenses of it. It is said that but for this the American Exhibition would have scored a loss.

Queen Margherita of Italy asked King Humbert at the opening of the season if he thought her still young enough to wear white muslin dresses. The king did not answer at once, and his wife gradually came worried at his silence. At length, however, she received in Paris six white dresses of the finest material and the most youth style. By such a delicate and practical method did the gallant Humbert show his confidence in his wife's beauty.

Says London Life: "A lady visitor at the hospital in which Mr. Taylor is now recovering from the fracture of his thigh, relates that when her visiting day came she asked to see him. She was informed by a matron that the patient had been so harassed by the constant and irritable flow of female visitors of all ranks and ages, that in despair had begged to be removed to another ward and protected for ever against the invasion of these unknown and gushing admirers."

It is an open secret to any woman who has seen her or who has examined her photographs attentively, that Queen Victoria, although she arrays herself in mourning, wears the richest and choicest materials but the unobtrusive American mind has not allowed itself to dwell on her majesty's underclothing. Now an English newspaper proclaims that the very finest of pink-white silk stockings are reserved for the same firm sends boots to the pope, but they are very thick cream-white, like his slippers.

Emperor William received a large mail at Gastein, the letters from the members of his family alone being very numerous. It is related that immediately on his arrival he found on his table a letter addressed in very large characters, which proved to be from the hand of his five-year-old great-grandson William. An inclosure by his mother assured the emperor that no one had dictated or even looked at the letter, first production of the writer. "I fully believe it," the emperor said, "for if she had seen it she would not have allowed it to be sent. In six lines my great-grandson makes nine demands."

King Pomare V., the ruler of the Society Islands, has instituted divorce suit against his youthful Queen Johanna, aged fifteen. The queen went to Paris lately, and placed her case in the hands of an attorney. The king accuses the queen of having for a lover a sailor who bore a French man-of-war. The queen, on the other hand, accuses the king of intemperance and cruelty. Admiral Seves, the French commander, had almost arranged a reconciliation when Johanna heard that Pomare was also unfaithful to her. Then she made up her mind to try her luck at Paris. But Pomare got his action in ahead of and the case will be tried in the Otabite courts.

Mr. Henry Labouchere has surpassed himself this year in his entertainments at Pope's Villa, Twickenham. He has succeeded in finding a novelty. Out-door representations of the Forest of Arden have been given, but it remained for Labby to have moonlight representations of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Anything less cannot be imagined, and Labby did not rely solely upon moonlight effects on the silvery Thames, but he had the best professional artist to supplement the moonlight. Everybody went who was invited. It is said that Mr. Labouchere has never forgiven Mary Anderson for accepting his wife's invitation to Twickenham, and consequently never has a good word to say for that superb young woman.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are being piloted about Paris by the ever youthful Frenchman, Count de Lesseps. Chance led Pedro to Paris at the time appointed for the general meeting of stockholders of the Panama Canal Company, and the Grand Frenchman knew the presence of the emperor would be greatly to his advantage. At the moment when the stockholders were discussing expenditure Dom Pedro entered the hall. M. de Lesseps interrupted the proceedings and introduced the Emperor of Brazil, to which introduction share-holders replied with cries of "Vive l'Empereur;" when the was taken all that M. de Lesseps asked for was his. In a few Dom Pedro goes to Carlsbad, and when he leaves, the eccentric friend of Venezuela, Guzman Blanco, will take his rooms at the Hotel. Ostensibly the President comes to Europe to settle a question of boundaries with England, but in reality he returns to Paris with son-in-law, the Duc de Morny, who made him an unexpected visit Caracas a few weeks ago. It is well known that on paper the A. Schoritz Guzman Blanco amounted to millions, but although the rags took place in July, 1886, the duke had only received a small centage of what he considers rightfully his. Becoming impatient decided to investigate, and sailed for Venezuela.

The cause of Etelka Gerster's present banishment from the opera stage, owing to the almost total loss of her voice, is said to be her M. Gerster, it seems, has all through her life given way to fits of outbursts of anger, and the frequency of them, it is said, has been the prime cause of ruining her voice. Gerster was born brought up in the midst of refinement. When quite a young girl said to have been desirous of obtaining a position in the opera company, similar to that occupied by her more gifted sister prima donna Adeline Patti, whose Christian name "Etelka" is the Hungarian name of the actress, who is now but little more than thirty, it is highly probable that her voice will never be heard again in public. Her band, Dr. Gardini, was the impresario at Berlin for a number of years, and met Gerster a year or two after she made her debut, which was in Venice in 1875, during her first appearance at the German opera, where, by the way, her success was great. Mme. Gerster has six children. The eldest, a girl, is called Linda, for one of her most favorite roles. The happy home, a pretty villa in the Apennines near Bologna, to which many of Gerster's American friends have taken their way within the past few years, will no longer know its mistress who presided so deftly over a well-appointed household. The Mezzana, as it is called, has been closed, and the several farms lying on the plateau of the mountain, that are included in the estate, have been let to various small farmers. Mme. Gerster and her children are present in Paris, where they are living in apartments.

All London has been discussing the great fire at Whiteley's, which is a small way, Whiteley has gradually built up in London the most extensive bazaar in the world. When we say that, although a part of the establishment was burned, the loss was two million hundred thousand dollars, some notion of its magnitude is obtained. In his many connected stores, the Universal Providers' Stores, as they are called, Whiteley offers for sale merchandise of all sorts. It is nothing except milk which he will not supply—dry goods, hardware, groceries, everything. Any order given to him he will fill, whether it be a house or a coffin, and it is declared in London that once he evaded a man with a wife. Whatever any one wants can be bought at the premises, where also meals may be obtained, and from which supplies may be had for outdoor entertainments, no matter how extensive or how varied in kind. Of course such a business could not be built up without absorbing the trade of other dealers, so that the fire has burned down so much of Whiteley's is attributed by many to the jealousy of his business rivals. What makes the conviction that was foul play so strong, is the circumstance that this was the first fire in Whiteley's establishment since 1832, although every year against fire is taken. In June, 1885, four of his ships were burned and the loss was one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This last fire destroyed seven of the ships, and Mr. Whiteley estimates his loss at two million five hundred thousand dollars. Fires have been so frequent that insurance companies refuse to insure his stores.

A MURDERER'S LETTERS.

"Parisina" Discusses the Mysteries of Pranzini's Correspondence.

"Bonjour! Bonjour! ma cher." So, the mistress of the house as I made irruption into a petit salon where a couple of friends were talking. And then, before I could answer, make quick retort with my ready inquiries "Who is she, y dear; not five minutes ago, I was saying 'now, if Parisina were here, she would be able to tell us.' At least a dozen people have assured me it is Mme. de T—. But rather incline to the other solution; I think it must be Mme. de S—."

Before our hostess had finished speaking her friend chimed in with "and I am perfectly persuaded it is neither one nor the other; neither the Princesse nor the Vicomtesse, but some horrid old frump who was never made love to in her life."

Then it flashed upon me what it was all about. I had been busily occupied with other matters, and the afternoon receptions being over (my friend was receiving her friends in an informal manner), had had but few opportunities of judging the extent of feminine curiosity with respect to Pranzini's *femme du monde*.

"The unvarnished truth, *ma toute belle*, is that I have never given the matter a thought. Now you mention it, however, I may without hesitation declare that I don't think it is Mme. de S—, or Mme. de T—, or any lady you or have met in society. And as for the Seize, those sixteen iscreants, as a humble member of the press I consider em beneath contempt. More, I don't and won't believe ey are anything but common swindlers." I spoke warmly I felt. One must uphold one's profession, and if down ep in my heart I felt it just possible that, not sixteen but a, or perhaps a couple of wretches might be found in our nks capable of trying to make money out of such an affair, ld horses would not have made me acknowledge such a ing to outsiders, even if those outsiders were my dearest ends.

It does not seem as if we were ever to finish with is Pranzini affair. At the time of the murder, you will remeber, we exhausted the whole miserable tale. Since en, there has been the seven days' wonder of the trial. We ked it over till everyone was sick of the subject. Society or what was left of it in Paris—just went mad about it. ild seats have been purchased, some people would have en a thousand-franc note to obtain one. Ladies—real- ties, I tell you—who considered themselves fortunate ong mortals to have horrified, heggged, or cozened a ket out of the judge, stood for hours awaiting their turns the hall, and were in the seventh heaven if they could by ok or by crook force an entrance and gain standing room themselves in that hot, densely crowded, suffocating court- om. Then, when the man was sentenced, and removed to Roquette, one might have imagined there would be an d of the matter, at least until one heard they were putting the scaffold and that this lugubrious assassin was to pay the penalty of his crime, which he will have to do, one of ese fine mornings. No such luck.

Some one, I think it was my amiable friend Calihan, set very one speculating about Antoinette Sahatier, and dis- sening whether or no she was justified in telling the truth the whole truth about her lover, and whether she ought t to have shielded him and given him the benefit of an alibi whether she ought not to have perjured herself for love. ve! Ah me! Is it not taking the name of the little god vain to presume that love could really have existed in the art of this superannuated milliner for so despicable an ect as Pranzini? Surely the sentiment that bound Juliet Romeo, Heloise to Ahelard, and Dante to Beatrice, was mething altogether different, higher, nobler, not to be tioned in the same breath with it.

What a miserable spectacle the milliner presented in the ness-hox! Affected, pretentious piece of goods. And yet e were men, and women, too, weighing her affection by a standard measure of the heart, descanting on the to or not to be of a *grand sentiment*, of passion at fifty for creature to whom she gives food, raiment, and a lodging return for a few caresses, while the same people would off at the headstrong folly of youth and pretend to dis- lieve in the natural attraction of Daphnis for Chloe. If class the Pranzini and Antoinette story with its common- ce details, the low greed of the one and the servile usality of the other, as romance—then romance has sed to exist. Yet this ignoble subject has been taken as heme whereon to embroider endless commentaries, some them not devoid of wit and humor, and worthy a nobler use. The *Cour de l'Amour* has this morning published its dict—apocryphal if you like, that is Calihan's affair.

Doesn't say how many women have answered his ap- al, but leaves it to our imagination. Anyhow, the mat- in favor of the lover, he tells us, is enormous. An- nette ought to have lied, it appears, and the praise which e magistrates bestowed should, according to the showing this precious love tribunal, have been like coals of fire on her head. One lady, who emulates Mme. de Sévigné's stolarly grace of style, declares that Antoinette Sahatier ached because she had ceased to love him. This in itself uld not have been surprising, under the circumstances, e writer goes on to say that it is quite possible to love an who has destroyed three lives in ten minutes! And for love needing to be backed up by esteem, this is, it bears, an exploded maxim. Other correspondents, deem- that Pranzini deserves death, would have had Antoinette eld him from the law and then strangle him with her own ds as soon as he was free. But this is dangerous coun- e; the chances are he would have strangled her; and, any- w, I do not see that Antoinette was bound to incriminate self because she had the misfortune to fall in love—or atever else you like to call it—with a libertine Laventine. e are not favored with any of the ideas of the small ority who side with Antoinette. We may suppose them ales of advanced opinions, for if love is to be the lord all, there is an end of female suffrage and the rest, as a tale jury must inevitably have acquitted Pranzini.

You see the affair hristles with subjects on which to cant by the hour together. There are the letters from his unknown correspondents, the young lady from New

York, and the Parisian *femme du monde*. Had not the letters of this unsophisticated damsel who made the ac- quaintance of Pranzini under the colonnades of the Rue de Rivoli, become common property, I should have felt some scruple in mentioning them here, perhaps; though a nation is hardly to blame if all its women are not above suspicion. It is not surprising that Miss — has been dealt with some- what severely by the French press, she is so very sweeping in her condemnation of Paris and the Parisians. The former is so wicked a place, and its inhabitants so flighty. Such strictures come curiously from the pen of a young lady who fell in love, and gave herself to a stranger on the spur of the moment. I suppose that she thought that being in Rome she must do as Rome does. But once back among her own people, her great desire is to get her Pranzini away from the pitfalls of the French capital; that he shall come over to her, and court and marry her, which there is little doubt he would have done had he succeeded in his schemes, as the young lady had a fortune to bestow on her lover. It is generally supposed that the murder of Mme. de Montille was to have provided him the means of putting this project into execution. Americans may well owe Miss — a grudge for the disparaging comparisons she makes between her own countrymen and her dear Pranzini. They are, she writes, entirely want- ing in sentiment. You hear that? And while this love-lorn young woman was penning these lines, the he-wolf to whom they were addressed was lying under arrest, and the letters, as they came, were opened by the Juge d'Instruction! Did ever retribution fall more heavily on the head of any human being? Can one imagine the feelings of the wretched girl when she read her foolish prose translated into French, and knew that she had sold herself to a brute, and had perhaps been the means of arming a murderer's hand?

It must be acknowledged that, on this side of the Atlantic, Miss — excited little sympathy and little or no curiosity. There was no interest, no reason to try and solve the mystery of her name. She was not the *Inconnu* of whom my friends were talking. On my referring to her, they exclaimed: "Oh! *celle-la!*" with the superh disdain of the Parisienne for everything that is not French. It was that other one whose identity they so wished to establish. She whom Pranzini met one day in a passage, and into whose muff he slipped his card, and who afterwards gave him a rendezvous at the "Mirlitons." Her romance was built up on a still more slender foundation than that of Miss —. It appears they saw each other once or twice, at most, at the club, (where also he first saw Mme. de Montille), and to see was to love, with this impressionable female. She deluged him with letters, and went daily to the post-office at the Madeleine in quest of an answer, and when at last, putting aside all discretion, she finally gave her name and address—at first withheld—the re- ply came in the shape of a summons to attend upon the judge in his private room. There she learned the truth. A strange scene it must have been. She could not deny the letters. But she told the magistrate that if he did not give them back to her, she would commit suicide. It is probable there was a husband in the background; an entire family, perhaps, whose name would be sullied. The judge was merciful. He gave back the letters, keeping copies only, and giving his word that her name should not transpire at the trial, as you know.

Here was food for curiosity, keen and merciless. Who was the woman? Did we know her? Should we recognize her if we saw her? And so every one began to speculate and wonder. Scandal is cruel. Having no means of find- ing out the truth, people began to try and guess for them- selves—aimlessly. It was a good opportunity for satisfying personal spite. So-and-so happened to look haggard and ill. Who knows, perhaps it was she! And did you hear Mme. Blank had gone away quite unexpectedly? Are you per- fectly sure she was not the author of the letters? As a matter of course, Pranzini and his counsel sought therein a loop-hole by which to save the man's neck. The former tried hard to pose as the victim of a chivalrous sentiment. His hands were tied, he would not compromise a woman, he could not prove an alibi without injuring the reputation of this same *Inconnu*. It was all halderdash; of this there is no doubt whatsoever.

I dare say the whole affair would have died a natural death by this—the most exciting episode can't be talked of forever if there is no clew to go upon, and in this case there was none—when up sprang a gang of those monsters who trade on people's foibles and errors, making money out of the weaknesses and mistakes of their fellow-creatures. Some say they number sixteen, and already they are known as "Les Seize." It was rumored about that several journals were implicated, and that a certain lady had been deluged with letters, some threatening, some containing offers of service equally compromising. Doubts existed with respect to the personality of this lady—spoken of as Mme. X. in most of the papers, and with initials more easily construed in others. Those who dearly love a scandal did not hesitate to fill the names in, and women really kind-hearted, like my two friends, were now ready to swear that *la femme du monde* in question could be none other than the princesse or the vicomtesse. As for the journalists, they didn't care a rap who it was; all they cared for was to exonerate them- selves and their colleagues from anything like an attempt at extortion, and in this they have succeeded. Only three of the many letters could be actually brought home to men in any way connected with the press—and in each case the connection was of the slightest. One was a poor devil who had contributed some reports of concerts to a morning paper. The letters of another were officious; not damna- tory to the writers, who, it is just possible, might have been ac- tuated by the purest of motives. Anyhow, they were allowed to appear and speak for themselves at a meeting of the various syndical committees, and did not acquit themselves badly in a trying ordeal.

And so, it has been much ado about nothing over again. Pranzini's *femme du monde* will remain an *Inconnu* to the end of the chapter. There is no need for her to make her- self known, and the secret is one that even a woman may be expected to keep. I wonder what the *Cour de l'Amour* would have to say about her. Hush! tell it not in Gath, or we shall be launched on a fresh sea of polemics; and, really, it is too hot for any more steering between the shoals and quicksands of casuistry.

PARISINA.
PARIS, August 1, 1887.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so un- certain as a sure thing.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Pouring Grévy on the troubled waters, in France, has not thus far availed to lull the storm.—*Life*.

Alfonso, King of Spain, gave a state game of "Peek-a- hoo" to his Cabinet on Wednesday last.—*Life*.

"She is a woman, therefore may Sheba wooed," as Solomon remarked when he first saw that noted queen.—*Texas Sift- ings*.

An exchange asks: "Does etiquette demand a vest on a hot day?" If it does it can have ours.—*Norristown Herald*.

Three years' undisturbed possession of a setter dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

Librarian (recording the condition of a book)—"Page forty-seven a hole (turns the leaf), page forty-eight another hole."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

England has one cow to every eight and a half persons. The extra semi-individual is supposed to be bound over in half-calf to keep the peace.—*Life*.

Fireman (to foreman)—"Where shall I play the hose first?" Foreman—"Play it on the night watchman until you wake him up."—*New York Sun*.

In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache. It is difficult to improve upon some of those old-fashioned remedies.—*Lancaster Examiner*.

The new American bank in China will have a capital of fifty million taels. Will it do business on the principle of "heads I win, tael you lose?"—*Springfield Union*.

"With all thy false I love thee still," quoted the husband as he stroked his wife's store hair. And then she smiled upon him with her celluloid teeth.—*Chicago Herald*.

This is the Chicago *Mails*' concise Morse alphabet editorial about the weather: "Need we say any more about this — — — — — climate?"—*New York Graphic*.

She—"Are you going to the picnic Tuesday, George?" He—"Oh, yes." She (with feeble indifference)—"Alone, George." He—"No; I shall take an umbrella."—*Puck*.

Exclusive: *Mitselheimer*—"Goin' Long Pranch down py dis summer, Yakey?" Co Henn—"Nein, not much. Dey led an Amerigan in von ohf der pest hodels lasd weeg."—*Puck*.

"No, Algernon, I can not marry you. Papa will not allow it." "Why not?" "Because he says you are an actor." "Your father is much kinder than the press."—*Washington Critic*.

A Spanish officer has invented a war-hoat that will stay under water four days. Our navy can heat that. We have hoats that can stay under water for months.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The post-office department has refused to name a Ne- braska post-office "Old Maid." The Postmaster-General was evidently afraid the mails would hoycott it.—*Norristown Herald*.

A correspondent writes to know what became of the World balloon. It reached New York in a freight car, which is regarded as quite a triumph in modern journal- ism.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Old lawyer—"I don't like that case and am sorry you took hold of it." Young lawyer—"Oh, it's all right. We'll win." "Have you arranged for the witnesses?" "No, hut I've arranged for the jury."—*Omaha World*.

Lady—"And so you left your last situation through having words with your mistress." Swell cook—"Well, 'm, not words—not adzactly what you might call words, 'm. I only spoke to 'er as one lady might to another."—*French Fun*.

"Sis," he said, "do you know where my hase-hall mask is? I've hunted high and low for it." "I didn't know you wanted to use it to-day, Dick," said his sister, uneasily. "Well, I do." "I'll see if I can find it for you," and she went up-stairs. She found it without much trouble.—*New York Sun*.

"Terrible storm that last evening?" "Didn't hear it, old man?" "Didn't hear it? Man alive, it thundered fit to wake the dead!" "Ha! I thought I saw lightning, hut didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife's visiting her, and they haven't seen each other for ten years."—*Bur- dette*.

"No, Maria," said a Jersey granger to his wife, as they were about retiring at a summer resort hotel, "I think I know too much to blow out the gas. I brought something along that will fix it." So he drew out a monkey-wrench from his grip-sack and twisted off the burner. But the next morning the coroner's jury rendered the usual verdict.—*Hotel Mail*.

Gentleman—"I lost my purse yesterday, and have called to see if the one you advertised is it." Finder of lost purse—"Here the peurse oi found, sur. The four tin-dollar hills in wun pocket, tew foives un four wuns in another, and a small gold chain an' thryv colleur-buttons in another, jes ez oi found et, sur, an' ef yew kin prove proputtly hy discrihin' the kontants, an' payin' fur the advertisements, yew kin hev it, sur."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Robinson (who has just returned from abroad, is not only willing but anxious to tell everybody all about his trip)—"Hello, Jones, I'm glad to see you. I've just got hack, you know!" Jones—"Back from where?" Robinson—"Why, Europe!" Jones—"That so? I've been away myself for a couple of weeks, out West. The West is a great country, Robinson. I was surprised. Why, in certain portions of Illinois the—" Robinson (with disgust)—"Excuse me, Jones, but I've got to catch a train!"—*Puck*.

THE COTTAGER'S COMING.

"Iris" discusses the Rise and Greatness of the Summer Aristocrat.

The subject of my last letter was summer hotel life in the East—its ostentation, its petty rivalries, its all-permeating vulgarity, its perpetual exhibitions of bad taste. It is the worst phase of "le hig lif" in America, and it is, unfortunately, the one from which foreign tourists take their impressions. Though, to the outsider—that same tourist, for example—it exhibits vigorous vitality, sturdy health, to the careful observer it is sick and diseased. Beneath the glittering veneer of this never-ending display of fine clothes, fine horses, fine carriages, fine women, fine jewels, the eye of Lynceus can see the ever-widening cracks, which some day will gape, and the whole gorgeous frame-work come down with a crash. Half a dozen more seasons, and summer hotel-life will be dead. It is on its last legs now. Cottage life has ousted it from its throne. To be sure, the extra gay world will still go to hotels—the gay world of Mlle. Pirouetti of Nihlo's and Mrs. Darcy of Wallack's, and the sober world of Mr. and Mrs. McMurphy, of car-wheel grease fame of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Abram Ben Moses of Cbatham Street, with three golden halls on their carriage panels. But the rest of the world, who can afford a summer rest, will have retired from the hotel field, and will be stored away in cottages all the way from Bar Harbor to Cape May, rusticated in white flannels, with their big diamonds in Tiffany's, and their good clothes in camphor.

There was a time when every one went to hotels, and mixed with every one else. This was in the golden prime of Zachary Taylor or thereabouts, when one set of people were droppable, and the other set of people were as yet little tingly-on-wheels in embryo. Then everybody was very chummy with everybody else. You might have the blood of all the Livingstones flowing in your veins, but you could, nevertheless, brook half an hour's converse with Mrs. Bill Tompkins, whose grandfather's patronymic was wrapt in obscurity. You assimilated with the common herd—grandly, to be sure, but nevertheless, you assimilated. It was like a Russian salad in a cheap restaurant—the good and the bad, the fresh and the stale, were all jumbled up together in happy equality. In the winter, the lesser lights went back to their second-class sets and the greater lights went back to their cloud-capped pinnacles, and there was no more happy mingling until next summer. This Arcadian state of things couldn't last long in our progressive land of liberty. The milk grew jealous of the cream, and wanted to rise too. It was all well and good to be mixed in the summer, but they demanded that they should be mixed in the winter as well. This the head devils of society refused to consider for a moment. As the lesser lights grew importunate in their demands for recognition, they grew colder and more reserved. Unpleasant *rencontres* began to occur. The scions of princely lineage found that they had been made tools of—that the charming young woman they had liked so much at Saratoga was the wife of a notorious gambler; that the sweet young girl they had taken to their bosoms at Newport was a grass widow, blooming gladly alone; that the man dearest Ethel had encouraged so at Long Branch was a drummer of the deepest dye, and drum he never so sonorously, dearest Ethel must never look upon his face again. They also found that their august names were converted into "open sashes," before which locked doors swung wide, and arrayed in the panoply of a colossal "cheek" the social pariahs marched in and took possession. The sleeping lions were roused. For a space there was blood on the face of the moon, and a suppressed battle began to rage. The upper ten grew insultingly airy, and sets multiplied as fast as musquitos, each one snubbing the one below it and getting snubbed by the one above it. It was merely a give-and-take game—Mrs. Van Duzenbury snubbed Mrs. Ponsonby, who snubbed Mrs. Tompkins, who snubbed Mrs. Robinson, who snubbed Mrs. Brown, who snubbed Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones was the only one to be pitied; she, being at the bottom of the heap, bad to stand the accumulated snubs of every one, without herself having any one to snub. A less intrepid spirit would have been crushed beneath such a load of contumely, but Mrs. Jones believed in a divine law of compensation, and peacefully awaited the dawn of the day when she would be at the top of the heap. Ah, what a settling of old scores there would be! Meanwhile the sacred crusade of the great guns against the little guns continued with unabated fury. Where of old the great guns had mingled freely with the social riff-raff, they now locked up their gates, and, be the knocking Peri never so fair or so imploring, refused her admittance. In the end they were vanquished, and beat a retreat, with pauses for slight interchanges of hostilities, for the cottages, where they now live in stately style, obstinately boycotting the hotelites, for the sake of "auld lang syne." Thus was the creation out of chaos of what one might term the American aristocracy, an order which took its rise from the decline and fall of hotel life and a schism in the ranks of the summer boarders.

Every season this feeling grows, and every season the noble army of would-be-aristocrats is swelled. We now have a distinct, untitled, sham aristocracy which is infinitely entertaining. Go to any of the summer hotels throughout the land, and you will find a large percentage of well-bred, well-dressed, handsome Jews, who interfere with no one, and never mingle outside their own race; a larger percentage of wealthy gentiles, who wear gorgeous dresses, have gorgeous turn-outs, gorgeous manners, and a gorgeous disregard for grammar; a few, quiet, well-bred, reserved families, who lead retired lives and bother no one; and a small colony of *soi-disant* great ones, toward whom the eyes of every one are constantly turning. These people, on their arrival send forth the fiat that "they don't care to mix outside their own circle," and rude remarks of theirs, to the effect that "there is no one in the house with whom they care to associate," are constantly in circulation among the guests, and leave some sore, some angry, some jealous, and a few philosophers, amused. It is the secret desire of half the people in the hotel to be admitted into this exclusive Paradise; they would do anything to be able to sit in the heart of that little clique, as it forms an aristocratic hollow-square on the shady side of the piazza. But rarely are their

pains rewarded. The hollow-square shows a chilling disregard of their existence, which is more crushing than deliberate insult. At the same time, however, the young female hollow-squarer shows no disregard for the existence of such young male pariahs as may be dangling about. She absorbs them with well-bred tranquillity, and hangs their scalps round her belt, smiling dreamily. But these hotel-haunting aristocrats are not genuine. They are only good counterfeits. Were they real they would have had cottages long ago. But they are smart, and they think that it's much better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—a thousand times better to rule in a hotel than be ignored in a cottage. They are, moreover, clever managers, and have given the subject study. Every attribute is as it should be. They dress well and talk well. Their manners are good, save in the case of the lofty hauteur to which they treat their so-called social inferiors, and their social inferiors are more impressed by this than they would be by the refined suavity of nature's *grandes dames*. Taking them all in all, they are remarkably good shams, and as such deserve much praise. The possessor of brains is a rarity not to be sneered at, even though he use his brains to make himself a fool.

The advantages of cottage over hotel are so many that it is a wonder any one is left in the hotels. In the first place, it is home-like—no dubious beds or bureau drawers haunted by memories of past owners; no endless toilets; no mysterious dishes at dinner, the concocter of which, one resolutely eliminates from one's thoughts; no braying band, melodiously howling half the night; no children beating drums in the corridors; no spooning couples to suddenly debouch upon and then back away from, blushing and muttering apologies—none of the thousand and one inconveniences of hotel life in this highly cultured East. The cottage life, on the other hand, is a lazy, delicious, loafing, lotos-eating way of lounging away the long, hot summer. It isn't much trouble—to dress up the parlor in old madras curtains and last winter's sofa pillows, the bed-rooms in chintz, the veranda in some wicker chairs, bring half a dozen hammocks and pine pillows, a trunk of novels, a shady hat and a bathing suit, and there you are! There are hammocks and tennis nets under the trees, and the heroines of many a glaring night on the glassy floor of Delmonico's ball room, knock about the halls all morning, or lie in the hammocks, "dorming." There are always young men hanging about, nice sun-burnt young men in tight white flannels and long black stockings—young men of varied accomplishments, who can play tennis, or read poetry, or swim out to the reef, or, at a pinch, talk sentiment—summer sentiment, that is—than which a more harmless amusement can not well be imagined. After tennis there comes a swim, and then lunch. After which the lazy ones can take a siesta in the hammock, with a spicy pine pillow under their head, and a would-be spicy summer novel dropped on the ground from their lazy, dangling hand. The energetic ones go down to the rocks, and, crouched in cosy corners under the shade of stunted pines, read. The young man of many acquirements, lying on his face kicking his heels, reads Browning, understandingly—not the least of his accomplishments—and the young girl extracts hon-hons from the box of Huyler which he has contributed, and munches them in silent bliss.

In the evening—if you're frivolous—you can go rocking again, and get off last year's *mots* about the moon on the water, the breezes of evening, etc. If you're lazy, as all self-respecting people are at the seaside, you will seek the hammock or the sofa, wrap the evening paper round your head, and have a long and happy communion with your soul. And if you are romantic, clever, poetic—whatever word you like—you will go into the parlor, and play, and sing. Those cottage parlors are pretty—low-ceiled, dark, warm-tinted, with lines of low latticed windows, skirted by a long cushioned seat, and with small panes of stained glass let in above. There are short curtains of pale-yellow Madras, shaded lamps on high brass legs, a piano in a darkened corner, with candles in brass sconces, making blots of light on the wooden walls. A guitar, with an orange ribbon, lies on the window-seat; portières of bamboo, rustling and whispering in the evening air, hang in the doorways; piles of shaded cushions are heaped upon the hearth in front of the huge open brick fire-place, where on chill nights a fire of drift-wood sends up little tongues of eerie-green flame. These is a heap of old, dog eared, yellow music near the piano, with a blue jar atop filled with the white, flat blossoms of the elder, and on the table, glowing under the lamp's warm light, a bowl of scarlet geraniums. This a room for music, especially on still, warm nights, when the low windows are open and the booming of the sea comes up softly. The cottagers then have musical evenings—one at the piano leaning forward to read the notes, with her hair coiled on the back of her neck, and a silver girdle round her waist which rises, slim and round, from her filmy white skirts; one on the brown-plush window-seat, with the guitar ribbon round her neck, the strings answering to her touch with a faint, thin sound. The young men, in evening dress, sit about listening, while mamma dozes in a canvas-chair beside a little table covered with odd tea-cups. As the music fades away, a white-capped maid brings in tea—the old blue and white china tea-pot, made like a dragon, the urn of Japanese bronze. They gather round the fire-place and light the little pile of drift-wood, which crackles, sputters, hesitates, falteringly sends up one forked green flame, subsides suddenly, is coaxed and fanned, and blown into confidence, and then, with a burst of triumph, breaks out into a hundred fluctuating tongues of pale grass-green. They sit on the cushions sipping the tea, played upon by the ghostly firelight, and the pale moonlight, and the pink light from the lamps. Of course, under such circumstances, a ghost-story has got to come. Then a number of rival experiences, mesmerisms, brain-waves, spirit-rappings, ghostly visitations—all the innumerable strange experiences which have such a way of befalling "a friend of a friend of yours." Poor fellow! If in truth he has experienced all the horrors his friends accredit him with, he can enter the lists with Baron Munchausen and beat him on his own hobby-horse.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1887.

IRIS.

Mrs. Floyd of Boston, has invented a waterproof bonnet, which is handsome and dressy enough for almost any occasion, and is absolutely impervious to moisture.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bell-Buoy at Mount Desert.

At the gateway of the bay,
On the currents that come and go,
The bell-buoy heaves and swings.
Forever seeming to say:
'Woe! woe!' to the mariner, "woe!
Beware of the reefs below!"
To and fro, to and fro,
The bell-buoy rocks and rings.
In calm or storm, through all
The changes of night and day,
Bithe sun or blinding spray,
With the wail of the winds that blow,
With the moan of the ebb and flow,
While the billows swell and fall,
Goes forth that warning call—
Night and day, night and day,
Peals forth the mournful knell
Of that iron sentinel,
Of the wave-swung, warning bell
At the gateway of the bay.
Where the granite-snooted ledges
Lurk in their pimpled hides,
Scraggy with whelks and hosses,
And shaggy with black sea-mosses,
Just showing the tawny edges
Of their backs in the hurrying tides,
Shouldering off the foam:
Where they lie in wait to gore
With their terrible tusks the sides
Of the fair ship flying home!
There the bowing bell-buoy rides,
With a dull reverberant roar, evermore, evermore
Crying: "Woe!" to the mariner. "Woe!
Beware of the rocks below!"
Beware of the treacherous shore!"
At evening, from your boat,
You may see the sombrous bell
In its black and massy frame,
Peered through by the sunset flame;
A solemn silhouette in a skeleton turret, set
On the balanced and anchored float,
A-swing with the crimsoned swell.
When the soft, slumberous haze
Of drowsy midsummer days
Pours around inlets and bays
A glassy ethereal gleam;
And over far isles and sails
Drop violets veils beyond veils
Till headland and cliff but seem
The unreal shapes of a dream;
When hardly the loon and gull,
In the lap of the languid lull,
Appear to waver and dip;
Then the buoy sways, heavy and slow,
And the bell tolls sad and low,
Like the bell of a sunken ship,
That heaves with the heaving hull,
Wave-rocked on the reefs below.
At times to the dreamy eye
In the glamour of glistening weather
That girdles the sea and sky,
While ocean and island lie
Like a lion and lamb together;
When the billow that hursts its sheaf
Of silver over the reef
Falls light and white as a feather,
Curled all the length of the reef;
Then the bell, like a darker plume,
Nods over the downy spume
In the veiled voluptuous weather.
At times so gently stirred,
It seems like a waving bough
To invite the wandering bird.
At intervals still is heard
That sullen note—as none!—
Clanging its mournful and lone Perpetual monotone
A dismal, dolorous sound,
You would say, heard anywhere,
Be the weather foul or fair!
Not so to the homeward-bound
Late crew from the fishing-ground,
Some muffled and murky night;
Of the steamer heaving her lead
And groping in doubt and dread,
Through drizzle and fog, by the light
Of her lantern eyes, which shed
A misty glare at her head;
Reaching out quivering rays,
Antenna-like, in the haze,
To find her dubious way.
To the pilot's practiced ear
In such dark and anxious times,
That peal, as I have heard say,
Signaling, sudden and clear,
The course which he shall steer,
Is a cheerier sound to hear
Than sweetest helfry chimes.
But when on this border-realm
Of created things, once more
The powers of chaos outpour
Their legions, and overwhelm
With darkness and dire uproar,
In their mad foray, this fair
Frontier of created things;
When they scatter the fishing-fleet
And stun the shore with the heat
And buffet of billowy wings,
And trample of thunderous feet—
What life, out there in the surges,
Flings frantic arms in air
As it tosses and sinks and emerges—
Beckons with wild despair,
And tongues that doleful peal?
Now loud in the leaping surges,
Now stifled with wind and wave.
No simple device of good
Stout metal and bolted wood,
But surely a thing that can feel
And strong in its struggle to save
The shoreward driving keel!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Out of the horror of gl
A sound of dolor and doom
To the helmsman at the wheel.
The seasons come and go,
And still in storm or calm,
On the ocean's palpitant palm,
The bell-buoy rocks and rolls,
The summers come and go,
And mantled in whirling snow,
Ice-capped, amid foam and floe,
The bell-buoy tumbles and tolls.
To and fro, loud or low,
Ever that sound of fear!
You listen and seem to hear
A voice, as of some wild seer,
A cry and a warning to souls
Over life's treacherous shoals.

—J. T. Trumble

VANITY FAIR.

In one of the smaller New England towns, where it seemed as if the family was almost ceasing to be the unit of society, a woman for some years back has kept a record of the girls who have graduated from the high school of the village, what they have done, and what, up to date, has become of them. Her figures are for the classes from 1871 to 1876, from sixteen to eleven years ago, and strange figures for any marrying or giving in marriage community they seem. The average age of the graduates from a typical New England high school is between 16 and 17 years. Hence it would seem that the women of whom this list has been kept, ranging at present from 27 to 36 years old, have done the greater proportion of all the "settling in life" which they are likely to do. There were 19 girls in the class of 1871. Of this number 5 have married, 4 have died of consumption, 10 are unmarried. Of the 16 girls of 1872, 6 have married and 10 are single. Of the 21 of 1873, 3 are married and 18 are single. Of the 13 of 1874, 2 have married, 5 have died of consumption, and 6 are single. Of the 13 of 1875, 5 have married, 1 has died of consumption and 7 are single. Of the 17 of 1876, 6 have married, 1 has died of consumption and 10 are single, making for a total of 99 graduates 27 marriages, 11 deaths and 61 women thus far single. No account is taken of the years since 1876 because as the average age of marriage is advancing no fair conclusion could be drawn from the younger classes. The proportion of single women, it will be seen, is nearly two-thirds of the whole number. Whether this town is fairly representative of its section we have no means of knowing, nor whether the same proportion would hold among the unschooled or less schooled girls of the place. There is no obvious reason why it should not, however, for a high school education is not sufficiently exalted to rouse in any mind the suspicion that the girl who has subjected herself to it has thereby unfitted herself for the domestic duties of life. The eleven deaths were one and all from East wind consumption which gets to be hereditary and plays dire havoc in families. There have been two cases of insanity, but these both occurred among the married 27. The largest number of children in the families of the married is 3. Three of the 99 girls went to college after leaving the high school, but these are in the married list. Of the unmarried 61, 21 are school-ma'ams. Three set type, 1 reads proof, 1 is the head dressmaker in an establishment, 4 are dressmakers on a smaller scale, 3 are music teachers, 1 has studied medicine, 15 are stitchers and buttonhole makers in shoe-shops, and the rest are home-stayers. There are very few marriageable young men to be found at the present time in any small New England town. The serene quiet of the most lethargic section of these United States doesn't suit a young man. He goes away before he is old enough to marry, and the chances are he doesn't come back again. These things considered, it is fortunate for the spinster that she is beginning to think it a natural and not altogether unpleasant state of affairs to be a spinster. They do not look to be an unhappy lot, these New England old maids. There is more or less common-sense floating round in New England, and it is about as good a place to be an old maid in as one could find.

Women will be interested in hearing that the history of kissing shows that among primitive men this art is unknown because they are incapable of appreciating it. To the ancient civilized nations its charms were revealed; but, as usual in the intoxication of a new discovery, they hardly knew what to do with it, and applied it to all sorts of stupid ceremonial purposes. The tendency of civilization, however, has been to eliminate promiscuous kissing and restrict it more and more to its proper function as an expression of the affections. And even within this sphere the circle becomes gradually smaller. Although in some parts of Europe men still kiss one another as a token of relationship, friendship, or esteem, yet the habit is slowly dying out, the precedent having been set in England, where it was abandoned toward the close of the seventeenth century. The senseless custom which women to-day indulge in of kissing each other on the slightest provocation—often when they would rather slap one another in the face—is also doomed to extinction.

Mme. de Valsayre, an erratic Parisian lady, has addressed the following petition to the French Chamber of Deputies: "Messieurs, in all the accident of human life, whether on sea or land, woman, in consequence of the dress she is obliged to wear, is predestined to become a victim. The catastrophes, fatal or otherwise, which result from this cause, are of daily occurrence. The mere thought of the unfortunate beings thus prevented from escaping from the flames of the Opera Comique must suffice to prove that it is not only urgent, but also logical and humane, to abolish the old routine law which prohibits women from wearing masculine attire. This sort of costume, whatever may be said to the contrary, is just as decent as the present fashion of female garments. It has also the advantage of being more healthy. In the name of those who are not slaves to frivolity or luxury I humbly pray you to pass a law enacting full and entire liberty in the matter of women's dress. Such a law would benefit thousands, and do no harm to anybody." The proposal seems destined to find many supporters, both male and female. The prefect of police has for some time past allowed several women to wear male attire, but for particular reasons. Among these is a female from Marseilles who, blessed with a hirsute appendage on her chin, was followed by a crowd of small boys whenever she appeared in public. So the bearded woman resolved to discard the petticoat forever, and to don the trousers of the stronger sex. To this intent she made an application to the prefect of police, which was granted at once. The other women who are allowed to assume man's habiliments are a few female painters or copyists, who work on high ladders in the picture galleries, and about half a dozen persons who have left off the proper garb of their sex for motives connected with health. Since Mme. Dieulafoy appeared at the Opera Comique in the evening dress of a *copurchic* the prefect of police has recalled to his subordinates the edict against the wearing of men's clothes by

women. But nobody has been punished, and some females continue to appear in public dressed as men, while the prefect is himself continually pestered with applications from women who want to walk about Paris in male attire like Georges Sand, and who allege medical motives which the prefect prudently and diplomatically professes not to understand.

A London correspondent writes that she has been much struck, when attending weddings and other afternoon entertainments at which smart costumes are the order, to observe that jewelry is being worn again on all occasions. The fashion has been running in this direction since the beginning of the season, and now that the Princess of Wales has announced her intention of encouraging it with a view of stimulating the manufacture of jewelry, the fashion will spread more rapidly. Ladies wear jewels literally morning, noon and night. For some time past the diamonds and pearls and other gems worn for personal adornment were only produced on state occasions. Now, however, at conventional dinners among the well-to-do classes one sees the ladies blazing in a glory of jewelry. The most notable incident of the new departure is the fashion of wearing costly brooches in bonnets and in dresses for morning wear, and jeweled rings at all times.

The following remarks on a social ill are from the London *Saturday Review*: Many young men get their heads completely turned when they first appear in London society, by being taken up and petted by pretty women because they are good-looking, smart, and amusing, and they then get the idea that their life is to be one long career of successes, and that any pretty woman on whom they may care to lavish that valuable article which they are pleased to call their affections, must necessarily fall a victim to the impassioned devotions of such magnificent and perfect creatures as themselves. As these men grow older, so do their selfishness and egotism increase, and they soon come to that state of mind in which they think that it is the right and proper thing to try to lead from the straight path any pretty young married woman whom they admire, and who, they think, would add to the dignity and importance of their own valuable selves by having her name coupled with them. And at the present time, if a young man does succeed in his nefarious designs of getting a lady's name coupled with his own, his want of chivalry prevents him from trying to hide the association as much as possible, and his miserable vanity impels him to accept the imputation blandly, and with great contentment and pleasure, as it adds, in his opinion, to his value in the eyes of the world. No idea of generosity or manliness seems to stir up his conscience to the treachery and cowardice he is displaying to the woman who, whether the world's inferences are correct or not, has sacrificed her good name by her foolish fancy for him.

From an old translation of Apuleius: "Know ye that if you spoile and cut off the haire of any woman, though she were never so excellent in beautie, though she were thrown doune from heaven, sprung of the seas, nourished of the floods, though she were Venus herself, though she were accompanied with the graces, though she were waited upon of all the court of Cupid, though she were girded with her beautiful scarf of love, and though she smell of perfumes and myrrh, yet if she appeared halde, she could in no wise please; no, not her own Vulcanus. Oh, how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold it encountreth with the heames of the sunne, and pleaseth the eye marvellously."

Among the difficulties that beset those who seek to arrive at wise and just conclusions on the "woman question," not the least is our uncertainty as to the origin of such differences in physical and mental aptitudes as are exhibited by the two sexes to-day. Even if we knew to what degree these differences are due to essential natural requirements, and to what degree they have been developed by human institutions, this knowledge would, of course, by no means be conclusive with regard to the desirability of perpetuating some of those differences; still, it would serve to clear up the elements of the problem. Scientific men, or men assuming to speak in the name of science, have not seldom spoken contemptuously of the argument of Mill's "Subjection of Women," on the ground that he ignored the physiological causes which make women what they are, and attended only to the social causes; but it is certainly not too much to say that these critics have usually committed the far graver offence against science, of assuming a knowledge which science has not yet given us. A very interesting experimental investigation of the origin of a strictly physiological peculiarity of women, is related in *Science* for August 5. It has been known ever since 1744 that the two sexes exhibit a decided difference in the mechanism of breathing; the breathing of males being chiefly effected by the diaphragm, that of females largely by the costal portion of the chest. It has been generally supposed that this restricted use of the diaphragm in females was "a peculiar reservation against the period of gestation, when the abdomen can not allow of so free a descent of the diaphragm"; but Dr. Mays of Philadelphia, by a series of careful experiments upon eighty-two pure-blooded and half-breed Indian girls, has quite disproved this view, and made it highly probable that the peculiar type of breathing found in our females has been developed by "the constricting influence of dress around the abdomen." The full-blooded Indian girls were found in every instance to possess the strictly abdominal type of breathing, more or less divergence from this type being shown by those of mixed blood. Such a result can not fail to suggest the danger of dogmatic attribution of sexual differences to inherent physiological necessities.

There has been an innovation in women's night-dresses within a short time. A number of ladies wear pajamas of silk or flannel, according to the season, instead of the usual linen night-dress, with its embroidery and tucks. They are made of pretty patterns, and those who have tried them declare that they are much more comfortable than the night-dress prescribed by conventionality. They enjoy, they say, the freedom of limb obtained by the trouser arrangement,

and are happy that they can wear this masculine-looking garment even in the retirement of their own bed-rooms. A New York lady who has traveled around the world, and has been some time in the tropics, has adopted the night-dress of Java. It is a pretty dress, but hardly comfortable, one would think. The lower part is made of a straight piece of calico some ten feet long, covered with the gayest kind of patterns, which is wrapped tightly around the waist and held together with pins. The upper part is simply a loose white sacque, buttoned at the throat, and with large flowing sleeves. The nights in Java are very hot, and out of every bed-room window there is usually a balcony. When the fair Javanese ladies are too hot to sleep, they leave their beds and sit bare-footed on their balconies. The peculiar nature of their night-dress, which really looks like a petticoat and a sacque, does not make their appearance on the balconies as conspicuous as it would be if they wore the regular night-dress of this part of the world.

When a woman begins to show her age, the first part to lose its firm, youthful contour is the face and chin, then the neck and bust, and no amount of alum-water washes nor "astringent pomades" will restore firmness to the flabby muscles, and it then becomes necessary to look about for some other beauty that nature spared a little longer. The upper part of the arms and the back keep their whiteness and delicacy long after the rest of the woman is *passé*. For that reason was the V-shaped back invented, and therefore were sleeveless waists made which leave the arm exposed up above the shoulder. Long gloves hide many a wrinkled hand and withered forearm, and the modestly high front of the waist veils the faded bust, while the black velvet ribbon tied tightly around the throat retains the loose flesh in its snug embrace, while it whitens the rest of the neck by contrast, and it also sustains the baggy double chin, together with the "wrinkle annihilator," which is made of alum, paraffine, and a little sweet almond oil.

For those who can afford only one silk dress for the summer the best and most economical purchase is a white China silk of good quality and heavy texture. Such a dress is suitable for all occasions in summer, and if arranged so as to be easily worn open at the throat, is sufficiently dressy for dinner parties and seaside dances. They are so soft that they fit and drape well and can be taken apart and washed half a dozen times without damage, though they shed dust, resist sea damp and dew, and do not soil easily. White silk gloves and a Leghorn hat trimmed with white *point d'esprit* and daisies, white chrysanthemums or edelweiss, make the whole a suitable and pretty costume for church and calling.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the celebrated novelist and essayist, has this to say concerning the profligate dames of Imperial Rome: Borne in their luxurious litters, their fine, "smooth," pale-colored garments lying in soft folds about their limbs, their jewels sparkling in the light, their large, bold eyes blackened on the lids, their dark hair dyed to golden, their faces painted like an Eastern bride's—we see them as they lie back among their gorgeous cushions, the cruellest and most wanton women of antiquity—women who distanced even the Greek hetairæ. The quiet stateliness of old-time had passed into the languor of voluptuousness, as the energy which made a Clælia, a Valeria, had given place to the unrest of insatiety. Their heavy-lidded eyes look curiously at the passers-by as they gaze through the transparent windows which show more than they reveal. And yet they reveal enough. Their full-curved lips smile, but without tenderness—smile as conquerors smile—as they meet some famous singer like Chrysogonus; some athlete or some actor, such as the nobly-born Hippula was known to love, as it were, en masse; some gladiator, like that brutal Sergius for whom Hippia left her husband and earned the renown of eternal infamy. Their faces, pale with the pallor of passion, flush as they stop their litters and talk in whispers of plainest meaning with him who is the fancy of the hour—one of those low-born men whom personal beauty or professional notoriety has exalted to the perilous place of honor in those fluid desires it were sacrilege to call affections. And herein lies the secret of the intense corruption of these women. Proud and masterful, arrogant and unbridled, they took their lovers for their own pleasures, they did not give themselves for love. Hence these low-born notoriety were the chosen favorites of the haughty patrician ladies, being taken—themselves unwooing—and bought by the women who were in a double sense their mistresses. The warm Roman sun shines on these patrician harlots as they talk to their dishonored lovers; and the soft Roman air brings from the gardens of the Campagna rich scents of violet or hyacinth, of myrtle or orange, of rose or narcissus, of ripening fruit or dying vine-leaves, which stimulate their senses and feed their avid thoughts. And then, the meeting planned, and the password exchanged, they go on through the narrow streets to the Colosseum where, perhaps, those strange mad folk, called Christians, are to feed the lions to-day; or, haply, that brazen hussy, Mævia, is to fight with a Tuscan boar; or only the ordinary troop of slaves and gladiators—among whom are lovers, once held and now discarded, whose death will be all the more exciting for the memories of the past—are to be butchered for this Roman holiday. What a murmur of fierce expectations stirs the assembled crowd, like the wind among the aspens, as the destined come in, raising their weapons as they group themselves before the imperial seat, with that mournful cry of servile degradation: "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!"—the Vestals sitting by, unmoved save to rejoicing. When the trumpet sounds after the first sham show has been gone through, and the real business of the day begins, how those languid, heavy-lidded eyes open wide and blaze with hungry fire! How the mobile nostrils dilate as they scent the coming reek of blood! And when the fatal cast has been made, and the poor fish-crested mirmillo is entangled in the net, while the retiarius has his trident raised for the fatal blow—when the conquered lifts his hand and prays the people for his life, while the victor waits for the determining sign—how their eager faces press forward above the bearded throng—their hearts wildly heating, their white bosoms heaving, their nervous hands tightly clinched, with the cruel thumbs turned up, and their shrill voices, sharpened to a scream, crying out: "Hahet! hahet! hoc hahet!"

WOMAN'S CHIEFEST CHARM.

"Flaneur" discusses the Fetching Manners of Some Famous Women.

A woman's surest charm is her manner. No one ever saw an old maid who was high-bred, dashing, and direct. She may be sweet and amiable, but she lacks the peculiar charm of graciousness and insistence, else she could never be an old maid. Mankind would forbid it. On the train to Newport the other day, a man and a fourteen-year-old girl wandered through the car looking for a seat that would accommodate them both. None but half seats were in view. An agreeable youth arose and insisted on giving up his seat, and the girl's escort said "thanks" after the usual stolid fashion. But the girl turned toward the stranger, leaned forward, clasped her little hands, beamed up directly into his eyes, and said with the softest and most caressing tone in the world:

"Oh, you're so very kind."

"Non—not at all," stammered the man, smiling at her responsively.

"Indeed you are," murmured the girl, with a knowing and wise little shake of her head.

The man strode on with a long-drawn breath and his eyes very wide open, while the girl cuddled up beside her brother, put her head on his shoulder, after smiling up into his face, and went gently off to sleep. Every face in the car wore a more human expression, and half the passengers beamed on the child fondly. She was not beautiful, but her manner was as grateful as a shower on a sultry August day. If she isn't married before her twentieth year, signs go wrong and the world's turned inside out.

I saw Blanche Roosevelt lift a man from a dusty business street into a half heaven of gratified complacency once by a few words and a soft and mellow look from her big blue eyes. It was on Park Row, and she had just stepped into her carriage when a sturdy young fellow saw an old woman pause and stagger in front of a team of horses. She was on crutches. We all saw her. There was no real danger. No one moved for a moment, and we stood staring at her with the stolidity born of the muggy heat, when the sturdy young man jumped forward, took her in his arms, and carried her quietly to the walk. Then he colored, and looked ashamed. The woman thanked him awkwardly with a trembling lip, and he nodded half surlily and started on, but before he had gone a dozen steps Blanche Roosevelt jumped from the carriage—nearly bowling me over thereby—and running up to the red-faced youth seized one of his hands and gave it an ecstatic little squeeze. He turned and found a woman's face looking into his. It was a wonderfully expressive face. The eyes spoke volumes. He looked into them and seemed transfixed. Miss Roosevelt smiled, and said, in a soft voice, as though whispering to a baby:

"You're a good fellow, you are—a good fellow."

Then she dashed back into the carriage, while the man's chest swelled out, and he stood looking after her, breathing in veritable gulps.

"He'll be aghest with delight for a week," I said as I closed the carriage door.

"Do you know what he is?" said the girl, peeping back at him as he stood peering hotly after her. "He's a hero—if he does turn in his toes."

Ellen Terry owes her fetching qualities to her wonderful manner. I never saw her face in repose but once in my life. It startled me. The light died out, and a dead, expressionless mask seemed to spread itself over her features. There was a reason for it, too. A luncheon of six covers was going on, and one of the guests had written a play that he was anxious to hear Miss Terry read. He was a veritable crank on the subject, though otherwise a genial and pleasant man, a famous yachtsman, and a high light in clubdom. Miss Terry did not want to hear about the play—nor did the rest of us. There was a vast amount of fencing and narrying every time the amateur dramatist lugged in his hobby by its long and asinine ears, but as the luncheon progressed we grew frayed, rattled, and fatigued. I had given up the fight, and was leaning back in my chair watching the light and shade in Ellen Terry's face, when there came a sudden silence, as sometimes occurs after a lot of people have been talking. It was fatal. Two or three of us started forward mechanically, in a frenzied effort to fill the void, but we were too late. The dramatist seized his opportunity to oppress us with impunity, and he held the fort against all comers for a long and dreary period. When he was about half through with a detailed description of the heroine's emotions in a certain situation, I said warmly:

"That's the best climax for a last act that I ever heard, it reminds me."

"Oh, but that's only the opening scene of the first act," he said cheerfully and eagerly, "and there are six acts in all."

I quit at that point, but glanced at Miss Terry as I went back into the comfortable recesses of my chair. The life went out of her face, and I saw it as it was in a bald physical sense. The mouth looked large, the nose short, and the eyes dull. It was only for a moment. During the rest of the ordeal she was as bright and thoroughly entertained a woman as any man could desire for a listener, to all outward appearances, though she was unquestionably bored prodigiously.

Her manner endeared her to a score of men the first day that she came to America. A small party went down the bay to meet Irving and Terry on Washington Connor's yacht. Irving came down the gang-plank with unruffled dignity of bearing, and after he had taken up a position on the lee of the pilot-house—it was blowing a little fresh, I remember—Miss Terry romped down like a school-girl, waved a saucy adieu to her acquaintances on the steamer, and, after swinging around the boat a bit, doubled herself up on a big coil of rope in a fashion that defied description, and began to talk. She had doubled up both of her feet under her and was twisted into just such a pose as we have all seen graceful children fall into when romping on the floor, and wondered how they could possibly do it. Miss Terry bestowed a direct look and a personal smile on every man in the group on the trip up the harbor, and it was a group of devoted slaves by the time the yacht reached the wharf. She owed it to her manner, for she was not becomingly clad.

I have a vivid recollection of a girl who played in "Harbor Lights" at the Boston Museum last season. Her name—Helen Standish—was strange to me, and I was not particularly keen about going to the play that night, but several of the men among whom I was insisted, and we wandered in late. Ten minutes after we had arrived I regretted our tardiness. Miss Standish played the part of Peggy, which was not thought much of as a part either in London or New York. Perhaps it exactly suited this particular actress. At all events, she carried off the honors, and it was her manner that did it. I shall never forget the effect of her smile and eye upon the audience as she played about the stage. She had a delightful, high-bred look, and she delivered her lines to her stage-lover with the air of a duchess masquerading as a fisher-maid. It won the house. The women smiled in a reminiscent and fond way at her, and the men pulled their mustaches, settled their collars, and were glad. So much for a captivating manner. When it is coupled with beauty it will win in the face of everything. Miss Helen Standish will be heard from some day.

One day a youth of great frankness and good humor was introduced to Mrs. Langtry. He looked into the cool depths of her clear gray eyes for a moment, and then said: "You had a tremendous effect on me the first time I saw you, Mrs. Langtry."

"Did I?" said the Lily musically.

"Overwhelming. I was strolling down town on a very clear and snappy November day two years ago, ruminating on the chances of the stock market, when I glanced up suddenly and met your eyes. They were looking directly into mine. You wore a green velvet gown and your cheeks were red from the brisk breeze. I halted involuntarily and gazed a thousand miles into your eyes, and then pulled myself together, and made an awkward apology for my rudeness. I didn't know anything during the next ten minutes, but when I came to, I was about half a mile beyond, and thrashing ahead in a style that would have dismayed an express train. I was almost on a run, and I swept people aside as though they were so much chaff"—he stopped half breathlessly, and then added: "I'm rushing ahead rather fast now, eh?"

"Rawther," said the Lily amusedly.

"Well, my object in telling you about it is to apologize for staring at you so hard."

"I remember the incident very well," said Mrs. Langtry, "and it doesn't require an apology at all. Women adore such affronts as that."

She kept smiling at the man as she talked with such an air of thorough good nature and good fellowship, that she reduced him in a twinkling to the same extraordinary condition that had characterized him when he made the run after he had looked a thousand miles into her eyes that November day.

The girl with the taking manner wins, from one end of the earth to the other. Ada Rehan owes her fame to it, and Edith Kingdon won the son of two hundred million dollars without an effort, because she was mild, affectionate, and had a way of talking to men that made them feel like heroes before she had said a dozen words. It is amazing to note how few women there are blessed with this rarest and most valuable of gifts.

NEW YORK, August 16, 1887.

BLAKELY HALL.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

An Inquiry into the History and Causes of the Tender Passion.

A book which promises to have a wide popularity has just been issued, its author being Mr. Henry T. Finck, a Harvard graduate of the Class of '76. It is on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."* Everybody has been, is, or will be interested in love, and almost all devote a little thought to personal beauty. Mr. Finck therefore addresses a very large audience. He pursues his subject through many departments. A part of his work is devoted to a consideration in detail of the various parts of the body—the feet, lower limbs, waist, chest and bosom, neck and shoulder, arm and hand, nose, forehead, etc. He brings to these discussions much research and some original observation.

He claims to conclusively prove that until Dante wrote the "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia," romantic love of the sort familiar to us had found no literary expression, and that Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet" first gave it its true and dominant position in poetry. This is sufficiently surprising, but, he goes on to assert that Dante's genius caused him to anticipate his contemporaries in emotion, and that he was the first to feel that supersensual, ethereal side of passion. Dante was born in 1265; he was nine years old when he first saw Beatrice, and instantly felt burn in his veins that sentiment that was to open to him the gates of both heaven and hell, and so it was that on that May morning, six hundred and thirteen years ago, modern love was born. At first glance such a position appears utterly untenable. The author's tenets, built upon the evolutionary development of feeling—for he is of the strictest sect of the Darwinians—are briefly these: That maternal love, the first and strongest of human affections, had its foundation in the simplest laws of survival, those who had received the longest and tenderest care from the mother being best fitted for the struggle for life. Paternal affection was of slower growth, but the result of similar causes. Conjugal affection grew up gradually from sexual selection and was partly the result of the conflict and jealousy between males, teaching them to prize what they had won with difficulty and what others desired. From this, the argument runs, sprang all the other family ties. Friendship was the first expression of affection, resulting from predilection rather than habit, and while it long ante-dated it, had much of the warmth and purity of romantic love. But when once the world had tasted of that sweet and spiced draught, friendship faded into insipidity, and Damon-to-day has transferred his enthusiasm to his sweetheart, and Mrs. Pythias does not approve of her husband's bachelor friends. No modern Sappho writes ardent lyrics to her girl friend, because her time is too closely occupied with a series of flirtations. Only school-

girls and undergraduates revive ancient friendship in a pallid semblance.

The cause of this late dawn of the art of gallantry and of this gradual uplifting and purification of passion Mr. Finck believes to be the lack of liberty heretofore accorded to young people in the choice of a mate. The daughter was simply her father's property, to be disposed of as he saw fit, or, failing any definite paternal tyrant, she was the spoils of the victor. The young man in search of a wife might generally have as many as he chose and mostly of the sort he preferred, but as she or they had nothing to say on the subject, and were only chattels, he never knew the pride and intoxicating joy of being singled out of the whole world for her favors. But as parental authority relaxed, the dormant seed of flirtation, which had lain so long in the fallow soil of the youthful heart, sprang up and spread abroad like a green bay tree. He vehemently protests against confounding it with coquetry, the survival of the coyness with which primitive woman inflamed the passion of her would-be captor and husband, and which was also her expression of reluctance to submit to the brutalities of the savage married state. "Mark," he says, "that only the English and Americans possess the word flirtation, and this because no other nations give the same freedom to their young people to do their own pre-matrimonial skirmishing." He considers the American young woman, even more than her English sister, an adept in the art, and he defends her method on the grounds that it is her proper and legitimate mode of playing at courtship until she discovers, through its harmless and agreeable medium, the partner best suited to her needs and desires. It is of interest to learn whether, in the judgment of a specialist like our author, first love is best. Mr. Finck begins by admitting that all true romantic love is transient. Indeed, he maintains that the transitoriness of love is a blessing, "for in its most ardent form it is a fever so consuming that the strongest man would not be able to endure its mingled ecstasies and anguish for more than a few years."

Mr. Finck gives several anecdotes—with which the book abounds—in this chapter. Heine's second love was a very remarkable case. He saw her at a school examination. It is said that the boy was just declaiming Schiller's "Taucher" when a lovely girl entered the room beside her father, who was one of the inspectors. The boy stuttered, gazed with large eyes on the beautiful figure, mechanically repeated the verse he had just recited, "And the king his lovely daughter beckoned," and was unable to proceed. In vain the teacher prompted him; the boy's senses failed him and he fell to the floor in a swoon. Berlioz had his first passion at twelve. He saw the object of it again at the age of sixty-one, and a second time fell in love with her. He wrote to her: "I have loved you, I still love you, I shall always love you. Oh, madam, I have but one aim left in the world, that of obtaining your affections." He adds that oft-told jest of Dryden, which sufficiently exhibits his view of the subject; when his wife told him that she wished she were a hook, in order that she might have more of her husband's companionship, he said, "Be an almanac, my love, so that I can change you every year." And still another: When the Pope heard of Père Hyacinthe's marriage he is said to have exclaimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands! Truly the ways of providence are inscrutable."

Mr. Finck points out that love in the romantic sense seldom continues long after wedlock; but he lays down the principle that "the road to lasting love is paved with lasting beauty," and insists that it is the fault of a married woman if her beauty, and the love which is a tribute to it, does not last. Another trait of romantic love—jealousy—is only too apt to survive in marriage. Again, the pride of conquest is not extinguished, but transformed into pride of possession or proprietorship. Even as to coyness, which at first sight might seem out of the question after possession has been assured by law, it is suggested that "a clever woman can, by a judicious adaptation of the arts of flirtation (to her conjugal relations), do much to keep alive the glowing coals of former romantic passion." It is, in brief, "the growing indifference to the desire to please, active and passive, that is responsible for the usual absence of romance in conjugal life"—an indifference for which Mr. Finck, in common with most observers, holds women more responsible than men. We may also notice in this place a strongly supported though rather paradoxical conclusion, namely, that though conjugal affection, which is an after-growth, may make more happy marriages, we owe to romantic love finer children. The inference is, that in England and America, we in some measure sacrifice conjugal felicity to the vigor and beauty of the next generation. The pretext that motherhood inevitably lessens woman's charms is, of course, pronounced "all nonsense. Married women at thirty are almost always handsomer than old maids at thirty. Women grow stout and clumsy, or thin and faded, too soon, not because they are mothers, but because they are indifferent to the laws of health." In connection with this topic the writer adverts to the growing prominence and threatened ascendancy of mature feminine beauty in modern fiction. Mr. Finck points out that formerly the woman between thirty and forty years of age was lost for passion, for romance, and the drama; now she rules alone. After all, as Mr. Finck invites us to observe, a man at thirty-five is at the acme of his physical attractiveness; on what grounds, physiological or other, need it be different with women?

In discoursing of the three languages of love, which are, as he says, "words, facial expression, and caresses," Mr. Finck dismisses words very curtly as "the weakest and least trustworthy mode of expressing the amorous emotions." He warns women that a fluent lover is seldom constant, and supplies them with an infallible test of a man's sincerity—to wit, embarrassment. "Cupid is kinder to women. Instead of making them appear ludicrous, love has the power of transforming even a homely feminine face into a vision of loveliness by throwing a halo of tender exhalation around it. This wondrous metamorphosis effected by love is one of its greatest miracles, and to one who has seen the girl before, it instantly betrays her infatuation. This temporary transformation of commonplace into beautiful faces, this fusing and moulding of the features into forms of voluptuous and enchanting expression, is of extreme psychologic interest; for it shows that, after all, the exalted, extravagant image of her perfections in the lover's mind is not purely imaginary."

* Romantic Love and Personal Beauty; Their Development, Causal Relations, Historic and Natural Peculiarities. By Henry T. Finck. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE STORY OF A GARTER.

How Albert Edward Followed in the Foot-steps of Edward III.

It is not so much owing to a difference of taste that he loves more than others do, as because she actually *does* look more beautiful when her eyes are fastened on him than when looking at any other man."

The author also favors us with a historical review of the subject of kissing. It seems that kissing is not, as many people would suppose, a universal instinct of the race. Monkeys, and even dogs, sometimes kiss, but it is said not to be common among savages. Among the Romans, if a man kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby the half of its effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of their marriage; if the lady herself died under the same circumstances her heirs or nearest of kin took the half due to her. A kiss was regarded very seriously by the ancient Romans. A husband might not even kiss his wife in the presence of his daughters. It was on account of this strict feeling regarding kisses exchanged by man and woman that the early Christians subjected themselves to fierce attacks by the kisses that were given at the early love-feasts. The council of Carthage in 397 prohibited this kissing. Kissing in the Middle Ages was very common. In England it appears to have been customary on visiting to kiss the host's life and daughters. Up to a comparatively recent period kissing was almost as prevalent as hand-shaking at present. In the sixteenth century it was customary for ladies to be kissed by the partners who had danced with them. The testimony of Erasmus is pretty widely known, but it is interesting enough to bear repetition. "If you go to any place [in Britain] you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you turn, kisses are exchanged; wherever you move, nothing is omitted. And if you, Faustus, had but once tasted of them, how soft they are, how fragrant! On my honor you would wish not to reside here ten years only, but for life." That was an extraordinary experience of Bulstrode Whitelocke, who at the court of Christine of Sweden was asked to teach her ladies "the English mode of salutation, which term some pretty defenses their lips obeyed and Whitelocke most readily." Another kissing story is as follows: When a Cardinal, Count of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy she made him very angry by giving him her hand to kiss. "How, madam," he exclaimed, "am I to be treated in this manner. I kiss the queen, my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess? I would have you know I have kissed as handsome ladies, of as great or greater nobility than you." With that, in despite of her resistance, he kissed her thrice on the mouth and then released her with an exultant laugh. The fashion of universal kissing appears to have gone out about the time of the Restoration. This leads Mr. Finck by natural steps to the sub-title subject of his book—personal beauty. To love and to free choice of the mate he attributes personal beauty. That in America women are influenced toward marriage only by their preferences is due to the fact that American women are famous for their beauty. England comes next in this, and France, where marriages are arrangements of convenience, finds her natural penalty in the low average of beauty. French women are *bel esprit*, *chic*, and coquettish, but they are confessedly lacking in physical charms. The latter acts and reacts too, because, as the American woman grows more beautiful, the American man becomes more brilliant, until it is a common saying that there are only two absolutely autocratic sovereigns in existence, the Czar and the American girl. The whole average of beauty, he claims, has become much greater since the development of romantic love. Men no longer engage in ten-years wars or throw away a kingdom for a woman's smile, because a beautiful man is no longer the rare and remarkable object she was the days of Helen or Cleopatra.

A portion of Mr. Finck's book considers the blonde and brunette controversy. The author considers that the brunettes have the future on their side. It has been asserted that there has been a gradual decrease of blondes in Germany. Almost 11,000,000 school children were examined in Germany, Austria, and Belgium, and the result showed that in Prussia there was only 11.10, Austria 19.79, and Germany 80 per cent. of pure blondes. Thus, the country which once the days of ancient Rome has been proverbially known the home of yellow hair, has to-day only 32 pure blondes out of 100, while the average of pure brunettes is 14 per cent., and in some regions rises as high as 25 per cent. The 53 per cent. of the mixed type are said to be undergoing a transmutation into pure brunettes. Dr. Beddoe, in England, has collected a number of statistics which seem to point in the same direction. Among 726 women he examined, he found 29 brunettes and 357 blondes. Of the brunettes he found 78 per cent. were married, while of the blondes only 68 per cent. were married. Thus it would seem that the brunettes have ten chances of getting married in England to a blonde's one. In France a similar view has been put forth by M. Dolph de Candolle. He found that, when both parents have eyes of the same color, 88 per cent. inherit this color. But it is a curious fact that more females than males have black or brown eyes, in the proportion of 45 to 43. It seems that the different colored eyes in the two parents, 53 per cent. followed the father in being dark-eyed, and 55 per cent. followed the mother in being dark-eyed. An increase of 5 per cent. of dark eyes in each generation must tell in the long run. Some considerations are put forth to show that the brunettes deserve the prevalence which they appear to be getting. The dark skin is more soft and velvety than the light skin. The skin of blondes when exposed to the hot sun in raw weather becomes red and inflamed, while a brunette's complexion becomes only a shade darker and perhaps handsomer. The brunettes thus have the advantage in the country, where most of the lovemaking is done. On the subject of hair and eyes and their relation to complexion, the author admits that light hair is finer than dark hair, and that red hair is more of it to the square inch, but still pronounces for dark hair. When it comes to the matter of eyelashes and eyebrows, the brunettes, of course, have it all their own way. Mr. Finck has a suggestion of consolation for the blondes. The scarier they become the more they will be valued.

There is a church in the East End of London where there is so desiring can be married for sevenpence halfpenny.

Although the London season is over for this year it does not follow that there is any cessation in the pleasure-seeking and pleasure-getting which are the uninterrupted aim and object in life of not only that portion of England's favored population who make the London season every year, but of nine-tenths of the others. The end of the London season doesn't stop England's fun; it only changes the scene of its enactment. The Cowes regatta week is now the peculiar form of amusement, and the Isle of Wight and the Southampton water the scene. For just one week every year does the town and neighborhood of Cowes enjoy the delightful distinction of being the centre of English fashionable life. It is true that Osborne House, the queen's seashore residence, is in the town's immediate vicinity, and that her majesty is graciously pleased to reside there very many weeks and even months during the year other than at the time of the regatta, but that doesn't give the place the tone which for seven days it gets from the presence of the Prince of Wales in his capacity of commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, or draw the concourse of swiftness and moneyed snobdom, which follow his foot-steps from one year's end to the other in whichever direction they lie.

The secret of it is, of course, that the queen isn't fashionable. Everybody is glad to see her when she passes or appears in public, is willing to doff his hat when the band plays "God Save the Queen," to drink her health whenever it is proposed, and to give her three cheers whenever the occasion calls for the same. Of course it is the correct thing and "good form," and all that, to attire one's self in one's smartest coats, frocks, hats, and bonnets, wherever the queen is to be; and not to be well and smartly dressed when she is present would be the highest of social treason. But the "good form" of the thing on the one side and the "high treason" on the other would be not so much on account of the queen, as because of the *other* swells one would be sure to meet, and who would never forget or forgive hadly made, unfashionable, or inappropriate clothing. There is a sort of mutual compulsion and restraint, one on the other. The queen never sets a fashion, though she may control and keep in bounds those of others' origination—for example, sleeveless gowns, which she positively forbade to be worn at court, though they were worn everywhere else. The possessors of pretty, plump, white, and gracefully moulded arms naturally liked to show them, and the men didn't object to the exhibition. Though the queen set her face against the narrow shoulder-strap it didn't make it unfashionable. Oddly enough her majesty doesn't appear to mind how low the hoddies are. I can hardly fancy any woman being possibly able to lower her bodices a hundredth part of an inch beneath the line adopted by the Princess of Wales. She has very pretty shoulders, a nice, smooth neck, and a bust which, though perhaps hardly one for a sculptor's model, is rounder and more billowy than those of nine-tenths of the other *décolleté* dressers of high life. For my own part, I haven't the least objection to the low-necked dresses which prevail in England. If they could but be limited to people with nice necks like the Princess of Wales—and let me mention another, Princess Louise—no one would or could have a word to say.

I don't think the queen ever "went in" for dress. Most decidedly she doesn't go in for it now. The other day, only, down at the Isle of Wight, at Cowes, or Newport, or Ryde, she was going about with a lot of foreign potentates and dignitaries, in a round dowdy-looking hat! Fancy a queen, and one of her age, too, wearing a low-crowned round hat! What the other people must have thought, I can't begin to say. Of course, we all know that indifference to dress isn't a vice; and that a woman may make a good and sensible queen though she may not care what she wears. It is not that. All I mean to imply is that the queen's influence in a fashionable sense is *nil*. Power she may possess to compel people to abstain from the observance of a fashion of another's creation, but influence to guide them in adopting one of her own suggestion she has not.

An contraire, the Prince of Wales. He may not be "the mould of form," but that he is "the glass of fashion," I don't suppose any one will deny. Everything he does, wears, eats, drinks, praises, or notices, and everywhere he goes, becomes at once the fashion. One word of commendation from him will establish a girl as a belle, or a married woman as a beauty. Were the queen to use every force at her command to mar the progress of either, she couldn't stem the tide of their popularity once "Tummy's" dictum had gone forth. She isn't the fashion. He is. And so it is that just his presence at Cowes during the regatta week makes it fashionable for people to go there and stay just as long as he stays, and no longer. The queen, you may bet, doesn't fetch anybody down to Cowes while she is at Osborne unless she exercises her sovereign's prerogative and "commands" them to come. The prince simply goes down there and people follow him, just as some of them who have no moors in Scotland, Wales, or the north of England (or friends who have and ask them) will follow him to Homburg next week instead of hieing themselves northward for the grouse shooting which begins on the 12th.

The Cowes week is merely a week of yacht races, day after day, or rather afternoon after afternoon. The races are under the direction of the R.Y.S. (Royal Yacht Squadron), the swiftest and most aristocratic yacht club in England. Then there are garden-parties ashore, and the yacht squadron give a grand ball, to be asked to which means far greater social distinction than being presented at court. American ladies and gentlemen who possess the "distinction" at home considered necessary by Mr. Secretary of Legation Henry White, and who fancy that going to a drawing-room or levée under the wing of Mr. and Mrs. Minister Phelps is the biggest thing they can do, had better "season their admiration" until they get invited to the R. Y. S. hall at Cowes. Among the Americans who have achieved this distinguished honor are Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. Brown-Potter, and Mrs. Mackay. Of course, I don't count Lady Randolph Churchill or Lady Mandeville. One of the peculiar features of the Cowes week is the annual "cutting-up," in which the Prince of Wales and certain special members of his "set" indulge

at the house of the Hon. Mrs. Cust. There is some outrageous lark among them every year, the chief actors in which are the octogenarian admiral Sir Harry Keppel, Lord Charles Beresford, and such others of the set as don't mind making fools of themselves for the Prince's amusement. One year, there was a sham-quarrel in the drawing-room between Lord Charles and "Bull Run" Russell of the *Times*, who had dressed himself up to personate M. Waddington, the French ambassador, the row ending by "M. Waddington" being pitched over the garden wall. Another year, Sir Harry Keppel, attired like a French peasant woman, with short skirts, came in and danced the can-can, with elaborate embellishments of his own; while yet another year saw a donkey, led in upon his hind feet, dressed up in one of Mrs. Cust's best gowns. Such elegant forms of recreation seem to recommend themselves to the lady quite as much as to the prince. Then the dressing at Cowes during the week is particularly fine and effective. Ladies wear their smartest, prettiest frocks, trimmest hoots and shoes, and most elaborate hosiery. It is a gala week in every respect. The Prince of Wales stays on board his yacht, the *Alone*, with the Princess, who is looking exceptionally fresh and pretty this year. I spoke of it to one of the prince's household, and he said: "Why, don't you know?"

I said, "No, I don't. But I see she has a peculiarly happy look in her face."

"That's exactly where it is. Shall I tell you?"

"By all means," I replied; and he thereupon related the following little story, which if not very brilliant, is decidedly characteristic, and not without that dash of spice which so frequently seasons the stories with which the prince's name is connected. But let me go on in my informant's own words:

It appears that after one of the later waltzes at the last state hall, the prince picked up from the ball-room floor a dainty blue satin garter, with a diamond clasp. A couple of equerries were upon the point of capturing it, but he signed to them to refrain, and actually stooped and picked it up himself. Had it been a glove, or a handkerchief, or a fan, it might have lain there until now. But a garter!

"I shall have it decorated with the motto, and wear it myself the very next time I have to wear the full insignia," he said to the lady with whom he had been dancing, as he held it admiringly between his finger and thumb.

"But, sir, it is not the garter of the order," explained his partner; "it is only—"

"My dear Lady D—, I fancy I ought to know that," smiled the prince through his half-shut eyes with a meaning glance.

"Oh, of course, sir; I forgot," replied Lady D—, purposely ignoring the drift of the insinuation; "you are a K. G. (Knight of the Garter) and must know the insignia."

"Tummy" went about among his pals saying he must find the mate if he had to offer a reward for it.

"I'd try the Cinderella dodge," he said, "only I couldn't marry her like the other prince, don't you see. I must think it over."

He put the garter into his waistcoat pocket, and apparently forgot all about it. Next day he happened to go into the princess's boudoir, a most unusual proceeding, strange to say. There on the table lay the blue garter. Rage at the stupidity of his valet, who had emptied the pockets of his waistcoat, mounted to his forehead. But he managed to curb his tongue.

"Wh-where did you get this?" he asked as unconcernedly as he could; "how very pretty."

"Why, Bertie, dear, it's my own," came the answer; "I lost the other last night."

"So sorry," said the prince; "I must get you another pair instead. Only let me have this one, Aleck, dear."

The princess was delighted. "Why, Bertie, dear, I didn't know that you cared—that is, of course, you shall have it."

"By Jove!" said the prince to himself, as he rolled up the garter and tucked it safely away in his pocket, "how well she acts it all. Sarah Bernardt is nowhere. But fancy the idiot bringing it to her! I must go now, dear, ta-ta! I shan't forget."

The first thing he did when he got back to his own part of Marlborough House was to ring for his valet.

"Yes, your Royal Highness, I found a blue garter in your Royal Highness's waistcoat pocket," the man replied, without wincing.

"Where is it, then?" in thundering tones. The valet didn't fall down in a swoon.

"In your Royal Highness's dressing-case secret drawer, where I put it."

Breathless the prince looked. Yes, there was the garter sure enough. The other he drew from his pocket.

"By Jove, Aleck has scored this time," he soliloquized, as he tried to get over his disappointment; "these are both hers, and I'm in for a new pair for her instead of them. I mustn't forget that. Fancy getting one's wife a pair of new garters after five-and-twenty years of wedded life, and expecting one to throw any romance or interest into the transaction. And yet, there is a novelty about it that I don't quite dislike. On the contrary, I seem to like it immensely. I didn't know Aleck went in for this sort of decoration. She used not to, certainly. Hum. By-the-by, I thought her looking uncommonly well just now. I'm afraid I'm not as kind to her as I used to be. I wonder if she's in her boudoir still. I'll just go and ask which the new ones shall be—blue or pink."

"I expect," added my informant, "that the dropping of garters at balls by neglected wives will be rather overdone once this gets out, as it is sure to do. They'll all want their husbands to get them a brand-new pair."

I spoke at the beginning of this letter of the almost universal habit of fun-making and fun-seeking which appears to permeate the English nation at all times. One loses sight of the serious side of life altogether. Even the army and navy have been going in for the same line of business during the past week or two, with their burlesque maneuvers.

LONDON, August 5, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

A Western editor declared the other day that a certain tough locality in his town was worse than "the infamous Rotten Row in London."

SOCIETY.

The Newball Dinner Party

An elegant dinner party was given by Mr. George A. Newhall, a week ago last night, at his residence on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Miss Grace Jones and Mr. H. M. A. Miller. The table was very handsomely decorated with flowers, and at each cover was an exquisite souvenir. Among those present were: Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Pope, Miss Eva Carolan, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Mountford, S. Wilson, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturges, U. S. A., and Mr. George A. Newhall.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilsbire have returned from an extended sojourn at Los Angeles and Santa Monica. Mr. Frank J. Carolan, who has been traveling in the East for the past two months, has returned home. Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor will pass the winter season in New York City.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker will go to Washington, D. C., with Mrs. William M. Stewart, to remain during the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, nee Crocker, will arrive in New York from Havre to-day on the steamer *Gascogne*, having completed their European tour. They will reside at No. 4 West Fifty-eighth Street in New York City, the home that was presented to Mrs. Alexander by her father as a wedding gift.

Colonel Robert Tobin, who is now in Paris, is expected to return about October 1st.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker have left Bar Harbor for Saratoga, and intend to visit the Adirondacks later. Mr. Decker went East last Saturday and will meet them there.

The Misses Elliott are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker at their camp at the old White Sulphur Springs in Nevada County.

Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin, Miss Nellie Wood and her brother are at the Hotel Metropole in London. They will make a trip over to Scotland next week.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad are guests at the Hotel Metropole in London. They will arrive here about September 1st.

Signor G. B. Galvani is in Vienna, and is expected here in about three weeks.

Miss Kate K. Bancroft is the guest of the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow.

General and Mrs. George Stoneman will return from their Eastern trip next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have returned from their trip to Mt. Shasta, and will go to Lake Tahoe the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Castle and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lilienthal have returned from a month's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs, who have been passing the summer in Europe, are at Bar Harbor, Me.

Mrs. Volney Spalding and Miss Nickerson, of Boston, passed several days at the Geysers recently.

Mrs. I. G. Wickersham and family, of Petaluma, passed several days at the Grand Hotel this week.

Mr. Albert Gallatin came down from Sacramento last Tuesday on a brief visit.

Mrs. and Mr. Melone and family returned from Oak Knoll last Sunday, after passing the entire summer there. They are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. Samuel Miller returned from Santa Barbara on Wednesday after a week's visit there.

Mr. R. Porter Ashe is at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Fresno, was in the city during the early part of the week.

Mrs. Theodore Payne and Mr. Warren R. Payne are enjoying the picturesque scenery in the Catskills.

Mrs. William M. Lyon, of Sacramento, was stopping at the Grand Hotel during the first of the week.

Mr. William A. Scott and Miss Alice Scott are expected to return from Santa Barbara next Thursday.

Miss Jennie Hooker was the guest of Miss Minnie Mizner in Benicia last week.

Misses Mamie, Edith and Lulu Findley will pass the next month in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Stoney are visiting Mrs. C. B. Brigham on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Elisha Cook and Miss Leonide Cook passed several days at Santa Cruz this week.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland and Mr. Hugo Toland have been at Los Angeles for several weeks past.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings will return from their home in Green Valley about October 1st.

Mrs. J. S. Knowles, nee Adams, of Boston, is expected here in about four weeks to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, who have been passing the summer at Santa Cruz, returned to the city this week.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has been visiting Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, nee Fargo, are expected home next week.

Miss Belle Grant, who has been visiting friends in Los Angeles for a month, will return to the city next week.

Mrs. J. S. Hager and Miss Emeline Hager returned from Santa Cruz last Saturday.

Miss Eva Carolan has been visiting the Misses Pope at St. Helena.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Leslie Van Ness will leave for the East soon, to be away about three months.

Mr. A. H. Sisson is visiting at Santa Barbara.

Mr. James Donahue, of Davenport, Iowa, is in the city on business.

Miss Kittie Nolan is visiting Miss Annie Hope in Santa Barbara.

Miss McClatchy, of Sacramento, has been visiting the Misses Masten at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. David Montrose, of Portland, Or., are the guests of Mrs. L. M. Starr in East Oakland.

Mrs. Leana Whitman has returned from Auburn greatly benefited in health.

Mrs. John H. Maynard and the Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, are passing this month at Bar Harbor, Me.

Mr. John W. Mackay visited Mr. James C. Flood at Menlo Park last Saturday and Sunday.

Senator James G. Fair was at Santa Cruz last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham and son have gone on a visit to Eastern friends, and will be joined in a few weeks by Mr. Buckingham.

Mrs. S. C. Hastings has returned to Lakeport, accompanied by Miss Lizzie Dinsmore.

Miss Lulu Holladay is visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado have returned from the Santa Anita ranch.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will remain for a month.

Mrs. Irwin McDowell and Miss McDowell are passing a few weeks at Congress Springs.

Miss Alice Mullins, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. E. Spencer, of San José, for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox, of Portland, Or., is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Stetson.

Mrs. Elise Kelly, of Mendocino, is visiting Mrs. Samuel Blair.

Mr. J. C. Flood has improved greatly in health, and was in the city several days this week.

Mrs. James A. Robinson came up from Redwood City last Thursday on a short visit.

Notes and Gossip.

The German Club that held so many successful cotillions during the past season is re-organizing for the coming winter and will meet at Union Square Hall as heretofore.

The members of the Reliance Club will soon resume their pleasant monthly socials.

A delightful hop was given by the guests at the Hotel Bella Vista, a week ago last night. Dancing was enjoyed in the billiard-room and the spacious hall to music by Ballo and Van Lee.

The wedding of Miss Louise King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King, and Mr. George L. Underhill will take place next Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 2111 Pine Street.

Miss Florence T. Pope, daughter of Mrs. A. J. Pope, will be married to Mr. F. A. Frank on Wednesday September 14th.

On Admission Day the California Lawn Tennis Club will hold a tournament at its grounds, and has offered a prize to all comers.

This club has adopted red and white as its colors and has sent to New York for material to make the belts, caps, and blazers. It is expected that representatives from all parts of the State will compete.

There was a pleasant gathering of classmates at the Van Ness Seminary a week ago last night, who were assembled to bid good-bye to Miss Maud Younger who departed for an Eastern visit a few days later. The evening was passed in a most delightful manner.

There is a movement under way by a number of young society men here to give two "assemblies" during the winter season, the subscription to be twenty-five dollars per capita. The place has not as yet been decided on, but there will be dancing and a supper at each, and the accessories will be as elegant as the circumstances will permit.

Affairs of this description are very popular in New York and Washington, D. C., and the projectors intend to make them equally so here.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from temporary duty at Alcatraz Island, and has joined his battery at the Presidio.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., will return from the East in about one month.

Major Daniel R. Larned, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect September 1st.

Commander Smith W. Nichols, U. S. N., will commence a year's leave of absence on October 1st, and has permission to leave the United States.

Lieutenant Ames, U. S. A., of Fort Niobrara, Neb., is visiting this coast.

Lieutenant G. T. Anderson, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to the East after a pleasant visit here.

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Bates, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant L. B. Baldwin, U. S. N., of Mare Island, has been passing a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant W. H. Smith, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., of Fort Verde, A. T., has been in the city for several days.

Major McMurray, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturges, Jr., U. S. A., and Lieutenant T. B. Mott, U. S. A., came down from Eureka by steamer last week.

Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., is still temporarily in command at Angel Island.

Lieutenant Alexander M. Patch, U. S. A., of Fort Huachuca, A. T., was placed on the retired list last week. He is in the city on a visit.

Captain Byron Wilson, U. S. N., formerly of Mare Island, and Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Perry, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C., left on Tuesday for Yokohama to join the U. S. steamship *Brooklyn*, of which Captain Wilson will assume command and Lieutenant Perry will be the executive officer.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Eddy Organ Recital.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, gave his first organ recital in this city at Metropolitan Hall last night. He was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, the violinist.

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.....Bach
Sonata—"Le Trille du Diable".....Tartini
Mr. Hermann Brandt,

a. "Meditation".....Lemaigre
b. "Capriccio".....Gounod
Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod
(Arranged by Brandt)

Prelude and Fugue on B. A. C. H.....Liszt
Arioso, op. 48—(Violin and Organ).....Rietz
Mr. Brandt and Mr. Eddy.

Theme, Variations and Finale.....Thiele
a. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
b. Gavotte, from "A Dignon".....A. Thomas
(Arrangements by Eddy)

The Storm Fantasia.....Lemmens
Overture to "Stradella".....Flotow
(Transcribed by Buck.)

Mr. Eddy will give another recital this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the same place.

It is the intention of Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian, the talented young pianist, to give a series of three classical concerts next winter, and he will present a number of selections new to this city.

The members of La Mandolinata Club will soon resume practicing their musicals in the winter. Señor Ferrer has arranged several more pretty Spanish airs for their repertoire.

The members of the Loring Club will hold their first concert of the season at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, September 7th.

The Orchestral Union will give its first concert of the season at Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening, August 31st.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give its first concert of this season next Tuesday evening at Metropolitan Hall.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore has removed to 1426 Washington Street.

ART NOTES.

Fred Yates, who has been spending the past two years studying in Paris, returned to this city a few days ago, and has opened a studio at 120 Sutter Street.

Miss Matilda Lotz, the artist, will leave for New York in October to establish a studio.

The Withrow sisters, of this city, who have spent the last four years at Munich devoting themselves to the study of music and painting, have lately returned, and have established themselves at 822 Larkin Street. Miss Marie Withrow has thoroughly prepared herself to instruct in vocal and instrumental music. Miss Eva Withrow has quite a number of studies in oils, etc., which her friends can see at her studio.

CCCCCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday August 28, 1887.

Vermicelli Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Salmon. Potato Croquettes.
Chicken Fricassee with Peas.
Egg Plant. String Beans.
Roast Venison.
Lettuce. Egg Dressing.
Cream Pie.
Apples, Peaches, Pears, Grapes, Nectarines, Figs, Plums and Gages.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE WITH PEAS.—Select a dry-picked young fowl, cut into joints, remove the skin, rinse in warm water, dip into cold water, drain, and dredge with flour. Put into a warm saucepan and cover with hot water; add salt, pepper, a sprig of parsley and a piece of lemon peel, simmer two hours and remove the chicken. Beat the yolk of one egg with a gill of cream, add it to the warm sauce, and whisk thoroughly. Arrange the chicken on a drop, pour the sauce over it, surround with a quantity of fresh or canned peas, and serve.

It ought to console people who are bitten this summer by the mosquito to be told by a scientist that the mosquito is wondrously beautiful. "Place one," he says, "under a microscope. Adjust the lenses. Now place your eye to the eye-piece. Presto! The tiny dirt-colored speck has vanished, and in its place appears the most radiant and gorgeous creature which the mind can conceive of. The wings are of pale amber, the legs and thorax magenta, the body dark green, the eyes purplish-black and glittering like diamonds, the proboscis shining like ebony. Compared with this pomp and magnificence of decoration the brightest and most vivid of the painter's pigments are muddy."

One of the most prodigious engineering projects now on the tapis is that for tunneling the Rocky Mountains under Tray's Peak, which rises no less than fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea. It is stated that at four thousand four hundred and forty-one feet below the peak, by tunneling from east to west for twenty-five thousand feet direct, communication could be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver in Colorado and Salt Lake City in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri River, say at St. Louis, and San Francisco, nearly three hundred miles.

"All engineers dread moonlight nights," said an old trainman, "and the trouble is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man or a rock or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, very curious shadows are outlined along the track, and very often the engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties."

The question of divorce has become one of peculiar interest and importance in Switzerland, where divorces have become numerous. In ten years, according to a calculation just made public, nine thousand six hundred and two couples have been divorced, making an average for the whole country of two and eight-hundredths per thousand. The evil complained of is general, but it is more pronounced in the Protestant than in the Catholic cantons. Reactionary legislation is under discussion.

Count von Moltke lately expressed his belief that "Volapuk," the universal language, has a great future before it; and it has been learned and is being studied by an enormous number of persons on the continent. Last winter more than two thousand pupils received instruction in the language in Vienna alone. It is claimed that Volapuk is so simple that it can be learned in ten lessons. There is now published at Vienna a "Volapukagased" which claims to have a large circulation.

The Sayne woolen mill at Clarksville, Ga., has forbidden its female employees to wear bustles while at work in the factory, owing to the danger of their dresses being caught in the looms. The young women resent the order as an abridgement of their rights and threaten to go on a strike if it is not rescinded.

—MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY, STUDIO, 327 Larkin Street. Additional facilities for *ensemble* playing and for accompaniment practice. Inquire: Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 2 to 3 P. M.; Oakland days, Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:45 Fourteenth Street.

THREE GREAT BEAUTIES

are now in town and they all owe the preservation of their marvellous complexions to the use of Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont streets.

—MR. AND MME. J. H. ROSEWALD, HAVE REMOVED TO No. 929 Post Street.

SHEET MUSIC, 10 cts. catalogue free, 215 Dupont.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

—STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Subjects Interesting to all Women.

(From the London Saturday Gazette.)

A recent writer, speaking of ancient customs, says that "wooing a woman was not winning her favor, but impressing her father with a display of wealth and social power." Thus there were no opportunities on her part for the display of personal charms. In our day, parents, being advanced in civilization and experience, to a certain extent leave their daughters free to choose their own husbands. Every woman, no matter how humble, naturally desires a refined, educated man of the world for her partner through life. In order to succeed in winning and retaining the love and affection of such a man, she must combine all the charms of womanhood that captivate experienced men. Brilliant intellect, the "form divine," the plethoric bank account may win, but these things alone can never retain a man's affection. Recent French writers, who have investigated the subject thoroughly, claim that personal untidiness in women causes more conjugal infelicity than any other one thing, and under the head of "untidiness" this writer includes the care of the hands and face. Every woman must have noticed how repulsive unclean bands and uncared-for finger-nails always are; but, above these, a face which to all intents and purposes is "dirty" not because it has not been washed, but because it is full of all kinds of imperfections, including black-heads, pimples, liver spots and redness of the skin. Every woman, no matter what her position in society, rich or poor, ignorant or intellectual, has a vital interest in curing or preventing these disgusting imperfections. The quality and effectiveness of a remedy must be judged, first by the character of its manufacturer, and second, by the class of people who use it and their opinions of it. Every manufacturer claims that his remedy is the best and the surest, but he is an interested person and biased in his opinion. The buyer, if intelligent, should be influenced only, as before stated, by the character of the manufacturer and the testimonials offered in regard to the articles.

The following letters should be carefully read and allowed to speak for themselves:

[From Prof. Stillman, the eminent scientist and Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.]

40 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, January, 1887.

Mrs. H. H. Ayer:
DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Reclamier Cream and Reclamier Balm have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French pharmacopoeia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,
THOMAS B. STILLMAN, Mse. Ph. D.

TUXEDO CLUB, TUXEDO PARK, N. J., October 29.
DEAR MADAM: I am using the pot of Reclamier Cream you so kindly sent me and find it all you claim it to be. It will be one of my articles of toilet from this time forth. I consider it a luxury and necessity to every woman, young or old. With renewed thanks for introducing me to your delightful Reclamier Cream, I am, truly,

GORA UNGUARD POTTER.
From Mrs. James Brown-Potter to Mrs. H. H. Ayer.

MME. ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI says of the Reclamier Preparations: "Nothing I have ever used in any way so prepares the Reclamier Preparations for excellence. The Cream has made my face so delightfully soft and smooth. It is the most delicious toilet preparation in the world, I do not hesitate to say," and again writes to Mrs. Ayer as follows:

WINDSOR HOTEL, April 9.
MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I can fully indorse the favorable verdict passed on your Reclamier Preparations. They are all that you claim them to be.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.
WINDSOR HOTEL.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: You promised to send me more Reclamier Cream and Balm this evening; they have not yet come. Please do not disappoint me, as we leave early in the morning.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.
THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, April, 1887.

DEAR MADAM: The Reclamier Preparations are the perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without fail to-morrow two dozen assorted for immediate use.

SARAH BERNHARDT.
(From the distinguished Poetess, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Mrs. H. H. Ayer:
DEAR MADAM: I take pleasure in recommending your delightful Reclamier Cream, which I find in no sense a cosmetic or whitewash, but most excellent and efficacious cream, which softens the skin and keeps away those frightful foot-marks of time and care, wrinkles. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and as a fragrant agreeable, harmless preventive of old age I cordially recommend your Reclamier Cream.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
PROVIDENCE, April 7.

MY DEAR MADAM: Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Cream because the jar was so pretty, and on trying I found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one of all our sex should heartily thank you. I find it is not only a refreshing, softening article for the skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me, very thankfully yours.

FANNY DAVENPORT.
NEW YORK, November 6, 1886.

DEAR MRS. AYER: I use the Reclamier religiously and would not be without it at any price.

LILY LANGTRY.
Six months later Mrs. Langtry sent an order to Mrs. Ayer for a supply of Reclamier and wrote her: "Thanks so much for the Reclamier. Whenever you wish a written testimonial I shall be delighted to send it to you. Yours,

LILY LANGTRY.

Copies of many such letters will be furnished upon application, and should certainly convince any woman desiring to preserve or enhance her beauty, or to avoid being repulsive, to use the Reclamier Preparations. If unobtainable at your druggist's, refuse all substitutes, which may perhaps disfigure you for life, or lay the foundation for a habit that is worse than death, and order the Reclamier Preparations of Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 39 and 41 Park Place, New York.

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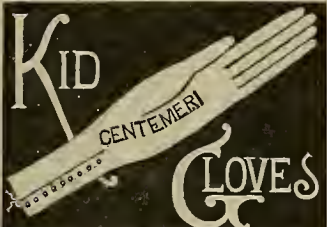
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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Monkeys and Bears.

Monkeys and bears are now held by the corporation counsel to be obnoxious animals in New York city, and orders have been issued to quell them wherever found. Every effort is being put forth to extend the limits of human life there and to enforce the game-laws in every instance. Monkeys are a luxury anyway, and bears are unsatisfactory to a great degree. No one ever knows just how to take a bear, and that is why so many people do not make the effort.

The theory that music should in all cases be accompanied by a restless monkey, with his tail extending through the seat of his pantaloons, is entirely erroneous, and it is gratifying to know that this mangled and overestimated son of song can not go about New York, assailing people with a high hand any more, without violating the law.

The common American bear is also a pest, and a thickly settled community like New York ought to hold out every inducement for wiping him out. If the country would offer a bounty for every bear killed outside of Wall street it would be a good thing. I never feel my unworthiness so much anywhere else as I do in the presence of a loose bear. I never appear at my best in the presence of a bear. Once I met one at the foot of Sheep Mountain, years ago, and I know he must have formed a poor opinion of me, for he did not see my best side.

Tame bears make good pets and generally outlive from four to six owners. A German restaurant-keeper by the name of Fischer, at Laramie City, Wyoming, once owned a pet bear which he called William. William would frequently come and eat out of Mr. Fischer's hand, and he endeared himself to one and all for several years. But one day the relations between Mr. Fischer and William became strained, and after eating out of his master's hand for a little while he decided to top off with the hand. Bears can never hope to get ahead so long as they live from hand to mouth that way.

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Bears will not only resent an injury, but they will also resent anything else that they can get hold of. There are three ways of meeting an infuriated bear. One is to look at him in a reproachful way till he feels ashamed of himself and goes away to live it down. Another is to beat him to insensibility with the clinched hand, and still another is to place one of your coat-tails in his mouth and lead him so far away from his home that he can not find his way back. You can then dispatch him at your leisure. Bears multiply rapidly, and are also quick in subtraction. If the police carry out strictly the new rules regarding monkeys and bears, an unarmed man can go from Central Park to the Battery without an escort.

The rule will not affect music generally throughout the city. The man with the portable piano will still "the frightened air with a shudder bore," to use the language of the poet in a new way. The fortissimo gentleman who whistles for livelihood at Pier 6, at so much per strain, will probably complete his summer engagement also.

On second thought, it might not be best to give a bounty for the scalps of bears here, for it would open the way for abuses of various kinds. A bounty of \$25 was offered for every bear's nose brought to the register of deed's office in a certain county in New England a few years ago, and the treasurer paid out fifteen hundred dollars, it is said, for bear snouts, which he now finds are made of vulcanized rubber.

A schoolmate of mine is now engrossed on a three years' contract, at the Joliet penitentiary, in Illinois, for buying wolf-scalps in Montana, where wolf-scalps are within the reach of all, and bringing them into Illinois, where there was more of a demand and better rates. And still it is held that interstate commerce is going to help all kinds of business.

But the law to suppress bears here will be productive of great good. They have never been of any use according to history, except when Elijah fed a whole primary school to these animals for speaking disrespectfully of his baldness, and even that has

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been severely criticised by other bald-headed men since.

I don't think I could ever win the affection of a bear so that he would remember me after I was gone. The affections of a bear are not lasting. He may like a man for a few moments, but after he has eaten his features off, and the man's beauty is therefore marred, the bear seeks out a new face.

The Clam.

Probably the American clam is less fully understood than any other feature of our boasted civilization. He is either greatly overestimated on account of his naturally taciturn manner and reserve, or else he is regarded as an intellectual dwarf because he never tries to shine in society.

Clams are of two classes—viz., the little-neck clams and the other clams.

One of the peculiarities of the New York clam is that he has no vivitiveness, as the phrenologists call it. The pale bluish growth in the middle of the clam is not vivitiveness or love of life, for he does not care to live. Neither does he care whether anybody else lives or not.

I bought a dozen raw clams of a globular man in a white apron a short time ago, having at that time a very erroneous idea about clams in the abstract or in the shell. Having been accustomed to the antique or canned clam which we used to get by bull-team in an incredibly short time from Leavenworth and other posts where the land-locked or malleable clam is found, I knew little of the true Manhattan clam. I only knew that he cared little for life, but died easily. I had heard that the male clam would turn when trodden upon, but I regarded him as generally un-demonstrative and in favor of arbitration.

I was misled also by the calm and unruffled demeanor of the Eastern clam, so I ate these twelve pachyderms hurriedly, in order to catch a car, fearing that my seat in the City Hall Park would be taken by some one else.

In less than half an hour, if I had read an adver-

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipzig with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual.

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Teacher of Vocal Music.

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Monday and Thursday at Mills College.) Mr. Kelleher will be pleased to be consulted and will hear voices free of charge, after office hours.
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tisement in the paper offering a reward for the return of those clams, I would have hunted up the owner and said to him: "Sir, I do not wish to wrong any man. Here are your clams."

This feeling grew on me till I went to a drug-store and bought a dose which I scattered in among those turbulent elements. It was a mixture of things which the druggist sells during the summer as an Asiatic cholera mixture and in winter as a fire-kindler. I could not help asking myself, as I drank it and afterwards threw in one of those patent grenades for putting out a fire, why a man should put an incendiary under his vest to steal away his brains. I then went to the Battery and lay down under a tree. People who saw me tearing up the green sward and kicking the bark off the tree for a distance of seven feet above the ground said that it was too bad, and claimed that no man ought to allow his dog to run loose in August to get hydrophobia and then bite innocent people.

People who still think that the pallid and aimless clam does not care for intestine strife or turmoil ought to go and see the way that tree is kicked to pieces.

I was telling a friend afterward about the lawn festival and clam-eolic recital that I had been giving, and he said that I made a mistake in eating the clams raw. Raw clams at this season of the year, he said, were liable to be overcome by the heat, or they might be old and blasé when they were caught, but if I could eat them in the form of chowder I would like them, and they would do me good.

He knew a good place to get clam chowder and I went with him. It was a very riotous place, and I was told that Commodore Vanderbilt came there and ate clam chowder only a short time before his death. So did I.

Chowder, however, is made by shooting two-year-old clams out of a gun, and then cooking them with other things until they seem to lose their identity. It does not hurt people who are used to it, but a man who has most always lived on canned Lima beans ought to have his post-office address and the address



The principal memory that one carries away from the present performance of "The Jilt" is that of Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault's pretty morning gown, or matinee, as it has become the choicer thing to say these days. It is so curious a commingling of an old civilization and a new, that it is really an interesting garment. For it is undoubtedly fashioned from a genuine Japanese *kimono*, a pretty thing in pale blue crape, with odd, irregular flashes of scarlet in the fabric and shot here and there with gold.

The cunning mantua-maker who slashed the *kimono* with remorseless shears has preserved the symmetry of the idea, for she has made the sleeves, if not in the Japanese style, yet quite à la Japonaise.

Alas! we shall never see the graceful costume of old Japan again, excepting in "The Mikado." It is becoming a thing of the past in its own little land, where it hid the insufficient figures and handy legs of the race, and transformed the meanest of them into graceful courtiers, in manner at least. They have become a set of little monkeys to look at, under the new civilization of the West, and the Mikado is monkey-looking than any of his court. And now a London dressmaker rushes in to preserve the traditions, for a little time at least.

One says a London dressmaker, for the pretty garment does not bear the *cachet* of Paris. It may have been there—it is hard to locate anything in these cosmopolitan days—but it looks as if it had been fashioned by a London woman with a French name.

Matinees and mantles are specialties with these London modistes. They are deliciously cheap compared with their sisters across the channel, but if you are at all fastidious as to finishings you do not turn your shopping inside out with such infinite satisfaction as you do in Paris.

It is all solid and good and well sewn, but a London dressmaker will line a plush tea-gown—and every woman in England has one—with cotton, good cotton, just as naturally as the French dressmaker lines hers with silk. With all the reputation of the French for thrift and economy, it is the Englishwoman who saves on all the finer finishings and furnishings of her dress, and wears a dozen details with infinite satisfaction, that would drive an American woman mad.

Yet London shopping has manifold charms for an American. Things, even at their ugliest, are so solid and so good, that an American, who is a natural judge of fabrics and values, loves the touch of them. The shop-girls are as pretty as flowers, and have the manners of duchesses. There are no such hats—not bonnets—gossamers, mantles, and umbrellas to be found anywhere as in London, above all, no such *negligés*.

A French woman will make a beautiful-looking thing for you with billows of white lace and miles of fluttering ribbon to give it a loose and airy effect, but you must be boned and corsetted beneath with Spartan-like grimness, or your *negligé* will not set right.

But English dressmaking is really honest. They will lace you for a close waist till you shriek with pain if you will let them, but when it comes to a genuine *negligé* you throw all your bones aside, and there you are.

Miss Thorndyke's matinee sweeps from her neck to the floor without one trammeling ribbon, and is a very beautiful garment very handsomely worn.

After Miss Thorndyke's wonderful Japanese garment in the play of "The Jilt" ranks Miss Thorndyke herself, this by the divine right of beauty, for dramatic talent has she none to speak of. But she is a rarely beautiful woman, and something goodly fair to look upon in her pink dress. She has always shone down the Jilt herself, though the Jilt is supposed to be a London belle.

Perhaps if Miss Helen Bancroft had the manner, she would answer the description very well. She certainly bears a very marked resemblance to Lady Kildare, the Irish beauty of last year; but, for the matter of that, these London belles are all upon the same pattern—long slender bodies, long slender necks, small heads, narrow blue eyes. Miss Bancroft has all of these, together with a pretty taste in dressing—there is a great deal of toilet in "The Jilt" this time—and is very promising till she begins to speak. But her speech makes one shudder. It is so measured, so precise, so objectionably round. Furthermore, Miss Bancroft has not the dash of Miss Thorndyke.

Miss Thorndyke, on the other hand, has not just the right sort of dash for Kitty Woodstock. Kitty is a country girl, a dear girl too, who has lived far in the fresh breath of the country fields and has not

had her first withering London season. She is fond of a good horse, as what woman is not who has the run of the stables, and if her speech is just a trifle horsey, why then it is the slang of the hunting-field rather than of the stable, and there is nothing wrong in that either.

But such a girl has never time to get up a veneer of affectation, and Miss Thorndyke is distinctly artificial. She is such a beautiful woman and has such a pretty charm of personality that one looks at her more in sorrow than in anger when she makes an artificial break, and wishes ever so hard that she wouldn't.

Why can not these women with the golden hall of opportunity at their feet realize the ineffable charm of naturalness?

The greatest siren of modern times, speaking in a pure and healthy sense, was Madame Récamier. And the most ardent of her lovers, and the closest of her friends, always described her charm to be a fathomless sympathy and the naturalness of a little child.

To come nearer home, and to our own day, everyone knows that brilliant California woman who, beside her hall-room triumphs, has always had the faculty of grappling her friends to her soul with hooks of steel, and whose conversation has such a spell for her hearers that if she went to live in a hut in the redwoods, a little court would willingly follow her. And when a stranger asks what is this indefinable charm, her best friend cannot analyse it, but always ends with "Well, I don't know, but she is so unaffected, so natural."

What a terrible thing it would be for "The Jilt" if Mrs. Barker should suddenly undertake a few affectations. Perhaps her Yorkshire accent will not bear analyzing, but she is so wholesome and healthy and happy and hearty that she brings a breath from the Yorkshire moors into the play. And it is such an odd, unusual, pretty little play, even with this new cast which does not fit it at all. Indeed, one should never go to see "The Jilt" again, who saw it upon its first production at the California Theatre; there was such a completeness about it that it fastened itself indelibly upon the memory.

For Agnes Thomas, who was the weakest in the matter of mere fitness, yet looked the part of the Jilt to a nicety, and was a very engaging actress. And Dot Boucicault was Young England itself. And the young gentleman at the Baldwin is a very boy, but he is not Young England, and not at all like an Eton boy.

And Nina Boucicault, a fragile and delightfully young little thing, was rather a had copy of a Yorkshire girl, but belonged easily enough to rural England, and was so slender and so tiny as to give quite a flavor to her jockeying.

And Gerald Eyre was the bluff, heavy, warm-hearted English squire to the life, while Mr. Lawrence becomes positively hysterical in trying to infuse the part with the necessary *bonhomie*.

As for Jim Daisy in the old cast, the knowing ones said that he must have been whipped up bodily off an English race-course and set down at the California Theatre.

Mr. Smily, as Lord Marcus Wylie, is the one improvement on the first cast. It is in fact not a very bad company for anything else that Mr. Boucicault has gathered about him, but no one wants the old faces supplanted in "The Jilt."

Some of the harmonies are, of course, preserved with Miss Thorndyke and Mrs. Barker and Mr. Boucicault himself in their original parts.

What a delicious old humbug he is as Myles O'Hara. It is too bad that people count his birthdays as if he were a prince of the blood royal. The Baldwin stage is just a little too socially near to the auditorium for his make-up, which was most evidently made up for a bigger theatre, but it is something wonderful none the less.

Mr. Boucicault, like his pretty wife, goes in somewhat for dress, and wears above all a white newmarket which in the feminine world would be called a dream, but the men have not yet allowed their pet names for their tailors' choice confections to leak out. Mr. Boucicault trips off the blarney as glibly as ever, and no one writes it quite as glibly as he. The pretty compliments are rolled up in hyperbole only an Irishman would dare to use in conversation, but they sound natural enough on an Irishman's lips, even in a conservative English drawing-room. An Irishman, too, is always conscious when he is saying a good thing, unless it be a bull, and Mr. Boucicault points his every flight of Irish fancy with such a droll twinkle of his eye that one feels that custom has not staled his taste for his own witticisms, and that he is having a very good time himself at playing with them.

No one questions the possibility of the incidents of "The Jilt" while looking on, they are all so dexterously put; neither does it matter that Mr. Boucicault got his ideas from Mr. Hawley Smart, if Mr. Hawley Smart had not sufficient tact to put them before the public in this attractive form. All that is neither here nor there, and as for the racing rules, let the hook-makers quarrel over them. They are good dramatic racing rules and that is all the theatre-going public wants. But one sometimes questions whether, even in England where the horse is a sort of fetish even in the highest circles, Mr. O'Hara would have such a sweeping social entrée as this play gives him, or could we swallow Mr. O'Hara at all, if he were not played by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

However, away with doubt and distrust. "The Jilt" is a little gem of a play. Mr. Boucicault is playing Myles O'Hara and long may he continue to do so. BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Lewis Morrison begins an engagement at the Alcazar next week, opening in "Faust," in which he will be supported by his own company with Gus Levick as Faust.

Minnie Palmer's diamonds are said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, and she is said to love them as dearly as if they were alive. They are mostly an English collection.

"Phryne," Boucicault's new comedy, is awaited with great interest. Since he has entered upon his fourth epoch of playwriting there is a rich and nutty flavor to his work, which has been missing since his earliest years, when he was a prodigy.

Maggie Moore has been received in Australia like a wanderer returned to the fold. She is nightly showered with flowers and is reaping a golden harvest in the land where a chestnut has a toothsome flavor. All this is being done with "Struck Oil."

Fanny Davenport, who was once again threatened by flesh, has taken to housework instead of walking, to keep it down, and has been quite successful. She is tired of "Fédora," and turns longingly to Shakespeare, but the public frown upon her Rosalind and Beatrice.

Scanlan, the daring young Irishman, who used to sing "Peek-a-boo," with a furniture and gymnastic accompaniment, and set all the world to singing the absurd trifle with him, will commence an engagement at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday, playing in "Shane-na-Lawn."

Mrs. Langtry is very seriously offended with the critics of California, and denies specifically that she wears a wig, dyes her hair, or has at all gone off in beauty or style. The New York critics pat her soothingly and say, "There! There!" but do not dispute their Californian confères.

Fanny Young crops out at intervals in every theatre in town, and always to the advantage of the cast. Dion Boucicault is no longer the stickler for details that he once was, and Fanny Young was the only member of the servant's hall in Sir Budleigh Woodstock's house who looked as though she belonged there.

Joe Grismer has achieved quite a reputation as a professional beauty since he began to play "Rosedale." "Rosedale" and "Jane Eyre" take a new lease of life with every new generation of sixteen-year-olds, and it gives a veteran rather a peculiar sensation to hear the youngsters rave over Grismer as if he were the first and only Eliot Gray.

The panorama of the Battle of Chattanooga and the Storming of Missionary Ridge, which was opened to the public in the new panorama building on Market and Tenth Streets last Monday, has been drawing great crowds through the week. It is a wonderful example of the scenic art; it is historically faithful as far as the testimony of participants in the contest could make it so, and the mechanical execution of the work is excellently done.

The curtain man at the Baldwin, who made such an idiot of himself during the Bernhardt engagement by ringing down the curtain in the very wrong nick of time, is abroad again. He succeeded in completely ruining the principal tableau of "The Jilt" on Monday night by ringing down the curtain just before the dénouement. It does not require a large intellectual grasp to roll a curtain up and down on time, but what little is needed is sadly lacking in this department of the Baldwin Theatre.

Fay Templeton, the pretty opera bouffiste who has disappeared from the London and New York paragraphs lately, has just made her appearance in the San Francisco streets and theatres. She looks handsomer and more dashing than ever, and has attained considerable notoriety since she played her engagement at the Bush Street Theatre three or four years ago. La belle Templeton elopes from the stage now and then, and is somewhat addicted to marriage, but it is not announced whether or not she is making a wedding journey in California.

Miss Thorndyke, (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) who has been spending the summer in California, is not an Eastern girl as many suppose, but has been spending the summer on her native heath. It is even reported that she was once a pupil at Mills's Seminary, which institution of learning has given so many lights to the stage, and as a musical student she is said to have been a Hartmann pupil. Californianism can no farther go. The pioneers once held some distinction, but nowadays to have been at once a Mills's Seminary girl and a Hartmann pupil, is to have sprung from the corner-stone of rampant Californianism.

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What She Found.
There went to a cupboard
A lady named Hupboard
To look for a bone;
But when she found none
It saddened her so that she blupboard.
—Life.

On the Channel.
Did you ever come over
To Dover,
When billows made valleys
From Calais?

With waves all a-foaming
And combing.
It is not delightful,
But frightful.

The sounds that assail you
Will pale you.
If you 'scape this commotion
Of ocean.

Plump matrons all groaning
And moaning
With every new pitching
And twitching.

Fair maidens who ever
Endeavor
On land to be sightly
And sprightly.

Care naught for their graces
Of fates,
Or who may be laughing
Or chaffing.

On all sides is bawling
And squalling
From children outcrying
"I'm dying!"

Behold each spare place in
A basin!—
The rest I am certain
I'll curtail!

—Town Topics.

An Orphan's Wail.
I am a lone, unfeathered chick,
Of artificial hatching;
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By happier mothered chicks reviled,
From all relationships exiled,
To do my own lone hatching.

Fair science smiled upon my birth
One raw and gusty morning,
And now the sounds of barnyard mirth
To lonely me have little worth;
I am alone in all the earth—
An orphan without bearing.

Seek I my mother? I would find
A heartless personator;
A thing brass-hided, man-designed,
With steampipe arteries, intermined,
And pulseless cotton-batting lined—
A patent incubator.

It wearies me to think, you see—
Death would be better, rather—
Should children e'er be born to me
By fate's most pitiless decree
My little ones, alas, would be
With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu,
To seek a greater,
I will not do as others do
Who go to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
My incubator.
—R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Seaside Tragedy.

They met beside the sea-beat shore,
Each seeking rest and recreation;
He kept a down-town dry-goods store,
She was a school-ma'am on vacation.
He'd long since passed youth's fleeting joys—
Yearned for life's tenderest relation—
She hated little girls and boys,
And fain would change her name and station.

They strolled beside the billowy wave
In desultory conversation;
In high-pitched tones she often gave
Much valuable information.
Two souls upon a single thwart
They drifted idly in the offing,
The struggling bluefish sometimes caught
Or censured "She" with scornful scoffing.

The old moon waned before the new
Had filled the earth with silvery splendor,
For her slim hand he meant to sue
In words of passion deep and tender.
Alas! one morn the August sun
Shone on her grief with heartless mockings;
He'd taken the midnight freight train West—
He'd seen her bathe without her stockings!
—New York World.

Advice to People Not About to Marry.

It's well to be merry and gay;
It's well to be honest and true,
It's well to be off with the ancient attachment
Before she gets ready to sue.
—Puck.

Chilly.

She kissed her pug—with haste arose
And rained upon that creature's nose
A storm of osculations sweet;
The swell reclining at her feet
Remarked, as he looked sideways up,
"I wish that I'd been born a pup."
Then smiling coldly from her throne
She said, "And were you born full-grown?"
—Ex.

Paradise.

Is there some quiet little place
Where men deal on the square;
Where women sometimes hold their tongues,
And girls won't bang their hair?
If such a paradise there be,
Go search the country through,
And if you find it—write at once,
We'll go there p. d. q.
—Solid Muldoon.

The Cat that Prowls.

O cat that by yon silent City Hall
Prowlest at night when all the streets are still!
That hangest waiting on some window-sill,
Waiting for neighbors' cats to caterwaul,
Stirring the midnight air with strains not al-
together fanciful nor musical—
And trebly sharp when the young moon doth lend
Her chastened light and with the cat's cry blend—
I hear thy mew—my muse doth answer back,
And from my lofty chamber straight I wend;
And with my heart on fire, my head on rack,
I fling—the bottle to its destined end.
Chat-eau Margaux! Chat-eau Veuve! La Fitte!
Cat oh! be still! The bottle is has hit!
—Life.

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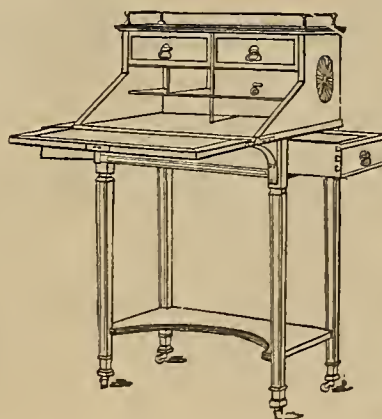
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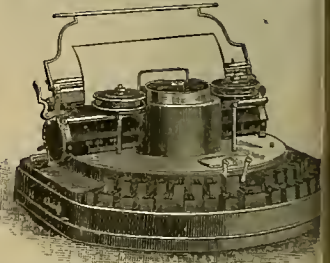
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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There recently died at Moscow in Russia a great man, one who—without holding official position, without ranking among the statesmen of Europe, not of noble birth—has yet exercised an influence over the destinies of that great empire not excelled by any and equalled by but few men who have been more widely known. M. Katkoff was a journalist and editor of the *Moscow Gazette*. He wielded an immense power in the government of Russia, and though

the press is subject to a rigid censorship and though the *Moscow Gazette* did not belong to that branch of the government which undertakes to control the expression of public opinion, M. Katkoff held an influence and controlled a power greater than that which held itself subject to imperial authority. He did not fear to attack the most powerful of ministers, nor to criticise the foreign policy of the empire. His political doctrine, openly expressed and firmly adhered to, was the unity of all the Russias and of all Russians in opposition to German influence; in opposition to Poland's right of self government; in favor of the national religion, in favor of the Russian language, in opposition to the ownership of landed estates by any but those who believed in and upheld the authority of the national Czar. He became the mouth-piece and oracle of national aspirations, and thus secured the support of the Russian public. Though at times differing with the government and not always in sympathy with the cabinet and statesmen that shaped and directed the imperial policy, he always upheld and maintained the autocracy of the Russian Czar. This secured him the support of that higher authority which in Russia leaves behind the throne no power greater than the throne itself. When M. de Giers undertook a foreign policy that foreshadowed a desire to introduce German ideas into Russia, and while the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of all the Russias were interchanging friendly visits, and the German Chancellor believed he was cementing the imperial bonds that were to bind these two most powerful empires of earth into a lasting and indissoluble political alliance, M. Katkoff had the courage to criticise it. What would have cost any other journal suppression and any other public man exile to Siberia, did not affect the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, because he had through his unquestioned and fearless patriotism so thoroughly intrenched himself in popular estimation, so identified himself with Russia's national aspirations, and obtained such a hold upon the heart of the people of Russia, that it was not safe to advise the Czar who trusted him to administer to him any penalty for the free expression of his political opinions. What will be the effect of M. Katkoff's death, whether his influence will survive him, or whether his enemies will now be able to suppress the sentiment that Russians should rule Russia, we may not venture to express an opinion. It is, however, apparent that in Russia there exists a strong national sentiment, which has found expression in the novels of Count Tolstoi, and in an active and irrepressible literature that is Russian. It is not improbable that beneath the sentiment of nihilism, which, as represented to us, seems so bloody and vengeful, there may burn the sacred fire of a genuine patriotism and love of country, that will in time lift the Russian people to a higher level, and give to the country a better and more liberal form of government. We can not somehow quite consent to believe that a party composed of gifted scholars, nobles, ladies, students of universities, and brave soldiers, who show their devotion to the principle for which they contend by offering their lives and by daring exile, imprisonment, and death in their vindication, are the mere vulgar assassins which the murder of one Czar and the oft-repeated endeavor to take the life of another would indicate. If Russia had a free press and the nihilists were able to advocate openly their views—which we understand to be a constitutional government for Russia—we should be in condition to judge nihilists and nihilism more intelligently than we can now pretend to do.

In the Parliament of England, last week, there culminated the great contest between the Unionist forces under the leadership of Hartington and the Separatists under the direction of Gladstone, which determines for years the question of an independent parliament for Ireland. This conflict has been continued in Parliament for a period of nearly six months, during which time it has—in Lords and Commons, on the hustings, and in the columns of the leading journals and reviews—brought forward the opinions of the leading statesmen, scientists, scholars, and thinkers of the British Empire. It has been a grand debate, involving the unity of the kingdom, the existence of Parliament, the supremacy of English law, and the stability of British institutions, and it has finally been determined that there shall be no organic change in the relation which for seven hundred years the

Irish people have held to the English people, and no change of the position which for nearly one hundred years the government of Ireland has held to the government of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The government of Lord Salisbury has been assaulted with a fierceness and determination that have had no parallel within the present generation and the one that preceded it. Not within recent times has the English Constitution received such an attack, and that it has survived and triumphed is a matter of as serious importance to the people and institutions of the American republic as to the people and government of England. Had the political demagogues of England, Ireland, and America been permitted to achieve a victory over law and good government in the Parliament of England it would have been a blow under which civilization would have reeled, and the Protestant religion would have received a shock from which it could not have soon or easily rallied. The effect in the United States would have been more disastrous and irreparable than in the country where the battle was fought. The Gladstone forces were overwhelmed in the final division by a majority against them of seventy-seven in a vote of something less than six hundred. The minority embraced the solid Irish under the leadership of Parnell, the ultra and irreconcilable Liberals under the leadership of Gladstone, and the few who skeddaddled from the responsibility of their party professions under the influence of Chamberlain. The fruits of these triumphs are these: It gives to the present government the probability of a continuance until some five or six years hence Parliament may be dissolved by the operation of the law that limits its existence; it has given a law which if enforced, will punish agrarian crime in Ireland, and crush out the secret organizations that for years have usurped and abused the functions of government; it indefinitely postpones a parliament for Ireland that would have been under the direction of priests receiving their inspiration from the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, and that would have persecuted the land-owning and Protestant minority; it aids the American party in this country, and will lift it to a position which will emancipate our politics from the insolent domination of the Roman Catholic Irish and all other ignorant, superstitious, and bigoted foreigners who take their hallots from the priest at confessional, and put them into the hallot-box where they will go furthest toward the destruction of our common-school system, and enable conspirators against the republic to destroy its institutions, and upon their ruins erect a church that shall sway the destinies of the American commonwealth. We are in hopes it may emancipate our politicians and the American press from the cowardly fear that has held them in subjection so long, and we hope it may crush down the lie that Americans sympathize with the Irish in the efforts they have made, or the methods they have adopted, to emancipate themselves from the dominion of the English Parliament and the control of English law. We anticipate with hope and confidence that the time is not far distant when in the United States of America, either from out the ranks of Republican or Democratic statesmen, some one shall have the courage to stand up in the Senate or House of Representatives and introduce a law that shall endeavor to sweep back the invasion of this foreign armada; who shall make some effort to save our soil from the pollution of foreign ignorance and crime, and shall have the holdness to make one supreme effort for the immediate and unconditional repeal of all laws that now clothe aliens and adventurers with the sovereignty of American citizenship.

That portion of the Grand Army of the Republic which, in parade at Wheeling, Virginia, refused to march under a banner bearing a portrait of President Cleveland, and, making the detour, trailed its colors in the gutter, made an imposing exhibition of vulgar brutality. It is safe to say that any member of the Grand Army who would thus publicly and deliberately insult the chief magistrate of the nation did very little to preserve the Union during the civil strife. He may have served in the commissary department, used his breath to cool coffee, or filled some position where courage was not in demand, but in this exhibition of small partisan malice he displayed qualities unbecoming the soldier and gentleman, and offers presumptive evidence that

during the war he was a skulk and a coward. The Grand Army organization may be profitably reminded that in its ranks are not all who deserve well of the country. Better and braver men died on the battle-field and in hospital than the average of those who parade, run for office, make partisan speeches, solicit subscription for books, and hum for whisky; as good men as they survived the shock of war, returned to their occupations on farms, in shops, reëngaging in the industries which occupied them before the war; these men are conspicuous for their modesty, and are not as much given to office-seeking, oratory, banquets, and public parades as those who have been loudest and most offensive in endeavoring to make the Grand Army a partisan attachment to the Republican party. Brave men are modest, and are not forever boasting of their prowess, or reminding those who did not serve in the army of their achievements, or contrasting their heroism with the less conspicuous, but not less meritorious, service of other men. The country is not unmindful of the service of its soldiers in the civil war, and could, it segregate the brave and modest, the men who looked across rifle-sights into the ranks of armed soldiers with rifles in rest for their destruction, from the vulgar boasters, there is no wealth of grateful emotion it would not pour out, no evidence of gratitude it would withhold, no monuments of granite, bronze, or marble it would not rear, no pensions it would not pay, no offices it would not give, no honors it would not accord. But when the Grand Army allows its members, or any part of them, to insult the President of the Republic, or threaten to insult him, or to withhold any show of respect that is due his great office, then there will be found men who will not hesitate to remind this organization that in its ranks are undeserving men who, in the war, did not earn the compensation they received, and since the war have not deserved the good opinion of those who love their country. The officers who stayed through the civil war did not all earn distinction, and the men of the ranks who brought away an honorable discharge did not all serve the country in posts of imminent danger, and some of those who did, have not that intelligence and high integrity that entitle them to outrank everybody in their claims for official recognition. In a word, an intelligent and grateful public has the right to discriminate between members of the Grand Army, as between other citizens, in estimating their private worth and personal character. What we mean to say is, that the members of this organization must not presume too much upon the service they have rendered the country to believe they will not be held accountable for conduct unbecoming soldiers and gentlemen. The criticism of President Cleveland over the flag order, the intimations of what would be done in event of his visiting St. Louis, and the recent display of partisan malignity at Wheeling, in Virginia, or any other insult directed to the Presidential office, will not advance the members of the Grand Army of the Republic in the estimation of honorable men.

For some weeks past King William III., of the Netherlands, has been reported ailing, and as a consequence our press correspondents, whenever they have run short of spicy European news, have been indulging their genius by speculating upon what will happen when this old potentate exchanges the mundane for the celestial crown. While the sovereign in question is not so very old, comparatively speaking—born in 1817, he has little more than turned seventy—his case presents an anomaly, taken in connection with the political status of the country over which he rules, which makes the subject interesting. There are three questions involved in the demise of this monarch: first, whether the monarchical system of government will continue in the Netherlands, and, if so, under what auspices; secondly, whether it will give place to a republic; and thirdly, whether advantage will be taken of the unsettled state of affairs by Bismarck, and the issue result in the absorption of Holland by Prussia, under an enforced enrolment into the German Empire. As regards the first question, an affirmative answer thereto implies an extended regency, with many conflicting interests in the appointment of a regent. Holland is peculiarly unlucky at this moment in the matter of princely succession, and the moment promises to be a peculiarly trying one in a political point of view. King William has had three sons, born in 1840, 1851, and 1854 respectively, but none of them has survived, the last Prince of Orange having died some years ago; but as he bore during his earthly sojourn the somewhat suggestive sobriquet of "Lemons" among the set with which he associated in Paris, his survival might not have been considered by his prospective subjects in the light of an unmixing good. And though the old king seems to have provided for contingencies by a second marriage, in 1879, to his present queen, a princess of Waldeck, the children are girls, the eldest of whom is a child of seven. In the event, therefore, of a change of rulers the royal prerogative would probably devolve upon the queen as regent, till one of the princesses attained marriageable years, when it would be shared by one of the innumerable horde of German princelings, who seem to be raised up by an inscrutable providence for the special purpose of perpetuating dynasties that seem

liable to peter out. There would, it is true, be the alternative of the declaration of a republic, upon lines similar, perhaps, to those laid down by the great Prince of Orange, the founder of the independence of the Netherlands, rather more than three hundred years ago. It must be remembered, in considering this contingency, that the political movements of 1848 were felt with much force in the Netherlands, and that a crisis was only averted by timely concessions and changes in the constitution on the part of the father of the present monarch. The nearly forty years' reign of the present king, however, has been distinguished by such wise public policy as to leave little to be desired in the way of improvement in government. The kingdom has enjoyed uninterrupted peace, its material prosperity has been augmented, while the public debt has been diminished. Railways and waterways have been extensively constructed; the Haarlem Lake has been drained; colonial slaves have been emancipated. As the whole legislative authority is vested in the two chambers of the states-general, and, as the king, though possessing full veto power, seldom or never exercises it, and as his official patronage, though including the governors of provinces, and the burgomaster of every city, town, and village, besides a host of other officials, does not compare unfavorably with that of the chief executive of many republics, the public gain from a change of government would be more nominal than real. Of much greater moment is the question of absorption of this little kingdom by the German Empire. There is doubtless something peculiarly seductive in figuring in advance upon the supposed designs of the German Chancellor, and in airing one's ability to penetrate the plans of that Sphinx-like statesman with regard to the map of Europe, but it is altogether likely that he is credited with intentions which never entered his head in the matter of alien territory. Although the population of Holland is little in excess of four millions, it should be remembered that its nationality is as distinct as that of Denmark, or Switzerland, or Portugal, or Greece, and more so than that of the Danubian principalities, whose autonomy is of comparatively recent origin, and yet is by the great powers, as events show, jealously watched. It would be incredible that the land which produced Koster, according to his countrymen the inventor of printing; Leeuwenhoek, who invented the microscope; Huyghens, who constructed the first pendulum clock; discovered the rings of Saturn, and applied micrometry to sidereal measurements; Erasmus, Scaliger, Grotius, Boerhave, Ruhen, and Vandyke—names preëminently distinguished in literature, philosophy, and art; a land which was one of the earliest pioneers of adventurous navigation, whose flag floats over a colonial population of twenty-five millions in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Spice Islands of the East; Surinam, Ceylon, and its dependencies in the West Indies, with factories on the coast of Guinea; it is scarcely credible, we repeat, that a people of such close-knit individuality, wealth, and strength would either permit itself, or be permitted by others, to lose its independence or sink its individuality in that of a people with whom it is no more homogeneous than are the Danes or the Swiss. The day for the wholesale appropriation of territory without protest or redress has gone by, or exists only in the fertile brains of speculative writers. Most fanciful of all is the motive with which Bismarck is credited, namely, the throwing open of the Dutch dependencies to German colonization; for even if Holland entered the German confederation it would enter it, like the other members of the Bund, as a sovereign state, and as such would preserve all its individual rights of sovereignty and property intact.

There is evidently more trouble hatching for Bulgaria, and it looks very much as if the little kingdom which was manufactured to order, a few years ago, to act as a huffer or cushion between Russ and Turk, and whose autonomy was guaranteed by the signatories of the Berlin treaty, is going to be made the recipient of those unenviable courtesies which always fall to the lot of the middle man in a fight. Russia is reported as having proposed to send one of her generals to act as provisional governor of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia—the inhabitants of which latter province by the way, are Bulgarians also, though the government is administered by officials appointed by the Porte—until the new Sobranje legally elects a prince. It is further stated that the Sultan has guaranteed that Turkey will assist General Einroth, the commissioner specified, to carry out his mission, and will supply him with a Turkish army if necessary. While the spectacle of a Turkish army officered by Russians, and co-operating with them, would be novel and edifying in the extreme, it savors too much of the lion lying down with the lamb to impress the ordinary mind with the likelihood of its ever taking shape, save in the fervid imagination of the Russian journalist who is responsible for the story. It is not that either Russian or Turk would feel any scruples about reducing to its former subjection the spirited little nation that is now struggling hard for the independence which it sees enjoyed by its adjacent and sister kingdoms of Roumania and Servia, but that the Porte can not fail to see that the upshot of such an arrangement would simply be the Russianizing of a large tract of country south of the Danube, and be in

effect picking the chestnuts out of the fire for Russia. As for the Bulgarians themselves, the people most concerned in the matter, they are strongly opposed to another domiciliary visit of Russian officers. All they want is to be left alone, and to exercise the right of electing their own head of government, and, as kings are the fashion, they are quite content with the one lately chosen in the person of Prince Ferdinand. It looks, however, as though his ambition to rise in the social scale is leading this new selection into the same political maelstrom that swamped his predecessor Henry of Battenberg. The fact is that Russia wants no more German princes upon the Danube, and even the King of Roumania would probably have been ousted before this upon some pretext or other, did he not belong to the house of Hohenzollern. France is with Russia in its distaste for German supremacy. As for Germany, it is not probable that Bismarck will trouble himself much, one way or the other, about a personage who is non-influential, Austria and Catholic. England's interest in the matter is confined to obstructing Russia, and it matters not to her what executive sits in Bulgaria, so it is not Russian. None of the signatory powers, therefore, will care to embroil themselves with Russia, or to challenge her interpretation of that clause of the Berlin treaty relating to the election of a Bulgarian ruler, for the sake of a nonentity like Prince Ferdinand.

Miss Kate Field returns from Alaska pregnant with important observation of that interesting country, overflowed with the milk of good advice to the government, and full sympathy for the want of educational advantages for the Chilcats and Haidahs. We are fearful Miss Kate Field will be delivered of a hook, for nearly every woman of discreet age who visits this interesting land of glaciers and inland navigation seems impelled to inflict her impressions of a month upon a patient and long-suffering public by the manufacture of a book. Sometimes we feel very sorry that the art of printing was ever invented; we grow weary of hooks; this art preservative of old chestnuts tires us to an exceeding tiredness. No man has money enough to purchase all the books that are printed, no one has time enough to read them, or shelf-room in his library enough to hold them, nor brain-power to resist tendency to softening if he attempts to wade through their reviews. We continually suffer the mortification of being compelled to admit that we have not read the last novel, the last work of science, the last narrative of travel, the last something that somebody has written and somebody has published. We are scorned and apitied for our ignorance, and it makes us feel too utterly inconsequential to be comfortable when we are cross-examined as to our achievements in modern literature. Oh! but we have suffered when interrogated as to whether we have seen the wonderful article in the last *Blank Review*. We were persecuted into reading that marvellously trashy novel named "King Solomon's Mines," and we are glad we did, for we have thereby escaped all the other rot that Haggard has inflicted upon the world. It is a pleasure if some brain-gentleman of leisure will, when he accidentally discovers a book or review some really original and clever work, some new, bright thought, some clean-cut Saxon phrase of expression, bring it as grist to the weary worker at the mill where it may be ground over and polished up, and made to do service in some new shape. It seems to us there might be a new field of intellectual industry thrown open to culture. A class of readers who, devoting themselves to the labor of gleaning through the book-field, should distribute to the clientele such marked page or passage as would interest them. The reviewer undertakes to do this work and overdoes it, for it has become a labor to read the reviews. The library of the future is one of encyclopedias, and he is a valuable man who may know where to look for what he wants in the vast treasure-house of encyclopedic information. The useful man of the future is the man of one idea—the craftsman who concentrates his labor in the working out of one train of thought. But the insufferable hindrance to all real knowledge, all genuine information, is the garrulous, empty-headed professional bookmaker who is inundating the world with an inky deluge.

Spain is preparing to wake up from her lethargy and inaugurate a festival other than a bull-fight. The four-hundred anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Columbus with Spanish vessels, is approaching, and Spain, as is right and proper, proposes to celebrate the event in an impressive fashion, and will invite all nations who people the territories discovered by Columbus to take part in the celebration. She is also desirous to take part in such celebrations as might be undertaken upon this continent commemorative of the great event. While freely conceding to Spain the glory having been the first civilized European nation to touch the shores, the term "discovery" seems inapplicable to the case, and the claim itself is of a piece with the sublime egotism begotten and fostered by the Church of Rome in the middle ages—an egotism which held this earth to be the centre of the universe, and a small portion of the Continent of Europe to be the true and only centre of civilization. The world, however, is beginning to exhibit a critical and iconoclast

pirit, and to be a stickler for historical accuracy, and may be confidently predicted that the year 1892 will not pass without a pretty thorough ventilation of the facts pertaining to the discovery of the eastern shores of this continent by the Norsemen, almost before Spain was a Christian kingdom. And why, in common fairness, should not the honors of discovery attach in some measure to those races which peopled Mexico and Peru, whose so-called barbarism put to shame, in many respects, the civilization of their invaders, and whose skill in masonry and some of the arts and industries compared favorably with the Europe of the day? While Europe plumes itself on the discovery of America, it should not forget that the said discovery was the most humiliating acknowledgment of its own historical and geographical ignorance, as also of its inferiority in prospecting skill to the races that got to this continent before it.

The land boom is like the milk sickness in Illinois, or ever and ague, or mosquitos—it is always just beyond. It has not reached San Francisco. On Wednesday, there were enough of land transactions—i. e., land sales recorded—to amount to fifteen thousand dollars. Yet the principle real-estate dealers had filled the newspapers with luring announcements of bargains in land. One firm had the folly to parade itself with a band of music, booming a Contra Costa sale, that proved an utter failure. Nine-tenths of the asserted sales are pure fiction; nine-tenths of the land talk is bosh; nine-tenths of the bonding business is simply the chipping-in of some small gambler, who is endeavoring to make his mouth out of the work of a pocket that is empty and a brain that is devoid of resources. There is only one rule that can control legitimate land sales: The demand must be based on the fact that the purchaser wants the property for use, or desires to hold it for legitimate advance, and the seller does not need for use, and can make better use of his money. Of all commodities, land ought to be the most stately, and transactions in it the most sober. Whenever the community goes crazy and loses its head dealing in lands at speculative values, blunders, and just to the extent of that blunder, suffers. We are very glad that the land and lot craze has not yet reached this city, and we hope it may not. Some of our real-estate dealers and auctioneers are endeavoring to arouse a gambling excitement, that they may profit by fleecing the community. Their names may be found in connection with absurd and costly advertisements in all of our daily papers.

One of the most serious attacks which the government of England is making upon Ireland is in the establishment and endowment of public and private schools; schools in which tuition and books are practically free. In a population of about five millions, there are enrolled the names of five million children, with an average attendance of from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. In addition to these public schools, are institutions of higher grades with training, normal schools. The curriculum is fully up to, if not in advance of, the standard of the United States. Every child in Ireland is being educated and taught to read. Now, we have to Ireland a government ruled by the firm band of authority under the Crimes Act, suppress the Land League, crush out the political agitators, and continue this for one generation, and more will have been accomplished for the form of the Irish people, and their emancipation from gotry, superstition, ignorance, dirt, and gin, than has been one for thirty generations in the past, or can be accomplished for an hundred generations of a future controlled by the Church of Rome.

The occasion of dedicating the Cogswell Technic School, founded by Doctor and Mrs. Cogswell, by the splendid gift of a million of dollars, was barely noticed by our daily press. We repair this omission by printing the address of Dr. Stuart Taylor. It is scholarly, truthful, and eloquent. The act of Doctor Cogswell is a generous one, and the institution ought to become one of our greatest and most beneficent charities. It ought to live and expand and grow in usefulness. Every boy and girl educated by it ought, like an acorn dropped from the broad-limbed oak, to become the germ of another acorn-bearing oak. Such gifts make men immortal; such institutions guard the State against ecclesiastical encroachment, anchor it against shipwreck, and preserve it from decay. Colonel Taylor said:

MR. MAYOR, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: When his eagles were quering and unconquered, before they folded their wings at Waterloo, the warrior king of France said, vainly: "We shall not pass by from earth without leaving traces to carry our memory to posterity." Did he mean traces of the slaughter he had made? What an ambition!

Sir, I hold in my hand two little pieces of paper, on the first of which can be read: "All benefactors of mankind are my brethren"; the second, "I honor meritorious deeds of philanthropy, heroism, fidelity. I encourage temperance, art, science, and mechanics." This loved land of ours, we worship no ensigns-armorial, no crests, coats-of-arms which come from grants of kings or princes; but we bow heads in reverence to those true benefactors of their race, who, aided by God-like charity, have adopted such mottoes, and go straight on their life acting grandly up to their ennobling sentiments. There stands at this moment, within sound of my voice, a man and woman whose claims to fame rest not in the fact that they are of noble lineage, but in their princely love of doing good; and their acts, in conformity to these adopted mottoes, will link their names eternally in the illumined history of this State with American benevolence, American gratitude, and, if to do good be great, with American greatness. To you and to me, these mottoes have loftier, more elo-

quent significance than all the blazonry of the "Herald's College." They are the American ensigns-armorial of two silent worshippers in this, their own temple, to be built by their hands—Doctor Henry D. Cogswell and his wife, whose love of philanthropy, whose desire to build up, not to tear down, whose design to benefit the poor, whose sympathy with the noblest aims of struggling manhood and womanhood, have summoned us here to-day. We come to celebrate no hard-fought contest now, no smiling city sacked, no land made desolate, no hostile race subdued; we come to celebrate, at their request, a glad-some victory of peace.

We come to celebrate the founding of a college for free instruction in the mechanic arts and industries, a school of practical education for those not rich, where labor will link hands with intelligence and brains, and together go out upon the roadway of life to win new victories in the field of honest toil. We come, at the call of Christian charity, to give gratitude and congratulations for an act which makes the blood course quicker through the veins of all who wish success to the American artisan and American labor.

Hail, and all hail, to these noble benefactors of their race. Their earnestness in life has been the passport to their satisfaction in life.

Wealth is given to our rich men as an authority for good or for evil, just as completely as kingly power was ever given to prince, or military command conferred on captain. And, according to the quantity of it they have in their hands, they are, in a measure, the arbiters of the work and will of America. The school-room has been the salvation of the institutions of the American republic. And to what nobler, grander use could this donated wealth—over one million of dollars—be allotted by Doctor Cogswell, than the founding and guardianship of such an institution as this? It will be open to all. It will even be free to all who can not pay, free to the penniless and plucky, who know they have to go out and fight the battle of life single-handed and alone.

The mechanic arts are those in which the hands and body are more concerned than the mind. This will be their temple. But the mind too, will be enriched by English studies of a practical nature. Sir, I am an enthusiast upon education. Knowledge is a jewel more precious than diamonds, and the only one which does not decay; though worn with years, yet it waxeth young. And when all things are cut away by the sickle of time, knowledge flourishes so high that even time can not reach it. And yet, I think there is such a thing as over-education, especially for those who have no prospects in life, except the support gained by sweat of the brow. Then, what a glorious thing this Polytechnical school will be, where there can be no such thing as over-education. Let us picture the youth of fourteen years who knocks here for admission: He has attended a course of elementary instruction in the public schools; he is told he has his living to make; he can not eat the bread of idleness, nor enter upon a professional career. There are too many lawyers and doctors already. He must work; he enters through these doors with smiling face, and heart of pluck; he mounts the stairway to that part dedicated to English studies, and in which, also, are the chemical and physical laboratories; he applies himself to these, day by day, and at appointed hours, and in the second story, in connection with these, he learns the carpenter's secrets; he becomes an adept in working in wood, in the use of the saw, and in all that is necessary to fashion furniture, and those wares so useful to man. Gaining strength as he works, he solves the mysteries of this department, and then he hies him down to the first floor to become a worker in iron. He is fascinated with the forges and their ruddy glare. Here, while his brain is still kept busy with his English studies, he increases his muscle and becomes skillful in filing, in turning, in forging, in molding. And when his four years of apprenticeship are served, with cheerful mind and heart of hope, he puts his skilled fingers to work to fashion the duplicates of every tool he used. This successfully done, he presents them to the examining board as his passport to an active life beyond and outside these walls. He graduates, with these as his certificate of merit; and lo! and behold, your callow youth of fourteen is now transformed into a splendid, sturdy, thoughtful, brainy young fellow of eighteen or nineteen, having confidence in himself, and who will march out into the highways and byways of life, ready to grapple with the great problem of labor and American citizenship, and let us hope, to follow a career of stainless manhood.

And as with the young man, so with the young woman. She comes as a girl in her freshness and beauty—for to me all women are beautiful—to pursue her studies in the trades applicable to women. And fully equipped at the end of her course, she too, goes out into the world, prepared to contribute her share to the ranks of struggling, noble, and progressive womanhood! Oh! they are glorious, these advantages, and I would I were a boy again to pursue them!

And what blessings these boys and girls will heap on the heads of their benefactors! I peer into the future, and it seems to me I can hear the grand choral shout of hundreds and thousands who will graduate here, appropriately linking the names of their benefactors with those grand words of Tennyson:

"How'er it be, it seems to me
"Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

There are one or two suggestions I beg to be allowed to offer most modestly, to the founders and trustees of this school. Let them see that the young people are taught their duties to the State and the community in which they live. In which one of our public schools is public spirit inculcated? In which one is the boy taught his obligations to the State? At a time when so many of our eminently respectable rich men are shirking their duty at the ballot-box, and are trying to be excused from jury-duty, and are too supine to perform any municipal obligation, but active enough to avoid the payment of taxes, until the result of their own indifference thunders at their doors with the voice of Anarchy, would it not be a good idea to teach the boys who will come here the wholesome lessons our forefathers taught, that the safety and perpetuity of society are best secured when every man does his duty to the state? Open a class for instruction in the duties of citizenship. Let the boys who will come hither be taught the necessity of honor and morality in public station. Let them become familiar above all things with the constitution of our country; your country and my country, God bless it! Let Washington's farewell address be read periodically, and its words of wisdom enforced. Let them be taught the relations between the governing and the governed, the meaning of civilization, its advantages and its dangers, the relations between labor and capital, and the honorableness of every man who is worthily filling his appointed place in society, no matter how humble. Let them be taught the dignity of labor.

There is only one other suggestion I venture to make, and I have done. I make it not flatteringly, with excuses on my lips; I make it boldly and conscientiously; I make it as one who is not ashamed of the principles taught him in boyhood, and who believes that public virtue, morality, and religion are as necessary to the success of a republican form of government, as is the air we breathe conducive in its freshness to a sound body. Let certain portions of the Bible be sometimes read, and its moral lessons enlarged upon. Sir, I believe we forgot American traditions when we hid the Bible almost entirely from the public schools. From the widowed queen to the widowed peasant, from the prince to the plow-boy, from the president to the pauper—the vast superiority of those nations who have achieved triumphs in civilization is attributable, in my mind, to their knowledge of the Bible, its lessons in morality and virtue. Why, even to look at it in the light of a classic, it should be given a high place in the schools. You tell me the constitution says nothing about the Bible! Very true. But does the constitution say anything about grammar and logic? And yet it is addressed to the reasoning faculties. It says nothing of geography, and yet it implies that America has a local habitation and a name. It is so in all creation. What is wrought need not be labeled. You do not put God's name upon the rocks with a hush! There is no need of a trade-mark upon the multitudinous seas, much less of any speech or language to help the glittering stars proclaim the glory and majesty of their Creator!

Yes, let the Ten Commandments be taught daily to these young people. Let them be taught what public and personal honor is. We may trace in the events of history that the culture and expansion of man's moral nature was the main purpose of society, higher even than the grandeur of the State. This living truth, in its sound or perverted nature, sustained the spirit of the first martyr. It upheld the tyranny of the Inquisition; it inspired the protest of the Reformation; it drove the Huguenot from France; it led the Puritan to New England; it

beats with heavy wave against the barrier, and when the winds of agitation breathe loudest, it chills with its spray and threatens with its surge the domain of the State!

Sirs, I hope the time will never come when God will be driven from this school-house. I am not a religious man, but I do not think that any nation which permits its youth to be entirely divorced from Bible teachings in their course of instruction, can ever attain that grandeur of stature contemplated by the founders of the republic.

Those illustrious Americans foresaw the danger to American institutions if the general principles of Christianity were overlooked in the formation of youthful minds. You can not establish habits of virtue and industry as successfully without as with the sublime truths of religion. It made our forefathers respected; it can never cause detriment to their children.

Mr. Mayor, I have done. It is right that pardon should be asked for occupying so much time. I have tried to speak earnestly. I hope my words have been allied with truth. The sunrise of this movement promises success; may its noonday be clothed in unsullied and perfect splendor; may it know not a sunset.

And if it be permitted for those who die to know what passes on earth, let us hope that this man and this woman, who have wrought the good work, when the evening of their lives shall come, and its gate like a golden and purple sunset closes on them forever, will look down from that bar which separates mortality from immortality, and, even amid the celestial harmonies, be made happier and more joyful by watching the fruits of their labors and all the benefits they have conferred upon thousands of their countrymen!

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Spinster Controverts Blakely Hall.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I was much amused at Blakely Hall's article in the *Argonaut* yesterday, on "Woman's Chief Charm." He evidently thinks he knows all about it, but he has much to learn. He is evidently a mere infant in the ways of the world—that is to say, a woman's world. He says, "Who ever saw an old maid who was high-bred, dashing, and direct? She may be sweet and amiable, but she lacks the peculiar charm of graciousness and insistence, else she could never be an old maid. Mankind would so forbid it." Now, I am an old maid—a Massachusetts old maid—and I came from Boston, the home of the typical American old maid, and I know dozens of high-bred, dashing, and direct old maids who would convince Mr. Blakely Hall in just about ten minutes that he doesn't know what he is talking about. A woman's manner in public is vastly different from a woman's manner in private—everybody knows that—and our friend seems to have formed his opinion about "Woman's Chief Charm" from actresses. Why, I have known women so amiable in public that one could almost preserve peaches with their sweetness, who would beam graciously upon any awkward young man who might tread upon their flounces, or spill a glass of wine over their best gowns, who would smile at any little annoyance, and make everybody think how perfectly sweet and lovely they were—and those very same women would go home and scold their servants furiously for some trifling offense, frown upon their husbands in the most discouraging way, and find fault with the children on the smallest provocation. No doubt their public "graciousness" and "taking manners" would make Mr. Blakely Hall fall down and worship them for charming women, but those who know such as they behind the scenes, think differently. Everybody knows about Katherine and Petrichio, and everybody knows what a sweet and gentle creature Bianca was—yet it was Bianca who failed and failed with her husband for sending for her when she didn't feel disposed to come—and it was Katherine who made the submissive and obedient wife. Women like Katherine are worth a thousand times as much as the milk-and-water Bianca; they wear better, are more companionable, and when one penetrates the thorny outside of their natures one finds them sweet and agreeable like a chestnut inside its prickly rind. Now any young girl who would thank a stranger for giving up a seat to her in a public vehicle in the streets, or Mr. Blakely Hall's young girl, would be considered in these matter-of-fact days, a prig; and any child of fourteen years who would beam upon and make eyes at a stranger, while traveling, ought to be taken in hand by a judicious parent. Take the Blanche Roosevelt case. I'll wager you anything it was done for advertising purposes—the ways of women are past finding out. And the Ellen Terry incident. Now, anybody who knows Ellen Terry at all, knows that she is exceedingly nervous and fretful, and at times, very trying to her friends. She puts her "fetching quality," and a "wonderful manner" on in public because it is far more "taking" than anything else, and pleases people better. If Mr. Blakely Hall's sister, or cousin, or aunt, or wife should "double herself up on a big coil of rope" and sit on both her feet and converse with a lot of men, no doubt she would be taken severely to task when she got home, for her unladylike behavior. I have always noticed that the actions of a man's own special female relative, compare favorably with those of some of his friends. Mr. Blakely Hall winds up his article by saying that "The girl with the taking manners wins, from one end of the world to the other." Of course she does, and she puts on her taking manner, and goes forth to conquest with precisely that object in view. All girls have not the knack of making themselves "taking," and precious few men have discernment enough to discover beneath a modest girl's reserve and seeming coldness, the true woman beneath. I know many women who sparkle brilliantly in their own homes, but throw about them in public a mantle of reserve which fails to attract, and I know many more who save all their highness for the public gaze alone. No! Mr. Blakely Hall should know both sides of the shield before forming an opinion, and understand that a woman at home and a woman abroad are entirely different beings. It is very easy to be pleasant and nice in public, but it is the woman who is kindly and gentle at home who deserves the credit. Let Mr. Blakely Hall look about among his own female friends and relatives, and take notes, and not form his opinion from actresses who assume their fetching manners and taking ways, as they do their stage dresses—to fit the part they play.

SAN MATEO, August 28th.

A St. Paul professional man has struck a novel scheme for getting around reporters when he has important news that he doesn't want to give up. One night last winter a reporter on a morning newspaper was sent to his house on St. Anthony Hill to get some important railroad news. The gentleman, who had been in bed some time, finally responded to the vigorous ringing of the bell, and came down stairs shivering in his night-dress. The reporter was admitted, and stated his business. The gentleman did not want to give up the news, but was too polite or too politic to offend the reporter by a direct snub. So he invited him into the dining-room, and, producing a bottle of very old peach-brandy and a jar of honey, began talking about something else. The reporter was cold, and the brandy and honey tasted mighty good, and anybody who knows what old peach-brandy is, can imagine the result. An hour later the reporter was kindly steered to the door and gently bearded toward the office, but he didn't show up for two days, and even now he doesn't remember what he was sent out for.

Mr. Alfred Carpenter, of the Marine Survey office, Bombay, has observed Macacus monkeys on the island off South Burmah opening oysters with a stone. They bring the stones from high-water mark down to low-water, selecting such stones as they can easily grasp. They effect the opening by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. They then extract the oyster with the finger and thumb, occasionally putting the mouth straight to the broken shell. The way they have chosen is the easiest way to open the shell.

The steamers of the new American "Arrow Line" are to be constructed upon a new principle, and with a view to an estimated speed sufficient to make the voyage between New York and Liverpool in a little more than four days. The *Pocahontas* will be five hundred and forty feet long, will be provided with one thousand and sixty water-tight compartments, five hundred of which are to be below the water-line, and will have twenty boilers with engines of 27,986 horsepower, and capable of giving a speed of twenty-two knots an hour.

A WEDDING AT PUERTA DA LUNA.

By Forbes Heermans.

The sun shone down upon Puerta da Luna with a yellow glare that was blinding in its intensity. The red dust, through which an occasional horse or mule kicked a cloudy way, rose sluggishly from the earth, then slowly settled back, hot and scorching, upon the traveler. The air was baking, and it quivered and shrivelled in a way that made one fairly gasp.

Down below the town flowed Rio Pecos—lazy and dirty—its alkaline waters seeming, in the fiery sunlight, to boil, as they flowed with languid difficulty around the sand-bars that blocked them in. The plaza of the town—for every Mexican town is built upon a plaza—was a grand affair, heighounded on one side by the town itself, and on the other three by the horizon. The founder of Puerta da Luna was a man of large ideas, and he intended that the town should have room to grow. It certainly had all the advantages in this respect that ever a town had, for there was nothing for hundreds of miles to stop its extending in three directions. Yet there it stood, at the advanced age of one hundred and fifty years, a sad monument of neglected opportunities. It is doubtful if it had increased in size by a single house in the last century. Indolence was the only industry there; a liking for work would have made a man's sanity questionable. The white men, who from time to time had gone to Puerta da Luna, at first carried with them a breezy air of bustle and enterprise, and each avowed his intention of "waking things up, sir!" But their energy and ambition were soon burnt out of them by the hot suos of the desert, and the sleepy influences of the place overcame them.

Close by the town rises the bluff of a mesa, and from there we can look down upon Puerta da Luna actually, as we do figuratively at all times. Below us, on our left, we see the cacti and ocotillas crisping in the heat, and the white face of the land glowing in the fierce noon sun. We see the red clay roofs of the town itself, and our eyes are caught by its one frame building, the Dew Drop Palace of Pleasure, that lifts its warped and splintered walls to the extraordinary height of two stories. Near at hand is the little adobe church, older than the town itself, that holds within its walls that precious relic, the holy image of Santa Blasa, to whose shrine often come barren women, who, kneeling and praying, return thence to their homes, and are made happy within the year.

Beyond the town we see the river again, and the quivering heat that rises from its sand-bars is as visible as a fog. Everything else is yellow or red, and the baking earth is quite unmasked by the green of vegetation, save for the cactus or sage, things that are but the mockery of living, growing plants. One can almost believe he has left the abode of earthly dwellers and has been transported to another planet, because of the strangeness of everything about him. Or else he can fancy, on some cruel hot day, that he is seeing the death of the earth. The wither and blight of the desert, the decay of old age, are everywhere. Even the children seem to be centuries old, their parched, sun-burnt little bodies making them look like animated mummies.

During the day one seldom sees a moving thing exposed in the heat. But as the light wanes and the sun drops behind the mesas in the west, the town slowly awakens. The air is still hot, but not with the dry and scorching heat of noon-time; the sands still glow with the stored-up caloric, accumulated during the day, but the night-wind that follows the sun reaches the town as the daylight fades, and then of a sudden it is cool. Slowly the people rouse themselves from their lethargy. The doorsteps and narrow piazzas that abut upon the plaza become populous with life, and the sounds of guitars and castanets are heard, playing an accompaniment to some melodious soprano, singing a long-remembered song of Castile or Andalusia; a song brought here, may be, by some singer in Cortes's band, three hundred and fifty years ago.

A curious state of affair exists in Puerta da Luna, as in many other New Mexican towns. There are two races there, the Mexican or Hispano-American, and the White or American, as they are called, and these two races do not commingle readily. It being a frontier town, many of the riff-raff of the country have drifted there, and have earned by their lawlessness a bad name for the place. Not even the exhausting, enervating climate has entirely subdued the vitality of this element, and it now and then breaks out in some mad feat of blood.

Twenty years ago old "Guv'nor" Walker came to Puerta da Luna, determined to make a success of his life. At that time he possessed brains, pluck, and a little money, which he had saved from the wreck the war had made of his fortune, for the "Guv'nor" had been on the side of the South. And what had he actually done for himself? Nothing! The fatal influences of the place had grown about him and he was ambitionless. Yet in spite of his loss of energy, the old man still carried himself with courtly dignity. Twenty years in Puerta da Luna had not entirely worn away the polish of his Kentucky breeding. The governor was tall in figure and stately in manner yet, and though he dressed shabbily, you would never think it was less than broadcloth and linen he wore. He was fond of reminiscence also, and wielded much influence in the hamlet. The governor was looked up to by all, and where fair dealing and honest arbitration were desired he was appealed to, though it was seldom that any other arbitrator than the six-shooter was needed.

The Dew Drop was his property, as was also the adjoining small store, where might be purchased many things, such as tobacco, calico, bacoo, flour, cheap saddles, and baking-powder. Nothing ever gave the governor more pleasure than to collect about him in the Dew Drop half a dozen companions who would listen to his stories of by-gone days. It used to be whispered in Puerta da Luna that during the war the governor had been guilty of some tremendous, unmentionable act of treason against the United States, and that he was waiting for it to blow over before returning to Kentucky. One would think that in twenty years it had had time to be forgotten, yet still he lingered. "I was thinkin' of going back this summer," he would say, as regu-

larly as the spring came around, "hut I reckon I'll wait now till fall. Don't quite see how I kin leave my bizness."

Seated with his hearers about him, the governor would warm to his work. "Porty de Luny was not what it used to be," he would protest, with a sorrowful shake of the head, as if "Porty de Luoy" had ever been anything different since the Christian era began. "It was gettin' too near the settlers; it wouldn't be long before there'd be a railroad runnin' slap in front of the Dew Drop, and where would old Guv'nor Walker be then? Dead, sah! that's th' idea—dead of a broken heart." Here the old fellow's feelings always mastered him, and he found it necessary to stimulate.

"When I fust come here," he would say, "we used to hev great times. It was at the close of the wah, sah, and there was a lively scatterin' of the hoys for certain reasons. Old Porty was very gay in those days; too gay almost, for we was obliged to get up a little company of vigilantes, in order to sort of steady things. There used to be some tofable quick shootin' for all that. I 'member once a chap named Bill Thomas let off his six-shooter into a crowd and killed three Greasers. We had to tie him up, on account of pop'l'r opinion, though it didn't seem hardly fair, they bein' only Mexikins. You see, Bill was after a feller he had a right to kill on sight, and these Greasers sort o' got plum in line, so, not bein' able to shoot round, he tried goin' through 'em, by the way, as it were, accidentally, and I always said it was a mistake to hang him.

"There is a couple of holes here," he would add, with a small laugh, pointing to the wooden bar, "that has a story. It was before I was proprietor, bein' only tendin' bar, when one day, while the usual game was goin' on, a little feller, Manuel Manzanares, waltzes in and sallies up to the bar an' calls for some whisky. Well, it just filled him up to the edge, and he whipped out his gun an' sayin' he hadn't got any money, covered me an' backed fur the door. I dodged behind the bar, whipped out my pistol, and cal'lated to git pay that way. Well, I caught him, caught him twice in fact, an' could have caught him three times if it had been necessary, but it warn't. An' the cur's thing about it all was that there was two other men hit same time, an' it was claimed I did it, though I only pulled twice an' both those leads was found in Manuel. Well, it became convenient for me to go to Vegas just about then, and I must've stayed away several months. Cur's, ain't it, to think of a man's havin' to leave Porty for such a thing as that? We were mighty strict in those days, sah; most too strict."

But it was with the ladies the governor was most popular. There was always about him an air of respectful homage and attention, no matter who the woman was, that at once won her regard. As he strolled across the plaza he was constantly bowing his salutations to one or another señora, and his sombrero was being beaten isochronally with his stately gestures. There wasn't a house within fifty miles of Puerta da Luna at which the white-haired old "guv'nor" was not welcome, and though the envied of all men for his taking qualities with the fair sex, no one ever questioned his right to their favor.

Great things were to happen in Puerta da Luna this night, when the bright moon, hanging high in the lunar pathway, shone through her "gates" upon the sands of the desert. The moon was half full, and she offered herself as a noble example of temperance and moderation to the roisterers on the earth; an example alas, neither understood nor followed, for Puerta da Luna was undeniably drunk.

The occasion of this unusual hilarity was the celebration of the marriage of Placide Baca y Baca, the eldest son and heir of Don Selso Baca, the wealthiest and best known ranchero in San Miguel County. The title to thousands of acres of dry, red land was vested in Don Selso, it having descended to him from his father, who in turn had received it from his father, and so on back, until you could trace the title straight to the great land-grant, given in the year 1723 to Don Ferdigo Baca by the Spanish king. Besides the land he owned, hundreds of cattle bore Don Selso's brand, and thousands of sheep were watched by his herders. On the banks of the Pecos stood his house, and near it was his orchard and vineyard—a few acres wrested from the drought and made fertile by the alkaline waters of the river, which had been led thither through rude canals. Here grew fine fruit; peaches, pears, apricots, plums; melons too of such tremendous girth that I dare not give their dimensions. In the vineyard grapes could be plucked, the bunches rivaling in size and flavor the celebrated samples brought back by the original investigating committee from the hook of Eshcol. From these grapes wine had been made, and this, the wine of Baca, was expected to add to the innocent hilarity of this joyful occasion.

Placide—son of Don Selso Baca—had that afternoon led to the altar in the little church, the blushing daughter of Don Anton Chico—herself called Maria Dolores. In front of that altar they had knelt and clasped hands, while the swarthy little priest had mumbled and stumbled through his mass, and at length they had walked out, they who entered as two, forever bound together as one. And by this marriage were united the houses of Baca and Chico; the rights and titles to the two estates were joined, and there was great rejoicing.

Invitations had been sent out for miles around, bidding the ranchmen come and be merry, and an hour after sunset the town was alive with swaggering vaqueros, dressed in their best; all wearing broad sombreros, fancifully colored shirts, bright flowing neckties, curious little high-heeled boots, into which were tucked their trousers, and huge, jingling spurs, buckled over their insteps.

The two Dons had waited to celebrate the notable event becomingly. They had secured the large room over the Dew Drop for an "assembly room," and had craftily appointed Governor Walker master of ceremonies. The bar of the Dew Drop was thrown open to all comers, and long before the hour for the ball had arrived, free whisky and the fiery mescal had made themselves felt. Now and then, some intoxicated reveler might be seen in the shimmer of the moonlight on the plaza, arguing with his unstable shadow, and as he swung his arms, to emphasize with gestures his flowery, albeit disjointed sentences, the earth would slip from under him and he would fall limp in the dust. A companion, himself apostrophizing the night, wandering spirally by, and seeing the prostrate form, would pause in pity, when from under him the world would whirl, and he too would repose

in drunken rustiness. Then a merry laugh from some dusky señorita would set vibrating the clear night air, as two roisterers would attempt to rise, then fall, stagger, and fall again, sighing swanlike as they sank to the uostea-ground. Fainter would grow their voices and fainter, diminuendo—last and lost effort, prostrate would they lie drunk—dusty—happy.

The upper room of the Dew Drop was, this night, devoted to Terpsichore, and presented a truly attractive appearance. Around the rough, uocelled interior were hung flags, in ineffectual attempt to conceal the bareness of the walls, wh from the naked rafters overhead were suspended two flim-chandeliers, holding kerosene lamps which shed a smol dingy light about. Through the cracks in the warped a creaking floor came the heat, the smoke, the odors, and t profanity of the bar-room below. The atmosphere in t hall-room was like that of an oven, and the four narrow windows served to ventilate it hut poorly.

In a frontier town like Puerta da Luna, society is not c fined and hedged about as it is where what is called civiliza tion has made more progress. Still it has its limitat even there. Not every one was bidden to the ball that nig and a resolute, active young fellow, with a significant s shooter hanging at his right hip, stood by the door as t guests passed in, and closely scanned each face. Not ev one was admitted, but nearly every one, and by teo o'cle the scene was one of entrancing beauty. It was eloquen described by the governor, as he stood in the doorway, being—"bewitchin'—pon me soul—hic!"

Seated on the benches about the room were the ladies, l comingly dressed in white. They were of various oati ties, from the light-haired, fair-complexioned dame of Sax descent, to the dusky helle, whose shining black hair a dark skin betrayed the mixture of Spanish and Indian blo They were of all ages, for no maiden was without t chaperon. They are very particular about this little poin Puerta da Luna, though the fact that the ball was to be gi over a bar-room was accepted as a matter of course. I sides, where else could it be given?

Lounging about the door, in awkward, uneasy attitud were the men; brave enough, all of them, yet none dan now. Every one felt ill at ease; the ball seemed to be funeral. But on the appearance of the wavering govern a change took place. He wandered across the room, vai endeavoring to follow undeviatingly a crack in the fic through which arose the vapors from beneath. Caution he approached the band—a fiddle, guitar, and accorde Arriving at the side of the fiddler he laid his hand in free and easy manner on his shoulder, and with this s port endeavored to lean over and whisper confidentially his ear. But he miscalculated, either as to the strengt his prop, or his own stability, for he lost his balance, a making a clutch in the air was only saved from disaster the accordeon. Then, realizing that he was not in p condition to deliver the speech with which he had intere to open the ball, with a delicate sense of the fitness things, he removed his sombrero and swinging it about head shouted lustily, "Hurrah!" and the festivities beg With the first note of the music, a cowboy, inspired by wine of Baca, dashed with a wild "Whoop!" toward row of ladies, and seizing one at random, rattled away i mad, jingling waltz. Then others followed, encouraged his example, and in a few minutes the floor was cov with dancing couples. Round and round they went; warped boards creaking, the glass of the lamps rattling, t men whispering soft curses to themselves as they lided with one another. The governor did not dance, stood by the door, leaning heavily against the wall, his s brero tipped over his eyes and a benevolent smile on his as he beat unsteady time to the music with his forefinger.

While the ball was at its height there appeared i low, narrow doorway at the head of the ladder-like st the figure of a stranger. A little old man, bow-legged, v arms of unnatural length, and clad in faded blue-jeans. small face was wizened and parched; no trace of a be was visible on his sunken cheeks, and his small eyes, unpleasantly close together and unframed by eyebro glanced restlessly about. Bob Lynch and Rube Pri were standing near the door as the stranger appeared, a as he hesitated about enterin', Rube, in that easy b camaraderie manner that became his style so well, step up to him and hitting him a substantial blow on the b that seemed to shrivel him up, until, small as he had b before, he appeared even smaller then, said:

"Hello! Major! Glad to see ye. Lookin' fur a chanc joggle yer spurs, hey?"

"No, sir," said the stranger slowly. "I'm lookin' fur little boy. You ain't seen him, now, I reckon?"

"Seen him!" said Rube, winking facetiously to the oth who stood near. "Oh, yes! I've seen him. Little fel pinafore, pink curls, 'bout so high, and answers to the na o' Bub."

"Y-e-s," said the stranger doubtfully, "I guess th him. Where is he? Hev you seen him lately?"

"Well, I should say I hed! He's see—" here Rube sumed an air of deep abstraction, occasionally varied lightning movements of his left eyelid, of so humor a nature as to send every one of the bystanders into ill pressed spasms of laughter.

"Let's see; where was I see Bub last? Jest you v I got a powerful mem'ry fur furgettin' things."

Here Rube pressed the back of his hand against forehead and assumed an air of meditation.

"Where—wuz—it—I see Bub—last? He was a w mannered chap, wasn't he? Had fust-rate compny n'ners—sort o' swallowed the juice when talkin' to ladies, s speak?"

"Yes, yes!" said the old man eagerly; "where did say you seen him?"

"Tryin' to recollect." There wuz a feller like that some trouble up to the X Bar N ranch a year or so ago, never quite recovered from it. Got ketched into a la someways an' it affected his breathin' permaoently. Me a mistake about the brand on some hosses through b short-sighted. At least that's the way it come to me."

"It wasn't Willie, I know," said the old man.

"No, I reckon not, myself. Theo there wuz a feller d to the half-circle-diamond place, down oear the Lake grant, that got into a misundersandin' with the boss,

ed to pull his freight to save his head. Thet couldn't hev een Buh now, I reckon?"

"No," said the old man, "that couldn't've been, Willie. He left home four year ago, an' I ain't heard 'bout him but act, an' then they told me they'd seen him out near orty de Luny, an' so I come lookin' for him. I'm from Lissourah myself."

"Well," said Ruhe, generously, "You keep right on as og as you feel like it. Lord! I guess this is a free coun-y, an' a man can look fur the devil if he wants to."

The others acknowledged the humor of this remark by a ud laugh, and dispersed.

The dancing went merrily on. Too merrily most of the dies soon thought, and in a little while they took their de-ature, escorted to their domiciles by their attendants and apereos. Then, such was the effect of the wine of Baca id the fiery mescal, that the sceoe in the assembly room ecame something indescribable. The slim walls rocked ith the blows of heavy feet that fell upon the flimsy floor; e rafters shook and the lamps burned dim. Up through e splintered boards still came the smoke, the heat, and the lora from the Dew Drop bar beneath. The notes slowly ew fainter below, as one by one the celebrants, overcome y the fiery potions, sank helplessly down to the floor and umbered in their awkward positions. Ooe hy one they ll, until not a soul sat upright to maintain the power of ind over spirits. Most proud would the two dons have en could they then have seen how faithfully their friends re rejoicing with them. Proud also would have been the ung Placide and his blushing Maria Dolores, could they e seen the Dew Drop then.

Up stairs hut four still kept their feet; the rest snored isily. Off in obscure meekness, in one corner, sat the le old man, his small eyes closed to the smoke and adows; for he too slept. Out on the floor were four oted and spurred rancheros, hard-headed and well-bal-aced, who showed but little the worse for their merriment. ey were tripping a jig to a fantastic measure, and the usic was making desperate, though ineffectual, efforts to ep up with them. Away they went, their heels rattling isily and their spurs tinkling merrily. While they were u occupied a second stranger appeared in the doorway. e dancers were too husy to notice him, and so failed to eceive the two pistols he carried, one in each hand. He is apparently not over twenty years old, smooth-faced, ort, and thick-set. He was dressed in the garb of the untry; his light grey eyes glistened in the smoky light, d his thin, compressed lips showed he was what Ruhe led a "nervy little cns." For a moment he surveyed the ene from the door, then advancing toward the centre of e room, and halting before the dancers, said quietly:

"Reckon you'd better throw up your hands, gents."

The dancers stopped instantly; they were soher enough know what the outcome would be if they resisted. Be-les, in compliance with a request of Don Selso's, they had their pistols at the bar, and so were unarmed and help-ss. They quietly held up their hands and stood there in row.

"I'm sorrow to trouble you, gents," continued the onger, apologetically; "specially as we're unacquainted, I hope you won't think me rude. If the fellers down irts had panned out anythin' like, I'd never hev come near ur, fur I know ez well ez any one there's atime fur work an' a e fur play. But I never see such a pauper outfit as ey was; I ain't made enough to huy a drink, an' so, if o'll ex-cuse me, I shall hev to ax you to be so kind."

When the stranger had accepted the various offerings as forced upon him, he found himself in possession of arly two hundred dollars and three gold watches.

"Really gents," he said, with a polite little how, "you're en after my own heart. You are rich, well-mannered, an' en-handed. You'll be pleased to know that this little otrihution of yours will be used to endow an orphan lum—an' the little orphans will pray for you every night, uth will be very gratifyin', I'm sure." The four victims re silent, Ruhe Friday alone showing by a grimace his ation of spirit. "Perhaps, now we've been so intimate d friended, you'd like to know my name," the stranger otioned. "I'm pop'larly known as Billy the Kid. See re!" He raised his right hand and with his pistol uffed out one of the remaining lights. He still kept his tims in control by holding the other pistol in his left od, pointed straight at them.

The old man, who had been dozing in the dark corner all s time, was awakened by the shot, and catchiog sight of e stranger as he stood fronting the four men, ran wildly ard him, shouting: "Willie! Willie!" All were rtled, none more than the rohber, at seeing this strange ure in the obscure light. He hesitated an instant, but th four resolute, angry men behind him he dared not pause, delay might be fatal; besides, in the dim, smoky room, e did not recognize the stranger. With a lightning gesture, e raised his pistol and the old man fell to the floor—dead. ick as a flash—for it was all over in a second—he faced e four again, and covering them with a revolver in each nd, backed to the door, and, howing there said: "Good-ght, gents;" then with a third shot he extinguished the t light, and the room was in darkness. A moment later e sound of galloping hoofs was heard as he rode off.

It took but a little time for the four men to reach the en air in pursuit. As they ran through the bar-room they ched behind the bar and took from the rack, rifles and olvers. In front of the saloon, tied to a low railing, were e thirty horses, all saddled and bridled, and on four of e the men quickly mounted. The moon was still shin-; brightly, and objects on the white sands of the desert re distinguishable at a great distance.

Placidly as ever flowed the Rio Pecos, its gleaming sand-s looking whiter than usual, and down toward the river s visible the figure of the rohber, riding rapidly.

"The cuss has shot his father, the old man, dead, an' got ay with my watch," said Ruhe, as he pressed his horse o a hard gallop; "an' he'll hev to swing fur it, I'm thiokin', there's any justice in Porty de Luny."

"He's makin' fur th' river," said Hank Pennel, who had en watching him closely.

"Well, he'd better look out how he crosses 'long here," id Jim Pardee, the third rider.

"Boggy?"

"Boggy as hell!"

Doggedly the four kept after the one. He had a long start and a better horse, and he gained on them perceptibly. His brain, too, was clearer than theirs, for he had not been drinking. He rode diagonally toward the river, aiming to reach it a mile below the town. Once on its banks, he did not hesitate, but dashed boldly in for the other side. He had gotten about half way across; the water was up to his horse's shoulder, when suddenly the animal stopped, reared slightly, then struggled furiously as it slowly sank, caught in the treacherous quicksands of the river. The instant the rider perceived the plight of his horse, he slipped out of the saddle into the water, and started to wade across, mercifully sending a hullet into the horse's brain before he left its side. The water rose to his breast, but there was no current, and he pushed holdly forward, holding his rifle and pistols above his head. But he too had taken but a few steps when his footing slipped away from him, and he found himself gripped in the sand and slowly sinking. Down, down he went; struggle as hard as he might, it was all the same; he was fast and helpless. He felt the cool water creep on his breast, little by little; now it touched his shoulder—now at his throat—

Just at that moment his four pursuers dashed up, and halted at the edge of the stream. The head of the rohber was plainly visible above the water, upon which the moon-light fell so that its reflections lit up his eyes until they glowed phosphorescently.

"What'll we do now?" said Jim to the others. "I could pitch a rope over him an' snake him out in no time, if you say so. Shall I?"

"It don't seem to me ez if 'twas policy," said Ruhe slowly, "we shall hev to hang him anyhow, an' it'll save trouble in huryn' him, an' make a neater joh all round if we let him slide." Then raising his voice he said: "Say you! we was goin' to hang you when we ketched you, but we've con-cluded to let you off this time. No thanks! you're quite welcome."

The only answer the doomed man made to this was to level the pistol he still held above his head, and fire. The hall whistled close to Ruhe's shoulder.

"As ungrateful a cuss as ever I seen," Ruhe muttered, "hut game."

He was clear game. He never uttered a sound, but silently waited his inevitable death. Little by little he sank; the water rose his mouth, past his nostrils—his eyes; then a few hubbles—

Mechanically and in awed silence, a little overcome by what they had seen, the four men rode back to the town. The dawn was faintly showing in the east, and the moon-light was slowly growing yellow as the day grew near. As they pulled up in front of the Dew Drop and dismounted, Ruhe suddenly slapped his hand on his pocket and ex-claimed:

"Sold, I swear! He's got my watch."

The river still rolls on, silent and yellow; the air above the white sand-bars still quivers in the heat; but there is nothing to mark the grave of the desperado, and his only funeral oration was Ruhe's remorseful reflection.

In the Pitti Palace at Florence is a table which, for origi-nality in the matter of construction, and ghastliness in con-ception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Sagatti, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred hodies were required for the material. The table is round, and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers, and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table-top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upward of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their lustre and seem to follow the ob-server. Sagatti died about fifty years ago. He obtained his hodies from the hospitals, and petrified them by impregna-tion with mineral salts.

Doctor T. Langdon Down, inquiring into the causes of idiocy, has found that intemperance of parents is one of the most considerable factors in producing the affection. His view is confirmed by some French and German investiga-tors, one of whom, Doctor Delasiauve, has said that in the village of Carême, whose riches were in its vineyards, ten years' comparative sobriety, enforced by vine-disease, had a sensible effect in diminishing the cases of idiocy. Nervous constitution and consumption exercise important influence. Of the professions, lawyers furnish the smallest proportion of idiots, while they are credited with the procreation of a relatively very large number of men of eminence. With the clergy, these proportions are more than reversed. The in-fluence of consanguineous marriage, *per se*, is insignificant, if it exists.

The passengers and crew of the steamer *Takasago-maru*, when on her voyage from Yokohama to Kohe, on the morn-ing of Saturday July 2, witnessed a sight often talked about but very rarely seen. It was a great sea-fight between a thrasher (fox-shark) and a whale. An eye witness states that the thrasher first leaped out of the water close under the how of the steamer and, rising fully thirty feet in the air, came down on the back of the whale with a sound that con-vinced one of the terrible force of his blow. Every time the whale appeared near the surface this scene was repeated, and it continued until the combatants were lost sight of fully two miles distant. The scene was most exciting.

One of the queerest facts in natural history has been dis-covered by the Rev. J. J. Lafferty, of Richmond, who gives it to the world in his religious journal as follows: "Wheo a sparrowhawk pounces on a guinea he lets the guinea fly, but the hawk, sitting on the back of the fowl, uses his own tail to guide the guinea. He always steers his victim to his nest in the forest."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

All great men are attentive listeners. Many of them ac-quire the habit by being married.—*Somerville Journal*.

Jones: The *Century* is a mighty fine magazine, eh, Top-per? *Topper* (sadly): Yes; but you should have seen it be-fore the war.—*Life*.

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction; "we never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."—*Washington Hatchet*.

"I saw a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper-table. "What was it?" asked his wife, with deep in-terest. "The title to an ice-house," replied the wretch.—*Life*.

Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucum-ber vine! What progress are you making towards matrimony?" Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."—*New Haven News*.

De Bloy (showing his Chicago cousin around Newport)—"That's the old mill that Longfellow wrote about." *Chicago Cousin*—"Huh! You ought to see Washburn's plant up in Minneapolis!"—*Puck*.

"Come, Bill," said a young man to a comrade, "it is ten o'clock. Let us go. It's time honest folks were at home." "Yes," was the reply, "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."—*New York Ledger*.

Encouragement: *Percy Lovelace* (a suitor)—"Do you think I can ever win Miss Fickle's love?" *Cynical Friend* (a former suitor)—"Never despair, my boy. What man has done, man can do."—*Harper's Bazar*.

In the front parlor, midoight: *He* (weight three hundred, sentimentally)—"What will you call me, darling, when we are married?" *She* (absently looking at clock)—"I don't know. Fatty, I suppose."—*Town Topics*.

"George," she said, tenderly, "do you believe in the old saying, 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well no, not alto-gether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a hoil on the hack of one's neck."—*New York Sun*.

At the club. *Z* has just returned from Europe, and is very blasé. *X*—"Glad to see you back. Did you go to Italy?" *Z*—"Yes." *X*—"Go to Venice?" *Z*—"Yes." *X*—"See the Lion of St. Mark?" *Z*—"Yes. Saw him fed."—*Town Topics*.

Citizen (on Wall Street)—"What is the cause of the sol-enn hush which has suddenly come upon the street? Is somebody dead?" *Broker* (in a whisper)—"Sh! No; Jay Gould is drawing a check for seven million dollars."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Pa," said little Harold to his paternal parent, after that individual had been reading an article on "Superstition" to his family, "Pa, does death always follow the howl of a dog?" "No, darling," replied Backstrutle, "sometimes it s the hootjack."—*Judy*.

Mother (to daughter)—"Why, my dear, you are not going to church without corsets, are you?" *Daughter*—"Yes, mamma. It's an ice-cream festival, you know, and I want to accept all invitations. Mr. Whitechoker says the church is hadly in debt."—*New York Sun*.

Experienced dry goods clerk—"Ladies, have you seen this pattern elsewhere?" *Ladies*—"No, we came to you first of all." *Experienced dry goods clerk*—"Then pardon me if I decline to show it to you, for if you have just begun shop-ping you will not huy here."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mullin—"Oi hev a chinder in me eye, from th' gas-house!" *Mrs. Mullin*—"Sorra, sorra! This is p'fwhat ye'll do. Hould yure nose wid wan hand; tur-m th' lid av yure oye insidy-out wid th' other; kape yure mout' shut, an' shneeze like th' devil!" *Mullin*—"Oi t'ink Oi'll kape the chinder, Rosie!"—*Puck*.

Annette—"I have just been having a delightful stroll with Harold. Can anything be more poetical than a walk in the moonlight?" *Jeanette* (five years older)—"Poetical, no doubt, Annette; but when you have had my experience you will know that a dark corner of the porch is equal to ten moonlit nights."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Mrs. R—"Why, Major Hunt, isn't that Miss Magnus-Lucre?" *Van H*—"That was her name, I believe." *Mrs. R*—"Ah, she's married then; and pray do tell me what nar-row-brained, simpering idiot could have married that young person?" *Van H*—"You refer to the clergyman who per-formed the ceremony, I presume, as I am her husband."—*Judge*.

"That's right, little boy," said a kindly old lady to a lad who was trudging cheerfully along with a slate under his arm. "I like to see little hoys who are studious; and there's a nickel for you. On your way to school?" "No'm," replied the hoy, pocketiog the nickel. "Me fodder keeps a heer saloon, an' the old salue's husted. I'm takin' him a new one."—*New York Sun*.

"Uncle James," said Miss Penelope Waldo, of Boston, who is visiting in the country, "I was out walking this morning, and young Mr. Smith, who was with me, killed a snake. When I asked him what kind of a snake it was, he seemed embarrassed and changed the subject." "The only kind o' snakes we hev about here, Penelope," said her Uncle James, "is garter snakes." Then Miss Waldo realized the innate delicacy of young Mr. Smith, and was deeply grateful to him.—*Puck*.

"I s'pose you'd take a man's last cent for a drink here?" exclaimed a respectfully dressed individual with a red nose, as he walked in and leaned on the bar of a Railroad Place saloon yesterday. "With pleasure," replied the affable at-tendant. The first speaker ordered a drink of brandy, which he quaffed with an appreciative gurgle, followed by a smack of his lips. Reaching down into the corner of his pocket, the customer resurrected a red penny, laid it on the counter, and astonished the har-tender with the two words: "Last one."—*The Saratogian*.

THE DUCHESS'S MARRIAGE.

"Flaneur" gives an Actress's Account of a Woman's Thirst for Love.

A group of more or less noted people sat in various attitudes of ease and repose, around the table of a man who has had many ups and downs in the world, but who is just now floating high on the wave of prosperity. He got bold of a small railroad charter in Florida, took it to England, and managed to quit the project well ahead in funds. It gave him a start in the stock market and he is making a great deal of money. His family lives in admirable fashion on Fifth Avenue, and he is as exemplary and good-natured as most men of the world who are spasmodically rich. I have dined with him at his home and at his house. There is a radical difference between the two. He is the most amusing of fathers at home, and the most delightful of hosts at his house. It is a small house, and he took it, fully furnished, on a foreclosed mortgage. He uses it for dinners, suppers, and card-parties. Rather risky people are there at times, but the host gives them full swing until half-past twelve at night, when a big gong is rung, everybody clears out but the man-cook and the butler, and the host stamps sturdily around the corner to his home.

"Must have an outing," he says, half by way of excuse to his friends, "and I take it here where there are no prying eyes. I'm like the English footman who, after preserving a preternatural and dignified silence all day long, went into the sub-cellar at night and yelled like murder for an hour just to balance up his overwrought system. This is my sub-cellar. I represent large corporate interests down town, but two or three times a week I shriek like a Comanche up here. Thus I preserve the even tenor of my way. We will now do a bottle of Sazerac just to show that there is no well-founded prejudice against brandy among us."

It was Sunday night, and there were eight people around the table. We had sat there three hours after the fruit, the men smoking and the two women—an actress of unquestioned fame and her mother—drinking Russian tea. The man on my left was talking in a confidential way about a politician whom he had created and then dethroned. "He was untrue to his friends," said my neighbor, half savagely, "and we roasted him."

"What surprises me," said the mother of the eminent daughter, "is that a man who has stood so high could fall so low. He is a drunkard, and beneath the notice of people who are even half-way decent. Only yesterday I saw him standing with his hat in his hand holding open the carriage-door of the Duchess of Mull. His linen was frowsy, his hair unkempt, and his whole appearance repulsive."

"Do you know what he did this morning?" asked a quiet old yachtman, who is the confidential friend of every clubman in town.

"Shaved, I hope," said the host.

"He did something more remarkable than that."

"What?"

"He married the Duchess of Mull."

"Impossible!"

"It is true. I stood up with them. The duchess was the happiest woman I ever saw—God bless her stout heart. The maid and I were the only witnesses, and we all cried like school-children. It was before church time in St. Andrews's."

There was a dead silence after the first outburst of absolute amazement as the guests sat bolt upright in their chairs. Everybody was thinking of the beautiful and brilliant duchess and the worthless scamp she had married—a man who had fallen from a position of influence and prominence in state politics to a condition of beggary; who had swindled his best friends, and sold out on every side to the highest bidder. He had but one friend in the world, and that was the doughty old yachtman who was stanch and true to the last. But the beggar had married the woman who had been more widely talked about than any other woman in New York in many a year.

"She's a fool!" said the host sharply, with a tinge of resentment in his voice, "a silly, maudlin, romantic fool. The world was at her feet."

He stopped and snapped match after match in rapid succession, dropping them mechanically into his finger-bowl. No one spoke. They were still thinking of the abrupt climax of the duchess's career. She played the character of Fuchsia Leech, afterward Duchess of Mull, in Ouida's "Moths" once, and the title had clung to her pertinaciously. She came from Boston originally, where she was a belle. She married a very rich mill-owner. There was a great row and divorce. An Englishman of title figured as a co-respondent. So great was the power of the husband's family that the whole matter was hushed up. She went to London. Gossip was set by the ears in a fortnight. The husband made a settlement on her of nearly two hundred thousand dollars and then blew his brains out. She came to New York, after being talked of in London, Paris, Boston, and here, and by the aid of her tact, courage, and indomitable serenity floated into a respectable circle of society. But she couldn't hold her place. She drove a pair of thoroughbred bays to a slashing little cart and was dubbed the best borsewoman in New York the first day she rode in the park. Her apartment was stocked with evidences of her artistic skill, and she could play the harp as well as she drove her bays. She played the Duchess of Mull for a week to show that she could do it, and threw the stage over for good to go yachting. In everything she excelled; in everything she was fiery, restless, and eager till the novelty had worn off, when she flew with the fleetness of a ghost from the suggestion of boredom. Her thirst for novelty was perpetual. One night last winter I was starting down town when her cab went dashing by. She jumped out, sent the man on, and said shortly:

"Let's take a walk."

"I was just going down to Niblo's Garden."

"To see 'The Black Crook'?"

"To see Ned Gilmore."

"I'll go too."

We went ahead at a ringing pace. The exercise brought a bright color into her cheeks, and she began to talk rapidly about herself. She had been out to dinner, had gone home at nine o'clock, and had sat for an hour trying to compose

herself and go to bed. It was useless. At ten she sallied forth to avoid distraction and hysterical weeping, and now she was going along at a fast clip, with her dinner dress smothered beneath mountains of furs. We arrived at the theatre in time to go behind and see the working machinery of the big spectacle, and then we wandered up Broadway with Gilmore—a man whom everybody knows, and the most amusing talker in the world. It was a deliciously clear winter night, and the duchess honored us with no end of personal anecdotes.

"Boston men are lovable," she said in conclusion, "London men are dangerous, Frenchmen are detestable, but New York men are the very best companions in the world. They never crowd you to the wall, nor presume so much as to squeeze your hand unless the invitation is unquestionable."

We went to an unfrequented restaurant, and talked and ate till quite late. Then we saw the duchess home, and fell to speculating on her future. The astounding thing about her was that her name was never linked with a man's, though there were dozens of men around her constantly. We predicted many things for her, but never that she would marry an outcast while still beautiful and less than twenty-four years old.

"She's a fool," repeated the host sharply Sunday night. "I'm amazed at her."

"Why?" asked the actress, looking at him steadily, and twisting her spoon nervously. "For following the best impulse a woman can have? Haven't women who were pursued by men done the same thing from time immemorial? You have been a soldier in Egypt, a dancer in Rio, and a gambler in Nevada. When I knew you last you were pottering around with the stage machinery of a London theatre. I was playing soubrette parts. Suppose I'd married you? My friends would have shuddered, but to-day I might have been above them all—for respectability," she said with an abrupt sweep of the arm and a curl of the lip, "is infinitely better than everything else in the world. I sometimes wonder if men ever look at the women's side of public life as it really is. Do you know that literally thousands of men have told me how they adored me, during the few years that I have been on the stage?"

The host nodded softly, and the mother turned toward her child. No one spoke. My neighbor the politician had just stretched his hand out for a decanter, but he stopped, withdrew the hand, and breathed gently. It is not often that a woman whose fame is broad falls to talking frankly about her lovers.

"If men knew anything of woman's nature they need never fail. But men are brutal, and they all have the same scheme. When I meet a man, no matter in what quarter of the globe it may be, I know as well what he will do as I know how the law of gravitation will act. First, he ventures on a clumsy compliment, then sends me flowers, looks at me very hard, makes a few stumbling jokes with double meaning, and finally grabs my hand. If he's an experienced man of the world he does it all with the air of burlesque which saves his dignity in the face of failure. If not, he goes at it hammer and tongs with the single idea of winning. I had endured all this night and day for years until one winter in Manchester a sallow and needy young clerk—"

"My dear!" protested the mother, petulantly.

"Come to me," continued the actress "with some parcels from a shop. He came again and again, and I always had some little service for him as an excuse. I looked into his eyes one day, and my own were blinded with tears, for I saw there something I had never seen in a man's eyes before—a pure and unselfish love for me. It carried me away. I counted the minutes till he came the following day, and I sobbed for hours after he had left. I knew he was absurd, provincial, and soft, but there was that charm about him that must appeal to every woman's heart."

"Would you have married him, as the Duchess of Mull has done?" asked the host, insinuatingly.

"In an instant!" said the woman, with her head erect and her beautiful eyes blazing from face to face as she looked around. "They prevented me by force, but if I had had my way I would have been the best and happiest of wives and he the proudest of husbands."

"God bless you, my dear!" said the host, beaming at her in rapt admiration.

"God bless the Duchess of Mull!" said the actress. "She can look any woman in the face now."

"Aye," said the old yachtman, heartily, "she's a good girl, and she has a stout and womanly heart, has Mull."

The gong rang with an awful clang, and I drifted out to wire my congratulations to the new Duke of Mull under cover to her grace the duchess.

NEW YORK, August 26, 1887.

BLAKELY HALL.

The *Courier de Vaugelas* (French), in reply to the question asked by a correspondent: "Why is the word *Allô* employed when the telephone is used, to attract the attention of the person with whom one is communicating?" explains matters thus: "Many French persons believe that the word *Allô* is derived from allons, so that on the placards indicating the manner of making use of the telephone, the advice is given to repeat the word allons three times. *Allô*, naturalized in the French language, comes from America, where the telephone originated. All day long in American offices is heard the English word *Hallo*, an excellent word with which to attract attention. Our word *Allô*, and by corruption allons, comes from it."

Mr. Ruskin is again in print. This time he writes to *The Young Man*, and his advice is concerning matrimony. He says: "No man should marry till he has made himself worthy of a good wife, and able to maintain her and his children in comfort. And he should choose her as he would choose his destiny: with range of choice from earth to heaven. No man should marry under four-and-twenty; no girl under eighteen."

Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna, in the Comoro group. The sultan boards any ship that may call there, and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, while the prime minister peddles coconuts and bananas.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Ballade of Aucassin.

(Suggested by a ballade of "The Fair White Feet of Nicolette.")

Where smooth the Southern waters run
Through sighing reeds and poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun
We wandered out of Yesterday;
Weot Maying through that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

The grass-grown paths are trod of none
Where through the woods they went astray;
The spider's traceries are spun
Across the darkling forest way;
There come oo Knights that ride to slay,
No Pilgrims through the grasses wet,
No shepherd lads that sang their say
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

To build her lodge of blossoms gay,
Scaped from the cell of marble duo
'Twas here the lover found the Fay;
* * * * *

O lovers fond, O foolish play!
How hard we find it to forget,
How fain would dwell with them, as they
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

ENVOY.

Prince, 'tis a melancholy lay!
For Youth, for Life we both regret:
How fair they seem: how far away,
With Aucassin and Nicolette.
—Andrew Lang in the Critic.

Song.

Go not, O perfect Day!
O Day so beautiful, so golden-bright,
A little longer stay!
Soon in thy western window fades the light:
Soon comes the Night!

Delay!
Go not, O perfect Day!

Go not, dear Life, away!
Dear Life, one's cheerful friend and guest of yore,
A little longer stay!
Soon wilt thou steal from us, and shut the door,
And come no more!

Delay!
Go not, dear Life, away!

—Robert Troubridge in September Lippincott's.

In Athens.

'Mid thirty centuries of dust and mould
We grope with hopeful heart and eager eye,
And hail our treasure-trove if we but spy
A vase, a coin, a sentence carved of old
On Attic stone. In reverent hands we hold
Each message from the Past, and fain would try
Through myriad fragments dimly to descry
The living glories of the Age of Gold.

Vainest of dreams! This rifled grave contains
Of Beauty but the crumbled outward grace.
The spirit that gave it life, Hellenic then,
Immortal and forever young remains,
But flits from land to land, from race to race,
Nor tarries with degenerate slavish men.
—William Cranston Lavelin in September Atlantic.

The Wonderful Country.

There once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales and measure
To limit the visions and weigh the spells:
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
And circled the vales in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopies;
For knowledge, a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broke and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Edeo;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laughter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.
But sweeter the streams and the wild birds' singing,
The friendships and loves that were true all day;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where oo iotusioo
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were true still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

—John Boyle O'Reilly in September Scribner's.

Shakespeare.

Shakespeare! to such name soundiog what succeeds
Fifty as silence! Falter forth the spell—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thudored by earth, heaven, and hell,
Would owo, "Thou didst create us!" Naught impedes.
We voice the other oame, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread—this hoite from that infinite.

—Robert Browning in the Book Mart.

VANITY FAIR.

Maud Howe writes from Newport to the Boston *Transcript*: Yesterday I passed an hour on the sea-sands, watching the cool heryl-green waves frothing into foam-flowers as they broke on the hard white shore, looking at the bathers as they passed to and from their cabins, and at the swimmers buffeting with the waves or quietly swimming in the deep water beyond. A canoe propelled by a vigorous young man carries as passenger a girl who is pretty and young, if we may judge by appearances. She leans back in the canoe with the air of a Venus Victrix; every movement of her small head and lithe, light body bespeaks the tyranny of youth and beauty. He has yielded to the tyrant, the reigning helle of the hour; we see that even from the shore, by the intent, rapt manner with which he watches her slightest movement. She is a good swimmer, as well as a good dancer, as is shown by a little trick she plays upon her companion. She attracts his attention to something on the shore, and when his head is turned away leaps from the canoe with a quick movement, upsetting the light hark, and tumbling her escort all unexpectedly into the water. He sinks, rises, catches his paddle, and, tossing it into the empty canoe, starts in pursuit of the water-nymph, whose strong, quick strokes have carried her well away from him. He swims after her, first on his back, then on his side, then like a wind-mill, whirling his arms round and round, and making a great splashing and to-do in the green water, which heaves in soft, unbroken billows beyond the line where the waves break. He is gaining on her, slowly and surely, and at last they are neck and neck. Her head, innocent of disfiguring hathing cap or hat, is lifted well out of the water. The sun strikes her bright hair and her glistening white throat; he is well up with her now, and he throws about her neck a delicate chain of brown seaweed which he has caught as it floated past him, and then, being overtaken, she turns about and they both swim back to their canoe. All this incident I have watched through the powerful field-glass lent me by a friend who comes to claim the glass, and I see no more of the little matinee performance by two unknown actors.

It is most pleasing to chronicle a decided departure in gentleman's dress (says the *Providence Journal*). His twin-brother, the waiter, has been left to his expanse of heart-shaped shirt hosom and conventional swallow-tails, and the Newport youth has an addition, which he of the white towel scorns to adopt. Indeed, no one blames him for refusing to pose as an imitation mountebank. This new-fangled notion is a sash of brilliantly hued surah silk, wound around his waist in a broad band, something after the order of the Cowboy Quartette in "Arcadia." Its origin is probably due to Buffalo Bill and the Wild West's favor with London's howling swells. Fancy a gentleman in exquisite evening dress of the new English round surtout or the ordinary dress suit, and this attractive accessory of a "follow-me-lads," as sashes are called in the rural districts of Ireland, of a gorgeous red, yellow of an orange tint, or lavender, purple, blue, and even green, twined round his manly self at the same dividing line that the street laborer puts his belt of leather, and some idea can be formed of this latest fashion per latest steamer. This style is so much liked that it is worn also with morning dress plus a couple of more fancies. One, the definite crease in the trousers, which formerly was a part and parcel of the ready-made clothing business. The second wrinkle is an inch or more of the same garment turned up above natty, patent-leather low shoes.

Modern hathing doesn't consist so much of actual contact with and immersion in the water as posing and fascinating on the sands. To do this well the figure must be trim, and not floppy or hulgy. A few years ago there was no hathing-corset, and women who disliked to be seen unsupported had to take their corsets into the water with them. This was done sometimes, but not often. The ordinary corset, exhibited in every dry-goods store, is not the kind of thing to be worn in the water. For one reason, wetting it makes it spoil, and the same corset could not be used often without losing its shape. Then the steel supports prevented swimming, and as soon as the hathing dress was wet the fact of the corset became obtrusively apparent, and the combination was worse than before. It was safe to wear a corset only if the bust were not allowed to become wet, and a wave might ruin the appearance of the whole get-up. It was not so much the damage to the corsets that stood in the way of the universal use of them as it was the damage to the contour, and the exposure of the device consequent on every wave. Corsets that could be worn in the water and would stand the wet, were used last summer and possibly before, but the knowledge of the existence of such a beneficial thing did not spread at once, and it was not until this summer that the hathing-corset appeared as a part of a fashionable hathing-dress, along with the black silk stockings and the high-heeled slippers or white sandals. The hathing-corset takes many forms and has many prices. One of the original ideas was simply to gird the bust with cloth bands, which would do well enough for girls with trim waists, but not for fat mothers-in-law. This would not interfere with swimming, as it was flexible and yielded to pressure, while it did not allow the figure to sag. A tight hathing-dress, well belted in, preserved the corset. But this device was too crude to last, and inventors came who are now at work developing the perfect hathing-corset. So far as could be observed from effects, it has not been invented yet. The corsets err in two ways. They are either stiff, and do not allow easy motion and swimming with a chest stroke, or they are limp, and lose their stiffness. One of the compromise devices is a knitted affair that is put on something like a sleeveless jacket, and is laced up tight before going in. The strings contract when wet, and draw the corset up tighter, thus counteracting the stretching that comes from efforts to swim or using the chest muscles. Wire has been substituted to some extent for whalebone and steel braces in corsets for women whose forms require more support. The wires are not solid, and move on each other with joints. The evolution-corset may lead to a form like the linked-mail shirt of middle ages. A fair article of hathing-corset may be had for four or five dollars, though if a woman

hathes every day it may be necessary to have more than one corset. Bathing-corsets can not be wrung out to dry as easily as a hathing-dress, and to a woman of delicate health it might be unsafe to put on a clammy hathing-corset and wear it down to the beach. It would seem as if the coming hathing-corset would be made of rubber-covered wire. The next thing in form-improvers for the bath will be to wear waterproof wigs and pads. A waterproof complexion has already been invented.

It is said that Mme. Patti has not washed her face for years. She believes that the use of water upon the face brings wrinkles, and uses only cold cream, or what is known as "the bath of Isis," composed of rose-water and glycerine. French women who are enameled never allow water to touch their face, shoulders, or arms; they wipe them dry with a towel every morning, and then with a soft, small sponge rub on an ointment that is prepared for the purpose, rubbing it out again with a square of very fine white flannel. This will keep the enamel intact for about a year, and they preserve what they imagine is beautiful, a skin that looks like pink and white porcelain; but when the dampness of autumn begins this false bloom begins to show gaping seams and wither away. The owner of it retires into strict privacy for a week—she gives it out that she is ill—and reappears at the end of that time wholly renovated, and, as Mr. Mantalini said of his wife, "as blooming as a rose in a demitison little flower-pot." Since the rage for amateur theatricals, society women have caught many little hints from professionals in the art of making themselves up. One thing that society caught on to with avidity was grease paint. They had previously known only two methods of replacing youth's attractive bloom. One was the old-fashioned rouge saucer, with its red powder that was rubbed on the cheeks with a bit of cotton or chamois-skin, and the dipping of red ribbon into cologne, using the liquid red thus formed. The objection to the first was the ease with which it was detected. When the light fell obliquely on the skin, the red powder made itself horribly conspicuous, and it was liable to run into streaks in hot weather, or disappear utterly in a rain-storm. The ribbon paint was indelible, it could not even be kissed off, but it was difficult to prevent it from going on unevenly and having a hard look, so that when the many virtues of grease paint were recognized, the women who desired to supplement nature hailed it as a heaven-sent boon. They no longer were called upon to decide as to the relative merits of being dusty or spotty. The grease paint is about the consistency of vaseline, and is rubbed into the skin with the fingers. The pores take it up, the cheeks can be wiped dry, and after lightly passing the powder-puff over them detection is nearly impossible. Besides which it is less injurious to the skin than any other sort. Many women use the red paste that comes in manicure cases for tinting the finger-nails, and others make it themselves, using carmine powder, ammonia, and cold cream in the preparation.

In Mme. Eloffe's ledger journal there is faithfully reproduced a drawing of a corsage, or hodie, in pale green silk, transmitted by Marie Antoinette to Mme. Pompey, the founder of the court milliner's firm, to serve as a pattern to any future gowns which her majesty might order. In 1880 this corsage was submitted by the two daughters of M. Guénot, into whose possession the garment had come, to the eminent Parisian *costumière*, Mme. Aurely. This skillful seamstress showed the hodie to her head-cutter, who pronounced the girth of the royal waist to have been fifty-eight centimeters, and that the exact technical name for the fabric and its hue was sea-green taffety. Another well known dressmaker held that the stuff was *poult de soie antique*; that the color was *eau-de-Nil*, and that the queen's waist only measured fifty-four centimeters. Both Penelopes, however, agreed that at the time that this corsage was consigned to Mme. Pompey the queen was growing very stout, and furthermore that the vestment had formerly been adorned with lace and jewels. From other sources M. de Reiset inclines to the opinion that the queen was not very tall, but that until *embonpoint* overtook her, her figure was exquisitely beautiful; that her hands, her arms, and her feet were models of symmetry; that her eyes were blue, full of charm and expression, and finally that her forehead was high, resembling that of her sire, the Kaiser. It is touching to know that the faithful Mme. Eloffe did not abandon her royal patron in her most appalling distress. The widow's weeds of Marie Antoinette were made by Mme. Eloffe. Two Englishmen were contributors to the toilet of this most unhappy woman. She was very fond of wearing English gloves, which were sent to her from London by the intermediary of the Duke of Dorset; and one of her habit-makers was an English tailor named Smith. To this it may be added that Mme. Eloffe was not a very good bookkeeper; that her handwriting was execrable and often nearly illegible, and that as regards orthography she was wont to make sad havoc of the noblest names in France. It is a pity that the ledger does not begin before 1787. At that period Marie Antoinette had given birth to four children—Mme. Royale, the first Dauphin, and the Duke of Normandy; her second daughter, Sophie-Beatrix de France, died in the course of the year before named. The queen had begun to manifest comparative simplicity in her apparel.

Our English girls (says the London *Saturday Review*) no doubt hear off the palm among the nations of the world for looks, freshness, and energy, and, taken as a whole, they show more beauty than any other country in the world, America included. The Americans, of course, send over to London many pretty women, but it is the pick of their market, and, judging from what a man sees in England, he can not but feel somewhat disappointed in America at not finding their standard of beauty, as a whole, as high as the specimens in this country would lead him to expect. It is not only noticeable among the upper classes, but it is a fact apparent to one walking about the streets of New York, Chicago, and other larger cities of America, that comparatively few pretty women of all classes are to be met with. The same remark applies still more to the Continent, though of course it must be borne in mind that London is a

great centre to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates. Our young girls are thoroughly active in the pursuit of healthy exercise; they walk and play lawn-tennis a great deal; riding, if they have the means, is one of their favorite amusements, while many who have the opportunity are "good oars." American young ladies, on the contrary, have a very trying climate to contend with, and take but little exercise, while consuming an enormous quantity of iced water, candies, and novels. The result of the different manner of spending the early portions of their life is apparent in the two nationalities—English girls are able to walk longer distances and to stand much more fatigue, at the same time preserving their looks considerably longer than their transatlantic cousins; and while an Englishwoman is still in the prime of her beauty, an American of the same age in her own country is beginning to fade. One of the greatest charms of our young English girls is their wonderfully fresh, healthy looks, till they become exhausted by the continuous hard work of a London season.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the "poetess of passion," has a prudish streak. Listen to her: Here at Shelter Island, where two hundred cottages and two large hotels people this little paradise with at least eight hundred souls during the "season," the beach is well crowded with merry bathers every forenoon. Sitting in the pavilion and watching them sport in the briny wave I could not help wondering why Mrs. Grundy, who is so particularly critical in some things, should have so long ignored the vulgarities of the ocean bath. Here men and women, young girls and youths, half nude and with the covered portions of their hodies plainly outlined by their clinging wet robes, mix and mingle and indulge in familiarities which would not be tolerated on land. A pretty young lady swam from the beach out to the divio pavilion yesterday. Then she clambered up on the pavilion with ten or twelve others of both sexes. Here, in full sight of all the spectators on shore and all her companions, she lifted her short skirts a trifle and adjusted the elastic of her long stocking, which had become loosened with the effort of swimming. She did this with the utmost nonchalance; yet just imagine the sensation it would cause if she should perform this same harmless little toilet act on the veranda, in the presence of the same audience! She would be cut dead by every woman, and quite likely be requested to leave the hotel. Only last week I heard a young miss declaring she would not dance with any man unless he were a relative or very dear friend. "I don't like and won't tolerate any man in such proximity to me," she said, "unless he is a relative." Yesterday I saw her swim to the shore with a male escort who was not a relative, and it seemed to me the situation held a good deal more of unpleasant familiarity than any waltz ever contained. She sat down in the sand, and her escort leaned on his elbow close beside her. He wore a single very thin garment, which exposed his hairy arms and bony neck, and unlively ankles and feet. The single garment clung close to his body and displayed his entire anatomy with unblushing distinctness. Her own pretty arms were bare to the shoulder, and as she sat curled up in the sand, one could gain a very pleasing outline of her graceful limbs and rounded shape. But again I fell to making comparisons. "Suppose," I said, mentally, "that young lady should meet that young gentleman in the halls of the hotel arrayed precisely as he is now—she would run screaming to her room, indignant and alarmed. If he should approach her in that attire on the lawn and attempt to sit down beside her, she would call a policeman to arrest him. Queer, is it not?"

Discussing a certain phase of New York society, *Town Topics* says: By all accounts there has been some deep drinking afloat during the yacht races. Women, who when they have a touch of Asmodeus in them always incline to favor the freedom of the bottle on the principle that it is both nice and naughty, find an opportunity to indulge their digression from the formal proprieties at the sideboard of the white wings, and there are some of them who take no points from the men in this cultivation of the convivialities. An old yachtsman who can face a bottle of Otard without visible terror, complained last week that he would never throw his ship open to the sex again. "I don't," said he, "want to be responsible for accidents. When a man gets drunk he is after all only a fool. A woman drunk, however, is—a drunken woman." It is not afloat alone that the current feminine tendency to view the bottle with more favor than fear is exhibited—at Long Branch, at Narragansett Pier, and at Newport, some decidedly deep drinking has been going on, to the credit or discredit of the fair. Yet the guzzling of milk punches and juleps, and the ponrlog of champagne goes on everywhere. Girls with tousled hair and wandering eyes meet one at every turn. There come from hotel piazzas and casino windows hursts of brazen voices and explosions of foolish laughter that have a sickening suggestion about them of places whose existence society does not recognize. In fact, the fast habits of society women and the fast habits of the lowest and least regarded of working-girls, and of the foulest drabs themselves, are virtually identical. In the middle ranks of life, the women who are not in society hear themselves with feminine modesty. The rank which is so low that it cares nothing for social laws and the rank that is beginning to consider itself above these laws meet on a common ground. The one drinks sour beer and peppery spirits, while the other indulges only in the best. The only difference between Mrs. A., whose coachman helps her to a coach, and Sally Smith, whom the policemen wheels to the lockup on a fruit-vender's harrow, is that one is lucky enough to have a coachman and a carriage to protect her from public exposure and contempt. At the resorts specially consecrated to the sex, intoxicants are served as freely as cakes and cream. At the swell restaurants the tables are always loaded with hottles and decanters. At dinners and suppers many of the women hih as valiantly as the breeched contingent. If Araminta goes shopping she has a bracer or two before she comes home. If she lunches he sure she washes the viands down. It is an old theory in cluhdom, that given a pretty woman and enough champagne, no man of the world need go without conquests. Think of this, Araminta, the next time Algernon urges the second hottle, and remember that green Chartreuse is the color of Phryne's eyes.

CUPID ON A RACQUET.

"Cockaigne" discusses Love and Lawn Tennis in Old England.

In the memory of Englishmen there has never been just such another summer in England as that we are enjoying, and have enjoyed since the beginning of June. With the exception of a few rare showers at odd times, mostly at night, there has been one long, uninterrupted reign of sunshine, blue skies, and warmth. I won't say heat, for though people accustomed all their lives to the chill climate of England, and unacquainted with any other, have called the weather hot, there has not been one really hot day. I mean one such as New Yorkers experience in July. There has been no day so oppressively hot that a man couldn't wear a hard stiff hat with comparative comfort, and ordinary clothing, waistcoat included, without suffering. I have been in New York on a sultry July day, when a haze like freshly escaped steam seemed to fill the air, and have sat in my room at the hotel with windows and doors open, and just enough clothing on to make myself barely respectable should any one enter unannounced, and I have known how the slightest movement turned the surface of one's scantily attired body into the semblance of a dripping sponge. Shoeless and stockingless, coatless, collarless and et-cetera-less, I have lain back in the "shaker rocker" with a palm-leaf in one hand and a claret punch in the other, and fanned, sipped, and panted for hour after hour, while the drowsy hum of traffic and the sound of footsteps in the street below came in to me through the Venetian blinds, and softened my existence by the thankful thought that business did not compel me to be abroad at such a time. Poor people and poor horses, how I have pitied them. I have also been in Jamaica in May, and a prisoner indoors until the cool of the evening. I have sat and watched with envy the impervious-skinned and skulled black salamanders quaff root-beer and eat bananas under my widow in a temperature that would have baked an egg in half an hour, and in an atmosphere which glared and glistened like burnished brass. That's what I call heat, either of them. But here in England, I don't believe the thermometer got up above eighty more than once or twice, if that. Therefore to see men—I don't mind women, for one expects them to make a fuss—but to see men walking about with white umbrellas up, and flowing pugarees wound round their pith helmets, as if they were perambulating the desert of Sahara, was a grotesque sight. Yet it was by no means an uncommon one. Old army officers who had been to India didn't go in for any such nonsense as that. They sat and laughed at the other fellows, as I did.

"By Jove, though, this is deuced hot, don't you know," said a youth one day to me. The thermometer in the shade was about 78, and there was a gentle breeze from the southwest that made the lime leaves rustle. He was clad in a suit of cricketing flannels and wore a "blazer" from which dangled a deep-fringed pugaree that looked like a white Chinese shawl. "How do you manage without an umbrella?" he asked in amazement. "I wonder you're not afraid of sunstroke."

"I don't call this hot," I answered. "Warm, if you like, but not hot. Simply warm and delightful."

"Delightful! It's beastly! How I long for—"

"Oh, yes, I know. You're longing for frost and snow and ice; for east winds and pea-soup fogs, and chilblains and red noses; for nice blazing fires, and skating, and all that."

"Right you are," he returned, with a grin of satisfaction; "that's my sort."

"There are dozens like you," I said, "I meet them every day. It only shows how little you all know."

He looked at me a minute, pretty much as you'd regard a Zulu from the wilds of South Africa. Then he dropped his eye-glass, said "Aw," and walked on with a labored step.

It is a curious thing how few people in England prefer summer to winter. They like summer well enough because it is the time for lawo-tennis, for cricket, for yachting, and for garden-parties. It is the time for the London season, too, and the fashionable round of town gaiety. But were it not for these adjuncts, which they regard simply as accompaniments of the summer, not results, (as they are), they wouldn't care a fig for it. The flowers, birds, green trees, sunshine, and soft warm air are quite thrown away upon them. Could they play tennis and cricket in winter, could yacht and have garden-parties, and enjoy the London season from October to March, ten to one if they wouldn't like it just the same.

"And then," they will tell you if you expostulated with them, "just think; there is the pheasant-shooting and fox-hunting in winter. Fancy what it would be if we had everything all at once. We couldn't do half of them."

That's just where it is. They only think of what there is to do at each season. That's all they judge and gauge each by. The weather is a secondary consideration, altogether. I don't in the least wish or intend to imply that all English people are this way. There are hundreds who have fairly revelled in the lovely sunny days and bright starlit nights of the past two months. Morning after morning has the sun streamed in through one's windows, and day after day has the same blue cloudless vault stretched above one's head from horizon to horizon. Now and then, at rare intervals, the clouds would gather and a strong wind would come blowing up from the southward.

"We shall have a change, at last," you would hear people say, "the glass is going down."

But it never got farther than a light shower, and up went the glass again. Again you would hear: "There's thunder in the air. I feel it in my head. We shall have a storm, and that will break up the summer."

I can't begin to say how often I have heard people say this. Yet the thunder-storm has yet to come, and the summer to be broken up.

Of course there are the croaking farmers. They call it "the drought," and tell you, "The country needs rain, sir. I don't know where we shall be if we don't get it soon."

There is considerable truth in this. The roads are ankle-deep in dust, the trees and hedgerows are dusty and dim, the grass is burnt to a reddish-brown, vegetables are scarce, water is beginning to give out, the crops show signs of

anguishment that will tell when they come to be gathered in, and everything in nature seems to long for rain.

Still one is loth to part with these long, delicious, warm, dry days which mean a life out of doors for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a moral certainty of fair weather when the dates of the prevalent garden-parties are fixed.

"It is so awfully jolly to feel sure it isn't 'going to rain to-morrow' when one goes to bed at night," I heard a pretty lawn-tennis maiden remark as she balanced her fourteen-ounce racquet on the end of her forefinger; "I don't know what we shall do when the rain does begin at last. It has been one long, unbroken carnival of tennis ever since the dear Jubilee. How I have improved during the last six weeks, to be sure; and what a twist I can give when I serve overhand. I haven't made a fault for ever-ever-so long."

"Yes, my dear," said her mamma, "but just think how that lovely crevel-work antimacassar is neglected. One wet day would do it a deal of good."

"Oh, bother the antimacassar. I don't want to set a stitch in the tiresome thing again, and I shan't if it rains. So, there, don't go on wishing for rain. I'll burn it, if it rains, so I will. Yes, thanks, I'll make up a set if you guarantee me a good partner. Not else."

"Ethel is so good, though," explained mamma to the Honorable Percy Fitzbaldersdashe, a middle-aged man of good income and family, who stood near by, a non-player himself. "She doesn't really devote her whole time to the game like that. She's been doing some very clever sketches of the old maor-house ruins."

"Yes? Really?"

"I must show you them when next you come to see us. And then she does such a deal of hard work at her piaoo-forte," etc., etc., and the old lady smiled benignly with her left eye upon the Honorable Percy, while she mentally ground her teeth with her right as she watched Ethel backing up the penniless lieutenant of militia from the barracks, or serving "net-dusters" to the vicar's handsome, but pauper, curate.

That's the way. Lawn-tennis is thought to be a fine field for match-seeking daughters. Perhaps it is, now and then. But, as a rule, the rich young men don't go in for the game. Some do, of course. But the majority of youths who shine at a garden-party in white flannel trousers and striped cotton shirts had to do without something else when they purchased their twenty-eight shilling, cork-handled, Egyptian-strung racquets. And the dear girls, to their credit be it spoken, never stop to think of this if a chap plays well. Tennis has encouraged in them a genuine taste for true merit as against the mere possession of worldly goods. Never before have they had such independence as the game affords them, and to the chagrin and vexation of the wordly-minded old dowagers who play the part of mothers to them so far as the getting of them settled is concerned, nature for the first time in their lives asserts itself and the girls actually "fall in love."

"Just fancy, my dear," exclaimed a sordid old creature over her tea at a garden-party the other day to another ancient type of British maternal aristocracy; "my Mabel positively refused to dance with Sir Willoughby Goosewaddle, at Lady Boshangle's ball, because—why do you suppose, my dear?"

"Poor as a rat," croaked her friend; "good girl, that. Wish my gals were like her."

"What! Sir Willoughby poor as a rat? My dear Lady Mundaine, what are you thinking of? Why he's got eight thousand a year under his uncle's will. My lawyer told me so, and he knows, for his firm have been the Goosewaddles' solicitors for a century or more."

"And you say your Mabel refused to dance with him!" shrieked Lady Mundaine. "And you put up with it like this?"

"My dear, what am I to do? When I taxed her with it, for the poor fellow complained to me about it, she said she wasn't going to make an exhibition of herself with an old stiff-jointed duffer like that, who couldn't get one ball out of a dozen to clear the net."

"Tennis," whispered Lady Mundaine with a groan, as she shook her head and disarranged her false front. "I know what that means. What a curse that game has been to us mothers."

"But that isn't all," pursued the old lady "wait till you beat this." The old creature stopped a moment to get breath and adjust more securely her upper row of teeth which had become partially disarranged through the unusual vehemence of her utterances.

"I taxed her further, and said she must give up tennis altogether if she allowed it to influence her future settlement in life in such a way as that. 'What! give up tennis! Tennis and Charley?' She exclaimed. 'Never! 'Charley?' I demanded; 'and who pray is Charley?' 'Charley Robinson. There. If you must know it, I love him dearly and he loves me.' 'Is it the Vicar's son?' I asked, hardly able to believe my ears, 'an idle young beggar like that? Why his father's living isn't worth three hundred a year, and he's got five more sons besides—Charley.' 'I don't care for that. I love him. We're going to wait till he takes his degree at Cambridge next year, and then no fear, but he'll make his fortune. He's sure to be senior wrangler, and he's such a splendid tennis-player. He is so clever.' Of course I've forbid this Charley the house, and Mabel to meet him. But I know it's useless. Fancy our falling in love with any body? What would our mothers have said!"

"Fancy, indeed. It's almost incredible. But there was no tennis in our day. Happy mothers they must have been then!"

It is possible that Mabel and Charley would have found some other way of exchanging hearts if they hadn't had lawn-tennis to help them, and throw them together. Young people used to fall in love with each other before 1876 when lawn-tennis first saw the public light of day. I dare say they did. But all the same, there is no doubt it has done much to disenthrall the British maiden from the preparatory matrimonial servitude into which our mothers and grandmothers were thrown. It has given her independence of thought and action, as it has freed and expanded her muscle which if yore stayed soft and flabby and useless, save at crochet and embroidery.

LONDON, August 11, 1887.

COCKAIGNE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Unser Fritz" has just received from an eccentric old Frenchman of Melun, a legacy of twelve thousand dollars, on condition that he uses it in establishing a German colony on the testator's estate.

The train that took the Prince of Wales from Portsmouth to Goodwood, each day during the races, was preceded by a sort of railway water-cart which prepared the dusty way before his royal highness.

Berry Wall, the king of the New York dudes, was recently barred out of a Saratoga ball-room, because he appeared in the new style evening coat and refused to change it for the regulation swallow-tail.

Charles Dudley Warner is of the opinion that two-thirds of the men of to-day would rather be Jay Gould than James Russell Lowell. And probably nearly all men would rather be George Gould than either one of them.

M. Ambroise Thomas, Director of the Paris Conservatoire, is now in his seventy-sixth year, and it is sixty years since he took his first prize for playing the piano. He is almost as much devoted to art-collecting as to music, and considers himself yet quite a youngster.

Mrs. Cleveland has grown very brown at Marion. Her complexion is one which is improved by a coat of tan, and she now looks like a Spanish beauty. The name "Donna Frances" which was given her by her friends at Wells College has followed her to her present abiding place.

Mrs. Anastasia Patten, formerly of San Francisco, has just bought the homestead of the late James Brooks, of New York, on F Street, Washington, for fifteen thousand dollars. This house is surrounded by large grounds, with a stable attached, and over the stable a handsome ball-room, which Mr. Brooks built for the entertainment of his guests.

Private Wm. J. Shepherd, of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers, has received notice from Washington that he is entitled to a pension and back pay for a wound received twenty-three years ago. He has been seeking a pension for twenty years without success. The back pay and arrearages due him amount to over ten thousand dollars. He is forty-five years of age, and still suffers from his wound.

Mr. James Otis Höyl, a wealthy resident of Bellport, Long Island, is seized with the popular craze for "house-boats." He has had a strange vessel constructed for the use of himself and family on Great South Bay. It is in the form of a scow, with a house containing bed-rooms, dining-room, kitchen, with all modern improvements. It will accommodate eight persons comfortably. It has been named the *Noah*.

Last week the Princess Clemenine, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, attained her fifteenth year, and has consequently taken her place, according to the established etiquette of the Continent, among the marriageable princesses of Europe. There are at this moment in Europe no less than one hundred and eight princes of a marriageable age, whilst of princesses in a similarly interesting position there are only sixty-six.

Doctor Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, thinks that a great many men break down from overwork. He believes in evening amusements that take the mind away from the shop after work is done. He seldom works at night, and tries never to do so. Mental work he finds more exhausting than physical work. The habit of driving in the Park that many men rely on for recreation he does not believe in. If they drive alone they think of business, and if they take a companion they talk shop.

Boston's worship of the ideal in physical development has taken the shape of a statue of the Hon. John L. Sullivan, which is being modeled in clay by a distinguished sculptor, Mr. Donoghue (says the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*). The figure is of heroic size—a trifle over seven feet—and is tastefully attired in a single fig-leaf. It stands on guard, the clenched fists held at the sides, and the left foot in advance. The expression of the face is one of cold ferocity. It will probably be placed, reproduced in marble, on the pedestal in the Common, to represent the apotheosis of pugilism.

Armand Carrel, to whom a monument has just been erected at Rouen, led a stormy career. He was adventurous from the moment that he left St. Cyr until he was shot by Emil de Girardin, who swore on the tomb of his adversary never to fight a duel again. When fighting in Spain in the Foreign Liberal Legion, which was composed of Frenchmen and Italians, the colonel, an Italian, thought he saw the French waver, and said so. "You lie," retorted Carrel, and charged with his men like a maniac. A year afterward he was tried by court-martial, and was about to throw a chair at the president, when he was carried out of the court by soldiers.

The high officials charged with the examination of the late King of Bavaria's papers found, as has been already stated, among them two complete unpublished operas-comique by the great Wagner. These works, which are in the style of Auber, were written by the author of "Lobengrin" when he was very young, and it is now understood that they will be published, and the profits—which are expected to be considerable—placed to the credit of the late king's much impoverished estate. The names of the two operas-comique are "Les Fées" and "Défense d'Aimer," and their sale will undoubtedly be large, thanks to the curiosity they will unquestionably produce.

The Viennese at present have a sensation in the person and proceedings of the Princess Marie Gaetana Pignatelli de Chercchiara, a Polish dame, who, having quarreled with her noble relatives, sings at the most popular resorts in order to bring the blush of shame to their proud cheeks, and thus lead them to sue for a reconciliation. After having exhibited herself at all the music halls, she has "stooped" still further "to conquer," and become a waiter in an all-night café. At the present moment immense placards decorate the dead-walls of the Austrian capital, announcing that patrons of the "Maison Rouge" may regale themselves on viands served by noble hands. The ruse has succeeded, and the café is never empty. The princess is always on hand, and holds herself ready to narrate her woes to any one willing to pay for a "bock."

The most eligible bachelor in London this season has been the young Earl of Dudley, who has just returned from his travels around the globe and burgeoned upon the social world in the full effulgence of his eligibility. He is twenty-four years old and one of the richest nobles in England, besides having an ancient and honorable pedigree. He is of far more aristocratic lineage than the Duke of Portland, who, until this season, was the king of the eligibles. If for nothing else, the young man would be worth baving for the famous Dudley diamond, that the countess of that house wears in her coronet, known as the Star of South Africa. It is one of the great diamonds of the world, standing about tenth in the list; it was discovered in the Kimberly mines at the Cape some eighteen years ago, and was purchased by the late Earl. It is pear-shaped, flawless, and very perfect in color, and swings loosely in a loop in front of the coronet. Besides all his worldly advantages, this desirable parti it is said must be married for love.

It is not often that one can stand five minutes at Hyde Park corner without lighting upon celebrities. In the season an immensely stout, red-faced woman, dressed as vilely as only an Englishwoman can dress, is often seen sitting on a chair in the front row, both in the morning and the afternoon. Numbers of persons speak to her, but few stop to talk with her, and these last are chiefly men with the indescribable air which indicates a man about town. This is the Duchess of Montrose—the "Mrs. Montrose" whose colors have often been borne to victory past the winning-post. Tradition has it that she was once superbly handsome and won her duchess's coronet thereby. Her second husband, Mr. Crawford, was a man of charming manner and great *esprit*, but his horse-racing duchess led him a dance. A few years ago he died, and the last restraint between the duchess and her racing and betting proclivities was swept away. She then descended into the paddocks and the betting-ring, berated her jockeys publicly and occasionally swore at them, and so became what she is to-day, the typical sporting-woman.

MRS. POTTER'S NEW PLAY.

"Iris" discusses the Topics which are agitating New York Society.

Yesterday morning cables from London announced the appearance of Mrs. Potter in a new play—"Loyal Love." They also announced the fact that the play is poorer than "Mlle. de Bressier," and that Mrs. Potter has improved, and grows Mary Andersonesque with the flight of time. The play, judging by report, is a patchwork of unrelated parts, hoary on the inside of the footlights. It has three episodes, a buttoned, hoarding-house hash of situations and component parts—Inez, the beautiful and high-minded heroine; Pedro, the noble and chivalrous hero; and Gonzales, the notorious villain. As the old-time play-goer will see, the names are pat. Is not Inez always the pink of purity; Pedro, a good, honest creature; and Gonzales a deep, dark, midnight villain, with a leaning to slouch hats, black cloaks, stiletos, and vendettas—the committer of crimes which are high in the nostrils of the gallery? "Loyal Love" reveres these gray traditions. Pedro—Mr. Kyrie Bellew, in picturesque garbs, making love with all his artistic heart, and with his profile, his deep eyes, and his best attitudes all in fine form—is the good young son of the bad old king of Spain. As good young sons of kingly have a way of doing, Pedro loves and marries, under a *nom de guerre*, Inez, a noble lady, the child of poor but honest parents. Gonzales, where there are secrets to be found out, has the nose of a bloodhound. He discovers the lovers' nest, and proceeds to entrap the love-birds, for one of whom he has conceived—villain-fashion—a consuming love. By his machinations, his particular love-bird is abducted to a lonely castle, where, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, Gonzales proceeds to do a little quiet love-making on his own account. This gives Mrs. Potter a chance to do the denouncing act. In a dark-red wig with water-waves in front, robed in a loose-fronted white-silk gown, the proper attire in which to confront midnight villains, she bids him begone—"Away, base man! Go hence! betrayer," etc. She flourishes her love for Pedro in his eyes—and as the Toreador with his red scarf infuriates the bull, so she infuriates Gonzales, who goes hence plotting vengeance in his soul.] is the jailor who lives in the jail. He exhibits the peculiarity of stage jailors, and, for a small consideration, undertakes to "remove" Inez with a poisoned draught. Draught in hand he goes to call on Inez in her dungeon cell, where robed in blue, with blue and silver shoes on, full sleeves laced up with silver cords, and with silver girdle round her willowy waist, she is being fattened for the sacrifice. She engages the jailor in conversation, and learns that he has a dead daughter. Then in the tender, sobby voice of which Mrs. Potter is mistress, she dilates sadly on the D. D. The jailor's heart is touched. Why send this lovely creature to be shades before her time? He relents; administers a sleeping draught for the hemlock cup, and goes. Thanks to be timely introduction of the D. D., Inez lives.

Meanwhile, Pedro, who has been playing the part of Brutus, has found out the hiding-place of his young wife. With love in his heart, he flies to clasp her in his manly bosom. Horror! he arrives just in time to see her go off into a state of coma, and then apparently die. Gonzales comes in ranting at the last moment, and views the corpse with baffled love gleaming in his eagle optic. The situation is trained. The corpse lies gracefully between them on a couch. She, or it, is robed in white—loose, flowing, artistic, with shoes of brown doeskin, and a silver girdle. They mourn, and Pedro's young heart is like to break. At this moment the populace, with that fine disregard for the feelings of others, so apparent in the populace, enters, and not feeling at all *de trop*, tells Pedro that his honored sire is no more, and that he is now the king. Poor Pedro, wallowing a mortuary details, sheds Bellow tears, which, as all who now will testify, are very fine articles of their kind. The villain laughs in his sleeve, and the gallery gods grow uneasy. At this juncture the jailor enters. With a low laugh of demoniac joy he reveals what references to the D. D. prompted him to do; the sleeping draught ceases to work, rises the corpse, and with a heartrending cry of joy all on her husband's beating heart. The gallery breathes gain, and down goes the curtain.

It is an extraordinary thing that Mrs. Potter should be so unfortunate in her choice of plays. "Man and Wife" was poor selection. "Mlle. de Bressier" was as poor as only really wretched French play can be. And now "Loyal Love" is proclaimed the worst of a bad lot. Mrs. Potter, ay the critics, has improved. She may yet succeed. Bit by bit she loses her amateur tricks, keeps her eyes steady in her bead, modifies her stiff gestures, grows less elocutionary and more natural. Mrs. Langtry was as had an actress as well could be when she first appeared. I saw her in "Pygmalion and Galatea" a few weeks after her debut. Galatea is one of the simplest of parts. It is a great favorite with amateurs because it is so easy to act. School-girls in their teens have made capital Galateas. Yet the Jersey Lily, raving packed houses, was wretched. Every pose was studied, every inflection of what is incontestably a lovely voice, strained, every gesture gawky. The funny scene with brysons was ruined by school-girl affectations. Galatea's optical description of her sensations as the day died and she saw the sun sink, was spoiled by florid elocution and the perpetual winking of her eyelids, with which the animated actress accentuated her emotions. It was poor from the beginning to the end. Mrs. Potter two years ago, in the palmy days of her amateur fame, was infinitely more finished and natural. There is no reason why, if she gets hold of a good play, she should not make as good a thing out of it as Mrs. Langtry has done. She will probably be warmly received in New York, though some of her compatriots are bitter against her. They say that her own family were anxious for her to go on the stage long before she seriously contemplated a step. They were Southerners, reduced by the war, and considered that their gifted kinswoman was the histrionic snub of her day. It never crossed their minds that she could be anything but a success. Her husband's family have maintained a reserved and dignified attitude throughout. No one has heard what they thought or felt. The talents of this charming lady are of a singular order. When all is said and done, she is but an indifferent actress.

But that she is a "recitationist" of rare power no one who has ever heard her can deny. Perhaps as the author who writes a good novel can not write a good short story, so the woman who can move the multitude with a recitation, will bore the multitude with a dramatic personation. It is certainly so with Mrs. Potter. Once, some years ago, at an evening entertainment, she recited as an encore "Kentucky Belle." It was wonderful—as she spoke you saw the rolling plains of the Blue Grass country, with the farmer's cottage in the foreground. When the woman who tells the story gave Kentucky Belle to the wounded boy-soldier and watched him ride away across the long plains, the eyes of men and women were full of tears. A burst of spontaneous applause followed. Again "Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree" was an especial favorite. Reading this poem, it certainly offers little inducements to an elocutionist. As Mrs. Potter recited it, it was blood-curdling, thrilling. You panted with the excitement of the race, and were chilled with horror at its awful termination. How this vivid impression was produced, it would be hard to state. The elocutionist seemed imbued with what, for want of a better name, is called personal magnetism. She created a sympathetic current between herself and every member of her audience. She made each one see what she spoke of through her eyes.

This is a season rich with noblemen. Baron Seillière is at Newport, sane as ever, with Prince Tallyrand, his nephew, and Commander d'Ullman. In the slang of the period, the uncle and nephew are a team, and Commander d'Ullman, who appears to be a sort of Count Orloff, keeps up with the swim, as a commander should. The baron, who persistently denies the rumor that he is a husband, with a loving wife and family, is on the lookout for an American wife with money. Like Maraoine, he would "take unto himself a partner with shekels." The question is, will he get her? He is a swell of swells as far as connections go, but—There are lots of buts in the baron's case. Prince Tallyrand is also a catch. He is the Princess de Sagan's son—what aristocratic vistas that throws open. Like the lover in the poem, he is "fickle, fair, and French"—three "F's" that are generally fatal to domestic bliss. But the prince has not signified his burning desire for an American spouse. He does not care to "marry and range himself" just at present. There is much interest abroad as to whether Newport will hunt these lions with her accustomed gusto in the pursuit of such princely game, or whether, mindful of the baron's artlessly expressed matrimonial intentions, she will close her doors to him. It will be a pity if this nineteenth-century Hamlet carries off one of our pretty heiresses.

Apocryphal pretty heiresses, there are lots of lovely girls at Newport this year. The beautiful Miss Adele Grant, lately returned from "furren parts," is queen bee of the hive. Miss Grant, it will be remembered, was once the betrothed of Lord Garmoyne of the many loves. She came after the Fortescue dynasty, and had a long and happy reign of some eight months. The deep damnation of her breaking off was a nine days' wonder, and every one had a different story as to why Miss Grant refused to become Lady Garmoyne. Since then she has been touring abroad, to return to her own vine and fig-tree this summer. Miss Grant is a beauty with presence—stately, dark, thoroughbred, magnificent. She looks a little like Du Maurier's long-limbed young women, having caught an English air during her residence abroad. There is a richness and vitality in her beauty which suggest the tropics rather than our stupid temperate zone. Plant Miss Grant, and what will grow up? A tiger-lily, slender, graceful, glowing, richly hued. There are plenty of buds for the coming season also at Newport. Here they timidly begin to bloom, while anxious mamma and married sisters watch the weathercock of public opinion with hated breath to see if the loved one will be a success. Straws show the way the wind blows, and a few chance words of commendation from a social head-devil, such as Sam Ward used to be and Mrs. August Belmont is now, ensures success to the tremulous girl, whose nervous expectation deprives her of all her self-confidence.

The International regatta and the *Volunteer* are the talk of the day. If we were an "effete monarchy" we would make Burgess a peer. He has outdone himself this time, and General Payne has another flyer. The *Volunteer* tried her speed some days back at the Goelet Cup Race on the Brenton's Reef course, where the *Mayflower* won her first laurels last year. Newport harbor was a sight! For the first time the five great sloops were seen together—*Volunteer*, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Atlantic*, and *Priscilla*—all sweeping up the bay under clouds of canvas. It must have made the heart of the cunning builder swell, as he saw his handiwork—the stately *Puritan*, defender of the cup; the beautiful *Mayflower*, a mountain of white bosses; and the slender *Volunteer*, his last and noblest; forging ahead, under their towering heights of curving canvas, conspicuous amid the rest of the fleet, like young thorough-breds among carriage hacks. The *Puritan*, the old favorite, for whom all New Englanders have a warm spot in their hearts, led the race for the first leg of the course, flying a good mile ahead of her four great rivals, with the sea sizzling in her wake, and every sail drawing for all it was worth. At the end of the first leg, rounding the Sow and Pigs, the *Volunteer* was gaining on the *Puritan*, the *Sachem*, Burgess's schooner, was leading in her class, leaving her brand-new rival, the *Troquois*, plunging in her wake. On the short leg of the course, between the Sow and Pigs and the Hen and Chickens, the watchers were unable to identify the boats. They saw two sloops, flying under a straining spread of sail, leading; then, rounding the Hen and Chickens, and with every stitch of canvas smooth as a drum-head, dash away for home. It was an intense moment till the first one was recognized—she was leading by a good half mile. It was the *Volunteer*—the *Mayflower* and *Puritan* in her wake. It was worth seeing—that march homeward—the triumph of the *Volunteer*. Light as a bird, with great curves of swelling spinnaker and balloon jib rounding out on either side of her like two monstrous wings, she led the fleet. Her rivals streamed out behind her—the snowy *Mayflower*; the *Puritan*, loved for old love's sake; the trim and graceful *Priscilla*; the slender *Atlantic*; Mac Forbes's beamy cutter *Bedouin*, which crossed the *Atlantic* on the deck of the *Britannic*; the beautiful *Grayling*, which sunk to the bottom of New York bay on the first

cruise; the erst-while cup-defender, *Mischief*; the heroine of many a hard fought Seawanhaka Corinthian, *Gracie*; the *Titanica*; the redoubtable *Sachem*, winner in her class; the leviathan *Wanderer*—all following the lead of the arrowy *Volunteer*. When the *Volunteer* crossed the line, leading the fleet by a good mile, there was such a din, such a shrieking of whistles and firing of canoon from every steam yacht—from the queenly *Electra* and Jay Gould's floating palace *Atlanta* to the tiniest naphtha lauoches—such a cheering and huzzinga as that conservative and aristocratic bay of Newport never heard before. The *Volunteer* is the apex of Burgess's achievements. People who had begun to feel a little anxious over the reports of the *Thistle's* prowess are picking up confidence. Already New York is simmering with suppressed excitement over the contest, and the bettiog runs high. The *Thistle*, if reports are to be believed, is the most dangerous opponent England has yet offered. She is a flyer to be feared. The contest, if the winds are favorable, promises to be the most exciting we have ever had. If the cup should leave New York it is horrible to think of what would happen. I believe the whole city would be draped in mourning.

NEW YORK, August 16, 1887.

IRIS.

It was only last week that one of the most cruel stories of wrong was brought out in a suit against a man in the humbler walks of life to recover the sum of one thousand pounds sterling lent to him several years ago. None of the great London papers have noticed this case; no high-minded member of Parliament has brought this story of injustice to the attention of the government authorities. This is the case briefly: The defendant in the suit for the one thousand pounds sterling was arrested several months ago, charged with stealing silks from the Great Western Railway Company. It was shown in the court that the goods were taken by a man with a loog black beard. The defendant was a smooth-faced blonde. The case against him utterly failed in the opinion of the judge, as his identity with the thief was never proved, yet, as he had been arrested and imprisoned, the railway company pushed the case against the prisoner to secure a conviction. If they had failed they would have been liable to a suit for damages upon a charge of false imprisonment. The power of this great corporation was used to secure a conviction. The jury, by the ingenious arguments of the attorneys of the railway company, found the defendant guilty. Under the law the lowest sentence that could be passed upon him was seven years' penal servitude. The judge was obliged to pass this sentence, yet he made such a decision that the prisoner was able to use it in his appeal to the Home Secretary. It was such an outrageous conviction that the mere recitation of the facts in the case when laid before the queen secured a prompt pardon. He then sought to recover damages against the railway company. He was met in court with the statement that, having been convicted for a penal offense, he was dead in the eyes of the law and could not therefore bring suit. His pardon, which established the fact of his innocence in the strongest terms, was not sufficient to give him standing in court. This last week in court when sued, the defendant set up this strange plea. He said, in effect: "My business has been ruined. I have lost all my money through an unjust prosecution. I have been told by the highest court in England that I am dead in the eyes of the law, and can not sue to recover damages. I now wish to avail myself of this decision for protection. If I can not sue, how can I be sued?" The learned judge was obliged to take time to consider this new point. He said such a case had never before been presented to him. Even he admitted the tremendous injustice which had been perpetrated upon this poor man, but was puzzled to find where the law could be construed, without amendment, so that he could help.

In the early days of the Mexican Central Railway in the City of Mexico, the general offices were filled principally by very green and very conceited young Bostonians, who, on the strength of two-year contracts at fifty dollars a month, gave themselves the airs of grand moguls, and whoever impugned their superiority, especially in matter of "culture," ran risks of which his Philistine soul could form no idea. One of the severest blows dealt the little colony was given by an unassuming creature whom nobody suspected, and who held them all up to ridicule and contempt, because no single one of their number could write at dictation the following string of nonsense without a minimum of three errors. It was not very much to their discredit, to be sure; but they were too purblind in their self-conceit to see that they had been tricked into an exhibition of ignorance. The sentence dictated ran thus:

"It is agreeable to perceive the embarrassment of a harassed traveler who is trying to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion, which a Sybil has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of carnelian hue."

Any one making the experiment with his friends will find a delightful variety in the methods of writing the above, adopted by people of admittedly good education.

Mr. Nordenskiöld some time ago received an account from Don Carlos Stolz, of San Fernando, Chili, of his observations of the "red sunsets" of 1883-84, from a point on the Andes about fifteen thousand feet above the sea; and afterward Señor Stolz sent some specimens of an atmospheric dust which he had observed at the same time. Analysis of this dust showed that it had no relation to volcanic dust, but that it was of the kind regarded as cosmic dust—containing the iron, nickel, phosphoric acid, and magnesia constituents characteristic of the cosmic deposits. There is, however, no evidence that this dust was connected with the red light.

Mr. Earnest Hart, of the Smoke Abatement Institute, fears that London will always suffer from fogs, because it is placed in a river valley, on a clay soil, and is bordered on the Essex side by low-lying lands very imperfectly drained, and on the north side by the Harrow Weald. The fogs generated—the results of damp exhalations—are greatly aggravated by the parks, most of which require draining. But if the smoke is got rid of, the fogs will be much less dense.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The husband of Miss Sally Pratt McLean, author of "Cape Cod Folks," is Mr. T. L. Green, a Chihuahua miner.

Mr. H. D. Thrall will contribute monthly articles of criticism on matters literary, social, and artistic to the new volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, beginning in October.

"The Dominick Diamonds" is the title of the serial story which Mr. Edgar Fawcett is preparing for the forthcoming new illustrated magazine, the *Curio*. The scene is laid in the early part of this century.

The prose volumes which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is about to publish are reprints of matter which has already appeared—one being a new edition of his "Virginibus Puerisque" and the other being a collection of papers taken from various periodicals.

The booksellers of Paris, in the middle of the fourteenth century, were commanded to keep books for hire, and Chevalier, the famous bibliographer, found a list of the books so circulated, and the price of reading each. The hire of a Bible was ten sous.

The story of Verdi's life and of the production of his recent opera "Otello" at Milan will be told by Miss Blanche Roosevelt in a new work, "Verdi, Milan, and 'Otello,'" which Messrs. Ward & Downey, of London, have just ready for publication. The book is dedicated to Mr. Willie Collins, and will contain several portraits and other illustrations.

The American edition of the *Illustrated London News* has now reached its fifteenth number, and the interesting character of its contents so far should justify the publishers in their enterprise of transporting the plates of the original edition to this side of the water. The illustrations are always good, but those of the Jubilee events have been unusually fine. The price—ten cents per number—is very low, for to the regular issue of sixteen pages is generally added a supplement of the same size, with occasionally a large illustration beside.

It is said that *The American Magazine* has been bought by Col. Forbes, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, for the benefit of a number of authors who propose to pay for their stock in writing for its pages. For many years certain authors, or writers, have talked much in public and in private about the advantages to them and to the reading world at large, if they could only get possession of a magazine and conduct it on an author's rather than on an editor's plan. Now is their opportunity to show what there is in the idea. The experiment is an interesting one.

Mr. Swinburne's paper on Walt Whitman, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, is even fiercer than people supposed it would be. In discussing his manner of treating subjects in verse, Mr. Swinburne says: "... Under the dirty, clumsy paws of a harper, whose plectrum is a muck-rake, any tune will become a chaos of discords." The critic then passes to specific criticism of Mr. Whitman. Here is a specimen: "Mr. Whitman's Eve is a drunken apple-woman... sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter amid the rotten refuse of her overturned fruit-stall." Mr. Whitman's "Venus" he describes as "a Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum."

Mr. W. M. Griswold, 206 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C., issues as a supplement to his *Continuum Index* for September an eight-page (octavo) sheet called "The Novel-List," to which name it has a double claim. It records, by title and author, works of fiction published in English in 1886, and rates them according to their nature and cleverness after the verdicts of the *Athenaeum*, *Saturday Review*, *Critic*, or *Nation*. Thus, a means a tale of adventure; *m*, of murder; *h*, that the novel has "Tendency, or moral purpose"; *h*, that it is well written; *p*, that it is silly; *e*, that it is wholesome, etc. All are summed up in a classified index, as *Algiers*, *Boston*, *Italy*, *Russia* (scenes laid in); *Historical*, *Religious*, *Romantic*, *Short Stories*, *Wholesome*, etc. This is very ingenious, and fills as nearly as may be the want of the random novel-reader, who, as Mr. Griswold says, is ever asking the librarian, "Give me a good new novel." It will be the official's fault if he is pestered any longer.

Little is known in this country concerning George Meredith, the novelist. Here is Mrs. Moulton's description of him quoted from the *Boston Herald*: "Meredith a handsome man. I should think he was between fifty and sixty. He has iron-gray hair and a most expressive and interesting face. He quite realized my preconceived ideal of what he ought to be. He is large and tolerant of nature, genial and unaffected, and to the last degree, witty and brilliant in conversation. I asked him if he found 'The Egotist' in actual life and had really been acquainted with him. He said he had known him well, and that the real man was just as sure of his claim on the world's interest, just as amazed when any one failed to share the enthusiasm of his self-worship, as was the character so vividly portrayed in that very remarkable novel. There is nothing languid or dilettant about George Meredith. He has great charm of manner and a beguiling air of interest in everything you say to him, which is the subtlest of compliments. Like several other great novelists, his most passionate attachment is, I think, to his verses. He spoke of the unfavorable criticisms on him of the English press. 'Why, I said, 'it seems to me that your novels have universal praise.' 'Oh, my novels, perhaps,' he answered, discontentedly, 'but what did the *Athenaeum* say of my poems? I am called a harlequin—a harlequin!'"

Concerning Mr. Howells, Julian Hawthorne has these acid remarks in the *Book Mart*: "The spectacle of a disciple of the realistic school—of Mr. Howells, for instance—industriously and gravely manufacturing mud-pies, can not fail to excite the sympathy and respect of the spectator, who restrains his smile out of consideration for the earnest good faith and self-satisfaction of the manufacturer. Besides, there is a great deal to be said for mud-pies; in the first place, they are made of mud, which is an actual, tangible, and therefore truthful substance, and which is commonly understood to be an important ingredient of human beings. Moreover, the human mind, at a certain stage of its development, experiences a peculiar appetite for mud-pies. Of course, however, when a disciple of the realistic, or beaver school, of novelists, clamors for the annihilation of Praxiteles and all his works, we are not bound to listen to him. It is natural that he should be impatient with Praxiteles; but the well-wishers of both parties are aware that the world is somewhat larger than the others suppose. Let us concede—it can do no harm—that Praxiteles is a 'counter-current.' The mighty tide of ocean was a 'counter-current' to Mrs. Partington and her mop. Mrs. Partington was indignant, and she did her best to suppress the ocean; but natural laws will have their way, and with due respect to Mrs. Partington, there are advantages in ocean tides. The romantic school of fiction has been in prosperous existence since the time of Homer, let us say, for thirty centuries more or less. During the last few months or years, the school of Mr. Howells has materialized itself, and it claims all truth as its province and portion. Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard, in obedience to everlasting planetary laws, begin to arise and submerge the coast. Mr. Howells womanfully trundles his mop. Let us turn away our eyes for a moment. What has become of Mr. Howells? 'Where is that harty now?' in the words of Mr. Breitmaun.

Prophets are not without honor save in their own country and the same may be said of authors. Take Cable in New Orleans, Miss McLean in Cape Cod for example, and now Daudet, in a letter to the *Temps* giving a history of "Numa Roumestan," says that on the publication of that famous novel he received the most lurid anonymous

letters, nearly all dated from the South of France. "Ask them even now," he says, "when their fury has abated, and the most exalted, the most Southern of Southerners, will assume a reasonable air, and say, 'Oh, tout cela est bien esageré!'" In the author's history of his book he says: "The true story of Numa is this. For many years past I have had a small green copy book, which is lying before me now, full of notes and inextricable erasures under the heading 'The South.' To it I have summed up the country of my birth, its climate, customs, temperament, accent, gestures, the frenzies and ebullitions of our sun, and the honest necessity of lying which arises out of an excessive imagination, of an expansive delirium, good-natured and gossiping, little akin to the cold-blooded, perverse, and calculating lie of the North. I have taken my observations from myself, from my relations, my family, and from my own early reminiscences, preserved by a strange memory, where every sensation is marked and impressed as soon as it is felt. Everything jotted down in this small green copy-book—from the songs of the people, the proverbs and idioms in which the instinct of a people is expressed, to the cries of the water-sellers and the groans over our maladies which imagination magnifies and causes to recur, which are nearly all nervous or rheumatic affections, caused by the burning air which devours our marrow and crushes us as a sugar-cane—to the crimes of the South, the bursts of passion, the drunken violence, drunken without having been caused by drink, confusing and frightening the conscience of the judges from other parts of the country, lost in the exaggerations and extraordinary utterances of witnesses which can not be brought to agree. It is from this copy-book that I have taken 'Tartarin de Tarascon,' 'Numa Roumestan,' and, more recently, 'Tartarin sur les Alpes.'"

New Publications.

"Brother against Brother: A Story of the Great Rebellion," by John R. Musick, has been published in the Fireside Series by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Our Remedy in the Laws," by C. L. Bonney of the Chicago bar, is a pamphlet in which the author sets forth some considerations of the laws of the land as they affect railroads. Published by the Legal News Company, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

That remarkable story "As in a Looking-Glass," by F. C. Phillips, which runs through edition after edition in England and America as soon as published, has been reprinted in the Seaside Library by George Munro, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"The Autobiography of a Slander," by Edna Lyall, is a clever little sketch showing the birth and growth of a slander which separates two loving hearts, and causes the death of an innocent man in a Siberian prison. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 25 cents.

"The Girl's Book of Famous Queens," by Lydia H. Farmer, is a product of the Jubilee excitement, but its value is not so short-lived as is generally the case with such books. It is a series of sixteen biographies of famous female sovereigns from Semiramis to Victoria, not including all great queens, but only such as were prominent in important epochs of the world's history. The volume is copiously illustrated. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Dateless Bargain," by C. L. Pirakis, is a story of an English country family's splurge in London society. Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Shenstone moves up to London and plunges into the social swim, her house soon becoming a resort for shady social lions, among whom Americans are a preponderating element. Mrs. Shenstone's daughters are sought for their money, but one of them remains true to the young man she has promised to marry "when he makes his fortune"—from which dateless bargain the story takes its name. It is a sufficiently amusing novel, with no particularly good or bad feature to distinguish it from a few score of similar novels of English life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 30 cents.

That a writer can continue to rewrite and rewrite what is practically the same story, slight changes being made in scene, incident, and "local color," and still not lose but gain popularity with his readers, is shown by the appearance of the last volume of the twelfth series of six-volume sets of boys' stories which "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) has written in less than a score of years. This seventy-second story is "Ready About," the concluding volume of the Boat Builder Series, and it brings the lives of the young men who have heretofore figured in this series up to the period when they are no longer boys but men. It is full of adventure, and hence readable, and its information regarding boat-sailing and its moral lessons make it commendable. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

"Thalrdom," by Julian Sturgis, is a novel hinging on mesmerism. Mrs. Vere has brought up her son on her lonely West Indian plantation in such fashion that his will has become weaker as her mesmeric power over him became stronger, until, finally, she dominates his every thought and action. She procures a position as governess to an English heiress, and determines to compel the girl to love her son through her strange power. It is in the discovery and prevention of this scheme that the story is involved. It holds the reader's attention well, and one can not help but admire the portrayal of the two contrasting characters, the weak-willed, sensitive, artistic son, and the girl's hull-headed, dogmatic, and self-sufficient young lover. Among the accessories to the tale is a remarkable old Voodoo priestess, who has a sharpened fingernail with a drop of poison under it—a most uncanny and effective weapon. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September, contains the following articles: "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," "Sleep and its Counterparts," "Industrial Training Two Centuries Ago," "Social Sustenance," "Ethnological Sketches in Annam and Tonquin," "Cork, its Manufacture and Properties," "A Botanical Bonanza," "Speeches at the Recent Tyndall Banquet," "Some Human Instincts," "Physiology of Freezing," and "Sketch of John J. Audubon," with portrait.

The September number of the *Magazine of Art* has full reviews, and numerous engravings of the recent exhibitions of paintings in London and Paris. The reproduction of the Bayeux tapestry is pictured and written upon. G. A. Sala's amanuensis describes that gentleman's home in Mecklenburgh Square, in London. A fine engraving of Palma Vecchio's portrait of his handsome daughter is given as a frontispiece; and there is a paper by Richard Jeffries, filled with ecstatic delight at the beauty of the "Stooping Venus" in the Louvre.

The *Forum* for September contains the following articles: "The Sixteenth Amendment," by Senator J. J. Ingalls; "Is Canada Misgoverned?" by the Minister of the Interior; "Books That Have Helped Me," by Reverend Doctor Augustus Jessopp; "Concerning Men," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "What is the Object of Life?" by Professor E. D. Cope; "The Manners of Critics," by Andrew Lang; "American Geographical Names," by Bishop A. Cleveland Cox; "Great Telescopes," by Professor C. A. Young; "The Gist of the Labor Question," by President John Bascom; "Profit-sharing," by Nicholas P. Gilman, and "Ignatius Donnelly's Comet," by Professor Alexander Winchell.

The September number of *Harper's Magazine* opens with an article on "Riding in New York," by "A Rider." The illustrations by T. de Thulstrup are spirited. Howard Pyle concludes his "Buccaners and Marooners of the Spanish Main"; the illustrations are four in number. "Home Rule in the Isle of Man," by Dr. Wheatly, proves that, after a fashion, home rule already exists in one part of her majesty's dominions. The number is rich in short stories, containing besides Miss Howard's "Tony, the Maid," illustrated by Reinhart, "Moll and Virgil," a charming story of negro character, by R. M. Johnston; and "Nurse Crumple Tells the Story," a story of old English life by Amélie Rivers. Miss Rives has apparently not yet passed the imitative stage of literature. The "Easy Chair" philosophizes on "The Commencement Season" and "College Brawn and College Brain," and draws important lessons from the career of Jacob Sharp. In the "Editor's Study" Mr. Howells grows monthly more absurd.

STORYTETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can't you pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

E. W. Woodruff, Henry S. Ives' former partner, who was bounced from his place as secretary and treasurer of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, smokes. He met an acquaintance in front of Ives' office and said: "For heaven's sake give us a match; the assignee has locked up the matches."

The following fragment was overheard by Arlo Bates on an Old Colony train recently: "What tow is this?" one passenger asked another. "This is Quincy." "What is there in Quincy?" "Well, there's some hurried Adamsons and some unburred Adamsons, but they're all dead, just the same."

Old "Tom" Marshall was once supposed to have insulted the dignity of the court, and he was fined fifty dollars. Tom, on hearing this, rather added to the insult, and he was fined another fifty dollars. Tom was equal to the occasion. Leaning toward the bench he said: "Judge, lend me a hundred dollars." Upon this the court exclaimed: "Mr. Sheriff, remit the entire fine. The State is better able to lose a hundred dollars than I am."

In the basement of a St. Paul store is an apparatus with which the proprietor generates the electricity for his own store-lighting plant. A laboring man had occasion to go down stairs looking for something. He was walking near to the magnet, which is of great power, when suddenly, as he moved around, his tin pail was snatched from his hand and drawn by the mysterious element whack up against the iron. With a yell like a Sioux Indian, the frightened man turned, gave one glance at that pail hugging the black iron, and broke for the stairs on a dead run.

James B. Clay was born in Washington. During the war his sympathies were with the Confederacy. He followed John Morgan out of Kentucky in 1862, and died in Canada in 1864. He was entirely lacking in all the mental attributes which made his father, Henry Clay, illustrious. Just before the war he was making a Democratic speech across the river from Cincinnati, and in the midst of it he exclaimed, "I am Clay of Kentucky," with great emphasis on the "I." A voice in the crowd shouted, "The h—! you are," and raised a hurst of laughter which nearly broke up the meeting.

A good many years ago there was a big real-estate transaction involved, in which Phil Armour was one of the figures. The sharps thought they had him, but were soon convinced that they were wrong. They had tried to get him to drink several times while the dicker was going on, but he was not drinking any. After the deal was over, Phil said to the chaps whom he had gotten the best of, "Now, gentlemen, you must have something with me," and taking them into a small room where there was a pitcher and several glasses, he opened a little tin box, and said: "Help yourselves." The tin box contained Seidlitz powders.

There's an eccentric old gentleman in a Connecticut town who recently married a somewhat hoydenish young wife, and who has been quoted as an awful example of senile folly ever since. Shortly after his return from the honeymoon he was waited on congratulatory by quite a deputation of his fellow townsmen and local magnates. He had been apprised of the intended visit, and was much annoyed that his grish spouse was not on hand when the visitors arrived. Inquiry elicited that her whereabouts was the garden, and he thereupon invited his guests out to be introduced to her. As they arose to accept the invitation his son, a lad of fourteen, exclaimed: "Don't do it, dad!" "Why?" he demanded angrily. "Because," answered the boy, hal apologetically, "she is up a cherry tree."

When Louis Philippe was on the throne, the Prince de Joinville had returned from a voyage round the world, bringing back with him: number of presents to his family and friends. The Princess Marie who possessed an exquisite taste, was impatient to know what portion of his exotic presents the prince had reserved for herself. "My dear sister," replied the prince, "I have brought you the complete costume of a princess of Tahiti." Princess Marie was enchanted at the idea, a masked ball was to take place a few evenings after. She at once declared that she would appear in the antipodean costume, and puzzle everybody. Thereupon the prince drew from a trunk a collar and a pair of bracelets made of sea-shells. "Beautiful!" exclaimed the princess; "and the rest?" "The rest?" "Yes; the rest of the costume you promised me." "You have the entire costume now, my dear!"

The chaplains of the regiments during the war had charge of the mails for the regiments to which they were attached. The mail for that regiment of a certain chaplain had not come to hand for many days. The regiment was out of the line of communication. Every day from one-half to two-thirds of the soldier boys filed up to the chaplain's tent with such stereotyped inquiries as these: "Any mail yet, chaplain?" "Have you heard from the mail?" "Do you know when the mail will come?" "What do you think is delaying the mail?" The good man was so pestered with inquiries that he had no time to prepare his weekly sermon. He was obliged to spend all his time in explanation that he had no mail, that he had heard nothing about the mail, and that he knew nothing about the mail. It occurred to him that he might put an end to his troubles by a sign. Procuring the bottom of an old hard-tack box, he marked it with charcoal, and nailed it on a tree in front of his tent so that all might see this notice: "The chaplain do not know when the mail will arrive." The next anxious inquirer who came along was a reckless young wag. He gazed for awhile at the notice, and, discovering the piece of charcoal which the chaplain had dropped on the ground at the completion of the sign, he seized it, and added these words: "And he don't care a d—n." The chaplain took in the sign, and never put out another one.

There were few sharper fellows in the Maltese port of Valetta, at there were certainly very few greater rogues, than old Jacopo Feroni a boatman, guide, interpreter, and fruit-seller. As one morning British transport steamer came into Valetta harbor she was instantly surrounded with a swarm of shore boats, and among the first to reach alongside was Jacopo. On her way westward, the transport hit touched at one of the Greek islands to take some fruit for the sick men and the head steward had bought a large stock of grapes. Some of the finest were not quite ripe, so he kept them hanging in the sun just inside the porthole of his pantry: "You'd better shift those grapes somewhere else, Harris," said the first officer, as the steamer gplied in the harbor; "some of these Maltese rascals are certain to spy the fruit and reach in for it as they come up the ladder." "It'll be 'so grapes' on 'em, if they do sir," answered the steward, with a grin, as he lifted the topmost bunch of grapes, and displayed a large rat-trap with the spring set. The tempting fruit did not escape Master Jacopo's keen eye, and in a moment his loag, lean, supple hand slipped like eel through the porthole and into the basket. Instantly a frightful y was heard, which made everybody rush to the spot; but when they si Jacopo Feroni capering and screeching like a madman, with his at thrust through the porthole, they easily guessed what had happened. The news of Jacopo's misfortune spread like wildfire. The deck abo and the waters below were all alive with grinning faces, and t jeers and laughter grew louder and louder every moment. At last t head steward took pity upon him, and opened the trap, when, bindi up his bleeding fingers as well as he could, he slunk away amid a r of laughter that seemed to shake the very air.

SOCIETY.

The Morrison-Simpson Wedding.

At the residence of Dr. James Simpson, 1212 Sutter Street, his daughter, Miss Mary Simpson, was united in marriage to Mr. W. P. Morrison last Thursday evening. The wedding was quiet in every way, but a few relatives and intimate friends being present. The parlors were decorated with flowers, foliage, and draperies, arranged tastefully by Miss Bates. A nuptial bower was arranged in the bay-window of the front parlor with a flock of snow-white doves at the top of the pink tulle draperies, each one assisting in holding a pretty garland of sweet peas. An arrangement of white-berry foliage adorned the centre of the window with clusters of pyrethrum blossoms as a setting. The mirror in the back parlor was decorated with chrysanthemums and fruit effectively arranged and mingled with draperies of old-pink-colored silk and ferns. On the mantel below were masses of geraniums in shades that matched the decoration above. A scarf of bright-tinted nasturtiums and bowls of the same embellished the mantel and book-case in the library adjoining, and the door between these rooms was decked with marigolds. The band was stationed in the hall, where, at the end, was a Turkish portiere, trimmed with ferns and tied with red silk ribbons. It was half-past eight o'clock when the bridal party entered the parlor. Miss Florence Coleman, the maid of honor, led the way, followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Annie and Katie Pierce, of Santa Clara. Little Edith Pierce, aged four years, was next, coming just ahead of the bride, who leaned upon the arm of her father. The party had been preceded by the minister, Reverend Robert MacKenzie, the groom and his best man, Mr. William Simpson, who met them at the bridal bower. Mr. Samuel D. Mayer played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and at its conclusion the marriage ceremony was performed in a most impressive manner. Congratulations were then extended to the happy couple, and, after an interval of an hour, all proceeded to the dining-hall, where a sumptuous supper was served.

The bride was attired in an elegant costume of white Chinese silk, made with a court train, and trimmed with white uncut plush and Duchesse lace. The bodice was cut high at the neck, and the elbow sleeves were of Duchesse lace. She wore gloves of white and ivory kid, and carried a bouquet of marguerites. Her coiffure was dressed à la Mikado, and a crescent of pearls confined the flowing veil of tulle to it. Her ornaments were diamonds, a present from the groom. Miss Pierce appeared in a becoming costume of lavender tulle gracefully draped, and carried a bouquet of marguerites.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in dresses of white nun's veiling, and little Edith Pierce wore a dainty dress of white Valenciennes lace combined with silk mull. The presents received were of an elegant and substantial character. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison departed yesterday for a Southern and Eastern trip.

Mrs. McLaughlin's Reception.

In honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field a reception was given by Mrs. Charles McLaughlin in her apartments at the Palace Hotel, a week ago last night. The evening was devoted principally to conversation and the enjoyment of songs by Miss Chamberlain and piano selections by Mr. Samuel McLaughlin. A supper was served at eleven o'clock. Miss May Ives assisted Mrs. McLaughlin in receiving her guests.

Among those present were: Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Senator and Mrs. A. P. Williams, Mrs. J. Condit Smith, Misses Smith, Misses Whitney, of Oakland, Misses Jones, of Chicago, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Eva Carolan, Miss Fannie Crocker, Misses Murphy, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Senator James G. Fair, Mr. Harry Houghton, Lieutenant William H. Benn, U. S. A., Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Charles Main, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Burke Holladay, Mr. George Duval, Mr. Spalding, Mr. Newhall, and Mr. Carr, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Fargo's Lunch-Party.

Mrs. E. A. Fargo gave a delightful lunch-party at her residence, 1919 Sutter Street, a week ago yesterday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. J. Condit Smith, and the Misses Smith, of Washington, D. C. Those invited to meet the honored guests of the day were: Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mrs. Thomas Church, Miss Denny, of San José, and the Misses Whitney, of Oakland.

The Hort Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort gave an enjoyable dinner party at their residence, 1200 Jackson Street, to commemorate the forty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. They gathered around them all of their relatives on this coast, numbering about twenty, and a remarkable fact about the dinner was the presence of four generations seated around the table. The repast was admirable in every respect, and the conversation was replete with pleasant reminiscences of the past and bright hopes for the future. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Chauncey Boardman, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, the three Misses Tompkins, Mr. Minthorn Tompkins, Mr. Philip Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mailiard, little Rene Mailiard, Mrs. Owen, and Dr. Breyfogle.

The Underhill-King Wedding.

A quiet wedding was celebrated last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King, 2111 Pine Street, when their daughter, Miss Louise King, was married to Mr. George L. Underhill. The parlors were decorated in a tasteful manner with garlands of smilax and fragrant flowers, and by various emblematic floral devices. The guests, numbering about one hundred, were assembled at half-past eight o'clock, and soon after Ballenberg's band played the wedding march and the bridal party entered. Misses Edith and Florence Latham, the bridesmaids, came first, followed by the groomsmen, Mr. William Underhill and Mr. Edward Harris. Next came the groom, escorted by Mrs. J. K. Latham, the bride's sister, who preceded the bride and her father. Last in the procession were Miss Mamie Van Denburgh and Miss Pearl Elliott. The bridal party took positions beneath a beautiful wedding-bell of blossoms, and the marriage rites were then celebrated by the Rev. Robert Jackenite. The remainder of the evening was devoted to reception and entertainment, during which the couple were laid by the band. A large number of costly gifts were received by the newly married pair. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. H. L. King, Jr. Many beautiful toasts were noticed. The reception those of the bridal party being as follows: The bride wore an exquisite toilet of Blanc Ivore faulle rancaise made with a court train and trimmed with Brussels lace. The bodice was cut high with long sleeves and a ng veil of white tulle depended from the ciffure. She wore white kid gloves and carried a bouquet of La Marquise roses.

Miss Edith Latham was attired in pale blue silk draped in white lace. The corsage was cut V shaped with elbow sleeves, and her gloves were of cream-colored kid. She carried a bouquet of La France roses. Miss Florence Latham appeared in a costume of white batross cloth, the corsage being draped prettily with lace. She wore gloves of tan colored kid and carried a bouquet of white du Jardin roses. Miss Mamie Van Denburgh wore a becoming toilet of white albatross cloth trimmed with ribbons to correspond. Miss Pearl Elliott wore a pretty toilet of white grenadine with pink trimmings. Mrs. J. K. S. Latham wore a rich costume of black silk lined with Marquise lace and made with a court train, the corsage was cut V shaped and filled in with Brussels lace; ornaments, superb diamonds and opals. Mrs. H. L. King was attired in black silk trimmed with white lace and wore diamond ornaments.

Mrs. H. L. King, Jr., appeared in a costume of olive brown satin and ecru brocade, trimmed with bronze-colored passementerie and ecru lace. She wore ecru-colored kid gloves and diamond ornaments.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Charles Crocker is expected to return from Europe in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McDermott are occupying a residence at the suburb of London.

Mr. B. F. Norris will leave Liverpool to-day, en route to this city. Mrs. Norris and family will pass the winter in Paris.

Mr. Walter Maxwell, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Frank Unger, who have been passing the last two months in an Eastern and European trip, returned to the city last Saturday after a very pleasant tour.

General Walter Turnbull left last Tuesday for London and Paris on a business trip. Mrs. Turnbull, who is now residing in Leipzig, will join him in London. He expects to return in sixty days.

Mr. Crittenden Thornton is at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Givins have returned to the city after passing the summer with Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have returned from a visit to San José.

Mr. A. H. Small is passing a couple of weeks at Humboldt.

Mr. E. A. Fargo and Mrs. J. B. Cox went to Santa Barbara last Thursday.

Miss Lizzie Hawkins is visiting at Laurel Wood, in Santa Clara County.

Miss May Wickersham has returned from an Alaskan trip. Mrs. Lucy Arnold and Miss Flora Carroll have been visiting friends in Chicago.

Hon. and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Crocker, at their residence on Sutter Street.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and the Misses Florence and Mary T. Pope have returned from St. Helena, and are at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Maud O'Connor has been visiting Mrs. Basil Heathcote.

Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit Smith, and the Misses Smith will depart for Washington, D. C., on September 14th.

Miss Edith Clarke is visiting friends in Marysville.

Right Reverend Bishop William Ingraham Kip has returned from a prolonged visit to his diocese in Southern California.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier, Miss Sophie McPherson, and Miss Lottie Morrill have returned home from a delightful sojourn of several weeks at Clear Lake.

Miss Pope, Miss Eva Carolan, Mr. Harry Hall, and Mr. George A. Newhall were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs at Calistoga last week.

Miss Mattie Peters has been visiting Miss Bessie Shreve at Mountain View.

Mrs. J. M. McNulty was recently the guest of Mrs. W. W. Montague at her villa in Santa Clara County.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Toland are enjoying a hunting and fishing trip around the Sierra.

Mrs. D. C. Nichols has been passing a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott have returned from a pleasant visit at Santa Barbara.

The Misses Elliott have returned to the city from a visit to Miss L. B. Baker at White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Madeline Lissak has returned home after an extended visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, née Fargo, who have been traveling in the East since their marriage, returned to the city this week.

Mr. J. de Barth Shorh, of San Gabriel, has been passing the summer at the Occidental Hotel.

Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder returned to the city last Saturday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, of Redwood City, have been at the Palace Hotel most of the week.

Mr. Edwards Roberts arrived here from Santa Barbara on Tuesday, and has gone to the Yellowstone Park with a party of friends.

Miss Alida Wilbur returned from Alaska on Tuesday after a two month's absence.

Mr. J. E. Crooks, of Benicia, passed a few days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Miss Anna Hobbs has returned to the city from a pleasant visit to Miss Sharp at San José.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya returned home last Tuesday from a two weeks' visit to Miss Susie Smith at Napa.

Mrs. Amy Crocker and Mrs. Bender came down from Sacramento on Tuesday, and passed several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Doctor Jewell and her son, Mr. Walter Jewell, are passing a few weeks at Summer House Farm, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mme. Zeiss-Dennis will go to Santa Cruz next Thursday, to remain a few days.

Colonel E. A. Belcher will go to Mount Shasta to-day for a brief outing.

Mrs. Emma F. Taylor left on Thursday for New York, where she goes to join her son, Mr. Wilson G. Taylor, who has been absent some time studying art. They will visit the principal cities East before returning.

Mrs. George H. Tay and the Misses Jennie, Irene, and Hattie Tay will return from Oakland to their residence on Leavenworth Street in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from their Southern trip.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and Miss Ella Bunker will visit Los Angeles this month.

Miss Grace Roop, of Santa Clara, and Miss Brander of La Grange, are visiting Miss Ella Bunker.

Mrs. H. Albert Mai is recovering from the effects of the severe accident recently met with in the city.

Mr. Albert Castle intends to go to Los Angeles soon to establish himself in business there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., née Pike, have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss Ella Jennings has been quite ill during her visit to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Etta Tracy and Miss Jennie Tay will pay a visit to friends in Fresno next month.

Mr. Charles L. Fair returned from Los Angeles on Thursday.

Mr. R. F. Bunker and Miss Edith Bunker have returned home, the latter having recovered from her recent severe illness.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is authoritatively announced of Mr. Frank Val and Miss Mary Gibbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gibbs.

Miss Carrie Wethered, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wethered, to Ensign Selim Woodworth, U. S. N., will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents on Van Ness Avenue. Only the family and a few intimate friends will be present.

At St. John's Episcopal Church, last Thursday morning, the marriage of the daughter of the late Major McPherson, was married to Lieutenant James P. Parker, U. S. N. Only a few intimate friends were present. They departed for Baltimore, Md., the same morning by steamer, via Panama.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at his residence on Sutter Street, in honor of Chief-Justice Stephen J. Field. The affair was one of much enjoyment to the guests, among whom were: Senator Leland Stanford, Mr. W. H. L. Barnes, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Ralph C. Harrison, and a few others.

Last Saturday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft gave a driving-party at Santa Cruz. The Big Trees were visited, and a dainty lunch was a feature of the trip. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. O. C. Pratt, Miss Lillie Jones, Mrs. Nat Messer, Mrs. J. B. Cox, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., and Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant George N. Chase, Fourth Infantry, aide-de-camp, has gone to the Round Valley Indian Reservation under special instructions.

Major John S. Wither, U. S. A., has arrived at his new post, Newport, Ky.

Lieutenant Abner H. Merrill, U. S. A., has been promoted to a captaincy, vice Captain Nichols, retired.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Casey, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., has been visiting Mr. W. B. Tubbs at Calistoga.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Piper, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of colonel.

Captain F. C. Nelson, First Artillery, U. S. A., was placed on the retired list last month.

Lieutenant O. M. Lissak, U. S. A., arrived in the city this week on the steamer *Belgia*, from an extended tour to Australia, China, and Japan.

Lieutenant Marion P. Morse, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Fort Gaston, Cal., is at present at the Presidio acting as one of the range officers. He will depart for the East in a couple of weeks on a six months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Bartlett, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Benicia Barracks from Santa Cruz.

Colonel Rodney Smith, Assistant Paymaster General, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence.

Captain Robert Armstrong, First Infantry U. S. A., has returned to his station, Fort McDermitt, Nev.

The promotion of Captain William L. Haskin, First Artillery U. S. A., to be major of the same regiment, vice Warner, retired, is announced. He will take station at Fort Canby, W. T.

Captain C. Bryant, U. S. A., was a guest at the Occidental Hotel a few days this week.

Captain A. A. Ackerman, U. S. A., of Mare Island, made a visit to the city this week.

General Graham, U. S. A., will arrive here soon from the East, to take command of the Presidio.

Major John L. Rodgers, First Artillery, U. S. A., commanding officer at Alcatraz, is now temporarily in command at the Presidio, vice Colonel Alexander Piper, U. S. A., who is stopping at the Palace Hotel, preparatory to leaving for New York to take command of the Fifth Artillery Regiment there.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

At Metropolitan Hall, last Tuesday evening, the members of the Handel and Haydn Society gave their first concert of the new series. This society has improved wonderfully since Mr. H. J. Stewart undertook its leadership, the practicing members having increased from about thirty to upward of one hundred and fifty. The directors desire to increase the membership to two hundred, as with the income derived from the number they will be able to produce many works of the foremost composers, now in contemplation. The attendance at the last concert was very large. Mr. Stewart was the conductor, Mr. H. B. Pasmore the accompanist, and the principal soloists were: Miss Carrie Millner, Miss Nora Connell, Mrs. Charles L. Parent, Mr. Charles S. Walton, Mr. Robert Blair, and Mr. Augustus Thornton. The programme was as follows:

Quartet and Chorus—"Splendete deus, Deus".....Mozart
Miss Connell, Mrs. Parent, Mr. Walton, Mr. Thornton.
Aria—"Fietta Signor".....Stradella

Selection from the "Lohengrin".....Mendelssohn
Recitative and Aria—"Sing Ye Praise,"
Mr. Charles Walton.

Chorus—"All ye that cried out to the Lord."
Duet and Chorus—"I waited for the Lord."
Miss Millner and Miss Connell.

Recitative and Aria—"Arm, Arm, ye Brave".....Handel
Mr. Robert Blair.
Solo and Chorus—"Alma Virgo".....Hummel
Miss Carrie Millner.

Chorus—"Hallelujah".....Beethoven
Quartet and Chorus—"Forth to the Meadows".....Schubert
Miss Connell, Mrs. Parent, Mr. Walton, Mr. Thornton.

Solo—"Sognai" (a Reverie).....Schirmer
Miss Nora Connell.
Part Song—"Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun".....Smart
Aria—"Waltz" (from "Die Meistersinger").....Wagner
von Nürnberg".....Mr. Walton.

Part Song—(a) "In the Merry Spring".....Ravenscroft
(b) The Maiden of the "Fleur de Lys"
Sydenham

Solo—Air, with variations.....Rode
Miss Carrie Millner.
Aria—"Qui s'égno non s'accende".....Mozart
Mr. Robert Blair.

Part Song—"Good Night, Beloved".....Pinsuti
"The Bells of St. Michael's Tower"
Knyvett-Stewart

The society will give four concerts this season. "The music in rehearsal for the next concert is a cantata, "The Ancient Mariner," by John Francis Barnett, and a cantata, "May Day," by Sir George Macfarlane.

The Orchestral Union Concert.

The Orchestral Union gave the first concert of its ninth season at Odd Fellows' Hall last Wednesday evening, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Louise Elliott, Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, accompanist, and Mr. Julius Hinrichs, and the concert was under the direction of Mr. Herman Brandt. The following programme was rendered:

Overture—"Egmont".....Beethoven
Cavatina from the "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Miss Louise Elliott.

(a) Adagio, Op. 16.....Grutzmacher
(b) Vito-Spanish Dance.....Popper

Danse Macabre "Poème Symphonique".....Saint-Saëns
Symphony B minor (unfinished).....Schubert
Allegro moderato—Andante con moto.

Song—Si tu voulais.....Ritter
Miss Louise Elliott.
Romanza—Dolce Sogno.....Giovanni Bolzoni
String Orchestra.

Serenade.....Moszkowski

The Eddy Organ Recital.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, gave his second organ recital last Saturday afternoon at Metropolitan Hall, with the assistance of Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber
(Transcribed by S. P. Warren.)

Nuptial March.....Lemaigre
Prayer in March.....Guilmant
Adagio—(Violin and Organ).....Merkel

Mr. Brandt and Mr. Eddy.
Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Bach
a. Vorspiel to "Lobpreis".....Wagner
b. Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser" (Arrangements by Eddy).

Variations on "Annie Laurie".....Buck
Mr. Brandt.
Organ accompaniment played by Mr. Eddy.

Legende.....Wieniawski
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Organ accompaniment played by Mr. Eddy.

Schiller March.....Meyerbeer
(Arranged by Best.)
a. Traumerel and Romance.....Schumann
(Arranged by Eddy.)

b. Scherzo Pastorale.....Grieg
(Arranged by Archer.)
Offertoire de Ste. Cecile, No. 2.....Battiste

Mr. Henry Heyman announces the second season of his series of chamber-music recitals to be given at Pioneer Hall on the evenings of November 25th and December 25th, 1887, and January 27th and February 24th, 1888. In the string quartet Mr. Heyman will be assisted by Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Frederick Knell, and Mr. Julius Hinrichs. Other well-known artists will assist in the vocal and piano numbers, etc.

Mr. H. J. Stewart will commence a number of operatic concerts this month at Irving Hall. Among the principal participants will be Miss Maggie Nelson, Miss Grace Porter, Signor Enrico Campobello, Mr. J. B. Chrystal, and Mr. Ben Clark. The first concert will be given for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, is now visiting the southern portion of the State. He will stop here on his way to Portland, Or., and will give one concert next Thursday evening, at the First Congregational Church in Oakland.

Mr. Emil Knell, the cellist, will give a farewell concert at Irving Hall on Friday evening, September 30th, preparatory to a trip to Europe, where he will complete his musical education.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give a series of six concerts this season; the first one to take place at Irving Hall on Friday evening, October 21st.

Mrs. Henry Norton will give one of her popular song-recitals at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, September 15th, in aid of the Pilgrim Sunday-school.

The Loring Club will hold its first concert of this season next Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

W. K. Vickery returned from an extended visit to London and Paris last week, and brought a number of etchings and prints, which he will display in a new store at 108 Grant Avenue, about the middle of the month.

The winter term of the Art Students' League will commence on Monday, September 5. The classes will be under the instruction of Mr. Fred Yates.

CCCCLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday September 4, 1887.

Clam Chowder.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Egg Plant. Tomato Farci.
Roast Veal. Sweet potatoes.
Carrot Salad.
Charlotte de Frankfurt Iced Pudding.
Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Gages, Nectarines, and Apples.

CHARLOTTE DE FRANKFORT ICED PUDDING.—Make a little clear jelly, using for the purpose either Copley or Nelson's gelatine; clarify, flavor with bitter almond and sweeten it well; while the jelly is still warm, rise an ice pudding-mould with cold water, and pack it on ice and salt; when it is freezing-cold, put a layer of jelly on the bottom and sides; it should be an inch thick; then pack in alternate layers of apricot marmalade and lady-fingers soaked in Maraschino; proceed in this way until the mould is full; cover closely, seal with a paste of flour and water, cover with ice and salt, and leave for an hour.

One of the oaths that the recording angel will probably blot out with a tear, like that of Uncle Toby, is that of the man who refused to leave a dangerous place in the Peoria railroad wreck, and, when a policeman attempted to drive him away, said: "If you don't leave me alone I'll knock h—l out of you. My son is under here somewhere." The son was found and rescued.

The fare to the Lick Observatory and return, via the Southern Pacific Railway is now \$6.50, instead of \$5.25, as printed in another column.

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STAGE VOICES.

STARTING.

[Terminus of the Great Boreal R. R. The stage waiting. Enter train, which pours forth a bustling throng of perturbed and perspiring pilgrims.]

Omnes—This way, Maria, and keep close to me, or we'll never get a seat. For goodness sake, Charles, where are all the children? I can't count but seven. I wonder whether he comes with us—the one with the brown mustache, I mean, of course. Heavens, you're a perfect mass of cinders! And you look like a full-blown peony! I'm going where she does, if I have to walk all the way—good-bye! Oh, Robert, Robert! All our trunks have gone up the branch road, and we haven't a single thing except what we stand in!

Irresolute Person (who has been in an agony of indecision all the way up)—Well, now, I really must make up my mind. Shall I go to Crawfish's or the Silhouette? Both are good houses; but I rather think I prefer the Silhouette—or would, if it wasn't for the peculiar advantages of Crawfish's—and yet, possibly the Silhouette is a little the better—although I don't know, after all, that it is—for Crawfish's is beautifully situated—but so is the Silhouette—and then, again, perhaps not quite so—and I might try Crawfish's—or wouldn't it be wiser to go to the other place?—Crawfish's or the Silhouette—the Silhouette or Crawfish's—the Sil—Hullo, all the stages have gone, and I can't go anywhere! Yes, I can, though—back home! (And he does.)

The Driver (calmly surveying anxious applicants for the box-seat)—No; sit back, bar, behind—y're few hefty fur this seat. Better sit inside, marm, 't'z goin' t' be pruttty hot t' day. Don't c'm 'p here, sonny—no chance fur ye. This place 'ngaged? Guess so. I don't wan' no cigar—don't smoke. Git inside, mister, thar's slathers of o' room. Yew're tew light—stage wun't balance. Fifty cents? Wut's thet fur—tryin' t'w bribe me, be ye? Five dollars? J'rooslem, kim right straight up, sir; yew're th' man I bin a-lookin' fur—nuther tew light n' yit tew hefty; but jist right! All riddy! G'lang! (And the box-seat is filled.)

Aunt (severely)—Corra, the way you're going on with young Masher is disgraceful. Coming home from the picnic you and he were a mile behind the others.

Corra—He couldn't keep up with them. His horse was too slow.

Aunt—And last evening he sat out with you until nearly midnight.

Corra—He didn't know how late it was. His watch was too slow.

Aunt—And here he is on the same stage.

Corra—He missed connecting with the other one. His train was too slow.

Aunt—Therefore you will please understand that you must not see him again.

Corra—I think I shall, though, for I promised to marry him; so, aunt, you're too slow!

HALF-WAY THERE.

Everybody tolerably sociable by this time. Warm and dusty.

Instructive Nuisance (who has been over the road before)—Observe that high cliff on the right. It is called "Lucilla's Leap," from the touching circum-

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stance that, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago this month, a young maiden, driven insane by unrequited affection, threw herself over the precipice, and, horrible to relate, was dashed to pieces!

Irreverent Listener—Bound to make one mash if she couldn't make another, eh? (Is crushed beneath general condemnation.)

Joe—Phew! It's terribly hot, isn't it?

Fred—Why don't you raise your umbrella? You're just basking yourself.

Joe—I've only one week's vacation, and I've got to get sunburn enough to make the people think I've been away a month. (Continues to bask.)

The Driver—Yes, it's n' all-fired hard biznis, this drivin' stage. (Git up, thar, Bill!) Start 't' six 'n' th' marm'n', (Hirrup, Jake, whar be ye?) 'n' makea trip daown 't' th' deopot, 'n' then (Yew, Bill, git!) turn roun' 'n' kim back, 'n' all fur (Quit bitin', Jerry!) thirty dollars a month, 'n' board m'slf (G'lang!), whicb is a thunderin' way off from br'in a cap't'list, now, ain't it? (Take t'bet, 'n' thet, ef you wun't git!)

ARRIVING.

[The stage balts before hotel, and exchanges broadsides with the piazza.]

Gentlemen—By Jove, what a lot of girls! We've dropped into clover, sure enough. They say there's no barber here, and you have to shave yourself. Hallo, Frank, whar are you doing so far from home? There's a man who owes me fifty dollars. Rather a queer set the men are, I should say. I can't see but one lawn-tennis set, and there don't seem to be any billiard-room. Now, Jack, we must have a room, if ebeek will get one. I'm going to make the acquaintance of the girl in blue, if I die for it!

Ladies—Oh, dear, they seem very dressy here; and I've only my second-best gown with me. How those creatures stare! That horrid thing with eye-glasses is making fun of me, I know! The lady on the right has one of those new-style hats, do you notice? How like frights we must look—I'm simply hurled in dust. Oh, there's Aunt Martha and Sophie and all the girls—how splendid! Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Here we are!

Gentlemen—There are four pretty girls, two fair to middling, and two no grade—not so bad for one load. Great Scott, there's the girl who threw me over last spring—I'll leave in the morning! Charley, old man, how are you? You've come just in the nick of time—tell you later: Who's the party in gaiters? No, Belle, of course I don't know her—only—ah—I fancied I'd seen her before. If that dnde looks at Molly again, I'll—

Ladies—What a forlorn-looking set! No, I don't think she's a bit pretty—I'm surprised at you, Fred! That's a last year's dress! Impudence! Did you see her smile at me? That must be a bridal couple. The girl in the duster lives in our street; but we don't visit—she's groceries, or something. Well, altogether, I don't think this much of an addition to our society. Let's go in and find out who they are. (And the register becomes the centre of attraction.)—Manley H. Pike in Puck.

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Many readers will call to mind the red sunsets of two or three years ago, and that these were accounted for by many persons upon the supposition that the upper air was filled with fine dust from the eruption of Krakatau, in Java. This eruption occurred in the month of August, 1883. Whether it was the cause of the red glow in our sky or not, we may never be able to know positively. But the distance to which the sound of that explosion was heard has been found to have been remarkable. That same year the English yacht *Marchesa* was cruising in the Malay Archipelago as far east as New Guinea. Mr. Guillemard, who wrote the journal of that cruise, relates an interview with a Dutch missionary in this latter island, from which it appears that the sound was heard at that great distance. "Mr. Van Hasselt was eager to learn what news we could give of the civilized world. We had little enough to tell, with the exception of the eruption of Krakatau. Of the appalling amount of destruction it had caused we were unaware, but we gave him the few particulars which had reached Gorontalo. He at once told us, greatly to our astonishment, that the noise of the explosions had been audible at Dorei, and, going into the next room, brought his diary, in which, under date of August 27th, an entry had been made to the effect that sounds as of distant cannonading, which they had imagined to proceed from a volcanic eruption, had been heard that day. The natives, we were told, had also noticed it on the previous day—when, in fact, the volcano was at its height. By the missionaries, the volcano at Ternate or in some part of the Moluccas was supposed to be in action. It enables one partially to realize the terrific nature of the eruption when the map shows Dorei to be distant one thousand seven hundred and ten miles from Krakatau."

—We have just received a number of new Etchings and Steel Engravings, also many new patterns of Mouldings for picture frames. French and German Plate Mirrors, all styles and prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., No. 857 Market Street, S. F.; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

—GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—MME. NIS-HERRERA RESUMES INSTRUCTION in French, German and Spanish, August 1st. Address 1227 Pine Street.

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—MISS ALICE M. BACON HAS RETURNED TO THE city, and is prepared to resume lessons on the piano. Address, 1413 Taylor Street.

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1246 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipzig with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Terek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual.

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music.

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Monday and Thursday at Mills College.) Mr. Kelleher will be pleased to be consulted and will hear voices free of charge, after office hours.

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Violin. Vocal Music.

WILL RESUME INSTRUCTIONS ON MONDAY,
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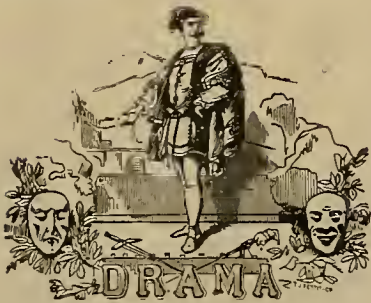
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The comedy of "Forbidden Fruit" had a touch of lumbago last Monday night, and all the nights following. People will make allowances for much, but when their comedy has a crick in its back and goes stiff on its legs it does not superinduce that condition of merriment which people expect when they go to see comedy.

"Forbidden Fruit," too! There is fun in the luscious name of the play, for the men know that some of their little foibles and tricks are to be held up to the light, and go to chuckle over them. They know well enough the little comedy treats of men, even if they have never seen the familiar trifle. When women eat of the fruit of knowledge of the tree of evil, the natural consequence is a tragedy. But when men taste the delectable apple, it is all very amusing till they are found out.

The most natural thing about the comedy of "Forbidden Fruit" is that the men have such a hard time, having a good time, that one is really rather sorry for them. Sergeant Buster is such a seasoned old chap that he takes the interference with his evening's plans calmly enough, and is apparently quite contented in the society of the robust Arabella. He seems to be quite confident that he can make a night of it whenever the inspiration crosses him.

These are the dangerous members of society, these experienced old chaps who show the guileless Cato Doves the way. And yet, Boucicault is so accustomed to playing the innocent Irish gossamer that half unconsciously he dropped into his old mould now and then, and was almost as had as any member of his company in the new atmosphere of "Forbidden Fruit."

When the pilot goes to pieces like this there was little to be expected of the rest, and they did not answer very handsomely to that little.

It did not seem possible this could be the "Forbidden Fruit" we have all laughed over so merrily, going lame and halt and with creaking joints like this, when it used to be so light and springy, as every farce should be.

Mr. Barrows is a heavy comedian naturally. When his humor is older and fruitier it may become untimely. Old humor of the good sort always seems to have the quality of unctious in it. But, as an honest and perfectly devoted young husband who has renounced the devil and all his pomps for a devoted little wife, and has only hearkened to the tempter for a little moment, through the yet remaining weakness of the natural man, because a pretty trapezist has flashed across his path, he is but a heavy and sombre specimen.

It is true the trapezist has not been made a very fascinating person. A blazing costume of red and green makes the lady look like a gigantic parrot; but it does not lend that irresistible charm which persons in this class of life are supposed to possess for fast husbands. A man would either require a great deal of courage, or must be something more than half-seas-over, who could face even Cremorne Gardens in company with such a costume. The world may know nothing of a man's little escapades, but then there is always the waiter!

The greatest writers have not scrupled to recognize the power of this functionality, even upon ordinary life. What then must be in his own realm, where he reigns supreme in those establishments where Sergeant Buster, Mr. Cato Dove, and their friends go to make a night of it?

One of the waiters in Cremorne Gardens, by-the-way, attends the table in his shirt-sleeves, and, as straws show which way the wind blows, it is just this sort of thing, or rather the carelessness of this sort of thing, which has made "Forbidden Fruit" so sombre an affair. Mr. Dion Boucicault, who has justly had a reputation for being something of a marinet in stage matters, has overlooked a lot of trifles, and trifles make the sum of comedy.

No one is downright bad in "Forbidden Fruit." Miss Thorndyke, in a small part, is a very engaging Mrs. Dove. Mrs. Barker is ridiculously like the Arabella Busters we see about us every day.

The comedy itself still rattles with excellent situations and clever dialogue, but there is no touch and go to anything, no electricity, nothing of that nimbleness, and quickness, that spontaneity which is the spirit of farce-comedy.

One willingly leaves even Boucicault to go for his laugh to the Bush Street Theatre, where another clever little Irishman—clever in a vastly different way—is singing, and dancing, and laughing the nights away with infinite good nature.

There is a child-like charm about this dapper little Scanlan which is very winning. The play has nothing

of the ring of metal in it that Boucicault's Irish plays have, but there is a sort of pale, phantasmagorical likeness to what might once have been the real thing, and the people move about Scanlan in the most obliging manner.

They are, many of them, rather good of their kind, too, for Ronald, the heavy villain, does a good hit of melodrama in two of the scenes, and every one likes to see even a little thing well done.

For the matter of that, the glimpse of the blind piper is quite a picture, and if only a little life could have been put into that fringe of funeral tenants who stood gloomily and stolidly in the background at young Power's birth-day feast, we might have thought the scene the original of that pretty song, "The Kerry Dance," which Lillian Russell used to sing so sweetly when she came here first, a slim, gifted girl, and seemed to look at us across the footlights with such honest, innocent blue eyes as she sang her simple ballads.

But the Kerry dancers take no steps in Farmer Power's barn, except for a meek, little, meaningless jig by Scanlan and Kitty O'Shea.

Kitty O'Shea! What an honest, simple-sounding little name it is for a stage name, and what a nice, little, real Irish girl she is! Not a trick of the well-known and sometimes charming Irish sourette has she, but straight she goes through her little part with an unadorned straightforwardness which is positively naive. It gives a curious, because most unusual, vraisemblance to the loves of Peggy and Shane.

Scanlan as Shane is a sort of Irish fawn. One may believe in this race in Italy, where the fruiting sun, shining ever, warms the melancholy out of human nature, but melancholy should thrive in the cool, ever-dripping mists of sunless Ireland.

However, the Irish comedian, though, as we know him, he is only a stage creation, must have had a prototype somewhere in the green island, and Scanlan is one of the lightest-bearded of them all.

His simple little songs are all his own, excepting, indeed, "The Lowbacked Car." The melodies are taking and easy, and the words gush with sentiment, and he is very neat in his rendering of them. He is a child of nature, with all the abandon of one. If it occurs to him that he can make a stronger appeal to you by kneeling, while singing a verse, down he goes upon his knees, and somehow it doesn't look ridiculous. There is a merry glint in his eye and a curl in his rather self-satisfied smile, which seem to say, "I'm having a fine time and I know you are," and before you know it you are. Good humor is a very catching thing.

He makes love to his audience and sweetheart alike, in true Irish style, with a deferential acknowledgment that there's a certain amount of formality to be gone through, and a certain amount of hiarney is involved, but the result is assured. He even approaches Moll Shehouge, the old witch of the cavern, with all the flower of compliment, to the unqualified delight of his audience.

The witch, by the way, who seems to be the piper doubled up, has the very neatest and most genuine article of hrogue that can be produced, and the entire scene in the cavern is really good. But, aside from those mentioned, everything else is pretty bad.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Shane-na-Lawn" will be continued for another week at the Bush Street Theatre.

Ilma di Murska is about to settle down in New York, after a brief concert tour, as a teacher of music.

Lewis Morrison and his company will play "The Strangers of Paris" during their second week at the Alcazar, which begins next Monday.

Phoebe Davis will make her first appearance in New York shortly. Every one wishes her well and hopes that she will carefully consider the part in which to make her first appearance.

Annie Pixley, the California actress, who has made a large fortune, has bestowed several large charities in the East, and after leaving this pleasing souvenir, goes to Europe to make a long stay.

Fred Innes's new band impressed a select invited audience most favorably on Tuesday afternoon. He is to lead the band at the Park when the new music pavilion is completed and the circular drive inaugurated.

Louis Harrison is going to New York to put in rehearsal a new play by George Jessop, called "The Noblest Roman of Them All." The mere thought of Louis Harrison in Roman costume seems to give the play a little send-off.

Kate Forsythe desires to produce some modern comedies at the Baldwin after "Clito," for the very sensible reason that she has a box of new dresses from Worth, Felix, and Pingat, and she does not know what else to do with them.

"Faust" is being given at the Alcazar with as much scenic effect as the shallow stage of that theatre will permit. It is still a handsome spectacle, but dramatically it is declining as it becomes more and more theatrical, and less and less metaphysical.

"Phryne," Dion Boucicault's new drama, which is to be produced on Monday night, is a modern drama, and its name has only been given to it for allegorical purposes. The cast will include the entire company, and it is to be quite of the toilet, bright-dialogue, modern drawing-room style, which is so much in vogue with the patrons of the Baldwin.

Ben Teal, another of the Californians who have made a reputation in the East, has become well-known as a supervisor of the mounting of plays. It is the mechanical effect which he superintends, but

he is a step toward the dramatic censor who will yet put a play into intellectual shape before it is presented to an audience. This censor at present exists only in the better class of French theatres, but the stock theatres of the near future will evolve him as a necessity.

The man with the contagious laugh appeared in the orchestra of the Bush Street Theatre on Tuesday evening, and set the whole house, gallery, actors, and dress circle, into such gales of merriment that the play went like wild-fire. It was at first intimated that the laughter was in collusion with the management, but as Scanlan began to get a little wrathful, it was finally discovered that the man with the laugh was persistently being amused and setting the audience off in the wrong place.

The quarrels between Patti and Scalchi became so serious that the contralto refused to sing any longer in the same company with the great soprano. Trebelli takes her place, and will go with Patti to South America, while Scalchi will be the principal attraction after Campanini in the Campanini concert company. It is claimed that rest from public singing has brought Campanini's voice back to him, but it is to be observed that he has not been gobbled up by hungry managers, and is managing himself.

Kate Forsythe announces as one of the attractions of Clito that she will wear real sandals, historically correct, and expose her toes. It will be remembered that Sarah did this in Theodora, and her feet were pedicured in the highest style of the art. Sarah's toes were unshapely and badly jumbled together, but the effect of henna and polish on the toe-nails was not altogether displeasing, and Miss Forsythe being rather more shapely in these points, her daring project is regarded with great complacency.

"Clito," Wilson Barrett's successful classical play, is being actively prepared at the Baldwin. The exact date of its production is September 26th. It will have a cast including Miss Kate Forsythe, Lewis Morrison, Henry Patten, J. O. Barrows, and Mr. Eben Plympton. Fully one hundred supernumeraries will be employed. The sketches for the scenes, costumes, and accessories are all from the Princess Theatre, London, and every item of the production will be under the direction of Mr. Ben Teal.

The Channing Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church is quietly doing a work that must result in much good to the city and country at large. It organized in February last for the purpose of religious and ethical culture, and carries a large stock of pamphlets written by such men as Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Savage, Collyer, Tyndall, and many others, to be distributed gratuitously, or for a very small sum. An advertisement of the literature may be found in our columns. Over twelve hundred pamphlets have thus far been sent to different country points in answer to the advertisements. The society's rooms are in Irving Hall Building on Post Street, and are open on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week for reception of friends of the society, and for work. The funds for carrying on this work are obtained from lectures and entertainments. The public have appreciated these efforts in lectures by Mr. Knapp, Professor Fiske, and Doctor Collyer, and a Rose Festival, to the extent of having put over twelve hundred and fifty dollars in the society's treasury, since March.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending September 3d.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee. Bill: "Forbidden Fruit." Cast as follows:

Mr. O'Reilly Buster, Mr. Boucicault; Arabella Buster, Mrs. Mary Barker; Cato Dove, James O. Barrows; Josephine, Miss Thorndyke; Captain Derringer, Atkins Lawrence; Podd, H. B. Phillips; Swaback, Fritz Williams; Vicar, Charles A. Smiley; Miss Julia Perkins, Miss Marion Elmore; Conductor, Sam Morris; Jem, Mr. Marshall.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Shane-na-Lawn." Cast as follows:

Shane-na-Lawn, W. J. Scanlan; John Power, C. H. Thompson; Gerald Power, George W. Deyo; Squire Redmond, Sidney R. Ellis; Harry Redmond, Charles Dade; Mat Kirwin, George W. Barrow; Ronald, Thaddeus Shine; Buckley, C. R. Webster; Agent Dillon, Albert Morrell; Captain Fitzgerald, H. L. Waters; Rose Redmond, Miss Kate Blanche; Peggy O'Moore, Miss Kitty O'Shea; Mrs. Power, Miss Millie Sackett; Moll Shehouge, Miss Laura Wilson.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "Faust." Cast as follows:

Mephistopheles, Lewis Morrison; Faust, Gustavus Levick; Valentine, Albert Hosmer; Siebel, Robert Vernon; Wagner, John Miller; Frosch, John McCullough; Brander, Fred Belasco; Marguerite, Miss Rosabel Morrison; Martha, Carrie Carter; Lisa, Florence Roberts.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "The Bohemian Girl." Cast as follows:

Arlene, Miss Tellula Evans; Thaddeus, Mr. Harry Gates; Count Arheim, Mr. M. Cornell; Devilshoof, Mr. Edward Stevens; Florestin, Mr. A. Messner; Queen of Gypsies, Miss Laura Clement; Buda, Miss Freddie Stockmeyer; Captain of Guards, Mr. W. Barnes; Gypsy, Mr. H. Moore.

NEW PANORAMA BUILDING, Market and Tenth Streets.—Panorama of the Battles of Chattanooga and Storming of Missionary Ridge. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

PANORAMA BUILDING, Mason and Eddy streets.—Panorama of the Land and Naval Battle of Vicksburg. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS, Fifteenth and Mission Streets.—Menagerie, performance Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, Boucicault's company in "Phryne."

At the Bush Street, next week, Scanlan's company in "Shane-na-Lawn."

At the Alcazar, next week, Morrison's company in "The Strangers of Paris."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "The Lily of Killarney."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

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CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

Doubtful—Very.

Long years ago, as those may know
Who watched her toils unfold me,
Among the beaux of Mam'selle Rose
A freak of fate enrolled me;
And in her train no silly swain
So often told the story
That foolish Youth mistakes for truth,
And whispers *can amore*.
But Rose, the jade who had betrayed
A score or more before me,
With cruel glee rejoiced to see
The hopes and fears that tore me;
And while jealousy grew my suspense,
She dallied, smiling, pouting,
With pretty art, until my heart
Was sore with too much doubting.
The dear coquette! She loved to fret
Her gallants *à la Circe*,
Yet in her breast lurked unconfessed
A sweet and tender mercy;
For when I left her, sad, bereft
Of joy, and dumb with sorrow,
She hung her head and softly said:
"It might be 'yes' to-morrow!"

—M. E. W.

Between the Lines.

Between the lines the smoke hung low,
And whiffs flew screaming to and fro,
While blue or gray in sharp distress
Rode fast, their shattered lines to press
Again upon the lingering foe.
'Tis past—and now the roses glow
Where war was waging years ago,
And naught exists save friendliness
Between the lines.

To you who made the traveler know
In Southern homes how warm hearts glow,
Let even this halting verse express
Some measure of true thankfulness,
And grateful, loving memory show
Between the lines.

—Walter Learned

A Sea-side Flirtation.

With sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands, she slowly penned it—
The little parting *billet-doux*.
That conscience told her now should end it.
Those *little-à-little* along the shore,
These gipsying with fern-filled basket,
Must join the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's;
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her note with scented wax,
But could not drown her dismal fancies.
When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors!

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack condescended with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.
He gave his beard a languid twirl,
And murmured as he sat a-smoking:
"Tea-stained—hy Jove!—poor little girl—
I thought she knew that I was joking!"

—Samuel Miniurn Peck.

Hard to Suit.

"I would not mind their coming back, you know,"
The lady said, the day her verses went,
"If only they'd refuse the lines on 'Snow.'"
Before it was time for 'Roses' to be sent."

Upon the steps a postman's eager tread;
Quick! take the envelope, serenely white:—
"Returned with thanks."—And then the lady said,
"I think they might have kept it overnight."

—A. W. R.

Face to Face.

Idling not long ago upon the street
They named for him who was our country's sire
In the brave town where Wit and Wisdom meet
Daily—for human freedom to conspire—
My vagrant glance within a bookstore spied
Two portraits—one of him whose mummied clay,
With dark devices of rare spices dried,
Science identified the other day.
Rameses, Pharaoh—many names had he,
And many slaves toiled hard to rear his tomb
Pyramidal 'twixt the Nile's fertility
And the sad, hilly desert's silvery gloom.
The other portrait was the homely face
Of him whose pen-stroke made a nation free,
And raised to civic rank an alien race,
Dark heritors of a centuries slavery.
Lincoln and Pharaoh! Was it chance alone,
Or some design behind the shopman's hand,
By which these lithographs were quaintly thrown
Together, for a contrast strangely grand?
For these two faces typify indeed
Two forces ever within the soul
Of man—that earthworm of material greed,
That glorious moth who dreams a starry goal.
Nay, more: these faces typify, besides,
The powers of Progress and Conservatism,
That make the nations rise and fall in tides
Forward and backward on Time's dark abyss.
But of the men themselves, what may we say,
Since Pentaur's verse on Luxor's pictured wall
Sufficeth Ram'ses' fame, and Lowell's lay
Of Lincoln's greatness hath so well said all—
Save this: One reared an altar unto Fame,
Cemented by the sweat and blood of men;
The other to earth's highest office came
To widen all men's liberty—and then
To fall a victim to a madman's hate,
Just as his country rose again sublime,
Beautiful, though ensanguined! O strange fate!
O most pathetic mystery of all time!

—Henry W. Austin.

—September Century.

Unstrung.

Mournful throbbed the troubled drum,
Wild the wailing hughle blew,
Shrill with sorrow shrieked the fife,
And thrilled and thrilled me through and through.
My heart, my heart, my heart was sad,
To leave, to lose my soldier lad.

Banners o'er us rustling spread,
Filled my breast with fluttering pain:
"Dread, dread, dread," said the steady tread,
"The dead—shall they return again?"
My heart, my heart, my heart was sad,
To leave, to lose my soldier lad.

Glittering o'er each shuddering plume
Glared a ghastly spire of steel;
Swooned my soul and shunned in gloom
The woe—the worst that love can feel—
To part, to part—O death to bliss!
To leave, to lose the clinging kiss.

When I woke to life, to light,
Tears, not mine, were on my face.
Lost, I lost, enclashed in night,
My lover and love's last embrace.
My heart—can o'er my heart be glad?
He fought, he fell, my soldier lad!

—Peter Gardner.

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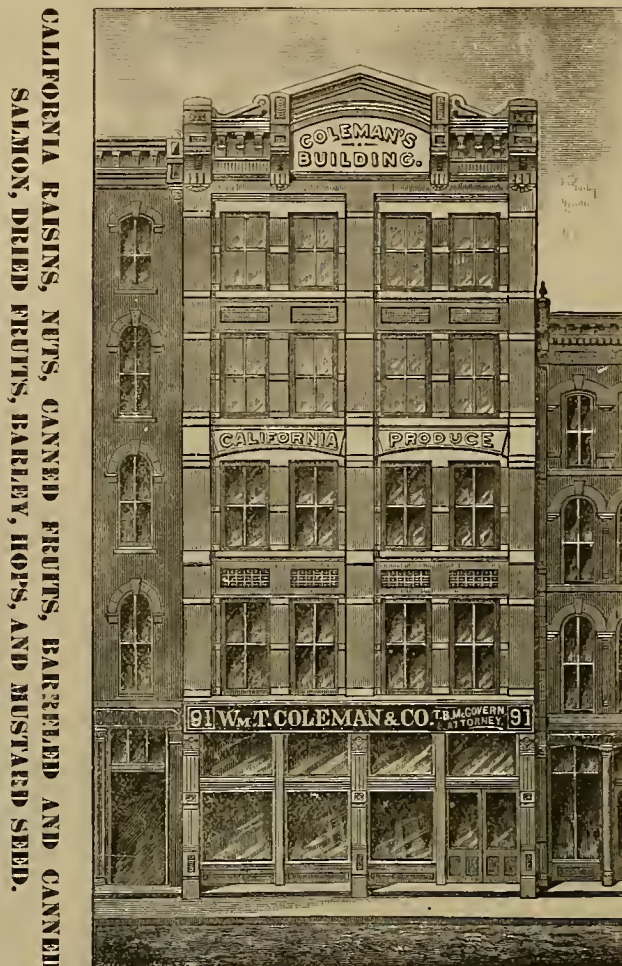
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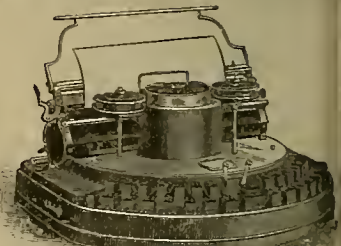
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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This world is, after all, but a blundering chapter of stupid accidents. We are all stumbling blindly in the dark, some toiling slowly onward to the grave with ambition unsatisfied, some skipping across lots through flowering paths to honors and offices easily acquired. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and those who toil not nor spin, outclothe Solomon in his glory. A wilderness of monkeys sporting in a cocoanut grove, or playing their fantastic tricks among the date-palms, can not seem to be more absurd than we, the wise men of this wise generation, in our plans of wisdom grandly laid and gravely consummated. Funeral baked meats are used for marriage feasts; "the king is dead, long live the king!" we shout; as the solemn cortege of death moves out the portals of the church with mournful tread and pomp of woe, there enter the blushing bride and

hashful groom to the merry music of marriage-hells, and ere the chant of funeral hymn has lost its echoes in the echoing vaults, they are filled with the sensuous melodies of the wedding march. Birth and burial; death and life; sorrow and joy; poverty and wealth. The biggest honors, the proudest ambitions, easily attained, while a toiling struggle with sin, sorrow, poverty, and pain ends in early death. What a muddle! What a roaring farce! What a comment on man's wisdom! Governor Bartlett dies, and Lieutenant-Governor Waterman takes his place; while one lies in state amid sorrowing friends, the other is flustered with the new dignities and untried responsibilities of office. Bartlett has solved the mysteries of death; Waterman has not yet fathomed the responsibilities of official position, nor tested his capacity to wade in the pool upon whose margin he stands. Bartlett, all his life a politician, gives way to one, who, by accident, steps into shoes he has not worn, and of the four years of gubernatorial honors provided by the constitution takes more than three. And yet, last night the crickets sang in the shadows, owls flew under the stars, and this morning the sun arose as serenely as though California was as it was ere crickets, owls, or governors had invaded its solitudes. In this comedy of political errors, the Argonaut has played a part; a life-long acquaintance with the Hon. John F. Swift, a long membership in the Republican party threw its editor into such political relations with the Republican candidate for governor that he hoped he might serve him, though his own relations to the Republican party had somewhat changed. There seemed to be nothing left for a self-respecting citizen to do, when both national parties had fallen under the control of Roman Catholic Irish, than to endeavor to organize an American party. In the organization of that part the Argonaut did service. IT TOLLED THE BELL. In response an American convention was held at Fresno, and its editor was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor; the "Argonaut ticket"—as we called it, till at Fresno it received the solemn sacrament of baptism and the name "American"—bad at its bead for governor the name of Mr. John F. Swift. His open letter to us, his pronounced repudiation of "American principles," his very high bid for alien votes, and his imperative demand that his name be removed from the ticket, resulted in his defeat by less than a thousand votes, while Mr. Waterman, whose name we had ventured to use in place of our own and without his authority, was elected by nearly fourteen thousand majority. Mr. Waterman is governor, and from all the information we receive he will perform its duties conscientiously, intelligently, and honestly. The appointment of Mr. Boruck as his confidential secretary secures the services of a man rarely qualified by natural gifts, large experience in public affairs, and wide acquaintance with public men, and of unquestioned loyalty. He who would have been governor of California for more than three years is an uneducated Roman Catholic politician of Irish birth, whose occupation has been that of a butcher, and whose name is Michael Tarpey. Thanks to God, good luck, the American party, and the Argonaut, the State has escaped the accident and the Democratic party the scandal of such a governor. Confident that we have done the State some service we invoke for the new administration all the success it will deserve if Governor Waterman carries out his principles and promises with fearless independence.

To discover perpetual motion without consuming the power that creates it, is one of the problems in the solution of which great genius has been displayed, great patience illustrated, and an infinite amount of labor expended. The Irish have, we think, discovered that which is near akin to perpetual motion, as near as anything in politics can be to an honest mechanical force. They have discovered the secret of perpetual political agitation. It is something like the projected pump, that, from a reservoir, was to lift water to a certain height, and from that height the falling stream was to turn the wheel that worked the lever, that moved the handle, that lifted the water, that made the flow, that filled the reservoir. In practical mechanics there is friction diminution and waste of power, but in Irish politics there is an inexhaustible energy that never gives out, a patriotism that lives upon the resources it creates. The United States of America is the reservoir, and it is a very ocean of tireless

ebb and flow; ten millions of Irish, and the tribe increasing and growing more and more Irish as it multiplies in numbers. From the sea of Irish-American resources, calling the Church of Papal Rome the pump, with priests and politicians for the handles, and Irish laborers, servant-girls, demagogues, American office-seekers and office-holders to supply the money, there is every probable reason for the continuance of the Irish agitation till the hierarchy has succeeded in securing the establishment of ecclesiastical power in the government of Ireland. This pump—for having involved ourself in a simile we are anxious to work it out—is a double-action sort of machine with many handles, at one of which Gladstone and his English Liberals have chained themselves, as though they were on the deck of a sinking ship, and toiling for their lives in the midst of storm and darkness, in the beaving breakers upon a rock-bound shore. The Associated Press of America is another one of the most effective handles of this many-handed machine, and, oh, God! how it pumps and lies, and lies and pumps, while every political journal in America and every business newspaper in the United States that inserts small advertisements, has formed in line, and is husily engaged in carrying bucketsfull to the machine—bucketsfull of lies. The last sensation is the riot at Mitchelstown. The copyrighted cable service to the New York World announces it thus: "Actual shedding of blood by the government in suppressing free speech in Ireland." Of course the government is tumbling to pieces under the sensation; and the sensation is what? An Irish riot. Ireland has been in an "Irish riot" for seven hundred years. Ireland is always in riot. Cromwell was sent to Ireland to suppress a riot; William of Orange thought he had put down the riot at the Boyne water. The Irish riot in London, in New York, in Philadelphia, in San Francisco; wherever on God's broad earth there are two Irishmen, there is a scrimmage; where there are three, there is a row; where there are a dozen, there is a fight; where there are enough together, there is a riot; bread riots, labor strikes, whisky rebellions, political quarrels, draft riots, where orphan asylums are burned and negroes hung to lamp-posts, are always "Irish" riots. Every riot in America of sufficient importance to attract attention has always been, and always will be, an "Irish riot." The Irish love to riot, it is their normal condition. There is in Ireland a continuous riot; the Irish riot in Parliament; there is never a Democratic convention in America where there is a decent prospect of a Democratic victory, that there is not an Irish riot; there is never an election in which the Irish take part anywhere that there is not a riot. The Irish riot in Australia, in Canada; they riot in grave-yards, at wakes and funerals, at weddings and christenings; they riot over land to cultivate, and over whisky to drink; they riot at fairs; they know of no other mode of resisting the law than by rioting. The San Francisco Sand-lot was an Irish riot; the convention to change the constitution was an Irish riot; the Boycott Convention at Sacramento was an Irish riot. So when we read, in display head-lines, the announcement in our morning journals that there has been an Irish riot at Mitchelstown and only two Irishmen killed—a man (Dhinnick) and a boy (Casey)—one hundred and sixty panes of glass broken in the police barracks, and fifty policemen injured in the fray, we say what of it? "Only an Irish riot." We know that whenever a public meeting is held in Ireland, there is a riot; whenever the Protestants celebrate their victories in the province of Ulster, there is a riot; whenever or wherever Orangemen parade, there is a riot; there are riots on St. Patrick's Day unless everybody submits to the green above the red, to the shamrock, to a procession of priests and Paddies in the public streets; whenever her majesty's writ runs in Ireland, there is sure to be a riot, attended with the throwing of stones, hot water, and vitriol. So therefore, when we are informed by the lying news company or the sensational press, that this nasty little Irish riot, that only broke one hundred and sixty panes of glass, wounded fifty policemen, and killed two Paddies, has created a sensation in England and stirred an extra commotion in Parliament, we simply do not believe it. The English people are not so easily disturbed by Irish riots, they are used to them; besides this, the English people are not quite so easily scared at

Irish insurrections, rebellions, and riots as our Irish politicians and political press would have us believe. There will be, doubtless, a warm debate in Parliament over this outrageous act of Saxon oppression that would not allow its policemen to be besieged, stoned, and killed by a Tipperary mob; the arrest of O'Brien for seditious language at Bray, in open defiance of the Crimes Act, will give that most excellent and patriotic old parliamentary hand Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Parnell, Dillon, Labouchere, Doctor Tanner, and all that follow, open-mouthed, the leaders of Irish debate opportunity to aid Gladstone and Harcourt in their ambitious designs, and assist Parnell in the patriotism that enables him to payoff mortgages upon his landed property, and the balance of the pack to display the hate they hear England and Protestant civilization. This riot in Tipperary will not overthrow the government, nor paralyze the arm of English power, nor shake the throne of the British Empire, nor somehow, we are impressed that English civilization, law, government, throne, and constitution will survive the Irish riot at Mitchelstown. At this Mitchelstown riot there were present two hundred of the constabulary, and five hundred military, and, had this force been other than cool, and its officers other than on the defensive, there would have been, as there evidently ought to have been, a bloody encounter. When England shall begin to look upon its Irish enemies as rebels at war with it, and recognizes that there exists a rebellion in Ireland as pronounced as that which once existed in the United States, and which with a wisdom on the part of our government that puts the English to shame was treated with iron and not with oil, then will England begin to see the end. Had we permitted the South to wrangle in Congress and defy the law in the Southern States, as England has endured the shameful exhibition of parliamentary struggles, and the defiance of its authority by land leagues, national leagues, boycott conspirators, Fenians, and a hundred other unlawful organizations, we should never have reached the end of political agitation and a solution of the question of slavery. Southern politicians acted more bravely than Irish, they seceded, went home to their respective States, fired upon Sumpter, raised their banner of the hars and stars, proclaimed their right of self-government, accepted the challenge of armed conflict, fought like heroes, were whipped, gave up like honorable men, and have been reconstructed like gentlemen. In comparison with our Southern rebels, these Irish seem to us contemptible. If instead of living upon servant girls and day laborers in America they would go out to fight; and instead of wrangling in Parliament and rioting in Tipperary would show their earnestness and their courage in some more hazardous demonstration than in inciting peasants to resist law process, to throw stones, murder from behind hedges, hamstringing horses, hough cattle, and women to throw scalding water and vitriol, we should look upon them with more respect, and in our judgment they would receive, and be entitled to receive, more sympathy than they now get from intelligent classes.

One of the proposed enactments of law by the American party is announced to be such an amendment of the present immigration laws as shall prevent the landing upon our shores of all undesirable foreigners. Criminals, mendicants, diseased persons, and political agitators are, by common consent, pronounced to be undesirable. So universal is the impression that this character of immigration must be arrested and turned back to the countries whence it comes, that leading men of the class of statesmen and prominent politicians of both parties are recognizing the importance of restrictive measures. At Castle Garden we hear of the detention of paupers whose passages have been paid by England, and at San Francisco of steps to prevent the landing of French criminals. These things are significant as the premonitory signs of a conflict upon which our government is entering. The United States of America is attracting the attention of the world as a desirable place of residence; the information has gone abroad through channels that reach the very lowest and most ignorant of European classes; those who can read have been incited by the florid accounts of our immigration bureaus which, in the interest of land-speculators, town-builders, and railroad companies, have flooded Europe with vicious misrepresentations and exaggerated truths of the inducements of the United States as a home for emigrants; these, in turn, have written and sent back accounts of their own prosperity, which have reached the remotest hamlet of Europe; they have been read or narrated at the fireside of every family in Europe; and now the desire is universal to reach America. European governments, finding it impossible to prevent the emigration the young and stalwart, have aided the old and decrepit to accompany them. Having no power to hinder the exodus of thrifty, honest emigrants, governments have contributed to the removal of the idle and criminal. Italy sees her great army of beggars, hand-organs, and monkeys moving down upon us, and closes her eyes; Bismarck fumes and frets to see the young men of Germany leaving the fatherland, and connives to have the disturbing element of socialists move on with them; England enters upon her war with Ireland against her non-rent-paying tenants and home-

rule agrarians, and, as the result of evictions, is perhaps not sorry to observe the wave of emigrants going to America, for we find the government aiding the departure of those who can not get away unassisted. From different causes operating in different countries, we find our land being invaded by the silent march of armies as numerous, as destructive, and as dangerous as ever moved down from Scandinavian forests upon Europe; as ever from Goth and Vandal hives swarmed upon Rome; as ever from Tartar strongholds broke forth for Eastern invasion; as ever from the fervor of religious enthusiasm burst upon the land of the Turk for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre. Like locusts, they move in advancing, hungry columns, devouring the substance of our people, threatening to seize and divide the accumulations of those who have preceded them, and in their desperation boldly advocating doctrines that threaten to subvert the rights of property and the safety of persons. Against this invasion there can be no successful resistance under the operation of our constitution and laws. There is not, and we do not see how there can be any legal or practical mode devised of arresting this tide, or of preventing it from breaking upon our shores. The greed of foreign steamship companies will incite them to contest and evade our laws for the profit of transportation; foreign governments and municipalities will contribute, and local sentiments of sympathy will aid in sending their poor and their criminals to America. The greed of our land-owners and speculators; the selfishness of our lower-class politicians; the soft-headed sentimentality of those who affect belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; the ambition of that dreaded and dangerous ecclesiastical power that spreads its grasping tentacles of ignorance and superstition outward in every direction from Rome, are all enemies within our citadel to prevent the closing of our gates against this invasion from abroad. If we find it so difficult, with the legislative aid of both national parties, and an administration that we believe is sincerely opposed to Chinese invasion, to keep this destructive people from among us; if they can evade laws, triumph over courts, and get the best of custom-house vigilance so that the stream of invasion is practically unchecked, how can we hope to restrain the inflow of our own race of white people? If it is so difficult to keep men out of the country who can not vote, what is the hope that we can prevent the coming of those who are willing to vote early and often? The damming of the waters of Niagara with hulrushes, or the damning of the Pope's Irish by the use of Saxon speech, would be equally inoperative to prevent the rush of waters or the invasion of Democratic voters. The truth is, we have waited too long; the gopher-hole in our embankment to resist foreign immigration has become a crevasse, and the roaring waters are upon us, flooding our land, carrying ruin and terror to our people, and threatening danger to our institutions. We see no practical mode of resisting alien immigration to the United States. We shall get nearly a million of foreign persons this year, and so far less than one thousand have been refused a landing. So we may as well make up our minds to let the inundation have its way. There is only one remedy left us, and that but partial, and it is even doubtful whether we shall have the courage to apply it. It will be opposed by the Democratic party; we think, also by the demagogues within the Republican organization, and we prophesy, by every Roman priest in the land, and by every Papist who takes his political inspiration from the confessional. Every man who allows a squatting toad to breathe political venom in his ear will refuse to apply the remedy we suggest, and that is THE IMMEDIATE, UNCONDITIONAL, TOTAL REPEAL OF THE NATURALIZATION LAWS. If we can not prevent ignorant, superstitious, disloyal people, criminals, idlers, and political agitators from coming to the country and finding a domicile within its borders, assuredly we may be permitted to deny them the privilege of governing or aiding to govern the country. If we can not reach this position of safety without doing some injury to the feelings of honorable and excellent men of foreign birth who come to our country, we must, nevertheless, in self-defense do it; if we can not hinder immigration, nor hold the inheritances of our lands, or the possession of our industries from aliens; if we must educate their youth, and in our courts adjust their differences, and by our laws protect their property, we must certainly be allowed to do it in our own way. If we can not be permitted to repeal our naturalization laws, and must make citizens and equals of all who come to the country; if by our side there can march with us to the polls the lazaroni of Italy, the socialists, nihilists, and agrarians of all the countries of Europe; if from these we must take legislators to make our laws, judges to interpret them, sheriffs and policemen to execute them, and give to aliens the emoluments and opportunities of office; we had better consider our government of the people for the people a failure, and now, before the chaos comes, begin to consider the necessity of a government of force. A government of bayonets is better than a misrule of chaos. Of this foreign immigration which is ignorant and superstitious, there are elements out of which good may come, but it must come as the result of time, observation,

and education. There are innocent men who became the tools of designing knaves and demagogues because they have not the knowledge to know that they are being used. Our country within all its broad boundaries from ocean to ocean, from Arctic Ocean to tropical gulf, will be invaded by European immigrants, they will come; they claim the right to come; the genius of our institutions; the traditions of our government, the laws of our enactment all give invitation to the invasion that is now overwhelming us; there are benefits as well as evils attending this immigration; it will make our nation populous, strong, and wealthy. In the coming generations America will occupy the foremost position among the nations of earth. We are already the "greater Britain." We are even now the greatest English-speaking nation; we are the foremost republic of earth; we can put more men in line of defensive battle and in quicker time than any nation upon which the sun shines; we have a better credit than any of the world's governments. We have but one danger before us, and that is, the elective privilege in possession of those who have not the wisdom or the patriotism to use it wisely. Let us repeal the naturalization laws confining the administration of our government, the enactment, interpretation and execution of its laws to those who are born upon its soil, and our existing political evils will disappear with this generation. If we shall ever be permitted to work out this great reform, it is necessary to begin the work at once. Every year of delay reinforces and strengthens the enemy, and makes the work more difficult of accomplishment. In California there has been laid the foundations, and the policy of a party outlined, which is charged with the endeavor to restrain immigration, with the attempt to repeal our naturalization laws, and the determination to uproot and destroy the organization of an alien church that has the ambition to build itself up on the ruins of our national government and its republican institutions. In Illinois, Wisconsin, Washington, and in several other States, we hear of movements in the same direction. By the time this article shall meet the eye of the reader, there will have been held a convention at Philadelphia to consider these questions. At that convention the writer of this has hoped to be present to observe what is going on. If the convention which meets at Philadelphia on the sixteenth of September shall make exhibition of sufficient power to inaugurate a national American party, it may be the beginning of an important political movement which shall rescue American politics from the control of an ambitious church, an intriguing priesthood, an ignorant and vicious foreign influence, and place the government of the country in the hand of men born upon its soil, educated in its schools, and thoroughly imbued with the genius of its republican institutions.

The long looked for outbreak of hostilities between law and order on the one side, and riot and cowardice on the other, in Ireland, has at last arrived, and it is a good thing that it has come, because it will in all probability lead to some speedy solution of a most vexed and tormenting question, which has been hitting at the vitals of the thinking portion of the world too long already. No one who knows anything of the character of the class of Irish who took part in that disgraceful affray can doubt for a moment from which side the provocation came, that will make the name of Mitchelstown, as the scene of all that goes to blacken and disfigure humanity, memorable for all time. And again we are called upon, as usual, to endure the wilful and deliberate distortion of facts which characterizes every dispatch and every inference drawn therefrom, about affairs in Ireland in our daily press. Still the attempt to make us fools of a mistaken sympathy goes bravely on, and still the authors of lying dispatches are permitted to laugh quietly in their sleeves at the supposed success of their endeavors to corrupt and distort the popular opinion of the American nation, upon a subject which covertly strikes at the root of all that the world has wrested from barbarism in many a long and troubled century. The same old song that has been dinned into our ears by every irresponsible blackguard since the days of Cleon, assails them yet, and acts as echo to the ceaseless chorus of every blatant Irish demagogue between the groves of Blarney and the Mariposa big tree. But the axe that is being most clumsily laid at the root of the tree of property by the flannel-mouthed gentlemen from Tipperary has neither wit, nor muscle, nor money to guide it. Even the waiters and chambermaids of this kind of long-suffering country of America are getting tired of the assessments levied on them with scrupulous and unerring regularity, because they are beginning to learn that their assistance to the Irish "cause" consists in supplying food and drink to a gang of worthless louts, who are too lazy to earn an honest living for themselves, and whose occupation like Othello's, would be gone if this agitation in Ireland was settled. There is no one possessed of a fair share of common sense who is unaware of the fact that the whole trouble in Ireland springs from the discontent inspired by the payment of rent for land which its occupants think should be their own, because they, and their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, have tilled and occupied it. But the question of territorial acquisition and ownership, rightly or wrongly

was settled long ago in Europe by the sharp and keen arbitrament of the sword; and it is just as impossible, as it would be inequitable, to change the laws of property at this late stage of the game, without having recourse to the same original method of arbitration. If the Irish are willing to put their case into this court of last resort, we have no doubt the British government will accommodate and humor them to the top of their bent. But so long as they stick to the seotseless and ragamuffin policy of agrarian outrages, shooting landlords from behind hedges, and those other little moooshining pastimes in which the low Irish delight to indulge, they will neither merit nor receive the sympathy of right-thinking men. We can assure them with the utmost confidence that the ownership of property will never be settled in a street fight, and that it will take a bigger place than Mitchelstown, and a more orderly and better equipped force than a gang of Tipperary roughs, to effect any change of any consequence in that direction, all the maudlin gush and cheap sentiment of a suborned Irish-American press to the contrary notwithstanding. Let it not be forgotten that we do not care one snap of the finger for the English landlord, or the somewhat feeble individuals who at present compose the English Government, in which, even the "grand old man" stands head and shoulders above the others, not because of any inordinately colossal statesmanlike stature of his own, but because his compeers in statesmanship at the moment are pigmies; and he himself, is really more at home translating Homer, or arguing upon unessential ecclesiastical points with the prisoner at the Vatican, than engineering the diplomacy of a great state. The man who began public life as a Tory, and who has not been undistinguished as a weather cock since, must not be credited with sound political judgment. The thought of the world has passed through a good many cleansing fires since Mr. Gladstone first put his hat upon the opposition benches of the House of Commons; and if we admire and respect him for his unquestioned integrity in both public and private life, we must be careful not to let that admiration and respect run away with the more sober conviction that the best chancellor of the exchequer that England ever had, has made the worst prime minister. Our sympathies, we repeat, are not with the English landlord because he is an Englishman, but because he is a landlord; and we fail to see why James Phelan of San Francisco should collect the rent of his Market Street building, or the Murphys of Santa Clara from their landed estates unchallenged by their Irish tenants, if they have any, and that rich acres of the most fertile land in the world should be occupied scot-free, by their brothers of the hog. The whole thing is of a piece with the untutored presumption and Boeotian ignorance which leads the ordinary low class Catholic Irishman to spread his coat-tail to be trod upon, all the world over. It is high time that the people of this country should take a lesson from their transatlantic cousins in their opinions and treatment of the Irish. The inch that was given to these Darwinian missing links in the first place, out of mistaken sympathy and compassion for an unreal wrong, has already become an ell. New York Irish aldermen and San Francisco Irish bosses are doing their level best to return the sympathy mistakenly accorded to their countrymen abroad, by endeavoring to ruin, morally, socially, and politically, the people that gave them a bome. It is the McGarigles and the McGonigles who skip to Canada. If a murder is committed or a safe cracked, it is three to one that it is a Mac of some kind, a Healey or a Kelly, who is at the bottom of it. There seems to exist a mysterious connection between the Catholic Church and the penitentiary, and it is needless to say that the Irish fill them both. There must be something radically wrong about a race like this. The time has arrived when this country must protect itself against a race which perverts politics and carries an election by fraudulent means when it should be carrying a bod. This is what the National American party was constituted for, and the disentrainment of the American nation from this foreign incubus is what it contemplates, and what it will do.

Since the passage of the Irish Crimes Act there has been held a series of public meetings at Dublin, and these have been attended by a class of English demagogues calling themselves Liberals. A brother of John Bright, Mr. Conynbeare, and Mr. Labouchere, members of Parliament, and a goodly number of less important nobodies who are keeping themselves in the swim at Gladstone's toes, have attended these meetings and made themselves conspicuous by expressions of Irish sympathy. These men call to mind the Northern Copperheads and their acts of encouragement to the South till war began, when their cowardice became as conspicuous as their greed had been. When the war began, and danger was abroad, the Northern Copperhead took to his hole. When the Irish gain sufficient courage to fight the English Copperheads will skulk away and be no longer heard of. By the way, when the Irish politician has played his last card for American coin, and his last stake for Democratic sympathy, we would suggest a declaration of war against England; make believe you want to fight, fire on Sumpter, let a few of the noisy ones—say Dillon, Davitt,

O'Brien, and Doctor Tanner—he captured as prisoners of war; then send out your orators to comb America for contributions to the glorious cause of Ireland, struggling for liberty against English "oppression." We are sure the game would win, and it might give to the Democratic party a war-cry with chances of victory. Resolutions in the Democratic party platform pledging this country to aid our sister Irish republic in its struggle for independence, would be a strong card. It would give the American party a live issue.

We desire to call the attention of the Irish composing in part our police force, to the estimate in which their countrymen composing the constabulary of Ireland, are held by their friends. If Irishmen are the same in the old country and in America, then we may presume that the Irish constabulary in Ireland does not essentially differ from the Irish police force in America. Labouchere, who witnessed the riot at Mitchelstown, and who is an English member of Parliament, favoring Irish home-rule and following Gladstone, says: "I had often heard the Irish constabulary praised. A more ruffianly set I never came across. They are not even courageous, unless when they are insulting the feeble, or when they are acting with arms against unarmed men. If their bludgeons are met with sticks, they run like bares to their barracks, and to avenge their defeat, shoot right and left, from windows, on passers-by." Parnell, the great leader of Irish home-rule, says of the same incident: "The police acted like cowards, and were part of the system which was a reign of terror within the prisons and murder without." Now, if it is true that the constabulary of Ireland, composed of Irish, is cowardly and unreliable in Ireland, and can not or will not enforce the law against rioting Irish, what can we expect, if difficulty should ever arise in this country against the Irish and against the priests of Rome? We know the Irish police did not do their duty in the time of the Sutter Street strike, nor in the time of the sand-lot, nor at the O'Donnell parade, nor ever when it is their countrymen who are setting the law at defiance, but we have never called them cowards.

PRIMOGENITURE AND GIN.

"Cockaigne" on the Curses of High and Low Society in England.

Canon Basil Wilberforce, who has lately returned from a visit to the United States, speaking at a meeting of welcome from his parishioners the other night, drew attention to the singular peacefulness and beauty of the American home, and attributed it to the fact that no difference was made in the children of a family, and that there was no law of primogeniture. The sayings of a man such as Canon Wilberforce are well worthy of note; for not only is he one of the shining lights of the English Church, but a prominent man in every way that a good and able man should be. He is a son of the great Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford and Winchester, and a brother of the present Bishop of Newcastle. I don't suppose, take it altogether, that there is a cleverer clergyman in the church. His religious views are what is known as "broad church," which means the possession of an open mind, and the ability to see good—if good there be—in a Methodist or a Roman Catholic, although they may differ from him. He is a splendid extempore preacher, with marvellous command of language and power of expression. He is a great blue ribbonite, and a tireless worker in the cause of total abstinence.

I heard him preach an overwhelming sermon on the subject, a short time ago, to an immense congregation. He dwelt at length on the pernicious effects of the unchecked liquor traffic, and urged every one, as a certain means of putting it down eventually, to give up drinking alcoholic liquors at once. The theory of this proceeding is right enough, and were it possible to make its practice general it would no doubt work the result he claims; but, otherwise, not. Individual stoppage seems about as hopeless a task as damming the Missouri River with a soda-water cork. And then, when the strongest temperance man looks about him and sees Guinness, Allsopp, and Bass, the porter and beer-brewers, made peers of as Lords Ardilaun, Hindlip, and Burton, it puts a discouraging damper on his enthusiasm. Within a fortnight, Kinehan, the famous Dublin whisky-distiller, has been made a baronet. What man who gives up drinking is likely to be made a baronet for doing so? Where is the inducement to remain sober, if the men who supply you with drink are picked out and honored by the queen with titles of nobility, or made baronets? These reflections will force themselves upon one, and make one ask: "What is the good of Canon Wilberforce preaching temperance if Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, as prime ministers, heap dignities upon those who make temperance impossible?" There is a serious thought in this, and one that should raise a new issue at the next general election. Temperance men should vote only for the candidates of that party which will promise to ennoble no more brewers and distillers, no matter how wealthy they may be.

It is curious how painfully dense some people's minds are on this same subject. Down near the town of Alton, in Hampshire, lives an enormously rich gin-distiller named Nicholson. His yearly income from the distilling of gin alone is said to be one hundred thousand pounds. He lives in fine style, has a grand old park for his country seat, gives splendid entertainments, has been a member of Parliament, and has lately built a church. I was talking the other day to an old lady friend of his, who is a great advocate of temperance, about the prevalence of inebriety among English ladies. She is a marvel of sobriety herself, and although ordered to drink wine by her physician, limits herself to a glass of weak draught beer at her meals. Brandy or any sort of spirits you couldn't get her to touch.

"It's the drinking of spirits that does the harm," she said.

"If people would only give spirits up and be content with beer like me."

"I quite agree with you," said I. "And do you know the best way to get them to do it?" She shook her head. "I'll tell you. Instead of checking the demand for spirits, check the supply. I don't mean by taxation, but by discouragement. Don't raise the men who grow rich as brewers and distillers to the peerage, baronetage, and knighthood."

"I see what you mean," she replied. "If I were the queen I should refuse to do it."

"Would you, really?" I asked.

"I would, indeed."

"Then why are you such friends with Mr. Nicholson? It is you and others of your rank and position who have given him a social status by calling upon his family and going to their parties."

"Oh, he is different," she said. "He is such a good man. He has built a beautiful church that cost him over thirty thousand pounds."

"And has it ever occurred to you to consider how many glasses of gin and untold cases of intoxication that thirty thousand pounds represents? No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but you see, one can't go into a thing so deep as that. And he does such a lot of good with his money."

"Better let the money stay in the pockets of those who buy his gin, say I."

"I'm afraid you're talking nonsense," she said, good-naturedly. "You'll never turn me against Mr. Nicholson."

"Then," said I, "you mustn't blame the queen."

And so it is. So long as the liquor manufacturers are made so much of socially, so long will temperance lecturing and preaching be a failure. But you can't make people see it.

But a few words about the subject upon which I started out to write, suggested by Canon Wilberforce's remark, and from which I have somewhat traveled. That there is the marked difference he noticed between the English and American "bome" must be patent to whoever has seen both. That the law of primogeniture, and the further rule of "preference to males before females," lie at the root of the cold comfort which permeates the atmosphere of the average upper class English home there can be small doubt. There is, I know, a prevalent idea abroad that the homes of "merry England" are the happiest in the world. The idea is evidently based upon the home life, customs and surroundings of the middle classes, where "primogeniture," and "males before females" are both as unknown and unrecognized rules as they are in America. But take the "stately homes of England," as represented by those of the aristocracy—nobility and gentry—and see if we can join with Mrs. Hemans and say "how beautiful they stand." That is if their beauty is made by the domestic peace and happiness of their interiors. I fear not. Any one who knows intimately the average bome life of the aristocracy from childhood up will agree with me. In nine cases out of ten, marriages in this sphere are made only for money, worldly rank, advancement, and gain. Such a thing as love never enters into the bead of either party.

Without entering into a psychological or physiological discussion, it is easy to see that the offspring of such mechanical matings can not be born with a very deep-seated sentiment of affection in their hearts. From their earliest years they are taught that love is senseless and vulgar; they never see any exhibition of it in either parent, one to the other. Their bringing-up and education are left to nurses, governesses, and tutors. When little more than infants, boys are packed off to boarding-schools, at which they stay till ready to go up to Oxford or Cambridge. Girls are kept "in the school room" until of an age to be brought out into society, preparatory to making a "good"—i. e., a rich or advantageous marriage. From the earliest years, the eldest son is looked upon by his brothers as the future master, who will (and who does) turn his mother and brothers and sisters out of the house when he succeeds his father. The other boys live in the knowledge of this, and of their own inferiority. The poor girls, with meagre dowries, compared with what is settled upon their brothers, live in the daily and ever-increasing anxiety to make the "good" marriage which will rescue them from the domestic slavery of home, and lift them into a position above their brothers. If the younger brothers live in subjection to their eldest brother, the sisters all live in subjection to all their brothers.

The life of father and mother is one long net and patchwork of plans and schemes to get remembered in wills, to obtain appointments, or preferment, or promotion for their sons, and rich and grand marriages for their daughters. It is a life of well-bred dissimulation and aristocratic artificiality. There is nothing real, except the family name, the title, the long line of ancestors, the family jewels and plate, and the wine in the cellars. All else is as false and unnatural as aristocratic "form," custom, and restraint can make it. That such people are happy and peaceful in the truest sense of the word, I do not believe. There is too much jealousy, too much anxiety, too much toadying, too much curbing and checking of natural impulses, too much regard for the world's opinion as the world is constituted within the narrow sphere of English country life, too much adherence to worn-out customs and class tradition. If happiness there be in such a life, and in such houses, it is not the happiness to be found clustering round the hearthstones of American homesteads where all are equal, and Mr. Wilberforce is of the same opinion.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 26, 1887.

Persons of observant turns of mind have noticed two or three buttons on the cuffs of military coats, but few know the origin and reason of this custom. They were first worn by soldiers in the English army. The first uniform coats of the English army had no buttons on the cuffs, and the soldiers used to draw the cuffs of their coat across their nose and mouth on every occasion when a pocket handkerchief or napkin might have been called into requisition. As a matter of course the cuff became shiny and defaced. Punishment and reprimand were tried, but they did not stop this habit, and at last a board of officers met, and they suggested the buttons on the sleeve, which was adopted. They were first worn on top the sleeve, but they have moved backward as the handkerchief has moved forward.

THE KISS OF DEATH.

A Strange Narrative transcribed from a Medium's Note-Book.

... I awoke in darkness—darkness so intense, that for a moment I thought I was blind.

I remembered, presently, that I had been ill for a long time—typhoid fever. I had grown weaker day by day, until, one summer afternoon, while the bright sunshine streamed gloriously through the window, while the soft wind, perfumed with lilac and honeysuckle, rustled the broad leaves of the magnolia by the door, lulled by the song of the mocking-bird hidden in the cool shade of a cypress down by the plashing fountain, I fell asleep. I was very, very tired. My last recollection was of my wife, whose anxious face, pale with long and weary vigils at my bedside, bent over me, her golden hair sweeping my feverish brow, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears. She kissed me, and I smiled upon her with a heart full of love and gratitude. Her lips moved, but I did not hear what she said. A delicious languor took possession of me—a feeling of unutterable rest. Rest! The sunlight faded from my eyes, my poor wife's pitiful face grew dim on my sight and passed away, the song of the mocking-bird grew fainter in my ears, and I knew nothing more until I awoke in that awful night.

It was strange, I thought, that they should have extinguished all the lights so. But perhaps the taper that usually burned at my bedside, had gone out. This puzzled me, too, for somebody always watched in my chamber at night. The nurse, a friend sometimes, or my devoted wife, my darling whom no fatigue could keep long from my side. Perhaps whoever had watched to-night had fallen asleep. I could not find it in my heart to blame them—human endurance has a limit, and exhausted nature must rest some time. Was it necessary, though, to draw the curtains so close? Not a single gleam of light, not the faintest glimmer—darkness blacker than the darkest midnight I had ever seen.

And silence! I listened for the ticking of the clock in the next room, but I listened in vain. Some one had suggested that the monotonous sound annoyed me, and it had been removed. Yes, that explained it.

But I must have been asleep a long time. The sun was shining when I lost consciousness, and now it was night, perhaps nearly morning. Why had they allowed me to sleep so long? Why had I not been awakened as the doctor directed, to take my medicine—the teaspoonful every hour, and the powder, in half a wine-glass of water, every three hours? I could not answer this question, and it worried me. Were they neglecting me, or had the doctor changed his method of treatment? At any rate, I was now awake, and surely I ought to have my medicine. Besides, a terrible thirst parched my tongue, and my lips burned with fever.

But was I awake? Was it not possible that I dreamed all these thoughts—that I dreamed the intense darkness, the silence, and—

My God! What odor is that? Where had I breathed that damp, earthy atmosphere before? I filled my lungs again and again, and a dumb terror began to oppress me—a vague apprehension which I could not account for. The odor was unnatural—it was like the air of caves and mines. Certainly I must be suffering from nightmare induced by a brain-disordering disease.

And my bed, how hard it was—could it be possible that I had fallen upon the floor? And yet my head rested upon a pillow, and I felt the ruffled edge of the bed-curtains touching my forehead. As I lay there, flat upon my back, my hands clasped upon my breast, I smiled faintly at the incongruity of my surroundings, and mentally commented upon the strange stuff of which dreams are made. Then I recollected reading somewhere that the sense of smell is absent in dreams, and my apprehensions of evil, which had partially subsided, returned with renewed force.

At this moment, the thumb of my left hand touched a button. It was a cloth button. My night-robe was fastened with no such buttons. It was the button of a coat—somebody had probably thrown such a garment over me to keep me warm, or to dispose of it until they should require it again. But that peculiar, foetid odor—where did it come from? My thirst was becoming intolerable—I must moisten my lips—and they must take that hard substance from under my knees. What was it there for, and who put it there? But above all things, I must have something to drink.

"Julia!" How sullen and muffled my whisper sounded.

"Julia!" There was no echo to my guttural cry.

"John! Julia! Robert!" There was no reply. The nurse, my wife, my friend—none of them near me—or all sleeping so soundly that my voice did not awaken them. Half petulantly I resolved that I would try to serve myself. I would try to reach one of the glasses on the table at my bedside—I would disturb nobody. Some one would come presently and bring a light.

Slowly, and with a fear that I might overthrow some of the vials on the table, I raised my right hand. My elbow struck against a hard unyielding substance—the wall probably—the table must be at my left. And yet, if my memory served me, when I fell asleep my feet were stretched toward the north and the table was at my right hand. Why had they changed my position? I raised my left hand—my elbow came in contact with another wall. Thoroughly alarmed at this strange circumstance, I attempted to sit up—within six inches my head came in violent contact with what might have been a ceiling. With a half-strangled shriek I made an effort to throw my body out of its cramped position—I drew my knees up and dug my heels into the floor upon which I lay—I turned upon my left side and hurled myself against the walls that closed me in. Horror! I could not move a foot in any direction! Howling like a caged beast I pressed my hands against either side of my prison and swiftly passed them from my knees to my shoulders. My maddening suspicions were only too true. That shape—narrow at the feet—widening at the elbows—narrowing again at the head—merciful God! *It was a coffin! I was buried alive!*

For a single instant I lost consciousness. During the interval of a single heart-beat my faculties were benumbed as by a blow at the base of the brain. The blood in my veins receded from the surface of my body, and I was cold—frozen by the intensity of my terror. A clammy sweat began to

ooze from my pores, and the blood that had collected about my heart rushed, a thousand tiny torrents, through arteries and veins, to my brain—I was burning with the fever of fright and disease.

I was mad with despair. I threw myself to the right and to the left—howling, shrieking, cursing, frothing at the mouth. Upward I flung my clenched hands, and a dull crash followed their contact with the glass above my face. This circumstance diverted my thoughts into another channel. If I was buried, I argued, my coffin was enclosed in a strong wooden box and over that was piled at least six feet of earth.

If I was hurried! Oh, there was still a hope, and I smiled as I tried to picture a condition in which a living, breathing, reasoning creature ceases to hope. I thought of the doomed wretch ascending the scaffold and hoping against hope for the pardon that can never reach him. I thought of the soldier sentenced to death by a pitiless court-martial, standing against a white wall, his eyes bandaged, his grave yawning at his feet, awaiting and fearing the fatal word of command, yet hoping that the unforeseen was about to occur in his behalf. I thought of the castaway at sea clinging to a wave-beaten spar, of the miner imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, of the thirst-maddened wanderer in the desert—all, all hoping. No, there are no circumstances so terrible, no situation so hopeless, that man may not endure, struggle, and hope. And my hope? What was it? *That my coffin had been placed in a receiving vault!* This hope filled my soul as the dawn-light fills the shadowed aisles of a great cathedral, and I grew strong beneath its vivifying influence.

As I regained my wandering faculties, something fell dripping on my face—something warm, and noisome, and slippery wet—something that felt like the first drops of a summer rain upon my closed eyelids, and trickled down the furrows of my cheeks to my lips—something that tasted salt.

It was blood! My hands and wrists were gashed by the glass through which I had thrust them. With that taste of my own blood my hope fled—fled affrighted, and in its place stalked the grewsome realization that I was buried alive—buried deep—entombed, lost, abandoned. Drip—drip—drip! abandoned by the whole world—abandoned by those I loved—abandoned by my wife. Abandoned! Never before had I comprehended the utter loneliness which that word conveys. Forsaken!

Despair came to my relief at last. My hands were again clasped across my breast, the thumb of my left hand caressing the button that had excited my curiosity a few moments before. I lay motionless—thinking. And what queer, absurd, grotesque fancies thrilled through my mind—ghostly tatterdemalions of thought—spectral offspring of Terror and Woe. I was gratified that I had discovered one situation that was absolutely hopeless. It was as if I had made a discovery of great import in the realms of philosophical speculation. I experienced a hideous complacency in contemplating my utterly hopeless environment.

But my complacency was somewhat dampened for a moment by thoughts of my horrible loneliness. Why had my wife allowed my body to be so quickly disposed of? How selfish! Suppose the physicians had pronounced me dead, was that a sufficient reason for putting me away so soon? Why did she not wait until her own reason was convinced? Why did she not watch for palpable and unmistakable evidences of decay? No, my wife did not love me.

And I remembered the young man who sought to rival me in her affections—a handsome, dark-haired, reserved young man who had quietly accepted her answer, and for three years patiently waited for this opportunity to renew his suit. A woman tires of a lover, and a wife may well tire of a husband. My darling had proved herself no exception. Not that she would have abandoned me living—her wifely duty and her virtue would have prevented that—but a husband dead is a duty done, and the grave swallows every obligation. And when the brief season of hypocritical grief shall have passed by, the dark-haired, handsome young man with the earnest, pleading eyes, will once more take his place by her side—his arm will encircle her yielding waist, his lips will meet hers in the passionate kiss of a love that glows warm beneath the ashes of mine.

Thus did jealousy feed like a harpy upon the tenderest emotions of my heart. What a depth of despair had I reached, to lie there dying, bereft of hope, and suffering the torments of the damned, and yet find an abiding-place in my horror-haunted soul for such a grisly guest as jealousy. My heart ached, and my throat was strained as dumb sorrow strains it. I gnashed my teeth in impotent rage, and my fingers clutched that cloth button—I tore it from its fastening as I would have torn her heart out at that moment, and I held it tight clasped in my hand, half-fearing that I would lose it, and wondering in a vague sort of way why I wished to keep it.

Tears! Oh, the solace of those tears at that moment of supremest agony. I wept like a woman, and I was filled with pity of myself—such pity as the soul of man has never felt. But at the same time I reproached myself. Why had I not insisted upon an autopsy in the event of my death? Why had I not persisted in my expressed desire that I should be cremated? Death would probably have resulted in either case, but certainly death in any shape was preferable to this death. But, aside from all this, the delay and preparation for the dissecting-room or the furnace would have afforded some slight chance of ultimate escape. Had I not revived, as it was, would I not have manifested some sign of returning consciousness under the other circumstances—even at the point of the surgeon's knife—even at the door of the glowing furnace?

Thus do we cheat ourselves with hopes that never exist save as regrets. Suddenly my fancies ran another way. I saw masked grave-robbers creeping at midnight through the cemetery in which I was buried. I heard their hoarse whispers as they approached my grave, and I waited, almost joyfully, to hear the sounding-iron as it penetrated the loose soil to search for my coffin. Oh, how my ears strained through that awful silence for the dull, muffled blow that I had heard through the ear of my wild imagination. I calculated that these polluted saviors would sound my box three or perhaps even four times before they were satisfied as to where they should begin their horrid work of resurrection.

Horrid work? No; a glorious deed, for which I should bless them through eternity—beyond the second weeping, when my real corpse should repose, cold and rotting within its narrow home. But God forbid that I should ever lie here again. My body should be embalmed when real death came to claim me—no more agony of a living death.

Why don't they hurry? Surely they have had ample time to drive that rod down through my grave. Have they become alarmed at some unusual sound, and are they hiding behind a neighboring monument until the danger is passed? Why do society and the law so relentlessly pursue these ardent devotees of science—these brave scavengers of the battle-field of disease? I am not the only man who has been buried alive; and what matters it if a thousand, nay, it ten thousand graves are desecrated, if one poor, despairing wretch is restored to life, and light, and freedom? What sickly sentimentality, what puling cowardice, is this so-called respect for the dead. Do we not forget our dead almost as soon as they are out of our sight? Is not the dust of forgotten billions blown in the faces of the living millions by every passing breeze?

Why do not these men begin their work? There is no danger, my friends. Hurry! The air in this horrible prison is tainted and poisoned with my own breath. I shall suffocate if I am not released. Hurry! It will soon be too late. My case is a peculiar one. You know that I ought to be dissected for the benefit of science. It is true that you do not know that your labors will result in naught so far as scientific research is concerned, but what does that matter? Hurry! You have certainly heard of the mystery surrounding my death, as it was called—you know that all the physicians were unable to account for this unexpected result, else why have you come to take me out of my tomb? Then, why do you not make haste to secure the valuable knowledge you are seeking?

Silence—utter silence! My God, is there indeed no hope? No hope! No hope!

Ah! It is no longer dark. A ghastly, nervous, tremulous light dances to and fro, up and down before my staring eyeballs. It is a thread-like, yellowish light, crossed with beams of a crimson hue tinged with a purple that sometimes changes to a deep blue. It is a segregated, misshapen light that wriggles and swims before me like a corpse-light—the miasm of a place where the dead have long lain unburied. The air grows more foetid. There is a horrible pressure on my chest. The lights dance before my staring eyes with brighter radiance and more definite form. My imagination can shape them at will, and faces have begun to peer at me out of the wall of darkness against which these lights play. I feel that insanity is lurking behind all this horror. I can see the beginning of the awful end. The climax will be something frightful.

There is still one chance, one avenue of escape, one hope—death! My bleeding hands remind me that suicide is within my reach. Strange contradiction—I am afraid to die; I am afraid to live. On the one hand, I fear the horrors of the unknown; on the other, I fear the horrors of the reality.

Still the faces peer out of the darkness, growing more distinct every instant—the faces of the living, the faces of the dead, the faces of those loved and remembered, the faces of those long forgotten. And they are all the faces of demons! They sneer and grin at me, and their lips are silently gibbering. They gloat upon me and exult over my helpless, hopeless despair. I would shut them out by closing my eyes, but the distorted countenances become more apparent and I begin to hear the hisses of their sneering lips.

The weight upon my chest becomes so oppressive that I can scarcely breathe. There is a roar in my ears, and my brain whirls round and round. I have lost the button I tore from my shroud. I no longer think—I see and I hear.

Oh, what a vision—what hideous discord! There, bending over me, I see once more the sweet face of my wife—but its expression changes, and it becomes the face of a fiend. It is seamed with hate as with vitriol. Her thin lips curl in cruel scorn, and her eyes are living flame. The flesh shrivels and tightens until I can see the contour of the death's head beneath.

She is bending closer—that horrible, earthy odor emanates from her nostrils. Gaunt skeleton fingers clutch my throat, a skeleton knee crushes my breast. The skull bends closer, and I shudder as I gaze into the sockets where the eyes were, now filled with crawling, twining, slimy worms, out of the entanglement of which gleams a greenish, phosphorescent light.

Closer, still closer the bideous, grinning thing approaches; tighter, yet tighter the bony talons clutch my throat; heavier, and still heavier the skeleton knee presses upon my chest. My face is black and distorted as the face of the dead who die on the gibbet. I struggle with the strength of a hundred maniacs; my shrieks may reach beyond the confines of hell, even to the throne of God—in vain.

The fleshless lips of the death's head are pressed in unholy joy against mine that are wet with the foam of despair. It is the kiss of death!

OAKLAND, September, 1887.

The longest horse railway in the world, according to the *Scientific American*, will be that with which it is proposed to connect a number of towns near Buenos Ayres, South America, and which will have a total length of two hundred miles. The road will also be exceptional in that sleeping-cars will be run upon it for the comfort of the passengers. Horses will be employed as a motive power instead of steam, because horses are cheap, fuel is dear, and the people are slow. The price of two tons of coal will buy a horse with its harness. The sleeping-cars, and all the other equipments of the line, are being supplied by a Philadelphia company, and these cars "are stated to be curiosities." They are four in number, eighteen feet in length, and are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water-coolers, linen-presses, and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other rolling stock comprises four double-decked open-cars, twenty platform-cars, twenty gondola-cars, six refrigerator-cars, four poultry-cars furnished with coops, eight cattle-cars, two derrick-cars for lifting heavy materials, and two hundred box-cars.

E. H. CLOUGH.

SOCIETY RECITERS.

"Iris" discusses the Female Elocutionists of Gotham.

The summer season is waning into the autumn—muslin dresses are substituted by flannel, bathing has a rival in riding, in driving, in walking. Narragansett grows lean for Lennox to grow fat, Long Branch wanes as Newport waxes. It is lonely "by the many-sounding sea," but the mountains are alive. Bar Harbor is putting up the shutters, but the wooded glens of Catskill echo to the ring of the climber's alpenstock. The bathing-houses at Atlantic City are as deserted as Tara's halls, but in the keen spicy air of Saratoga, crisp with the first hint of frosty autumn, riding-parties thunder along the flat roads under the reddening maples. The Summer Men are all done up in camphor till next June, and the Summer Girl grows pale and faded, as she packs away her ruined wardrobe. The summer butterfly is taking its last flutter in the warm sun—then away to its long sleep in its dark cocoon. Meanwhile one last wild burst of gaiety before it goes. It must drink and be merry to-day, for to-morrow it dies. In some places it has drunk and been unusually merry, despite prohibition laws, crusty chaperons, Mrs. Grundy, and all the other troublesome things of life. The Narragansett season has given a great flare before it finally fell into the agonies of dissolution. They say that Narragansett has broken its record this year. Gay things have happened there during August, which have made quiet people look askance. At the Pier rumors are rife of late suppers, wine-flowing, laughter loud and long, polite waiters to interfere, hithulous young gentlemen with their hats crushed down on their nodding heads hauled homeward in hacks, servants to open the door, and hack-drivers to assist the trembling feet up the stairs, sudden visits to friends—placid-faced mothers left to face the questions which follow, young men friends and girl friends on a hot scent—altogether, very high times have distinguished the Pier, and some of its visitors. There has been much roystering, a little flirting, no love-making, and the season over with a fine crop of dead-sea apples. On the debit side are constitutions more or less broken down, rickety reputations, dubious digestions, nervous systems out at elbows, and wardrobes in a state of picturesque ruin. On the credit side, a few glorious bathes, splendid tussles with the surf, a friendship or two carefully preserved from the general wreck of illusions, and an extended knowledge of the gay world and life generally. So much for the Pier. Newport has been massive, ponderous, and gorgeous this year. There is something heavily British about Newport, something solidly respectable about it which suggests the land of beef and beer. It bristles with crests and pedigrees, and other rare and expensive things. It is not madly gay like Narragansett, nor elegantly unconventional like Bar Harbor, nor glitteringly showy like Saratoga and the Branch. Newport is a regular, old-blue, preadamite Tory of a watering-place. It even makes faint Bostonian attempts to collect an aristocracy of intellect, but without success. In lieu of which an aristocracy of eccentric and remarkable foreigners has been substituted, as being, next to intellectual communing, the rarest combination society has to offer. This is composed chiefly of all the foreign embassies from Washington, whose members annually gather at Newport and mix in the charming whirl. The Russian secretary in his drosky takes the palm as most unusual, and, therefore, most intellectual, for which he returns thanks to his drosky and his Kalmuck groom.

The gaieties are, of course, of a sumptuously splendid character. Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt lately gave a musicale which reads like "Ouida." Joseffy to play, and Juch the ideal Elsa, blonde and fair as Faust's vision, with smooth, ivory shoulders, and fluffy hair, to sing the waltz from "Faust." Also the new Swedish tenor, with a name full of h's and j's, to "warble his native wood-notes wild," and lofty celebrities of the musical world to charm harmonies from the ivory keys. It is like the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid, rich and bright and lavishly luxurious. Newport, beside its rich residents, is full of pretty people this summer. Mrs. John Elliott (Miss Maud Howe) is there. Mrs. Elliott is a Newport and Boston celebrity. She is to Newport what the Bunker Hill Monument is to Boston. Not only is she a beauty, but the authoress of several novels—among others, "A Newport Aquarelle," in which the radiantly beautiful heroine was the recipient of twenty-five offers of marriage. This is doing well. Longfellow's wife was supposed to have been more than usually charming, as testified by twenty-two proposals. But twenty-five—it makes Penelope and her hundred suitors enter the realms of possibility at a jump. At the twenty-fifth the heroine succumbed to her crushing popularity, the twenty-fifth having, in the meantime, gone to Leadville and struck a remarkable bonanza which assayed "fifty per cent. in silver." Newport, not being a mining-camp, made no sign at this, but was properly proud of the literary prowess of its daughter. Mrs. Elliott wrote several other novels, among them "San Rosario Ranch," a tale of Californian life, which was pretty and entertaining. Her beauty is of a statuesque type, with straight features, beautiful chin and throat, and loosely curly brown hair, round which, in the evening, she was wont to bind a wreath of ivy leaves in classic form. She was fond, as are all women of a literary bent, of esthetic garments, puffed sleeves, faded twilight colors, and long flowing draperies falling in rich folds. Arrayed in dull blue or dusky red, with large puffs on her long, close sleeves and a white tucker drawn up round her throat, she used to recite with fine effect poems of favorite authors and sometimes her own. She once, I remember, recited an original production, entitled "Golden Threads." It sounds like a tract, but it was of a much more exciting nature. It was a tragic poem—the component parts as I vaguely remember them—a man; a maid divinely fair; a love insatiable; a wealth of golden hair, presumably the maid's; a midnight cozening villain—or perhaps a lack of reciprocity to the love insatiable; I forget which—and then, a tragic termination. Some one hangs or strangles his or herself with the maid's golden hair. It could hardly have been any one but the maid herself. A lover would have to be a very brassy man indeed, to ask his trusting fair to let him hang himself with her hair. And then it is hardly probable that her affection for him would have gone that far. There is such a thing as being too obliging. Rapunzel, heroine of our

youth, allowed her lover to gain entrance to her secret tower by using her hair as a ladder. Why, then, could not the lover of Miss Howe's hirsute heroine, have been permitted to commit the happy dispatch with his true-love's locks? The situation is both original and touching. And yet, my recollection suggests that it was the maiden who availed herself of nature's gifts and suspended herself from the halustrade by her golden braids.

The rage for female elocutionists grows apace. They have passed the "Curfew-shall-not-ring-to-night" stage, and the "Maclean's-chee-ild" era, and are now in the thick of the Browning and Tennyson crisis. Let me whisper in your ear—they are great bores. Very few of them are talented enough to recite with true dramatic force, and most of them are affected and self-conscious to a ridiculous degree. Such eye-rolling and hand-wringing, such a generous use of the Explosive-Expulsive, such blood-curdling whispers, such awful, guttural, abysmal groans as they give! A nervous person comes away from one of these elocutionary seances feeling quite hysterical. The death-and-damnation style enjoys popularity just at present. Mrs. Watson was its prophet. She was a pretty Canadian who stormed New York some four years ago, and made quite a sensation as a drawing-room elocutionist. When she turned on the tragedy tap, one felt as if there was blood on the face of the moon, and nervous tremblings attacked sensitive members of the audience. Mrs. Watson favored "The Curfew" greatly. Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens" was another favorite. The poor, little wilted jasmine flower was put through its paces night after night. Night after night, the gentleman hero saw his first love's ghost in the opera box; which always struck me as most reckless conduct on the part of a first love—ghost or no ghost. Ladies who sit alone in opera boxes are not always ghosts, and the general incapacity of ordinary people to recognize a ghost at sight, might occasion slight misapprehensions to be cherished by members of the audience. But Mrs. Watson's *chef-d'œuvre* was "The Portrait," also by Owen Meredith. In this she was at once tragic and mysterious. You knew from the first line something was rotten in the state of Denmark. A sort of kindly warning of what was coming was conveyed in the speaker's grewsome whisper. When the homshell finally burst, you were prepared and met it smiling, murmuring softly, "Three of a kind beats two pair." Mrs. Watson, barring a few affectations which women elocutionists never seem able to overcome, was one of the cleverest "recitationists" we have ever had in New York. She was extremely pretty, which is rare in her profession, and dressed with nice taste, which is rare in a Canadian. She was altogether a rarity in every department. She once had her photograph taken clinging on to the tongue of the hell in the Curfew agony. It was one of the most extraordinary examples of the photographic art I ever saw. The top of the tower, the hell swinging out over the city, and Mrs. Watson performing the preternatural antic of hanging to the clapper, were all included on one cabinet card. It was *multum in parvo* with a vengeance. Mrs. Watson's place has now been filled by Miss Sarah Cowell, who is in great demand at small receptions, musicales, and amateur theatricals. Miss Cowell is clever and painstaking, and has good taste in all her selections. She is industrious enough to get new poems, which is a great recommendation. She eschews old ones, though, when pressed, I have known her resurrect the moribund body of "The Good News," which has been recited threadbare, or even, in a tight place, "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," the finest poem for reciting ever written, but "a little clapper-clawed" by high schools. Miss Cowell, a product of Madison Square training by the way, is now at Newport, and when Mrs. This and Madam That are dining and wining their magnificent but stupid friends, they send for Miss Cowell, who, after dinner, gets up and gives them half an hour's finished reciting in her most elegant style. But these are professionals who are masters of their profession. Amateurs are numerous, poor, hent on a hearing, and coolly self-confident. They are the thorn in the side of many kind-hearted hostesses. Mrs. John Sherwood at her weekly receptions during the winter was always ready to give these aspirants a helping hand. The charming authoress would read a paper of her own, and then the rising star mounted the zenith, with a glass of water and a roll of manuscript. Some of the cleverest amateurs made their debuts in this way. They were Mrs. Sherwood's discoveries. Others fell from their high estate hack into obscurity after half a dozen trials, others have kept on with set teeth, and now are always asked for a little poem when they are out evenings. By will power they have gained recognition of their talents. By will power and determination they will continue to keep it. It comes hard on their friends, but society has its slight unpleasantnesses. Mrs. Potter was also an encourager of the dramatic arts. Her small parlor was filled every morning with an odd Bohemian throng. Professionals struggling for recognition, semi-professionals frightened at their own daring, the most timorous of amateurs, the most ambitious of authors, spectacled young women offering their first great tragedy, the scene laid in ancient Rome under Nero, poor young penny-a-liners tendering roving farces, sad as only laughed fun can be—all met and offered their wares to the successful amateur.

NEW YORK, August 30, 1887.

The Interstate law operated as an excuse for cutting off great numbers of "deadheads," and on some of the leading lines of railroad it is said that the difference will amount to from five hundred thousand to one million dollars a year. An officer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad remarked the other day that their former daily reports from conductors would average two hundred and seventy-five passes a day. Their present reports run from forty to forty-five passes a day. One result of the cutting-off of free passes has been to diminish the revenues of the palace-car service. Men who ride on free passes almost invariably indulge in palace cars, but on being compelled to pay their fare, many of them ride in the ordinary passenger coaches.

"To discontinue an advertisement," says John Wanamaker, one of the largest advertisers in the world, "is like taking down your sign."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frascuelo, the Madrid hull-fighter, has been offered fifty thousand dollars for four performances in the City of Mexico, and he has accepted.

Ex-Senator Miller has leased a tract of fifty thousand acres of Adirondack timber land, in the north-central part of Hamilton County, New York, for fifty years, for a game preserve.

Doctor S. Fleet Spier says that base-ball and tennis are dangerous games when played to excess. So true is this that the "base-ball pitcher's arm" and the "tennis arm" are recognized in the medical profession as special diseases.

Seventy-two years ago Robert Tirrell of Rhode Island, then a soldier in the British army, deserted and came to America. The old man, who is ninety-three years old, has just received a pardon from the granddaughter of the king he deserted, and is going back to the old country to die among his kinsfolk.

Vienna is celebrating with great splendor the centenary of the first production of "Don Giovanni." At the same time, in order that she may not, like her illustrious uncle, die of starvation, it has granted to Mozart's niece, who is penniless, the princely pension of a dollar and twenty-five cents a month.

J. M. Bailey, once famous as the wit of the Danbury *News*, has faded from the humorous world and is now an actor in a daily-repeated domestic tragedy. His wife is insane and demands his entire attention. He must dress her and arrange her hair, and attend to all her wants. She is like a child, and he gives her all his affection, time, and attention. His devotion is described as something heroic.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is about to enter upon a journalistic career, having arranged with the manager of a newspaper syndicate to furnish a series of articles for simultaneous publication throughout this country and Canada. Mrs. Beecher's topics will be such as to interest women. It is said that although well paid for this work, she undertakes it more for occupation than for the pecuniary reward.

It appears that Mrs. Grover Cleveland's efforts to trace her husband's genealogy have awakened considerable discussion in various parts of the country. Sylvanus Cleveland, of Providence, R. I., claims that the President's wife has been misinformed on one important feature of the subject. He says that the family to which Grover Cleveland belongs was founded in America by Moses Cleveland, who settled near Ohio but in Woburn, Mass., in 1635.

The Sultan of Turkey has been having a good deal of trouble of late. Not long ago his harem revolted, and his Oriental majesty has been much annoyed by caricatures which have appeared in the comic journals of Vienna. The Sublime Porte has officially requested the Austrian Government to interfere in behalf of the sultan, and the result is that the offending editors have promised to ridicule no more the sensitive monarch of the Turkish Empire.

Robert Garrett is about twenty-seven years of age. He has no fondness for an executive position, and can not bear to be chained to a desk. He is devoted to the pleasures of society, and he likes to frequent drawing-rooms, clubs, and ball-rooms. He is extremely attentive to his dress, and is always attired in the height of fashion. He would still be worth many millions if he had never owned a dollar's worth of stock in the Baltimore and Ohio road.

Bret Harte has grown so gray that those who have not seen him since he left this country to accept the Glasgow consulate would hardly recognize him now. His hair, which is rather long and lies in masses on his forehead, is snow-white, while his mustache, which is very heavy, is still streaked with brown. His complexion is florid, but he is not at all stout, nor does he look like an old man yet. Mr. Harte makes his home in London in the family of the Belgian Minister.

Madame Demorest, the well-known modiste and publisher of New York city, keeps up a handsome country-place near Saratoga. The house and grounds comprise the old Curtis homestead, where Mme. Demorest was born. She is a daughter of Zehulon Curtis, and comes of a family famous for its longevity. Mme. Demorest was a milliner in her girlhood, and located at Schuylerville, New York. Later in life she came to New York, where she has risen to the very front rank in her calling.

Professor Arthur Seymour, Assistant Professor of Botany at Harvard University, is, as are so many savants, an absent-minded man. While gathering specimens near Hartford, Connecticut, a few days ago, he heard the whistle of a train he wanted to take, and dropping his basket of specimens, and not stopping to pick up his hat that he had thrown down in a moment of enthusiasm, he started on a dead run for the station. Over the fields and through the village streets he ran, while pedestrians cleared the way for him, and corner loafers gave him a wide berth. Just at this time there was a reward of fifty dollars out for the capture of an escaped lunatic, and one villager bolder than the rest gave chase, and captured Professor Seymour, who, only after much explanation, was set free.

Manager Henry E. Abbey sends us the following: "A short time ago an American paper announced that Madame Etelka Gerster had gone mad, and was in an asylum in the south of Italy. Immediately Mr. Abbey, who was wishing to engage her services, sent an agent to Sasso, near Bologna, to investigate the case, and, on hearing that the story was false, at once telegraphed to New York. Upon this a fresh tale was plotted, to the effect that she had separated from her husband in a rage, and had lost her voice in consequence of the temper she had exhibited. Again Mr. Abbey telegraphed a denial. The loss of voice and reason have been disproved pretty sufficiently by the signing of an agreement by which the soprano will shortly visit Germany and afterwards America, under Mr. Abbey's management."

The story of George Work's adventure with his horse in Long Branch has attained pretty wide circulation. George Work is a son of millionaire Frank Work, is a member of the firm of Work, O'Keefe & Company, an enthusiastic horseman, as his father is, and is about twenty-five years of age. A couple of weeks ago he jumped the magnificent horse he was riding through the window of the Howland Hotel bar-room and won a wager of some two hundred dollars, and then, spurred by success, spurred the horse through the window of the ball-room of the West End Hotel. Coming out again he tore away the widow-frame, was thrown, and met with some slight injuries. He is living at Elberoo, where his sister, Mrs. Burke Roche, is keeping house for him. He is a handsome fellow, tall, round-faced, with chestnut curls, and is considered by designing social mammals as an exceedingly good catch. In the winter he is one of the Delmonico crowd. He is rated as a shrewd business man, and is expected to duplicate his father's business successes. One of his sisters married Cooper Hewitt not long ago.

The Emperor of Brazil has gone over to Paris chiefly for the sake of his health. His liver is ailing terribly. Dom Pedro is only sixty-two years old, although he has been emperor fifty-six years, and is in length of reign the senior sovereign of the world. But he was born and has always lived in a part of the world where people grow old quickly. At sixty-two he is really older than an Englishman at seventy-two. Dom Pedro and Donna Theresa are both somewhat troubled about the succession to the Brazilian throne. Their eldest daughter, Isabella, Princess Imperial, married the Comte d'Eu, son of the Duc de Nemours and cousin of the Comte de Paris. They have three sons, the oldest being twelve years of age. But all three are weak and sickly, and it is not likely that one of them will live to succeed his grandfather. The next persons in order of succession are the children of Dom Pedro's youngest daughter, the late Princess Leopoldine. She married Prince Auguste, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, elder brother of the Prince Ferdinand who has been elected to the Bulgarian throne. They had four sons, who, thanks to the admixture of German blood with that of the Bourbons, are all stout and vigorous lads. The eldest of them is named Pedro, after his grandfather, and he is generally looked upon as the next sovereign of Brazil—Dom Pedro III. He is now twenty-one years old and is looking about for a wife. His next brother, Auguste, twenty years old, will seek the Bulgarian throne if his uncle, Ferdinand, fails to secure it.

YOUNG NAPOLEONS OF FINANCE.

"Flaneur" discusses Henry S. Ives & Co., and other Wall Street Men.

The publicity that has suddenly surrounded the spare and slim form of young Ives of Wall Street has drawn attention to the group of youngsters who are more or less prominent in financial circles. Ives is by long odds the most thoroughly successful and daring of the boys who manipulate financial affairs. He had a shrewd, old man behind him in Christopher Meyer, but the latter forsook him when the storm began to brew. Very many Wall Street men now claim that if Ives had had a good counsellor when his affairs were at their highest point, and a man of big courage and a strong bank account to tide him over the rough places, he would have come through the summer all right, and landed a great many million dollars on the safe side of his bank account in the fall. The amount of power that a youngster of Ives's general appearance managed to wield, shows how little personality has to do with success down-town. He was daring and shrewd, and he won. Any man to look at him would think that he was nothing more than a small clerk in a cheap office, and yet he handled securities to the extent of twenty-three million dollars when he was in the height of his success, and he loomed up for a time as decidedly the most impressive figure in Wall Street life. He was like many other meteor-like financial stars. He went up with extreme brilliancy, but he came down with an extraordinary rush. The peculiar quality which Gould possesses, of seeing far ahead and covering his tracks, so that the embarrassments of sudden fluctuations in the market will not hit him, seems almost unique. The lack of it floored even so successful and knowing an old operator as Cyrus W. Field, a short time ago, and everybody remembers when Russell Sage was pinched by a falling market three years ago. The career of Ives proved him to be a Gould without the latter's stroke of genius for holding property after he got it in his clutches.

One of the youngest men in the street, and at the same time a very conspicuous youth, is Eddie Gould, the younger son of his father. He was for a long time in the oil exchange, and it was said that he made most of his money, after he left oil and went into stocks, by selling the Gould stocks short. In other words, he played against the head of the house, and won in that way. He seems to inherit a good deal of the amazing financial shrewdness with which Jay Gould has so liberally endowed his children. It is in marked contrast to the Vanderhilt boys, who never ventured into Wall Street without disastrous results. Willie K.'s first plunge there left a trifling balance of seven million dollars for his father to settle, and the late William H. made good that amount only after his son had assured him that he would never gamble in Wall Street again. One of Ives's partners, who was known about town as Tom Doremus, showed that he was possessed of a good deal of snap and cleverness when he was brought up before the referee and questioned as to his financial methods. He did not know much about law apparently, but his information as to the conditions of things in the stock exchange, and the manner in which securities are tossed about and made to serve a double purpose, indicated that the examples of such illustrious men as Gould, Field, Sage, Fish, and Ward have not been lost upon the younger generation.

Many of the people who float on the surface of the town are filled with a deep and mournful grief at the failure of young Ives and Tom Doremus, for the pair made things hum for a time. Ives rented a big steam-yacht at the casual rate of five thousand dollars a month—not a year—and loaded it down to the gunwale with the usual crowd, whenever the chance occurred, and steamed merrily away. This sum gave him the yacht only; he was obliged to foot all the other expenses in addition. There is no yacht now for Ives and Doremus, but a very fair and radiant prospect of State's prison in the near distance.

They tell a curious story of old Christopher Meyer, who was more or less with Ives. Many years ago he was a workman in a factory where rubber shoes were made. He received the fabulous sum of one dollar and a quarter a day. At night he worked out the details of an invention for economizing in the number of men employed in the factory. One day he finished his machine, carried it to the shop, and showed his boss how well it would do the work of a dozen or twenty men. The boss was thunderstruck; but before he could examine the invention Meyer seized a big hammer and knocked its delicate machinery into chaos.

"But I want that," protested the boss.

"I know you do," answered the workman, quietly.

"Come and see me to-morrow noon," continued the head of the firm, pompously, "and we will make some arrangements."

"If you want to talk business with me," remarked the workman, coolly, "you can come to my lodgings at seven o'clock to night. Better not be late."

The millionaire was there at seven, Meyer was taken into the firm, and in a short time he was at the head of the business. He lives in New Brunswick, N. J., in a pretentious house, and his sons are all well married. A short time ago the old man—he is more than seventy years of age—took it into his mind to marry again, picked out a beautiful, nineteen-year-old girl, and prepared for the wedding. Immense opposition was expected from the family, as old Meyer is worth ten or twelve millions; but, to the amazement and chagrin of society and the sensational press, all of the old manufacturer's friends, family, and connections backed him up heartily, and sent him off on his bridal tour looking and feeling like a major.

It is a singular coincidence that the sole remaining partner of Henry S. Ives & Co., George Stayner, also got his start through a valuable invention. A man in whom Stayner was interested died suddenly in New Haven, Conn., where Stayner was a small tradesman, and left an invention for engraving the backs of bank-notes. Stayner, by some means or other, got hold of the machine and came to New York at once. He went to the New York Bank-note Company—a sort of Standard Oil monopoly in this sort of work—and asked to see the president.

"Does he know you?" the attendant asked.

"Nop," said the visitor, carelessly, "but you tell him that he'll want to know me pretty darn bad when he finds out what this machine can do."

In a few moments the president and the superintendent looked at the machine, and saw that it could perform the delicate and kaleidoscopic tracery on bank-notes in a fashion that put their prevailing methods to the blush.

"What are your terms?" asked the president.

Stayner said he wanted a lump sum and a big block of the stock. The terms were staggering, but the machine was a nailer.

"Give us ten days to think it over," said the president, "and we will then give you our answer."

"I'll give you just twenty minutes," said Mr. Stayner, dryly. Then he picked up his hat and strolled out. When he came back, the president smiled and said, with forced carelessness:

"Well, sir, we will pay you your terms."

"Well, the fact is," said Stayner, thoughtfully, "I'm not exactly pleased with the terms. I want a larger amount of stock."

And he got it, too. A good invention is about as valuable as a silver mine nowadays. Stayner is shrewd and so is Meyer, but neither of them is a marker to young Ives. He has a gambler's courage and imperturbability. Nothing has rattled him so far, and it is even money that nothing ever will.

Two more of New York's young men are occupying the public mind to-day. They toil not, neither do they spin. One is named Ray Miller and the other is the somewhat famous Fred May. They are regarded by aspiring out-of-town visitors and the *habitués* of cheap restaurants as very great swells. Neither of them is at all in society. Of the two, Fred May is far the better man mentally and physically, though this is not saying much. Miller is rich and ambitious. He is also fat and cumbersome. It is his ambition to be a dashing sort of a blade, but the stuff isn't there. Fred May, however, is well built for "a genuine sportin' n obleman." He is the handsomest man in New York, and by all odds the most reckless. In stature he is tall, built like an athlete, square-shouldered, and powerful. He has muscles of steel, and is never afraid. For many years he has figured in scrapes of various degrees of wickedness, but he always manages to get out of them with his colors flying. Ever since the time when he did or did not fight a duel with James Gordon Bennett, Fred May's name has attracted attention. The most extraordinary mystery still clings about that duel story, though endless efforts have been made to fathom it. Mr. May's recent exploit is characteristic of the intense desire which usually imbues a man who has seen it all for something novel. He and Miller were returning home in Newport late at night, when they passed the Berkeley apartment house for bachelors. A bachelor named Bates lived there. He was not pleasing to Messrs. May and Miller. Said Bates had just returned from the Casino hall, and was robed in purity and a night-shirt, when two callers were announced. Perhaps it would be better to say that the callers announced themselves. They did it by hattering down the door in the first place, and continuing the entertainment by a vigorous if somewhat inebriated pursuit of the agitated Bates. After they had smashed about a thousand dollars' worth of Bates's household effects, they pursued the luckless Bates about a mile up Bellevue avenue, the society man doing the run in unrivalled time and his night-shirt. After this, Mr. May and Mr. Miller, feeling that the night had been wound up to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, retired in innocence and languor to their homes for rest.

Bates, I hear, is still running.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Republican State Convention of New York, met at Saratoga on the 14th of September, nominated a State ticket, and, what is of more interest and importance, recognized the American sentiment abroad in the land, by passing a resolution denouncing the presence among us of anarchists, communists, polygamists, paupers, fugitives from justice, criminal persons, and contract laborers. If this State Convention had had the courage to say that no more of this kind of adult male immigrants should ever be made citizens by naturalization, the American party would have taken the first step in the direction of emancipation from alien control. This very convention, as amends for its resolutions against foreign criminals, expressed sympathy for Ireland. It opposed prohibition and favored high license and local option. The Republican party has outlived its courage to express its moral convictions, it has therefore outlived its usefulness.

Mr. Dargie, of the *Oakland Tribune*, has been imposed upon. In his issue of September 12th he accredits Mr. Pickering with having been a Union man, and with having written an article for the *Bulletin* which placed the paper on record as a Union journal. Loring Pickering, G. K. Fitch, Columbus, Julian, and Washington Bartlett were none of them at that time loyal. The *Bulletin*, not having courage to advocate secession, favored a Pacific republic, and if Mr. Pickering, or anybody else, ever wrote a Union article, or one which breathed unconditional loyalty to the American flag and American Union at this period of danger, it was because the business policy of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* demanded it. We advise Mr. Dargie not to attempt the rôle of biographer for our early journalists till he is better informed than he now appears to be.

The season of 1887 will be remembered as one especially prolific in fatal accidents to Alpine tourists. Scarcely a week passes that does not bring report of one or more lives having been sacrificed to the insatiable desire to scale one of the giddy peaks in the Bernese Oberland or the Engadine, and, strange to say, each accident but serves to increase the army of climbers, so that finally the authorities in the Canton Wallis have found it necessary to take active measures to control the rush of strangers, who, emboldened by recent experiences, are flocking up into the glaciers without guides.

The head of the sultan's harem is now a Christian woman—beautiful, cultivated, and a Spaniard.

OLD FAVORITES.

Arethusa.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains—
From cloud and from crag
With maoy a jag,
Shepherd her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams,
And, gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing
In murmurs, as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountain strook,
Aod opeod a chasm
In the rocks; with a spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind,
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thudder
Did rend in sunder
The hars of the springs below;
The beard and the hair
Of the river-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the briok of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And hid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unbleeded
With the brackish Dorian stream.
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rushed behind—
As ao eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the ocean powers
Sit on their pearl'd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam;
Aod up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning hasks
Like friends once parted,
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of asphodel;
Aod at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Song of the River.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow aod dreamiog pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel siogs,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell riogs,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, hathe in me, nother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sio-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, ströog and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free aod strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the countless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinn'd and is pardon'd again,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, hathe io me, nother and child.
—Charles Kingsley.

"The Bulgarian Government has this year given orders for one hundred and twenty-four thousand medals for the army for 'bravery,'" says the *Chicago News*. The Bulgarian must make a brave soldier, as the available forces in time of war amount to something less than sixty-three thousand men.

VANITY FAIR.

Since the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough, conscience and right-mindedness on the one hand and worldliness and curiosity on the other have been fighting a desperate battle in the breast of many a fair Newport chateleine, which has ended, as usual, in a compromise, and those who have refrained from asking England's champion roué to sit at their tables and be entertained by their wives and daughters, have unhesitatingly accepted invitations to meet him at the houses of their friends. Mrs. Paran Stevens was the first to welcome the duke, and at one of the Casino dances he was introduced to several of the belles. Mrs. Stevens gave him a dinner, and he was invited to Mrs. Clews's musicale. A good deal of the speculation that has been indulged in as to whether the noble duke would be received or not, considering his past record in the divorce courts, has been rather idle, inasmuch as Newport society would not scruple long over meeting a nobleman of so high a rank in the British peerage as the Duke of Marlborough, no matter what his record may have been. Concerning this, the *New York World* says: The social attentions which are being so profusely paid to the Duke of Marlborough at Newport call for comment. They are so marked that they thrust themselves upon the public attention. It may be safely said that the reputation of this man is such that it should bar him out from private circles in this country which assume to be respectable, as it does from many in England. No American with the widely published experiences of the duke in divorce courts would be socially received in Newport, or anywhere else in the United States. Are we to understand that rank, merely, makes a difference with us in such matters? It would be difficult, under the circumstances, to find a more gross illustration of toadyism than is supplied by the dispatches printed daily with regard to the fashionable dinners and entertainments to which the Duke of Marlborough is invited. What an idea of American society does all this convey in England? The queen, after the unsavory revelations of one of the divorce cases in which the duke was concerned, it is said, took occasion to publicly disown him. Are we to offer a social asylum to celebrities of this description here?

There are certain items of dress that the typical New York female will not dispense with—whatever the limitations of her purse may forbid in other things. First, she will have a pair of French slippers or dressy shoes for the house, and next in order of indispensable possession is the beaded wrap. Something at least approaching to a Redfern or a Worth costume in general effect for the street, she seems able to command. A chaperon of a New York belle tells the following story. Her charge and the most devoted of her admirers sat on the hotel piazza at Bar Harbor. "I know you're awfully poor, Miss D.," said the latter with a bomb-shell abruptness, and hitting hard where he never intended. The chaperon was startled; not so the imperturbable victim, whose valiant fight for position against adverse fate would win her a championship in a better cause. "You've stated it exactly," was the cool response, "but great as I know your discernment to be, I am a loss in conjecturing how you ascertained the facts." "I notice that you always wear the faultless style of foot-gear by which the poor girl of New York may be known at a glance. It's only the downright heirst that dares to wear shabby boots."

It is not very unusual (says the London *Saturday Review*) to come across a mother who, after a long series of invitations given and accepted, and after throwing one of her daughters constantly into the society of a man, and taking every opportunity of leaving them alone together, on finding that he will not "come to the point" as she had hoped, suddenly swoops down upon him and asks him his intentions. This is a most trying ordeal for a man who is not an "old hand," and who has not plenty of *savoir faire* and brass, as the lady paints in the strongest colors the deep affection her daughter has for him, and with many tears, carefully pumped up, explains that she has been driven to this course, much against her will, by seeing her daughter's happiness imperilled and her health injured by the uncertainty as to whether her love is returned. She then goes on to enumerate, with numerous applications of her handkerchief to her eyes, the many and manifold virtues of her daughter, her single-mindedness and affectionate disposition, and lays great stress on her tenderheartedness, telling how her heart, which has hitherto been untouched, is riven and torn with affection for and anxiety as to the course that will be taken by the misbehaving young man. A touch of real nature then appears, as she apostrophizes him for monopolizing the society of her daughter and keeping away other men if he has no intentions, which she stigmatizes as most cruel and ungentlemanlike behavior. If the victim does not succumb before these remonstrances, her last weapon is her husband's wrath, which she flaunts in his face and threatens him with, intimating to him that, as her mild exhortations have failed, she will have to request him to hold an interview with the outraged father. This final outburst is more likely to produce a smile than anything else, as the delinquent knows well that the last thing the father would think of doing would be to bold an interview on such a subject, and that he would rather lock himself up in his study for a fortnight than do such a thing, more especially as he is a friend of his own, and they really like one another very much. So there is nothing left for the indignant and defeated matchmaker to do, if the young man holds his ground, but to ring the bell and express a hope that he will not do her the honor of calling upon her or her daughter again, a caution which is most unnecessary, as a man would not be likely to put himself in such a position again.

The transformation of severely correct gentlemen, faultlessly arrayed in London clothes, into Highland chieftains, is daily taking place before one's eyes, (writes a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, from the Highlands of Scotland). When the Scotch gentlemen, or even Englishmen having places in Scotland, come up here, they immediately put on kilts. In the morning, when they are shooting or tramping over the moors, they wear woollen kilts, and carry a hunting-knife, instead of the regulation dagger, in their

stocking-leg. But in the evening they appear at dinner in tartans of beautiful style, with a jeweled dagger sticking out of their right stocking-leg. Not only the gentlemen, but their upper-servants put on kilts, and, if anything, the change in the servants is more startling than in the masters. Mr. Pamure-Gordon is a great landed proprietor up here. His coachman, who was one of the most immaculate jehus in London, sitting upon the box as rigid as iron, and looking as if he were made at the same time and of the same stuff as the carriage, came up to the Highlands, and suddenly turned into a Highlander, and a rampageous Highlander at that, and wheezed, and blew, and puffed at the bagpipes like a Trojan. It was really alarming to see him heading the Gordon pipers. The Highland fling is as popular as the Highland dress, and the Prince of Wales's sons dance it beautifully, as indeed their father and the Duke of Edinburgh did before them. The Prince of Wales, even now, with middle age and adipose upon him, can dance the Highland fling gracefully, "loupin" and "schreechin'" with all his might and main.

The engagement is just announced (writes Arlo Bates in the *Providence Journal*) of a Philadelphia belle and a young man, whose name has been conspicuous in the tennis tournaments this summer, and the story the gossips tell thereof is something like this: The youth was greatly smitten by the charms of the damsel last winter, and followed her to the watering-place she chose for her summer outing. Here he offered his hand and heart, and she—may she not see the expression—like a silly chit, made her acceptance conditional on his winning a first prize at some tennis tournament. She did worse, for with the most inexcusable vanity she told her girl friends what she had done. When asked what she should do if her champion were everywhere beaten, she refused to consider such a possibility for a moment; "although," she is said to have added, on one occasion, "of course I should marry him anyway." Ignorant of this mental reservation on the part of his lady-love, the young man, put on his mettle, played fervidly and constantly, but never got even so far as the finals in the tournaments he attended. Meanwhile, his lady-love found that her caprice had deprived her of the companionship of her adorer, that he was simply going about from place to place, and was getting ingloriously defeated, so that it was important that something must be done. In this emergency she took counsel with her brother, and between them they concocted a clever scheme. The brother consulted his boon companions, and suggested that it would be a clever and amusing device to get up a tournament, with the condition attached to the championship cup that the man winning it should provide a dinner for the players. "We can put in a dollar apiece," he said, "and buy some sort of a cup, and then we'll get Charlie here, and let him win. He's just crazy to get a championship, and we'll stick him for the biggest kind of a dinner. He always does everything of that sort up awfully brown." So said, and so done. The tournament was organized. Charlie was sent for, and carried everything before him. He came very near failure when one of the players took it into his head to win the first set, and make it five games love on the second before giving up the match. By the time this point was reached, Charlie got so thoroughly demoralized, that his opponent had to play with ludicrous awkwardness in order to lose, and those who were in the secret were divided between fear of losing their dinner and amusement at the situation. However, in the end everything worked according to the plan, and, at the dinner given by the champion, he announced his engagement. As most of the company had by this time learned the whole history of his love affair there was no little fun about the tournament and the betrothal; but he is none the wiser, and is never likely to be. Indeed, he is probably so blissful, that it would trouble him very little if he was.

In these days of artificial teeth, borrowed hair, bustles and other accessories belonging to the mysteries of the toilet, not to mention the laying on of powder and pigments, one is not altogether startled by the announcement of a London firm which proposes to mould the form of woman to almost any degree. No more can we indulge in dreams of Hogarth's line of beauty and grace, or the idea of studying the poetry of motion by watching the majestic gait of a fine woman. Alas! no. In the street, in the ball-room, or the drawing-room we must forever be tortured by the horrible question, "Is it real?" What with the "make-up" and the "get-up" of the gentle sex, and the numerous so-called aids to female loveliness now in use, it is indeed hard to tell whether we are to believe our eyes or not. What are we to think of a corset possessing such power that "words can not describe its effect on thinnest or other bust." Soft patent "regulators," we are told, delightfully comfortable, laced more or less closely, regulate any desired fullness and roundness of "ideal" beauty, so exquisitely perfect and natural as to defy detection. Such effects are impossible by unnatural—instantly detected separate pads, we are further informed; and then—oh, that it should be so!—it is asserted, "thousands have worn it—with perfect secrecy—some years, and will never wear any other." This is terrible. To have our idol, lovely woman, thus shattered.

The vexed question of the corset is being settled in a very satisfactory way (writes Jennie June in the *Philadelphia Press*); not by getting rid of it, but by varying and adapting it to different needs and temperatures. For the first time it is possible to have the waist sustained without compression and with entire absence of any sense of restraint. The corset, or little "rest" corset, sometimes called the "break-fast" corset, is only adapted to slender figures and to informal styles of dress; but it is an untold comfort for warm weather, and for house wear, either in winter or summer. Women are themselves responsible for the immense number of brutal corsets put upon the market, for they choose them ready-made at the shops, as they do hosiery, and rarely buy two of the same manufacture. French women manage this much better. They possess nothing of the grace, delicacy, lightness, and natural beauty of form which characterize the average American. But they develop and preserve more symmetry and better health, largely by strict attention to the accurate form and excellence of the corset from the time

the girl begins to wear one. A French mother would not dream of buying a corset ready-made for her young daughter, or a straight, corded, inflexible waist. She takes the girl to a corsetière and has her measured. Her figure is not compressed; it is directed. Lungs, heart, muscles are allowed full play. Her corset is an aid to her development, not a hindrance. The girl grows up, realizing the necessity for pliancy, elegance, and accuracy in her corset. There are now many kinds of thin and flexible corsets and corset-waists which have more or less claim to attention, but they ought never to be taken at random. A corsetette, or breakfast waist, does not need fitting; but a regular corset for dress purposes, or over which street dresses and costumes are to be worn, should be made and fitted like a dress bodice—from actual measurements by a skilled maker—of a material fine and firm, yet yielding and soft to the touch.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Mexican Crime against the United States.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Dear Sir—Late dispatches briefly announce the killing of Leon Baldwin, a resident of this city, by a band of outlaws within a few miles of a populous town in the State of Durango, in the Republic of Mexico. A few scant paragraphs alluding to the painful circumstances attending the death of Mr. Baldwin away from home, in a foreign land, appeared in the daily papers, and the event seemingly passed out of mind, causing scarce a ripple on the surface of affairs.

This is a busy world, and men are dying and being killed every day; but there are crimes for which not only the perpetrators, but the nation itself, to punish the perpetrators, should be held responsible. The murder of an American citizen, engaged in a peaceable and legitimate occupation in Mexico, by an armed band of cut-throats who follow their bloody calling with the undisguised approval of the people of the district, with whom they mingle, and to whom they openly boast of their deeds of blood, and against whom the Mexican authorities oppose not even a decent show of force, is a crime against this nation; a flagrant violation of that reciprocal protection which the two nations solemnly agreed by treaty to extend to the citizens of each, traveling or dwelling in the other. In such a case it is not merely Leon Baldwin who is slain, but an American citizen whom the Mexican Government has criminally neglected and failed to protect against its own lawless citizens.

I have incidentally become possessed of the facts in this case, and as an American citizen I feel that, as well as my duty to publish them to the world, and to demand, not only on behalf of the family of my dead neighbor and fellow-citizen, but on behalf of the hundreds of Americans who are now in Mexico, and who have a right to be there, that that republic should be notified and required to extend to all Americans in Mexico, and to each one of them, the protection which citizens of Mexico receive in the United States; and further, that the Government of the United States expect and demands that the Mexican Government will make such immediate reparation as can be made by a money indemnity to the family of the murdered man, which has been so ruthlessly bereft of its natural protector, through the criminal neglect of the constituted authorities of that government.

Leon Baldwin was an American gentleman of rare attainments, who had enjoyed the advantage of a European education in the study of his profession as a mining engineer. He was connected by marriage with a distinguished American family—his wife (now his bereaved widow) being the grand-daughter of Francis Scott Key, the author of our favorite national song, "The Star Spangled Banner." He had gone to Mexico as the superintendent of a group of mines residing in Durango. A little over a year ago, a noted marauder named Eracilo Bernal, who commanded a small army of freebooters, took forcible possession of the mines owned by the American company, and demanded a tribute of ten thousand dollars. In order to enforce their demand they took Don Tubercio, the sheriff of the county, as a hostage. Knowing the utter uselessness of depending upon the Mexican authorities for protection, Mr. Carroll and his associates meekly paid the ten thousand dollars in monthly installments of two thousand dollars per month. In the meantime, Don Tubercio, the sheriff, being suspected of sympathizing with the Americans, was shot in violation of the agreement under which he was held as a hostage, and Eracilo Bernal, the tribute-demander, is still at large. The foregoing facts were fully laid before the proper authorities at Washington, in October of last year, by John W. Twigg, the assayer of the United States Mint, in this city, and were duly transmitted to our United States Consul at Mazatlan for investigation. The consul verified the facts as above set forth, but no attempt was ever made by the Mexican Government to catch or punish the marauders.

About three months ago some of the same band made a descent upon a rancho belonging to Mr. Carroll and his associates, in the vicinity of and forming a part of their mining property, and murdered the superintendent, a Mr. Smith, who was in charge of the rancho, plundered the house and rancho of everything they could carry away, and departed in perfect safety to mingle freely with the people of the district, who made no attempt to arrest and bring them to justice. Mr. Blanche, another American, was immediately employed by the company to take the place of Mr. Smith as superintendent of the rancho, upon the vain supposition that the bandits would not dare to repeat so flagrant an outrage at the same place; but he, too, was foully murdered by the same gang, who, after plundering the place, rode fifteen miles away to a village, where they openly stated that they had killed the foreigner at the rancho, called their friends together, and had a drunken frolic, exhibited and exhibited to the friends, the money which they exultingly said they had taken from the body of their victim, and viciously announced their intention of driving the entire "Gringo" company out of the country. About the same time, or shortly after these violent scenes were taking place, Mr. Carroll, one of the American Company, as we have seen while traveling in the vicinity of Ventanas, was waylaid on the public highway by a part of the same band, made to walk to the top of a high mountain, taken before a drunken and deranged, who, upon a disorderly and unprovoked demand ten thousand dollars from him. Mr. Carroll told them they had just as well shoot him then and there, as he could not pay them so large a sum of money; that he would not promise what he could not fulfill. He was at once ordered to be taken away from the camp and shot; but, finding him firm in his determination, they began to "regulate"—which is the term they use for *negotiate*—with him, and finally agreed to accept five hundred dollars, which, with the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars they forcibly took from his person, made six hundred and fifty dollars as the price for which they would release him. He agreed to their terms, was released, and, immediately upon arriving at his destination, remitted them the five hundred dollars.

In the face of all these facts, and with full knowledge of them, it nevertheless became the duty of Leon Baldwin to make his regular tour of inspection as superintendent of the mines in his charge, and to pass by the village, where he did not flinch or turn aside. Before leaving the town of Ventanas, where the office of the company is located, he wrote a letter to his wife and to his son, and also to another valued friend, which he sealed up and placed in his valise to be transmitted only in case of his death. In these letters he spoke such words of parting as he would have spoken if he had known that he was going to his death. He arrived safely at one of the mines, and about eight miles from the town of Ventanas, although but two miles in a direct line, he was in the act of alighting from his animal, when two men, the same who had murdered Smith and Blanche, suddenly arose from behind some rocks and fired at him. One of the shots took effect, crushing his right shoulder, and disabling his right arm so he could not use his pistol. He succeeded, however, in getting his pistol in his left hand, and retreated to the mouth of the tunnel, which was near at hand, and in which he was sheltered. The miners, who were natives of the country, seemed to be in no danger from the assassins, and at once began to parley with them. The assassins stated to the foreman of the mine that they intended to make way with each member of the "Gringo" company, one by one, in the same way, by shooting them down, and if he (the foreman) and the miners under him did not immediately bring Mr. Baldwin out of the tunnel they would fire upon them. Mr. Baldwin was informed of their demand, and, not wishing to endanger the lives of his workmen, sent a messenger asking if it was money they wanted, and that he only had fifty-five dollars on his person, but that the company would faithfully pay to them whatever sum they might demand. One of the bandits claimed that he had a private grievance against Mr. Baldwin for causing his discharge from one of the other mines some months previously; but they finally agreed that if he would surrender, and come out of the tunnel, they would do him no harm. Upon this assurance, and upon the supposition that they would "regulate" with him, as they had with Mr. Carroll, he went out to meet them. They ordered him at once to get on his animal and go with them. He did so, but found himself so weak from loss of blood that he could not guide it. They therefore ordered a boy, whom they espied among the miners, to come with them and lead it. Just as they were departing, the foreman asked Mr. Baldwin if he desired to leave any word to be sent to Mr. Carroll or the company, but he answered that he had none, supposing that he was simply to be taken, as Mr. Carroll had been, before the commandante of the banditti, and would soon be released. He was led away. They had been absent but a few minutes, when the miners heard five shots fired in quick succession, and when they repaired to the spot they found Leon Baldwin lying dead on the trail. They had shot him through the head and left him. The murderers had gone and taken the boy with them.

At last advice has been taken by the Mexican authorities to bring to justice the perpetrators of these foul crimes. Is it not time that the American flag should be unfurled as the emblem of *protection* to Americans wherever they may be upon the face of the earth? If Leon Baldwin were an Englishman, instead of an American, his murder would be promptly investigated and avenged. Will not the *Argonaut* kindly assist in bringing these facts to the notice of the United States Government, and lend its influence to the demand for protection of Americans in foreign lands? Respectfully,
SAN FRANCISCO, September 14, 1887. HENRY N. CLEMENT.

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE.

A Discussion of Donnelly's Theory, and some Opinions Concerning It.

Recently the New York *World* instructed Prof. Thomas Davidson to get from Ignatius Donnelly such particulars concerning his forthcoming book as he was willing to disclose. The matter resulted in a lengthy article of over twenty columns, from which we make a number of extracts. Appended to these are the opinions of many well-known men concerning the Baconian theory.

Professor Davidson says: There is a large and growing class of intelligent people who have reasons for believing that the so-called plays of Shakespeare were not written by Shakespeare at all, but by the most learned and philosophical Englishman of the time—Francis Bacon. Since Miss Delia Bacon, in 1856, claimed the plays for Bacon, two hundred and fifty-five books, pamphlets, etc., upon their authorship have been published. Of these, one hundred and seventeen claim the plays for Shakespeare, seventy-three declare they are not his, and sixty-five leave the matter in doubt. And the list of works denying the authorship to Shakespeare is rapidly growing.

The first person who questioned the Shakespearian authorship of the plays was Horace Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts." Mr. Spedding, the author of a "Life of Bacon," claimed, as early as 1852, that there were two hands in "Henry VIII.," and soon after, a writer in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, in an article entitled "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" concluded that Shakespeare kept a poet. Then, in 1856, came Miss Bacon's article in *Pulnam's Magazine*, for the first time claiming the plays for Bacon. This article, as well as the hook which followed it, was everywhere sneered at, both in England and America, and the authoress died, it is said, of a broken heart. In the same year an Englishman, W. H. Smith, knowing nothing of Miss Bacon's work, published a pamphlet entitled "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays?" This he followed up with a book which convinced even Lord Palmerston. In 1862 appeared Judge Holmes's book on "The Authorship of Shakespeare," which added many new points to the Baconian theory. In 1880 Dr. Thompson, of Melbourne, in his work, "The Renaissance Drama; or, History Made Visible," advocated the same theory in strong terms. In the following year Mr. Appleton Morgan gave to the world "The Shakespearian Myth," in which he attributed the plays to Bacon, Raleigh, and others. Very recently appeared Mrs. Henry Pott's edition of Bacon's commonplace book, with the title "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies. Being Private Notes, circ. 1594, hitherto unpublished. By Francis Bacon. Illustrated and Elucidated by Passages from Shakespeare." The notes in this work number one thousand six hundred and fifty-five, and Mrs. Pott is able to find most of them repeated, in some form or another, in the Shakespearian plays. Her work by no means received harsh treatment from Richard Grant White. (See *Journal of the Bacon Society*, December, 1886.)

It will be observed that the persons who have written the leading works in favor of the Baconian theory are by no means light-headed or visionary. Some are persons of known ability and learning; several are lawyers, and not one gives any sign of unreasonable bias. The truth is, the doubt raised thirty years ago, with respect to the authorship of the Shakespearian plays has now assumed such dimensions, and is supported by so many strong arguments, that a man must be prejudiced indeed who does not accord it respectful attention, and suspend his judgment until it is thoroughly discussed.

Now comes Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and promises to set the whole question at rest forever by proving (1) that Shakespeare did not write, and could not have written, the plays that go by his name; (2) that there is very strong evidence to show that they were written by Francis Bacon; (3) that Bacon in the most distinct manner claims them. The third of these points is the one in which Mr. Donnelly claims originality, maintaining that he has discovered in the plays themselves a cipher which not only peremptorily settles the question of authorship, but furnishes a detailed account of Shakespeare, Bacon, and their relations, as well as many other important historical facts. Whether or not Mr. Donnelly has really succeeded in this, is a question that can not fail to interest every lover of literature.

Ignatius Donnelly is a native of Philadelphia, and is now fifty-five years of age. In early life he was a Democrat, and as such, was nominated for the legislature of Pennsylvania at the age of twenty-two, but declined, on account of doubts with regard to the question of slavery. In 1856 he went West and settled in Minnesota, then a wild region scoured by Indians, and destitute of roads, railroads, or bridges. Buying land, he built the house which he still occupies, at a place called Niniger, which he hoped would develop into a town; but the crisis of 1857 put an end to all such possibilities. Though married to a Catholic, Mr. Donnelly is a liberal in religion. He has two grown-up sons and a married daughter.

Shakespeare has at all times been a great favorite with him. Indeed, he dates his acquaintance with him from his eighteenth year. In 1857 he wrote an essay on the Sonnets, and in 1873 another on the authorship of the plays. It was about this time that he became convinced that these were due to Bacon. Accordingly, he set about rearranging and corroborating the arguments of Holmes and others, a task for which his intimate acquaintance with the literature of the Elizabethan period well qualified him. In 1874-5 he collected a large number of parallelisms from the works of Bacon and Shakespeare, all going to show a common authorship. He also wrote some essays on the plays, and read them in various parts of the State. One of these, on "The Tempest," rather fancifully tries to show that Ariel is Bacon's genius, Miranda (that is, Wondrous Things), the plays, and Caliban, who sought to do violence to Miranda, Shakespeare! But Mr. Donnelly lays little stress on this. It was only when the work of collecting parallelisms and arguments was considerably advanced that he was struck with the notion that there might be a cipher in the plays. It came to pass in this wise: Some one had presented to one of his sons a book with the title, "Every Boy's Book. A Complete Encyclopædia of Sports and Amusements. Edited by

Edward Routledge." Turning over the leaves of this book, he came upon the article "Cryptography" (pp. 674-81). From this he learned that "the most famous and complex cipher ever written was by Lord Bacon, and found one cipher given at full length. Further on he read: 'If that intricate cipher of Lord Bacon's were put in a book for boys it would be a waste of paper, as we will venture to say that not one in a thousand would be able to find it out.' Mr. Donnelly then reasoned thus: 'Bacon wrote the plays, loved them, knew their value, wished to retain a claim on them. He likewise dealt in ciphers and invented ciphers of exquisite subtlety. Could he have put a cipher in the plays?' He accordingly turned to Bacon's works to see what was there said of the ciphers. In the *De Augmentis* he found an essay on the subject. In this he read: 'As for writing, it is performed either by the common alphabet (which is used by everybody) or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call ciphers.' Remembering that in his correspondence with Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon speaks of certain of his own works in a mysterious way as 'Works of the Alphabet,' Mr. Donnelly surmised that these might have been ciphers, and possibly the plays. And he found, not only that Bacon had devoted much attention to ciphers, but also that he used them. Spedding, in his 'Life of Bacon,' says: 'In both France and Scotland, Essex had correspondents, in his intercourse with whom Anthony Bacon appears to have served him in a capacity very like that of a modern under-secretary of state, receiving all letters, which were mostly in cipher in the first instance, forwarding them (generally through his brother Francis's hands) to the Earl deciphered, and accompanied with their joint suggestions.'

From these and other passages, Mr. Donnelly came to the conclusion that Bacon might very well have introduced a cipher into the plays, both in order to maintain his claim to them, and to reserve some part of his teaching for future generations and the benefit of mankind by placing it behind a veil. His next step, accordingly, was to look for traces of a cipher in the plays. And this brings us to the history of the discovery of the cipher, which will be the chief and most original feature of Mr. Donnelly's forthcoming work. The title will be:

The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So Called Shakespeare Plays.

It consists of two parts, the first containing the *Argument*, the second the *Demonstration*. The former includes all the evidence, circumstantial and other, which Mr. Donnelly has been able to collect in favor of the Baconian theory, apart from the cipher; the latter, the history of the cipher-discovery and a portion of the cipher narrative.

Part I, the *Argument*, is divided into three books, the first undertaking to show that Shakespeare (here the orthography is of consequence) did not write the plays, and the second that Bacon did write them, while the third contains parallelisms from Bacon's acknowledged works and the plays. Mr. Donnelly sees very clearly that, though it were proved that "Shakspeare" did not write the plays, it would not follow that Bacon wrote them, and so he treats the questions separately.

In the first chapter of Book I, Mr. Donnelly brings forward many grave arguments to show that the author of the plays was, beyond any peradventure, a profound scholar and a most laborious student; that he had read in the original all the chief authors of Greece and Rome and some of the obscure ones; that he knew the chief living languages of Europe; that he was, in the best sense, deeply learned; that he was as familiar with the philosophic writings of the ancient world as with the romances of France and Italy, and that he was deeply read in the narratives of recent explorers. It follows, of course, that he must have owned, or at least had access to, a well-stocked library. It is truly astonishing what an amount of evidence can be brought forward to establish these positions.

In the second chapter Mr. Donnelly deals with Shakspeare's education, and shows how utterly improbable it is that a person in the position in which we know the "Man of Stratford" to have been born and bred could have obtained the knowledge displayed in the plays. And here again we are met by facts very difficult to explain, on the supposition that Shakspeare was the author.

Chapter iii. is perhaps the one that will astonish the admirers of Shakspeare most. It deals with Shakspeare's real character, and brings a good deal of evidence to show that he was what we should now term a low character and a "smart" business man. Mr. Donnelly, with many others, thinks that the following advice given to a player in "Ratsei's Ghost" refers to Shakspeare: "Thou shalt learn . . . to feed upon all men, to let none feed on thee, to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may then bring thee to dignity and reputation. Then thou needest care for no one; no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words on the stage." Mr. Donnelly brings good evidence to show that Shakspeare was a fornicator, an adulterer, a usurer, an oppressor of the poor, a liar, a forger of pedigrees in order to obtain a coat-of-arms to which he had no right, a poacher, a drunkard, an undutiful son, and a negligent father. About many of these charges there has hardly ever been any doubt, and they are admitted even by some of his most ardent admirers. But when they are lumped together they make a formidable list. The only letter extant addressed to Shakspeare is one asking a loan of thirty pounds on security, and we have authentic accounts of several suits brought by him against creditors, both in London and Stratford. There can hardly be any doubt that the pedigree which he constructed for himself, in order to obtain a coat-of-arms from the Herald's College and so enter the ranks of "gentlemen," was "wholesale lying," and that Shakspeare knew it was. That he was accessory to an attempt to inclose the common lands of Stratford, and so oppress the poor, is beyond doubt. He left the tombs of his father, mother, and only son without a monument, and his daughter Judith without any inscription. She could neither read nor write, but, like many other members of the family, signed her name with a sort of rude cross. Poor Judith! She could not read even the writings that went by her father's name. And yet with what divine anathemas does the author of the plays scourge undutifulness to parents, and ignorance! The same Judith

went through a hurried and unlicensed marriage, for which the parties were forced to atone before the ecclesiastical court at Worcester. Even the other daughter, Susanna's conduct was not above suspicion. It has been said that William Shakspeare was the best of his family, and this seemingly was true. But it is likewise true there is not recorded of him one noble or lovable action. This is a surprising fact, and one that it is hard to get over. And he appears to have died as he lived, his death being the result of a three days' drunken bout with Drayton and Jonson. Well may Richard Grant White and Halliwell-Phillips express their disappointment; well may Emerson say that he "can not marry the facts to his (Shakspeare's) verse." It is curious to find Hallam writing: "I laud the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Hunter, and other collectors of such crumhs; though I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakspeare as much if they had left him undisturbed in his obscurity." It is certain that the deeper we go into the facts of Shakspeare's life, the more discreditable it seems, and that we can venerate him only by leaving him in obscurity.

If William Shakspeare was such a man and died in such a way, it may be asked: How did he come to be buried in the church of Stratford? The answer is that, being a tithe-payer, he had a right to be buried there.

In chapter iv. Mr. Donnelly inquires with regard to the Lost Library and Manuscripts of Shakspeare, and brings out some strange facts. A library and manuscripts there must have been, and the former, at least, must have been at Stratford. The author of the plays must have had access to a considerable library, and there were no public libraries at that time, certainly not at Stratford. What, then, has become of Shakspeare's library? None, not even a hook, is mentioned in his will, and Mr. Donnelly holds that not a single book that can be shown to have been Shakspeare's has come down to us. This may perhaps be so; but the library of Greenock in Scotland boasts that it possesses Shakspeare's copy of Lord North's "Plutarch," and in Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," Vol. II., p. 270, note, we read: "A copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne . . . has lately been discovered, with the name 'W. Shakspeare' clearly written on it; and there seems no reason to doubt that it is a genuine signature." As to the former, Mr. Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*, p. 52) shows it can not be the copy used by Shakspeare, while Mr. Donnelly proves that the signature on the Montaigne is not genuine. There is, therefore, no evidence that Shakspeare ever owned a single work. Had he owned a library it is inconceivable that he should not have mentioned it in his will, as other men—for instance, Robert Burton—did; and yet he did not. Moreover, although members of his family lived in Stratford up to the beginning of the present century, not one of them was ever able to produce a book or a pamphlet belonging to him, or to say where his library had gone. What is stranger still, they were never able to produce a single manuscript or scrap of writing from his hand, in spite of the fact that he lived in an age of great men, who corresponded voluminously with each other and much of whose correspondence has been preserved. There does not exist a single letter from Shakspeare to any man, small or great, nor any letter to him, except one asking for a loan of money. He left no mark whatsoever on the correspondence of his age. There does not exist a single scrap of writing from the pen of William Shakspeare—only five signatures, so clumsily written that some persons have doubted whether he really could write at all, and did not merely imitate a copy. The writing is that of an uncultivated hand, not at all like the signatures of the literary and cultured men of that time.

It may be said, and often has been said, that the MSS. of the plays were destroyed in the fire of the Globe Theatre in 1613, but the editors of the folio edition of 1623, published seven years after Shakspeare's death, and containing a number of plays that had never before seen the light, state that they printed from the original manuscripts. If this be true, then the MSS. of the plays still existed in 1623. If it be said that the plays had been sold, and that Shakspeare had no claim on them, this can certainly only apply to the plays that had been acted. The MSS. of the rest must have belonged to the author, and must have had a considerable money value, which William Shakspeare, if he is correctly reported, was not the man to neglect. And yet it seems that Shakspeare made no effort whatever to derive any revenue from the plays. He did not even put his name on the title-page, or so far as we know, make any claim on them. Many of them appeared without any author's name, and when the name did appear it was written Shakespeare or Shakspeare, never Shakspeare, which was the way the man of Stratford wrote his name. But, granting that he wrote his name both ways, the copies of the plays published in his life-time were all pirated and surreptitious, as we are assured by the editor of the folio. Nevertheless the pirated editions were copyrighted, and must have brought profit to some one, while the folio was not copyrighted, but given to the world for anybody to copy.

There is a strange fact with regard to one play, "Troilus and Cressida." It was never acted, and indeed is not very suitable for acting; but it was published in 1609, with a very odd preface, in which we are told that it had never been "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar" or "sullied by the smoky breath of the multitude," and that, if its "grand possessors" could have prevented its publication they would. "Grand possessors" must surely have been men of quality.

This is but a very brief sketch of a long and most interesting argument from which Mr. Donnelly draws these conclusions:

1. Shakspeare did not write the plays, and never owned them.
 2. They were in the hands of and owned by some grand person or persons.
 3. This grand person or persons cared nothing for the interests of the players, and made the plays public property, so that Hemynge and Cundell, the editors of the folio, did not represent the players.
 4. The grand person or persons cared nothing for the money to be derived from their sale, and took out no copyright, which was contrary to the interest of Shakspeare's heirs.
 5. This same grand person or persons cared nothing for the money to be made out of them, else in the twenty years preceding 1623 they would have printed and reprinted them and made a profit from them.
- In the preface to the folio edition it is asserted:
1. That the folio was printed from the original manuscripts.
 2. That the editors, Hemynge and Cundell, had "collected" these copies and published them.

3. That the quarto editions were "stolne and surreptitious copies" maimed and deformed."

4. That what "Shakespeare" wrote was poured from him as if by inspiration. Ben Jonson says he never blotted a line. But in opposition to this we may say:

1. That some of the finest thoughts occur in the quartos, and are omitted in the folio. It seems to follow directly that Hemynge and Cundell had not "the true original copies," and that there was some reason for omitting these passages.

2. That this is at variance with Ben Jonson's account, which tells us that Shakespeare toiled and sweated over his verses. (See Jonson's poem prefixed to the folio edition.)

3. Several of the plays exist in two forms, one as long again as the other. Whence it is quite clear that the plays were not produced at one heat, but were cast and recast.

In chapter v. Mr. Donnelly shows that the writer of the plays was a lawyer, and a very learned one, whereas there is no shadow of proof that Shakspeare ever studied law at all. As to the accuracy of the playwright's legal knowledge, some very weighty authorities, among them Lord Justice Campbell, are quoted. Mr. Donnelly concludes syllogistically that Shakspeare did not write the plays.

Having disposed of Shakspeare, Mr. Donnelly next, in Part II., undertakes to show that the real author of the plays was Bacon. One of the most curious corroborations of the Baconian theory lies in the geography of the plays. Poets generally write about the scenes amid which they were reared. The home of their young days has a particular charm for them. Even Homer's birthplace can be approximately fixed by references to places in his poems. Burns is over-tired of describing the scenes of his youth. But the writer of the plays never once mentions either Stratford or Avon, or anything even remotely connected with them. On the contrary, St. Albans, the home of Bacon, is mentioned no less than twenty-three times, and seems to be the very centre-point of the historic plays. This is certainly a most extraordinary fact. In the August number of the *Shakespeareana* there is an article by Hon. A. A. Ade, of Washington, D. C., in which he makes the point that Bacon could not have referred to St. Albans in 1600, because he was not created Viscount St. Albans till 1603. The answer is that St. Albans was Bacon's home all his life; his mother resided there, he used to retire there for "contemplation" and literary work. What more natural than that he should refer to it in the cipher narrative? But the plays frequently mention not only St. Albans, but also York Place, where Bacon was born. A good deal is said about the Kentish men, and the author of the plays seems to take pride in their character. Warwickshire, on the contrary, is mentioned only once. Again, it is plain that the writer of the plays had been in Scotland. His descriptions and his knowledge of local names and their pronunciation show this. There is no record that Shakspeare was ever in Scotland; but it is almost certain that Bacon went there to visit King James. It is also plain that the author of the plays must have visited Italy, which Bacon did, but not Shakspeare. The man who wrote the "Tempest," in which everything connected with the sea and ships is most accurately described, must have been at sea, but so far as we now Shakspeare never saw the sea, whereas Bacon had been on it, and in his "Natural History of the Winds" gave an account of ships and sails, as well as of the precautions to be taken in a storm. It must be remembered that Schiller, who never saw the sea, described it excellently. The fact, however, remains that while nothing in the plays points to Shakspeare's birthplace, very much points to Bacon's.

In chapter iv. Mr. Donnelly deals with the politics of the plays. He begins by asking what ought, considering Shakspeare's parentage, to have been his politics, and concludes that, being, like Burns, a peasant, he ought to have sympathized with peasants and their efforts at emancipation. This does not seem conclusive, and, indeed, it is quite plain that Shakspeare's sympathies were all with the aristocracy, into whose ranks he strove to enter. In any case, there can be no doubt that the author of the plays was an aristocrat, and, that is more to the point, a born aristocrat.

The writer of the plays belonged to the Essex political action, and was opposed to that of the Cecils. Now it is known that for many years Bacon was the brains of the Essex party, the brilliant party that favored war, conquest, feudal ideas, as opposed to the more prosaic party of the Cecils, which favored industry and peace.

The writer of the plays hated Coke, to whom Bacon is known to have been hostile. In "Twelfth Night" there is a reference to Coke's virulent speech against Sir Walter Raleigh. He is also opposed to Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, who was hostile to the Essex party. Oldcastle was an original of Falstaff in "Henry IV." The name was changed, it is said, at the command of Queen Elizabeth; but remains still in one place, where Falstaff is spoken of as "an old lad of the castle." The writer evidently removed a name with reluctance, and when he did so replaced it by a odious one, Falstaff; that is, false staff.

Mr. Donnelly, in summing up the resemblances between Bacon and the writer of the plays, finds that—

Both were aristocrats.
Both despised the mob.
Both contemned tradesmen.
Both loved liberty.
Both loved feudalism.
Both pitied the miseries of the people.
Both desired the welfare of the people.
Both foresaw and dreaded the uprising of the lower classes.
Both belonged to the military party.
Both hated Lord Cobham.
Both were adherents of Essex.
Both tried to popularize Essex.
Both were friends of Southampton.
Both hated Coke.
Both, though Protestants, had some strong antipathy to Elizabeth.
Both refused to eulogize her character at her death.
Both, though aristocratic, were out of power and bitter against those in authority.
Both hated Robert Cecil.

But little more is revealed concerning the cipher than was stated in the article in the *North American Review*, which we reprinted. Professor Davidson closes by saying: "I am inclined to think that the plays are the production of not of brilliant briefless lawyers belonging to the Essex party, of whom Bacon was the chief, and to whose number: W. H. of the Sonnets, and, perhaps, Sir Walter Raleigh belonged. Unwilling to acknowledge the authorship publicly, they allowed Shakspeare, to whom they had sold the copyright (if the expression be allowed), to publish

them under his own name. In this way Shakspeare attained great fame as a dramatic writer, whereas he was at best a clever theatre-director and a smart caterer for the rather low tastes of the theatre-going public, altering the plays considerably and vulgarizing them before producing them on the stage."

The following collection of the opinions of well-known Shakespearean students, critics, theatrical managers, and others has been made. There is a considerable variety of views expressed as to the merits of Mr. Donnelly's theory and cipher:

Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, editor of the *North American Review*: "In regard to doubts concerning Shakspeare's education, and ability to write the plays, one might doubt the fact that Abraham Lincoln is entitled to be regarded as among the greatest statesmen of his age. He was a flat-boatman, a village champion wrestler, a country lawyer, a small store-keeper's clerk; he had no thorough education, no experience in diplomacy, nor did he give any premonitory symptoms of being capable of such eloquence as he exhibited at Gettysburg. Yet we do know that he excelled all his contemporaries in statesmanship and diplomacy, and made the most classic American speech of his age."

General Benjamin F. Butler: "I am a firm believer in the Baconian theory. The author of the plays had access to an enormous library, and his research into all languages was amazing. Shakspeare was a low fellow. As Donnelly says, it is highly probable that Bacon ran a cipher through his works. He delighted in ciphers, and everybody used them in his day. I feel full confidence that Mr. Donnelly has discovered the true cipher and will prove all that he claims, and that he will establish Bacon's undisputed authorship to the Shakespearean plays."

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll: "Shakspeare is my Bible. There is one thing in which I certainly have abundant faith, and that is that William Shakspeare was the author of the plays which bear his name. I fail to find any trace of the Shakespearean spirit in Bacon's writings. Bacon was one of the most polished scoundrels of his age and generation, addicted to every vice that marked humanity at that period."

Julian Hawthorne: "As at present advised, my attitude is one of benevolent neutrality. My reason desires to admit Bacon's authorship of the plays, but no proof has yet been adduced adequate to compel such admission. I believe that he might have written them, but I am not at present convinced that he did do so."

Professor John Fiske: "As regards Mr. Donnelly's theories about Shakspeare, I have only to say, that if a man really likes to amuse himself with such stuff I can see no objection. It keeps him busy, and is far less dangerous than if he were to meddle with questions about labor and capital."

James Freeman Clarke: "The intellectual qualities shown in the plays of Shakspeare and the works of Bacon are so radically different that, in my opinion, they could not possibly have proceeded from the same author."

A. A. Ade, the well-known Shakespearean scholar: "As for the merits of the theory, I am free to say that the concrete facts and exact statements with regard to the means by which Mr. Donnelly has evolved his cipher narration are so very meagre as to present nothing tangible to the scientific mind. Personally I have no convictions whatever as to the authorship of the plays commonly attributed to Shakspeare, but will gladly examine any proof that may be adduced in support of either of the popular theories."

Oliver B. Bunce, of Appleton & Co.: "Some years ago I had occasion to read all of Shakspeare's plays consecutively. They then impressed me with a feeling that they were written by different hands. It is quite possible they were written by a number of bright young men of the period and adapted to the stage by Shakspeare, just as is frequently done by our managers nowadays. Apart from the general style of the period, there are quite enough differences in the literary work of the plays to justify this view. I don't think there is much ground for attributing them to Bacon."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*: "I have no faith in the Baconian theory. One of the most conclusive proofs of Shakspeare's authenticity lies in his association with Ben Jonson. Such a man as Jonson is not readily humbugged."

Horace Howard Furness, the well-known Shakespearean editor: "I place no credence in the Baconian theory, and as to the obscurity which surrounds Shakspeare's life, I thank God that we know so little about him. Obscurity which surrounds him as an historical character is just and proper, and we know him shorn of the petty details of everyday life."

James Parton: "I have not read the articles of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, and can not understand how any sane mind can question the authorship of Shakspeare's plays. 'If Shakspeare did not write 'Othello,' Charles Dickens did not write 'David Copperfield,' nor Hawthorne 'The Scarlet Letter,' nor am I writing this paragraph. If there was a man in England who was further than any other man from being able to write the plays of Shakspeare it was probably Lord Bacon. No mind weighted with so much knowledge and worn with so much thought and study could have soared so high nor flown so far. If Shakspeare had had Bacon's mentality and culture, he could not have conceived Falstaff and Dogberry, still less Ariel and Caliban, nor cast into the air those sparkles of song which have been the wonder and despair of every poet since his day. Whoever wrote Shakspeare's plays was an actor and stage manager. He had to be the sublime vagabond we know he was."

One of the greatest sapphires of the world is the property of the Polytechnic Society, of Berlin, Prussia. It weighs a little more than six ounces. The jury of the Polytechnic Society on the grounds, stated in full at their discussion, would have settled its value at the frightful sum of sixty-four million marks, or sixteen million dollars. It need hardly be said that such a treasure is not likely to find a purchaser at such a price.

The Boston Photogravure Company, of Boston, has recently invented the Azaloe process, by which they are able to photograph paintings and retain color-values exactly.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

There is very little self bathing in Russia.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In the bright lexicon of Wall Street one of the largest words is "Fail."—*Life*.

As yet old Colorow can say, "No pent up Ute taker contracts my powers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Conductor—"Fare!" Pat (taking his first ride)—"Yis, sor, fair ter middlin'. How's yerself?"—*Judge*.

A Burlington girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."—*Burlington Free Press*.

"John," said the wife of a Kentucky editor, "your patent combination pocket-knife is all rusty—all but the corkscrew part."—*Washington Critic*.

It is said that St. Peter is falling into the habit of identifying Nebraska people by the rope-marks on their necks.—*Nebraska State Journal*.

A traveling doctor, who is holding forth in Indiana, has his hills read: "If not hung by a mob, I shall reach this place about —."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Magistrate (sternly, to tramp)—"The address you give as your place of residence is a vacant lot." Tramp—"Yes, yer honor; that's where I sleep nights."—*Puck*.

She—"Does your parrot talk, Mr. Marks?" Mr. Marks (not intellectual)—"Not much, except what I've taught him." She—"Only whistles and swears a little, I suppose."—*Life*.

Do not marry for riches, my son, but remember that the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at five o'clock in the morning and build the fire.—*Texas Siftings*.

Wife (at breakfast)—"I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the probabilities?" Husband (consulting his paper)—"Rain, hail, thunder, and lightning."—*Puck*.

"Oh, pshaw," said the Bostonian, contemptuously, "everything with you New Yorkers is the almighty dollar." "And with the Bostonians everything is the omnipotent quarter," replied the New Yorker.—*Life*.

Irish Model—"Misther Framer!" Artist—"What is it, Dennis?" Model—"Might Oi heould enough to ax permission to paralyze that fly on me nose? I tink Aggymimmon wud do th' sem t'ing, sor."—*Puck*.

Omaha man—"Live in Arizona, eh?" Arizona man—"Yes; been there for years." "How's business in Arizona?" "Well, we're doin' pretty well with coaches." "Coaches?" "Yes; but train-robbin's rather dull."—*Omaha World*.

A Georgia paper says that Mr. Wheeler, of Hancock County cut a watermelon a few days ago, and, when opened, it displayed a distinctly formed "W" on both halves. This must have been one of the melons that will "W" up.—*Norristown Herald*.

Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—"Yes, we have difficulty in obtaining pure milk, so much of it is watered nowadays." Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—"We have very little trouble in St. Louis." Miss Breezy—"No, I suppose not. In a place like St. Louis, everybody can keep his own cow, you know."—*Puck*.

Don Atenogenes complains bitterly of the conduct of his son. He relates at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades. "You should speak to him with firmness, to call him to his duty," says the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."—*Mexican Fun*.

"Yes, dear children," said the school-teacher, "General Washington died a comparatively poor man, although he might have amassed great wealth if he had been a different sort of person. Tommy Waffles may tell us why General Washington died comparatively poor." "Because he couldn't tell lies," responded Tommy, who has a bright business career before him.—*New York Sun*.

"I don't see how you can think of all those interesting things to write about, said a subscriber to the editor of a country weekly, whose paper is zinc-plated on all four sides. "Don't you get tired sometimes, mentally?" "Oh, yes, of course," replied the editor, assuming a careworn look, "but to a man who loves his profession as I love mine, mere mental weariness is nothing."—*Exchange*.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a dudish and conceited young fellow the other night in a small company, as he admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed promptly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in. "Do you sleep with your hat on also?" asked a pert young woman. And the young fellow replied in the negative, and looked wonderingly because the company smiled.—*Hebrew Standard*.

First Omaha Man—"Eureka! I've struck it at last. It's a new invention. Millions in it!" Second Omaha Man—"I don't take much stock in patents." "Yes, but this one is a dead-sure thing. It is a hand-organ modeled after the automatic race-tracks you see in hotels." "Won't pay." "I'll have them everywhere, and will rake in thousands of dollars a day. Everybody who comes along will drop a nickel into it." "Dropping a nickel into it starts it to playing, I suppose." "No, that stops it."—*Exchange*.

"The fire in Colonel Doggerty's wagon factory Wednesday evening," says a Colorado paper, "was largely attended. Among the prominent society people who were present we noted Judge and Mrs. Witherspoon, Senator and Mrs. Poin-dexter and daughter, Governor Standish, and Miss Van der Horck. Mrs. Senator Poin-dexter administered a neat and deserved rebuke to one of the firemen early in the proceedings. Stepping up to a hoseman she touched his shoulder and said sharply: 'Play it lower down, you red-headed chump—get it down where the fire is! You fellows ain't expected to put out the North Star!'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have played sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An illustrated edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped," is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A collection of literary and social reminiscences of Mr. Howells is promised in the October Lippincott.

Mr. Swinburne's new work is a tragedy of early Britain—one breathing love, jealousy, battle, murder, and sudden death.

Application has been received from Paris for permission to translate into French Nora Perry's story, "Two Russians," from the June Scribner's—an unusual compliment.

What promises to be a useful book, has been prepared by Mr. A. R. Frey of the Astor Library, and will be published by Ticknor. It is a collection of "Sobriquets and Nicknames."

George Routledge & Sons will publish this season "Monte Cristo" in five volumes, "Notre-Dame" in two volumes, and "The Toleers of the Sea" in two volumes—all with numerous illustrations.

Austin Dobson has written a preface for the large-paper edition which George Routledge & Sons will soon publish, of the entire collection of Randolph Caldecott's pictures and songs. Caldecott's "Last Graphic Pictures" is just out.

An unfamiliar region is described in the novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about to publish—the "Princess of Java." All the characters are Javanese, and the scene is laid in Java. Mrs. S. J. Higginson is the author.

A translation of another of the inimitable Tartarin series by Alphonse Daudet—"Tartarin of Tarascon"—the wit and satire of which are matched by the delicate humor of the hundred and more exquisite miniature illustrations, has just been published by George Routledge & Sons. Daudet's "Sappho," with seventy illustrations, will follow later.

A rare opportunity will be offered shortly for those who value first editions of great writers to acquire the collection of Thackeray letters in a permanent and handsome form. A limited edition, large paper, of five hundred copies, with the portraits, drawings, facsimile reproductions, etc., will be published at ten dollars each by Charles Scribner's Sons, the whole making a book of altogether exceptional attractiveness. Another edition, octavo, will also be issued at \$2.50.

Popular American authors have their works pirated in England, as English editions are stolen in America. There is on sale in London an exquisite set of all of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in five volumes. This set, newly published, handsomely bound with leather backs, muslin sides, gilt tops, printed clearly and cleanly upon beautiful, clear white paper, is sold for the sum of fourteen shillings, or three dollars and seventy-five cents in our money. This makes about seventy-five cents a volume. There are beautiful editions of Howells on sale for eighteen pence a volume.

The famous literary partnership between Walter Besant and James Rice grew out of an article describing a visit to the island of Réunion, which Mr. Besant sent to *Once a Week*, of which, he subsequently learned, Mr. Rice was the editor. Receiving no reply regarding his manuscript, Mr. Besant called upon the editor, whom he found "a pleasant, friendly creature anxious to get himself right" with him, and learned that his article had been published and had escaped his observation. This was in the winter of 1867-'68, and a few years later the two men, having become warm friends, published their first joint novel. This anecdote is told by Mr. Besant in the preface to "Ready Money Mortality," the first volume of a new edition of these authors' works.

Bret Harte is living quietly in one of the suburbs of London. He intends to make his home there. He finds it greatly to his advantage to live in England from a mere business standpoint. Residing there, he obtains a copyright in England on his writings, while he is enabled at the same time to secure a copyright in the United States. If he were to live in the United States, his writings would be absolutely unprotected in England, where his works have as good a sale and appreciation as at home. Mr. Harte writes for the English magazines and periodicals. He practically commands for his work any price he wants. He makes from eight to ten thousand dollars a year, lives quietly, and as he pleases. He is much sought after in English society, but does not go out very much, because it interferes with his work.

In "La Terre," Zola's latest novel, he fills a village in the flat, corn-producing Beauce with erotomanics who are set in a state of hysterical ferment by the arrival of some lewd nuns and women from Paris. The main chapters of the book are no more "natural" than the fables of Florian or the pictorial falsities of Boucher and Watteau. At the end of the vintage harvest, there is a good deal of rough free love among those who have been engaged in it. But the hay and wheat harvests are not occasions for the animal that is in the human breast to be let out to run riot. The harvesters, who are up before daybreak and work away, unsheltered, through the burning heat of the day, are too tired to play the part of satyrs and bacchantes. M. Zola writes himself down a city man very often in this last and most scandal-causing novel. "La Terre" was to have come out in *Le Voltaire*. But that journal, which gloried in printing "Nana," could not stomach it. It was too rank. So, instead of printing "La Terre," *Le Voltaire* denounces it as a manure-heap, and denounces its author for writing such vile stuff. "Nana" was written especially for *Le Voltaire*. It came about in this way: When "L'Assommoir" was being published in *Le Bien Public* the bourgeois readers of that provincial sheet were terribly shocked. The work was, they said, altogether too vile. Now, the owner of *Le Bien Public* was M. Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer. He liked "L'Assommoir," and, indeed, it was he who purchased it from M. Zola for publication in the paper. When the clamor against it began, he was at first surprised. Then he became angry. Finally he ordered the publication of the novel discontinued, and at the same time stopped the publication of the paper itself. "Those virtuous old fools in the provinces," he said, "don't know a good thing when they see it. My friend Zola shall have a Parisian clientele next time." Thereupon M. Menier purchased *Le Voltaire* and asked M. Zola to write another novel for it, which should be published to the last chapter, no matter how much of a row it might raise. The result was "Nana."

The current number of the *New Princeton Review* has some amusing anecdotes collected by Mr. Brander Matthews, to illustrate the audacity of London publishers in pirating American books. The German publisher who issued a translation of one of Henry James's novels, and, not liking its conclusion, caused a happy ending instead of a sad one to be substituted, may have been supposed unmatched. But by this showing, more than one English pirate has done the same or worse. "Miss Gilbert's Career," by the late Dr. J. G. Holland, was altered so as to lay the scene in New York, and the title changed. By a slip of the pen New York was left standing in place of London, though a Fourth of July celebration was duly made to give way to the queen's birthday. "Arthur Bonnicastle" was so protected that the pirates could not use the last chapters. So they paraphrased the conclusion and issued the novel with this warning: "The concluding chapter by another hand." "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace, was accorded less courtesy. The title was changed, a new preface was written, and the General's name signed to it. The publisher confessed to the irate warrior that "they had left out the story of 'Ben Hur' and made a few minor changes." One of John G. Saxe's books was baptized "Fie Fie, You Flirt," and one by Dr. Holmes, "Yankee Ticklers." As to "Mark

Twain," he has always been plundered by the London freebooter, but it was cruel to give such titles as "Eye Openers," "Practical Jokes," and "Screamers" to the wares thus openly looted from the American humorist. The London Religious Publication Society reprinted "Boy Emigrants," by Mr. Noah Brooks, altering dollars and cents to pounds, shillings, and pence. On the appearance of "The Fairport Nine" Mr. Brooks was asked to change the game of base-ball to cricket and write an introduction—for which he was to be paid! From nine reprints of John Habberton's "Helen's Babies," the author received compensation for three only. Of a penny edition, copies were received by Mr. Habberton by mail with postage to pay. His "Other People's Children" was reprinted with a garbled ending, just as Dr. Holland's novel was treated. Another book appeared with the title "Rich Sells and Horrid Hoaxes," as if that were Mr. Habberton's conception of what a title should be. Mr. Matthews calls attention to the fact that while English books are pirated by the same class of publishers in America, the latter do not add such insults as these to the injury they do the British author.

New Publications

The second volume of the "Travels in the Interior of Africa," by Mungo Park, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"After School Days," by Christina Goodwin, is a story for girls. The opening chapter shows a group of girls discussing their plans for future life as they sit in the school-room on the morning before graduation from boarding-school. The remainder of the little book follows their careers for a short time until the girls have all settled down into the routines which will probably continue through their lives. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Sarah K. Bolton has added another to the valuable series of books of biography which she has written in "Famous American Authors." Its four hundred pages are divided into seventeen sketches, each treating of some famous writers, except one which is devoted to Nathaniel Hawthorne and his family. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the subject of the opening chapter, Longfellow follows, and the others are Irving, Prescott, Holmes, Lowell, Higginson, R. H. Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, Aldrich, R. W.ilder, Carleton, Cable, "Mark Twain," and Charles Dudley Warner—a list which is notable for the proportion of living men and of young men who are awarded place in it. The illustrations consist of photo-gravure portraits. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Underwoods" is Robert Louis Stevenson's second volume of verse, though the first is known scarcely at all on this side the Atlantic. Its contents are divided into two parts: Book I, in English; and Book II, in Scots. The first part contains a number of verses addressed to friends, with some rather good songs of nature and a pretty light rhyme or two, such as "To Minnie (with a hand-glass)." The songs in Scots are marked by considerable beauty of thought, strengthened by the rugged force of the idiom which Stevenson seems to like so well. But the volume contains nothing particularly striking, and will certainly add no jot to the fame of the man who wrote "The New Arabian Nights," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Kidnapped." As some one said of Holmes, we prefer Mr. Stevenson's poetic prose to his prosaic poetry. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.00.

"Sea-Spray, or, Facts and Fancies of a Yachtsman," by S. G. W. Benjamin, proves our late minister to Persia a versatile and entertaining writer. Its contents are a number of sketches of nautical matters, some stories of adventure and others descriptive essays, eight of which are reprinted from the periodical press. The remaining two articles are short stories, of which the first, "We Two on an Island," is particularly good. The narrator, a middle-aged Scotchman, is cast away on a little coral island, where he lives for three years without seeing signs of human life. One morning after a storm, he discovers a wreck on shore; on the deck is a prim-looking, spectacled lady, of uncertain age, who turns out to be the only survivor. The difficulties he meets in making her acquaintance, in spite of, or rather because of their isolation; the peculiar arrangement of their daily life; their courtship and marriage; and the religious complications surrounding that event and the baptism of their twins—all these make a story which is quite Stocktonian in its absurdities. Published by Benjamin & Bell, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

Not long ago a Philadelphian named Henry Seybert died, and, having had in life a strong leaning towards spiritualism, left a certain sum in his will to defray the expenses of a commission of learned men, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania, to investigate the subject. These gentlemen have handed in their preliminary report, and it has recently been published. As has been pointed out elsewhere, the object of the devisor—to influence people on the verge of belief in spiritualism for or against it, as the commission may decide on its merits—will scarcely be attained by this report. It undoubtedly is an amusing volume to read, describing the manner in which these learned gentlemen slyly detected the frauds of "mediums" in a certain dry way which is quite humorous; but this would be regarded as scoffing by believers, and hence would so antagonize them that the book could have no good effect on them. But, to the skeptical, at least, this report is satisfactory. The commission present in appendixes stenographic reports of proceedings at seances and at meetings of the commission, where every "medium" tested—and the commission tested all with whom they could make terms—was easily proved unable to do anything when the circumstances precluded the possibility of fraud, while otherwise their tricks were easily detected. Published for the commission by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Paragraphs like the following are continually met with in the newspapers of Southern California: "California is over seven hundred miles in length, and has an average breadth of over two hundred miles. It is four times as large as the great State of New York, twice as large as Italy, and nearly as large as France. There is no wonder that the above facts, considered in connection with the greatly elongated form of the State, should suggest the idea of the formation of a new State out of the southern part of California. Should such an event occur, it is probable that seven counties would go off, viz: Los Angeles, with a population of about eighty thousand; San Bernardino, with twenty thousand; San Diego, with eighteen thousand; Ventura, with seven thousand; Santa Barbara, with sixteen thousand; San Luis Obispo, with fourteen thousand; and Kern with seven thousand five hundred, making a total of one hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred for the new State, with an assessed valuation of one hundred million dollars. The area of these seven counties is fifty-seven thousand square miles, or a little less than one-third of the total area of the State. The proposed new State would exceed in extent that of Pennsylvania, and would be nearly as large as all New England together. The population would be three times that of Nevada, and equal to that of Oregon, while the productive power of the soil and the wealth-producing elements of the region will compare favorably with those of almost any State in the Union. 'Coronado' has been suggested as the name of the new State, as more suggestive and more euphonious than 'South California.' The name signifies 'The Crowned.'"

The Automatic Box Company, which makes the boxes that hestow cigarettes in exchange for pennies, is going to set up boxes all over London for the sale of other small articles, and the cigarette-boxes are to be placed in cabs, hansoms, and smoking-carriages.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known literary man in London, on seeing in large letters in the newspapers "Death of Fred Archer," asked who Fred Archer was as he had never heard the name before. This was something different from the case of another man who, on being asked what he knew about Tennyson, said, "Tennyson, Tennyson: What horse is that?"

Donald Mackenzie, the General Superintendent of the Mexican Central Railroad, still betrays in his conversation some traces of the time when he was a baggage-smasher in Vermont. On one occasion, after partaking of a particularly poor dinner, his wife drew his attention to motto with which she had newly adorned the walls of the dining-room reading: "God Bless Our Home." "You ought to get another one my dear," he said to her, "something that will say, 'God D— Ou Cook.'"

An amusing incident illustrative of absent-mindedness is narrated in the last session of the German Reichstag. Herr Wichmann was calling the roll of members, when, upon reading out his own name, he naturally received no response. He called the name the second time in a louder tone, and finally roared it out like a healthy-lunged bull. But at this juncture the laughter of his colleagues showed there must be something wrong, and soon realizing the ludicrous situation, he joined in the hilarity and marked himself present.

Forrest once told a story connected with his trip to California. It was deathly seasick, and yet it did not prevent him from swearing. A preacher was on board and undertook to admonish him for his profanity, but Forrest only answered that "his Lord and Master when at sea was glad to get out and walk." The captain of the vessel now approached them, and sought to soothe the old man by remarking that "he loved the sea, that he went to sea as a matter of choice and would not live on shore." "That's a—lie, sir," said Forrest. "I know of but one man who took to the sea from choice, for if he had remained on shore he would have been drowned, and that man was Noah."

Prince Orloff was the most trusted adviser of Czar Nicholas I. He owed his accession to favor to a blow of his fist. While he was a *vide de camp*, one of the regiments had mutinied, and the Czar, feeling that a look would reduce the men to obedience, stepped in front of them accompanied only by Orloff, and asked, "Have you any complaint my children? Whoever has anything to say to me, step forward." To his great surprise several soldiers did advance, and one of them leveled his weapon at the emperor. Orloff instantly stepped forward, and struck the man dead, with a blow of his fist. The emperor was grateful, and Orloff rose, step by step, until he became chief of the secret police of the empire, an official before whom all classes trembled.

Oscar Wilde tells a story illustrative of the disadvantages of the house in a block being too much alike. A man was asked to dinner, and I went to the house next door to the one where he had been hiding. His name was announced, and the host stepped forward to welcome him. As it chanced, the guest knew the wife and not the husband. "I am so very sorry," said the host, "that my wife is too ill to come down stairs. But we must get on as well as we can without her." So thinking he was in the right place, the guest stayed on, took a prettily to dinner, and had a charming evening. Two days afterward he met the lady who was to have entertained him, and she assailed him with reproaches for spoiling the symmetry of her dinner table, and came out that he had inadvertently dined next door.

Weston, the actor, having horrified on note the sum of five pounds sterling, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused West to send him a challenge. When in the field the gentleman, being little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, which Weston readily consented, and had the note delivered. "E now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, companions will laugh at us; therefore, let us give one another a slight scratch and say we wounded each other." "With all my heart," said Weston, "come, I'll wound you first." So, drawing his sword, thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm till he brought tears to his eyes. This being done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief: "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you Weston, putting himself in a position of defense, replied: "Where you can, sir."

Newton Tabor was digging a well at Pilot Point, Texas. To hit out the rock, he used dynamite inclosed in small metallic capsules. The course of his operations he deposited an open box of these dangerous capsules at the foot of a tree, near where he was working. A lad leaning against the tree reached up to a mocking-bird's nest contain a young brood. His ten-year-old son, Dick, with a couple of the capsules in his hand, ascended the ladder, and, discovering the young birds with distended mouths, boy like, dropped the capsules, one at a time, in one bird's mouth. They forthwith disappeared in the bird's craw. This rendered the bird uncomfortable, and in a struggle for relief it fell from the nest. Upon striking the ground an explosion occurred, which tore up the earth, dumped a quantity of the loose dirt and the fragments of rock, piled around, into the well, and came a killing Mr. Tabor, who was working down below. The boy fell in the ladder and was badly hurt, suffering the fracture of some bones. This shows what a boy will do when he gets a chance.

A wholesale firm in Chicago received the following postal from one of its out-of-town patrons: "Please toe tell mee no the Prise o goode Charraghe." No member of the firm and not one of its employees, from the office boy up to the manager, could tell what meant by a "Charraghe," and Webster and Worcester were also ignorant regarding the meaning of the word. Finally the postal was turned to the sender, with a polite letter stating that the meaning, the word "Charraghe" was unknown to the firm, and asking for definition. In reply came the following lucid explanation: "I Cirs—the postal was rote by mi Clurk me Being Buzzy, and i Ree that His ignorantz shoold nake you so much Trubhle. He is a Boy hoo you must eggcuse on account of his not Having went to s but littel; therefor He speled the word rong—It is 'Karridge' stead of 'Charraghe.' Plesse eggcuse his ignorantz an lett me no a 2 sete 2 hoarse kovered Family Karridge will cost." The "i rantz" of the clerk was excused, and the price of the "Karridge" was paid.

Not many years ago a foreign representative in this country with his wife some time in a large and fashionable hotel in one of the cities. This foreign official's wife was a stout lady who was unable to speak a word of English, was extremely fond of her national dish, a soup made largely of giblets. The lady had great difficulty in getting this dish made to her liking, and frequently spent much time and endeavor in the kitchen instructing the cook, with a queer culinary tone, what ingredients to put into it. One day madame had succeeded in producing a pie exactly to her liking, and had eaten of dinner with great enthusiasm. But after a time a gentleman noticed that she was weeping silently as she sat at the table, while her husband lay idle in her lap. This gentleman, who was a man of keen sympathy, was deeply touched, and presently, when the lady's weeping turned into pitiful sobbing, he could not refrain from saying to her band: "Pardon me, sir, but—is madam ill? Is she in pain?" "Nothing—it will pass," said the official. But the trouble did not pass, and the lady continued to shed tears, and to sob hysterically. The sympathetic gentleman was still unable to restrain himself. "Don't me once more," he said, "but madame seems to be in great distress or grief. Is there any thing I can do? Pray command me!" "Do not trouble, sir," said the foreigner; it is zis only, zat is zis madame have eaten her pie until she can eat no more, and she zis viz grief zat she may not continue!"

SOCIETY.

The Frank-Pope Wedding.

A brilliant wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Pope, 1303 Van Ness Avenue, the contracting parties being her daughter, Miss Florence T. Pope and Mr. F. A. Frank, of this city. About one hundred and twenty-five invitations were issued to relatives and intimate friends, and the preparations for the event were elaborate in every way. Quaint fancies and exquisite taste were combined in the decoration of the residence. Over the entrance from the hall to the spacious library, where the ceremony was solemnized, was a light drapery of the palest pink tulle garlanded with La France roses to match it in color, and set off with streamers of smilax. A bridal canopy of pink netting was suspended in mid-air before the bay-window and extended one-third of the distance across the room, being held up by heavy silk cords studded with pink roses, which were attached to the mirror and chandelier. Hundreds of drooping Duchesse de Brabant roses, fringed with their foliage and smilax, formed the lining of this net, and this same feature was arranged to the white lace-curtains and crimson portieres at the rear. Immediately below the canopy was a cushioned *prédica* of crimson velvet draped with a scarf of pale pink silk. A title stand in one corner, which was wound with crushed-strawberry colored silk, bore a porcelain vase full of anemone blossoms and amaryllis lilies. The pink tones of these lilies were reflected in the mantel mirror, before which immense clusters of them were arranged amid sprays of tree ferns. Across the front of the book-case a vase of smilax silk supporting a tiny basket full of Cecil Bruner roses, and one containing exquisite pink and white orchids. There was a pretty conceit noticeable at the side of the dining-room in the rear of the room, in the way of a spray of silver-gave and pink silk held together by sprays of fern and interspersed with bright-hued hydrangeas. The book-cases in the little alcove-room adjoining were hung with wicker-baskets full of ferns and sweet-pea blossoms, while the side burner was adorned with ferns and red, white, and pink gladioli tied with shrimp-pink satin. The dining-room was not used for its customary purpose, but had its floor canvased and was brightened by a gay decoration. Two delicate shades of apricot-yellow tulle were used in rapping the cornice of the tall walnut mirror, with fine canes foliage acting as a feathery fringe. Two floral wedding-rings depended from it, being wrought of African variegated in golden and bright yellow tints. Sun-flowers, French marigolds, and anemone blossoms filled the vases on the mantel below.

The sideboard was exquisitely dainty in its appointments, its twining streamers of embroidered edged lemon-tinted apricot ribbons winding their way over the shelves and to the top where there were garlands of white Sulphurman blossoms. A red wicker basket containing chrysanthemums and anemone, reposed on the marble shelf, and there were rapieres of old-gold embroidered silk just above a vase of sunflowers and a basket of oleanders completed the decoration. On a stand in the bay window was a wicker basket, bound with yellow silk, and filled with chrysanthemums rich in their glowing, golden beauty, having long apron sprays projecting above them. Heaped together in a vase on the broad shelf below, were chrysanthemums, ferns, and Sulphurman blossoms, and a side-table had a vase of sunflowers and a basket of oleanders. The table in the billiard-room was used as a buffet, and had a centre-piece of luscious grapes, peaches, pears, and other fruit reposing on a flat mirror which was draped with pink, cream, and green silk. Surrounding this, was glittering silverware and unadorned service with delicacies of all kinds. As an artistic finish to the room, the cabinet in the alcove was adorned with brilliant dahlia and apricot-yellow silk. The scoriator of the wide hallway was simple and in quiet style. There were tall fern sprays clustered around the well-post at the foot of the stairway confined by bows of delicate blue and pink satin, with a scarf of white tulle at the back. A dainty basket full of La France roses and pink and green ribbon, and a vase of white roses, one of the rear doors, and high up in the embrasure of a parlor doorway, was another basket full of ferns. More were in finish, yet comparing favorably with the other ornaments, was the embellishment of the main drawing-room, where the gilt-bordered mirror had a portion of its surface decorated with pink and white ribbons and clusters of red berries of the briar-rose bush. These same berries the stems mingled with asparagus tennissims were seen a vase on the mantel below, and the little ebony cabinet is festooned with them, with maiden-hair ferns, gladioli, and fragrant exotics as a further adornment. The tall pier mirror was draped at the top with scarlet silk and Sulphurman blossoms, while at the bottom was a scarf of old pink silk relieved by fern sprays. A picture in the corner an easel, had its frame draped with old-gold embroidered k, and there were floral tributes placed here and there around every apartment, the gifts from friends. Miss Mary arranged the decoration. The entire residence was light with illumination and the entire lower floor was covered with canvases.

Before eight o'clock the preparations were completed and the guests commenced to arrive. Half an hour later all were assembled, and to the strains of the wedding march the party entered its way down the staircase and entered a library, taking positions beneath the nuptial canopy of the room. Two Miss Sophia Piers, and Miss Sophia Piers, all Talbot, dressed in court costumes of the time of Louis arl Talbot, led the way, followed by the maid of honor, Miss ay Pope, and one of the bridesmaids, Miss Carolyn. The maining four bridesmaids, Miss Frank, Miss Adams, Miss Baker, and Miss Bacon, came next in order, preceding the de and Mr. George Pope.

The bride was attired in an elegant toilet of white satin e with a long court train and having a rupon front of ver brocade. It was elaborately trimmed with Duchesse e so deftly arranged as to bring forth all of its beauty. e bodice was cut high at the neck with long sleeves and gloves were of white undressed kid. Her coiffure was angled high and from it depended the long, feathery veil of ate silk moiré. Her ornaments were of diamonds and irls and her hand bouquet of Niphetos and Eliza Savage s.

Miss May Pope, the maid of honor, appeared in a becom- e costume of pink tulle made dancing length the skirts e wrapping in graceful folds and being dotted with clusters pink pearl beads. The corsage was made of pink satin and e collie was embellished with a berthe arranged a la e. She carried a bouquet of beautiful La France s.

The five bridesmaids were attired similarly to the maid of e, except that their skirts were dotted with little tufts pink chenille instead of beads.

Their bouquets were pink pearl pins with heads in the m of daisies.

The groom, having preceded the bride, accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Pope, joined the bride, and all was n in readiness for the wedding. The ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. arles Dana Edwards, and at his conclusion the couple e were extended to the newly-wedded couple. At ten o'clock an elaborate supper was served from the buffet, the sts being seated at tête-à-tête tables distributed in the land rooms. This repast was supplemented by dancing, Ballenber's music, which prolonged the festivities until y morning. An elegant and costly array of gifts were e sent to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Frank de- e for the Eastern States on Thursday, and may visit e before their return here, which will be in about six nths.

Among those present at the wedding were: Mrs. A. J. e, Mr. and Mrs. George Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ira e, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, e, and Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lee, e, and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, e, and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Ward, e, and Mrs. P. D. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, e, Durburn, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. C. T. Mills, Mrs. e, Mr. Blake, Miss May Pope, Miss Carolyn, Miss ak, Miss Adams, Miss Bacon, Miss Pierce, Miss e, Miss Besie Hooker, Miss Stone, Miss Fuller, e, Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Mamie Elliott, Miss e, Sedgwick, Miss Besie Shreve, Miss Mary e, e, Miss Stetson, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss

Marie Peters, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Cooper, Mr. e, George Brooks Jones, and Mr. Hall McAllister. e, Mr. Earl Talbot, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Herbert Car- e, Mr. Osmond Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Warren D. Clark, e, Mr. Oscar Sewell, Mr. Harry Durburn, Mr. W. Frank e, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. J. B. Lyle, Mr. Jerome e, W. Lincoln, Mr. Alfred Tobbs, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Lieutenant Frank L. Wynn, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., e, Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Richard H. Noble, U. S. A., and others.

The Sherwood Reception.

The Misses Sherwood gave a delightful musicale and reception on Thursday evening at the residence of their e, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, 1357 Post Street. e, The earlier portion of the evening was devoted to musical e selections which were contributed by the Misses Jessie, e, Rose, and Winnie Sherwood, Mr. Hellman, and Mr. Sher- e, wood. The singing was afterward indulged in until early e morning and the party adjourned at eleven o'clock.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sher- e, wood, Misses Jessie, Rose, Isabel, and Winnie Sherwood, e, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Rena Spencer, Miss Jennie de la e, Montanya, Miss Catherine Hittell, Miss Ada E. Weigel, e, Miss Eva Castle, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Hellman, Mr. W. W. e, Miller, Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., Messrs. Hellman, e, Mr. Thomas Dowling, Mr. Hittell, Mr. William H. Rice e, Cook, and several others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator Leland Stanford, Colonel Charles F. Crocker, e, and Mr. A. N. Towne went to Washington Territory on e Tuesday to remain about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, of San Rafael, passed e several days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were in the e city on Tuesday.

Mrs. Creed Haymond has been passing a few days at e Sacramento, and will be there all of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Vost have taken the former resi- e dence of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Paige at 1422 Sutter e Street.

Mrs. and Miss Catherwood, of this city, are at the Grand e Hotel d'Angleterre, at Canterter, France. They will sail e from France about the last of October en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gray Stetson, nee Cushing, have e gone East on their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roe are making a six weeks' e visit in the Eastern States.

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting Miss e Jennie Hooker.

Miss Jennie Waters, of Oakland, is visiting friends in e Sacramento.

Mrs. John Gillig, of Virginia, Nev., is visiting Mrs. Vol- e ney Spaulding at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe and Miss Donohoe have e returned from a visit to Clear Lake, and are at the Hotel e Bella Vista.

Mrs. Monroe Salsbury has returned from a trip to the e country.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott were traveling in Ger- e many and last heard from.

Signor G. B. Galvani will return from Italy in a few days. e Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills will return to New York in a e couple of weeks after passing the summer season at Millbrae.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Friedlander, Miss Jessie Bowie, e and the Misses Fannie and May Friedlander have left El e Carmelo, and are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Sidney Smith and the Misses Ethel and Helen Smith e have gone East to remain about one year. Their residence e will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney during e their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, Mrs. e Cheesman, Miss Jennie Cheesman, and Miss Jeannie Mc- e Lane, who have been passing several months at the Eastern e watering-places, are expected home in a few weeks.

Miss Virginia Hanchett is visiting Mrs. J. B. Wright in e Sacramento.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott will remain at e Santa Barbara until Mr. Scott's return from the East.

Mr. George Cheesman is stopping at the Palace Hotel, e having returned from his ranch in Mexico.

Mrs. James de la Montanya and Miss Jennie de la Mon- e tanya contemplate passing the winter in New York City.

Colonel and Mrs. Hungerford, Count and Countess Tel- e fener, and Prince and Princess di Galatro-Colonna are at e Baden-Baden.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile, nee Smith, have leased e Mr. Faxon D. Atherton's residence on California Street, for e the winter season.

Miss Maynard, who has been visiting Mrs. H. S. Dexter e at Calistoga, has returned home.

Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor have returned from a e visit to Mrs. Carrigan at San Rafael.

Miss Florence Reed is visiting friends in Sacramento. e Miss Mamie Elliott went East this week, and will be e away all of the winter season.

Mrs. Richard Savage is expected here next month from e St. Petersburg.

Rev. and Mrs. Hiram W. Beers have returned from Lake e Tahoe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Nina Macdonald and her friend, Miss Dugglass, are e at Vichy in France.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and her sons have gone to Baden- e Baden to pass the remainder of the season.

Miss Rena Spencer has returned to San José after an e enjoyable visit to Miss Alice Mullins.

Colonel Harvey D. Talcott will leave next Monday for e an Eastern trip.

Miss Florence Williams has been the guest of Mrs. Henry e Williams for a couple of weeks.

Mr. A. E. Head has returned from Mexico, and is at the e Palace Hotel.

Miss Kate Felton has been entertaining Miss Mamie e Burling at her home in Menlo Park.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit e Smith, and the Misses Smith have returned to Washington, e D. C., after a very pleasant visit to this coast.

Doctor and Mrs. George T. Stewart, nee Fargo, have re- e turned from an extended Eastern and Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Wilder returned to Honolulu e accompanied by Miss Maggie Nelson, who will be e their guest at the Islands for a couple of months.

Mrs. Edward Martin is the guest of Mrs. Peter Donahue e while her residence is being renovated and repaired.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone returned from Oak Knoll on e Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were visit- e ing here during the week of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster are stopping at the Hotel e Pleasanton, on Sutter Street.

Mrs. A. B. Forbes and Miss Forbes have returned from e their Eastern trip, and are now at their home on Essex e Street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Allison leave for Sacramento to-mor- e row to attend the State Fair and races.

Miss May Miller and Miss Minnie Martin have returned e from a week's visit at Taylorsville.

Mrs. Lansing, Mr. Gerrit Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. e Bee, and Mr. Everett N. Bee, who have been passing the e last three months with Mrs. J. B. Crockett at Fruit Vale, e have returned to the Hotel Bella Vista for the winter sea- e son.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute have apartments at the Hotel e Pleasanton.

Miss Fannie Crocker will go to Sacramento next week to e visit her sister Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet.

Mr. Albert E. Castle went to San Diego this week with e the intention of going into business and residing there per- e manently. His brother, Mr. Arthur Castle, went to New e York on Thursday, via Panama, on a three months' trip.

Mrs. L. M. Coit came down from Larkmead on Wednes- e day to visit friends here.

Notes and Gossip.

An enjoyable dinner party was given by Mr. Winfield S. e Jones at his residence on Hyde Street, last week, in honor e of Miss Dora Coleman. The others present were: Mrs.

Evans J. Coleman, Miss Condit Smith, Mr. Ward McAllis- e ter, Mr. Brooks Jones, and Mr. Hall McAllister. e, Miss Dora Boardman gave a delightful lunch party at her e house on Franklin Street, last week, in honor of Miss Speck, e of St. Louis. Those invited to meet her were: Miss e Minnie Houghton, Miss Lulu Otis, Miss Emeline Hager, e Miss Maggie Brooks, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Sallie May- e nard, and Miss Tompkins.

Mrs. W. B. Boorne entertained a party of lady friends at e luncheon a week ago yesterday at her residence, 1300 Hyde e Street.

Among the social courtesies extended recently to Mrs. S. e J. Field and Mrs. J. Condit Smith were: A lunch party e at San Mateo given by Mrs. Bowie, a luncheon given by e Mrs. John F. Swift, a dinner party given by Mrs. Gordon e Blanding, and an evening reception by Mrs. Irwin Mc- e Dowell.

The German Club have issued invitations for their first e cotillion which will take place at Union Square Hall, on e Friday evening, October 14th. The second German will be e held on November 25th, and the third, which will be a fancy e dress party, will take place on December 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya gave an informal e reception at their home on Taylor Street, last Tuesday e evening, in honor of the engagement of their son, Mr. e James de la Montanya, Jr., to Miss Rena Spencer, of San e José. The evening was passed in a delightful manner with e music and dancing, and a dainty supper.

The members of the Reliance Club gave their first party e of the season last Monday evening at Saratoga Hall. The e attendance was quite large, and dancing was enjoyed until e midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams entertained a few friends e at an informal reception last Thursday evening at their e new residence on Octavia Street. Music and dancing e made the hours pass very pleasantly.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Millard F. Harmon, First Artillery, U. S. A., e has been transferred from Fort Canby, W. T., to Fort e Mason, Cal.

Lieutenant Clermont L. Best, Jr., First Artillery, U. S. e A., has been ordered to the Round Valley Indian Reserva- e tion for duty.

Brigadier-General John Gibbon, U. S. A., commanding e the Department of the Columbia, will enjoy a month's leave e of absence during October.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Cheney Musicales.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the well-known organist of Chicago, e was tendered a reception and musicale last Saturday after- e noon by Mrs. John Vance Cheney at her studio, 327 Larkin e Street. It was a delightful event throughout and was e made especially pleasant by the performance of the follow- e ing programme:

"Capriccio," (left hand)..... Rheinberger e "Bridal Procession"..... Grieg e Miss Griffin.

"Va, va, dit-elle"..... Meyerbeer e Miss Poyser. e "Souvenir de Bellini"..... Artot e Mr. Forest Cheney.

"Valse"..... Neupert e Lillie Moulton. e "Scherzino"..... Leschetizky e "An lac de Wallenstadt"..... Liszt e Miss Griffin.

"Sancta Maria"..... Faure e Miss Poyser. e "Russian Airs"..... Wieniawski e Mr. Forest Cheney.

Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, e Judge and Mrs. J. H. Eoat, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, e Mr. and Mrs. Scupham, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Clement, e Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pickens, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Soule, e Misses Shepard, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Winterberg, Miss e McDowell, Mrs. Henry Glass, Miss Kate Field, Miss Cool- e brith, Mrs. Thompson, of Santa Barbara, Miss Wenzel, e Miss Curtiss, Misses Soule, Miss Madison, Miss Kline, e Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Sherman, Mr. Adolph Sutor, Dr. e Wenzel, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Tobin, Mr. G. W. e Wickes, Mr. Charles A. Fields, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Dr. e Max Axelrood, Mr. William Soule, Mr. H. B. McDowell e and Mr. Farnfield.

The Norton Song Recital.

For the benefit of the Pilgrim Sunday School, Mrs. Henry e Norton gave a song recital at Irving Hall last Tuesday e evening. The entertainment was styled "Ballads and e Lyrics," being a dissertation by Judge T. H. Rearden, e which was read by Mr. Charles A. Murdock and illustrated e in song by Mrs. Norton. It was exceedingly interesting, and e was highly appreciated by the many auditors. The pro- e gramme was as follows:

Chevy Chace (Sixteenth Century) e Greek Popular Song e Italian Song (Se non volevi)..... F. Marchetti e Arabian Love Song

Spanish Song, El Leililo e German Song, Erlkönig..... Schubert e Rhine Song, Die Lorelei..... Silcher e Anglo Saxan Song, Somer is ycomen in (Twelfth Century) e Scotch Song, My Heart's in the Highlands

Irish Songs (a) The Bells of Shandon e (b) The Groves of Blarney e (c) The Last Rose of Summer

French Songs, (a) Malthrouck s'en va-t-en guerre e (b) Page's Song, Marriage of Figaro

Traditional Song, My Maryland e Naturalized Song, As ever the Soldier's Frozen Sheet e Song from Shakespeare, O Mistress Mine (1579) e Song from Tennyson, The Beggar Maid..... J. Barnaby e Song from Shakespeare, Sign no more, Ladies

San Francisco is about to lose Mrs. Norton. The e lady has not only opened up to us a lot of musical e treasures and kept us up with the progress of the song e world, but she is herself a singer *sui generis*. She is e so refined and intellectual a songstress that she ap- e peals to the intelligence, and yet she is a singer whom e men like to listen to, because she makes it all so clear e and simple. She has exhausted so many old songs e that no one ever heard, in their entirety before or knew e only a line or a snatch from, that she is regarded as a e cyclopedia of the musical ages, and she has intro- e duced us to so many new ones of a kind not often e sung in public, that it is not easy to see how we are e to know in the future what is going on. Mrs. Norton e will give a farewell recital on Monday evening, Sep- e tember 26th. She has put down a number of old e favorites on the programme for old friends, and will e give half a dozen new songs to make us regretfully e remember her good-bye. It is not yet decided e whether New York or Boston will gain what we lose.

—COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFI- e cations be sure to favor us with a call. B. Mc- e Dougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Fran- e cisco.

A NOTABLY FINE EXHIBIT IN THE FAIR IS THE e display of artistic photographic work made by A. P. e Flaglor, whose parlors are at the southeast corner of e Market and Ninth Streets. A large space in the art e gallery is given up to Mr. Flaglor's photographs, and e from the comments of the crowd of visitors constantly e examining and admiring them, it is evident that the e artistic excellence of Mr. Flaglor's posing and devel- e opment is conceded to excel that of any other photo- e grapher in town.

THE ATTRACTION OF CALIFORNIA.

Our Golden State is now the centre of attraction of e the world. The fame of its rich mines, fertile soil, e delicious climate, unrivalled scenery, and above all, e the incomparable beauty and grace of the figures of e the ladies, is world-renowned. This superior loveli- e ness of form is to be attributed to the perfect shaped e corsets worn. The introduction of the best corsets e made in the world, by the celebrated Freud's Corset e House is the cause of the superbly elegant forms of the e ladies. This great corset establishment is located at e Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 e Grant Avenue. Make no mistake. In sending orders e by mail please address to Freud & Sons, Nos. 742 e and 744 Market Street. We close daily at 6 o'clock e P. M., except Saturdays.

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23 The Grand Excursion will leave the foot of Market e Street from the Broad (Donohoe) Gauge S. F. and N. P. e R. R. via. Tituhon, also from N. P. C. R. R. (Narrow e Gauge) via. Saucelito.

25cts.---Tickets Round Trip---25cts.

For time and further details see daily papers.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET

Social Life on White River.

The following Ute society gossip is full of interest to those who have personal acquaintances and friends among the set.

The season at White River will be unusually gay this winter, and soon there will be one continuous round of hilarity, indigestion, mirth, colic, and social hatred. Red Horse, the smoke-tanned horse-fiddle maestro, will play and call off again this winter for Germans, grub dances, and jack-rabbit gorges as usual.

The Ouray War Club will give a series of hops in November under its own auspices, and in December it will hold two Germans. In going through these Germans no favors will be shown by the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Mexican Hairless-Dog-upon-whom-there-are-no-Flies have been spending the summer at their delightful hostile home near White River. They have just returned for the winter, beautifully bronzed by the elements, and report one of the most exhilarating outbreaks they ever were to.

Loop-Ear-Son-of-the-Cyclone received a cablegram last week, on his return from the warpath, offering him a princely salary to come to London and assist in robbing the Deadwood coach. He says the legitimate drama is certainly making wonderful strides. He has heard the American Opera Company in "Nero," and says that no one who has lived on the reservation all his life can have any idea of the strides that are being made on the stage. He has not decided whether to accept the offer or not, but says that if the stage they are going to rob is the operative stage, he will not assist at any price. He says he knows what it is to suffer for clothes himself.

The members of the Chipeta Canoeing Club have just returned from a summer jaunt, and are in good spirits. They report that a good time was had and health greatly improved. The club will give a sociable and gastric recital at its grounds next week. The proceeds will go toward beautifying the grounds of the club and promoting a general good feeling. Each member is permitted to bring one cash friend.

Tall-Man-Who-Toys-with-the-Thunderbolts will start tomorrow for the home of the Great White Father, at Washington. He goes to make a treaty or two, and be awed by the surplus in the treasury. He will make as many treaties as possible, after which he will invite the Great White Father to visit our young and growing reservation, enjoy our crude hospitality, and cultivate the Ute vote.

A select scalp-dance and rum-sociable will take place at the foot of the gulch at the middle of the present moon, after which there will be a presentation speech and resolutions of respect tendered to the Board of Outbreaks and the Sub-Committee on Hostility.

The following will be the menu: Reservatoo soup, strengthened with rain-water; condemned sardines, codfish-balls, fish-plates, railroad-frogs' legs, sage-hen à la Colorow, jerked jack-rabbits, roasting ears à la massacre, hot-house clams, rattlesnakes' tongues à la fire-water, prickly pears, fruit of the loom, dried apples and whiskey. Dancing will be kept up till a late hour.

The approaching nuptials of Fly-by-Night, a partial widower of Snippet, daughter of Wipe-Up-the-Ground-with-His-Enemies, will be the occasion of quite a *tout ensemble* and blow-out. He will marry the surviving members of the family of Wampo-the-Wailer-that-Wakes-Up-in-the-Night. He will, on

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this occasion, lead to the altar Mrs. Wampo-the-Wailer, etc., her two daughters and the hired girl. The wedding will take place at the residence of the brides. Invitations are already out, and parties who have not yet received any, but who would like to be present and swap a tie napkin-ring for a square meal, will be invited if they will leave their address with the groom.

Crash-of-the-Tempest, a prominent man of the tribe, laid a large tumor on our table last week, weighing four pounds, from which he was removed on Wednesday. So far, this is the largest tumor that has been brought in this summer to apply on subscription. Call again, Crash.

Soiled Charlie and Peek-a-Boo, delegates of the Ute Nation sent to the Great White Father at Washington, returned yesterday from Red Top, the great tepee of the Pale Chief. They made a great, many treaties and both are utterly exhausted. Peek-a-Boo is confined to his wigwam by the hallucination that the air is full of bright red bumble-bees with blue tails. He says that he does not mind the hostility of the white man, but it is his hospitality that makes him tired.

A full-dress reception and consommé was tendered to the friends of Labor at the home of Past Worthly Chief Fly-up-the-Creek, of White River, by his own neighbors and Uncompahgre admirers on Tuesday evening. At an early hour guests began to arrive and crawl under the tent into the reception-room.

A fine band, consisting of a man who had deserted from the regular military band, played Boulanger's March on the bass drum with deep feeling.

The widow of Wampo-the-Wailer and affianced of old Fly-by-Night wore a dark coiffure, held in place by the wish-bone of a sage-hen, and looked first rate.

Miss Wampo, the elder, wore a negligé costume, consisting of a red California blanket, caught back with real burdock burrs and held in place by means of a hame strap.

The younger Miss Wampo wore a Smyrna rug, with bunch-grass at the throat.

Mrs. D. W. Peek-a-Boo wore a cavalry saddle blanket, with Turkish overalls and bone ornaments.

Miss Peek-a-Boo wore a straw-colored jardinière, cut V-shaped, looped back with a russet shawl-strap, and trimmed with rick rack around the arm-holes. Her eyes danced with merriment, and she danced with most anybody in the wigwam.

Little Casino, the daughter of Fly-up-the-Creek, of the Uncompahgres, wore the gable end of an "A" tent, trimmed with red flannel rosettes; it had veneered panels, and the new and extremely swell sleeves, blown up above the elbow and tight the rest of the way, in which, as she said in her naive way, they resembled her father, who was tight half of the time and blown up the rest of the time. Little Casino was the life of the party, and it would be hard to opine of anything more charming than her bright and cheery way of telling a funny story, which convulsed her audience while she quietly completed a fractional flush and took home the long-delayed jackpot to her needy father. She is an intellectual exotic of which the Uncompahgres may well be proud, and is also one of those rare productions of nature never at a loss for something to write in an autograph album. In the album of a young warrior of the Third Ute Infantry she has written: "In friendship's great fruitage, please regard me as your huckleberry, Little Casino."

Our genial townsman, William H. Colorow, is home again after a prolonged hunting and camplog trip, during which he was attacked and cordially shot

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TRANSACTS A GENERAL REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS.

at by a group of gentlemen who came to serve a writ of replevin on him. Colonel Colorow does not know exactly what the writ of replevin is for, unless it be for the purpose of accumulating mileage for the sheriff. Few were killed during the engagement except a small papoose belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon, who returned last evening with the remains of their child. A late copy of a New York paper alludes to this as "a furious engagement, after which the Indians carried off their dead according to their custom." Mr. and Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon were warned against taking the baby with them on an extended camping trip, but they seemed to think that it would be perfectly safe, as the child was only seven weeks old and could not have incurred the hostility of the war department. This was not improbable at all, for, according to the records, it takes from nine to eleven weeks to officially irritate the war department. The little one now lies at the wigwam of its afflicted parents on Cayo street, and certainly does not look as though it could have stood out so long against the sheriff and his posse.

Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon has a painful bullet wound in the shoulder, but feels so grieved about the loss of Little Cholera Infantum that she does not make much fuss over her injury. The funeral of the little one will take place this evening from its late residence, and friends of the parents are cordially invited to come and participate. Wailing will begin promptly at sundown.

Mr. and Mrs. P. P. C. Shiny-on-Your-Own-Ground are just back from a summer jaunt in the Little Big Horn Mountains, whither they went in search of health. They returned laden with golden rod and a large catch of landlocked grasshoppers. As soon as they get thoroughly rested they will announce a select locust, grasshopper, and cricket feed at their home, during which, a celebrated band from the Staten Island ferry will oblige with a new selection known as "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Major Santee, who is now at home repairing the roof of his Gothic tepee, which was so damaged by the recent storms that it allowed hail, rain, and burned cattle to penetrate his apartments at all times of the day or night, says that in the late great Ute war everybody wanted to fight except the Indians and the war department. He believes that no Indian outbreak can be regarded as a success without the hearty cooperation and godspeed of the government, and a quorum of Indians who are willing to break out into open hostility. Major Santee lost a niece during the recent encounter. She was not hostile to any one, but was respected by all, and will now cast a gloom. She had no hard feelings toward the sheriff or any of his posse, and had never met them before. She was very plain in appearance, and this was her first engagement. The sheriff now claims that he thought she was reaching for her gun, whereas it appears that she was making a wild grab for her Indian trail.

Major Santee says that he hopes it will be many a long day before the sheriff organizes another Ute outbreak, and compels the Utes to come and bring their families. He says that human life here is now so cheap, especially the red stye of human life, that sometimes he is almost tempted to steal two hundred thousand dollars and go to New York, where he will be safe.—New York World.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

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Every one knew his ancient history just well enough to know that "Phryne" was a dame of such strong historical association that it is not commonly given to female children in baptism.

Every one, therefore, half expected just a flavor of wickedness in "Phryne," the new play. Wickedness is not exactly the fashion just now. There is just a faint feeling of satiety in the air which warns the reading world (and the play-goer belongs to that class), that we have had enough of it—in literature.

"As in a Looking-Glass" and the "Dean and his Daughter" would have come just too late for success, if it had not been that they are written with a daring, simple directness which challenges attention. They are both brutally direct, for that matter. They leave out all the stuffing and padding and luxury that the other writers put around sin, and give it in its unadorned nakedness. They are bright, hard, cold books, both of them, and their autobiographical style—each is the autobiography of a woman—carries a certain conviction of truth with them, as that style always does. But, though they are both, in effect, the diaries of women, the books do not at all convey the idea that they have been written by a woman; or, for that matter, do they seem to have been written by a man who knows much about women, though he has studied them a great deal. His *alma mater* seems to have been the boudoir of adventures, where he must have played a tame-cat sort of rôle, for he does not seem ever to have looked deep down into the heart of any woman, good, bad, or indifferent.

Furthermore, his womeo, such as they are, seem to live their lives wholly upon a man's code. Friendship is the one good thing this writer seems to believe in, and the friendship that exists between his women is so thoroughly the friendship of man, that the sex of it stands out in highest relief. He knows absolutely nothing of the littleness of the world of woman. A woman, and a clever one, too, remarked the other day that if "a woman lived in a good climate, and had a husband who didn't beat her," she did not know that anything else was required to make her happy. But this is only one of the bright, broad, general things that bright, broad, general women say. They are just the kind who require two thousand little things to make them comfortable, and twenty thousand little things to make them happy.

A man is not given to deflating the atmosphere of his happyoes. If things get along pretty well, and he is very comfortable physically, he is not apt to be troubled with a seated sorrow. In his club it is only required of him that he present an agreeable front and pay his debts. If, in addition to this, he is rather good form and rather intelligent, he is very much liked, and a little dash of free-headedness added to this, will make him immensely popular. There is a kind of airy spaciousness about all this that must be infinitely comfortable to live in.

Women's world is smaller, and fuller of little things. As they do not carry the purse-strings, and their rations are doled out to them even in the best families, they are necessarily small in matters of money, and this is the key to their smallness in many other things. They have all the duty-visits of social life to make, which cultivates, perhaps, that general sweetness of manner which men call hypocrisy; they will resist the ravages of wind and time if they can, and they do sometimes bunt men down matrimonially as game, as the satirical novels and the wicked novels make them do.

But, upon the whole, though their ways are necessarily small, their hearts, the most of them, are clean and wholesome, their imaginations still romantic as they should be, and they have a code of honor among themselves. A woman may say what she likes of any one else, but she must be true to her own chosen friend. If she tell her secrets of the heart, of make-up, of family trouble, of anything that should be kept behind sealed lips she is pronounced a traitor, and avoided as one. Judgment is as silent as in the secret tribunals of Venice, but as sure.

If a girl have a "chance," and another deliberately add of malice-prepense take him away, the treachery follows her like an ugly shadow all her life long, and it is the unwritten law that the story shall be told as often as possible.

If a woman know the address of a good dress-maker or a good place for bargains, and won't tell it, she is mean. Shopping is one of the great tests, and the woman who snaps up a bargain from under her friend's nose is called dishonorable. This is considered a very strong adjective.

To duplicate your friend's purchases is had taste. To copy your friend's individuality in style, dress, furniture, jewels, manner, or speech, is most shocking bad form. Bad form among fine women, by the way, using the word in its metaphysical sense, is quite as objectionable as bad form among men.

To talk of servants is quite admissible, but to brag of horses is only allowed among men.

The woman who does not stand up for her husband, though he be the epitome of all the vices and vulgarities, is considered to bear watching.

The hearer of a compliment must retail it to the complimenter, or she is envious.

Women must tell each other they do look well, when they do, and must not tell each other when they look badly.

Women must not rub each other the wrong way. Women must, and generally do, scrupulously repay the smallest debt or service.

A homely, simple, almost childish-seeming little code—there's a lot more of it in about the same strain—but it is at the root of woman's life, and the male novelists never touch it, not even the great ones.

There's too much chloral, and champagne and seltzer, and hypodermic syringe, and nerve-settlers generally in Phillips's book to be at all like the general

world of women, though he tries to make them very natural and real. The others always take them at high-pressure, when a woman is not at all herself.

Thus it is with "Phryne," who is a very woman, and belongs upon an honest man's hearthstone, for all her ill-starred name. It has become trite to say that the stories have all been told. "Phryne" is much like an ordinary English ovel, so far as the tale is concerned. Therefore, the charm is all in the telling, and it is told with infinite charm.

Naturally enough, it needs a little polishing and chiselling. Perhaps some time, in the setting, the guests will not come through the same hallway where waiters are carrying great chafing, dishes of good things, and coolers of champagne. Perhaps there will be a little more of the freedom of the western prairie in Rita Martioez. Perhaps Shirley Vereker may be induced to drop the Grecian bend, which went out some years ago.

It is, in effect, not a good cast for the play, and yet every one tries so hard to do his best, that it is not badly done.

Miss Thorndyke, who is not an actress of very great dramatic force, very wisely plays Phryne in a quiet key, and plays it very prettily too. Indeed it is written in a very quiet key, and Phryne jests with her surroundings, who she finds herself unconsciously in Shirley Vereker's house, and is in quite a light and comfortable mood when the terror of her situation is suddenly brought upon her.

Mr. Smily, by the way, plays Shirley Vereker with most execrable taste. Perhaps the privileged classes of England do sometimes kidnap ladies in the high-handed manner in which Phryne was decoyed. Their villas and opportunities are numerous, and their moral scruples are notoriously blunt. But they would, at least, pay the unhappy lady the compliment to woo her with some graciousness of manner. Mr. Vereker is positively offensive from the first moment. A stage villain part has undoubtedly been written for him, but he has made it more stagey. The French say that the English act too much ever to be actors, and Mr. Smily, who is sometimes clever, should give heed to the saying of his neighbors across the channel.

Mrs. Barker, too, puts rather too much bounce into the part of Mrs. Downey for a woman of the upper London world, even though she do but hang upon its fringe, and haunt the Monte Carlo Club. And as for her widow's weeds, why all the world knows that the English, though they are conventional about putting mourning on, wear it queerly; but they would be considerably amazed by the jaunty expression of Mrs. Downey's mourning hat.

But all these things do not affect the play itself. Interesting is the word which, perhaps, best characterizes it. It is so possible, so probable, even so usual, that one never stays to doubt.

The pretty, neglected young wife, keeping the hearthstone warm while her husband is absorbed in business—for business is so much more absorbing than pleasure, that it keeps far more men away from home—is a very familiar picture. Then, too, women who love as well as Phryne did, are generally impetuous, quick-tempered people, and are apt to take the bit in their mouths at unexpected moments, and commit just such follies.

People have thought it strange that Phryne made no protest, in her own defense, when her husband discovered her in her most compromising situation; but it is the innocent women who are silent, confounded by the appalling evidence which accumulates around them, and so the stroke is a good one.

Phryne is written so closely within Miss Thorndyke's grasp, that she plays it exceedingly well, and it seems to belong to her.

Jack O'Beirne would not seem, at first glance, to fit Mr. Boucicault at all. But he so thoroughly brings out the sentiment of the part that it comes out all right. Jack is one of those detrimental characters that are to be found haunting almost every large family of girls, and always hopelessly in love with some one of them. He is always a lovable fellow, and makes the most tremendous sacrifices in his own way, and he is always of a poetical temperament and very poor. Perhaps they always go together. Goethe says of Burns, in writing to Carlyle: "The poetic gift is seldom united with the gift of managing life," and though Jack O'Beirne is not exactly a poet, he is quite a genius at loving, and therefore somewhat awkward at managing life.

He says a lot of good things, so does Phryne, and so too does Mrs. Downey. In fact the dialogue is very modern, very neat, and very racy. The stage pictures have the touch of a skillful hand, and the little story unwinds itself with most unflinching interest.

It is not strikingly original or boldly dramatic, but it is just the sort of thing that every one wants or thinks they want nowadays.

It is pleasant, pretty, modern, intelligent, well-written, well-arranged, well-dressed, and clean.

It is just the kind of thing that the Apostles of Reform want who are going to give us model stock companies. It belongs in a theatre of the better class, and, if cast, it would be in its way quite a little gem. It will never go down to the lesser theatres, or should not, as it is altogether out of their line.

It needs the various personalities of a fine complete company rather than any capacity for character acting. It demands nothing great. It only wants manner and finish in its playlog. Then like "The Jilt" it will be altogether charming. BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Kate Forsythe, Mr. Eben Plympton, Mr. Patten, and Mr. Ben Teal have arrived from New York, and the final rehearsals of "Clito" are in full swing.

The Tivoli revived "Olivette" on Thursday night, and intends to continue the popular little opera for another week.

The *pièce de resistance* to "Clito" is an earthquake scene, modeled, they say, upon the tragedy of Casimirciolo a few years ago. The events of Ischia are set back in history some two thousand years.

"Lady Lynne," Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's new melodrama, has gone fairly well at the Alcazar during the past week; but the management have determined to replace it with "Camille" next Monday evening.

"Clito" is the joint work of Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett. The scene is laid in Athens about 400 B. C., and it is claimed that the costumes and accessories in the forthcoming production at the Baldwin will all be historically correct.

Katherine Rogers, the ogee statuesque and beautiful, has been engaged as first old woman in Mrs.

Laogtry's new company, to take the place of the dreadful Mrs. Calvert. Mrs. Langtry does not design to return to California for some time.

There were four young men with Russian hangs in the audience at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, and the difficulty in settling their identities was so great as to quite distract the attention of the audience. Three were from New York, and one from California.

The scene of Frank Mayo's play of "Nordeck," which will be brought out at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday night, is laid in Poland, one hundred years ago, and gives abundant possibility for spectacular and picturesque effect. Mayo has passed "Davy Crockett" over to his son, but the handsome Mayo does not yet disdain to look his best, and hods good play for it in "Nordeck."

ART NOTES.

Viewing Gump's New Paintings.

A FEW days ago Messrs. S. & G. Gump, whose immense establishment is located at 581 and 583 Market Street, issued invitations to the press to visit their house, and view an extensive lot of magnificent oil paintings which have just arrived from the old world, and which the public will have a chance of seeing to about two weeks, when the picture gallery will be properly arranged for their reception. The entire importation of these rare works of art shows at once that Mr. Gump, who went to Europe to select them personally, did so with a perfect knowledge of the critical taste of our people, especially those of wealth, who purchase only the best, or not at all. The majority of these works are fresh from the salons of Paris and Munich, and introduce entirely new subjects of tragedy, comedy and sentiment. One of the lot is now on exhibition at the State Fair at Sacramento. "The Bois de Boulogne," by P. Gavarni. It is a perfect picture of Parisian life, and as a work of art from this great artist who has formerly gained the medal at the Salon, it is justly entitled to hang in the most honored place at the State Fair. It is four by six and a half feet without the frame.

Among other French subjects is "The Fountain at Pau." This is one of J. A. Rousselin's best works; it shows several French girls with their jaunty air and brilliant-hued dresses. Each face is a fine study in itself, and no one in looking over the collection can fail to be drawn toward it. One painting by Emile Carpeotier can not fail to interest all beholders; the gay, light-hearted lover, the gentle maiden in her first love, and the blind mother, who is mystified by the girl's trembling hand, too plainly tell all the story. So too, the care-worn face of the mother, the worn-out tiles, the flooring, and the chimney-mantle fast going to decay. Near to this is noticed "A Scene on the Seine," and as a water view oothlog could be better. The treatment of shade, foliage, and water all bespeak the touch of a master hand. Mlle. J. Rouyier is represented in her grand production which gained the coveted medal at the Salon; the work is entitled "Eotering the Convect." For richness of color, delicacy of tone, and perfect poslog, it is indeed an exquisite piece of art. The subject shows a oon taking the three children from the parent, whose grief is all too plainly depicted in the sad resignation of the face. The geotile nun has a kindly expression and a welcoming air. It speaks volumes for the picture when the statement is made that it was awarded the medal out of twenty-six hundred pieces then on exhibition. It should also be remembered that but fifteen medals were ever accorded. One for the first class, one for the second, and thirteen for the third class.

"In the Park Monceau," from the brush of the talented E. G. Grandjean, suggests bright and happy thoughts. The various styles of French vehicles are shown with an exactness rarely seen. There are also fine specimens of horse flesh, as well as fine riders. The sun, as it slants through the tree tops, adds an additional brightness and freshness to the whole. "The Chess Players" is an interesting gem by F. C. Pecarris. It is something similar to Meissotter's, and is executed with much ability. The central figure, robed in a satin gown, is worthy of all the attention bestowed on her. A fine picture of still life, "The Dessert," is by Dominique Bozier, and is really a fine thing for a dining-room. The justly celebrated Rayer has sent forth "Cytherée" to herald his name to the Pacific Coast. It is also a Salon picture, and rivals if possible, the companion-piece now being exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair. "The Stone Quarry" is marked by a peculiar grayish tone that pervades the whole; it shows to perfection the busy life of a stone mine. Another, by the same artist, is carried out in every detail. Two little gems by J. F. Ballaowere are indeed "catchey" subjects; one shows a greo in a bank, where two girls are resting. The other is equally pretty. Among Richter's works are "Indolence" and "Salome," bright little gems with rich, oriental colorings. Lack of space forbids a worthy detail of this elegant collection.

The Munich Salon is richly represented. "The Betrothal," by Muller-Lingke, is one of the grandest in the whole collection. As an artist, Liogke is considered next to the great Deffeffer, with whom he studied. The picture shows the parents of the young couple, with the notary, who is writing the marriage papers. There is a wonderful study of the different faces, and the scene altogether reminds one of happy domestic life. One very comic subject is by Humborg, and represents a jolly-looking priest holding a skein of cotton for a pretty girl to wind from. The facial expression of the figures attracts the attention at once. Hofner, who is considered superior even to Verhoeckhoven, is represented by a drove of sheep, which is valued as one of the finest works to Gump's gallery of rich and rare collections.

Two grand pieces by Wagner figure pieces, claim a place in the foremost ranks of pictures. Here are depicted youth and old age. The meagre, wrinkled hand is held by the hand of youth, the golden hair rests against the grey, and the dimples mingle with the wrinkles. The flesh tints are exquisitely treated, and the pose is faultless. Leftes's "Study of a Head" is considered by many the finest piece of art in the whole collection. Leftes is the artist who has been appointed by the government as the Master of Art. "Going to School" is by an American artist in Paris. It is a fine painting, full of life, and very realistic. A couple of gems which were at the Vienna exhibition are interesting for the picturesque architecture and graceful surroundings.

Our citizens should indeed avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing such a grand display, as soon as the gallery is thrown open to the public.

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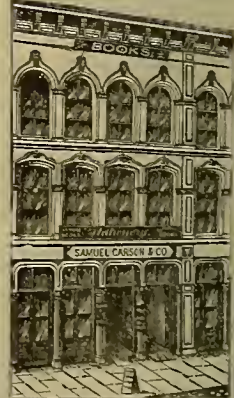
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RHYMES OF THE RHYMESTERS.

Tempora Mutantur.
In former times when making rhymes
I burned a midnight taper;
And wrought with care the many rare
Good things I put on paper;
For in those days there was a craze
For stately odes and sonnets,
That now appear as quaint and queer
As mediæval bonnets.
To-day I sit, with hasty wit,
And scribbling off a hallad,
Could fill a book, while Jane the cook
Is getting up a salad;
For modern verse, if it rehearse
Some milk-and-water passion
With tripping ease, is sure to please
The devotees of Fashion.
And we, who write but to invite
The world's too-scanty praises,
Must heed its whims, tho' psalms and hymns
Be numbered in their phases.
So, Poet, fill your fated quill
With Hybla's cloying honey,
And make *revelous*, if you would strew
Your path in life with money! —Life.

The Commercial Poet.
I can not sing as others sing
On subjects sentimental;
I may not hail the jocund spring
In joyous rhyme. And, oh, the sting,
My muse has even taken wing
For regions continental.

I am a poet, yet am not
A man the world abuses,
Because my pitiable lot
It is to furnish rhyming rot,
And then trade out the price for what
No mortal ever uses.

I have to tune my lyre and sing,
Of tooth-wash saponaceous,
The liver pad and mineral spring,
And plasters warranted to cure,
And medicines galore they bring.
To write on—Goodness gracious!

And when, with inspiration fired,
I walk the stars beneath,
It makes a poet rather tired,
To sit and write, as he's been hired,
A rhyme some dentist has desired,
And take it out in teeth!
—E. D. Pierson in the Journalist.

Wail of the Waste-Basket.
I'm sick of motonous diet,
I'm gorged with this vernal affluence,
This stuff with which rhymesters run riot
And fling it, fiercely fling it at us.
I've battered on stanzas and strophes
And all sorts of metrical frolics
From Saldies and Sammies and Sophies
Till I'm quite overcome with boo-colics.

I take it without any fussing—
This refuse of mush-breeding crania—
But gosh! there's intestinal cussing
Whenever I'm dosed with Whitmania.

And I'm telling you now, my quietus
Will come of this species of fustian,
T'will either bring on tympanitis
Or certain spontaneous combustion.
—Yonkers Gazette.

The Village Editor.
Under a hoary chestnut tree
The editor's sanctum stands,
The ed., a wondrous man is he
With large and grasping hands;
And the muscles of his purse's strings
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is black and lank and long,
His face is like a pin,
His brow is wet with eager sweat
As he scoops a new joke in,
For the old ones have graced his inky page
Till they're pale and worn and thin.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can read his aged pun;
You can hear him clipping some tottering tale
From the humorous New York Sun;
Like a wounded soldier who gasps for aid
When the battle is grimly done.

The poet-maids with poems armed
Look in at the open door,
And ask in a tone of passionate prayer,
Can they see the editor?
And when they see him they are so glad
They never saw him before.

Clipping, joking, and punning,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some tired pun,
Some joke at evening's close,
From the ice-cream girl to the plumber-man,
And the toper's ruddy nose.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And vainly seeks to find
A plot for some new paragraph
Of a slightly humorous kind.
When the plate is passed his purse-strings still
Are the "blessed ties that bind."

O, thanks to thee, respected friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus in perennial jokes and puns
Are fortunes to be wrought;
O, may you always radiate
Each funny, funny thought —Judge.

CCCCCLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday
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Potato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams. Cold-slaw.
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A new republic, called the Republic of Counani, between Brazil and French Guiana, has been declared.

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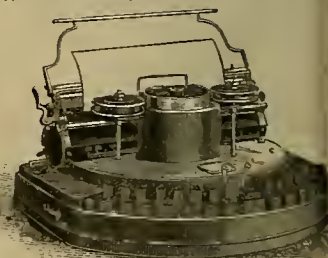
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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There is going on in Baltimore a very curious discussion between the Rev. Mr. Wharton, a Protestant clergyman, and the Rev. Mr. Currier, a Roman Catholic priest. These sermons and replies are printed at length in the Baltimore *American*, one of our oldest, ablest, and most influential journals. This discussion is only curious from the fact that

a Protestant clergyman is found hold enough to dare to assault the Church of Rome in the citadel of its stronghold in America. Baltimore is the fortress of American Catholicism, and it is here that the Church of Rome has appeared at its best upon the American continent, for it is in Baltimore and among Roman Catholics of high culture that its most repugnant and bigoted features have been repressed, and that the largest liberty possible has been granted to its worshipers. The Protestant Church of America has been playing the coward for half a century. Its clergymen have not exhibited the fearlessness which, in the cause to which they pretend to have devoted their lives, they have professed. Occasionally there steps forth a soldier, like Bishop Cox, of western New York, and this reverend divine of Baltimore, and here and there over the land some hold champion of the truth, some resolute, fearless, outspoken defender of the Protestant faith, who does not stand in awe of the Church of Rome or the Order of the Jesuits, and tells the truth. When these things happen, it is very rarely, indeed, that these men receive any recognition at the hands of the press, or that their utterances reach beyond the audience they address. The secular press is cowardly and silent, fearing the loss of advertisements; the political party press is cowardly and silent, fearing the loss of Catholic votes; the religious press is cowardly and silent, because it is a dependent starveling, without ability, independence, courage, or common sense. It is painful to pick up the ordinary religious journal and observe how utterly contemptible it is, how insignificant, how worthless. So, when we hear that some Protestant clergyman has awakened to a sense of duty which he has the courage to perform, and that so able and influential a journal as the Baltimore *American* has courage and independence to print it, it affords the *Argonaut* great pleasure to make extracts for publication, as we do now, from the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Wharton. We have not space for the entire sermon, but give enough to indicate the spirit and character of the controversy.

He opens by the declaration, "A faithful ministry is a great blessing; a false ministry is an awful curse." One of the greatest drawbacks to the American commonwealth is its cowardly and incompetent Protestant ministry, and the most serious curse and threatening danger is the aggressive, insolent, hold, and intelligent priesthood of the Church of Rome. Dr. Wharton says:

The Pope and the priests profess to be the representative of God. The Pope gets it from on high and hands it down to his underlings. The Papacy is an ecclesiastical circus. The Pope is the ringmaster, with the whip of imperial power in his hand—a curse on the end of it to make it sting. The cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, etc., are the trained animals. They walk or trot, kick or bite, run or stand still, according to the will of the ringmaster. They are not what they seem. They have been here a long time. The Papists claim that they are as old as the apostles. I reckon it is so. They were present when Christ was on earth. Paul spoke of them as "grievous wolves," and Peter and John warn us in their epistles to beware of them. Though they dress in humble apparel and seem so innocent, you had better keep out of their way. The Pope has set his hand on winning our fair land, and it will not take him long to get it, if he continues to advance, and the Protestants sit still until he hinds them hand and foot.

The Rev. Currier had put this enquiry to Doctor Wharton: "Can he prove to me that I can be saved outside the Catholic Church?" and to this enquiry the doctor makes answer:

Yes, sir; I can. The thief on the cross was saved outside of the Catholic Church, and I suppose any other malefactor could be saved the same way; for, "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

We are very much inclined to agree with Doctor Wharton when he says: "The world would have been far better off if the Romish Church had never been heard of," and we are not considering it from any other than its political side. What dogmas it teaches or what doctrines it holds, can make very little difference to the world; but what political position it assumes or influence it exerts, has decided the destiny of nations, and except it is met with fearless courage there is danger that it will destroy Republican government in the United States of America, for this is its aim and purpose. As a civil institution interfering in the political affairs of nations, no human organization has exerted so malign an influence, and no other human organization holds equal power to-day. For the first time on earth it has met its most formidable antagonist, the world's school system, which has in America acknowledged the equal rights of all men, the right to think, and speak, and write, in fearless freedom

and independence of ecclesiastical or hierarchical power. The tendency of the intelligent and civilized world is in this direction, and in whatever government the human intellect has attained its highest development and its greatest power, there the Papal Church has shrunk in palsied fear. In whatever land its power lingers longest, there ignorance prevails and superstition holds sway. In America the Papal Church has gained a foothold by reason of immigration from Roman Catholic countries, and because our institutions unfortunately concede to ignorance and superstition the right to vote. When the clergy and the press shall realize the danger, the Church of Rome will lose its political power and become the subject of fearless ridicule and contempt of all intelligent people. Doctor Wharton, illustrating the mercenary character of the Papistical machine, says:

They have stretched a toll-gate across the road every hundred yards, and a hungry priest puts out his hands for pay at every gate. The first gate is baptism, then confirmation, then confession, then extreme unction. You pay at every gate, or you don't go through, and when you pass all the gates and go out of sight at the end of the road, they tell your relatives that you have stopped over in purgatory, and they must pay well to get you out. The Romish Church is a beggar; it lives on alms. The priests are parasites; they subsist on the church, and the bishops and cardinals and popes are the lords who feast and fatten on the hard earnings of people whom they have deceived with their false doctrines. They advertise the mother church as the nourisher of her children, when in reality she is a pauper and lives on the alms of the people. She is all the time crying "Give, give!" but makes no return. Her indulgences and confessionals and purgatory prayers are only little tricks of the dear old mother to fill her pockets. She is like an old fortune-teller, who lives on the credulity and superstition of anybody whom she can deceive.

The doctor says most truly that the idea of personal liberty and right to enjoy freedom of conscience held by the Papal Church is to put Protestants in prison, cut their heads off, and burn them at the stake. There is a conscience that kisses the Pope's toe, accepts the idea of his infallibility, looks to him as the supreme power of earth in all matters civil and political as well as spiritual and ecclesiastical, and acknowledges him as the representative of God and supreme ruler of the earth. No man can be a good Romanist and a good Papist who shall deny that the vice-regent of God on earth, is clothed with full power to rule the earth in all matters. This is the Papal doctrine, not of Popes who are dead and centuries that are passed, but it was the utterance of Pius IX., and is the belief of Leo XIII. It is for this civil power that the church is putting forth its claims to-day in Rome, in Germany, in England, in France, and in America. It is involved in the politics that threatens to again embroil Germany and France in war, that is stirring rebellious Ireland to claim a parliament in Duhlin Green, and that is working intrigue to-day in American party politics and marshalling its hosts against the free school-houses of the world. "Rome," said Mr. Gladstone, when he was clothed in his right political mind, "requires a convert who joins her to forfeit his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another." When the controversy waxed warm between Prince Bismarck and the Ultramontane party, he said: "This Pope, this foreigner, this Italian, is more powerful in Germany than any one person, not excepting the king." It affords us very great pleasure to know that the encroachments of this Papal Church are beginning to stir the American people to a sense of their political danger. Ignorance and superstition are twin devils at work to undermine the foundations of our republican government; priestcraft and ambition are two elements of endless energy; but all the devils and all the energies of Rome become harmless toward the institutions of our country from the moment that the Protestant sentiment of the nation is aroused to a recognition of the impending danger and the necessity of averting it. General Grant had the sense to perceive this dangerous and subtle enemy, and had the courage to warn us against it. An occasional clergyman or editor, an occasional politician or statesman has had the courage to sound the alarm; every blow struck gives courage to the man behind; every danger passed is a warning of others lying beyond; and all that is necessary to arouse the country is some open attempt to give the administration over to a party which has not the courage to define its position in relation to the Catholic conspiracy of Rome. We think the nation stepped very near the brink of a great danger when the Republican party cast its vote for Mr. James G. Blaine for President of the United States. It seems as though it was a special

providence of God that wrenched victory from the hands of that great national party at the very hour of its supremest power, under the leadership of its bravest and most gifted chieftain. It was such a chapter of accidents that denied success to Blaine, so strange, so curious, so inexplicable that human wisdom may well content itself with thinking that God, who holds the destiny of the nation in his keeping, saved it from being sold out in an intrigue with this alien, and hostile, and anti-republican church. We became a believer in special providences during the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and we are not unwilling to think that we are still in keeping of a beneficent Providence who will never allow Mr. James G. Blaine to become again the candidate around which a presidential contest shall revolve, till he and his party friends have explained the relations which he, as a party candidate, held to the conspiracy which calls itself the Church of Rome. Mr. Blaine may again become the Republican candidate for the presidential office, but, if he does, it will fire the Protestant spirit of the American people to a resistance which shall sweep the country as with a cyclone. We know this may seem to be extravagant language, but we think we know there is a spirit abroad which will not stop to inquire of editors, or politicians, or timid statesmen whether it shall risk the presidential office with one who shall not dare to proclaim that in party matters he has, and has had, no intrigue with the subtle political Jesuitry that controls and directs the Church of Rome. The time is passing, we think we may say has passed, when cowardice shall so dominate the minds of the American people that they shall not have courage to demand of any presidential candidate his relations with the Roman Hierarchy. If this explanation is not asked of Mr. Blaine at the national nominating convention, we are quite confident it will be demanded of him and his party when he and it shall appeal again for the popular vote.

The *Bulletin* sees no good reasons for the existence of an American party, and declares there is nothing new in the principles put forth by it; that the conditions of immigration and naturalization can be dealt with by the existing political parties; and that there is no reason for the birth and existence of a distinctive American party. The gentleman on the *Bulletin* staff who thus whistles the American party down the wind, is an Irishman by birth, a Romanist by religion, and a citizen by adoption. He sees no propriety in entrusting the political management of America to Americans, but he is eloquent and earnest upon the proposition that Irishmen have the right of home rule in Ireland. When the Irish editors and politicians permit Americans to rule America without their interference we shall look with more indulgent favor upon home rule in Ireland, but we shall never consent to their ruling both countries, nor to the Pope's ruling the world. When the two great national parties, Democratic and Republican, embody in their platforms the declaration that only respectable foreigners shall be permitted to immigrate to America, and that none but residents shall be permitted to own real property; pledge themselves to the immediate and unconditional repeal of all naturalization laws; deny to any religious denomination the privilege of maintaining sectarian schools; and nominate for the presidential office only those having the courage to openly advocate these doctrines, we shall be prepared to admit that there is no pressing necessity for the organization of an American home rule party. Till that time we shall differ in opinion with the Irish Roman Catholic gentleman who is permitted, in the editorial columns of the *Evening Bulletin*, to express his un-American sentiments.

One of the most remarkable and most unbelievable things that may be said of our State is that, while some of its lands are sought for with ludicrous eagerness at ridiculously extravagant prices, there are vast areas of the most valuable land imaginable which are to be had at prices absurdly below their intrinsic value. And still more remarkable, and yet more unbelievable, is the fact that in this State, the womb of the sand-lot and of the political school of Henry George, the country which inspired the agrarian views of "Progress and Poverty," and from which arose the despairing wail of the Anti-Poverty party concerning the landlessness of the poor through the land monopoly of the rich, in this, our almost vacant State of California, there is choice, well-timbered, well-watered, and well-located land belonging to the Federal Government, and which that government is frantically endeavoring to get rid of by offering it for nothing to aliens who will merely promise to become American citizens in name, and without pretense of becoming such in fact, nor yet even in appearance. We are anxious not to deserve the charge of being guilty of over-praising any part of our State. We must fairly set forth the drawbacks of our vacant government land. We reverently believe that it was easily possible to the great Creator of this tremendous universe to so construct the land system of our little earth that occasional spots might be found upon it to entirely suit the tastes and wholly satisfy the demands of the average land-seeker. In this matter we go to the extreme of believing that the Great Architect had it serenely in His august power

to fit a piece of land to suit even the fastidious desires of that land-famishing, broken-English citizen who is compelled to do all his vehement gesticulating with his left hand alone because his right is charged with the constant, never-remitted responsibility of caressing a glass of beer. We firmly, trustingly, believe this; and yet we must candidly admit that for some inscrutable reason of His own He has chosen not to exactly suit anybody. In fact, we believe that if the truth were known, not even the Garden of Eden came up to the description of some real-estate circulars, and that very likely Eve suffered from malarial fever while Adam swore at the mosquitoes. Much of this government land is level, much of it is gently sloping, much of it is accessibly rolling, some of it is too steep for agriculture. Large areas of this vacant land is irrigable with water attainable, while other areas of it need no irrigation. Some of it is well timbered, some of it has natural springs, some of it is near promising towns, and all of it has value. And yet, there are drawbacks. None of it is on Market Street; none of it is traversed by cable cars; none of it is in the vicinity of beer-cellars; none of it is fenced or improved in any manner. To reach it requires from eight to twelve hours' travel by rail to some interior town, and from two to six hours' travel by wagon on same radius from that town. Neighbors may be distant, the solitude may be disagreeable, water and fuel may prove to be less accessible than was hoped, roads may be wanting, rabbits may be too numerous and predatory, certain insects may have there their special habitat, and even the deserving farmer may sometimes suffer defeat through no fault of his own but entirely by reason of vicissitudes peculiar to his region. There is a certain inborn desire to own land which seems to be natural to the average healthy mind. With this natural and laudable desire we have only an incidental relation in this article on the sensible side of the land craze. We address ourselves only to those of our people of moderate means who are considering the matter of investing in land under the incitement of what we call a land craze. We say to these that it is a good thing to invest moderately in land at this time, provided the land be bought only on account of its intrinsic value and the price paid for it be fully within that value. We have no desire to underrate the real value of town property, but we think that the safest criterion by which to establish the intrinsic value of land, is that which determines its ability to support a family on a given number of acres by enlightened agriculture; and therefore, we consider acre property as a more secure investment than town property. But it must be noted that a wholly new element has recently entered into the determination of land values. A class of people has sprung into existence within the last generation which was formerly represented in civilization by only a very few eccentric individuals. Forty years ago, the well-fixed man who was satisfied with his financial condition, had no desire to continue to accumulate wealth, and cared only to live in comfort and rational repose, was seldom heard of. Today he is so numerous as to constitute a large class, which, happily, is increasing. Through the sheer force of climatic merit, this large, highly intelligent, most respectable, and every way desirable class is attracted to our State; first to our southern counties, next to our interior and central counties, and thence to be distributed to the most northerly and remote corners of our State. A few days ago two of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the coast, one of Nevada, the other of California, were discussing the probabilities involved in the stability of the advanced prices of land in the southern counties. The conclusion arrived at was that population is as safe a criterion to determine the money value of land as intrinsic value; or, in other words, that the cause—in our case the climate—which attracts population is an element of intrinsic value. This would seem to be a self-evident proposition, but the argument was justified by the ridicule which our supposed sale of climate so frequently incites. We address ourselves at this time to American citizens, men and women, of moderate means, who under the stirring incitement of the present land-gamble, are considering where to invest their little accumulations. We say to these that they can do better than to invest in the paper lots of contemplated towns, or in the remote staked-off lots of existing towns, or in the imaginary blocks of towns incubated under the frenzied heat of wild speculation. We purpose setting forth in this and in future articles the most practical results of our travels over and incidental land studies in our most wonderful State. This is a time of transition in land value in California. What may become of the undoubtedly inflated prices of town lots we know very little and care not at all. We have faith in the future prospects of all the well-established cities, towns, and villages of our State. We distrust the stability of all the new towns which are being born under the excitement of speculation. We think that every sensible man and woman should see that while it is still possible to obtain land, twenty acres of which will, with intelligent cultivation, support a moderate family in comfort—we feel like saying in affluence—at less than ten dollars per acre, it is financially criminal to allow the opportunity to pass, as it will soon pass forever. Land is to be had to-day at less than ten dollars per acre

which, years hence, will readily sell for hundreds per acre. And better yet: land is to be obtained now of the government at two dollars and a half, one dollar and a quarter, and at nothing per acre, which has a present natural intrinsic value of a hundred dollars and an undeveloped intrinsic value of several hundred dollars per acre. We know of government land which any citizen may acquire as a free gift under the Homestead Law, and which, in quality of soil accessibility, climate, natural resources, and future prospects is fully equal in value to lands now sought with avidity in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties at from one to two thousand dollars per acre. We mean to describe these lands and locate them so plainly that any of our readers may find them easily. We should feel a far greater and far higher pleasure in this task if we had reason to believe that we were being instrumental in directing *bona fide* settlers to prosperous and happy homes, if these articles on the absorbing topic of the day would be likely to result in transferring intelligent families from the rent-paying, corner grocery-dependent, water-taxed, cramped city residence, with all its constrictions of natural desires and its feverish anxieties; and in establishing them on broad, rich acres with free rent, free water, uncontaminated air; with abundance of pure milk, young eggs, new vegetables, ripe fruit; with the satisfaction of all the natural and pious desires, such as hunting, fishing, swimming, and stealing apples; with the delightful luxury of buggy-riding without hiring a livery-team; and with general freedom from city cares, anxieties, and deprivations. Alas! that we may not feel the exhilaration of doing so good a work. We feel that we are merely pandering to the fashionable craze of the day. We may merely claim that we are endeavoring to direct the unwholesome gambling spirit of the hour into the less hurtful channel of secure land investment.

From what we can glean from the irrelevant and contradictory dispatches of our daily press, France is again upon the eve of turmoil. Whenever the Count of Paris, or any other representative of royalism or imperialism, comes forward, in a card, with good advice to the young republic, it is safe to say that the times are getting ripe for some innovation or other, and that there is, at any rate, a chance of reviving some lost political cause, or there would be no occasion for all this meddlesome and officious proffer of the kindest regards to the bewildered and struggling recipient. If France could only repress that turbulent spirit which has characterized the Celt in every age and every clime, there can be no question but that the successes which that spirit can achieve, as the past has proved, in science, art, and most of the noble virtues of humanity, would persist undiminished and undimmed. But this senseless desire for military glory—the last relic of mediæval barbarism—is too strong for the sound practical sense and thrift which have made, in the commune, the departments, and in the domestic circle, a France which the world honors and admires. There are too many selfish ambitions affront upon that vexed political sea, to permit of much hope that the said ruling desire for military glory will be laid without another struggle to prove to the world that the France of to-day, in a military sense, is the France of the past. But it is one thing to point to a devastated Europe before the eagles of a conquering Napoleon, and another to remember that the days of poor muskets and slow-marching through the fields of a frightened peasantry have given place to weapons whose precision and rapidity of action is a certainty, and to railroads which convey army corps and battalions with all the paraphernalia of battle to any scene of conflict in a very few hours. Wars are settled in these days in short order; and we begin to believe that the heavy expense on tax-payers at home and the loss of life of bread-winners at home, drafted to the field at the beck and call of some irresponsible and ambitious nonentity, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, will presently find its terminus in the growing disfavor with which it is regarded. It is high time that the Boulangers and Ferrons of the period should wake up to the fact that the world looks with distaste upon any pandering to personal ambition by the embroilment of a sensible and thrifty nation in needless war by an appeal to the base passion of revenge. It should be remembered that the treaty at the close of the late Franco-German war, which ended with such apparently disastrous but really beneficial results to France—the treaty of Paris—was but a fit parallel to that other treaty, more than three-quarters of a century ago, at Berlin, after the battle of Tilsit; and that the French have nothing to complain of, in an equitable point of view, and nothing to deplore, in a military point of view, in this little amatory squabble between neighboring and, were it not for their advisers, friendly nations, and this little international game of tit for tat. But, for dark and unseen purposes, France is now being schooled up to the idea of revenge. This young republic is to be strangled, almost in its swaddling clothes, while it is stumbling and grappling for a prop, with the stern, black-bearded kings, as they did at the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, waiting to see it die. We trust, however, that the common sense and honest patriotism of the majority of the gentlemen who are concerned in the government of France

ill not let the comparatively worthless desire for military glory, and the utterly ignoble one of revenge for its own sake, run away with sober judgment and the prosperity of a physically strong, but morally weak, nation. His mobilization of an army corps the other day was undoubtedly the outcome of some selfish political purpose. It

more than probable that the corps chosen for the demonstration was chosen for effect, and that its strong roster could not be well paralleled in any other of the rondissements, departments, and districts from which the several corps are drawn. It is needless to comment upon the action of would-be political leaders, professed demagogues, and actual paper generals upon this move. It is needless to point out that Boulanger, the whilom idol of the Parisian mob, is merely a brevet-general, and that his military prestige is based upon the simple colonelcy of a regiment and his soldier-like bearing upon horseback upon a boulevard before Parisian *gamins* and ladies. The stars and orders which he wears upon his breast were put there for blarney and not for brains; and it is a mistaken sort of glory for a nation to be confident that a marshal can handle a baton simply because, as a colonel, he handled the sword. Still, this is the sort of stuff out of which the aspirations of the people that have made the Louvre the centre of an ideal in statuary and painting, and whose peasantry paid about a pang the indemnity which Germany exacted after the last war, are made. To put them under this other tribute which is morally sure to be collected after the forthcoming war, may be hard, but it may, at least, settle this vexed European matter for another generation.

We are glad to know that Northern California is likely to escape a real estate boom. Nothing can be more injurious to a city like San Francisco and the prosperous towns, villages, and farming communities that surround it. This portion of our State is in a most healthy condition. There is a steady immigration of desirable people coming to it, and all branches of industry indicate healthful development and steady progress. Hence it is that we express pleasure at the pimples and blotches which have broken out at San José, Oakland, San Rafael, Santa Rosa, and some of the neighboring localities, are simple pustules indicating the lumberer's itch rather than eruptions of a deeper and more serious epidemic. We regard the fever as abating, and we are glad it has done so little harm. Gambling and speculation in real estate property do not strengthen the real estate market. They excite and disturb it for awhile and furnish profits to the knaves and gamblers who combine to give fictitious values by fraudulent transactions; they enable some people to unload and some to make money, but when a reaction which is sure to follow does come, land values decline beyond the point of their intrinsic worth, and sometimes years pass before the market is restored to its normal condition. The boom in Southern California is from Eastern immigrants with Eastern money, and, confined within rational bounds, may be a beneficial and natural movement. New money in the hands of new men is one sort of boom, and does not resemble the movement which speculative capitalists, real-estate auctioneers, and newspaper proprietors are endeavoring to inaugurate in San Francisco and the towns about our bay. We are glad to observe that in the lesser valleys, and in the two great valleys of Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and in the lands of our coast, and along the terminal belt of the Sierras, a very large amount of land is hanging hands at low prices. Lands are being purchased by farmers from the East for actual cultivation and new homes. These lands are so broad that there is no danger of any speculative excitement concerning them, for they will not be sold, or greatly advance in general values for a long time. It should be the duty of every good citizen to discourage such booms. Every owner of a substantial real property should look upon the pop-eyed land-booming gambler who deals in options and contracts, as an evil nuisance that ought to be abated.

We learn that some two hundred invitations were issued to witness the execution of Kernaghan, who was swung off to the presence of his Maker, as the saying is, yesterday. While it must be conceded that it is difficult to provide any other means of convening an assembly sufficiently respectable to be entitled to witness such a moral rare-show as the hanging of a human being, it will probably be admitted, even by the favored participants in the spectacle themselves, that the invitations, as a rule, are not issued to the class of the community to which they might be reasonably presumed to do the most good. If this thing of hanging must be made a spectacle of, we would humbly suggest that the gilded, black-bordered, and melancholy missives which give the entrée to the affair, be issued to a select company of strangers from the Barbary Coast and hoodlums from Tarlat, on whom the frightful example before them might presumably be supposed to exercise much benefit. As regards this judicial sacrifice itself, some people may see a grim irony in the fact that, of all our pampered murderers, the one who did the act for which he has just been called to such summary account, did so in the heat of passion and under

extremest provocation; whereas the cold-blooded perpetrators of inhuman deeds in adjoining and adjacent cells will have their breakfasts sent in to them from first-class restaurants for some time to come, and perhaps may yet cheat the gallows through money or the Supreme Court.

The appointment of Columbus Bartlett as Regent of the University of California was a most graceful act on the part of Governor Waterman. It was most fitting that his first official act should recognize the brother of his predecessor, whose place he had been called upon to fill by death, the more appropriate, because Mr. Columbus Bartlett is entirely competent and thoroughly equipped to well discharge the duty of Regent of the University of California.

A FOREIGNER ON IMMIGRANTS.

Considerable experience and observation, during a residence of eighteen years in the United States, have convinced me (writes H. H. Boyesen in the *Forum*) that this problem of immigration has recently assumed a much more serious phase than the public or its representatives in Congress are yet aware. So long as the immigrants greatly improved their condition by crossing the Atlantic, they felt kindly toward the country of their adoption, and became, as a rule, good American citizens. Especially was this the case with Germans and Scandinavians, to whom my observation has been chiefly confined. Their children were proud of their American birth, often Anglicized their names, and felt no particular attachment for the fatherland beyond the sea. But during the last five or six years a change has come over the spirit of the immigrant. He now finds the struggle for existence here no less severe than it was in the old country. Until the so-called indemnity belt was opened to settlers by President Cleveland's decision in the Guilford-Miller case, good homestead land was difficult to obtain in the northwestern States, except in localities too remote from railroads to make cultivation profitable. Great corporations and land companies have, by fair means or foul, gained possession of enormous tracts, which they sell in homestead lots to the settlers, at big prices, securing their interest by mortgages. The man with two strong arms and two empty pockets has not, during recent times, been able to gain an independence in half a dozen years by frugality and toil. He has been obliged to hire himself out as a farm hand, just as he did in the old country; and though he has earned better wages, he has also been required to work much harder, and his expenditures for all necessities of life have been greatly in excess of what he has been accustomed to.

The consequence has been that instead of feeling under obligation to his adopted country he has had a sense of bitterness and disappointment. Among the many with whom I have talked, of recent years, the sentiment was not uncommon that if a man worked as hard in Norway and Sweden as he is obliged to in the United States, he would be quite as well off, and have a very much more agreeable life than he ever could hope for here, where he must always feel himself a stranger. The buoyant and sanguine spirit which was so noticeable among the same class of people ten or fifteen years ago is now rarely to be met with, and the enthusiasm for American institutions which impressed me so deeply in the West during the first years of my sojourn there, I have never found among immigrants of recent years. A sullen indifference in regard to all political questions which have not a direct relation to their pockets seems to characterize them. "America is all humbug," I have heard them say. "The poor man has no better chance here than he has in the old country. The government is for the benefit of the rich man. Everything is for sale here. You can become a governor, a congressman, a senator—anything you like—if you have enough money to buy a nomination. What is the good of calling that sort of thing democracy and pretending it is for the good of the poor man? I tell you everything here is humbug." The feeling of disappointment and a more or less pronounced hostility toward the country which they held responsible for their misfortune, were well-nigh universal.

Now, it is obvious that people who are animated by this spirit will not very soon become Americans; and, as a matter of fact, there are indications that the native population no longer absorbs and assimilates the immigrant with the same rapidity of ease as it did formerly. There were, according to the census of 1880, six million six hundred and seventy-seven thousand three hundred and sixty aliens in the United States, and the present number is something over eight millions. About one-seventh of the population, or about fifteen and a half per cent., are, accordingly, of alien birth, and more are pouring in at the rate of about half a million a year.

It would, indeed, be wonderful if these heterogeneous hordes, from all the corners of the earth, could, without disturbance, be absorbed and assimilated into the body politic. If they were distributed evenly among the native population and thus brought into contact with American ideas and sentiment, there is a possibility that they might, in the course of a generation, be educated into tolerable sympathy with, and comprehension of, republican institutions. But the tendency among immigrants now is to form communities by themselves, to keep up their own language, traditions, and customs, and to regard the natives with ill-will and suspicion. The Germans have their own churches, clubs, and associations, and take no pains, when among themselves, to disguise their sense of national superiority to the people whose hospitality they are enjoying. In the Western States they are even bold enough to avow this sentiment (as they constantly do, directly or by implication, in their newspapers), and, instead of desiring to become Americanized, they rather aspire to Germanize, in part, the country of their adoption. It is not many years since a scheme was broached to establish, in some Western city, a great German university, which (according to the poet Bodenstedt) was to serve as a powerful Germanizing centre of culture, and rescue the German-Americans from the danger of becoming absorbed in the native civilization. In Chicago, they demanded, some years ago, to have their chil-

dren taught in the German language in the public schools; and on many other occasions they have put forth claims to recognition as a distinct nationality. The Scandinavians, too, congregate, as far as possible, in communities of their own, and associate chiefly with each other. They can scarcely be blamed for doing this, for Americans, as a rule, make no social advances toward the immigrants; and if these did not associate with each other they would be cut off from all social pleasures. It is, however, a matter of regret that they call over bigoted Lutheran pastors from Norway, who exert all their influence in keeping the nationality distinct and preserving it from American contamination. They wage a relentless war against the public schools, which they feel to be their most dangerous enemy, and endeavor to establish in their places parochial schools, which are intended to keep the second generation as purblind, bigoted, and un-American as the first. Happily, they are succeeding only to a limited extent; and the public schools, with all their drawbacks, the most powerful agencies for assimilating the alien elements in the population—are gradually educating the children of Scandinavian immigrants to good American citizenship. The clergy fight a desperate battle, in the name of Christ and religion and patriotism, against the sectarianism, infidelity, money-worship, and political iniquity which they regard as synonymous with the American name. But self-interest soon teaches the rising generation that only by learning the language of the country, mingling in its political life, and competing with the natives in industrial enterprise can they hope to improve their lot and gain the wealth and position which they covet. President Cleveland has, in appointing their fellow-countryman, Professor R. B. Anderson, as minister to Denmark, given them an object-lesson which is baving its effect. One Norseman, Hon. Knute Nelson, is a member of Congress from the fifth Minnesota district, and next Congress will also have a Norse member (Hon. Nels. Haugen) from Wisconsin. The stimulating effect upon the growing Norse-American youth of such examples can scarcely be overestimated; and, as a matter of fact, in the rural districts of the West, whither the Scandinavian population naturally tend, the process of Americanization is, in spite of all adverse influences, going forward rapidly enough. It is in the cities that the dangerous class of immigrants are congregating; and if we allow, without any attempt at restriction or regulation, this accumulation of inflammable material to continue, we shall have no right to be shocked or surprised when the inevitable conflagration shall occur.

That the American people is a long-suffering people is always the reply of the gentlemen with whom I have discussed this question; but if once it is aroused, it will, with one fell blow, sweep these foreign mischief-makers from the face of the earth. That is not at all unlikely; but would it not be wiser, on the part of the American people, to prevent the foreign mischief-makers from arriving than to kill them after their arrival? They may become a formidable foe in the course of time; and it will cost both blood and treasure to exterminate them, if they can be exterminated. A resort to brute force is, however, a dangerous thing in a democratic state. It may imperil the very institutions which it is invoked to protect. For the sentiments aroused by an acute crisis of that sort, which would demand short and brutal measures, would check our progress toward a complete civic liberty and retard the development of our industrial civilization. It is, therefore, the part of prudence and humanity to deal with the problem while it is yet capable of a peaceful solution.

In Liverpool, London, and other English ports, the elevators in the big warehouses are operated almost exclusively by compressed air, which, when exhausted into various rooms of the buildings, serves to ventilate and purify them. Another advantage claimed for compressed air is its great elasticity; the elevators run more smoothly, and start and stop less abruptly, and are less liable to breakage when a quick stop is made than when water is used. The English now propose to furnish from central stations, compressed air, not only to all the elevators in some of the big cities, but also to all the users of small steam engines, who are expected to take it just as some owners of steam engines take steam from the pipes of a steam-heating company instead of using their own boilers. In Birmingham a company has been formed, and proposes to supply compressed air to these engines at a little over sixty dollars a year per horsepower, while the cost per horsepower, where a firm runs its own boiler, is about eighty-five dollars a year. Since the use of compressed air does away with the smoke and dirt of coal and ashes, and saves the room occupied by coal-bins and boilers, and, what is of equal importance in the close, dark shops of crowded districts, furnishes a ready means of ventilation. It is expected that there will be little difficulty in securing enough purchasers to make the scheme a success.

There is a firm in Philadelphia which paints pictures by the yard. The work is simple. A piece of canvas nearly one hundred feet long is stretched in a gallery shaped like a corridor. On each picture, which, by the way, costs four dollars and a half, five men were employed. Each man had his particular line. One put in the foreground, another the background, and still another did the clouds and the cows that you see browsing in the pasture. A fourth man did the trees and shrubbery. In this way they were enabled to work fast. In exactly three hours, five of those landscapes were finished, which is thirty-six minutes' time given to each. The fifth man did the finishing touches, and perhaps performed more and better work than any of the others.

The King of Italy has a taste for precious stones that once seemed likely to develop into monomania; he used to carry handfuls of them in his pockets, and offered them on occasion, as old gentlemen used to offer a pinch of snuff. The crown-jewels of Italy were always splendid. Victor Emanuel added largely to them, and Humbert has increased them with some marvelous gems. The famous Savoy necklace of pearls, which Queen Margherita loves to wear, consists of row upon row of magnificent pearls, which go round the neck and hang down over the corsage. The value of the necklace is considerably over half a million of dollars.

THE POTTER'S SECRET.

Toward the middle of the third century, the city of Liusannum in Arvernie had not the calm and modest aspect of Lezoux, the little town which is the chief place of the canton of Auvergne, located upon the same site. Liusannum was a vast industrial town, an important centre, where the manufacture of pottery occupied a multitude of workmen and enriched numerous families, proud to sign their names to the works issuing from their establishments.

Since the Roman occupation, many veritable artists in designing, coming from all countries, had established themselves about the old Gallic potteries in this region, where the finest ceramic earth was found in abundance. A great number came from Rome and the other cities of the peninsula; many were from Greece, Illyria, Phœnicia, and even from Judea. Their names, preserved upon the fragments of their vases, clearly indicate their origin. Ellenus, Asiaticus, Particus, Acircis, Uxopillus, Borillus, and a hundred others vied in imagination to create these decorative subjects, these wreaths and ornaments which stand in relief upon the graceful vases, whose beautiful pink glazing has resisted alike the action of humidity and of time.

Liusannum then, about the year 260 of our era, presented a very noteworthy aspect. Its cosmopolitan population offered to the view a strange mixture of all sorts of costumes. All dialects, all accents, all races mingled upon the public squares, in the shadow of the temples, and under their porticoes, though the Latio element was dominant. Through their alliances with the principal Gallic families, the conquerors had succeeded, little by little, in spreading their customs and their beliefs.

Some rare children of the soil, pure from all contact with Rome, full of hatred for the invader, nursing still in their hearts a vague hope of enfranchisement, remained faithful to the creed and the manner of their ancestors. Among these were distinguished, from father to son, the descendants of the Archdruid Diorix, the same who encouraged the son of Celtill to resist Cæsar. This numerous family, thanks to its pride, its virtues, and, perhaps, to its wealth, had finally achieved the respect of the conquerors themselves; and, notwithstanding their declared attitude against the Roman influence and their refusal of the highest dignities, the prætors of Augusto-Nemetum had always protected them against the zeal of their lieutenants. "One must know how to wait," said one of these able administrators; "time and persuasion will finally conquer their resistance." In effect, time had considerably diminished the number of representatives of this opulent family. Since the time when the brothers and nephews of the archdruid fell in combat near Vercingetorix, its sons had fought courageously against the pro-consuls of Rome, but, little by little, their anger had calmed as their hope vanished, and for a long time they had contented themselves with the direction of the most celebrated pottery of Liusannum, wherein they produced, with the aid of true artists, works which were known and sought for throughout the empire.

The products of their immense establishment were distinguished by the purity and harmony of their lines, by the elegance of quiet designs wherein the human figure was rarely represented, and, above all, by a rose-colored or greenish glaze of a vitreous and brilliant lustre, the secret of which they alone possessed.

The Gallo-Roman, Phœnician, and Greek potters, their rivals, also made, with rare talent, the same utensils, with glazing uniformly pink, unalterable, decorated with various subjects inspired by the Grecian mythology; but they could not equal the finish, the transparency, the lustre of the works signed "Diorix," because, in spite of all their efforts, they had been unable to discover the secret of the incomparable glazing. This secret was revealed to the eldest son of the family, who made the mixtures himself, and who, through a spirit of patriotism rather than through interest, guarded it sacredly in spite of the most tempting offers.

The father of the last of the Diorix had said to him on his death-bed: "I leave you the secret of our fathers engraved upon these tablets. Preserve it preciously. It is the only means remaining to us of resisting our conquerors. You are very young, but you will remember the prediction of our ancestor, the archdruid, who said: 'When the stranger knows our secret, destruction, ruin, and annihilation will hang over our heads.'"

So Xohert, at eighteen years of age, after having heard the last wishes of his father and having sworn to him to respect them, remained the sole heir of the immense riches and sole possessor of the secret of his family.

It was a fine evening toward the end of the summer. Upon the summit of a hillock in the neighborhood of Liusannum, near the verge of a superb forest, a young man and a young girl were seated. The young man, with his long yellow hair, his blue eyes, and fresh complexion, was a perfect type of those fierce Gauls who, in olden times, had made Greece and Rome tremble. The *saugum* of rich stuff, the collar from which hung a large carbuncle, the bracelets of fine gold, all his costume proved him a rich and powerful Arverne. The young girl was beautiful, with her white robe falling in straight, narrow folds, covered with the stole of the same color. Brunette without color, her black hair, fastened with a pink coral pin, marvelously finished her perfect profile. She was certainly one of the prettiest girls of the Roman colony.

Watching the two seated on a bank of moss in the trembling shadow of the foliage, it was apparent that one sentiment animated this loving couple. They gazed long and silently into each other's eyes; then their looks wandered over the vast panorama which unrolled itself at their feet, between the gigantic oaks and great white beeches whose branches interlaced above their heads. Before them, not far from the forest, the outlying potteries showed their red roofs scattered over the plain. Then the city, with its pediments, colonnades, and temples, formed an imposing mass, and the sound of its hustle, abated toward evening, faintly reached the hillock. Beyond stretched the immense plain, covered with trees from among which emerged, here and there, hillocks crowned with grand monuments. In the distance, Augusto-Nemetum, eight Roman miles away, was hardly visible through the mist; but above, the undulating line of

the mountains, clear and intensely blue, bordered the horizon and stood boldly out against the sky, inflamed by the fires of the declining sun. In the centre, upon the highest cone, a slight prominence indicated the place of the celebrated Temple of Mercury Dumiat, and, at one side, a shining point revealed the presence of the gigantic statue, the marvelous work of Zenodurus.

This oft-contemplated spectacle appeared to absorb the attention of the two silent lovers. The young Arverne was Xohert, last scion of the Diorix. The young girl was named Lydia. Her father, Balhuo, who came from Rome in early youth, was one of the wealthiest potters of Liusannum. His sumptuous house was adjacent to the establishment of Diorix, but no intimacy, no tie had ever united the two families. Had Xohert, then, since the death of his father, forgotten the proud dignity of his ancestors? How could he humble himself before one of the abhorred race of the conquerors?

When Xohert first found himself alone at the head of his flourishing industry, Lydia, almost a child, had not yet attracted his notice, but in less than a year the child was transformed into a woman, and her sovereign beauty expanded suddenly. Xohert occasionally saw her, and became madly enamored of her. Long did he struggle against a passion which in his eyes was criminal, long did he reflect upon the example of his ancestors, which was the rule for his conduct, but he was conquered by Lydia's grace, charm, and beauty.

One day, finding her alone, he tremblingly told his love, and she fled from him. But, shortly afterward, either the young girl felt the same attraction toward him, or, perhaps, her father foresaw in a possible union a way of enlarging his fortune and influence, and, above all, a means of finally obtaining a knowledge of the envied secret of Diorix, for she no longer took fright at the tender and passionate words of Xohert. She listened; she responded; and often they found themselves alone under the protecting shades of the forest where our tale has found them, lost in the splendors of the horizon emblazoned by the sun.

All at once Xohert left his contemplation, and, turning to Lydia, took her hand, and said:

"It is now more than a year that I have loved you. It is long since you told me that your heart belonged to me, yet my mouth has not touched your candid brow, my lips have not even grazed the hem of your virginal robe. O, Lydia! is your father inexorable? When shall I see the thrice happy day of our betrothal?"

Lydia, without withdrawing her hand, replied: "When I revealed to my father my sentiments toward you, he became violently angry. He supplicated me to have no faith in the promises of one of the most ardent enemies of our race. Seeing me grieved and disconsolate, he was troubled by my tears and my silence, because I am more dear to him than my brothers and sisters. I seized the moment to combat his prejudice against you. For some time now he has seemed to be on the point of yielding to my prayers. Only yesterday, he admitted to me that he would be willing to have you enter his family if he could be convinced of your disinterestedness. 'Are you certain,' said he, 'of the loyalty of this silver-tongued young Gaul, of this proud Arverne whose ancestors have always disdained our race, and who keeps for himself alone a secret useful to all? When he shall have given some conclusive proof of his love, then, and then only will I gladly open to him the doors of my dwelling.'"

"But what proof of my love can I give? If any danger menaces you, I will joyfully confront death itself."

"May it please the gods that destiny shall never give you the occasion to thus prove your courage."

"I see well, Lydia, that your father will never consent to our union. He invents at pleasure obstacles to retard our happiness, counting upon time to rid him of me. Let us fly together. Let us go and live alone together in the vast forests; there we shall be happy and free."

"Never; never! My father would die of despair."

And, remembering that Balhuo had intimated to her that he would consent to her marriage if the son of Diorix would confide his secret to her, she added:

"Listen, Xohert; I have perhaps found the means of overcoming his resistance. All your rivals are jealous of the products of your manufactory. My father has often expressed before me his envy of your secret. If you love me, ought I not to know all your thoughts? Reveal to me this impenetrable secret. I can then say to my father: 'I love him, and I have reason to love him, for he has given me a convincing proof of his love.'"

Xohert's face grew dark. A slight doubt traversed his mind. But Lydia stood before him so earnest, her face expressed so much loyalty and frankness, that he promptly rejected all suspicion. And then, he knew that she was ignorant of his oath and the sinister prediction. But, trembling at the recollection of the last words of Diorix, he replied:

"Demand of me all that I possess, my wealth, my goods, my very blood, but do not ask me to reveal this secret."

"You do not love me then above everything? You will not make your wife the confidant of all your thoughts?"

"Lydia, I love you more than all the world, but you ask of me precisely the one thing that I cannot confide to you."

"So, you refuse me the sole means of placating my father. You will not respond to my request?"

"Alas! I cannot—" and the young Arverne hung his head in sadness.

"You do not love me; you have never loved me," murmured Lydia, who could not comprehend this refusal; and great tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, rising suddenly—"Since it is so, it is better that we should separate. Good-bye, good-bye forever!"—and, flying through the trees, she disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

In acting thus, the young girl was sincere. Deeply in love, she could not comprehend the obstinate resistance of Xohert. She was hurt; she suffered profoundly, for she well knew that Balhuo would never consent to their union unless some great inducement were offered him.

Xohert stood for a moment as if deprived of his senses. Soon, however, lifting his head and finding himself alone, he comprehended all the violence of his love. Instantly he precipitated himself upon the path of the young girl, calling to her in a heart-rending voice: "Lydia! Lydia!" As he came within sight of her she slackened her pace, and, running to her, he folded her in his arms.

"Do you know what you ask of me, Lydia? You would make me break a solemn oath. I swore to my dying father never to betray to any one the secret of our art. This secret is written upon ivory tablets which I carry in my bosom so that, while I live, no one may set eyes upon them."

"I was ignorant of that," said Lydia, trembling.

"You are also ignorant that my ancestor has predicted our ruin and our annihilation if these tablets should fall in the hands of our rivals. Would you then conspire against my life and my happiness?"

"Heaven is my witness," replied Lydia, "that all that was unknown to me. Guard well your secret, since its betrayal would lead to your ruin. We will seek some other means of persuading my father, for I will not be the cause of we to you. I should die of despair if, through my fault, a single hair fell from your head." And she fixed upon him her eye brimming with tears.

Xohert had never seen her so beautiful, never was his passion so uncontrollable. He forgot everything, and said: "Sooner than lose you, adorable child, I would satisfy a your caprices, were the thunder of Tarann to fall on my head. I have entire confidence in you. Will you not soothe my wife? Ought you not to read my soul like myself? Take then these tablets whereon is written the secret of the Diorix. I know that in your hands they will be as safe as in my own."

"No, I can not have you perjure yourself, not even to prove to me your love."

"Is it to be perjured, to have with one's wife but one thought, one sentiment?"

"I supplicate you, keep these tablets sacred."

"No, take them. Our happiness exacts it."

And, placing them in Lydia's hands, he turned swiftly and strode away. The girl called him in vain. Then she ran after him, but he had disappeared in the shadow of the night which commenced to veil the hills of Liusannum.

A month has hardly passed, and all is ready in the mansion of Balhuo for the celebration of the betrothal of the daughter of the potter and the last of the Diorix.

In effect, Lydia was quickly reassured in seeing that no obstacle could further retard her happiness. She hastened to announce her victory to her father. She showed him the precious tablets, but refused to allow him to touch them, because, as she laughingly said, they were the property of her husband. Balhuo did not insist, telling himself that from the moment that his daughter had the tablets of the Diorix in her hands the secret could not long remain unknown.

On his side, Xohert, dominated by his love, had easily stifled his remorse. Welcomed as a son by his rich neighbor, solitude no longer saddened his life. He had found in the house of Balhuo a new family. Happy, he said that his race had given emperors to the Roman world and there were no longer oppressors nor oppressed.

The day has come for the betrothal banquet. The factory of Balhuo holds festival. The workmen and the slaves have quitted the shops and the furnaces. Assembled in the vast courts beneath the venerable oaks, some drink the wine of the country, others sing and dance upon the green.

In the spacious hall, with its marble walls and mosaic pavement, a circular table is surrounded by the companions of Balhuo. Most of them wear the toga of white wool bordered with purple; others are covered with the Greek pallium embroidered with gold. Some Arvernes still preserve their national costume. Among them Xohert is distinguished by the brilliancy of his garments and the richness of his bracelets and collars. The women wear the peplum or the stole, secured at the shoulder by clasps of gold. Among them Lydia is remarkable for the simplicity of her robe of woven wool, fastened at one shoulder by a simple clasp, after the manner of the Gauls. The delicate attention has not escaped Xohert's notice.

The table is pompously served. The meats smoke in silver dishes, by the side of rose-hued vases ornamented with figures, containing multicolored apples and ruddy bunches of grapes. The flagons of iridescent glass, the amphoras filled with Falernian and Massique sparkle near the two-handled howls which contain the fermented liquors. The autumn sun flashes across this mass of vessels, of precious vases, lingers about the colonnades of pink marble, and throws a ray upon the smiling mouth of the bronze mercury upright upon a tripod of gold.

Meanwhile, the father of the family to do honor to his future son-in-law, filled, following the custom of the Gauls, a large cup with wine of Sétia, put it to his lips, and passed it to his neighbor, saying: "May this beverage preserve your health." The cup circulated from hand to hand around the table, and the feast soon was at its height.

A slight uneasiness at times, however, moderated the hilarious joy of the revellers. It was when they spoke of the rapid march of the men of the North, who had invaded Gaul under command of Chrock, their king. The last couriers had reported them as moving toward Lyons. Might they not then invade the country of the Bituriges, and even venture as far as Arvernie? But it was thought probable that they would descend towards the south by the country of the Allobroges. This last opinion, more reassuring, obtained general assent, and the repast went on joyously.

As the feast was about to terminate, Lydia, pale with emotion, approached Xohert, a cup in her hand. She presented it to him, saying: "You are my husband and my master, and I am your faithful servant." The young Arverne took the cup, half emptied it, and returned it to Lydia. The girl carried it to her lips, but she trembled so that she let it fall, and the cup with its beautiful rose glaze was broken upon the mosaic pavement. Many of the guests considered this incident as of evil omen, but the emotion passed off and the feast was ended to the sound of the tibia and the Phrygian flute.

Xohert and Lydia were betrothed according to the rites and customs of Arvernie. Their marriage was to be celebrated a few days later, following the prescriptions of the Roman law.

The day following this joyous feast, the two lovers walked together in the neighboring forest. They exchanged soft words and tender looks, and formed a thousand projects.

Meanwhile, the watchers, signaling from hill to hill, had given notice of the appearance, at a great distance, of some

hands of Germans. The news ran through the city, but with the carelessness of youth, the lovers believed themselves sheltered from all danger, and nothing troubled their serenity.

They had arrived at the glade where they had exchanged their first vows. Lydia recalled that it was also the place where the power of her charms had triumphed over Xobert, and had won from him his secret. She wished to seat herself upon the mossy bank which had been witness of their pledges. The sun was disappearing below the horizon. The shades of the forest had a serene, almost sad aspect. The immense plain stretched itself away to the foot of the sinuous line of the blue mountains. Suddenly a sombre and cold tint replaced the vanishing rays, and night had fallen.

Their gaze turned at the same moment in the direction of Augusto-Nemetum. They saw some light clouds of smoke forming over the city. They thought it was only the autumn mists, which sometimes covered all the horizon, but the smoke became blacker and more dense, and great flames seemed to lick the foot of the mountains. Soon the central cone, where stood the temple of Mercury, appeared to be on fire, and tongues of flame shot up against the sky as if a volcano had suddenly burst into eruption.

Then only, they began to think of the warnings of the watchers, and their hands met in mutual terror. Then only, Xobert remembered his oath and his perjury.

"O Lydia!" he cried, "the predictions of the Diorix are about to be fulfilled. However, it was not betraying my promise to confide my secret to her who will be my well-loved spouse. Have you kept the precious tablets, or have you given them to your father?"

"I am much to be blamed," replied Lydia. "The tablets were in my chamber, where no one penetrates, locked in a coffer of which I alone have the key. Each day I look at them, as I think of you. Yesterday morning they had disappeared, and to-day I found them again in their accustomed place. Another has perhaps read the fatal secret. It is I who am the cause of the evil which menaces us. It is upon my head that the thunder of Tarann should fall."

"You divine head is dearer to me than life or glory. Do not distress yourself, you are not in the least culpable. And see, the fire seems to abate. It is probably only dry weeds burning over there on the mountains, as at the festival of the Lupercal. Let us go home and dream of nothing but our happiness."

And, trying to reassure her, albeit not without fear himself, he conducted his betrothed to the house of Balhuo. Then, having ascertained that nothing in the environs revealed the presence of the enemy, he returned to his own dwelling.

A numerous band of Germans, while their chief burned Augusto-Nemetum and the temple of Mercury Dumiat, turned toward the plain. Having heard boasts of the wealth of Lusannum, they crossed the Allier, and, under cover of the night, surprised the sleeping city.

Xobert was suddenly awakened by a great tumult. He ascended the terrace of his house, and saw with horror the flames already devouring the great city. Without delay he donned his war costume, seized his two-edged axe, and hastened toward the dwelling of Balhuo. The place is already invaded by a troop of barbarians. He easily clears a passage for himself and reaches the vestibule. There he encounters a frightful spectacle. Balhuo and his sons are gory corpses. Lydia, almost nude, struggles in the midst of the soldiers, who are disputing over their prey. With uplifted axe, Xobert falls upon them. Many he stretches at his feet, the rest fly. Lydia, half dead, throws herself into his arms; he presses her to his heart. He thinks to flee with her, but he hears the ferocious cries of the conquerors, who surround the house. The light buildings of the pottery are already consumed, and the fire gains the principal edifice. There is no means of escape.

"I have violated my oath," cries Xobert. "The Archdruid's prediction is fulfilled, but I die happy, since I die with you. O Lydia! my wife, I love you!" and for the last time his lips fervently press the lips of his betrothed.

At this instant a cloud of smoke envelops them. Lydia utters a cry of horror, and they disappear in the flames.

Thus were annihilated the temple of Mercury, whose ruins have since been partially uncovered on the summit of the Puy-de-Dôme, and the town of Lusannum, with numerous and wealthy cities. Thus were forever lost, not only the secret of the Diorix, but also the process of the marvellous glazing of the Gallo-Roman potters, which is vainly sought for to-day. Such is the opinion of the wise Doctor Plicque, who has recently found upon a fragment of pottery the ancient name of the town of Lezoux, and whose curious memoirs upon ceramics have thrown much light upon the obscure history of Arvernian in the third century.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Gabriel Marc, by T. F. Robertson.*

A curious button was made about a century ago and worn by the English dandies of the period. It consisted of polished brass, and was ruled with lines so fine as to be almost microscopic. The roughness of the surface thus obtained broke the reflection of the light falling on it and gave it prismatic colors. The beauty of mother of pearl and its iridescent brilliancy are believed to be produced by three plates overlapping each other unevenly, and thus they disperse the light as they reflect it.

Assemblyman Charles Smith is about to open the most gorgeous drinking saloon in Essex Street, New York City. The floor is inlaid with silver dollars, which are cemented in the marble floor in holes bored in alternate slabs—heads and tails up alternately. The handles of the beer pumps are mounted with silver dollars. The place is named "The Silver Dollar," and the sign bears a huge counterfeit of the obverse and reverse of that much coined coin.

When Henry Labouchere was at Dieppe, he asked a New Orleans beauty, who is making a sensation there, what was her beau ideal of happiness. She said, "Swinging in a hammock all day, and having about a dozen royal highnesses standing around fanning me."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Valley of Silence.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And above me a voice said, "Be Mine!"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of that valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—*Father Ryan.*

Song of the Chattahoochee.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The willow waterweeds held me thrall,
The waving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaping, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a cloud with mist,
Ruhys, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Aval: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An old man keeping an ice-cream saloon likes to see young people enjoy themselves.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Harlem man went into a trance the other day, and did not come out of it until the gas-collector went away.—*Puck.*

The game laws are very rigidly enforced at the west. If a man is caught cheating at poker he is shot across the table.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

Yacht owner—"Haw! What's the next move, captain?"
Captain—"Drop the hawser." Yacht owner—"Haw! do you mean to insult me, sir?"—*Judge.*

There is nothing consolatory for the patient suffering from a severe cold in the head, to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot!"—*Salem News.*

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—"You have read Goethe's poems, of course, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (with a slight cough)—"Oh, yes; I am very fond of Gothy!"—*Puck.*

"John," she said through the keyhole of the front-door, "is that you?" "Yesh, m' dear," replied John. "Well, 'truly rural' is the countersign to-night." "Tooly looral." So John slept in a hotel that night.—*Puck.*

Jones (to Robinson, whose wife's mother has recently died)—"I hear that you have met with a severe loss." Robinson—"Oh, not so very. The whole business, including carriages, only cost a trifle over seventy dollars."—*Puck.*

A newspaper man says that the house now occupied by Mrs. Hendricks is a two-story brick. This seems to us to be an exceptionally large brick. It must have been quite a job to scoop it out so that Mrs. Hendricks could live in it.—*Life.*

Mrs. Newly Rich (leaving a small tea given by a woman of social rank but not superabundant means)—"Good bye, my dear Mrs. Blank. I have enjoyed myself greatly. What an unequalled faculty you have of making a little go a great way."—*Life.*

Thomas Jefferson said, "Traveling makes men wiser but less happy." "Indeed!" observed Boddler McGarrigue, of Chicago, as he read this in a newspaper on his way to Alaska the other day. And he winked at his own wink in the Pullman mirror.—*Tid-Bits.*

Mrs. C—"Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?" Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C—"You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?" Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C—"Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him."—*Life.*

Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extr'y fer gas. Jest yank her out of it does hurt." Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth." Countryman—"Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."—*Troy Telegram.*

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"Faix, Dennis! An' phat are yez afther doin' now?" O'Hoolihan—Bogoh, Rosy, it's meself as has bought a music-stool for Katie, an' Oi've been woin'ding the bawstly thing up for over an hour, an' not a drop of music can Oi get out of it at all, at all!"—*Puck.*

"Can you help me to a trifle, sir?" he asked of a Chicago citizen on State Street; "I'm a poor man with a wife and 'leven children, and—" "Nothing," responded the citizen, brusquely, hurrying on—"An' I'm trying to raise money enough to obtain a divorce." "Oh," said the citizen, stopping short, "there's a dollar for you."—*Puck.*

"Papa, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie. "The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle, and triple size cart-wheel bat, and a fancy parasol." "Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."—*Washington Critic.*

Good Minister—"It is rather odd that the collections are exactly one dollar less than they used to be." Minister's Wife—"Nothing odd about it." "We have not lost any of our congregation." "No; but I suppose that you remember that Mr. Pious never used to give less than a dollar." "Of course." "Well, Mr. Pious has been elected a deacon, and he passes the plate now."—*Omaha World.*

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Halloran, "Patsy met wid a bad accident, sure enough. How was it afther happenin'? ye ask. It was loike this: He was wurrakin', as ye know, on the new sewer, an' wa'n't payin' much attintion to things, an' so happened to have his pick up in the air when the six o'clock whistle blowed, an' of course he lets go ov it an' looks fer his coat, an' the pick comes down on his fut! Be gobs, it'll not happen so agin, fer he swears he'll not strike a lick wid the pick afther a qua-r-r-ter past foive!"—*The deceased Dakota Bell.*

Stranger (to Kansas City citizen)—"Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain." Citizen (enthusiastically)—"Fine property? Why, great scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinois River! Two year from now they'll be in the heart of the city, an' people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real-estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch." Stranger—"I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor." The citizen falls in a fit.—*Puck.*

Street-car comedy: Conductor (gruffly to doubtful passenger)—"Have I got your five cents?" Passenger (blandly)—"Really, old chap, I can't say." Conductor—"Well, you ought to know." Passenger (with perfect composure)—"No, my dear fellow, you, if anybody, ought to know. I gave you a half-dime as you passed through a few minutes ago; but whether it mingles its jingle with the other coins in your melodious pocket, or reposes serenely in the stocking of our African sister in the corner there, for whom you just changed a quarter, is difficult for me to decide." Conductor—"Funny, ain't yer?" Passenger—"Not too funny."—*New York Tribune.*

VANITY FAIR.

Never has there been a more disgraceful scramble and scuffle of servile social lickspittleism than the Duke of Marlborough's visit to Newport is made the occasion of. Moral Newport, that has been making a virtue of giving the cold shoulder to Mrs. Neilson because she had herself divorced from a husband who was a model neither of fidelity nor affection, is serving its fatted calf to the hero of the London stews and divorce courts, and breaking its neck in its eagerness to serve him first. There was something simply ludicrous in the extent to which Mrs. Paraffine Stewpans's entertainment of his grace went. The extraordinary and tasteless assemblage of luxuries in the Stewpans villa was fresh dusted and redistributed for the occasion. Rugs, hangings, and furniture were bought or borrowed, and there was a perpetual going and coming between house and shops. The toilet of the hostess was even more fearful and wonderful than usual, and her aspect, as she extended to him the palm of welcome, must forcibly have reminded his grace of some of the respectable and responsible employees of the domestic departments of his own houses at home. In compensation for herself, however, Mrs. Stewpans had got together all the pretty young married women she could, and seen to it that they were as liberal in their revelations of their substantial charms as the elastic laws of decency permitted. I hear that her hospitality went so far in its generous enthusiasm that at one time she had projected a series of *tableaux vivants* for his grace's delectation, to include such subjects as the "Greek Slave," the "Georgian Slave Market" and so on, and that she only refrained from carrying it out for fear of the interference of the police. As it was, however, the display will go on record as the freest and fullest ever made in public in Newport. The Townsend-Burdens on Saturday outdid Mrs. Stewpans in the excess of their appreciation of the social merits of a ducal title. Mrs. Townsend-Burden has been another of the unco' guid to whom the cutting of a divorced woman is a sacred duty. Mrs. Townsend-Burden, moreover, is the protectress of the new social star, Miss Eleanor Winslow. It is generally understood to be the duty of the chaperon of a young lady in society to preserve her charge from contact with dangerous and offensive people. It was noteworthy, at the Townsend-Burden dinner, that the illustrious guest had not sat down unfortified by stimulating preparatives for the feast and that there was a lively sparkle in his eye as it roaged down the billowing line of beauty across the table. That his grace is a connoisseur is notorious, so it is agreeable to reflect that he considered the showing Newport made for itself on this occasion as very fair for America. The manner in which Miss Paget and Miss Winslow were literally thrown into the infected arms of this social satyr has excited wide comment. From Mrs. Stewpans no better was, perhaps, to be expected, for her ideas of the proprieties are as vague as her social vanity is boundless. But the Townsend-Burdens were looked upon as something better than mere dust-crawlers to a tainted title; consequently Newport was quite knocked off its feet by the appearance at the Casino one afternoon of Miss Winslow on the arm of His Grace of Marlborough. Tuft hunting and self seeking sycophancy could have gone no further—unless, indeed, they had actually sent the Boston beauty into rivalry with Mrs. Mordaunt, Lady Colin Campbell and the rest. It was, however, at the afternoon reception of Mrs. Clews, on Saturday, that Newport really did credit to itself as an assiduous and indefatigable worshiper of the peerage. There had been a fight for invitations as soon as it was understood that his grace was to grace "The Rocks" with his presence. People who had heretofore shunned Mr. Clews's eighty-thousand dollar villa as if it had been a lazar-house, now begged for admission to the ground that was to be sanctified by a ducal tread. In view of his grace's known predilections, the women vied with each other in the scanty splendor of their toilets. By many it was remarked as a pity that Mrs. Clews had not made the affair a fancy dress one, in which case the amount of gratification that would have been extended to his grace would have been considerably amplified. The arrival of the distinguished guest was the signal for a rush that left some of the most elaborate toilets in ruins, and caused the duke himself no little astonishment. When a comprehension of the situation came to him, he smiled cynically, and nodded approval at several ladies whose costumes had been rendered even more *décolleté* than was originally contemplated in the crush. The Clews reception was voted in all ways the grandest success of its kind the season has witnessed. I hear that there is considerable dissension and heartburning among certain of the ladies present, arising out of a dispute as to which of them secured the largest share of his grace's notice, and there are rumors of an application for divorce, on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, by a lady well-known in society, whose husband positively forbade her participation in the event, with the selfish and flimsy excuse that the attentions of such a man as his grace were an insult to any decent woman.—*Town Topics.*

The above and half a hundred similar comments in the American press have elicited from the duke the following manifesto, which he has issued to the papers: "It is not improbable that I shall collect a few of the best reported specimens of the gutter gazettes of this country, and have the same framed for the edification, or benefit, of the thousand or more American tourists who are kind enough to honor my country house in England every year with a visit. These treasures of journalism will serve to remind Americans of one of the most admirable and respectable institutions of their country, while they will also suggest to them the reflection that the American eagle in his flights of mendacity finds indeed such facts to multiply with such rapidity of vice and guilt,

That he has torn off both his wings in quills
And yet in arrear of human ills
Regarding strangers, while he calmly ignores
The vices which lie patent at his own doors."
MARLBOROUGH.

However, he does not condemn all things American. He is reported to have announced as his unbiased judgment, after a careful study of the matter, that "the strong points of

New York girls are their feet, their hands, and their heads. Their hands," he declares, "are the whitest in the world, and their feet better shaped, while the poise and shape of their heads is beyond praise." In all things else he thinks the English woman has, on the whole, superior gifts. It is certain that the New York girl of the present generation is developing a finer physique than has ever been known here before. The average height has increased from about five feet two to five feet six, and the average girl of to-day is fifteen to twenty pounds heavier than was her mother or even her elder sister. Of course the craze for athletics should have the credit for this change, and as the New York girl imitates the English woman in this respect she gradually begins to rival her in her noble physical proportions. But the New York woman walks extremely ill; she leans too far forward and walks from the knee instead of from the hip. When Mrs. James Brown Potter first appeared in New York her careless stride was the object of horror and ridicule, but a fashionable man, who was also a bit of an artist, looked out of his window at the club one day and saw the auburn-haired beauty swinging lightly up the avenue and went into raptures over it, declaring it was like a leopardess and as untrammelled and graceful as a savage. For a while the gait known as "the Southern walk" became quite a rage in consequence of his encomiums, while pedestrians at Narragansett this summer recognized that free Southern step while walking behind Miss Coffee, who aspires to fill Mrs. Potter's place in amateurdom. Some curious results have been seen, however, in the last few years, of girls who have attempted to be athletic while clinging to their light stays. They have played tennis, rowed, and practiced with dumbbells and Indian-clubs, while they were tightly laced about the waist, and the effect has been to enlarge the muscles of the arms and shoulders, while the sinews of the back, waist, and chest have remained small and flaccid, and the last state of that top-heavy girl is far worse than the first.

The fashion authorities concur in one regard, as many a man will be glad to hear. It will be allowable in the season now at hand to wear suits made up of three different materials, so that the hitherto unhappy mortals who have had on hand a lot of good, but unwearable odd garments, may now proceed to sort these out to suit the taste, and appear in rich diversity of stuffs, textures, colors, and surfaces from day to day. No more giving away a waistcoat or a pair of trousers, because it "does not match anything"; on the contrary, every day new contributions to the kaleidoscopic appearance of the masculine multitude will be in order. Dull uniformity will be imperative for evening hours only.

By the end of 1787 hoops had almost entirely gone out of fashion. In England at court the wearing of these precursors of crinoline, by ladies attending the royal drawing-rooms, was compulsory until so recently as 1814, and one of the inducements held out to the Princess Charlotte—a rare tomboy, who hated any restriction on her strong young limbs—to marry the Prince of Orange was that hoop petticoats were no longer worn at court at The Hague. Perfectly plain skirts in all but wedding-dresses seemed to have been the vogue in France in 1787-8, and the comparative exiguity of the gowns led to a corresponding diminution in the quantity of material required. In December, 1787, the queen had a gown of *grand velours noir*, and six yards seem to have been the average of stuff allowed for the skirt of a dress. It must be remembered that velvets and brocades were woven much wider in the last century than is the case at present. There is one entry, however, of ten yards of green taffeta for the lining of a gown of green gauze; the taffeta was probably narrower in width than the velvet. The Marquise de Chastelux had only seven yards of white *crêpe* for the petticoat of a grand habit with flounces. The really economical nature of the queen is shown in an invoice for September, 1788, where she is charged trifling sums for shortening the ends of three muslin cravats and retrimming them and for "doing up" an old petticoat of brown *poult de soie*. In December, 1788, the Princesse de Lamballe paid ready money to the extent of twelve livres for a pair of court cuffs of worsted lace (known in modern times as *yâk*), a pair of *sabots*, and a pair of "barbes" in black worsted. Almost simultaneously a whole bevy of court ladies gave orders for "sabots," "barbes," and cuffs of worsted lace. In January, 1789, the year of the Revolution, Mme. Eloffe furnished the Princesse de Soleré with a sumptuous court dress of white taffeta, trimmed with satin and white jet, with a rich bouquet or spray of roses and sweet peas, and, for a wonder, a hoop. The distended dress, with its embellishments, cost nearly one thousand four hundred livres.

It is the tradition that a certain Prince Esterhazy, once the type of fabulous wealth in Europe, lost a thousand pounds sterling every time he put on his best coat for an evening entertainment, since he was sure to drop from it precious stones to that extent before he got home again. But a fashionable entertainment may now cost millions, and yet see every male guest arrayed in the same black suit that is worn by the fiddler who plays in the orchestra, or the waiter who serves the chicken salad. We have only to imagine a similar transformation to come over the costume of women—a consummation which some philosophers expect—and we should see the external aspect of polite society pretty effectually transformed. There would then be absolutely no visible difference between classes on occasions of ceremony, unless it might be in the greater personal cleanliness of the more favored classes. We can see a similar tendency in other ways (writes T. W. Higginson in the *Bazar*). During a recent visit to Newport, at the height of the season, it was easy to observe—after some years' absence—an increase in luxury and fashion. But it was also curious to observe a distinct advance in certain ways toward a freer social intercourse. Bathing on the common beach has again come into fashion since the erection of new and attractive buildings; and the beautiful grounds of the Casino are opened to all-comers, who can thus have afforded to them for fifty cents the refinements of social pleasure. To be sure, there is within the walls of that institution an inner Holy of Holies called a club-house, with all the usual appointments of a gentlemen's club. Any stranger of decent appearance can walk in and register himself without voucher, paying his

fee; and can write his letters on the club paper for the whole summer with foreign dukes and American millionaires at his elbow. It may be said that all this is only a method borrowed from European countries. But such an arrangement means a great deal more in our case than there; for the very fact of a recognized and unalterable difference in social position in Europe has made such contact less significant, and, therefore, less the subject of criticism. There was no real equality, but only a temporary waiving of the social difference. But in America the social distinction is too vague a thing to be thus laid aside and taken up again at will; it must maintain itself in the club-house, and on the bathing-beach, and in the ball-room, or it is gone forever.

Says a London letter: "Two women, past the flush of youth, with rather hard faces and none of the roundness of limb distinguishing the mature British matron, were carefully laying aside elegant wraps. Those wraps disclosed full-dress toilets—one, of the loveliest black thread lace over white silk, and on the lady's throat strings of massive pearls, and round the head fourteen rows like a crown, and her long black gloves were embroidered with seed pearls on the back and edged at the top with a row of large, irregular-shaped pearls. An enormous fan of white ostrich feathers was fastened at the shoulder by a splendid string of pearls. The other lady, a trifle younger, wore rose-pink *crêpe*, with a huge bouquet of stephanotis and gardenias that perfumed the room. My friend exclaimed at the beauty of the flowers lying on a table as she entered, and the rose-pink lady, with surpassing good-nature, tore off a big section and said: 'Pin them on your black dress; they will look so well. They came from my sister's hothouse. Americans are always crazy about them when they get here. There aren't any to speak of in the States.' Then turning to the other she said: 'Come on, Vic; hubby will be tired of waiting.' 'Was the regal female Victoria?' asked my friend of her fluttering republican form of heart. She followed after to the door, and met her escort in the lobby. This escort was Harry Sargent, the New York theatrical avant courier, and he knows everybody. 'Who are they? Is it possible you don't know?' Victoria Woodhull and her sister, Jennie Claflin—married to some kind of British lords—are fine ladies at this time.' The old mother of those women fifteen years ago told the writer that she 'see wisons—continually see wisons—with Victory a-riding in a coach drawn by white horses, an' she crowned and bowin' to the crowds a follerin'.' These surprising visions have had partial fulfillment. It's a marvellous change from a twenty-dollar-a-month flat in Eleventh Street to a family estate and a country-seat in the best part of England; from a water-proof and sandal rubbers as a pretty house-dress to point lace and rose *crêpe*. No family ever had such ups and downs in New York as the Woodhull and Claflin party, but they seem to have got a secure spot on top this time."

Of the wearing of trousers by women in Paris, the New York *Sun* says: Already the dress of women has been assimilated in many respects to that of men, and so far as the change has gone it has unquestionably been for the better. Instead of the paper-soled shoes of a generation ago, women now wear the heavy soles which are as requisite to their health as they are to the health of men. They no longer trail the petticoats of their gowns along the pavements, or tire themselves by holding them up as they walk abroad. Underclothing adapted to the changes of the temperature is worn by both sexes, though the time was when women suffered for the lack of it in order that their figures might seem the more ethereal. Overcoats, in cut not much unlike those of men, are now adopted by women; and the jersey jacket of the sailor has been deservedly popular among them for several years. They also have affected tailor-made garments fashioned after those of the male sex, and sailor hats and Derbys worn by them are, in all respects, except it may be so far as trimming goes, the same as those obtained by men at their hatters'. Something approaching a masculine waistcoat has also become a frequent part of woman's attire, and collars and cravats, little different from those of their brothers, have been adopted, the material of their garments, too, being often the same as that used by the tailors for men. All this has been a sensible change, for it has increased the comfort and adaptability of the garments worn by women, and has not lessened their beauty; while the full dress in which they appear of an evening was never more artistic than it is now. As the processes of manufacture have been perfected, and as chemistry has provided a greater variety of tones and colors, the fabrics worn have become more beautiful, and the opportunities for striking and harmonious combinations have vastly increased. Yet these French women would cast aside all that art and science have done for the beautifying of the materials and for making more aesthetically satisfactory the fashioning of their garments. If the conventional European dress of men, which they would substitute for that worn by women, were the best that could be devised for a human being, there might be practical justification for its adoption by both sexes, even at the sacrifice of beauty. But trousers are by no means the ideal garment even for masculine wear, and it is the trousers which more especially distinguish the male from the female attire in our Western civilization. Something resembling knickerbockers would be much more suitable for men than trousers, and if the French women really want to benefit the human species, let them organize a movement against trousers, rather than undertake to put trousers on the sex not now forced by convention to wear them. The Chinese costume for men is better, and if woman are dissatisfied with their present attire, they would be wiser to adopt that, with modifications which would satisfy their love of beauty.

Doctor Fanny Dickinson, of Chicago, is the first physician of the gentle sex to be admitted as a member of the International Medical Congress, recently assembled at Washington. She is a slight, demure little woman, retiring in manner and extremely modest. Her specialty is diseases of the eyes. She says that she knows of only two other oculists of her own sex in the country. One is Doctor Sargent, of San Francisco, a daughter of the late Senator Sargent, and the other is a Michigan woman.

AMERICAN HOTEL LIFE.

"Iris" discusses the Young Married Woman and her Charming Progeny.

Life in an American hotel has always been a famous phase of "La Vie Américaine." It has afforded our English cousins a good deal of fun, the subject for many cartoons, and innumerable funny stories. When at hotels, we are always more American than we are anywhere else; according to the pictures and the stories, we always assume our most characteristic attitudes in these places of summer resort. The men riot in shirt sleeves, the women in diamonds; masculine heels seek mantel-pieces as surely as the needle seeks the pole, and spittoons are placed about with decorative effect. As the mantel-piece acrobat is a dead shot, the immediate proximity of the spittoons is not of sovereign importance; if they are in sight, that is all that is necessary. We also—for authority, see the cartoons—fight at meals when summering in hotels, perform prodigies of valor in the precarious but ever interesting exhibition of the Indian Juggler Feat, eat éclairs and oysters in inartistic combination, and in soup evolutions render the fox and the crane tame and commonplace. In fact, viewed from the other side of old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, we are a most entertaining people—especially in our relations to summer hotels.

Life in a summer hotel, even as late as this, has its charms. No hotel is crowded, but in each there is an aftermath of the summer types. Who doesn't know them all—the summer beauty, the woman-tried youth, the burly mother-in-law, the young wife, and the dear, cunning little children who run shrieking up and down the corridors at the siesta hour. Beautiful exuberance of youth! Like so many other beautiful things, how rarely it is appreciated! What are the words which greet these merry cherubs from half-opened doors, as they trample past? But why reveal the bosom secrets of hotels? If ladies, awakened from their beauty-naps, use big, big D's, it is not our business. There is a perpetual reproduction of types in these summer bivouacs. They are "always the same, Darby, my own." Now here is one—just as I saw her. She is such a pretty girl, with an absent husband and such an awful child, a real hotel child whom no one can manage and of whom his mamma says, with gentle pride in his early independence, "Oh, Tommy, acts awfully. We can't do any thing with him!" His mamma, who has a wonderful lot of costumes, and is tall, and pale, and fine as an Easter lily, with an aureoled bang flamboyant and orange, and back-hair boldly owning to a dark brown, has long ago succumbed to Tommy's fine flow of animal spirits. At the age of three, Tommy has signed the declaration and begun to rule on his own account. At suppertime, the youthful Thomas, in a short white frock from beneath which his creased and wavering legs emerge in all their "divine nudity" bound by a rim of sock, signifies his intention of supping with mamma.

"No darling," says mamma with sweetness, and getting a grape-vine lock on Tommy's fat wrist, "Mommie's pigdy-widgy must take din-din with nurse."

This ought to have acted like a charm. But mommie's pigdy-widgy is not half such a pigdy-widgy as he looks. He transfixes mommie with a cold stare, jerks his hand away with a sudden twist, and runs tottering into the dining-room. He has climbed into a chair and quietly seated himself before mommie can get there. Experience teaches her that interference is useless. She laughs helplessly as her one ewe lamb, secure in his position, rises with solemnity on the seat of the chair, and resting his two fat palms on the table, gravely surveys the field between his drooping curls. The survey is exhaustive and deliberate. Pigdy-widgy's are rare birds—except in summer hotels—and as such have to be treated with respectful consideration. His glance wanders thoughtfully over the table. Shall it be that chop, or the French rolls, or the batter-cakes? He is speculating on their rival merits when his roving eye lights on the butter and pauses there. With the slowness befitting the importance of the decision, he gradually makes up his mind, gazing abstractedly at the butter the while. His mother eyes him uneasily, occasionally laughing nervously at his absorbed air. Arrived at his decision, he leans over and grabs the butter, which, summer-hotel style, yields weakly in his grasp and grows liquid. The mamma, shrieking daintily, pushes back her chair and gazes in pretty despair, as the pigdy-widgy solemnly opens his oozing fists, spreading out his fingers like the rays of a star-fish and looking with displeasure at his greasy palm. Then, disappointment and anger combining to make him foolhardy, he makes a lunge for the rolls, and *en passant* strikes mommie's coffee-cup and upsets it. Then there is a scene. Mommie shrieks in earnest this time. She has on a new costume, if you please. The black waiters run. The pigdy-widgy, scared but defiant, stands frowning and making fists. Mommie, red and angry, gives orders, as she solicitously pats her gown with a napkin. Her first-born is suddenly pinioned and removed by the waiter. There is a great scuffle, of course. Tommy cries and beats on Sambo's ebony brow, chairs scrape and silks rustle, necks are craned and eyes rounded to watch his exciting exit, and to listening ears his upward way is marked by a series of diminishing yells. Tommy's mamma is still wiping her good gown. Those coffee spots will put her out for the whole evening. One good dress gone to the bad! What a bore children are! Mommie's fair brow, under her aureoled bang, is deeply ruffled. She is not so pretty when she sulks. It takes the classic forms to stand a sulk. The question suddenly suggests itself, did the absent popper ever spill coffee on mommie's dress before the engagement? It would not be a bad scheme for men to try. It would be in the style of the man who tried his girl's temper by various means, and noting that she left the room constantly, returning calm and smiling, followed her. He found her in the hallway biting the balustrade.

Some days after her engagement with young Tommy, I came upon mommie lolling at the desk, reading the register. She was palely pretty, and delightfully dressed in chocolate-browns with bits of white cloth braided in gold for trimming. The clerk, that gorgeous youth with the wealth of Golconda blazing on his manly bosom, cocked his eye, and observed carelessly, as he fitted a new pen:

"Heard from your hubby this morning?"

I expected to see him crushed to powder, mashed to a

pulp. The moment was really intense. She kindly put an end to all apprehensions by throwing up her chin and answering coquettishly:

"So did I, Smarty!"

Clever women also like hotel life in summer and autumn. I suppose them to be clever women by their conspicuous lack of the fatal gift of beauty and the ponderous books they always carry under their arms. If a woman is preternaturally ugly and wears æsthetic clothes and no bang, then she is probably abnormally clever. Why are clever women so ugly? The divine law of compensation, I suppose. If they were both pretty and clever, there would be no escaping them. They would be what is vulgarly known as "perfect bowlers." Now Aspasia, for example; she was both pretty and clever, and, according to history, she certainly was a "howler." For the protection of the male biped, nature has ordained that all clever women shall be ugly. This is perfectly fair. Hotel clever women have signs of brilliancy standing out all over them. They wear no over-skirts, no bustles, no bangs, and have massive waists. In general appearance, they suggest hygienic undergarments. Could one say more? They always carry a large book, which they leave on the hat-rack at meals. Now a woman would not be clever a bit if she didn't credit the rest of her sex with curiosity. Every other woman, as she saunters out from tea, glances at the title of the book and sees Herbert Spencer's "Elements of Sociology," then cries, with "The Modern Circe" and "As in a Looking-glass" heavy on her mind, "Dear me! what a book! Which girl is reading it? Oh, yes; that one with the teeth! You don't say so?" and passes on, feeling small and inferior. Half an hour later, when they sit at peace in the parlor, harmlessly intent in hotel gossip and crochet, enters to them the student of sociology, bangless, waistless, bustleless—but what matters that, brains fill the vacuum. She is watched with keen interest as she strolls to a chair, opens the "Elements," and reads with a rustle of turning leaves. All the women look shame-faced. But then they are pretty. In the first circles we are never selfish.

The Duke of Marlborough is fluttering the dove-cotes at Newport. The duke is an adept at fluttering dove-cotes, but he is a duke, which covers every sin. It was a question when, this noble importation signified his intention of visiting Newport, as to whether the right hand of fellowship would be extended, or whether the duke would be frozen out. Newport has asserted its independence this summer by freezing out a live baron and a full-fledged prince who came there on pleasure bent. But they were French, and, as everyone knows, French nobles are low down on the scale. An English duke, though his record be a trifle "high," is something that is not found every day. When he first appeared, there was a sort of timid hesitancy in everyone's attitude. Nobody, as has been the case so often before, flew to receive him and bid him to dine. For a moment his fate—his Newport fate—hung trembling in the balance. Then up rose Mrs. Paran Stevens, and bade him to one of her celebrated breakfasts. It broke the ice. Invitations fell upon the duke, thick as the paper snow-flakes in "The Two Orphans." He is now a lion, and roars exceedingly well. He is also a bachelor, and, for a duke, poor—what is the corollary? What shall the harvest be for the beautiful Newport heiresses? The city by the sea is really getting very squeamish. Baron Sellière and Prince Talleyrand's advent, followed by deliberate cold shoulders from all sides, is quite unparalleled. Divorced are sternly frowned down, and the pretty subjects of various scandals are snubbed as persistently as though their fathers had been hod-carriers. Newport among modern watering-places, is what Queen Victoria is among modern sovereigns.

Some days ago I heard the story of how Miss Sadie Martinot took to the stage. Her infancy was stormy; her honored parents indulged in daily warfare—as honored parents will—and separated. The mother, who was an actress, beautiful, gay and jolly, as all self-respecting actresses should be, was deprived by the cold and cruel law of her little Sadie. The father, wishing to keep little Sadie unspotted from the world, cast his eyes about for a place of safety, and finally decided on a convent. Here the child was placed, and grew to girlhood amid refined and gentle influences, a general favorite. She was slender and pretty, and had a sweet singing voice, by which the nuns set great store. At matins and vespers her melodious pipe filled the chapel with fine and delicate harmonies. Her mother was allowed to visit her occasionally, and in the stiff convent parlor they held whispered conversations. As the girl grew older, the mother, with the eye of affection and business combined, marked how tall and pretty she was, how graceful, what an air and style were hers. When the voice developed and the mother heard how pure and true it was, she determined that, if she could prevent it, this flower would not blush unseen. A business woman was the mother. It seemed to her a sin that all this delicate beauty should wither uncommended in a cloister, that the sweet voice should continue warbling to the unappreciative ears of nuns. She saw in her daughter the materials of a Judic, not of an abbess. One day when Sadie was eighteen, the mother paid her an unusually long visit. The good sisters marvelled at its length, and finally, growing anxious, entered the parlor. It was empty. Their singing-bird had flown.

NEW YORK, September 13, 1887.

A situation worthy of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera exists in Smith County, Kansas. The Probate Judge of that county is insane. He should be removed, but the governor finds himself in a dilemma. He can not appoint a Probate Judge until a vacancy occurs, and no vacancy can be declared in this instance until the incumbent is adjudged insane. In order to effect this the lunatic must be tried by a jury and declared insane by the Probate Judge. No other person in the county has this power.

"In making up a party for a traveling excursion," said Charles Dudley Warner to a friend who was planning one, "always be sure to have it include at least one ignorant woman. She will ask all the questions you are ashamed to ask or think you don't need to ask, and you will secure the benefit of a vast deal of information you would otherwise lose."

TEACHING WHIST.

The Instruction of People who trump Their Partners' Tricks.

One of the most curious social phenomena of the year is the success which has attended the attempts to teach whist in classes, both in New York and in Boston last winter, and during the past summer at some of the watering-places. It has been found, as a matter of fact, that a good whist-player possessed of fair teaching capacity, has no difficulty in getting pupils enough to make it worth while to treat whist-teaching as a calling. The experiment thus far (which, we may mention, has only been made between ladies) has revealed the fact that the number of people who want to play whist both in summer and winter is very large and is probably increasing, and also that a very large proportion of those who have been playing the greater part of their lives are really ignorant of what is called scientific or modern whist, as moulded by such great masters as Cavendish and Pole. Then, too, a very large proportion of those who play either the old or the new game, whether to oblige friends by "taking a hand," or to help to pass dull days or dull evenings, suffer year after year from a consciousness of gross incapacity, and consequently from a sense of humiliation, from which they are eager to escape by obtaining competent instruction.

It is often said in general terms that the way to learn to play whist well is to play with good players. This is in part true, but it is mainly delusive. There is, to many people, not much use in seeing what good players do, without knowing the reason why they do it, and this good players are not ready to give, and in fact the rules of the game forbid their giving it while playing. All the direct instruction the unfortunate whist-dunce receives while actually playing, he is apt to get only from the contemptuous reproaches of his partner, or the contemptuous silence of his opponents, after each hand. But it is not very profitable to know that you have been playing the part of an ignoramus without knowing how you showed it. In fact, good players play whist for their own pleasure, and never will or can be induced to mingle with their play a little kindly help for beginners or incapables. Their feeling toward them is rarely anything but one of annoyance at their appearance in a rôle for which they have no fitness. Some of the books even contain special directions for acting with stupid partners without any sacrifice of one's own comfort. All this makes a teacher of whist—that is, somebody who will deal tenderly with poor players, tell them why they have blundered, and what they ought to have done but did not do, in a spirit of kindness or even commiseration—wear the air of a ministering angel; and we should venture to predict, therefore, that the most successful teachers will be, as indeed they are now, women. The reasons for the increasing popularity of whist, and consequently increasing desire to learn it, are not, we think, far to seek. It is not wholly a game of skill, like chess, and therefore does not impose that severe strain on the nerves which makes chess an impossible game in the evening to poor sleepers, especially if they are very fond of it. Moreover, although whist makes a constant demand on the attention and the memory, it makes it through frequent changes of situation which keep the faculties on the alert without severely tasking them. It is therefore very welcome to the people who suffer from somnolence after dinner, or people who are thrown much together without having anything particular to say to each other, or who are thoroughly familiar with each other's views on everything worth talking about; and, above all, to people who have lost or have never acquired the habit of steady reading, or whose eyesight will not bear books. This class—the class who for one reason or another can not read books in the evening—is a very large one, and one which newspaper reading is increasing enormously. The newspaper never, or rarely, asks anybody to keep his attention fixed more than a minute or two on one topic, unless by way of narrative; and a man who has read nothing but newspapers for a few years finds, by the time he reaches middle life, that he can neither read a book nor play any game of pure skill. For him whist is a great boon. It keeps him wide awake, and has just chance enough in it to treat him every few minutes to small surprises. It is in this somewhat resembles a game common in England—of guessing during a ride or drive what there is at the other side of the next hill—in which the Duke of Wellington used to say he had passed all his military life. That is, you are pretty sure not to be wholly right, but you are also sure never to be very far wrong, and your errors are certain to be excusable enough to be interesting and even sometimes flattering. The problems whist presents are, indeed, very like those which meet people in the course of a quiet, uneventful life, such as questions of dress, of housekeeping, of farming, or jaunting. They require close attention to and memory for details, some knowledge of character, and just philosophy enough for the chapter of accidents. Whist has none of the mental anxiety or harrowing regrets or self-reproaches of chess. There is always chance enough in it to save one's self-love, but not enough to furnish the wild excitement of poker, or baccarat, or *rouge et noir*.

Besides the people who can not read, whist is useful to that other very large class who hate to be alone and when in company have nothing particular to say. Sitting with one's fellow-creatures in silence is always very depressing and sometimes very awkward. The situation among men is mitigated by smoking. To be sure, smokers need to talk, but they do not need to talk as much as people who have nothing to do but twirl their thumbs. But smoking is of no value in a company composed in part of women or of non-smokers. There must be some other refuge for sheer vacuity, and whist furnishes it better than any other amusement. Hence, people who shine or think they shine in conversation often dislike it, or, if they take it up, seldom make good players. It keeps their stories and "good things" out of the market, and, indeed, their mental discursiveness and activity are a positive hindrance to their success. But we doubt if any man, whatever his special powers or accomplishments in other fields might be, has ever become a brilliant whist player without taking great pride in it, and without being ready to sacrifice to it almost any other form of social enjoyment.—*New York Post*.

AN UNCROWNED KING.

"Parisina" describes the Comte de Paris, in Public and in Private.

Last Wednesday, Monseigneur the Comte de Paris, Philippe d'Orleans, reached his forty-ninth year. The birthday was kept at Loch Kennard *en famille* by the home party, swelled to goodly family proportions by the presence of several of its nearest and dearest, including Princesse Amélie, now the honored wife of the Duke of Braganza and mother of the future heir to the crown of Portugal—a hauble easy to wear and not setting as yet too uneasily on the head of its owner, which can not be said of all crowns nowadays.

Some time ago, Francis II., ex-king of Naples, when the guest of the Duc d'Aumale, was turning over the pages of an album containing views of the different houses inhabited at various times by his host—Claremont, Twickenham, Nougien, Chantilly.

"If I had kept souvenirs of the places I have lived in," said Francis, "I should have to show the photos of half the hotels in Europe."

Of all the "kings in exile," the ex-king of Naples is, perhaps, the least to be envied, because he had to take poverty with him into exile, as his betters have done before him. It must certainly be very bitter to believe that by right divine you ought to be a king, commander of men, live in a palace, be surrounded by courtiers, and sway the destiny of nations, while, in fact, you do nothing of the sort, and are neither flesh nor fowl, neither a subject nor a king. But to have plenty of money at your disposal must certainly mitigate the disagreeableness of your position, although, I daresay, Philippe d'Orleans would hardly admit as much. Besides, after all, he has never tried his hand at kingship, and his palms must itch to grasp the sceptre, whereas his cousin of Naples has actually reigned, though he had to pay the penalty of his predecessor's wrong-doing and bad government. I daresay if the choice were given him to remain as he is, or to try his hand at sovereignty and then become a wandering, impecunious king, he would choose the latter course. And small blame to him, perhaps. Anything is better than the vegetation such as has fallen to the lot of King Louis-Philippe's grandson. A little paltry money and the faculty of bearing himself somewhat in accordance with his rank are but poor satisfaction to place in the balance with disappointed hopes and blighted ambitions. So there is not much to choose between him and Francis, at the mercy of hotel-keepers, with seldom a hundred pounds in his pocket.

Comte Vasil's last volume contains a good measure of interesting matter respecting the Comte de Paris and his surroundings. "La Société de Paris" is written on the same plan as the "Société de Berlin," the "Société de Vienna," etc., which purport to be from the same pen, and doubtless are, for we are generally agreed that Comte Paul Vasil is merely a pseudonym behind which Mme. Adam has hosen to hide her striking personality; therefore, we find society treated in the same way and divided after the same method. In the preceding volumes it was always the reigning royal family which provided the matter for the opening chapters, and as there are none in Republican France, a substitute had to be found. The first chapter—rather letters, for the book is compiled of letters presumably written by a middle-aged diplomat to a young friend and pupil—has for its title "The Comte de Paris and his Predecessors."

Philippe d'Orleans is not merely the political heir of his grandfather, but also of his cousin several times removed, be Comte de Chambord. Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, was a married man with a rapidly rising family long before *enfant du miracle* (as the Duc de Berry's posthumous child was called) saw the light. He had been brought up by that rigid disciplinarian and philosopher in a very feminine way, Mme. de Genlis. She taught her pupils the rudiments of most things, including surgery, and this, we are told, led to a somewhat awkward event that was hushed up at the time. The governess and her charges were walking one day in the woods of Neuilly when they spied a peasant stretched upon the ground. Our young prince, who had practiced blood-letting on a cabbage-leaf, hastily whipped up a lancet and bled the patient whom chance had thrown in his way, copiously. Unfortunately, instead of recovering and being duly thankful for such condescension, he was unannouncedly enough to die during the process!

His own sons Louis Philippe brought up at college long with the other pupils, and he carried his *bourgeois* principles so far as to desire no difference to be made for them. They attended the classes, and were praised or punished with the rest; perhaps a little more loudly, a little less gorgeously. Who shall say? Whether or no they really ought screws of fried potatoes and ate them on the way from the Lycée to the Palace of the Tuileries, as has been reported, I leave to the reader's imagination; most likely they were, boy-like, fond of a lark.

The eldest son grew up handsome, a *beau cavalier*, and became very popular; his wife was intelligent, well-educated, and determined. Sons don't always take after their fathers, and whereas Louis Philippe was a model husband, and was often busy with the intrigues and *amours* of the Duc d'Orleans. He was killed, as we all know, in a carriage accident in the Avenue de Neuilly, in the heyday of his youth and at the height of his popularity. His widow made a admirable mother, and the Comte de Paris and his brother the Duc de Chartres—owe a great deal to her.

Paul Vasil describes the Henri Dieudonné d'Artois, Comte de Chambord, as a "nullité," brought up among *illités*, and married to a "nullité." He blames his mentor, the Duc de Lévis, for the fall which nearly cost him his life and caused him to halt all his days; the horse he was permitted to ride was notoriously vicious. Thiers gets the same for the marriage. It was suggested that, brought up in foreign soil, he should be united to a French wife—say a *ontmorenci* or a Rohan. The wily diplomatist of the younger branch saw the danger and immediately decided at the safest bride for the heir of the Bourbon prince would be an Italian older than himself, plain, and delicate in health. Such a one was found in the Princesse de Modina. They had no children. And so it has come to pass that the chief

of the Orleans is now the chief of the French Bourbons, too.

The Comte de Paris has no intimates. Married young to a woman with whom he lives in perfect community of taste and sentiment, his affectionate needs are fully provided for at home. Before he was exiled they inhabited, when in town, the ground floor in the mansion of the Duchesse de Galliera, which has either been legally made over to the Comte already be or will bequeathed to him by the Duchesse at her death. No one knows the real state of the case. Both the Comte and Comtesse de Paris infinitely preferred Chateau d'Eu, where existence was ordered in a patriarchal fashion and their time divided between the sports of active country life and study.

It has been somewhat unjustly brought up against the count that he has a German air about him. He favors his mother, who was a Mecklenbourgeoise. At the present time in France, this is an unpardonable fault. He is tall, though he does not carry his head well, and still looks comparatively young. In his welcome to visitors he is kindly and unceremonious, rising when they come in and giving each a hearty shake of the hand—which is due doubtless to his Twickenham experiences. His conversation is agreeable without pandantry, and you are impressed with his ardent desire for information. He is intelligent and, above all, practical, but has neither wit nor brilliance, though he can make a sly joke on occasion, and will even do so at the expense of his own position, being somewhat given to make fun of the possibility of a restoration and he is Frenchman enough "to laugh that he may not cry," like Beaumarchais's hero.

Of the Comtesse de Paris, Comte Paul Vasil says she has no history and is therefore blessed. Or her history is reduced to this: She loves her husband and her children. Isabelle d'Orleans de Montpensier was brought up at San Lucar and married while still very young to her first cousin, who was in every way a suitable match for her. She is imminently a home-woman, made to render a husband happy and to bring up a numerous progeny. By her long residence in England she has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English family life in its best phase. With this quasi-royal couple everything is in common. She calls her husband "Philippe" or "Paris" and he responds with "Isabelle," and both use the familiar *tu*; she is not jealous, for he never given her the smallest cause.

The Comtesse de Paris is naturally gay and is very bright and fresh in her conversation, laughs good humoredly at every sally, is a little brusque in her manner, disdaining the outward forms of etiquette, leads the talk in as spirited a way as she does her four ponies, with a firm hand and a touch of the whip now and then. Were she only a little prettier, a little less angular in her movements, she would be *très séduisante*. Nature has not been very partial in its physical gifts. Her nose is too long, her eyes too small and set too far apart, her mouth too large, but her teeth are fine and she smiles frequently. She wears her hair cut short on her forehead and plaited simply at the back. As for her dress, any one can see she cares very little about it, putting on the proper dress for each special occasion by rule, in a manner entirely devoid of coquetry or desire to please. The tailor-made gown and the habit have her preference. A daring horse-woman, she looks like business in her saddle while wanting that feminine grace of movement that makes a Diana Vernon. Accustomed to cross-country work, she takes her fences soberly with ease and confidence. If there is no doubt about her love for riding, there is none either about her passion for the chase. Her sporting costume is simple and almost masculine, the feminine skirt being reduced to the merest element. At Chateau d'Eu during the season hardly a day passed but she went out shooting, often alone with her dog, or accompanied by one or two of her children. The *battue* is disdained for the tramp over the moors or through the turnips—a little trouble and fatigue being courted rather than shunned by this very homely Diana.

An exquisite freshness of complexion, magnificent tresses, and a perfect figure render Princesse Amélie almost a beauty, with the same features as her mother. Like her mother, too, she was brought up simply, partly in the English method, and her taste for out-of-door amusements was, of course, nurtured. The story of her marriage has a smack of the romantic in it. The Duke of Braganza had made up his regal mind to have a pretty wife or none, and the available princesses belonging to reigning families were not distinguished by special good looks. The Comtesse de la Ferrodny, during a sojourn in Lishon, bethought her that here would be an excellent match for Princess Amélie; so she telegraphed for the best portrait of the young lady it was possible to get, and when the heir to the throne paid his next visit, he found the photo on a table, and his hostess set warily about exciting his curiosity with respect to it. Very soon after, he announced his intentions of coming to Paris, and, as we know, he came, and saw, and conquered, not only as prince, but as a man. We are assured that the young people were frankly in love with each other after a first interview on the neutral ground of Chantilly. If the princess shed bitter tears on leaving France, this does not alter the possibility. A good daughter makes a good wife, and a good wife should regret her early home and her own people when she pledges her faith to the gallant bridegroom. We are pleased that she should look back as they ride away.

Peculiarities of face and disposition often skip a generation. The present Duc d'Orleans, eldest son of the Comte de Paris, is generally admitted to resemble outwardly his grandfathers and namesake; he is too young yet for outsiders to know what his moral qualities may be. He is now at Woolwich, following the same course of studies as did the ill-fated Prince Imperial.

There are three more children at home, two in the school-room and one in the nursery. Princesses Hélène and Louise are both fair, frail, and delicate—far too delicate. Prince Ferdinand is a bonny boy of four, the darling of his mother's heart. The Comtesse de Paris has her children with her a great deal, and leaves the supervision of her nursery to no one. All partake of the midday meal with their parents, even baby Ferdiaand. The young princesses are in the drawing-room before dinner is announced, and are then led away to bed. Report has linked Princess Hélène's fate with that of the Prince de Naples—heir-apparent of the Kingdom of Italy—but this is, to say the least, premature.

Whom is the Duc d'Orleans to have for a wife? That will

be no easy problem, few kingly fathers caring to wed their daughters to a *roi en exil*. And how long, I wonder, are these exiled princes to go on keeping up their pretensions? This time a hundred years hence will a descendant of the Orleans, an heir to a wanderer's title, be keeping his birthday at some Loch Kennard or other, and will there still be Royalists at home to toast "the king over the water"? Fool's questions for posterity to answer.

PARISINA.

PARIS, August 30, 1887.

It is against the civil law of Germany to duel, and yet if an officer in the army refuses to challenge when he considers himself insulted, or refuses to accept a challenge which may be given him, he will be expelled from the army, and that by the express orders of Kaiser Wilhelm himself—the "Christian" Emperor of Germany. Combating this and other loose moral notions prevalent among the young men of Germany, there exist at all the prominent universities of Germany chapters of a Christian fraternity called the "Wingolf," whose members pledge themselves, among other things, to reject absolutely both the student's duel (*Mensur*) and the duel of extra-university life. A member of this fraternity had become an officer of the Reserve Corps. On the occasion of a certain celebration in a restaurant, he was making a speech, when a half-tipsy post-office official, who had been a corps-student (dueler), publicly insulted him by using abusive epithets. Common sense would seem to dictate that such a one should be hustled out of the restaurant and treated with utter contempt. But no; the officer was privately urged to send the fellow a challenge to a pistol duel. Upon his replying that such was contrary to his principles, he was summoned before a so-called court of honor, practically a court-martial. His colonel wrote to the general, saying that Officer S. was an excellent officer in every respect, but that the authorities had unfortunately not known of his connection with the Wingolf fraternity. At the court-martial it was proved that Officer S. had in no wise provoked the insult; also, that when he refused to challenge, he was perfectly sober. Had he been intoxicated, it would have been an excuse! And then this honorable court of German army officers passed the verdict that this man, in every respect acknowledged to be an excellent officer, on account of the utterance of principles incompatible with the position of an officer (refusing to fight a duel with an insulting rascal) should be ignominiously expelled from the army. By special, cabinet order of the emperor, this verdict was commuted to that of simple dismissal. This in the nineteenth century, and in a nominally Christian and civilized land!

The bayonet is said to have derived its name from the fact that it was first made at Bayonne, and its origin illustrates the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention." A Basque regiment was hard pressed by the enemy on a mountain ridge near Bayonne. One of the soldiers suggested that, as their ammunition was exhausted, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their muskets. The suggestion was acted upon. The first bayonet charge was made, and the victory of the Basques led to the manufacture of the weapon at Bayonne and its adoption into the armies of Europe. Not unfrequently an invention has been suggested by some trivial event, which would have passed unnoticed had not a man with eyes and brains seen it. Argand, a poor Swiss inventor a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, up which a current of air was allowed to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as to the exterior of the circular flame. At first Argand used the lamp without a glass chimney. One day he was busy in his work-room, and sitting before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil-flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. It did more; for it flashed into Argand's mind the idea of the lamp-chimney, by which his invention was perfected. One day the children of a Dutch spectacle-maker were playing with several of their father's glasses before the door of his shop. Setting two of the largest glasses together, they peeped through them and were surprised to see the weather-cock of the opposite church brought close to their eyes. They called their father to see the strange sight. He looked through the glasses, and what he saw suggested to him the possibility of constructing a curious toy. Galileo, hearing of the toy which made distant things appear close at hand, saw at once what a valuable help it would be in studying the heavens. He set at work, and soon made the telescope.

In the Cologne cathedral there are seven niches for the reception of statues at all the chief doors and at the side entrances. The height of the vestibule is seven times eight feet; seven pediments for figures stand in the same; seven chapels surround the choir, the width of which, like that of the inner area of the church, is seven times twenty-three feet, while the height of the choir is seven times twenty-three feet; the height of the aisles are seven times ten feet, and twice seven pillars adorn the choir. In the aisles are seven times eight pillars, and four times seven shafts rise along the walls. The western portal is seven times thirty-three feet wide, the length of the vast building is seven times seventy-six feet, and the height to the summit of the principal towers was also fixed at seven times seventy-six feet. The three transverse aisles are seven times fifteen feet wide. Not only does the number seven enter so largely into the general architectural arrangements, but also into the smallest details as the parts of decorative work.

Captain E. V. Gager, of the Cromwell Line steamship *Louisiana*, reports that in crossing the Gulf Stream off Hatteras, recently, he found no current, with the water of a peculiar green color. After passing the straits of Florida into the Gulf of Mexico, from the Tortugas to the mouth of the Mississippi River he had a strong southeast current with an unusual amount of gulf weeds. Here is an off-set to the reports of strong currents reported in the Gulf Stream some weeks ago, and it looks as if the ocean river were engaged in some strange freaks. The Gulf Stream is the sphinx of the sea, and its riddles apparently have not yet been rightly read.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ollendorff has issued a French translation of Blanche Roosevelt's "Copper Queen."

The second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges" is now in course of preparation.

Max O'Rell's new book, "L'Ami MacDonald; or, Souvenirs and Anecdotes of the Scotch," has just appeared in Paris.

Colonel Olcott's translation of M. d'Assier's "Posthumous Humanity; A Study of Phantoms" is announced by Redway, of London.

An edition of "Paul and Virginia," with the delicate and poetical illustrations by Maurice Leloir, is announced by the Routledges.

Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, is to give in the October *Popular Science Monthly* an answer to the question, "What is Evolution?"

Mr. Leslie Stephen, son-in-law of Thackeray, will write the preface for the volume of Thackeray letters which the Scribners will issue in book form later in the fall.

According to the London *Globe*, the Japanese imported last year from England eighty-five thousand books, and from the United States one hundred and nineteen thousand.

Mr. Stockton's new story, "The Dusantes," will be begun in the December *Century*. It will present some more entertaining details concerning Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alesbine.

"Modern Italian Poets" is the title of Mr. Howells's volume of essays and translations which Harper & Brothers are to publish this season. It will contain a number of portraits.

It is a French journalist, of course, who asserted that Queen Victoria is about to publish a novel which she has had in her desk for thirty years, and which she has been constantly correcting and altering.

In the excellent *Story of the Nations* series the announcements for the fall are "Ireland," by the Hon. Miss Emily Lawless; "The Goth," by Henry Bradley; and "The Turks," by Stanley Lane-Poole.

Roberts Brothers have brought out a new novel from Judge Tourgee's pen, entitled "Button's Inn." The advance orders for the book were so large that the publishers found it necessary to prepare a second edition before issuing the first.

A translation and abridgement of Rabelais's recital of the adventures of Grandgousier, Gargantua, Pantagruel, and Panurge is coming from the Ticknor press. Mr. John Dimitry, the translator, has cleansed the story, and has thus made the "Three Good Giants" proper company for young people.

Mark Twain grows generous with advancing years. He sent to Caroline B. Le Row, the teacher and writer who collected the examples given in the book "English As She Is Taught," the check for two hundred and fifty dollars paid him by the Century Company for his inimitable reviewing article.

The Boston *Traveler* points out that Boston prohibits the sale of Walt Whitman's books, and even forbids their circulation from the Public Library. It thinks it is a rather curious thing, therefore, that Boston people should be so enthusiastic in their exertions toward forming a Walt Whitman Society.

Mr. John Addington Symonds is making a new translation into English of the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini." The work is to be illustrated with a portrait and eight engravings, and eighteen reproductions of the master printed in gold, silver, and bronze. The work will be in two volumes; five hundred will comprise the edition for England. There are also to be one hundred copies printed on large paper.

Mr. Marion Crawford has bought the villa at Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, overlooking the Bay of Naples, which he has occupied during the past three summers, and called it the Villa Crawford. He is very busy just now preparing his novels "Paul Patoff" (now running in *The Atlantic*), "With the Immortals" (*Macmillan's Magazine*), and "Mario's Crucifix" (*English Illustrated*), for their several appearance in book form.

Walt Whitman writes to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* thanking him for the handsome money present of some months ago, and declaring that his income from his books (royalties, etc.) does not reach one hundred dollars a year. He is now gathering a lot of pieces—verse and prose—uttered within the last six years, and will send them out under the name of "November Boughs" before long, a little book of two hundred pages or less.

The authors of the various stories in the book "A Week Away From Time," are said to be these: Mrs. Annie Fields wrote the poetical prelude; Mrs. E. E. Pratt, the "Lawyer's Story;" Owen Wister, "The Palace of the Closed Window;" Arthur Dexter translated the "Story of the Necklace;" Mrs. James Lodge contributed the "Story of a Voice;" Mrs. H. Whitman, "Happiness." The author of "War Time" is still unknown.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Japanese, and appears with—to European eyes—most comic illustrations by native artists. Christian has a close-shaved Mongolian head; Vanity Fair is a feast of lanterns, with all the popular Japanese amusements; the dungeon of Giant Despair is one of those large wooden cages well known to Eastern criminals; and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the farther side of the bridgeless river are dressed after the latest Yokobama fashion.

Alphonse Daudet is working in his villa at Champrosay on three new books, one of which, "L'Immortel," is a satire upon the Academicians. M. Daudet is no longer in good health. From a strong, athletic man, a lover of out-door recreation and sport, he has gradually become morose, anxious, despondent, a slave to strained nerves. He used to get up at four in the morning and do his best work in the cold. Now he writes when he can. He reads no books, opens no letters, and husbands his failing strength with the most tender care.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett protests against the statement that there is a similarity between Gautier's "Avatar" and his "Douglas Duane." "No one," says Mr. Fawcett, "who reads Gautier's fanciful, beautiful, but somewhat trivial tale, with its necromantic, mesmeric absurdities, cleverly handled by a master of mere ingenious quaintness, and then considers the much more serious motive of 'Douglas Duane,' founded upon an imaginative treatment of actual scientific law, can fail to perceive that the two stories bear no intrinsic resemblance to one another."

St. Nicholas has recently received a request from England for permission to have some of its stories printed over there in raised type for the blind. The process is an expensive one. The story particularly mentioned was Mrs. Rollins's "Johnny Interviews an Anemone," and by a singular coincidence Mrs. Rollins had written, just before the letter was

received, a companion story to this called "Tommy Interviews a Peacock Feather," in which the peacock feather, with an eye that could not see, shows a little boy how sad it is to be blind of that "inner eye" of the mind which after all sees more for us than the physical eye.

Mr. Renaudin has been compiling some curious statistics concerning the French "Immortals." A result of his inquiries is that the ages of the august Forty, when lumped together and added up, give a total of two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven years. The dozen of the body by age is the Baron de Viel-Castel, whose principal literary luggage is a history of the Restoration. He is eighty-seven, and M. Cuvillier Fleury is eighty-five. M. de Lesseps comes next with eighty-two years. The "fair-haired boys" of the body are M. Sully Prudhomme, the poet, who is forty-eight, and François Coppée, who is forty-three.

The Banksie edition of Shakespeare—projected several years ago by Appleton Morgan, and now definitely announced for October by the press of the New York Shakespeare Society—will utterly dispose of the so-called "Donnelly cipher." The "Banksie" prints the earliest Shakespeare text in parallel columns with the 1623 text, thus showing at a glance the mutations, augmentations, and abridgements which these plays underwent during their stage life in Elizabeth's day, at the hands of literary pirates, stage censors, and careless printers, and in the mouths of the actors, which renders it apparent at once that from neither text could a cipher be worked out to-day by any exact mathematical process, even had one been originally concealed.

Balzac, although called a native of Touraine, was in reality of Provincial extraction. His father, a man of robust constitution who lived to the age of eighty, was born in the Department of the Tarn. In 1799 Balzac père, who was a lawyer, was sent to Tours as a kind of army stores controller. It appears that he also had the cacoethes scribendi, although it was not developed to such an extent as was the inveterate scribbling propensity of his famous son. Henri Balzac, brother of the novelist, was of business tastes and went out to the colonies, where he engaged in commercial pursuits and died young. The novelist owed much to the paternal lucubrations as well as to his Gascon and not to his Tourain origin. Balzac was a Gasconader by name and nature, and to this is to be traced his craving for riches and distinction, his assumption of the "de" before a name ending in "ac," and the exuberance of his fancy.

New Publications.

"Weeping Ferry," a novel by George Halse, is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

George Herbert's religious and other verses, collected and published with the title "The Temple," have been reprinted in the National Library, published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"A Chautauqua Idyl," by Grace Livingston, is a little book in which the writer endeavors to show, by making use of the birds, flowers, fishes, and squirrels as characters, the real spirit of the Chautauqua movement. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

The Ticknor's Paper Series has proved so successful during the summer that the publishers have decided to continue their publication indefinitely, a new number appearing every fortnight. The new regime is happily inaugurated by the publication of W. D. Howells's "A Modern Instance." Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Royal Girls," by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, is a book containing a dozen chapters on the appearance, character, habits, and lives of the girls whose parents rule Europe, with two chapters on the Queen of Rumania and the Empress of Austria. Portraits of greater or less merit accompany each article. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

The third part, "Marius," of the new edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" which is now being printed in the original French in New York, has just been published. Even if it were not for the scarcity of good French editions, the typography and general appearance of this volume would insure it a welcome. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.00.

"Stories of American Wars" is the title of a volume of stories founded on adventures during the early Indian wars and the Revolution. They are taken from the records and traditions of old New England families, and, while interesting to youthful readers, will serve to arouse a healthy interest among them in the history of their country. Most of the tales are illustrated. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

A "New Manual of the Spanish Language" has been written by Professor T. B. de Filipe, of this city. It contains simplified rules and exercises for the mastery of all the Spanish verbs, regular and irregular; a synopsis of the grammar; conversations for everyday use; reading exercises, commercial correspondence, etc., all the information, in fact, which, with application, will make one thoroughly conversant with the language. Published by Filipe's Academy of Languages, San Francisco; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

"What to Do?" is the title to a volume containing five of Count Lyof N. Tolstoy's essays on politics, society, and religion, which have been translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. The translation of the first half is from an edition published in Geneva and showing the omissions made in the original by the Russian censor, these omissions being indicated in the present text. The titles of the essays are: "Thoughts evoked by the Census of Moscow," "Article on the Census of Moscow," "On the Significance of Science and Art," "On Labor and Luxury," and "To Women." Published uniformly with the translations of Tolstoy's other works, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

An etching after A. Moore's "The Dreamers" forms the frontispiece for the *Magazine of Art* for October. Other full page pictures are "Going Westward," from the painting by Alfred Parsons, and "En Mer," from a painting by Frank M. Boggs. The other illustrations of the number are interesting and instructive. In the matter of letter press we have: "Nicholas Poussin, the Man and His Work," by Richard Heath, with reproductions of some of his best known paintings; the second paper on "Art Patrons," King Solomon, by F. Mabel Robinson; "Current Art," "Siena as a Cradle of Art," and a poem by Kate Carter, "Her Garden."

The articles in the September number of *The Writer* include: "Days with George Sand," by Lew Vanderpoole; "Preserving Clippings," by Eugene M. Camp; "What makes Successful Literature?" by C. M. Hammond; "Tools for Writers," by William H. Hills; "Statistics of Signature," by Robert Luce; "Hints to Newspaper Writers," by Wm. J. Fowler; "Murray's New English Dictionary," by C. K. Nelson; "Literary Experiences of a Doctor," by Ferd. C. Valentine, M. D.; and "The Type-Writer as an Aid to Fluent Composition," by Florine Thayer McCray. Beside these there is the department of Queries, and the usual Book Reviews, Helpful Hints and Suggestions, News and Notes, and reference list of literary articles in periodical.

The September *Wide Awake* has a timely article on the "The Centennial of the Constitution of the United States," by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, describing the making of the Constitution one hundred years ago. Another paper in Mrs. Bolton's series "Some Successful Women," narrates the Red Cross work of Clara Barton. C. E. Holder, the naturalist, describes "How Animals Talk." Margaret Sidney has a paper on Concord. Miss Guiney contributes "Fair Folk All." The Young Prince of Commerce visits the New York Stock Exchange. Installments are given of the "Secrets at Roseladies." Other articles are "Keodon Bluffs," "A Soldier's Tryst," "Lucy's High Tea," by Sophie May; "The Molasses Gingerbread Business," by Mrs. Margaret Storer Warner, and "The Lost Medicine of the Utes."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Dr. Bethune once asked a morose and miserly man how it was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that yours?" Said the doctor: "O, sir, I am one of those who take an interest in even the meanest of God's creatures."

Count Germain once said in the presence of the court chamberlain at small Beirut court, where knee-breeches were *de rigueur*: "What good time that was when we were allowed to appear at court in trousers. The pompous little official immediately flew at him in a towering passion, and said: 'Trousers! I gave you credit for greater attachment to the royal family!'"

A lady in London stole a piece of Valenciennes lace while examining some. She was detected, but permitted to leave the shop, whence letter to this effect was soon sent: "Madame—I am afraid that fifteen yards of lace which you selected in my shop will not be sufficient to trim your dress; I therefore take the liberty of sending you a second piece of the same pattern. I beg to be informed whether you accept. The signature was that of the proprietor. It was accepted and paid for."

Some years ago a certain Captain Phillips resigned from the British army, and embarked in the theatrical business. He had a very comfortable fortune at the time, and his first venture was to change his name to that of Captain Fairlie and to associate himself with a man by the name of Joe Eldred. Mr. Eldred was a very pleasant person, but also had the reputation of being a most inveterate schemer and a merciless plucker of pigeons. Henry J. Byron, knowing both Eldred and Fairlie, was asked by a friend, "How is Joe doing?" "Oh! I'm doing Fairlie," replied Byron.

Captain Ben F. Brown, was an attorney in Indianapolis for several years after the war. In interrogating witnesses, if his client had a soldier, he would never fail to bring out that fact, and in his speech to the jury he, with fervid emphasis, would exclaim that his client "had breathed the red flame of battle." Once, when he got off his winning piece of oratory, the attorney on the other side met him as follows: "Ah, gentlemen of the jury, my client has been a soldier, too, has not only breathed the red flame of battle, but he has combed grass and cannister from his gory locks." Captain Brown was never afterwards known to allude to the flame-breathing.

In the German army, the fatherland kindly provides very roomy boots for its warriors. There is, however, a serious inconvenience attending the disproportion between the sizes of boots and feet. In many so tenacious ground, the boots are left sticking, while the man goes casting an affectionate farewell look behind him. Halt he can. When the Eighteenth Army Corps, a few years ago, defied before emperor at Strasburg, across a stubble field which rain had rendered very sticky and muddy, the boots of the infantry were pulled off by hundreds, so that a fatigue party had to be told off, amid great laughter to gather up the lost property. In military history, the occasion is known as the "boot parade."

In a certain electric light establishment in Boston, a girl stenographer and type-writer had had a technical letter to some expected customer dictated to her, and had produced a neatly written type-writer copy of it for the head of the firm to look over. "He looked it over," here, "said he, after he had read a little, 'You make the manager here that we guarantee to give twelve lights to every horse-power. Now, inasmuch as our circulars guarantee to give only eight lights every horse-power, I don't believe that he ever could have promised give these people twelve lights.' " "Oh, he certainly said so!" "I don't know," said the girl, "but I don't believe that he ever could have promised give these people twelve lights." "That's enough," said the girl. "The circulars were made when the firm was in business. Since that time the horses have grown. They're a deal stronger now."

By an accident while gunning in Missouri, when a boy, Postmaster C. Hendrix of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot off the fingers of his right hand. In writing he holds his pen between his thumb and the stub of his finger. When he was a college sophomore at Cornell, he accepted the editorship of a little foolscap sheet-sized daily at Ithaca, in the place of a former editor, who had suddenly disappeared. Mr. Hendrix composed the entire staff, doing the work of reporter, correspondent, sciss driver and leader writer. In his capacity as reporter, he attended service of the Ancient Order of Hibernians on the evening of Patrick's Day. A burly-looking Irishman watched him as his pen quivered, ran nimbly along over the paper. Again the next day same man brought a companion with him into the newspaper office after buying a copy of the paper, loitered behind with his eyes fixed upon the editor, who was then scribbling away as rapidly as the pen would permit. Then turning to his friend the Hibernian said: "Faith, often O'iver buhnd tell of thim short-hand writers, but this is the first time O'iver sit o'ives on wan of thim!"

An examiner at an English college who prided himself on shrewdness, determined that he would make it impossible for any one to take place under his supervision. Accordingly he kept a sharp watch upon the candidates. At last he noticed a man from side to side to satisfy himself that no one observed him, plunged his hand into his breast pocket, and drawing something out, regarded it steadily, and then, hastily replacing it, resumed his pen with obviously increased energy. The examiner succeeded in getting behind the man unperceived, and then, waiting until he was peering the suspicious action, he sprang forward and seized the man by the very act of grasping the suspected object. "Sir," said he, "the fourth time I have watched you doing this. What have you in your hand?" The man hesitated to reply, and this, coupled with evident confusion, confirmed the suspicions of the examiner. "I insist, sir, on seeing what it is you have in your hand." The man reluctantly complied, and drawing his hand from his pocket, presented the dismayed examiner the source of his inspiration—the photograph of a young lady.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. Her husband's business requires the keeping up of an establishment in the West, where Mrs. Y. spends some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest daily. "We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that I know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive tired and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first night I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all right." "But," stammered the stranger, "I can not think of putting you much trouble." "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through Boston." The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly in the Englishman was shown up stairs to the bath-room. In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him. "I hope you found everything to your mind," she said. "Oh, he replied, 'I have had a delightful bath; and now I must be going good afternoon, as I have to catch a train.' " "What?" cried the hostess, agitated. "You are not going?" "Unfortunately I must." "I stopped over a train to call on you." "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I stayed." "I thought you had come to remain." "You certainly can't stay away now when I haven't seen you at all." "I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENTS.

Some Specimen Letters from People who know it All.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

He interviews the Duke of Marbo.

NEWPORT, September 8th.

I have just terminated a pleasant call upon the Duke of Marbo at his lodgings. I write his name Marbo, because that is the way we pronounce it here at Newport. In the language of my ostensibly colored friend, Mr. Rankin, the amateur pronouncer would call it Marl-bor-ough, with three grunts, while in fact Marbo, the correct pronunciation of the name, is executed with but one grunt.

I found the duke seated on a low ottoman, clad in a loosely fitting costume of pajamas. It was so loose and negligent, that it was on the tip of my tongue to ask him if his mother made it for him out of his father's old pajamas, but I suddenly remembered that I was in Newport and not in Tombstone, Arizona, and I restrained myself.

The duke is suffering from a slight cold, which he contracted for during the early part of the week. It resulted from his ignorance of our changeable and free-knocked climate. On Tuesday he took a long stroll, and while several miles from his lodgings and wearing his light summer cane, he was overtaken by a severe and sudden change in the temperature. The Marbos are not a strong race, and I am told that one of the duke's second cousins died of pneumonia from exposing himself to the severity of a Christmas Day frolic clad in an autumn canoe.

The duke rose languidly as I entered, and, taking a reef to his pajamas clothes, looked at me in an inquiring way which betokened that, though of lineage high, he was not entirely at his ease in my presence.

"Duke," said I, standing my umbrella up to the corner to show my childlike confidence in him, "how's your conduct?"

In five minutes afterwards I would have given worlds if I could have recalled my rash words. I did not mean anything more than to utter a piece of pleasantry, for I am passionately fond of pleasantry even in society, but Marbo seemed to take it to heart and to feel distressed. He made a low, guttural sound, but his reply seemed to die away in the mansard roof of his mouth. He stammered out something which sounded like the wail of a damned soul. At least it struck me to be like that, although my lot has not been cast among that class of souls since I got out of politics, and I may have forgotten their style of wail.

To hide his embarrassment, Marbo "rosined" his eye and put a large glass paper-weight in it. He then regarded me with some amazement through this piece of bric-a-brac while I poured out a growl person's dose of rectified ruin which stood on the escritoire and drank it with a keen relish, which showed that I trusted him implicitly. Everything I did was done to make Marbo forget himself and feel at his ease.

I told him I had known the Marbos in Maine ever since I was a boy, that we didn't feel above them then, and it would be a poor time to begin now at my time of life to look down on people just because I now wrote pieces for the paper, many of which were afterwards printed. We always thought that the Marbos, or Marlboroughs, of Maine, got their name from burrowing to the marl along the Piscataquis, I said.

Thus I chattered on with him for an hour or two without seeming to chirk him up at all. "Duke," said I at last, "I know what the matter must be

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with you—you are socially ostracised. I knew it as soon as I came into the room. You can not disguise it from me. You are suffering from social ostracism, and it is breaking you down. The social demands made by America upon an imported social wreck do not give said wreck time to eat his meals and obtain a necessary amount of rest. I suppose there is nowhere in the world a climate that is so trying on a person who is suffering from social ostracism as that of my native land. In other climes they give a social outcast rest, but here he gets absolutely no rest whatever."

I then drifted into society chat in a graceful and naive way, which, with others, has never failed to melt the stoniest heart. I told him that I had understood, since I came to Newport, that the demands of society here were so unrelenting that they had kept Mr. and Mrs. Mayoanise dressing all the time.

A long pause here ensued, during which I could hear Marbo's reason tottering on its throne. After waiting three-quarters of an hour, by my watch, and failing to see that my remark had shed even a ray of sunshine, where erstwhile all was gloom and chaos, I gave him my address, and told him that if, in the future, he ever derived any beneficial effects from the above joke, I would be glad to have him communicate with me. And even if I were to die before he could truly say that he had been benefited by this joke, and grappled with its keen, incisive nub, my grandchildren would be tickled almost to death to know that he had taken it to pieces, and put it together again, and found out how it was built, and laughed at its ingenious mechanism.

I conversed with the duke for some time about the way his visit to Newport had depressed the price of real estate, and offered him the freedom of New York, hoping that he could depress the price of real estate there so that I could buy some.

"But," said I, assuming an air of perfect repose, as I flung myself on a low couch in such a way as to give a faint view of my new red socks, "you will find it different in New York. Social ostracism there will not materially effect the price of real estate in the neighborhood of the post-office. In fact, Marbo," said I, regarding him earnestly for a moment through the bottom of a cut-glass tumbler, "there is not enough English social ostracism in New York to supply the demand. Come to our young and thriving town, a town that is rich in resources and liabilities; a town that threatens to rival Omaha as a railroad centre; a town where a B. and O. deal has been a common occurrence every day for over a year; a town where you can ride on the elevated trains and get yourself pinched in the iron gate by the guard, or go down to Wall Street and get pinched by the directors; a town where a man like Henry S. Ives can buy about seven million dollars' worth of stuff that he can't pay for, while a poor man who goes into a general store to buy a pair of ear-muffs is followed up by a private detective for fear he may run his finger into the molasses barrel and then lick it slyly. Come on, Duke."

"See Fulton Market by midnight, bite off a piece of atmosphere from Castle Garden, and come with me to see Guitau's head in the museum. Guitau was the last of a long line of assassins. He prophesied that every one connected with his trial would come to a bad end. Quite a number of those con-

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ected with this celebrated trial are already dead, and more especially Mr. Guitau himself, whose skeleton is in the Smithsonian Institution, his viscera in the Potomac, and his head in a jar of alcohol. If you will come to New York, Marbo, you will have a good time, and the rose-geraniums will come back to your pallid and durable cheek.

"If you will give us a whirl, Duke," said I, selecting an umbrella from the decorated crock in the hall and coming back to where he still sat, "you will be pleased and gratified with us, and if you can spare time to come over and see me personally I would try to be as cordial and chatty as you have been with me. No man ever entertained me as you have, or sat and examined me through the bottom of an old microscope for two hours, to be forgotten again by me. Marbo, if you will come to New York we will go and visit anybody's tomb that you may designate."

I then let myself out of the house with an adjustable pass-key and hastened away. Shortly after I got back to my own lodgings, sometimes called a seven-and-one-half room, a lackey from the duke, wearing a liver-colored livery, handed me a note from Marbo in which he said he hoped that in case I used this interview for publication, I would be careful to give his exact language.

In my poor, weak way, I think I have done so.—*New York World.*

Blinks—"I don't believe a woman ever read a novel without looking at the last chapter first to see how it turned out." *Omaha girl*—"I have, many a time." "Perhaps, some one had already told you how they turned out." "No, no one knew." "No one knew?" "No. They were published serially in the magazines."—*Omaha World.*

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"Nordeck" is a play for that kind of people who still like to get up on a pair of romantic stilts and carry their heads in cloudland. People for whom it was a sad day when changed cradles, and brigandage, and gypsies went out of fashion; people who like creepy villains and weepy heroines; people who want their drama laid in ancestral halls, and do not care to have the yellow-haired lady with whom their sympathy lies anything less than the daughter of a helmed earl or a hundred earls as the case may be. No one ever sticks at an earl or two.

There are plenty of such people left. It is the material that seems to give out. All the modern stories are made up of Americans traveling in Europe, and there is no longer anything new or anything very romantic in that.

The statisticians say that there is an average of four millions of American dollars spent annually by American tourists in England, and when the statisticians get hold of anything they are pretty sure to knock the romance out of it. There is still Russia left, for Russia itself is uncomfortable, her espionage and institutions disagreeable, and passports a nuisance. But even Russian romance has almost had its day.

Poland is virgin soil. We none of us know very much about it. It is true that when our mothers first permitted us to enter the wonder land of novels, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," a fat brown book with a most portentous looking lot of consonants in it, was put into our hands.

How many of us read Miss Porter's stilted prefaces? That estimable woman was given, at frequent periods in her life, to break out in a new preface for her book, and of course we of this day were born just in time to get the whole set in a lump. No doubt there was a vast lot of Polish information in them, for she loved Poland with honest affection, but every one did a lot of skipping in "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the prefaces were the first skip.

"Thaddeus of Warsaw" is said to have been the first historical novel, but the Wizard of the North followed so soon after with his wonderful Waverleys that it lost its uniqueness, yet it has perhaps done more to rouse the ready tear for the wrongs of Poland than all the histories ever written.

Mr. Frank Mayo has placed his play just after that period in the history of the little kingdom when "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

It was wise, in any case, to set the drama back a hundred years for the picturesque effect of it.

Those were the days when the Poles wore those rickish and jaunty head dresses familiar to us through the "hetel student," and what not more, in opera bouffe, and through the cracovienne and its kindred in the ballet.

It seems to have been a peculiarity with the people to trim their hoot-tops, their cap-rims, and their sleeve-edges with fur. The vital parts of their bodies were not better protected than in temperate climes; but the fur very naturally suggests the inclement Polish climate, and is very pleasing to the eye.

Mr. Frank Mayo himself has a most dazzling Polish wardrobe in his play. He has a series of caps, each one of which is a study in the possibilities of outline. He has Polish jackets galore with brandenbours and wildernesses of cords dangling over them in the impossible Polish festoon which does not give one the slightest idea where it begins and ends, or why it is there at all, but is very graceful and characteristic; and Mr. Frank Mayo, in his Polish jackets and caps, looks as if the years in their flight had poised above his head just a second and then concluded to leave him untouched, that the Californians need not sigh over the romantic memories of their old favorite.

The furs and cords of Poland sit well, too, upon Miss Alice Fisher, a tall, imposing, full-voiced woman, who brings to the rôle of the Princess Ziuliski an indomitable air and habit of command. She is not unlike old Madame Danicheff. She rules her family and estate with a rod of iron, and goes in for politics besides.

The story is laid just in that period of history when the black eagles of Prussia had swooped down upon a fair slice of Polish territory in the great partition between the three powers, and the Poles were yet hating at their German chains.

It is always a seditious little province, and rebellion is meat and wine to the dramatist. When the rebel is a woman, so much the better for the play. A relation of the plot of "Nordeck" is not a thing to be lightly and carelessly undertaken. It is like driving six-in-hand when you have been accustomed to letting the reins lie carelessly and comfortably on the hack of one old nag.

In the plots of the idea, one idea is generally spun out to the utmost tenuity; but in "Nordeck" there is a very riot of plot.

It is deep and invoked, but it is also strong, and if you will cast aside your modern fancies for finikin, finish, and metaphysical analysis, and steep yourself up to the neck in your old-time romantic faith, you will have a rousing good evening; for there is a heroine comes in out of the wood, as heroines always used to do, you remember, when the world was young, and tells how she found her hero there. Heroes used to be always strolling through the woods waiting for the heroines to find them.

And she takes the centre of the stage, and describes him in a bit of good, old-fashioned, poetical prose. There is a pretty little "Paul and Virginia" incident in the story, and perhaps it is all very like "speaking a piece." There used to be no objection to "speaking a piece," and for that matter the style has come in again, though not in plays.

The Countess Wanda chews her words a little and one does not get the full benefit of them, but she is an interesting little lady, tells her story with taste, and plunges into the intensity of the play with great thoroughness. She is but a small speck of a person for intensity, but one does not measure the soul by outward inches, and the little woman carries her velvet and satin trains with all the dignity of the Princess Ziuliski herself.

That was a happy thought to give the haughty Polish princess a German son. There are no patriots in the world like the Poles, for patriotism and religion both become a sort of rabies with some people. There are no people in the world so cordially hated by their foes as the Germans. A mixed German and Polish household was a nice little pot of politics to brew, and the princess, with whom conspiracy was as natural as breathing, stirred it with a strong hand.

"Nordeck" is all on the heroic scale, but the princess is the strongest dramatic figure in it. Her acting is of the good, sturdy, vigorous, old-fashioned kind. So, for that matter, is the acting of all the others excepting Frank Mayo's.

There is a pair of lovers much like Modus and Helen in "The Hunchback," in which the lady does the wooing and the timid tutor the consenting. They belong to the German side of the house, and the lady, though she wears that modern curio, a Psyche knot, is quite prettily German, while the gentleman is a bit of a stick.

Then there is the uncle of Nordeck, a heavy rôle of the genuine old comedy style. It is played by a big-lunged man, who doesn't mind a roar or two now and then. In fact there is good deal of roaring in "Nordeck." At one juncture every one in the cast roars with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. We none of us knew very well what it was all about, but the curtain came down on a rattling good tableau, and so it did not matter much.

But Uncle Witold's best roar was given when his well-beloved nephew, Nordeck, came back to him from the grave, and it was a hearty piece of acting and struck the audience as hard as Mr. Taylor intended it should. At the same time, if the actor would see this same thing done with all the exquisite-ness of finest art, let him go to see Dion Boucicault as Kerry, when he welcomes his master back from the grave.

Nordeck, however, is cast in a coarser mold than this little gem, and will bear broader treatment. It is the old-fashioned romantic drama, and it bears acting in the old-fashioned romantic way. Upon this, Mr. Frank Mayo has grafted a touch of the new school.

Any one who has the courage to acknowledge that he ever looked into Wagner's opera scores will remember that there occurs at frequent intervals this direction—long pause. Every one remembers, too, the powerful effect of these pauses when the blare of brass, the crash of strings, and the shriek of voices come to an abrupt stop.

Mr. Frank Mayo, like Wagner, is fond of this sort of thing. Every now and then in his school, his art mistress taps him on the shoulder, and says "long pause."

His repression is sometimes too great in "Nordeck," yet his long pauses are very telling. It is his custom upon those occasions to put on his intensity stop, and every one knows that Frank Mayo's intensity stop is, in the language of Artemus Ward, his "strong hold."

It is not a bad stop, either. When he gnawed his nether lip, controlled his trembling fingers, and wildly glared at the Princess Ziuliski, Prince Leo, or any other member of the Polish aristocracy who happened to be offending him at the moment, the audience could plainly read the workings of his mind, and they were in the very deepest sympathy with him. He is a dashing, picturesque, emotional actor of the old school, and he will never quite belong to the new, try he ever so hard.

The masses are with him, for there is but a small following as yet for the æsthetic school of acting.

And they like the strong, rich, coloring of "Nordeck." There is plot in it for three plays, and people are getting back to plot, and there is emotion enough for twenty, and people always want emotion.

It is a good, strong, vigorous, interesting play, but it is not a literary gem, because when they set the time back a hundred years they forget to set the dialogue with it.

BETSY R.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. Richard Mansfield announces, backed by Robert Louis Stevenson himself, that Dr. Jekyll's name is pronounced Je-kill.

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis will play Geraldine in "La Belle Russe," next week at the Alcazar, supported by Gustavus Levick and the Alcazar company.

Mrs. James Brown Potter announces that she is having some beautiful stage costumes made by Wenck, for her American tour. Who is Wenck?

"Nordeck" is taken from a not well-known and not much read novel called "Venetia," but the book has not been closely followed, and the play is better than the book.

Many people are asking for "Davy Crockett," but Frank Mayo has transferred it to his son. The newspapers say he plays it as well as his father does, but the public declare something to be lacking that once was in it.

The country is about to be deluged with different versions of "As in a Looking Glass." Mrs. Langtry is playing it with some success at the Fifth Avenue in New York. Mrs. James Brown Potter wants to play it when she comes, and several cheaper actresses have made versions of their own, it being a very easy book to dramatize.

Mr. Ben Teal, who returns to California with quite a complete reputation as a director of fine spectacular productions, has also returned a benedict, he having taken to himself, a few months since, a wife from Boomland. Mrs. Teal is visiting her family in Los Angeles while her husband is devoting himself to the preparation of "Clito."

The audience extended a warm welcome to the wrong Mayo last Monday night in "Nordeck." Five years is not a cycle of time, but every one seemed to think that they would have given Frank Mayo more marks of time than have fallen upon him. The false Mayo made a grateful and graceful bow and played his very best in consequence of the mistake.

Mrs. Vincent, the aged actress who died the other day in Boston after half a century of favoritism, was the widow of the once handsome John Wilson, of the old California Theatre company, for whose prodigal return she waited for many weary years. She was at one time a costume-furnisher, and John Wilson was quite celebrated in the profession for his courtiers' costumes, as he himself had been in the business with his wife. She was the senior of her husband by some thirty years.

Augustin Daly took a little Chinese hoy from San Francisco under a three years' engagement. He is to dress in the pure Chinese style, and was handsomely fitted out by his father before he went away. He is to stand in the vestibule of the theatre by night, and to act as page to Mrs. Daly during the day. He is not exactly a novelty, Mrs. Langtry's Chinese page having filled the public eye for some time, but he is unusual, and serves as an advertisement for the theatre.

The Hungarian Band is to leave the Orpheum in a fortnight to make way for some operatic novelty. It cost the management five thousand dollars to bring the band to San Francisco, but it was a wise investment, for their playing has been a great attraction. Their repertoire is practically unlimited—fifteen hundred pieces, they say—and they play all things well, from "Tannhauser" to the newest popular air; but their chief successes have been waltzes of the light Viennese school.

Booth and Barrett are making ready for their joint tour, and take the keenest pleasure in the rehearsals. Barrett made his first appearance upon the stage in an inferior part in "The French Spy," thirty-five years ago. Booth has been about the same time upon the stage, but by right of his historic name has always held a prominent place in the public eye, and has by none been more admired during those thirty-five years than by Lawrence Barrett. They both regard the tour as the crown of their dramatic lives.

Among other acts of great or less beneficence, the land boom has given Pasadena one of the most promising theatres on the coast. It is not yet ready for use, but in a few weeks it will provide an amusement place which will satisfy the most exigent first-nighter and be as a balm to the troubled soul of the barn-stormer. The surface of the boards over all will be sixty-two by forty feet, the stage will be made adjustable by patent mechanism, and the scenic arrangements will be all that the most fastidious could desire.

Whatever may be the success of "Clito," it is undoubtedly going to be very much better played than in the original cast. Mr. Wilson Barrett is an actor who, with all his reputation, would only excite amusement in San Francisco. Mr. Eben Plympton has not much reputation in classical rôles, but is a very good modern actor. Kate Forsyth, curiously enough, though her nose is uptilted and she has not a classical line in her face, is never so charming as in a classic rôle. She is the loveliest of Parthenias, Virginias, and Galateas.

Handsome leading men are at a premium since they have become necessities with the professional beauties. Charles Coghlan, once an actor of great talent, has long been obscured in Mrs. Langtry's little repertoires, and now Maurice Barrymore will be kept in a like groove. Little Kyle Bellew has been snapped up by Mrs. Potter, and Osmond Tearle is getting fat. James O'Neill is not available as a fine lady's leading man, and, besides, feels that he is now rich enough to play "Hamlet" for pleasure. Herbert Kealey stands still in his profession, and Alexander Salvini is a tragedian. What is to be done if, as is threatened, another professional beauty should arise upon the dramatic horizon?

Sybil Sanderson, daughter of the late Judge Sanderson, of this city, will make her operatic debut early in October in Brussels, Belgium. She will sing the rôle of Juliet in Ambroise Thomas's opera, a rôle for which she is singularly well fitted in appearance. She is said to be a bravura singer of great brilliancy, and would have made her début under Carvalho at the Opera Comique, if the destruction of that house had not left the Parisians without a temple for their cherished light opera. Her repertoire, as yet, is small, but she has already received offers from one or two American managers who have heard her and feel assured of her success. Miss Sanderson will not adopt a *nom de théâtre*. San Francisco will wish her good speed.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending September 24th.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Havman, Lessee. Alfred Bouvier, Manager. Bill: "Kerry," followed by "Phryne." Cast as follows:

Jack O'Beirne, Mr. Boucicault; Phryne, Miss Thorn-dyke; Mark Carrington, Mr. Atkins Lawrence; Mrs. Downey, Mrs. Mary Barker; Shirley Vereker, Mr. C. A. Smiley; Lord Hurlingham, Mr. H. B. Phillips; Lord Bel-lerica, Mr. Fritz Williams; Rita Martinez, Miss Helen Bancroft; Maggie, Miss Fannie Bowman; Eunyan, Mr. A. H. Woodhull; Sir Dudley Talboys, Mr. J. O. Barrows; Barbara Talboys, Miss Minnie Young; Lady Florence Maskyline, Miss Nellie Buckley; Lady Goodwood, Miss L. Phillipson; Kate Rideout, Miss Blanche Weaver.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "Nordeck." Cast as follows:

Waldemar Nordeck, Frank Mayo; Fabian, C. Harvey Witold, J. H. Taylor; Frantz Vogel, E. Nalod; Margaret Miss Fanny Graham; Count Morynski, D. Hanchett; Justin Leo, William Harcourt; Ladislav, Robert Neil; Prince R. Howard, Paul, J. H. Conly; Princess Ziuliski, Miss Alice Fischer; Wanda, Miss Helen Rand.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stock well, Managers. Bill: "Camille." Cast as follows:

Camille, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis; Armand Duval, Gustavus Levick; De Varville, Harry Mainhall, Gaston, George H. Trader; Duval, Leo Cooper; Gustave, Emile Collins; Servant, Harry Russell; Madame Prudence, Miss Anni Adams; Olympe, Miss Eleanor Barry; Nichte, Miss Maude Banker; Nanine, Miss Fanny Bowman.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Olivette." Cast as follows:

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At the Bush Street, next week, Frank Mayo's company in "The Royal Guard."

At the Alcazar, next week, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis in "La Belle Russe."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "Maritana."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

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I stand upon the stage
I play King Richard's foemen,
Or as a noble Roman
Attention I engage.

I bear aloft a spear
And sometimes, too, a banner
In an artistic manner.
I shout "Hurrah" and "Hear."

Sometimes I play a guard
And sometimes eke a trooper.
Men, sneering, call me "super,"
My fate alas, is hard.
They call me clod and mule;
And, though their conduct's groundless,
Their badinage is boundless,
So is their ridicule.

And if perchance I say:
"The carriage, sir, is waiting,"
They laugh in irritating
And jibing kind of way.

Folk laugh my legs to scorn;
They also scoff profusely
Because my tights hang loosely,
The which doth make me mourn.

The public must not seek
Talents beyond all criticism.
And legs no theme for witticism
For dollars twain per week.

Dramatic Love.

The leading lady of my heart
She is, and I'll e'er take her part.
Something angelic to her clings,
I'm sure I see her between wings.

How great would be my happiness
If I could prompt her to say yes!
I'd be her sole support, in fine,
If she would promise to be mine.

If she'd so curtain answer give
As "No," I'd hardly care to live.
Think cue I ever could endure
To turn and say a farewell tour?

On and Off the Stage.

On the stage the Yankee
Oft plays the noisy Celt,
And on the stage the coward
Oft wears the soldier's belt;

The lovelorn, weeping maiden
Is oft a matron fat,
And the Frenchman of the salon
Falls oft to honest Pat;

The man of melancholy
Is seen as dancing clown,
And the funny fellow figures
As the villain, grim and brown.

Behind the scene the actors are
Quite different from life,
Where Romeo romantic
Has ten children and a wife.

—Boston Budget.

Super-Annuated.

I'm tired of seeing scrawny wights,
Upon the stage as "supers,"
Perambulating round as knights,
Or as King Richard's troopers.

I weary when my eyes behold
Their limbs so lean and scraggy,
Their armor dingy, dull and old,
Their tights so loose and baggy.

And then their dull and stolid looks,
Their awkward, graceless movements,
I would some manager, gadzooks!
Would make required improvements.

And I suggest, if 'tis agreed
That we of change are needy,
Automatons should supersede
The shabby super-seedy.

The Footlight Fever.

"Tell me, I pray you little one, what would you like to be?"

I took the beautiful baby girl and held her on my knee.

"What 'ood I like to be?" she lisped, and she looked like an infant sage.

"Oo won't tell nobody nevf, now? I wants to go on the stage."

"What is your aim, oh sweet sixteen?" and the darling murmured: "Well,

I've no objection to answering you; of course you mustn't tell.

You know that elegant leading man, whom all we girls adore?

Let me play opposite parts to him, and I'll ask for nothing more."

"Madam, your dainty home to me a Paradise appears."

She was a pearl of womanhood, wedded a dozen years.

"Oh, yes, we'd get on well enough," she said, with a kind of sigh.

"If he'd let me act, but he says I shan't, and I'll do it or I'll die."

"What do you wish?" I blandly asked of old and withered dame,

Who hobbled in with my laundry work. She was bent and a trifle lame.

"Well, boss, you see," she answered me, "my work's too hard, by far;

It's a positive fact that I can act, and I'd like to be a 'star.'"

—Edward E. Kilder, in New York World.

CCCCLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday
September 25, 1887.

Calf's-Head Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Black Bass, Burgundy Sauce.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce. Masbed Potatoes.
Fried Egg Plant. Green Peas.
Roast Goose. Apple Sauce.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Strawberries. Whipped Cream.
Angel Cake.

BLACK BASS, BURGUNDY SAUCE.—Clean a black bass of about four pounds, put it in the fish-kettle to boil, adding half a bottle of claret. Then let it simmer for half an hour on the back of the range. Take half a pint of Spanish sauce, put in a saucepan with two wineglasses of red wine, reduce one quarter, and serve.

SPANISH SAUCE.—Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, to which add two ounces of flour, and put on a gentle fire, stirring until colored a nice brown; then mix with the flour and butter a pint of starch, an ounce and a half of lean raw ham, a carrot, an onion, a piece of celery, two cloves, a pinch of salt and pepper, and stir until beginning to boil. Remove the saucepan to the back of the range, so as to simmer gently for an hour; skim off the grease carefully and strain.

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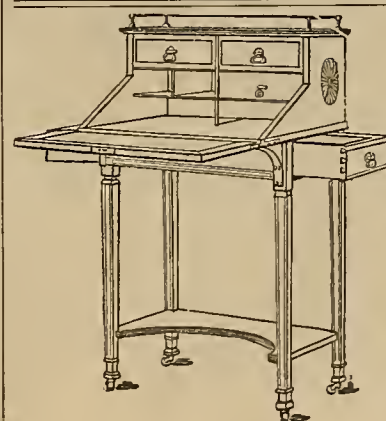
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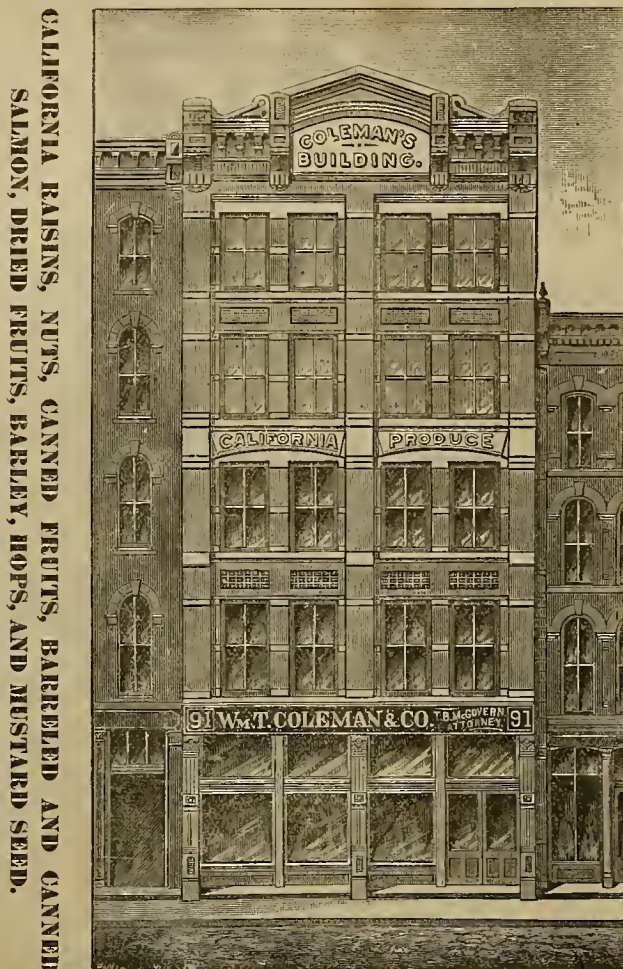
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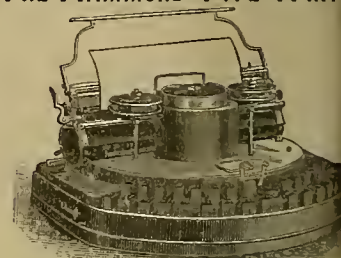
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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The proverbial "man up a tree," looking down upon the present situation of the money market in New York, must find ample matter for cogitation, but from his altitude he should be able to take such a comprehensive view of the entire position as would give his mind a firm grasp of the subject, unbiased by false or misleading surroundings. The trouble would seem to be that Wall Street engrosses a large and ever-increasing fund of money in speculation, and, the greater the demand, the higher the rate of interest asked on call loans. The demand for money on call being large, the

mercantile community suffers some stringency, since lenders prefer such loans, they being protected by collateral securities which can be immediately turned into money if necessary, while mercantile paper is secured only by the credit of its makers, and is the least available for conversion or realization in time of panic. The rates on call loans in New York, in August, fluctuated between six and three per cent, with an average of about five per cent., while commercial paper ranged from six and a half to nine per cent. Thus, the mercantile community suffers because the speculators absorb the money in their affairs, being preferred borrowers. It is not pretended that there is not money enough to move the crops of the country, but that the money is in use in speculation, and is consequently not available for legitimate purposes. Then comes the assertion that the Treasury Department should come to the relief of the money market by anticipation of interest payments, purchase of bonds at big premiums, and in various suggested chimerical ways. Would not this be simply proposing that the Treasury lend its aid to the schemes of the speculators? Is there any assurance that money released from the Treasury would not be immediately absorbed by Wall Street, leaving the mercantile community still suffering? Whenever the treasury has come to the relief of the street, it has brought down upon its actions a brood of curses whose shadows linger through years. To this day the memory of President Grant is reviled by people who suffered by the action of the Treasury at the time of the memorable Black Friday. Morally, it is doubtful whether the Secretary of the Treasury has the right to purchase bonds at a premium. The Treasury surplus belongs to the people at large, of whom the speculators are an infinitesimal fraction. The money is there, available for the redemption of bonds at their earliest maturity. The government, under the Thurman Act, compels its debtors to store away funds for the payment of their debts at maturity: why, then, should not the government be expected to adopt the same course? Why make flesh of one, and fowl of another? The government, having the idle funds available, might justly redeem at par such bonds as were presented, within the limit of its means, but is it just to the people at large, the real owners of the funds, that the bond-holders and capitalists should be paid a premium over the face value of their claim for being allowed the privilege of converting their securities into money, because they deem it is to their advantage to do so? If the bond-holders should find a more profitable use for their money, they would surrender their bonds at par. Therefore, while some of them think they can make a profit by selling their bonds at ten per cent. premium, and loaning the proceeds out on call, the financial stringency is not yet so great that the par value of the bonds loaned to private parties at interest will be as profitable as its present investment in government securities. And it is very doubtful whether the street rates of interest will reach such a figure as to make such conversion profitable. A legitimate advance to that extent is not probable, and the money market is quite liable to take care of itself, if left alone, or not treated illegitimately. The movement of our crops to Europe brings a corresponding movement of gold to this country in payment, so that our supply of coin is constantly increasing at this season, and any apparent depletion is due to the absorption of funds in playing against the great games of chance in Wall Street. Perhaps the best evidence of this is, that in the larger Eastern cities New York exchange is selling at a discount.

In the way of sensational rivalry between the San Francisco daily newspapers, an effort has been recently made to excite the public over the alleged large importation of gold to this city from New York, though with small success. The fact is, that at this season of the year an unusual amount of money is always required here to pay for the harvesting, sacking, and transportation of the grain crop, the canning of the fruit yield, and the general "round-up" of our year of production. This year, owing to the amount of money tied up in the wheat deal, a somewhat larger amount of money was brought into the market here, though not enough to indicate any general financial stringency. The money, too, was already here, in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, and the transfer was made in the customary way, by the banks who

held superfluous funds in New York, causing deposits to be made in the Sub-Treasury there in exchange for drafts against the Sub-Treasury here. The same practice obtains every year at this season, and the attempt of the alarmist newspapers to engineer a financial panic had no foundation to go upon. The general bank rates of interest have not been raised, and the rates for bills of exchange on New York, which a month ago were unusually low, are now at their normal figure. There is plenty of money in the State, especially in the southern portion, the banks holding vast amounts of funds on deposit which have been brought here from the East for investment.

That blundering incident the other day, upon the Franco-German frontier, which resulted in the death of one man and the serious wounding of another, is simply an additional link in a chain of incidents stretching from the initial point of misunderstanding to the ultimate one of war. The frontier, at the point where the affair occurred, passes through some forest land for the distance of a mile or thereabouts, and is, in fact, just such a spot, owing to the difficulty of correctly estimating distances and directions by land-marks half hidden by the trees, as might be naturally associated with just such an incident. The explanation of the affair is natural enough. A party of French sportsmen, with their beaters, nine in all, and all armed, are pursuing their pastime within seven yards of the frontier. A German soldier, detailed to assist the forest guards in preventing poaching, imagines that the Frenchmen are upon German ground, calls upon them to halt, and being either unheard, misunderstood, or intentionally disregarded, fires three shots from a distance of eighty yards, with the disastrous results before stated. If the German soldier was to blame for assuming the functions of judge, jury, and executioner, and deciding, as it appears, wrongly, upon a question of fact, there are few but will admit that the foolhardiness which marches armed upon, practically, the very frontier line separating two nations between whom the worst blood is known to exist, has not great grounds of complaint if things turn out just as they have done in this case. But this repetition, on a very small scale, of a famous border incident, may culminate in results as disastrous as those of Chevy Chase, if proper steps are not taken to prevent it. Why should not a commission issue in amity between France and Germany, to define the frontier in some more practical and unmistakable way than the present one, which has been found so fruitful in exasperating issues? This thing of wooden posts that are liable to be blown down, and painted milestones that are liable not to be seen, and errors of judgment that are liable to be made by ignorant border sentries, is a stigma upon modern civilization, and looks more like a deliberate purpose to leave a loop-hole open for a declaration of war, by ensuring a pretext when one is wanted, than the embodiment of a sincere endeavor to adjust civil relations between two great and adjoining nations. The frontier line between Germany and France extends but little over eighty miles, and it must surely argue a poverty in diplomatic and engineering resources if this line of demarcation has to depend upon a series of scattered and arbitrary land-marks, and the very fallible judgment of impulsive and inexperienced men. There are many methods which readily suggest themselves for defining, beyond a peradventure, the most sinuous line. The plan of declaring a strip of territory neutral on either side of the actual frontier line, would, at any rate, render impossible a recurrence of the present trouble, or rather would remove all pretext for making it the basis of international difficulty or individual indemnity. But so long as the French and German ideas of a border line differ by the width of a province like Lorraine, it is not likely that any quantity of land-marks or neutral territory would bring about the desired result; and every fresh victory or reverse, leading to appropriation on one side and loss upon the other, would keep the vexed question as far from settlement as ever.

The Los Angeles Herald—in a recent article which has been rather extensively copied by the various local papers in "boom-land"—recurs to its pet idea of the erection of a new State out of the southern portion of California, and argues

from the standpoint of increased assessments in favor of division. It says:

The total raise in the assessments of all the fifty-two counties of this State aggregate \$130,000,000. Of this, Los Angeles County stands for nearly one-half. Taking the four extreme southern counties of California, and it is found that the figures of the current year as compared with those of a year ago, are:

	1887.	1886.
Los Angeles.....	\$29,796,656	\$37,560,880
San Bernardino.....	15,937,905	8,089,305
San Diego.....	18,712,513	9,601,285
Santa Barbara.....	15,085,923	8,585,485

The total here for the present assessment is \$142,533,066; for last year \$64,196,052; the difference is \$78,336,114. This taken from the total raise in the State as given above, in round numbers, would leave in the same way, only \$52,000,000 as the increment of the other forty-eight counties of the State. Of this balance, the City and County of San Francisco accounts for just one-half. These figures need no addition to show how unjust is our position in the matter of paying State taxes.

Really, the divisionists must be hard up for argument when they are reduced to the use of such a boomerang as the above. The rich man, instead of pitying his poor neighbor, waxeth angry because he himself is not also poor. To what purpose has the boom been booming day and night, if it has not increased the taxable value of property? Have there been no improvements on real estate in that section, or has the dazzling rise in values been only mythical, published as a bait to catch the unwary foreigner from the ice-bound East? They remind us of the Irish tenant, who, on rent day, flung a bundle of bank-notes on the agent's desk, saying: "There, that is every penny that I can raise. You will have to be content with that." "But," said the agent, counting the notes, "here is more than enough to pay the rent." "Oh," remarked the crestfallen farmer, "I gave you the wrong bundle. Yours is here in my other pocket." So, while to the possible purchaser, land down there takes on a fabulous value, to the assessor it has deteriorated in value, and is only a barren waste. In their argument, they would advise the secession from the State of the City and County of San Francisco, because it has to pay alone one-half of the aggregated taxes of the northern portion of the State. From the standpoint of taxation alone, they would lose by a separation, for, instead of paying, as they now do, a proportion of the expenses of a State government, they would then have them all to pay. As yet we have seen no good reason advanced for a division of the State. The interests of all sections are identical, and there is no one locality which suffers unduly from the operation of laws enacted for the benefit of another section. Nor is there any precedent for a separation. The partition of Virginia was a war measure, justifiable only as such, and to this day a cause of well-grounded complaint. The separation of Maine from Massachusetts in 1820 was only a political justification of a natural separation, since the coast-line of New Hampshire intervened between the two portions of Massachusetts. Even if it were possible to admit the advisability of a division, it is difficult to see how it could ever be accomplished, for, such is the existing jealousy between the great political parties regarding the political complexion of Congress, that it would require political accord between the two sections of the State, the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the President, a state of affairs not likely to occur.

When a fad like that of separation takes a hold on a community, it is almost invariably accompanied by kindred propositions, more or less absurd, which as invariably find newspapers to advocate them. Some of the newspapers of Southern California are now, apparently, seriously advocating the annexation of Lower California. Annexation of inhabited territory has ever proved a costly proceeding, and is wholly undesirable, unless the population of the annexed territory desire the change. An epidemic of argument in favor of the annexation of Canada occasionally breaks out among a class of newspapers in the extreme northern portion of the United States, based upon the assumption of the better welfare of Canada, and backed up by the utterances of a few, a very few, Canadian political demagogues. The crown of Great Britain has no more loyal subjects than the Canadians, and, as a people, they not only do not desire annexation, but are proud of their allegiance to the mother country, and look upon us Yankees, as they are pleased to term all Americans, with a sort of good-natured contempt and lofty patronage. What, then, would be the result of the annexation of Baja California? It must necessarily be forcible, for Mexico is jealously tenacious of her territory, and yet rankles with hatred of the United States for her losses in the war of 1846. We must, then, go to war with Mexico, which we do not want. If we should annex Lower California, we acquire a comparatively unexplored peninsula, known to be principally barren, with great scarcity of water, and sparsely settled by a low class of Spanish-Americans, who, as a race, are the worst citizens in the world. Our experience with the natives of the Mexican territory which we have acquired in past years, should teach us the fallacy of conferring citizenship on any more of them. As for the handful of Americans who now inhabit Lower California, they must take the chance of our one day having a Secretary of State with a back-bone rigid enough to enable him to

manfully assert the dignity of the United States, or the protection of the interests of its citizens resident in foreign countries.

The extension of the land boom of Southern California into Mexican territory, by way of the Enseñada colony in Baja California, is a matter which demands grave consideration at the hands of those who contemplate participation in it, and of those who have any interest in the welfare of the colonists. Without discussing the question of the resources of the land for the support and prosperity of the colony, on which point we are not sufficiently well informed, we doubt whether the colonists have sufficiently considered the possibilities of the future, as regards their political status and personal welfare. The experience of Americans in Mexico has not been reassuring. At various times we have called attention to outrages there, the most recent being the case of the unfortunate Leon Baldwin, who was brutally murdered, not even through cupidity, but solely through the hatred which the Mexicans bear for Americans; his murderers are still at large and unmolested. As regards tenure of property, witness the case of the American owners of the coal mines at Piedras Negras, in the State of Coahuila, a short distance from the Rio Grande, near Eagle Pass in Texas. They bought the mines, acquired a title which passed the scrutiny of the most expert examiners in the world, and proceeded to develop the property. As soon as they had got the mines into a fine state of exploitation, with works and machinery complete, and a railroad in operation connecting them with the outer world, Don Patricio Milmo, of Monterey, a very wealthy Mexican citizen of Irish birth, set forth a spurious claim to the property through inheritance from his wife, sued for possession, and, without a pretence of law or justice, was awarded judgment, and the owners were ordered not only to yield possession within three days, but to restore the property to the exact condition in which it was when they took possession. There is a general Mexican law which forbids foreigners from acquiring title to real estate in Mexico within twenty leagues of the frontier, so we suppose that the Enseñada colonists will have to become Mexican citizens; but even then, if they should prosper and accumulate any amount of wealth, they, like infants, will have all their troubles before them. Not only will they be in constant danger from *bandidos*, who infest the entire republic, and especially the Territory of Baja California, which is a sort of house of refuge for outlaws, but at the least political excitement, hands of revolutionists spring into existence, who descend upon the towns and levy tribute for the support of the *pronunciamento*. Further, any display or suspicion of wealth will excite the cupidity of the natives, who will trump up claims against their property, and, although Mexican citizens, they will still be regarded as *gringos* in the eyes of the people; and the venal courts will afford them no justice as against a native Mexican. The foreigners who do succeed in that country are those who marry Mexican wives with landed estates, and assimilate with the Mexican character, becoming aggressive, unscrupulous, and cunning. The very recent experiences in the Topolobampo colony might teach something to persons contemplating the Enseñada scheme. Surely California is large enough and varied enough in topography to satisfy all tastes in those who are dissatisfied with the Eastern States, without their looking to Mexico as the promised land. They used to tell a story illustrative of the Mexican customs service, that when the merchants in any of the seaports on the west coast would have a vessel about to arrive, the import duties on whose cargo would aggregate a hundred thousand dollars or more, they would put up about ten thousand dollars and organize a revolution. Then, while the authorities were out fighting the *pronunciados*, the ship would be brought in and the cargo hurriedly landed and warehoused. A judicious hrib the collector of the port would close his eyes to what might have been going on in his absence, and all would be again serene. Another story tells that when General Diaz first became president, one of his favorite officers, who was very poor, was rewarded with the collectorship of one of the western ports. He administered the office faithfully and honestly. After two or three years he was removed to make way for some one else. The colonel repaired to the City of Mexico and remonstrated with the president, representing that he was very greatly in need of the office, having no other means of support. Diaz responded: "I gave you that place to reward you, and you have been there long enough to make yourself rich. If you are such a fool as to be still poor, I can do nothing more for you. You have had your chance and wasted it." These trifles of anecdote the Mexicans tell themselves with great glee, and we commend them to the Enseñada colonists as food for thought.

All recent dispatches from Asia point to the brewing of trouble in the regions about India, and even in India itself. The truth is, that the natives of that rich and populous country are becoming imbued with something like a sense of independence, and growing alive to the fact that there is a higher destiny before them than that which pictures the

ancient Empire of the Moguls as the eternal appanage of the British crown. The day is not so very far off when this sense will take practical shape, and the great Asiatic peninsula wake up from the lethargy which has so long enthralled it. The first symptoms of this awakening are manifesting themselves in that feeling of uneasiness which presages and precedes all moral and political storms. It is notorious that the native population of India has never taken kindly to British rule. The acquisition of that wonderful Oriental empire with its gold, and jewels, and teeming millions, reads like a page of romance, only paralleled by the conquests of Mexico and Peru. The causes which led to the erection of an European sovereignty in the heart of Asia are well known to have been the indolence, luxury, and intestine dissensions of the native princes of India, along with the depressed and servile condition of the masses, whose moral and social conditions incapacitated them from ever entertaining the idea of a just and personal government. Therefore, it was comparatively an easy task for the band of British adventurers who went there first to obtain a political and commercial foothold in that wealthy, indolent, and sleepy land; and only a natural sequence that the British Government should relieve and supersede the East India Company when they saw how easy it was to reduce and appropriate this prize, rich and magnificent as an Oriental dream. But the same process of events which led the English there is leading to the political development, and the uplifting from night and barbarism, of the people whom they came to govern and despoil. The Hindoo is becoming slowly but surely educated up to the European standpoint of politics, if not of morals, and it is only a matter of time before he educates his educator into the knowledge that he is perfectly able to take care of himself. It will simply be a different rendering of the hackneyed hexameter:

"Gracia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."

The only difference being that the boot will be upon the other leg, and the victor in the present instance will have borrowed instead of lent. The lines of social demarcation between the brandy-pawnee drinking gentleman on the one side, who throws any amount of judicial gravity into the chicken-stealing question, in which the bare and brown-legged individual upon whom he adjudicates plays an important yet subsidiary part, are being narrowed. The Hindoo gentleman is receiving a university education, is occupying responsible government situations, and is proving, by his intelligence, courtesy, and capacity, that the reason why India does not govern itself is not owing to any race deficiency but simply to the crudeness of method that has characterized all Oriental races, in the matter of education, in the past. Another factor in the grand Asiatic moral movement, which will materially change the politics of the greatest and oldest continent upon this planet, lies in the growing discontent which British bumptiousness, arrogance, and want of tact have been sedulously fomenting for so many years among the native Indian princes. It is well known that those Indian princes who mustered up enough vigor to travel a matter of ten thousand miles to pay their respects to the regal representative of a government and a nation by which they have always been cavalierly, not to say meanly, treated, were treated in turn, in London, in a manner which caused them to shake the dust from their feet, when leaving that scene of the world's last big jubilee. This way of doing business is not likely to further British interests, if they ever get in a tight place; and there are not wanting indications that that place may not be situated at an incommensurable distance. Besides the growing native discontent and the alienation of the hereditary princes, that vague and ungauged semi-barbarous power that divides the Mongol from the Caucasian is stretching out its octopus-like arms towards the Himalayas. And while we do not for one moment credit those rumors which connect the name of Russia with every little ordinary disturbance in Central Asia, as the average politician and journalist does, there is no getting over the fact that anything like a rupture between governors and governed in India would be like the deliberate setting of temptation, and no matter how saint-like and virtuous the tempted may be there is always the liability of a fall.

The mere investor—and in our land articles we do not claim to be inspired by any higher motives than to treat of the great topic of the day, and to pander to the gambling mania of the hour in as innocent a manner as may be possible to us—the mere investor will take the greatest interest in those land laws of our government which enable a citizen to acquire title to land without going to reside upon it. We will treat of these laws first, and next of the Preemption and Homestead laws.

Under the General Land Law of the government, large areas of vacant lands may be surveyed and offered for sale at auction to the general buyer. Any citizen is privileged to buy as large a mass of land as he may choose, and all lands not sold at auction remain recorded as offered land, and may be bought at any time at government price without limit as to quantity. After large grants of land had been made to the various and many railroad companies, it became unpopu-

ar to allow single individuals to buy large tracts of government land, and for many years past, no administration, of any political stripe, has dared to offer government land for sale under the general law. All the odd pieces of offered land left hap-hazard upon the land-office records, have been bought without regard to location, quality, or value.

Under the Timber-Land Law, any citizen is allowed to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of timber land at two and a half dollars per acre. The government requires proof that the land is too heavily timbered to admit of its being available for agriculture. The Timber-Culture Law was enacted to encourage the planting of forest trees on land wholly devoid of timber. Under this law, any citizen may file a timber-culture claim on any quarter of a vacant section, or in other words, he may claim one hundred and sixty acres out of any vacant section of six hundred and forty acres. But no other quarter may be filed on in that section under the Timber-Culture Law. Hence, it will be seen that in any region of vacant government land, there will be three times as many opportunities to acquire land by preëmption and homestead, as by the law under consideration. As both preëmption and homestead require residence on the land, while under the Timber-Culture Law no residence is required, there has been a great rush to acquire title to the one-quarter in each section of vacant government and which alone could be so acquired. There are yet some opportunities to obtain land under this law, and for the benefit of those of our readers who may wish to avail themselves of their right as citizens under it, we give, briefly, the essential points of the law. Within one year from the date of application the applicant must cause five acres of the land to be plowed. Before the termination of the second year a second five-acre piece must be plowed, and some kind of a crop must be sowed or planted in the first five-acre piece. Before the termination of the third year the second five-acre piece must have some kind of a crop on it, and the first piece must be planted to any kind of tree that may be regarded as a forest tree, as distinguished from a fruit tree. In order to fulfill the requirements of the law as to the number of trees to be planted, it is necessary to plant them about four feet each way. We have not the figures at hand, but to obtain title from the government it is necessary to prove that not less than six hundred trees are alive at the end of the time allotted by the law. Before the end of the fourth year, the second piece must be planted like the first. After five years of cultivation of these ten acres, the claimant may prove up and obtain title to the one hundred and sixty acres without paying a dollar for the land. As under this law one-fourth of all the vacant timberless government land may be filed upon for forest-tree purposes, and as very nearly all the land available under the law has been filed upon, it would seem as though the vast plain of our State is destined to be decorated with beautiful ten-acre forests in the near future. Nothing is further from the truth. The vast plain is destined to be decorated only with beautiful ten-acre frauds, flanked with whole sections of ornamental lies and perjuries. The law requires the applicant to swear that he really means to plant a forest according to its intent. To be exact about it, he swears that "this filing and entry is made for the cultivation of timber, and for my own exclusive use and benefit; that I have made the said application in good faith, and not for the purpose of speculation, or directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whatsoever." And yet it is the lamentable truth that more than nine-tenths, perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of these timber-culture applications are open and shameless frauds. The applicants have no intention whatever of ever planting a single tree. They merely mean to keep a legal hold on the land for three years by complying with the easily filled requirements of the law. By that time, the other three-quarters of the section will be settled upon by settlers under the preëmption and homestead laws, which require them actually to live on the land. Then, when land will readily sell at a good figure, and all the government lands except the timber-culture quarters are occupied, the honest applicant offers to file an abandonment of his claim for a valuable consideration in favor of the party who desires to immediately file a declaration of homestead on the quarter which has been for three years dishonestly withheld from settlement.

Under the Desert Land Act, any citizen may file on a section, or six hundred and forty acres of desert land, on the following terms: The applicant pays twenty-five cents per acre at the time of making his application. He then has three years' time to develop water for irrigating the land. If, at the end of three years, he is in position to prove that he has conducted water for irrigation to each smallest legal subdivision, forty acres, he is entitled to receive a patent for the land from the government on payment of an additional one dollar per acre. Under the operation of this law, vast masses of desert land have been honestly and beneficently reclaimed. There are still opportunities to acquire land under this law, but it has become dangerous to have anything to do with it on account of the peculiar rulings of the present incumbent of the United States Land Commissioner's office. That officer has recently ruled that appli-

cants must pay twice as much, both on application and final proof, as the law explicitly calls for; and has decided that where an application under the law is successfully contested on the ground that the land claimed is, not desert in character, but susceptible of cultivation in ordinary years without irrigation, and consequently the applicant has lost his right to the land through having mistaken its nature, that, nevertheless, the applicant is not entitled to recover the money which he has paid into the United States treasury under a misapprehension. Again, by pursuing a system of summer-fallowing, crops of some kind may be raised on such lands without irrigation, and where the neighboring lands are settled upon and in demand at high prices, the claim may be set up that such land is not desert in character; and the honest applicant, who has paid what the law requires, and has complied with its requirements as to developing water for the land, may lose his money and title in the contest. In our courts the most dishonest scoundrel, if he assume the attitude of a settler, will defeat the most honest man who appears before them in the attitude of a land-owner; and it is likely to be so before the present United States Land Commissioner.

The Federal Government granted to the State the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township to be sold for school purposes. That is, the Federal Government granted to the State one-eighth of the entire public domain within its borders for the use of its public-school system. The State accepted the grant, and enacted for the disposal of the land the following law: Any citizen may purchase, if the land applied for be cultivable, half a section, three hundred and twenty acres; or if desert in character, a section, six hundred and forty acres, at one dollar and a quarter per acre. These lands have been bought without regard to location or quality, and all the school lands of the State are probably sold.

The Federal Government likewise granted to the State all the swamp and overflowed lands, in order that these lands might be reclaimed and rendered useful under the supervision of the State. All the accessible land of this character has long since been taken up, though very little *bona fide* reclamation has been effected.

Under the Preëmption Act, any citizen may occupy one hundred and sixty acres of land, and obtain title to it by proving that he has lived on it six months and paying the government two dollars and a half per acre, if it be within the railroad limits, or one dollar and a quarter per acre if it be beyond those limits. Other things concerning it being equal, within the railroad limits is by far the cheaper land, even at double the price of the other.

Under the Homestead Law, any citizen may file a homestead claim on one hundred and sixty acres of vacant government land. Within six months after the date of application, he must have a house on the land applied for. After living upon the land five years, he may obtain title to it from government as a free gift. After the homesteader has lived on his land six months, he may commute his homestead for a preëmption claim, pay up, and acquire title at once. These two laws afford no encouragement to speculators, and therefore large masses of most excellent land lie open to settlement, but vacant because most people want land for the same reason that they want front pews in heaven; not to occupy, but to sell.

This topic can not be fully treated without noting the admirable management of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies, in the disposition of the immense mass of land granted to them by the government. The policy of the companies has ever been to encourage actual settlers, and to discourage speculation in their lands. Whenever any person had settled upon railroad land the companies have invariably given him the preference over all other proposed purchasers without regard to the prices offered. Where conflicting claims have been set up between settlers and speculators, the companies have instituted commissions of inquiry, at very considerable expense to themselves, to determine the validity of such claims, and they have always favored the actual settler. The price set upon their lands by the companies has mostly been the same as the government price, but their terms have been so much more generous that it has been easier to acquire title to railroad land than to government land. The settler desiring to obtain title to his land under the Preëmption Law must pay the government the full price, but he would have to pay the railroad company only twenty per cent of the equal price and five years time on the balance at only seven per cent interest. These companies have pursued a policy as to price of land which has been surprisingly liberal. Notwithstanding that they have, by means of competent agents constantly in the field, kept themselves fully informed concerning the value of lands surrounding their own, they have nevertheless placed their own prices immensely below those of contiguous lands. They have sold land at two and a half dollars per acre which has attained a value of over a hundred. They have allowed settlers on adjoining government land to select the choice pieces out of their own at the average price, thus depreciating the value of the balance of the land selected from, and this merely to encourage settlers on government

land contiguous to their own. Where they have charged higher than government prices they did so under the compulsion of the bondholders, who have at all times objected to their selling their lands at prices so far below those ruling for adjoining lands. Indeed, the cheapest good land still attainable in the State is that now being resold at a profit by purchasers from the railroad company.

It having been announced that Governor Waterman would exercise, in the selection of appointees to public offices of trust, the same care which he would use in filling positions of trust in his private business, it is noticed with pleasure and satisfaction that he has applied this rule in his choice of the new bank commissioner, Mr. James A. Thompson. Although still a young man, Mr. Thompson has passed fully twenty-five years in banking-houses on this coast, and is therefore specially fitted for discharging the duties of this important office. An active Republican in politics, his character and ability speak for themselves, and the public has cause for congratulation in the wisdom of the appointment. The practice of appointment to office by personal selection may have its drawbacks, as well as the opposite method of political selection. If the executive relies upon the recommendations of party managers in his choice among candidates, he relieves himself in a measure of the responsibility of the choice, and, as an unfit appointment recoils upon the party responsible for it, political managers are, as a rule, given to the consideration of fitness in their recommendations for offices of trust, though we mourn the many exceptions to this rule. On the other hand, an amiable or complaisant executive may make notoriously unfit appointments to oblige or endow his personal friends, as we have seen to our disgust in previous administrations here at home. Often the executive seems to regard public office as a public charity, where incompetents who are unsuccessful in private life may be given a comfortable livelihood at the public expense. This fault has been so common in administrations of either political stripe that it can be charged upon neither party to the advantage of the other. Errors of judgment, though, are not chargeable as errors of intention, and while the executive applies Governor Waterman's rule, to use the same care in making public appointments that he would use in selecting a man for a position of trust and responsibility in his own private business, he can not go far astray. Our new governor's principle is a good one, and creditable alike to him and to his sponsors, the Republican party and the American party.

The Chicago anarchists have been condemned to death and the day fixed for their execution. Meanwhile a horde of worthless and irresponsible sympathizers of their own class are moving heaven and earth, or rather they would do so if it was in their power, to procure a remittal or alleviation of the sentence hanging over those of their number whom an offended law has overtaken. George Francis Train is likewise seizing the occasion to come once more to the front, and is making a cheap bid for notoriety by espousing their cause; and if any circumstance were lacking to make the attempt to excite public sympathy abortive, we should think it was the championship of an idiot like Train. The one thing, however, which will probably have most influence with sensible people to cause them to set their faces implacably against any commutation of the death penalty is the statement, ostentatiously paraded in the hopes of exciting our compassion, that, in the event of the sentence being carried out, the wives of the sacrificed anarchists will kill their families and then themselves, in protest, presumably, against the inhumanity of the world. This way of solving the anarchy question by a root and branch extirpation of the anarchists by themselves, would be simple and expeditious, but we fear the report is too good to be true.

Every year there is hung at the Mechanics' Fair some one picture which is a study of the nude. Every year the directors of the Mechanics' Institute are besought to take the picture down. Every year they allow the picture to remain upon the walls. Every year a virtuous press lashes itself into lather over the outrage to modesty. Every year matrons and maidens pass this picture with averted eyes, and with supposititious blushes tingeing their skins. Every year, when he reflects upon the morals of San Francisco, this annual pother over a picture makes the devil grin.

The superstition that the number thirteen is unlucky received a severe blow in New York, the other day, when pilot-boat No. 13 was launched on a Friday. The number 13 was connected with the craft in every possible way. Her number is 13, thirteen members of the Thirteen Club were present, she was launched at 4:13, there are thirteen letters in her name, she has thirteen berths, she was launched on the 13th day of the month, sea calendar, she is to have a crew of thirteen men.

Farthings are still in use in England, though to such a limited extent that a member of the royal commission on gold and silver was ignorant of the fact, until informed during an investigation a short time ago. They are used chiefly in buying papers at trade prices, when quarter-fractions of a penny come into use.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

A Tale of Life in Goats' Hollow.

Bridget Callahan and Norah O'Grady met at a fish-stall in the Sixteenth Street market, and, as luck would have it, each fixed her fancy upon a particularly large and handsome flounder which lay upon the slimy marble slab. The two women had come up to the stall at about the same moment. It was not Bridget Callahan's fault that the dealer, a dark-skinned Italian with sleepy black eyes, happened to see her first, but the O'Grady chose to think so and abused her roundly, while the Italian rolled up the fish in a piece of coarse brown paper, counted out his customer's change, and bowed his thanks.

The tide of ineffectual wrath which issued from Mrs. O'Grady's lips surprised no one accustomed to the place. It seemed rather to delight its object. Norah O'Grady was a small woman, stout and firm-set as an ale bottle, with a rather long neck and a small head, which was on this occasion crowned with a sailor hat belonging to her little daughter, presumably snatched up by mistake in her haste to get out for her daily marketing. Mrs. Callahan, on the other hand, was of generous proportions, with a large, fat face and serene blue eyes that could be savage enough, upon occasion. And she was gorgeously arrayed, wearing a brilliant Paisley shawl with a fiery red centre, a vaunt of social superiority which she had waved before Mrs. O'Grady for years.

They met again at the door of the market, and assailed each other with a mutual storm of invective, for which the fish acted as an excuse.

Both knew that there would be no "making up" or "taking back." The day for reconciliation was long gone by. Just when this crisis had passed it would be difficult to say. Whether it occurred on the day, some ten years gone by, that the two families first took up their abode in cottages side by side, and Mrs. Callahan's Tim threw a dead cat at Mrs. O'Grady, and Mrs. O'Grady retaliated by crashing a pane of glass in the Callahan domicile, in her efforts to punish the culprit, and Mrs. Callahan appeared upon the scene, hot, and red, and covered with dust from beating carpets, and essayed to take the carpet-stick to Mrs. O'Grady, to her own discomfiture; whether these small beginnings, which were liable to occur in any families of the Callahan and O'Grady circle, formed the animus and incentive to after-hostilities, who can say? Certain it is that the war had been kept up with unabated vigor ever since. There is a certain convenience in quarrelling over a back fence, which people who have to nurse their wrath at a distance will readily appreciate. Anger has no chance to cool, as when time and distance intervene. Over the cook-stove, at the wash-tub, ironing, sweeping, scrubbing, rocking their babies, the voices of each could penetrate the other's domicile. It is needless to say that they made free use of their opportunities. If there was an opprobrious epithet in the vocabulary of billingsgate practiced in Goats' Hollow—that choice quarter of San Francisco where both had the honor to claim a residence—which they had not at some time flung at each other during their intercourse together, both would have thanked you to make it known, that they might at once atone for the deficiency. They had resorted to every expedient to prove their genuine neighborly feeling. When Mrs. Callahan hung her washing over the back-fence, Mrs. O'Grady sprinkled it liberally with dishwater. The soil in both back-yards was generously mulched with broken crockery, old bottles, bustles, corset steels, battered tin cans, and other neighborly courtesies which had been exchanged over this convenient back-fence.

In some ways, this feud had been of great benefit to both families. It had served as a sort of safety-valve for the conflicting emotions which often disturb the peace of a household. How much bodily fatigue and parental irritation the two mothers had worked off upon each other will never be positively known. With the youngsters, a proximate estimate of the exact amount of viciousness spared their own flesh and blood might easily be made. When Tim Callahan was spanked by his mother, he immediately cuffed a young O'Grady. When Annie O'Grady was denied a new frock, she made faces at Tim Callahan. The little Callahans and O'Gradys sparred and scratched and bit and stoned each other with promiscuous zeal.

For a time the heads of the two families abstained from any active participation in the general scrimmage, looking with dignified indulgence upon the clashings of the two weaker vessels. Little by little they were drawn into the conflict. Some depredations of more than usual atrocity had fired O'Grady's blood, Callahan had been wrought to a frenzy by the combined effects of an insulting taunt and an unusually generous evening dram, the two men had forthwith indulged in a knock-down fight, and having once aired their grievances within the arena of the police court, regularly contributed to swell its annals.

At the time of which I write, an interesting bit of litigation was pending between the two families. The O'Gradys kept poultry, and a sorry lot of fowls they were, maimed and crippled by the persecution of the Callahans. Nevertheless a feeble tribe of ducks, and geese, and hens wandered about the back-yard, or scoured the odorous precincts of Goats' Hollow, contriving to pick up a precarious living. Sometimes they ventured on the premises of neighbors, and were driven away with many a loud "shoo," shower of dirt, or waving of dish-towels. Now, the Callahans had a flower garden which was at once their glory and their pride, being gorgeous with showy geraniums, prickly with cactus, and redolent with herbs. The O'Grady fowls, sharing the family animosity, spied out this bumble paradise, and besieged it with a persistence that was positively ghoulish. By day and by night, through chink and crevice and gates left carelessly ajar, they invaded the Callahan garden and uprooted the choicest plants. When the Callahans walled them out, they burrowed under; when they laid a coping of rocks around the entire lot, they still contrived to make periodical marauds. It was privately whispered that the O'Gradys used to set up a step-ladder in their yard to assist the fowls in their depredations. Be this as it may, the Callahans at length got a dog, a fierce, yellow, whiskered canine, with a stub-tail and an evil eye,

warranted to be death on fowls. Thereafter, when a chicken, or duck, or goose stole into the Callahan grounds, its mangled body was promptly flung back over the fence. The O'Gradys could not stand this long. One day Mr. O'Grady paid a visit to a neighboring druggist, and the next morning the Callahan dog was stiff and stark. That day at noon Mr. Callahan swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mr. O'Grady, and the trial of the latter was set for a week from the day on which our story begins. Both families were to be out in force, and the suit promised to be the occasion for airing a long list of grievances on both sides.

As the feminine heads of these two warring factions continued their homeward walk, it must not be imagined that they took opposite sides of the street. Had they belonged to a different grade of society they would doubtless have contented themselves with icy stares when they met, and gone their way swelling with horrible things they would have liked to say. Being the women they were, they had the comfort of giving full vent to their feelings, and walked along side by side, in a neighborly fashion, punctuating each step with angry words, tart ejaculations, and venomous sneers. When they had progressed a block or so, a slight distraction, of a not entirely disagreeable nature, occurred. A youthful Callahan was discovered in the act of belaboring a young O'Grady with a five-gallon oil-can, while a bloody nose and a scratch on the assailant's face attested the ability of the O'Grady to give as good as the Callahan sent.

The two mothers watched the battle with pride in the prowess of their offspring. Neither attempted to interfere. This was a consistent result of years of industrious training, a valiant rally to the support of family traditions. It was more than that, it was salve for a secret grievance that each nourished in her heart. For upwards of a year their two eldest had suspended hostilities. Nay, more, Tim and Annie exchanged shy glances of sympathy and affection whenever they met. They had been seen walking together across the Hollow at night. Annie, a pretty, blue-eyed little creature, who was really modest and lady-like, and altogether a very exceptional product of a public-school education working upon raw Hibernian material, had lifted up her voice in defense of the Callahans, in her mother's house. Tim, a sturdy young fellow, who had spent the best days of his youth dodging the police authorities and Industrial School, but had turned out a very decent machinist after all, had left the paternal mansion the night before, slamming the door behind him, in resentment of some slighting allusion to the O'Gradys. The neighbors were beginning to say that it was a pity such a likely young couple should be kept apart by family differences; but the parents preserved an uncompromising front.

So absorbed were both women in watching the outcome of the combat that they did not at first observe a crowd that had gathered further down the street, nor the people running thither from all quarters. Evidently something of interest was transpiring; possibly a fire. The Callahans and the O'Gradys, young and old, never missed a fire if they could help it. With one accord the two women started for the scene of excitement, and as Mrs. O'Grady's short limbs were somewhat more agile than Mrs. Callahan's longer ones, they kept well abreast, and never paused until they had reached the outskirts of the ever-increasing crowd. Then Mrs. Callahan stopped with prophetic instinct, one hand pressed closely to her panting breast.

"It's the sewer. Something's happened in the sewer; an' my Bill a-goin' to work here the mornin'."

Norah O'Grady gave an exclamation of disgust. The idea of one of the Callahan crowd being singled out for any especial disaster was so absurd on the face of it that the very suggestion awoke in her a sense of impatience.

"An' what's happened?" she said, in a debative tone, accenting the second word, addressing a man who stood at her elbow.

"Bank caved in. Men under it."

"No, some men fell into an old cesspool that they uncovered."

Bridget Callahan did not wait to hear more, but pushed her way through the crowd. Norah O'Grady, without waiting to think, or reason that it was none of her concern, followed in her enemy's wake. In spite of oaths, and resistance, and angry words, they threaded their way to the margin of a narrow cyle, where banks of loosely heaped earth surrounded a yawning black hole. There they learned the details of what had happened. In extending the system of sewerage along the street, an old cesspool had been uncovered and three men had been sent down to examine it; two of them had beaten a quick retreat, but the third had succumbed to the foul gases generated there. Two successive attempts had been made by other workmen to rescue him, but neither of the men who went down after him had returned. Three men lay dead or dying at the foot of the ladder, and no workman could be found foolhardy enough to venture down.

"An' who were the men that wint down?" asked Bridget Callahan.

"Walsh and William was the men that went last. Bill Callahan was the first."

"Me husband an' the father of seven children. A man that is honest as the day is long; that niver lost a day's work in his life. May the Lord an' all the holy saints have pity on me!" wailed Bridget Callahan.

Even in her first wild cry of grief she managed to sting the woman who stood silently by her side, and Norah O'Grady felt the thrust and winced under it. No one had ever accused Patrick O'Grady of being honest, and as for doing a day's work—since the day, some eight or ten years ago, when O'Grady had abandoned the calling of a hostler and taken up the profession of a ward politician, he had never condescended to soil his hands with a day's manual labor. Yet, strangely enough, Norah O'Grady felt no inclination to triumph over her enemy, but a new and tender feeling crept into her heart.

Meantime Bridget Callahan filled the air with the sound of her lamentation, now sobbing, now pleading, now railing at those about her.

"Ao' are ye men, an' stand there idle, with three poor fellows perishin' so near, an' not a hand that lifts to save him! Shame on ye for weak-hearted cowards! For the love of heaven, boys! Oh, ye lazy vagabones! Let a woman show ye your duty!" And quick as a flash, before any one could

anticipate her movement, in spite of her corpulent and clumsy figure, she had swung herself over upon the ladder and was preparing to go down.

In the first excitement of their appearance upon the scene neither of the women had noticed a big, muscular fellow wearing a flashy checked suit with an air of awkward rakishness, who stood on the bank of fresh earth but a few paces away, smoking a short pipe and gazing speculatively into the black pit below. As the woman's shrill cry of denunciation reached his ears, he might have been seen to remove his pipe from his lips for a moment and smile grimly to himself like one who hears a compliment intended for him, and hastens to acknowledge it. But Mrs. Callahan had no sooner set foot on the ladder than a heavy band fell on her shoulder, and a gruff voice sounded in her ears.

"Back!"

She looked up and recognized him, and her face grew red as a lobster with contending emotions.

"Oh, it's you, Patrick O'Grady, is it!" she cried out, in a shrill voice. "Let go of me. Oh, you worthless loafer! You good-for-nothing, do-nothing, dog-poisoning rascal! Let me go to save my man. My man, whose little finger is worth more than your whole lazy body. Oh, Bill, Bill! And she broke out into a fresh storm of sobs; but she suffered herself to be led back, without further protest.

Meanwhile, the man whom she had so bitterly denounced but to whom she had nevertheless yielded an unwilling obedience, felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and turned to face his wife. His eyes asked a question, and her eyes answered.

"All right, if you say so, my girl."

In an instant his attitude had changed. New life seemed infused into him. His huge, brawny frame, but the momer before a torpid, inert mass, became the embodiment of activity and force. The sluggish blood bounded through his veins. Recollections of old times, when he had been miner on the Comstock and had fought the miner's battle with foul air and fire-damp, came back to him. He flung off his coat and unbuttoned his collar, baring his huge, muscular throat.

"Some rope!" he shouted.

A coil of rope fell at his feet. He caught up a hose, hanging over a bed of mortar close by, and turned a spray of water into the dark pit, at the same time saturating his handkerchief with the water and binding it tightly about his mouth and nostrils. Then, with the rope knotted around him a word to the men who were to pay it out, and a parting kiss to his wife, he stepped upon the ladder and commenced his descent.

Norah O'Grady, her heart wrung with terror, stood on the brink and saw him go. To his death, she thought, and tried to frame some prayer for him, but her white lips refused to move. Standing there, on the threshold of what she felt must be the tragedy of her life, she became suddenly aware of the curious eyes bent upon her, and of the absurd spectacle she presented in her calico wrapper and with the child hat on her head. She knew that she had sent her husband to his doom, and she must not leave the place where she could see his dead body when the men pulled it up; but she tried to settle the jaunty hat into some expression of propriety, and fumbling with her belt, strove to arrange the folds of her wrapper.

In the midst of her awkward struggle a mantle seemed to descend upon her from the heavens. Gazing in astonishment over one shoulder, she found herself arrayed in all the glory of the Paisley shawl. Looking up, she saw her enemy awed into silence by the strange turn events had taken, looking down upon her with quite a new expression, and she realized that it was no chance impulse that had prompted her to divest herself of the garment, but tender womanly consideration.

"I don't need it," whispered Mrs. Callahan. Then she quite broke down. "Oh, Norah O'Grady!" Catching the latter's little nervous hand between her large, strong one she sobbed over her in penitence and compassion.

There was a cry from those who stood about the ladder. "Here he comes!"

An instant later, O'Grady's herculean figure appeared bearing in his arms a slender young fellow who tried to stand and would have fallen had not strong arms come to his aid. A shout went up.

"It's Williams!"

A gray-haired woman came forward, and half-led, half-supported her son away.

The next time O'Grady appeared, he stumbled and fell; he was relieved of his inanimate burden. A whisper ran around.

"It's Walsh."

They laid him on the ground.

A young girl stole timidly out from the crowd, and we over her dead lover. All eyes turned questioningly upon O'Grady, who was leaning up against a box, pale and shak making a weak gesture of protest as the swaying of the curious crowd threatened to shut off the air from him. Then he arose, and faltered toward the mortar-box where the ho was playing. He had loosed the handkerchief from his mouth and nose, and now untied it with trembling hands.

"He's going to give it up," some one said.

O'Grady heard the words, and was reminded that he had already done all that could be expected of any man; that he stopped now, he would still be a hero in the eyes of those who were looking on; that neither duty nor reason demanded his return to the poisonous den from which he had escaped, but he looked toward the quarter from which the words had come, and replied with a savage sneer:

"Not much!"

He stopped just long enough to take a cool, invigorating draught from the nozzle of the hose and to saturate the handkerchief again, before binding it across his face. He called for another length of rope, and, as he instructed the men to haul up at a given signal, they knew that his strength was giving out. Then he leaped upon the ladder and descended hand-over-hand, with the swiftness of one who is about to take a desperate risk. No one in the pure, wholesome air above could guess what it was to plunge into this noisome hole, the reeking repository of filth and corruption, from which poisonous gases exhaled, blotting out the light of day, that essayed to creep through the narrow opening above making it impossible for so much as the flame of a candle to survive. Nor did O'Grady find any comfort in the reflectio

that he was doing a magnanimous and gallant deed, risking his life to save his enemy. To him, Callahan had from the first lost personality and identity. He was simply a fellow-being, suffering, failing, dying.

As O'Grady reached the lower rung of the ladder and stooped to the foul ooze below, the horrible vapors seemed to rise like spectral forms, clutching at him, gripping his throat, crushing his chest in a vise-like embrace. His eyes were blinded, something roared in his ears like the thunder of incoming breakers. Sightless, deafened, choking, he groped about him, and found what he sought.

The men above felt a faint pull on the rope O'Grady had carried in his hands, and hauled it in with a will. A moment later, Callahan, unconscious, but with his chest heaving in slow, convulsive movements, lay stretched upon the ground beside them. Everybody looked to see O'Grady's resolute face and broad shoulders appear at the opening. Cheers were on their lips, praise in their hearts. Somebody pulled gently upon the rope he had tied about his waist when he first went down. Heavy, inanimate weight was the only response. Two of the workmen swung themselves down the ladder until only their heads and shoulders were visible, and gripping the rope, brought the heavy burden into position to be raised.

"Now, boys!"

Slowly and more carefully than before, they pulled upon the rope. When Norah O'Grady saw the lifeless form, she sprang forward with a little cry.

A week later two convalescents sat up in bed, and demanded to be dressed. Bridget Callahan hastened to obey her husband's hehest with a willing heart and trembling hands. Norah O'Grady scolded and expostulated, but to no effect. O'Grady stormed and swore, and went angrily off, without his breakfast, putting in his appearance at the Police Court a full ten minutes before his antagonist.

He had actually got in a savage plea of "Guilty, an' it plase your honor!" when the plaintiff appeared on the scene. The two men met for the first time since the day when Callahan had been drawn back from the jaws of a frightful death by his enemy. O'Grady would not look toward him now, but repeated his plea, rather more loudly and decidedly than before:

"Guilty, your honor."

Callahan held a hasty consultation with an official of the court.

"*Nolle prosequi*," announced the latter, in a careless tone. "Case dismissed. Call the next," said the judge.

O'Grady had to be twice informed before he comprehended he turn affairs had taken. Then he left reluctantly, unhappy and dissatisfied. The fact that he had laid his enemy under the heaviest possible obligations to himself had only served to whet his zest in the rôle of injured innocence, which he had been ready to enact. He had been making ready his powers of oratory all the way down town, rehearsing the pedigree of the game-cocks Callahan's dog had slain, counting his decimated flock of ducks, raking up a score of old injuries which he meant to rehearse if an opportunity was presented. He went out of court crestfallen. Somebody awaited him outside the door.

"O'Grady!" said Callahan, in a voice at once conciliatory, pleading, argumentative, holding out his hand at the same time.

If O'Grady had been the man who had lain at the bottom of the cess-pool, and Callahan the man who had saved him, he would have struck aside the proffered hand. But all at once it came to him that one who confers a favor has obligations far more binding than those of the recipient. The man who has once done a noble and unselfish act has a character to maintain. It is the old principle of *noblesse oblige*, among high and low, rich and poor, the world over.

They walked down the stairs together and out into the street. For a long time they did not speak. Then Callahan, timidly:

"They do say as our Tim he coortin' av your Annie."

O'Grady smoked his pipe for some seconds without replying. Then he took it deliberately from his mouth.

"Tim's a loikely lad," he said.

That evening Tim Callahan walked up the front door of the O'Grady cottage. Annie O'Grady, her face a genuine April of smiles and tears, was there to receive him.

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1887.

A New York photographer prints a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters" and the following valuable advice "To the Ladies": When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say, "bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "hrush," the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say "flip," but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say "ker-chunk," if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "scat." Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with some advantage to their appearance.

The guests of the Eutaw House, in Baltimore must have been very much edified the other day at a battle which took place between one of the guests, a Mr. E. P. Hartly and a colored waiter. The waiter did something with the fruit-dish which displeased Mr. Hartly, and so he flung a water-bottle at his head. This missing fire, he followed up with a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, which went home. The waiter went into the kitchen, secured a big empty bottle, crept up behind the guest's chair, and while he was unconsciously sucking an orange, brought it down on the top of his head. The result was a fractured skull, and the almost certainty of Mr. Hartly's death.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks when dry are as hard as maple-wood and make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Alibi, Ne Doleas.

(Hor. I, 33.)

Love mocks us all. Then cast aside
These tuneless plaints, my Albius tried,
For heartless Glycera, from thee
Fled to a younger lover. See—
Low-hrowed Lycoris hurls denied
For Cyrus; he (though goats shall hide
With wolves ere she in him confide)
Turns with base suit to Pholoë—
Love mocks us all!

So Venus wills, and joys to guide,
'Neath brazen yoke pairs ill allied
In form and mind. So linked she me
(Whom worthier wooed) to Myrtale,
Fair, but less kind than Hadria's tide—
Love mocks us all!
—Austin Dobson in September Longman's.

Omar Khayyam.

Sayer of sooth, and Searcher of dim skies!
Lover of Song, and Sun, and Summertime,
For whom so many roses bloomed and died!
Tender Interpreter, most sadly wise,
Of earth's dumb, inarticulate cries!
Time's self can not estrange us, nor divide;
Thy hand still beckons from the garden side,
Through green vine-garlands, when the Winter dies.

Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are wet;
The nightingale's full song sohs all through thine,
And thine in hers—part human, part divine!
Among the deathless gods thy place is set.
All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled Wine,
Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret.
—Graham R. Tomson in October Atlantic.

To Robert Louis Stevenson.

Because the way is long, and we may never
Meet face to face this side the shadowed land;
Because—a thousand things!—because the hand
May seek in friendly, but in vain, endeavor
Some dreamed-of clasp; because, though seas may sever
This kindred-seeking dust, there is no strand
Too far for loving thoughts—spread wave or sand,
Forevermore, thought scorneth them for ever—

Therefore lest fate hold by her harrier still,
No kinder proving, hence, than in the past—
Lest on that unknown bourn there be no meeting—
For thee, upon the tide of good and ill
Which floods with ceaseless flow this world, I cast
This waif: for thee, brave heart, my soul's best greeting.
—Robert Burns Wilson in the Critic.

On Reading Certain Published Letters of W. M. T.

It is as though the gates of heaven swung,
Once only, backward, and a spirit shone
Upon us, with a face to which there clung
Naught of that mortal veil which sores belies,
But looked such love from such high-changed eyes,
That, even from earth, we knew them for his own.

Knew them for his, and marvelled; for he came
Among us, and went from us, and we knew
Only the smoke and ash that hid the flame,
Only the cloak and vestment of his soul;
And knew his priesthood only by his stole—
And, thus unknown, he went his journey through.

Yet there were some who knew him, though his face
Was never seen by them; yet through his hand
Lay never warm in theirs, yet yet had grace
To see, past all misjudgment: his true heart
Throbbed for them in the creatures of his art,
And they could read his words, and understand.

All men may know him now, and know how kind
The hand in chastisement so sure and strong—
All men may know him now, and dullards blind
Into the secrets of his soul may see;
And all shall love—but, Steadfast Greatheart, we,
We knew thee when the wide world did thee wrong.
—H. C. Bunner in October Scribner's.

Aaron Burr's Wooing.

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Height
The blue hills of Ramapo lie in full sight;
On their slope gleam the gables that shield his heart's queen,
But the red-coats are wary—the Hudson's between.
Through the camp runs a jest, "There's no moon, 'twill be dark—
'Tis odds little Aaron will go on a spark!"
And the toast of the troopers is, "Pickets, lie low,
And good luck to the Colonel and Widow Prevost!"

Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed,
Lays him bound in the harge, bids his escort make speed,
Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the fleet reach his shore;
Not a word! not a plash of the thick-muffled oar!
Once across, once again in the seat, and away—
Five leagues are soon over when love has the say:
And "Old Put" and his rider a bride-path know
To the Hermitage Manor of Madame Prevost.

Lightly done! but he halts in the grove's deepest glade,
Ties his horse to a hirsch, trims his cue, slings his blade,
Wipes the dust and the dew from his smooth, handsome face
With the kerchief she brodered and ordered in lace;
Then slips through the box-rows and taps at the hall,
Sees the glint of a wax-light, a hand white and small,
And the door is unbarred by herself all aglow—
Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodosia Prevost.

Alack, for the soldier that's hurried and gone!
What's a volley above him, a wreath on his stone,
Compared with sweet life and a wife for one's view
Like this dame ripe and warm in her India fichu?
She chides her hold lover, yet holds him more dear,
For the daring that brings him a night-rider here;
British gallants by day through her doors come and go,
But a Yankee's the winner of Theo Prevost.

Where's the widow or maid with a mouth to be kist,
When Burr comes a-wooing, that long would resist?
Lights and wine on the beaufet, the shutters all fast,
And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour has flown past—
But an hour, for eight leagues must be covered ere day:
Laughs Aaron, "Let Washington frown as he may,
When he hears of me next in a raid on the foe
He'll forgive this night's tryst with the Widow Prevost!"
—Edmund Clarence Stedman in October Harper's.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The new game at Newport: "Here we go round the 'Marlborough' hush."—*Tid-Bits*.

On the wedding journey: *He* (sentimentally)—"Darling, do you love me better than your first husband?" *She*—"Certainly. He's dead!"—*Town Topics*.

Young Planty—"I did order them with high collars, Biles, but these are weally too heastly high, y'know." *Biles*—"My dear sir, you've got the shirt on upside down."—*Tid-Bits*.

Featherly (to Dumley, who has given him a cigar)—"Somebody (puff) must have given you this cigar, Dumley." *Dumley*—"Yes; is it a had one?" *Featherly*—"No; it's a (puff) good one."—*Puck*.

The Labor Day parade in Chicago was very entertaining. The prominent features were men decked in broadcloth suits, silk hats, and gold chains, bearing banners inscribed, "We Want Bread."—*Philadelphia Call*.

First Colored Dame—"Yo' is pore yaller trash; pore yaller trash wif freckles." *Second Colored Dame*—"I may be yaller, an' I may have freckles, but de holler ob my foot don't make no hole in de groun' like what yours do."—*Tid-Bits*.

Violent rain-storm, crowded street-car, handsome lady and gentleman on platform: *Gentleman* (to those inside)—"Can you squeeze a lady in there?" *Chorus of male voices*—"Yes, certainly."—Lady gets in; gets squeezed.—*Newport News*.

She (blushing slightly)—"Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache." *He* (with monumental stupidity)—"A headache is something I've never had."—*Harper's Bazar*.

An Alsatian woman goes to confess. "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well?" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."—*French*.

Donnelly five years hence: *Visitor*—"I suppose some of the patients are fond of talking with visitors?" *Keeper*—"Oh, yes. There comes one now. I'll introduce you. Mr. Donnelly, this gentleman would like to hear about that cipher."—*Texas Siftings*.

Daughter (watching the seagulls)—"Do the gulls accompany us all the way across, mamma?" *Mother*—"I know of two of them that do, my dear—your father and your uncle James. They are down below now playing poker with strangers."—*New York Sun*.

Proud mother (haughtily)—"You allowed yourself to be won altogether too easily, Edith!" *Edith*—"I suppose I did. But, as Albert is rather harshful, and I am nearing thirty, I thought it only proper to make it just as easy as possible for him."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked. "Love you!" repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was hiding you good-by on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Foreign Count (at breakfast on wedding tour)—"Is the menu satisfactory, my love?" *Bride* (sweetly)—"Thank you, Alberto, it is all that I could wish. But, if you please, you may ask the waiter to bring me a cup of coffee and a small steak." *Foreign Count* (absent-mindedly, in stentorian voice)—"Slaughter in the pan! Draw one!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Omaha Hotel Man—"You are a wonderfully lucky honi-face; just think! You have kept a hotel at Saratoga for five seasons and never had a scandal yet." *Saratoga Hotel Man*—"No luck about it. It's good management. 'Management?' "Yes, sir. I never allow my clerks to give a man his wife's letters, or a woman her husband's letters."—*Omaha World*.

Mr. Spurgeon says, "a wild goose never lays a tame egg." No, it never does; but then the egg will become tame, Mr. Spurgeon, if you keep it long enough. Tame? Inspired, sir, inspired! And after that it will begin to grow wild again; wilder than ever; so wild that its own mother wouldn't recognize it. She wouldn't want to; she would want to disown it, as unfit for any use save to attend unpopular lectures.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Customer (to saloon-keeper)—"Can't you give me a better-looking ten-cent piece than that, Dutchy?" *Saloon-keeper*—"Dot vos all righd, my frient, it don'd vas plugged." *Customer*—"I know it's not plugged, but it's hattered all out of shape. It might be hard to pass." *Saloon-keeper*—"Dot vas easy to pass." *Customer*—"No, it's not." *Saloon-keeper*—"Ya, my frient, dat vas easy to pass." *Customer*—"If it's easy to pass, why doesn't it pass with me?" *Saloon-keeper* (impressed with the idea)—"Vell, I guess mahby dot vas so."—*Puck*.

In the underground railway in London the other day, a young gentleman who had just possessed himself of a revolver, "hoy-like, took it out of his pocket to look at it," when it accidentally went off and shot a traveler of mature years, in the same compartment. It is no wonder at all that this old gentleman conceived himself to have been shot at, and "went for" his murderous assailant with the energy of despair. The young man on his part naturally clung to the weapon, which he had a shrewd suspicion might be used against himself with no more scruple than against a mad dog, and could utter no excuse except a breathless "Very sorry," "Quite a mistake," and so on, which in the agony of the struggle were disregarded. The explanation given by the youth at the police station, where he was seriously charged with an attempt to murder, is not reassuring to the general public. He said that being accustomed to ride bicycle at night, a revolver was a necessity to him.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Iris" gives a Thomas-Orchestra Man's Opinions of San Francisco.

Some days ago I met a member of Mr. Theodore Thomas's celebrated orchestra, who enlightened me on the subject of the National Opera Company, and its Californian tour. The company, as everybody knows, is disbanded, and Mrs. Thurber is "in" to the amount of thirty-seven thousand dollars. Everybody is, of course, in high dudgeon. Mr. Ludwig, the tenor, is bitter, his salary being some six or seven thousand dollars short; the chorus and ballet have also suffered. Only Miss Juch, lovely Miss Juch, who looks as if the considerations of dimes and dollars never entered her classic blonde head, has come out square, with her salary in full. Miss Juch, despite her pretty looks—pretty women are rarely business-like—is as thorough a business woman as the Jersey Lily herself, and she has a mamma who is Jay Gould in petticoats. Through the executive ability of this lady, the daughter's salary was saved from the general wreck. Even the orchestra, that cherished orchestra, endeared to the heart of the New Yorker by rich melodious afternoons at the Philharmonics and the Wagner concerts, fared badly, and is not enthusiastic on the subject of America opera.

"You see," said my friend confidentially, "we didn't like it. We had no abblause. Ve vos de stars before. Ve are aggestumpt to get de abblause ourselves—nod hlay trumbery Italian music for zegond-glass singers. I am glad ve vos out of it. It vos not—vell," he said, with a large wave of his hand, "id vos nod high-toned."

Energetic Mrs. Thurber, who deserves unending praise for all the pains she took, accompanied the troupe for some distance on its Western tour, and must have tasted to the full the doubtful joys of an impresario's existence. Time and time again, with the audience assembled, and the chorus and ballet in full costume, the orchestra refused to play a note till their salaries were forthcoming. The chorus quivered on the verge of a strike, off and on, from New York to San Francisco; the Italian ballet-girls were uneasy and out of humor. At the performances Mrs. Thurber constantly stood in the wings, exhorting, entreating, directing; ordering this scene to be pulled further forward, that one pushed back; reviewing the stage with a keen and artistic eye, and criticising the costuming and grouping. At Omaha, en route for California, affairs nearly reached a crisis. Orders were given for the whole company to be on the train immediately after the performance—no *petit souper* after the opera, so dear to the heart of the singer, not even a glass of beer, the appropriate tippie of a Wagner night. There was a great rush and scramble for the train, everybody hustled everybody else, everybody feared they might be left. The next morning they were still in Omaha. A cause for delay had arisen, and the train containing the National Opera Company, from the luxurious coach of the prima donnas to the car where the Italian dancers were packed, was shunted off into an engine-house, and there waited fifty-three hours. The aristocratic members of the finest orchestra in America came prepared for emergencies with baskets of canned fruits, potted meats, preserves, beer, etc. With these luxuries, and dinners served in the car, they managed to while away the dreary hours. But the ballet-women—foreigners not speaking English, most of them with only a few bits of silver, and some of them with nothing in their purses—would have fared badly, had not the orchestra performed the Good Samaritan act, and shared their potted meats and canned fruits with their less fortunate sisters. This generosity made serious inroads in their stores, but as they were forbidden to leave the train, which might start at any moment, they had no means of repairing them. Past experience of railway fare made the orchestra desperate. They took the law into their own hands, and sallied forth in a body. Strong in the knowledge of their power, they left word that they would return in an hour; then started forth and scoured Omaha, replenished the commissariat, and returned at the appointed time. Soon after the train started.

In San Francisco more difficulties of unpaid salaries arose. Many of the chorus would have left and gone home, but they had no money. Their only hope was to stick by the ship. Some of these chorus-ladies—according to my informant—were wealthy dancers who had joined the opera company "for fun." Salary or no salary made no difference to them. They were rich. What was bread and butter to the others, was fun to them. The general growling around them merely made things more exciting. They brought chaperons, stayed at the best hotels, and saw life from beyond the footlights in the easiest and pleasantest manner. The diamonds which sparkled round their necks were real, their hands were white without the assistance of powder; they were fine ladies seeing life. To such lengths will boredom drive the effete Easterner.

In answer to the question, did Mr. Thomas intend revisiting San Francisco again with his orchestra, my friend rolled up his eyes! and said piously:

"Ach, Gott, no! Never! Ven ve left San Francisco after our first visit, zey zay such tings in de babers. Oh, vell," he added, checking himself, "vot is de uze of doze old stories! But ve never go back, never."

The great leader and his orchestra are sore on that point. We exhumed and discussed from both sides the tertiary fossil of Miss Thurshy and the encores. It still rankles in the Thomasian breast. That Theodore Thomas, the austere idol of all musical New York, should have his proceedings criticised. Perish the thought!

"San Francisco—no—it is too far away," concluded the gentleman, politely. "Besides," he added, with a somewhat vengeful smile, "it would brefer Verdi to Wagner."

In my last letter I referred to the Paran-Stevens Duke-of-Marlborough boom, which has lately shaken the East to its core. Talk of your land boom and wheat deal—they dwindle into insignificance before it. It, and its sequel, are the sensations of the hour. The duke, like Darius great and good, by too severe a fate, has fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate, and though he is not precisely weltering in his blood, somebody's blood has got to welter soon, judging by the battle grim and great which is now raging. Mrs. Paran Stevens set her Humpty-Dumpty upon the wall, and quietly awaited events. When lo and behold!

Newport, hitherto her slave, deliberately turns its back upon Humpty, won't ask him out, won't meet him, won't pick up the handkerchief when he throws it, won't do anything it is expected to do, and gives him the cold shoulder. After this there was an awful pause of general stupefaction. Then Mrs. Stevens gathered the draperies of her couch around her and retired—not to pleasant dreams, but to distant shores, and never more will set her foot upon the sands where her protégé has received what is known among the low and vulgar as "the dusty shake." The occasion was great, and Mrs. Stevens rose to it with her accustomed adaptability. She has left her cottage, and shaken the dust of Newport off her feet. The endeavor to boom the duke has been a failure. He has not even been asked his impressions of America. No one has followed up Bill Nye's courageous query "Well, Dook, how's your conduct?" But the newspapers have written him up energetically. They have told a good many things about Humpty's "incidental divertissements," best let alone, and there has been a great public washing of dirty ducal linen. Humpty has answered with the retort courteous. His denunciation is magnificent—rather in the style of Cataline's Defiance "Banished from Newport! What's banished but set free?" His "memorandum," or "manifesto," as it is called, is both silly and ill-hred. It is a petulant, snarling attack on American manners and customs. The personal question is entirely eliminated, and one would imagine, from its perusal, that not the Duke of Marlborough alone, but all English visitors to the United States were treated with rudeness and contumely. The duke is like the Englishman who, seeing a red-haired bar-maid at Calais, wrote home that all French bar-maids had red hair. Meantime the noble visitor is resting on his oars, and, according to the latest bulletin, is thinking of moving to Lennox, whither all the gay world is flocking. Of course society is on the *qui vive* as to his reception. Will he be, figuratively, kicked down the front stairs, or folded to the affectionate American heart?

But though we are improving, we have still far to go before we reach a state of social perfection. When the Duke of Sutherland and Mrs. Blare came to the United States some years ago, one of the most prominent women in New York society asked them to dinner, and asked people to meet them. The same thing was done by a well-known American in Paris. The gentleman who, in company with his wife, was hidden to the feast, refused with hauteur, and could not resist the temptation of liberating his soul in language more truthful than polite. Apropos of the duke and his female companion, I met a lady who crossed on the steamer with them, and who was full of Mrs. Blare's costumes on ship-board. In the morning, the Canny Scot appeared in one of those rough serge dresses, so dear to the feminine English heart, with feet, real twelve-inch English feet, in stalwart, creaking hoots, square-toed, flat-heeled, creeping like mice from underneath her petticoat as though they feared the light. They were quite justified in fearing the light, for the boots were destitute of blacking, and about the lady's ankles a fringe of bits of tape and rags of dress-lining hung decoratively. "In fact," said my informant, "she was very common-looking about the feet." But in the evening she appeared *en grande tenue*. It was on the first evening out, and many people were assembled in the saloon, when open banged the door of Mrs. Blare's stateroom, and, with a great frou-frou of silks and rattling of starched skirts, out stepped the lady under the glare of the hanging lights. As a suitable costume for an ocean voyage she wore a crimson plush matinee, tight in the back, with a loose front of puffed white silk, completely covered in drapings of handsome white lace. Round her throat were five strings of pearls; her large, coarse fingers glittered with magnificent rings; her wrists blazed with jeweled bracelets, and set in the midst of a white bow, which was pinned in her bang, was a diamond star. A very beautiful woman might have risen superior to it. But on a large, raw-boned, gaunt Scotchwoman, it was grotesque. It would have been ludicrous, if it had not been unpleasant.

To-night the Jersey Lily makes her debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in a dramatization of "As in a Looking-Glass." The play is divided into five acts, and the Lily has promised the devotees of fashion that she will wear five costumes which will knock into a cocked hat any other five costumes of any other actress on the stage. The book has, of course, been altered greatly to make a play. The agent of the Russian police is worked up, and Algy Balfour, the prize fool of novel heroes, is to be boiled down into insignificance, from which it is a pity he ever rose. Meanwhile, Lord Daysey, the young gentleman of pushing manners, enjoys great prominence, and Captain Jack, the real bad villain—Lord Daysey is only a play-day villain—is also of importance. Mrs. Despard will be vested with all the potent charms of the Lily, and as such will be a truly dangerous *chevalière*. It is to be sincerely hoped that Mrs. Langtry will not smoke as many cigarettes, or take as many nips from her flask as does the pretty adventuress, or we may see our dear Lady Clancarty succumb to the fragrant weed, or get "imbued with poisonous benzine." There is a good deal of talk about the play—which can not fail to be an unhealthy and vulgar production—and Mrs. Langtry's capacity for playing such a part. Heretofore the Lily's main recommendation has been her refined and lady-like appearance and manner. There is a heavy respectability and an absence of *diablerie* about her which augur ill for her success as Mrs. Despard. Fortunately for the New York public, she has given up the idea of "Anthony and Cleopatra." Fancy the ox-eyed Lily as the serpent of old Nile!

NEW YORK, September 20, 1887.

An historic sword, which has lain in a hank-vault in Washington for more than thirty years, is soon to be sold at auction. The sword is handsomely ornamented and it contains over six hundred dollars' worth of gold. It bears this inscription: "Presented by the State of Virginia to Charles Waugh Morgan, in honor of his intrepidity and valor as a Lieutenant of the U. S. frigate Constitution at the capture of the British frigates Guerrière and Java, on the 19th of August, 1812, and the 29th of December, 1813." The present owner of the sword, a son of the recipient, now resides in England, and has ordered that the relic be sold.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Nearly one hundred young ladies of Atlanta, Ga., have agreed to form a mounted escort to President and Mrs. Cleveland when the visit the Piedmont Exposition.

General Butler heads the list of money-making lawyers of the country. His fortune is estimated at three million five hundred thousand dollars, and his annual practice nets him one hundred thousand dollar.

Queen Victoria has the largest book ever bound. It measures eighteen inches across the back, and weighs over thirty pounds. It is a volume with the jubilee addresses of congratulation from the Habitants of the Primrose League.

Crown Prince Frederick William, of Germany, recently gave a diamond pendant to the wife of the innkeeper where he stayed, near No wood, England. After he left, it was found that the diamonds were paste. The husband wrote to Berlin, but received no answer.

W. W. Belknap, the Secretary of War under President Grant, who fell into disgrace, is making his home at the quiet little village of Potomac Court House, about twenty miles south of Richmond, Va., on the Richmond and Danville Railroad. Here he boards with a private family, and lives in seclusion. His time is passed among his books in the cultivation of flowers.

An incident occurred at the reception at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, which has caused a good deal of gossip. When Governor at Mrs. Foraker, of Ohio, were presented to the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the latter declined to receive them, and turned away to shake hands with others who were following them. The President had already shaken hands with Governor and Mrs. Foraker before they received the slight from Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. John J. Bagley and her daughter Olive, Miss Cutler of Gray Haven, and Mrs. Stone of Port Huron, Mich., returned last week from a sixteen-months' tour abroad, during which they visited nearly a hundred countries and places of interest to tourists. They traveled entirely unattended by gentlemen, met with no annoyance or insult anywhere, city or country, and discovered that ladies can go about in foreign lands at seasonable hours with the same freedom as in this country.

R. D. Sears is still the champion tennis-player. He is an amiable looking, fair-complexioned young man, twenty-six years of age, rather short and stout, and wears glasses. He does not look an athlete until he begins to chase the ball about the field, and then, by his dexterity and lightness of foot, he shows his understanding of the game and mastery of it. Tennis is still popular, but croquet is being revived, and next year croquet-tournaments will probably vie with those of the tennis-court.

Lagartijo and Frascuelo are the two favorite espadas of Madrid; the former is considered as more delicate, subtle, and artistic, the latter more reckless and audacious. By his marvellous courage and presence of mind he saved the life of a picador and a banderillero, stepping coolly, with his silken cloak, between the infuriated beast and the prelate man. Lagartijo is a millionaire, and Frascuelo owns a magnificent house in Andalusia, where, at the foot of the staircase, stands life-size statue of the Holy Virgin, in solid silver.

Chevreul, the French *savant*, has just celebrated his one-hundred-and-first birthday. When asked the secret of his longevity, he replied "There is no secret; there can be no rule of life; what is good for one may not be good for another. We must study what is best for us individually. For example, my parents lived to be more than nine years old, and they drank wine; from my childhood wine has been agreeable to me. Like Locke and Newton, I have never cared for a beverage but water, and yet I am president of the Wine Society of Anjou."

Mlle. Drouin, who was arrested in England as a dangerous person is a school-teacher who inherits from her father a talent for modelling and who was innocently preparing to ramble through England with modelling clay, which was mistaken for dynamite. Only a short time, the luggage of a New England lady was seized at Liverpool, at the owner put through a course of sharp questions, because something that the custom-house officials took for dynamite was found in one of her trunks. Only when she broke a piece off the lump, and ate it with evident relish, could the officials be persuaded that it was a brick maple-sugar, that she was taking to her friends in England.

It is not generally known that the Prince of Wales regarded with affection his old nurse, Mrs. Mary Scarett, whose death, at a very advanced age, was recorded two or three weeks back. He made a habit of going to see her at least twice a week, and would sit by her bedside for quite a long time. On the last occasion, as he was about to leave she called him back and begged him to stay a little while longer, calling him by the name of Bertie, as she used to do when he was a little boy. The prince at once resumed his seat and sat there for six hours, until the old lady had fallen asleep. He then kissed her forehead, and, with tears in his eyes, left the room, never to see his valued friend again in life. A bunch of white flowers placed upon Mrs. Scarett's coffin was gathered by the prince from the conservatory Marlborough House and tied with a ribbon by himself.

Señora Cousino is going to New York. She proposes to take house, furnish it as few houses in New York have ever been furnished and it is in the air that she means to show New Yorkers how unlimited cash can entertain. The señora is not much short of forty, but she looks younger. She is rather above medium height, and dresses look tall. Her figure is graceful, but her big dark eyes are her striking feature. Her skin is a Spanish-brown, with a dash of red under it, as she has quantities of dark hair. No more clever business woman exists. She inherited cattle, married mines, and now, a widow, has gone in about every money-producing enterprise in which Chili, the most progressive of the southern republics, has engaged. She is the largest real-estate-owner in Santiago and Valparaiso. She has furnished capital for manufacturing enterprises. She has started art-pottery. She has built a railroad, and runs two lines of steamships. Southern American fortunes are hard to estimate, but many people have put her above two hundred million dollars.

The sensation of the week in Paris has been the marriage of Mlle. Helene Betty de Rothschild to the Baron van Zuylen van Haar of Belgium. It is now some months since Mlle. Helene, the greatest heiress in Europe, went down to Compeigne to stay at the house of the physician of the family, Doctor Raymond, and thence to launch "three respectful summons" required by French law as a preliminary to matrimony without parental consent, at her mother, the widow Baroness Solomon. Baron van Haar is a Christian and a Catholic, as by no means wealthy, but as to the latter disqualification, it might have been overlooked, as the lady's fortune amounts to fully twelve million dollars, with as much more in prospect when her mother dies. She is sure to inherit the latter fortune, despite the wrath of the old lady at marriage, for by the provisions of the Code Napoleon, no parent can disinherit a child. The baroness gave a nominal consent to the nuptials, but she was not present at the wedding, and has interred in effect her disobedient daughter, with all the solemn formalities of Jewish ritual. She is one of the most bigoted in religious matters of all that bigoted family, and has not, for years past, so much as spoken to her two sisters, both of whom married scions of the French nobility. It is a singular fact that while several of the ladies of the Rothschild family have married Christians, no male member of it has ever been known to do so. It is a well-known fact that Baron Alfred de Rothschild was at one time deeply in love with the beautiful and widowed Mrs. Woodwa (formerly Miss Minnie King of Georgia, and now the Marchioness Anglesey), but his father, Baron James of London, sternly prohibited the match, and as he, by the English law, had the power of disinheriting his son, the young man was forced to yield to the parental dictum. The Baron van Haar is said to be one of the handsomest men in Europe; tall, athletic, and finely formed, with regular features, a brilliant, expressive eyes. He belongs to one of the noblest families in Belgium, his young cousin and the head of the house being the Prince de Loos-Corswardem.

SOCIETY.

The Crocker Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party on Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker. Covers were laid for twenty-four guests at a table that was rich with choice roses. The massive silver centre piece was adorned with Jacqueminot, La France, Perle du Jardin and Duchesse de Brabant roses mingled with their foliage, and smilax, and elegant silver and crystal were completed the appointments. The guests were seated at seven o'clock and the succeeding hours were devoted to the enjoyment of the numerous delicacies provided.

The Adams Lunch Party.

Miss Adams gave a charming luncheon last Thursday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams, 225 Bush Street. The decorations were in exquisite taste comprising a display of silver and copper-colored flower-pots that adorned the centre of the table, containing sweet peas, dwarf ferns and moss. The favors were miniature flower-pots in dainty saucers colored in silver and copper tints and holding pink and white sweet peas. They were set on pink silk ribbons which had the names of the guests painted on them. The time devoted to the luncheon was very enjoyably passed.

The Cohen Luncheon.

Miss Edith Cohen gave a delightful lunch party last Wednesday, at her home in Alameda, in honor of Miss Florence Coleman. The brightest blossoms decked the table, and a dainty repast was enjoyed. Those present were: Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. E. Cohen, Mrs. H. Coon, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Mrs. William P. Morrison, Miss Edith Cohen, Miss Florence Coleman, Miss Ella Jennings, and Miss C. Jennings.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mrs. N. Towne returned to the city on Tuesday after a two-weeks' trip through Oregon and Washington Territory. Senator Stanford went to the Fair at Stockton on Thursday. Mrs. Stanford is at Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are at the Hotel Castiglione in Paris.

Captain and Mrs. C. H. Harrison were at Bath, England, when last heard from.

Mrs. Charles Crocker went to Promontory last week to meet Mr. Charles Crocker who was on his way home from the East. They passed a few days there with Mr. George Crocker and arrived here yesterday.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane, who is now in London, is expected here in about four weeks, en route to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Marini left Paris for a short tour through Germany on the tenth of September.

Mr. George Pinney and daughter are at the Grand Hotel, Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. MacDermot have returned to London from the Isle of Wight.

Mr. George H. H. Redding and a son of Mrs. E. B. Crocker are at the Hotel Continental, Paris.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard, nee Hopps, returned in Yokohama on the last steamer, after visiting her parents here for a couple of months.

Mrs. E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat were traveling through Ireland when last heard from.

Mrs. J. S. Wall, Miss Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart, of Oakland, are now in Berlin, having returned there from a trip through Switzerland, Austria, and Southern Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Rann are passing the autumn months on Staten Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker, who have been traveling in the Eastern States for the past two months, are now at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city, where they will remain during autumn.

Governor Waterman, Mr. Marcus D. Boruck and Senator George Hearst went to the Stockton Fair on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill returned from Madrone on Monday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Signor G. B. Galvani returned to the city last Tuesday after a three months' absence in Europe, where he visited his former home in Italy. He was also at the Exposition in Vienna, and in Paris and other capital cities.

Mrs. Montserrat, Mr. W. T. Montserrat and Mr. S. A. Montserrat, of Honolulu, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Gregory, of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. Creed Haymond.

Miss Ella Jennings has returned from a delightful visit of six weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morrison, nee Simpson, have returned from their honeymoon trip, and are stopping at the residence of Dr. James Simpson on Sutter Street. They will make a trip through the southern counties soon, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. H. S. Crocker returned from Sacramento on Monday. Miss Mary Bruner is visiting relatives in the Eastern States.

Miss Jennie Hooker has returned from a pleasant visit at Sacramento.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss Mary Pope returned from St. Helena early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister will occupy the Newlands' residence on Taylor Street during the winter season.

Mr. George Crocker has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhls at Calistoga.

Miss Minnie Houghton has returned from a week's visit at Sacramento.

Mr. Frank G. Newlands is expected to arrive here from Europe soon.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Oakland, is visiting the family of Hon. Dwight Hollister at Courtland.

Misses Rose and Bebe Jones, of Chicago, have returned to the city from a pleasant visit to the Misses Carroll at Sacramento.

Miss Lizzie Dillman, of Los Angeles, is now the guest of Mrs. C. F. Dillman in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Alvina Haywards, of San Mateo, was at the Palace Hotel a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittain came up from Redwood City last Tuesday to visit friends here.

Among the visitors at the State Fair in Sacramento last week were: Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Charles Wood, Lieutenant Richard H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bear, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A.

Mrs. D. A. McKinley and Miss Ida McKinley have returned from a prolonged sojourn in the East, and are at the Palace Hotel. Miss Ida will reenter school at the Irving Institute.

Mrs. John T. Cutting and Miss Nellie Cutting left on Wednesday to visit friends in the Eastern States.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw visited the State Fair at Sacramento last week.

Miss Florence Reed passed last week enjoyably at Sacramento.

Miss Edith Forbes has been visiting Mrs. Howard Russell Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spence and Mr. and Mrs. David Spence, of San José, have been passing a couple of weeks at the Baldwin Hotel.

Mrs. Stuart Taylor will depart soon for Washington, D. C., to remain throughout the winter.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and the Misses Nellie and Fannie Murphy went East this week to remain several months.

Mrs. William B. Collier has gone East to place her sons in school.

Mrs. W. B. Bourne is still at her villa in St. Helena, and will remain there a few weeks longer.

Miss Maud Younger will remain East for a year at Mrs. Porter's Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings have returned to the city after passing the summer at their country residence in Napa County.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, nee Fargo, are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Colonel Charles F. Hanlon and Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon will soon leave for a trip through Washington Territory and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Nickerson, Miss M. M. Nickerson, and Miss Myra Nickerson went to San José last Saturday for a brief visit.

Mrs. Daniel T. Wallace and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue have returned from a visit to Mrs. John McMillin at Casa Blanca.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hays and Miss Bettie Hays have been visiting at Mineral King and Visalia.

Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart intend residing in Oakland next winter.

Mr. Sidney E. Mezes has returned from Berlin.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Lockwood, and the Misses Lockwood have gone to Los Angeles for a brief visit.

Mrs. H. R. Judah and family have been passing a couple of weeks at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. H. L. Tatum, who has been passing the last three months of her relatives in the East and South, returned to the city last Saturday.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and Mr. Everett N. Bee were in San José last Saturday and Sunday.

Notes and Gossip.

The members of the German Club have issued neat invitations to their first cotillion of this season, which will be held at Union Square, H. on Friday evening, October 14th.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained a party of friends at dinner last Wednesday.

Consul-General J. L. Rathbone was dined by Dr. Warren Bey last Tuesday, in Paris.

The preparation of the Tableaux-Vivants, to be given for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten Association are being rapidly carried out and the entertainment promises to be not only an artistic, but a very decided social success, judging from the number and position of the ladies and gentlemen interested, and willing to take part and assist in the good work.

Among the lady patronesses are: Mrs. Gwin, Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mrs. C. W. Howard, Mrs. Atherton, and Mrs. Vincent.

The French Ladies' Benevolent Society, an organization of twenty-five years' standing in this city, is in need of funds to carry on its work of charity, and to this end has enlisted the services of a large number of young society people who will produce that bright operetta, "The Little Tycoon" at one of our theatres during this month. The participants are actively rehearsing, and the principals and a very efficient chorus promise to present the witty dialogue and sparkling music in a creditable manner. The Misses Thorne, Miss Marie Ponton, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Manning are among those who will assume the leading roles.

The entertainment of the Oakland Fruit and Flower Mission will be held in Washington Hall, Oakland, next Thursday evening instead of the 16th, as was previously announced. The programme will be an unusually attractive one. Among the prominent young society ladies who will participate in the living pictures will be: Miss Jennie Waters, Miss Ainsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Tucker, Miss Campbell, Miss Browne, Miss Wheeler, Miss Griffin, Miss Ward, Miss E. J. Jones, Miss Johnson, Miss Wood, Miss Phillips and Miss Newlands. The lady patrons lending their assistance are: Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, Mrs. R. G. Browne, Mrs. Frances Blake, Mrs. J. B. Dayton, Mrs. G. W. Grayson, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. S. M. Hickman, Mrs. A. Miller, Mrs. D. D. Starr, Mrs. Frank M. Smith, Mrs. G. H. Wheaton, Mrs. Frances Horton, and Mrs. H. Wadsworth.

Army and Navy News.

Captain Morris C. Foote, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been making a visit to Fort Huachuca, A. T.

Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Forsyth, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

Lieutenant E. R. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence until October 20th.

Lieutenant George R. Cecil, Adjutant, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is on a two months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Mrs. Norton's Farewell.

With Mrs. Norton's Farewell Recital a remarkable series of musical events has come to an end in San Francisco.

If the programmes alone, of the nine occasions upon which she has appeared in her own concert-room, are taken into consideration, these unusual entertainments still occupy a position unique and apart. For comprehensiveness, variety, and good taste Mrs. Norton's selections are unexampled.

But going farther than this, and asserting that the success of the recitals has been due, not so much to the new songs, the old songs, or the strange songs, as to the singer in them all, places the matter conclusively within the realm of the extraordinary.

People might be persuaded to listen once or twice to a good programme carried through almost exclusively by a single vocalist, but not one singer in a thousand would undertake to repeat such a programme season after season. The experiment would be a failure, pure and simple.

It is only when a woman is a poetess as well as a singer, when she has genius enough to overcome the commonplace, and imagination enough to transform her for the changing parts she must play, that she cares or dares to appear in the rôle which Mrs. Norton has immortalized among us. Having the highest standard, and combining so many gifts, Mrs. Norton has instructed while she has charmed, and has won equally the praise of her hearers' intellect and heart. No one can fill her place. Her loss is irreparable; and as she sang her last songs on Monday evening, their perfection seemed almost a cruelty, in the light of departure and coming silence. There was no reservation or distinction to be made. All was beautiful, captivating, pure; and in the delight of listening, being so often and enchanted, each could have exclaimed, with Amelia's enthusiasm: "How good a thing is feeling—admiration! It is the bread of angels, the eternal food of Cherubim and Seraphim."

The programme abounded in old favorites, and they were never given with more interesting effect. Take such songs

as "My True Love Hath My Heart," by Randeegger, and Von Weber's "O Fatima"—which were introductory—it is impossible to conceive of them as being sung with greater tenderness, or with more pure and earnest passion. As Mrs. Norton sings such things, she makes them for the moment her forte, her specialty.

To hear her, you would say, "She can express no other sentiment as she expresses that." Yet there lies the wonder of her power.

With the next number, it is nothing but pathos. Longing, perhaps, and tenderness were mingled in "From Youth's Happy Day," by Raedcke, but it was the longing of homesickness, and not of love's happy eagerness.

And what a change with "Go Not, Happy Day." What fire, what impetuosity, what contagious courage and joy! The lyric flow of Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming," awakened still other emotions. "Phyllis, The Fair," by A. C. MacKenzie, was newer, but not less lovely.

One wishes to dwell upon the characteristics of all—the seductive smoothness, the tragedy, and the fatal sweetness again of the Liszt "Lorelei" music, the brightness of "Bon jour, Suzon," by Delibes, the deep feeling of the Godard "L'Amour" but it is difficult to reproduce in words the lasting impressions they made. So of all the German songs, all so varied and all so significant. They were: "Lied in Volkston," op. 12, Nos. 11 and 12, A. Kleffel; "Was hab' ich arme Dirn gethan?" op. 310, No. 1, C. Bohn; "Minnelied," op. 71, No. 1, J. Brahms; "Ich liebe dich," E. Grieg; "Klinge, Klinge, mein Pandero," A. Jansen; and "Ich hab' ein Traum geweinet," E. Lassen.

Of the four closing songs, "Hast Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" was so rapturously applauded that Mrs. Norton acknowledged the enthusiasm she had evoked by "The Thorn"—an old English song, in which she is particularly charming. In "Phyllida flouts me," there was the bewitching suggestiveness of the primitive accent of the seventeenth century, and one else can create again for us; and in the final Rubenstein numbers, "The Arra" and "O, When She Sings," a throng of memories and regrets that can not be coldly catalogued. The words of the song were the words of all:

"O, when she sings, I am hers wholly,
I hold my breath, I dare not stir,
For fear of losing breath of her,
Or of her song's sweet melancholy."

Mrs. Norton was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hinrichs—Mrs. Hinrichs playing a piano solo, the Valse Etude, op. 56, No. 3, of Raff's, and also Mrs. Norton's accompaniments.

Mr. Hinrichs' cello solos were: Rondo, Boccherini-Gritzmacher, and two "Spanische Tænze," by D. Popper, beside an encore selection. F. A.

ART NOTES.

Mrs. Joseph Strong, the wife of an artist and herself an artist of ability, has recently returned from Honolulu to this city, where she has many friends. Mrs. Strong is about to establish herself in Southern California—probably in Los Angeles—where she intends forming an art class. The wives and daughters of the Anglelic millionaires will find an excellent teacher in Mrs. Strong.

Stanton has been recently returned from his exile, designed to represent the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club. He had about sixteen pictures at the State Fair exhibition.

Carlson is filling in his spare time on an ideal picture of "Charity."

Joullin has a portrait of Mr. Samuels under way.

A free exhibition of some four hundred water-colors and paintings, collected from a number of European sales, will be opened at Irving Hall next Tuesday morning, continuing open, day and evening, through the week. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons and evenings, the pictures will be sold at auction by Easton, Eldridge & Co.

The organization and rapid steps toward full equipment of the "Union Club of Pasadena" show a new feature of the Southern California boom. Seventy young men make up the charter members, each of whom has paid up the initiation fee of five hundred dollars; they have not only accepted plans for a handsome three-story brick and stone clubhouse, but have already commenced work on the erection of the building. It will have all the conveniences of a metropolitan club and will be very handsomely furnished, making such an addition to Pasadena as no other city of its size in the Union can boast.

Colonel John T. Cutting, Second Artillery Regiment, has been promoted to the post of Brigadier-General commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. C., an appointment which will be most favorably received by the members of the National Guard.

For the convenience of the guests of The Raymond, that hotel will have its own post-office this winter. It will be known as East Pasadena, and will commence when the hotel opens in November.

An unusually interesting lecture will be delivered at the next meeting of the Geographical Society, at their rooms at Druids' Hall, next Tuesday evening.

The lecturer is Ferdinand Lee Clarke, who lectured before the Art Association some months ago, and his subject, "Picturesque and Volcanic Hawaii," will be illustrated by many stereopticon view, including colored photographs of the recent eruption of Kilauea.

A woman who edits a Georgia paper says: "Since the first issue of my journal sixty-four offers of marriage have been made to me by parties I never saw."

From such a list I could undoubtedly select a curiosity worthy of mummifying. But the plain, naked truth is that a few years since I actually met a crank face to face, who had the courage to vocalize his offering. I at first positively refused, directly relented, shortly acquiesced. The fact is, I am married, and have three youthful daughters and a husband."

That we are all of us sovereigns in our own right seems to be proved by the frequency of plots for wrecking the railroad trains in which we travel. The Czar of Russia does not enjoy any greater privilege in this respect than the average American.—Life.

IT IS A SIGNIFICANT FACT THAT THE VISITORS to the Art Gallery in the Mechanics' Fair spend more time and express more admiration at Flaglor's exhibit of photographs than anywhere else. They possess a personal interest, for the pictures are portraits—and excellent portraits, too—of the best known people in the city, in the social and business worlds. His parlors are situated in the most convenient point in the city, at the corner of Ninth and Market Streets, near the Fair Building, and accessible by several lines of cars.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

As a Hotel Guest.

America has made many gigantic strides, aside from those made at the battle of Bull Run, and her people spend much of their time pointing with pride to her remarkable progress, but we are prone to dwell too much upon our advantages as a summer resort and our adroit methods of declining the Presidency before we are asked, while we forget some of our more important improvements, like the elevated railway and the American hotel.

Let us, for a moment, look at the great changes that have been wrought in hotels during the past century. How marked has been the improvement and how wonderful the advancement. Everything has been changed. Even the towels have been changed.

Electric bells, consisting of a long and alert wire with an overcoat button at one end and a reticent boy at the other, have taken the place of the human voice and a low-browed red-elm club. Where once we were compelled to fall down a dark, narrow staircase, now we can go down the elevator or wander down the wrong stairway and find ourselves in the laundry.

Where once we were mortified by being compelled to rise at table, reach nine feet and stab a porous pancake with our fork, meantime wiping the milk gravy out of a large yellow howl with our coat-tails, now we can hire a tall, lithe gentleman in a full-dress suit to pass us the pancakes.

Even the bar-rooms of American hotels are changed. Once the bar-tender waited till his customer ran all his remarks into one long, hoarse word, with a hiccup on the end, and then he took him by the collar, and threw him out into the cold and chaotic night. Now the bar-tender gradually rises on the price of drinks till his customer is frozen out, and while he is gone to the reading-room to borrow some more money the chemist moves the bar somewhere else, and when the guest returns, he finds a barber-shop where he thought he left a bar-room.

One hundred years, on their swift pinnions, have borne away the big and earnest dinner-hall and the swag-bagged hair-trunk that surprised a man so when he sat down upon it to consider what clothes he would put on first.

All these evidences of our crude, embryonic existence are gone, and in their places we have electric bells and Saratoga trunks, wherein we may conceal our hotel room and still have space left for our clothes.

It is very rare now that we see a United States senator snaking a two-year-old Mambrino hair-trunk up three flights of stairs to his room, in order to secure the labor vote. Men, as well as hotels and hotel soap, have changed. Where once a cake of soap would only last a few weeks, science has come in and perfected a style of pink soap, flavored with vanilla, that will last for years, and a new slippery-elm towel that is absolutely impervious to moisture. Hand-in-hand, this soap and towel go gayly down the corridors of time, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest, jumping deftly out of the hands of the aristocracy into the hands of a receiver, but always calm, smooth, and latherless.

Nature did not fit me to be the successful guest at a hotel. I can see why it is so. I do not know how to impress a hotel. I think all the way up from the depot, as I change hands with my hot-handled and heavy bag, how I will stride up to the counter and ask for the room that is generally given to Mr. Blaine, but when I get there I fall up against a cold wave, step back into a large india-rubber cuspidor, and my overtaken valise hursts open. While the porter and I

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gather up my collars and gently press them in with our feet, the clerk decides that he hasn't got such a room as I would want.

I then go to another hotel, and succeed in getting a room which commands a view of a large red fire-escape, a long sweep of undulating eaves-trough, and a lightning-rod—usually No. 7—near the laundry chimney, and adjoining the baggage elevator.

After I have remained at the hotel several days and paid my bill whenever I have been asked to do so, and shown that I did not eat much, and that I was willing to carry up my own coal, the proprietor relents, and puts me in a room that is below timber line, and though it is a better room, I feel all the time as though I had driven out the night watchman, for the bed is still warm, and knowing that he must be sleeping out in the cold hall all night as he patiently watches the hotel, I can not sleep until three or four o'clock in the morning, and then I have to get up while the chambermaid makes my bed for the day.

I try hard when I enter a hotel to assume an air of arrogance and defiance, but I am all the time afraid that there is some one present who is acquainted with me.

Another thing that works against me is my apparel. In a strange hotel a man will do better, if he has fifty dollars only, and desires to remain two weeks, to go and buy a fifty-dollar suit of clothes with his money, taking his chances with the clerk, than to dress like a plain American citizen, and expect to be loved, on the ground that he will pay his board.

But there is now a prospect for reform in this line, a scheme by which a man's name and record as a guest will be his credentials. When this plan becomes thoroughly understood and adopted, a modest man with money, who prefers to wear a soft hat, will not have to sleep in the Union Depot, solely on the ground that the night clerk is opposed to a soft hat.

The scheme, to be brief, consists of a system of regular reports from tables and rooms, which reports are epitomized at the office and interchangeable with other hotels, on the principle of the R. G. Dun Commercial Agency. The guest is required to sign his order at the table or give the number of his room, whether the hotel is run on the European plan or not, and these orders in the aggregate, coming from head waiters, porters, chambermaids and bell-boys, make up a man's standing on a scale from A to Z.

For instance, we will say a five-dollar-per-day house can afford to feed a man for a dollar a meal. The guest orders two dollars' worth, sticks his mustache into just enough of it to spoil it for stew or gillet purposes, and then goes to his room. Here he puts up the fire-escape rope for a clothes-line, does a week's washing, and hanging it out upon the improvised clothes-line, he lights a strong pipe, puts his feet on the pillow-shams, and reads "As in a Looking-Glass" while his wash is drying. When that man goes away he leaves a record at the hotel which confronts him at every hotel wherever he goes. As soon as he writes his name the clerk, who has read it wrong side up just a little before he got it down, tells him that he is very sorry, but that the house is full and people are sleeping on cots in the hall, and the proprietor himself has to sleep on the sideboard. The large white Suffolk dog, who has been in the habit of inaugurating a rain of terror and gravity in the dining-room and stealing the soap from the wash-room, just simply because he could out-trump the clerk on diamonds, will thus have to go to the pound, where he belongs, and quiet, every-day people, who rely on their integrity more than they do on their squeal, will get a chance.

A great many droll characters, and bright, shrewd

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TRANSACTS A GENERAL REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS.

men are met with among hotel proprietors wherever you go. "The Fat Contributor" was lecturing once in the State of Kentucky, and had occasion to take dinner at a six-bit hotel. After the meal, Mr. Griswold stepped up to the counter, took out a bale of bank-notes, which he had received for his lecture the evening before, and asked what might be the damage.

"Three dollars," said the blue-grass gentleman, who had buttoned his collar with a tenpenny-nail, while he looked at "Gris" with a pained expression. "Yes, but a man ought to be able to board here a week for three dollars. The whole house didn't cost more than forty or fifty-five dollars. What's your idea in charging me three dollars for a wad of hominy and a piece of parched pork?"

"Well, sir," said the urbane landlord, as he put out the fire at a distance of twenty feet by emptying his salivary surplus on it, "I need the money!"

The frankness and open, candid manner of the man won Mr. Griswold, and he asked him if he thought three dollars would be enough. The landlord said he could get along with that. Then Griswold opened his valise, and took out a large brunette bottle of liniment marked "for external use." He passed it over to the landlord, and told him that he would find this stuff worked as well on the inside as it did on the outside. In a few moments the liniment of the "Fat Contributor" and the lineaments of the landlord had merged into each other, and a friendly feeling sprang up between the two men which time has never effaced. I have often thought of this, and wondered why it is that hotel men are not more open and cordial with their guests. Many a time I have paid a large bill grudgingly, when I would have done it cheerfully if the landlord had told me he was in need.

I had intended to speak at some length on the new rope law, by which every man is made his own vigilance committee, but I feel that I am already encroaching on the advertising space, and so will have to omit it. In conclusion, I will say that the American hotels are far preferable to those we have in Paris in many ways, and not only outstrip those of England and the Continent, even as a *corps de ballet* outstrips a toboggan club, but they seem to excel and everlastingly knock the ancient hotels of Carthage, Rome, and The Siding silly. —New York World.

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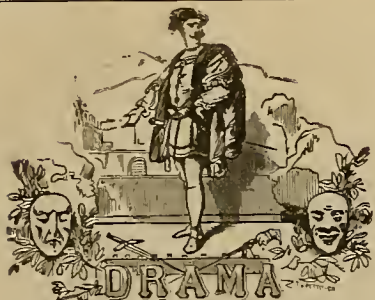
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The community of San Francisco is notoriously the coldest, the most phlegmatic, the most unimpressible in this hustling Union. It is next to impossible to work it up to interest in any subject. It has about as much enthusiasm as a jelly-fish out on the beach.

If any one in the community is visited by an enthusiasm, he is looked upon as a crank, and viewed with concern by his friends. If the enthusiast be a woman, she is a giddy gusher, and her case is more hopeless yet.

Unfortunately, *nil admirari* is the fashion, and it has been taken up with avidity by the stupid ones, who find it an easy rôle to fill. There is a tradition that, in the Comstock day, blood moved quicker in the pulse than it does now, and, through atmospheric permeation, we managed to get up a little, flashy, short-lived, seven-days' land boom; but, for the most part, we are as slow as the quietest Dutch village that ever slept its life away under the click of windmills in the lowland countries.

And, if we are slow, dull, and unenthusiastic in business matters, what shall be said of San Francisco and the arts?

There is not one of them she smiles upon; there is not one of them she fosters; there is not one of them to whose votaries she will furnish a bare subsistence.

Our men of letters all make their reputations away from home, and go abroad to flourish as soon as they can get money enough together to leave us. Nor do we ever hear of them in poverty again. San Francisco wares sell well anywhere but at home.

Our artists have drifted away, one by one, through lack of patronage, and find the fight easier anywhere in the world but here. Our singers cast a longing, lingering look behind, but flee for very necessity.

Some musicians are left, but thrive only as teachers. Let them dare to attempt to soar into the higher realms, and a chill, petrifying, neglected concert-room will soon teach them a lesson.

Art in any form is as dead a letter in the life of this great city as in some of the little hamlets of the Sierra. There was a time when people liked the theatres. San Francisco even achieved a sort of spurious reputation as a critic of the first water; and woe betide the luckless player against whom the fiat went forth. But all of our good actors left us, one by one—there was certainly nothing for them here—and others have not come to take their places. Our first-class theatres have dwindled from five to one. That one perks up occasionally with a grand engagement, and looks bright, and cheery, and pleasant, and even cityfied; but, for the most part, it has a desolate, abandoned, countrified air.

And even when it is full, the players complain that the chill of a first night in San Francisco affects their spirits heavily. All their pet little jokes, all their fine little points, all their deft little truncheons go unheeded. Every one knows how easy it is to throw cold water on ardor of spirit, how dampening is the changeless front of an uninterested listener to one in the full tide of enthusiasm.

Now and then we make a change. Patti always had an enthusiastic house, but it was the fishermen up in the gallery who made the noise. And Sarah preferred us to all America to play to, but it was the spirit of the Frenchmen left inose, untrammelled by the presence of the *claque*. These Americans who had not taken the trouble to learn a little French stayed at home, and condemned her morals and preached useless, vapory sermons, for neither Sarah nor any other actress is supposed to put her morals on exhibition in the theatre. Those who did go, must have enjoyed themselves, for they went often and sat in placid, unmoved content beside the Gaul, while he responded to the slightest touch as sensitively as a harpsichord, and made the French players happy with his noisy approval.

What then came over our people on Monday night? In the very face of our traditions, the house was wildly enthusiastic. Perhaps, after an Italian, a London audience is the most responsive in the world, and when Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake played "Clito" there, it seemed sometimes as if the aggravated and indignant audience would leap upon the stage, and help the Greek mob to do the odious courtesan to death.

Miss Eastlake nightly received a great salvo of hisses in the fourth act, and when she came before the curtain afterwards it was odd enough to see her smiling her thanks to their waves of hisses and plainly expressed execrations.

Miss Kate Forsyth got one grand round hiss in the same scene on Monday night, but the thing was so unusual that the fair Helle seemed not quite sure whether to take it for a compliment or an insult.

Miss Forsyth is almost the best actress upon the American stage that could have been selected for the rôle. She is indeed, a better actress than Miss Eastlake, although without the strong individuality of the English actress. As yet, a fine impalpable something has escaped her, which may come to her in the continued playing of the part, but her shortcomings are the fault of the writers quite as much as her own.

There are things that are never to be said. A writer may describe his heroine as much as he likes in his book, though the best writers do not do so, but throw in an item here, a suggestion there, a little touch elsewhere, out of which you yourself, the reader, construct a beautiful woman, lovely in her entirety and quite after your own ideal.

But, in a play he should not be too explicit. Miss Forsyth is admittedly a very handsome woman. But she has chosen to wear a suit of hair which, while beautiful enough in itself, is in color exceedingly unbecoming. Its dark, heavy, red waves give to her face a sinister, a snakey look one would say, if one were telling the plain truth and it were not too ugly a word to use. The yellow locks of the courtesan never fitted so happily as upon the Greek Helle's head. Why not wear them?

When Helle, shorn of her golden magnificence, goes to the sculptor's studio arrayed in simple white, there really does not seem to be sufficient reason for that talented young man to clutch his hair, roll his eyeballs, and let his limbs fall all a-trembling because she is very beautiful. Still, "Clito" is not written upon the level plane of every-day life. All the people in it take their emotions hard. Else why should all the people in the dress-circle come home with a headache from sheer excitement, as they all confessed coming out, and the gallery lash itself to a fury, and alter the whole history of audiences in our quiet city?

Did the people not roar for Clito after each act, did they not scream with delight when Kate Forsyth appeared, with a bashful look on her face as if she had not expected it? As for Lewis Morrison, they simply yelled a wild unearthly yell of greeting every time his white beard came out of the wings, a yell which seemed to be half for Xenocles and half for Lewis Morrison. There is no exact description left for the mighty wave of sound which greeted Mr. Ben Teal himself. He embraced the house with a wide smile, and acknowledged himself responsible for all the beautiful tableaux and wealth of color that had been shifting before us all the evening.

In short, the audience acted so extraordinarily that it was difficult to follow the actors. We only knew that a lurid Athenian melodrama was passing before us in a very mass of lovely spectacle. The sentiments were a little high, and there was a good deal of talky-talky. But what of that? Mr. Sydney Grundy belongs to the Bombastes Furioso style of literature, and this kind of literature fits the play.

It does not seem at all strange that Xenocles should have shifted his studio in the street, and at the very door of the oppressor's palace. Perhaps it was the custom in Athens for sculptors to go visiting with their marble blocks, just as German women carry their knitting around among their neighbors. At all events, he is a very impressive-looking old man, and he expounded a lot of Athenian philosophy with very good effect. People liked it. There are places in the world where people still go to hear lectures. They like lecturelets in San Francisco, when they are given in costume and with picturesque accessories.

Much of Xenocles's talk is sounding wind, but that is Mr. Sidney Grundy's fault, not Lewis Morrison's, and Mr. Morrison could not have played Lear with better conscience than he did Xenocles.

It is a grand story, this of "Clito," even though it bears the color of half a dozen different plays. It is strong and stirring, and appeals to the better nature everywhere.

There is not a grain of sympathy for Helle—not even when she drags herself about the floor in terror of her life, a sort of Greek Nancy Sykes, though without the remnant of the angel that was in that poor dragged creature's breast.

But there is every pity for Clito, for the very might of his infatuation even in his hours of dalliance in Helle's household. He is a strong, virile, vigorous kind of a fellow, a sort of new Andréas, who loves and hates with equal quickness and intensity, and has his patriotism hard.

If Mr. Eben Plympton would consent to leave himself as the Lord made him and as his art has polished him, he would be a fine Clito. He has a good presence, much intelligence, and, naturally, a particularly good, round, clear, incisive speech. But upon this speech he has tacked an assortment of such extraordinary deformities of pronunciation the hearer listens aghast. Some people have whispered "anglomania." But it is not at all like anglomania, still less is it like anything English. It is, indeed, nothing more nor less than freak pronunciation. And as if to ruin himself completely, though he has so much to commend him, he has grafted upon this the habit of making the most extraordinary faces in the world. If there were any expression to them one wouldn't mind, but, even with Delsarte, it does not mean anything for a man to shoot the corner of his mouth up till it meets the projection of his eyebrow, or to make a face as if he had just tasted hemlock, when he is saying something not more striking than "good-morning."

In despite of these most serious drawbacks, Mr.

Plympton gets for Clito all the sympathy of his hearers. They are angry with him in his rage, when he grinds the pictured face of the detested Helle with his heel, and yields with him in his melting mood, when the enchantress throws her spell over him.

The scene in Helle's hall is a beautiful one. It looks like a Bacchanalian festival on some old panel in high relief, for the Greeks admired the beauty of the grape-leaf and the bloom of the fruit, as ardently as they loved the power of its juice.

In "Clito," the traditional white garments of classic citizens in the old theatre have quite passed away. The stage is a very blaze of beautiful color throughout, and color such as is only to be had with the shimmer of silk. No one wears white but Helle when she is in her tempting mood, and the young girl. For there is not a young girl in every play of classic times, who is unlawfully sought by the bold, bad man, and is not her danger particularly thrilling in this play, when she is thrown into the jaws of danger by the wicked Helle? There was another hiss for the siren as she handed the key to Glaucias over the bended head of the grateful Clito.

The young girl, by the way, wears one of the prettiest and simplest classic costumes ever planned, and if Miss Rosabel Morrison does not look in the very least like a Greek maiden, she played the little part with a pretty simplicity.

There was one Mr. Leo Cooper, too, who gave some very clever touches and considerable color to the part of Theramenes, a pandering courtier.

The remainder of the acting was rather in the declamatory, but the play is not exigent outside of the three principal parts, which are so well done that the superb mounting of the play easily carries the rest.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

M. B. Curtis intends to try "Caught in a Corner" at the Alcazar in the second week of this month.

"Clothilde" is announced for next week at the Alcazar, the last of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's engagements.

One of Hoyt's farces, "A Tin Soldier," will be seen at the Bush Street Theatre, with John Canfield, the Grimes of "A Bunch of Keys," as Rats. The remainder of the cast is made up of new people.

Miss Kate Field will deliver one of her most interesting lectures, "Eyes and Ears in London," at Union Square Hall, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and at a Saturday matinee, October 11, 13, and 15.

Richard Mansfield's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been rather condemned by the New York critics. They say Jekyll is too colorless and Hyde too horrible. The latter statement is borne out by the fact that several ladies fainted during the second night's performance.

Dion Boucicault has gone down south to play to the Los Angeles for a week or two, where he is anxiously expected. He will go from there to Boston, where he is always sure of a welcome, to introduce "Phryne," a play upon whose success he has set his heart rather more than he usually sets it on his work.

Cappa shook the dust of San Francisco from his feet with thorough disgust, and desires never to return. He declares it to be the only place in America where the Seventh Regiment Band was not appreciated and the concerts crowded. Let him charge fifty cents next time, instead of a dollar and a half, and he will see how appreciative we are.

Rosina Vnkes is shortly coming to San Francisco after an absence of many years. She was just sixteen when she laughed and danced on the boards of the old California. She is as lithe and supple a dancer as ever, but she has lost the full gurgle of her girl laugh. But she sings "His art was true to Poll" in a way that more than compensates for anything she has lost.

It is curious to observe, every night, in the Baldwin Theatre, that the ladies in front wear their hair in exactly the same style as the Psyche and Helle on the stage. The revolution of fashion has brought back the Psyche knot, a style which is two thousand years old. But the Psyche did not wear bonnets with their knots, hence there was nothing comical in the knot—two thousands year ago.

Garnier, the leading man of Sarah Bernhardt's company, who caused such a flutter among the fair ones during his stay here, has made an ineffectual attempt to get into the Théâtre Français since his return to France. But he has been denied admission as being not yet sufficiently finished for that temple. He is the Tom Keene of French tragedy, and as such can not yet enter the house of Molière.

The Parisians are in a fever of anxiety to see Sarah Bernhardt in "Le Maître de Forges." They are quite well aware that it is not in her line, and that she only played it in America for spite, but already they are willing to forswear Jane Hading, who played it for months to the delight of all Paris, and to consider her but a feeble copy of Sarah. Sarah will open in Sardou's "Deborah" in October, and is trying to make arrangements for her own play "Pin."

Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader who made the Prince of Wales draw an alleged pig on a black-board in a public exhibition, and yet refused Labouchere's five-thousand-dollar challenge, who led the mayor and big-wigs of Boston a pretty chase after a concealed scarl-pin which he found, and who has of late been unpleasantly notorious in the papers, will give exhibitions of his power as a mind-reader or deceiver of the senses, every evening next week at Metropolitan Hall.

Miss Eastlake, the original Helle of "Clito," is quite a remarkable figure in society of the upper Bohemian clique in London. She is a tall, slim, disheveled blonde, with a remarkable taste in costume. Her gowns in the rôle of Helle were the talk of London during a long season, their drapery was so intricate and so artistic. She was accustomed in this part to paint herself a dazzling alabaster whiteness which was wonderfully effective, especially as her

hair was just the gold of her yellow dress, which, by the way, she wears in the fourth act only, and not in the first as Kate Forsyth does; the secret of this cosmetic has not been imparted to any one. Miss Eastlake lives but Kensington way, in a most artistic little house, with her mother and sister, and one may meet the best men in London in her drawing-room at five o'clock tea.

AMUSEMENT RECORD.

Bills and Casts for Week ending October 1st.

BALDWIN THEATRE.—A. Hayman, Lessee, Alfred Bouvier, Manager. Bill: "Clito." Cast as follows:

Helle, Miss Kate Forsyth; Xenocles, Lewis Morrison; Glaucias, Thomas G. Patten; Critias, Charles J. Chappell; Theramenes, Leo Cooper; Dares, Albert Hosmer; Atys, James Fox; Corax, R. C. Vernon; Aelius, J. Miller; Irene, Miss Rosabel Morrison; Chloe, Miss Florence Roberts; Selene, Miss Trux Blackmore; Neone, Miss Nellie Buckley; Libby, Miss M. Joseph; Clito, Eben Plympton.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.—Chas. P. Hall, Manager. Bill: "The Royal Guard." Cast as follows:

D'Artagnan, Frank Mayo; Athos, William Harcourt; Porthos, D. Hanchett; Aramis, Edwin Nalod; Louis XIII, Clarence Harvey; Cardinal Richelieu, J. H. Taylor; Duke of Buckingham, Robert Neil; Count Rochefort, Edwin Parrish; Capt. Le Tour, G. F. Bowers; François, L. Johnston; Pouchet, Neil Gray; Sadrifit, T. H. Conly; Eustache, E. W. Chapin; Brissac, C. H. Gloss; Jean, L. Reeves; Lady de Winter, Miss Alice Fischer; Anne of Austria, Miss Helen Rand; Constance, Miss Dolores Marbourg; Nannette, Miss Frances Graham; Suzzette, Miss Gladys Graves.

THE ALCAZAR.—Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell, Managers. Bill: "La Belle Russe." Cast as follows:

Geraldine, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis; Captain Dudley Brand, Mr. Gustavus Levick; Sir Philip Calthorpe, Charles Mesayer; Monroe Quilton, Esq., Harry Russell; Robert Emile Collins; Lady Elizabeth Calthorpe, Miss Anna Adams; Agnes, Miss Fanny Bowman; Beatrice, Miss Mabel Bowman.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.—Kreling Bros., Managers. Bill: "Maritana." Cast as follows:

Maritana, Tellula Evans; Lazarillo, Laura Clements; Marchioness, Carrie Pfeiffer; Don Cesar, Harry Gates; Don José, M. Cornell; Charles II, of Spain, Ed. Stevens; Marquis de Montefiore, A. Messner.

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MECHANICS' PAVILION, Larkin Street, opposite New City Hall.—Twenty-second annual exhibition of industrial products. Open day and evening.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Closed during the week.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—Closed during the week.

At the Baldwin, next week, the stock company "Clito."

At the Bush Street, next week, Chas. H. Hoyt company in "A Tin Soldier."

At the Alcazar, next week, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis "Clothilde."

At the Tivoli Opera House, next week, the stock company in "Maritana."

At the California, next week, no announcement.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, no announcement.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Knell Concert.

Mr. Emile Knell, the talented young 'celloist, gave a farewell concert at Irving Hall last night, prior to his departure for Europe, where he will complete his musical studies. He was assisted by the following talent: Miss Marie Withrow, contralto, (first appearance after four years' absence in Europe); Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, pianiste; Mr. Henry Heyman, violin; Mr. Noah Brandt, violin; Mr. Frederick Knell, viola; Mr. Julius Hinrichs, violoncello; Mr. Henry Heyman, musical director. The beneficiary was well received by the large audience, and the following programme was executed to the entire satisfaction of all present:

Quintet, op. 76.....S. Jadassohn
Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, Henry Heyman, Frederick Knell, Noah Brandt, Julius Hinrichs.
Beethoven
Fantasie, for Violoncello, "Souvenir de Spa".....Servais
(With Quintet accompaniment.)
Piano Solo, Valse Etude, op. 56, No. 3.....J. Raff
Mrs. Julius Hinrichs.
Quartet, in D minor, op. posth.....Schubert
(Andante Con Variazioni.)
Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, Frederick Knell, Emile Knell.
Song, "Schlaf ein holdes Kind".....Richard Wagner
Miss Marie Withrow.
Introduction and Tarantelle.....Grutzmacher
(From Lindner Concerto.)
Emile Knell.
Quintet.....Schumann
(First movement.)
Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, Frederick Knell, Julius Hinrichs.

A Sacred Concert.

Under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart a sacred concert was given at the Church of the Advent last night, the proceeds being devoted to a choir fund. The church contained a large audience, which was well entertained with the following programme:

Organ Solo—Fantasie with Choral.....Smart
H. J. Stewart.
Solo for Bass—"Nazareth".....Gounod
Mr. Augustus Thornton.
Solo for Soprano—"Rejoice Greatly".....Handel
Miss Nora Connell.
Solo for Contralto—"Heaven and Earth".....Pinsuti
Mrs. A. McLauchlin.
Aria for Soprano—Largo in G.....Handel
Miss Carrie Millner.
Organ Solo—Grand Fantasie de Concert.....J. Callaerts
H. J. Stewart.
"Les Rameaux"—(The Palm). Faure
Mr. Thornton.
"Callest Thou Them, O Master?".....Smart
Miss Connell.
"Love Not The World".....Sullivan
Mrs. McLauchlin.
Ave Maria.....Saint Saens
Miss Millner.
Sacred Duet.....Selected
Miss Connell and Mrs. McLauchlin.
Organ Solo—"War March" (Athalie).....Mendelssohn
H. J. Stewart.

Society of the Immaculate Conception.

Under the auspices of the Society of the Immaculate Conception of St. Mary's Cathedral a concert was given at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, and the following programme was presented:

Sonata.....Beethoven
(First movement, piano and violin.)
Miss Bertha Greenbood and Mr. Noah Brandt.
Non piu andrai—"Mozart"
Mr. Karl Formes.
Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Eno W. Vivian.
"Noel".....Adam
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
Violin Solo—"Faust".....Gounod
Mr. Noah Brandt.
Contralto Solo—"Aria".....Rossini
Miss Theresa Hartnett.
(Pupil of Karl Formes.)
Piano Solo.....Selected
Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian.
Duo—"Marianne".....Flotow
Mrs. Karl Formes and Mr. Ugo Talbo.
Solo—"Suleika".....Mendelssohn
Miss Annie Clark.
Quartet—"Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, Miss Theresa Hartnett, Mr. Ugo Talbo, Mr. Karl Formes.
(Accompanist, Mr. Schloeb.)

Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi has been nominated special solicitor and corresponding member of the musical exhibition to be held in Bologna, Italy, in May, 1893. Persons desiring to send to the exhibition old, as well as modern instruments of any kind, musical books, compositions, autographs, or any other article of musical interest, will apply to Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, 1011 Post Street, not later than the month of December.

La Mandolinata Club has resumed its Wednesday afternoon rehearsals, and is progressing rapidly with its new repertoire, with Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian as leader.

The first concert of the second series to be given by the Orpheus Instrumental Club, of Oakland, will be held next Tuesday evening at the First Congregational Church in Oakland. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will direct the orchestra which will be assisted by Miss Carrie Millner, soprano, and Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian, pianist.

The first concert of the second series given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, will take place at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, October 21st. The quartet will comprise Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Stiering, violins; Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola; and Mr. Julius Hinrichs, cello.

CCCLVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday
October 2, 1887.
Turtle Soup.
Crab Salad.
Squabs en Compote.
Summer Squash. Corn Fritters.
Roast Veal. Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Lemon Pie. Branded Peaches.
Fruits.

SQUABS EN COMPOTE—Clean eight squabs, split them in two, put them in a saucepan with four ounces of butter cut in small pieces. Color them slightly in the fire, and when a good color, drain off the grease. Moisten your squabs with half a pint of Spanish sauce, add a pinch of pepper nutmeg, and thyme, a glass of sherry, and boil thirty minutes. Peel two dozen little onions, toss them into a frying-pan with half an ounce of lard, and when colored, add them to your squabs. Cut a dozen mushrooms in quarters, boil ten minutes, and serve very hot.

A number of little Kansas City boys were playing marbles when a stranger passed. "Do you play for 'keeps' little boys?" he asked. "Yes, sir," they replied. "What are you playing for now?" "Corner lots."—New York Sun.

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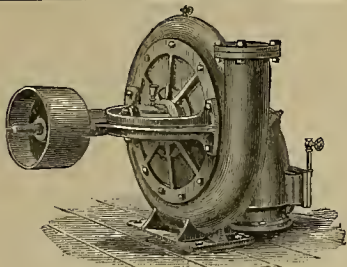
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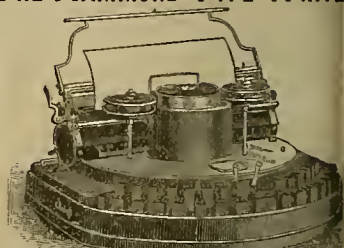
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HENRY M. PINLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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For the last week or two, our daily papers have been filled with articles, reports and otherwise, about jury- and matters of a kindred nature. It is evident that the city of San Francisco has fallen upon grievous times, not only speaking, and as politics carry morals in their train, both being homogeneous, and neither being able to do without the other, it follows that the time has come when San Francisco must either govern itself by means of

its best and ablest citizens, or else consign itself to irredeemable perdition, as weighed in the moral and political scale of the nineteenth-century civilized world. There is no disguising the fact, for it is glaringly patent, that corruption has entered into every phase of our moral and political structure. The jury system, which was originally supposed to be complete in its construction, and to be the best embodiment of that fairness and equity which honest men wish to mete out to each other, must either go by the board, or be materially altered in character, or else honest people will let San Francisco severely alone. The present political regime is neither unexampled nor novel. It disfigured Athens in the days of Pericles; it broke up Sparta; it knocked out Rome, the great knocker-out of all; and it has gradually wended its way through European courts, New York aldermen, and Chicago boodlers, till finally, like the march of empire, it has settled in San Francisco, and looks as if it had come to stay. But the lamb-like innocence of Messrs. Buckley, Higgins & Co. is not even skin-deep. What pope will put Mr. Buckley in the calendar, when that worthy individual sees fit to retire from public life, and, after a brief repose, probably attempt to corrupt civic morals in a region where politics are presumably, like everything else, bot? And yet, it is not so much the fault of the gang of unscrupulous and mercenary scoundrels who at present seem to bolder in their paw the emblems of life and liberty, as it is of the sleek and well-fed citizen, who is too selfish to concern himself with any affairs that do not actually binge upon his pocket, and calmly rests in the sublime assurance that no great harm can be done while the household goose hangs high. To him the stuffing of the ballot-box is like a dream. The news comes to him over his cosy breakfast-table, and you can not make him realize that before he gets up from the table he may be yanked out of his seat by a couple of sheriff's deputies on a vamped-up charge, if his purse is long, and the bosses think they have got hold of something they can work. While the illustration of the man and the breakfast-table may seem, at the first glance, to be far-fetched, and to savor more of Russian than American principles—more of Siberia than of California—and though the condition of things which would make the event possible may not be reached for some time to come, the reason why it should not be reached does not consist in the unwillingness of the bosses to reach it. The alarm must be cried—the tocsin sounded. Voters must attend to their duties as citizens, and in place of toasting their toes at home on a cold night, or taking it easy on the verandah on a hot one, they must come down town, and see to it themselves that the primaries are not run by the hired blackguards who run them now. This is the true root of the business. This is why our juries are corrupted, and life, liberty, and property are in danger in San Francisco. And while we are on the subject, why do not these same smug and well-fed citizens do something practical in this matter? Why howl at the corruption of courts, like dogs baying at the moon? Why whisper of vigilance committees and mutter of mass-meetings? Let some of these honest men consent to serve on the juries in these bribery cases, from which same juries they are now attempting with so much alacrity to be excused. If the district attorney, Mr. Stonehill, is not looked upon by the people with that enthusiasm born of confidence, why not supplement him with others? The district attorney cannot refuse assistance, and Mr. Flournoy, his present coadjutor, strongly needs it. Even if Mr. Flournoy decline, the attorney-general can intervene, as Mr. Marshall once did, and add such attorneys as he chooses. Let our public-spirited citizens go down in their pockets, and employ counsel who are the equals of Hall McAllister, the defendants' attorney. Then, with an honest jury and able lawyers, the people may have some show in court.

Before pointing out where government and other cheap lands may be obtained in the great interior valley of this State, it may be well to ascertain to what degree they are worth having. Fresno, Tulare, and Kern Counties are practically one county. So far as population and improvements are concerned, Kern County is still in nearly the condition Tulare and Fresno were twelve years ago. Although in material development Tulare and Fresno have kept nearly

even pace, yet the ultimate destiny of this empire of the Pacific, small-scale, or intensive, farming has been more fully developed at Fresno in its colony system. We will, therefore, take a glance at a twenty-acre Fresno farm, and thereby ascertain how munificent a gift is one hundred and sixty acres of such land from the government to the settler, or how fat a steal is the same thing to a fraudulent land-grabber.

Unlike the colonies of the southern counties, which were settled by wealthy people, those of Fresno were settled by a few families of moderate means, and by a great many very poor families. In most cases the colonist did more general farming at the outset, while he was struggling for a living and to free himself from debt, than later on, when he could afford to devote his land to the more profitable, and at the same time, more speculative, business of fruit-growing. From fifteen-minutes' to an hour's ride, or from two to eight miles from town, is the favorite distance for a location. He generally buys his land on credit, and, even without the adventitious aid of a rise in land values, has never failed to get out of debt. He devotes about one acre to house, barn, corral, chicken-house, croquet-ground, flower-garden, and curiosities in trees and shrubs; four acres to alfalfa; five to general farming, in wheat, for hay, Egyptian corn, potatoes, and experiments; and ten acres to orchard, or raisin-vineyard, or both. As a rule, he has not been bred on a farm, but comes from the shop, the mine, the office, the counter, the school. He rarely fails to make a most successful farmer; and the woman-colonist, whether from the school or elsewhere is, as a class, the most pronounced success of all. The mere plowing and sowing to alfalfa of a four-acre patch of land, though impossible to a woman, or impracticable to a professional man or mechanic, is a slight matter to an ordinary farm-hand, and is measured in money value by so small a sum as three dollars per acre after the land has been ditched and leveled, if necessary. The physical ability to establish an acre of alfalfa is of trifling money value, but the intelligent management of it for a series of years afterward is of great financial consequence; and therefore it is that an intelligent woman, professional man, or mechanic may easily distance in the race for success the merely sturdy farmer. The same is true of the orchard, the vineyard, the nursery, and the garden. The agricultural paper is a mine of wealth to the small scale farmer, and the nearness of neighbors facilitates his agricultural education. His four acres of alfalfa, in combination with the squash and melons the children raise in the orchard, or young vineyard, keep two horses, two cows, and several calves the whole year round. He has his alfalfa mowed and made into hay four times a year, except such parts as he reserves for green feed, at an expense of about one dollar per acre for mowing and raking. He frequently exchanges labor with some neighbor having a mowing-machine, and who is glad to have his help on his own hay-wagon. The alfalfa hay he stacks in his barn is of better quality at the end of a year, or longer, than when it was new. It is good, valuable property, and means solid wealth, good living, and home comforts. His two cows are invariably pets, which give more milk, furnish more butter, and are more gentle, even when they kick, than any other two cows in the world. With such care as cows get in this intensive farming, there will not be less than one hundred and forty two pound rolls of butter to exchange at the store for tea, sugar, etc., over and above the abundance the family may use at home. The average poultry-yard has a population of about sixty hens, which furnish about four hundred dozen eggs for market, besides what eggs the farmer smuggles from his wife, and swaps off for fancy plugs of tobacco. When the farmer becomes well off, he supplies his table with beef and mutton from the butcher's wagon which passes through the thickly settled avenues every day, but while he is poor, he must be content with living on chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigs, game fowl, and young rabbits. It is not a bad thing to be poor on a colony farm. Vegetables are raised along the line of the ditches, except potatoes, which are planted in the same ground twice a year; first, about the middle of March, to be harvested in time for the Fourth, and the second crop about the first of September, to furnish new potatoes for Christmas. There is hardly a month in the year in which he does not

plant one thing and harvest another. Even in December he harvests potatoes, and in January plants peas.

Two cows, sixty hens, an industrious husband, a few pigs, a vegetable garden, and an acre of assorted fruit in the climate of our State, is a good living for an intelligent, moderate American woman and her family. All these may occupy less than ten acres. The remaining ten acres, if planted to raisin vines, will yield at least a ton of grapes per acre the second year from the cuttings. They are worth fifteen dollars per ton on the vines, but will pay, at least, twenty-five dollars per acre if properly handled, by being cured into raisins and sold in bulk to the packers. At full bearing, say six years, an acre of raisin grapes can hardly be handled in so slovenly a manner as to yield less than one hundred dollars per acre, over and above every imaginable expense. Intelligence, industry, and thrift may expect, as a moderate result, two hundred and fifty dollars per acre per annum, clear of all contingencies. Trees of any kind of marketable fruit pay about the same. No farmer on a twenty-acre farm at Fresno should clear less than twenty-five hundred dollars per year, besides making a good living in addition thereto. Life on these colony-farms differs essentially from the old-time secluded, hermit-life on the distant ranch. Passing through the avenues of the colonies seems more like traversing the streets in the suburbs of a city. On each side of the road is a cottage, sometimes a pretentious mansion, barn, poultry-house, corral, summer-house, milk-house, orchard, garden, vineyard, nursery, cows tethered upon the green alfalfa, calves staked to rose-bushes, turkeys strutting with their stolen broods, hens enticing their chicks across the road, ducks waddling in the ditch, children on their way from school, and, all along the road, ladies and children driving in buggies to and from the town. Among the chiefest delights and mostly highly prized of rural enjoyments to the city-bred, is the possession of a horse, harness, and buggy. Phaetons are now so cheap that the poorest of farmers' wives are enabled to possess them. To one who has labored in the city on a salary, and has been accustomed to regard a day's "buggy-ride" as an unattainable luxury, to be enjoyed only by the wealthy, the possession of a modest turnout is a veritable glimpse of heaven upon earth.

At every eighth of a mile along the colony avenue, the scene on both sides is repeated with variations. Here the elements never commit excesses. The heat of summer is endurable; the cold of winter barely, and seldom, allows of the formation of occasional thin sheets of ice; the winds are never fierce, and fogs are of very rare occurrence. In the hottest part of the hottest day, farmers work in the fields, women drive, visit, and irrigate their gardens, children play, and business of all kinds knows no cessation. In ordinary winters ripe tomatoes may be picked from the vines in December; in specially mild ones it may be done in February; in the most severe winters the thermometer goes no lower than twenty above zero; and in all winters rosebuds may be picked from the bushes in the open air.

And yet such land may be had without price by homesteading government land in Fresno, Tulare, and Kern Counties. On the west side of the San Joaquin, and the slough that connects Tulare Lake with that river, is an immense region of level, alluvial land still open to settlement. The water system has not yet been developed, but there are large creeks in the foothills of the Coast Range, and many opportunities for the construction of dams and reservoirs. This land is of such a nature that it can not be plowed for the first time until the ground has been softened by rains. The new railroad, surveyed and partly graded by the Southern Pacific Company from Tracy to near Huron, will be built through this country. The soil is rich and deep. New villages and towns must spring up along the line of the new railroad. Thousands of homes will exist a few years hence where now not even a tall weed marks and distinguishes one spot from another.

In the foothills west of the Sierras, not only in Fresno, but also in Tulare and Kern Counties, thousands of beautiful quarter-sections are awaiting the advent of the right people. These lands have a diverse topography. They consist of hills and dales; are well wooded; frequently watered by springs; and have upon them large areas of tillable land. In these hills, so near the snow line, rains are far more frequent and abundant than on the plains, and farming without irrigation is established by experience. What few farmers there are now in this region are well off. Frequent little valleys are found here may be so sheltered that the most delicate plants, grown without protection. Sixteen miles east of Fresno, oranges have for many years been a profitable crop. These oranges are bright and sweet, and, while they last, no other oranges can be sold in the Fresno market.

In Tulare County, west of Lake Tulare, is a region in all respects similar to the one described above as lying west of the San Joaquin River in Fresno County. It has similar characteristics and prospects, and is near the famous Mussel Slough country. Government land is abundant here.

In Tulare County, west of Tipton, Pixley, Alila, and Delano, on the Southern Pacific railroad, and east of the foothills proper as described above, there is a remarkable region, much of which is vacant government land and may be ob-

tained under the homestead and preemption laws. This land has remarkably valuable characteristics. It is very rolling, and sometimes too precipitous for tillage. But it has a wonderfully rich soil, and the very tops of the rolling hills are just as rich as the beautiful little valleys which nestle among them. It is called "dry-bog land." It is loose and friable, and can be plowed without being moistened. Sun-flowers and "fillaree" abound in it. Old settlers, sheep-men, say that in favorable years the growth of the fillaree astonishes Californians accustomed to other parts of the State. Being near the foothills, rains are more abundant than upon the plains nearer the railroad. Where the land has been cultivated it shows a remarkable power of retaining moisture. It is the opinion of practical farmers in the neighborhood that not only grain crops, and root crops, but also trees and vines will grow here by cultivation without irrigation. This land commences about eight miles east of the towns above mentioned. It is claimed to be in the thermal belt, and we believe the claim to be well founded. In the same region are highly prosperous farms, with orange and lemon trees of considerable age to vouch for both soil and climate. Of course these farms are the best situated as to topography. In all probability it is deep to water. The Southern Pacific Company has surveyed a road through this district, almost parallel with the present road. In this region, government land may be had for nothing, or railroad land now in second hands may be had for a few dollars per acre, which in a few years will readily sell as high as a hundred.

There is good government land to be found in Kern County also, besides that mentioned above in the foothills.

All these lands are to be had, from the government and from private parties, at prices far below their intrinsic value. If people will invest as a mere speculation, how much more rational to acquire title to such lands instead of buying wild-cat town-lots on a margin. This is a world of change. After a few years, when much of the government land shall have been settled by prosperous communities, some who now buy contiguous lands as a mere speculation may change their minds, and turn from gambling on it to planting crops, trees, and vines upon it. And so mote it be.

At another time we will direct attention to other parts of our State, particularly the northern part.

After some years of quiescence, with the aim of lulling to rest agitated public opinion, the Roman Catholic Church has again begun active operations in its crusade against the public schools of this country, and this campaign is more aggressive and determined than any preceding one. When Samuel J. Tilden was Governor of New York, the priesthood controlled the political affairs of the State, and were insidiously proceeding to mine their way into the control of the school system. But the cunning of their chiefs was offset by the enthusiasm of subordinates, and outraged popular sentiment defeated their plans almost in their inception. A bill was worked through the legislature giving to the graduates of the school of the Grey Nuns' Convent in New York, teachers' certificates, entitling them to teach in the public schools without examination. The bill was signed by Governor Tilden, and became a law. Encouraged by this victory, the priests in various Catholic parishes throughout the State demanded, from their pulpits, a partition of the school funds, and instructed their parishioners to vote against all appropriations for school purposes. In at least one town of that State, to our personal knowledge, the public schools were closed for one half-year because the Roman Catholics, led by their priests, defeated at the polls the resolutions for school taxes. The next year came the reaction. The Protestant voters, and all fair-minded citizens, rallied at the polls, triumphantly carried the school appropriations, and elected a legislature which promptly repealed the infamous Grey Nun bill. Now the church authorities evidently deem the time ripe for another onslaught, and a concerted movement appears to be under way, manifesting itself by isolated successes in various sections. In Massachusetts there has been a swift increase in the number of Roman Catholic parochial schools, and in at least one case, in the town of Malden, they are seeking to rent the unoccupied rooms in a public school building, the public school being so depleted that it does not fill the building. In the town of Barton, Wis., for two years, the Catholics have voted down the school appropriations, and no public school has been open there during that time. In Melrose, Minn., the public school year has been shortened by Catholic influence, in the interest of their parochial schools. In Stearns County, Minn., priests give daily religious instruction in all the public schools, and the Roman Catholic catechism forms a part of the curriculum. This, notwithstanding that the constitution of the State directly forbids such instruction. In Pittsburg, Penn., a Catholic priest has been elected principal of a public school, with the avowed purpose of annexing it to his parochial school, which is crowded for room. The school board, composed of Catholics, attempts to justify their action by claiming that they took seventy-seven ballots before electing, but as they were only in session half an hour, it has the appearance of a prearranged affair. That such open violation of the fundamental principles underlying our system of popular educa-

tion will probably defeat themselves by their aggressiveness is but poor consolation. Believing, as we do, that all citizens will muster in force at the polls and resist such encroachments, we still feel that even a temporary foothold the Romish Church in our schools is to be viewed with alarm and to be fervently regretted. The non-sectarian, religious status of the public schools is a necessity, demanded by the cosmopolitan character of our population. They open alike to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Mormon and Mohammedan, and parents have full right to it that the religious training of their children shall be left themselves. School attendance is compulsory by law, good order, good morals, good habits, and the elements of learning are legitimate subjects for public education while creeds and catechisms, faiths and beliefs, doctrines and dogmas, are questions of personal preference only, as such, pertain to the household alone. This is a country, so free that each man may worship the God of choice without let or hindrance, and no church organization shall be permitted to proselytize children at the public school, and under cover of the laws which compel education. Every church can fling its doors open to the multitude, and Jew or Dominican, Baptist or Methodist, can set forth the duties and rewards of their faith to whomever will listen, under full shelter of the law. Parents may lead their children to the fold of whatsoever church they may choose, but I shall compel them to any creed, nor force their participation in any worship against their desire.

There is a painful absence of the picturesque in the streets of this city. For a land about which so many romantic things in prose and verse have been written, it can not be denied that San Francisco is abnormally commonplace. Here comes the man from the Eastern States or Europe, whose mind has been crammed with stories of the West, with its miners, its gentlemanly gamblers of the Hurst stripe, its vaqueros with jingling spurs, and jeweled sombreros, and riatas dangling from the saddle-bow. He takes a hurried meal at the hotel. He is athirst to be the picturesque side of Californian life. True, he looks about for it at the ferry, but was so deafened and annoyed by a pack of howling hotel-runners, that he concludes must have missed it somehow. But, deliberately and fully expectant, he rises from table, and takes to the streets. Cable-cars, drays, hacks, buggies, dump-carts, coal-grocers' carts, butchers' carts, and, perhaps, a hearse. This is the Market Street panorama, and he at once announces it decidedly and disgustingly prosaically. Nothing picturesque yet; but he hopefully crosses the main thoroughfare, and appreciates the fact that there is just a excitement in making that crossing, with those threatening, rumbling masses, slipping east and west, with silent declaration of power, a readiness to crush and sweep away all obstructions. Arrived at Montgomery Street, he looks anxiously up and down for the picturesque. Yellow, bilious-looking cars of the Omnibus line jolt him along. The merchant's clerk, with a toothpick between teeth, brushes past him; the cigar-store loafer surveys with lazy impudence, if there be anything about costume unfamiliar to the city footways. No vaquero, no Spanish costumes; no jingle of silver spurs; guitars, mandolins, caballeros, or mustangs; no man with pistols slung at their belts; no dark-eyed señor peeping out from lace mantillas, and arrayed after fashion of that celebrated female picking Damiana leaves; no pale, melancholy gamblers flicking the dust off patent-leather shoes with handkerchiefs of priceless nothing but the most humdrum, commonplace picture of every-day life. The stranger retires within himself, chews the cud of all his "reading up" about the golden romantic West. He recalls all the Bret Harteisms, Joaquin Millerisms from which he gleaned his information, and he mentally consigns those two apostles of western romance to the infernal regions, for a brace of conscience and most unmitigated liars. But would it not be a material advantage to this city to fill this long-felt want, and to elish those picturesque features for the benefit of the waiting stranger? Half a dozen vaqueros dressed in the Mexican fashion, leading a trained bull with its horns set off close to the skull, patrolling Montgomery Street a few hours of the day, would be keenly appreciated by our visitors. It would please them marvelously well, and the not the least fear in the world that any one would give business away. We have too much pride in the traditions of the country for that. On the contrary, there are numbers of idle men who would find a keen delight in discoursing hours to the admiring stranger upon the ferocity of the Indians and the gallantry of the vaqueros. It would give employment to that class which hails with joy the tearing down of a building, or the moving of a safe, as a cheap and easily obtainable break in the monotony of every-day street life. The hotel-keepers should consider this proposition; and by a description maintain the picturesque. It would put money in their pockets, and bring this city back to that ideal state from which it has so sadly deteriorated. Jury-bribing, such excitements may do for the old residents, but the to-

who takes no interest in corruption, will be satisfied only by the picturesque.

The financial stringency in the Eastern money markets is regulating itself, as we had expected, without unusual assistance from the outside. While the rates for mercantile paper still continue high, the rates for call loans have been lowered, until they have reached a point which might be called their nominal figures. Call loans being the first to feel the influence of a stringency in the market, so are the first to feel a reaction, and the indications are that commercial rates will soon respond to the easier tone of the market. At present, the mercantile demand is so far in excess of the supply, that merchants would willingly pay even much higher rates than were asked, if they were willing to furnish the needed accommodation. The banks are still cautious about tying up a very large amount of money in time commercial paper, but the releases from speculative uses will soon regulate the matter. If, however, the banks should refuse to supply what might be a reasonable commercial demand, the situation would still arrange itself, since a consequent curtailment of commercial operations would bring about a decline in trade, which would directly set loose a supply of money for which there would be no adequate demand. The same cry of financial stringency is made every year, at this season, by Wall Street, the necessary movement of money to the West and South drawing it from the street, and yet this very movement is the best indication of a healthy condition of affairs in the country at large. Were there no autumn demand from the interior, it would mean that the farmers had no crops to harvest or move to a market, a condition of affairs which would presage true financial stringency, for with no crops to dispose of in the markets abroad, there would be a heavy drain upon our money supply to pay for our importation of European manufactures. Here in California, with our production rapidly increasing, we have little to fear from financial contraction, having not only foreign markets for our fruits, fish, and cereals, but a source of continuous money supply at home in our hullion product, which is certain, and more readily convertible into coin than any other product of nature. Speculation in values is an unhealthy companion to productive interests; but, set apart from the rest of the world as we are, an isolated country of boundless and varied resources, some yet undiscovered, undreamed of, even the native speculative tendency of our adventurous populace can do no more than temporarily restrict our money market, and the recovery is speedy and strong.

From the *Evening Bulletin* we quote the following: "The Washington reception to Boss Shepherd is a direct indorsement of municipal corruption. Is there any connection between this demonstration, and the movement on foot to remodel the present form of government of the District of Columbia, which provides for putting a civilian in the place of the army engineers now forming the Board of Commissioners?" The question is so put as to be rather involved in meaning, but we assume it to refer to a movement to replace, by a competent civilian engineer, the army officer now detailed, under Act of Congress, as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds in the District of Columbia—a movement which has strong arguments in its favor. The slur upon Governor Shepherd is untimely and unjust. He is and has been for six years a resident of Mexico, where he has heavy mining interests. Admitted, that in the improvement of Washington during the Shepherd regime there was large profit made by contractors, nothing has ever been adduced to show that Governor Shepherd profited a single dollar during his term. On the contrary, he is known to have gone out of office a quarter of a million dollars poorer than when he entered it, and it would be difficult to find today a resident of Washington who has anything but praise for him, as the man to whose personal efforts the improved condition of Washington is largely due.

A statement is about, that the Chinamen in this city have formed military organizations, well-armed and well-drilled, for protecting themselves against possible mob violence. If this were so, it would not be surprising, in view of the incendiary utterances from the sand-lot, especially during the last gubernatorial campaign. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and if the Chinamen feel themselves menaced by an outburst of lawless riot, beyond the control of the authorities, they certainly have the right to take such measures for self-protection as would aid the authorities in the repression of any such outbreak. They are here by permission, protected by treaty provision and international and local laws. National honor demands that they shall be shielded from illegal molestation. But, as recent developments seem to show that they have the police force of the city pretty much at their disposal, military organization on their part seems hardly necessary.

For several years the question of the governmental method of administration of public works in the United States, has been agitated through magazine articles, leaders in the dailies, conventions of scientists, and discussions in the tech-

nical journals, the tendency of all being to criticize the present system of supervision by army officers, to the exclusion of competent civilians, and even of navy officers. There is no good reason why army officers, whose technical education, save on points purely military, is necessarily superficial, should be exclusively chosen for such service, but the system is the outgrowth of circumstances. The usual argument in favor of the present system is that it insures honesty in expenditure, but while that may be generally admitted, the same protection could be secured in the employment of competent and technically fit civilians, by due care in selection, adequate compensation, and guaranteed tenure of office, such as obtains in the army and navy. If it be worth while for us to support a military academy, its graduates should be employed in purely military service, for which their education prepares them, and if civilian graduates of technical schools and scientific colleges can not be trusted to make observations of the weather or to supervise the dredging of Sucker Creek, then let the government establish a school for educating for such duties. The distribution of the control of the various public works among the various departments of the government is laughable in its incongruity, the War Department, for instance, controlling the Weather Bureau, which would naturally go to the Department of the Interior, while the Inspection of Hulls and Boilers of Steamers, which might properly go to the Navy Department, is a bureau of the Treasury. Other countries, even Mexico, for example, have a Department of Public Works, whose chief holds a portfolio in the Cabinet, but such a proposition is too plain to be entertained in our great Circumlocution Office at Washington.

The Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Church have unanimously decided to remove the sarcophagus containing the remains of Thomas Starr King to the lot on which the new church is to be erected. This action is taken in accordance with the wishes of the members of the family. It is most fitting that all that is mortal of this great and gifted man should repose in the shadow of the temple where will assemble those worshippers whom he loved so well.

A professional man, who has had unusual opportunities for observation, sends us the following criticism on the conversational powers of San Francisco women. It is, of course, needless to say, considering the subject, that the editor makes haste to disclaim all responsibility for the views of his correspondent:

It may be an ungracious thing to say, but its veracity is unquestionable—the women of San Francisco are not, as a rule, good conversationalists. It can not be for lack of education, for most of those one meets in society have gone through the "isms," read the novels of the day, listened to the operas of the day, and received the standard quantity of pulpit eloquence. Collectively, this curriculum should equip them with sufficient material to discuss during a half-hour's chat, without drawing upon the foibles of their friends or the scandals of the day for ammunition. But it does not. They are ignorant of the art of criticism, without which, reading is of no advantage from a conversational standpoint. A book pleases them, but they can not tell why. They find a picture in the galleries, which they praise, but they are incapable of analyzing the artist's work. These things give them a vegetable sort of pleasure, an indefinite satisfaction, for which they can point to no reasonable artistic basis. Therefore, the association of the sexes, as a promoter of the pleasures of conversation, is, in this society, an acknowledged failure. The exceptions exist, but in such a painful proportion, that they are scarcely worth mention. The happy mean between absolute blue-stockingism on one side, and disagreeable pedantry on the other, is so rare, that when one encounters it the temptation to an immoderate indulgence is almost irresistible. Better, therefore, be philosophical, and settle down contentedly to the commonplace. Better hearken patiently to the millinery prattle, the flirtation prattle, the law-tennis prattle, and all the inane know-nothings of society, than weary of filling the dim lamp with the oil of anticipation in a fruitless search for the ideal woman, who can converse entertainingly without making a marionette show of her acquaintances.

It is wholesome, now and then, to indulge in reflections upon the many benefits we Californians enjoy, leaving the climate out of the question altogether. A young man was growling about hard times; "I have been twenty years in this city," he said, "and I am yet without a bank account. I can not get ahead; I am a miserable wretch," and, with a deep sigh, he finished a punch which cost precisely twenty-five cents. "I sympathize with you," said a philosophic friend. "You are, of course, an object of sympathy. Would you mind if I asked you a few questions, to which I beg brief, truthful answers? You do not. Well, then, to begin: Have you ever gone to bed hungry?" "No." "Have you ever failed to eat at least three times a day?" "Not often." "Have you ever known the want of a comfortable bed?" "Never." "Have you ever felt inclined for a bottle of claret at dinner, and found yourself without the means to gratify that craving?" "Well, no." "Have you ever felt disposed to smoke, and found yourself without the means to secure tobacco by purchase, gift, or credit?" "No." "Have you ever felt inclined to visit any point within a radius of twenty miles of this city, and could not do it because without means to purchase railroad tickets?" "No." "Is there a single luxury of the ordinary luxuries of life, of which you have been deprived during a twenty years' residence in this city?" "Well, no." "And yet you speak of yourself as a miserable

wretch. Most ungrateful and undeserving mortal!" This is the text of a sermon. The case of this ingrate is the case of thousands of young men who forget that this, with the one exception of house-rent, is the cheapest city in the world to live in; that luxuries are so common that we cease to regard them as luxuries, and that the table of the workingman is better furnished than is that of the ordinary country gentleman of any part of Europe. Wine is a luxury; here it is cheaper than the cockney's beer. Fruit is a luxury; here it is almost given away. Game is a luxury; here it is cheaper than hutchers' meat. We have grown so accustomed to these things that they fall upon us. Like the candy-man's assistants, we are surfeited with sweets. But when the thoughtful stranger enters our gates, he is amazed at the extravagance and profusion that he sees on all sides. We enjoy his wonder, and show him cheap restaurants, where he can get a better dinner, with better wine, for twenty-five cents, than he can obtain in Paris for three francs. We assure him that we are blasé of the whole matter—gigantic squashes, pumpkins, wheat, oats, everything. And so, like the young man, we declare ourselves to be miserable wretches, because life is so easy, and its luxuries so cheap and abundant.

And now, while we are on this subject, let us point a moral by a grocery account-book, which was recently picked up on an Oakland local train. It evidently represents part of the expenses of two frugal families—Irish, we suspect from their names, which are McFadden and McGee. From the accounts of the McGee and McFadden families, it would seem that they devoted themselves to the strictly superfluous, and largely ignored the necessities of life. But the book speaks for itself. It is mutilated, like many other rare volumes, but the few remaining leaves are full of interest to the student of human nature. They run as follows:

MRS. MCGEE:			
Dec. 9 Bill.....	40	Jan. 1 Candy.....	15
" " McGee.....	60	" " Coal Oil.....	10
" " Whisky.....	10	" " 2 Cigars.....	20
" " Soda.....	5	" " 5 Tobacco.....	10
Jan. 1 Port Wine.....	50	" " 6 Whisky.....	10
" " Candy.....	15	" " Whisky and Beer.....	15
" " Pepper.....	5	" " 7 Whisky.....	10
LUKE:			
Nov. 17 Beer (2).....	10	Nov. 25 Beer.....	10
" " 23 Luke's Partner (Beer).....	10	Dec. 9 Tobacco.....	10
MRS. MCFADDEN:			
Nov. 2 Whisky.....	10	Nov. 8 Whisky.....	15
" " Crackers.....	5	" " Beer.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " Beer.....	10
" " 3 Whisky.....	10	" " Beer.....	5
" " Beer 5 Barley 10.....	15	" " Candles.....	5
" " Beer.....	10	" " Beer.....	10
" " 5 Whisky.....	10	" " Beer.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " 9 Whisky.....	15
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	15
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	15
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " Beer.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	10
" " 6 Whisky.....	15	" " 10 Beer.....	10
" " Whisky.....	15	" " Beer.....	10
" " Bread.....	5	" " Whisky.....	15
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " Beer.....	10
" " Matches.....	5	" " Sugar.....	10
" " 7 Whisky.....	15	" " Beer.....	5
" " do.....	15	" " do.....	10
" " do.....	15	" " do.....	10
" " Crackers.....	5	" " Whisky.....	15
" " Whisky.....	15	" " Coal Oil.....	15
" " do.....	10	" " Whisky.....	15
" " Beer.....	10	" " do.....	10
" " Beer.....	10	" " Milk.....	5
" " Beer.....	10	" " Ketchup.....	15
" " 8 Whisky.....	15	" " Whisky.....	15
" " do.....	15	" " do.....	15
" " do.....	10	" " 11 Beer.....	10
" " do.....	15		

Who, reading between the lines, could fail to picture the happiness of the houses of McFadden and McGee? Such rivers of whisky, such oceans of beer, must surely have engendered a dreamy content not unlike that of the lotus-eaters. And if perchance, at times, an excess of whisky sowed discord between the houses of McFadden and McGee, would not the beer, like the white-winged Angel of Peace, come bringing halm upon its foaming waves? It is indeed an idyllic picture. Cold and cynical must be the man who could mar its beauty with thoughts of hurtling wash-boards or parabolic hoot-jacks. A dreamy alcoholic languor must have continually wrapt the members of both families—with the possible exception of the goat. But alas! We can not all be happy. Were we not McGee, we would be McFadden; were we not McFadden, we would be McGee.

There is a rumor in the American colony in Paris, to the effect that Count and Countess Telfener have separated. Countess Telfener, it will be remembered, is the younger sister of Mrs. Mackay, and on her marriage with the count she received a handsome dowry from her brother-in-law, Mr. Mackay. The cause of the separation is not known, but the parties have not been living together for some time past.

Some quick-witted genius, sizing up the crying want of Los Angeles, has shipped in from Chicago a consignment of ready-made houses. They are jointed, framed, and painted, and all they require is some carpenter to set them up, when they are ready for occupancy.

THE SURGEON'S EXPERIMENT.

A young man, with a peculiarly painful look of distress, presented himself, about ten o'clock one morning, at the residence of the least known and yet the most remarkable of all the surgeons in the great city of —. This surgeon lived in a queer old brick house of most primitive kind—a structure entirely out of date, and tolerable only in the decayed part of the city in which it stood; large, gloomy, mouldy, damp, and dark; abounding in long, dark halls, dismal rooms, and mysterious closets and cellars; absurdly large for the small family—man and wife—that occupied it. The house described, the man is portrayed—but not the woman. He could be agreeable enough on occasion, but for all that, he was but animated mystery; his wife was weak, wan, reticent, evidently miserable, and possibly living a life of dread or horror—perhaps witness of repulsive things, subject of anxieties, and victim of fear and tyranny; but there is a great deal of guessing in these assumptions. He was about fifty years of age—possibly sixty—and she about forty. He was lean, tall, and bald, with thin, smooth-shaven face, and very keen eyes; kept always at home, and was slovenly. The man was strong, the woman weak. He dominated, she suffered.

Although he was a surgeon of rare skill, his practice was almost nothing, for it was a rare occurrence that the few who knew of his great ability were brave enough to penetrate the gloom of his house, and when they did so, it was with deaf ear turned to sundry ghoulish stories that were whispered concerning him. These were, in great part, but exaggerations of his experiments in vivisection; he was devoted to the science of surgery.

The young man who presented himself on the morning just mentioned was a handsome fellow, yet of evident weak character and unhealthy temperament—sensitive, and easily exalted or depressed. A single glance convinced the surgeon that his visitor was seriously affected in mind, for there was never bolder skull-grin of melancholia, fixed and irremediable.

A stranger would not have suspected any occupancy of the house. The street door, old, warped, and blistered by the sun, was locked, and the small, faded-green window-blinds were closed. The young man rapped at the door. No answer. He rapped again. Still no sign. He examined a slip of paper, glanced at the number on the house, and then with the impatience of a child, he furiously kicked the door. There were signs of numerous other such kicks. A response came in the shape of a shuffling footstep in the hall, a turning of the rusty key, and a sharp face that peered through a cautious opening in the door.

"Are you Doctor —?" asked the young man.

"Yes, yes! Come in," briskly replied the master of the house.

The young man entered. The old surgeon closed the door, and carefully locked it. "This way," he said, advancing to a rickety flight of stairs. The young man followed. The surgeon led the way up the stairs, turned into a narrow, musty-smelling hall at the left, traversed it, shaking the loose boards under his feet, at the further end opened a door at the right, and beckoned his visitor to enter. The young man found himself in a pleasant room, furnished in antique fashion, and with hard simplicity.

"Sit down," said the old man, placing a chair so that its occupant should face a window that looked out upon a dead wall about six feet from the house. He threw open the blind, and a pale light entered. He then seated himself near his visitor and directly facing him, and with a searching glance, that had all the power of a microscope, he proceeded to diagnose the case.

"Well?" he presently asked.

The young man shifted uneasily in his seat.

"I—I came to see you," he finally stammered, "because I'm in trouble."

"Ah!"

"Yes; you see, I—that is—I have given it up."

"Ah!" There was pity added to sympathy in the ejaculation.

"That's it. Given it up," added the visitor. He took from his pocket a roll of bank-notes, and with the utmost deliberation he counted them out upon his knee. "Five thousand dollars," he calmly remarked. "That is for you. It's all I have; but I presume—I imagine—no; that is not the word—*assume*—yes; that's the word—*assume* that five thousand—is it really that much? Let me count." He counted again. "That five thousand dollars is a sufficient fee for what I want you to do."

The surgeon's lips curled pityingly—perhaps disdainfully also. "What do you want me to do?" he carelessly inquired.

The young man rose, looked around with a mysterious air, approached the surgeon, and laid the money across his knee. Then he stooped and whispered two words in the surgeon's ear.

These words produced an electric effect. The old man started violently; then, springing to his feet, he caught his visitor angrily, and pierced him through with a look that was as sharp as a knife. His eyes flashed, and he opened his mouth to give utterance to some harsh imprecation, when he suddenly checked himself. The anger left his face, and only pity remained. He relinquished his grasp, picked up the scattered notes, and, offering them to the visitor, slowly said:

"I do not want your money. You are simply foolish. You think you are in trouble. Well, you do not know what trouble is. Your only trouble is that you have not a trace of manhood in your nature. You are merely insane—I shall not say pusillanimous. You should surrender yourself to the authorities, and be sent to a lunatic asylum for proper treatment."

The young man keenly felt the intended insult, and his eyes flashed dangerously.

"You old dog—you insult me thus!" he cried. "Grand airs, these, you give yourself! Virtuously indignant, old murderer, you! Don't want my money, eh? When a man comes to you himself and wants it done, you fly into a passion, and spurn his money; but let an enemy of his come and pay you, and you are only too willing. How many such jobs have you done in this miserable old hole? It is a good

thing for you that the police have not run you, down, and brought spade and shovel with them. Do you know what is said of you? Do you think you have kept your windows so closely shut that no sound has ever penetrated beyond them? Where do you keep your infernal implements?"

He had worked himself into a high passion. His voice was hoarse, loud, and rasping. His eyes, bloodshot, started from their sockets. His whole frame twitched, and his fingers writhed.

But he was in the presence of a man infinitely his superior. Two eyes, like those of a snake, burned two holes through him. An overmastering, inflexible presence confronted one weak and passionate. The result came.

"Sit down," commanded the stern voice of the surgeon. It was the voice of father to child, of master to slave. The fury left the visitor, who, weak and overcome, fell upon a chair.

Meanwhile, a peculiar light had appeared in the old surgeon's face, the dawn of a strange idea; a gloomy ray, strayed from the fires of the bottomless pit; the baleful light that illumines the way of the enthusiast. Such light now or then or often will steal into every mind. Nature thus holds a candle to her mysteries. She blushes at our lack of confidence in her. Thus ignorance becomes manifest. To understand nature is to control her, bend her to the will, make her dance attendance. There is no faith without knowledge, no knowledge without mastery.

The old man remained a moment in profound abstraction, gleams of eager intelligence bursting momentarily through the cloud of sombre meditation that covered his face. Then broke the broad light of a deep, impenetrable determination. There was something sinister in it, suggesting the sacrifice of something held sacred. After a struggle, mind bad vanquished conscience.

Taking a piece of paper and a pencil, the surgeon carefully wrote answers to questions that he peremptorily addressed to his visitor, such as his name, age, place of residence, occupation, and the like, and the same inquiries concerning his parents, together with other particular matters.

"Does any one know you came to this house?" he asked.

"No."

"You swear it?"

"Yes."

"But your prolonged absence will cause alarm and lead to search."

"I have provided against that."

"How?"

"By depositing a note in the post, as I came along, announcing my intention to drown myself."

"The river will be dragged."

"What then?" asked the young man, shrugging his shoulders with careless indifference. "Rapid undertow, you know. A good many are never found."

There was a pause.

"Are you ready?" finally asked the surgeon.

"Perfectly." The answer was cool and determined.

The manner of the surgeon, however, showed much perturbation. The pallor that had come into his face at the moment his decision was formed became intense. A nervous tremulousness came over his frame. Above it all shone the light of devoted enthusiasm.

"Have you a choice in the method?" he asked.

"Yes; extreme anaesthesia."

"With what agent?"

"The surest and quickest."

"Do you desire any—any subsequent disposition?"

"No; only nullification; simply a blowing out, as of a candle in the wind; a puff—then darkness, without a trace. A sense of your own safety may suggest the method. I leave it to you."

"No delivery to your friends?"

"None whatever."

Another pause.

"Did you say you are quite ready?" asked the surgeon.

"Quite ready."

"And perfectly willing?"

"Anxious."

"Then wait a moment."

With this request the old surgeon rose to his feet and stretched himself. Then with the stealthiness of a cat he opened the door and peered into the hall, listening intently. There was no sound. He softly closed the door and locked it. Then he closed the window-blinds and locked them. This done, he opened a door leading into an adjoining room, which, though it had no window, was lighted by means of a small sky-light. The young man watched closely. A strange change had come over him. While his determination had not one whit lessened, a look of great relief came into his face, displacing the haggard, despairing look of a half hour before. Melancholic then, he was ecstatic now.

The opening of the second door disclosed a curious sight. In the centre of the room, directly under the skylight, was an operating-table, such as is used by demonstrators of anatomy. In a glass case against the wall were disposed surgical instruments of every kind. Hanging in another case were human skeletons of various sizes. In sealed jars, arranged on shelves, were monstrosities of divers kinds preserved in alcohol. There were also, among innumerable other articles scattered about the room, a manikin, a stuffed cat, a desiccated human heart, plaster casts of various parts of the body, numerous charts, and a large assortment of drugs and chemicals. There was also a lounge, which could be opened to form a couch. The surgeon opened it and moved the operating-table aside, giving its place to the lounge.

"Come in," he called to his visitor.

The young man obeyed without a tremor, without the least hesitation.

"Take off your coat."

He complied.

"Lie down on that lounge."

In a moment the young man was stretched at full length, eyeing the surgeon. The latter undoubtedly was suffering under great excitement, but he did not waver; his movements were sure and quick. Selecting a bottle containing a liquid, he carefully measured out a certain quantity. While doing this he asked:

"Have you ever had any irregularity of the heart?"

"No."

The answer was prompt, but it was immediately followed by a quizzical look in the speaker's face.

"I presume," he added, "you mean by your question that it might be dangerous to give me a certain drug. Under the circumstances, however, I fail to see any relevancy in your question."

This evidently took the surgeon aback; but he hastened to explain that he did not wish to inflict unnecessary pain, and hence his question.

He placed the glass on a stand, approached his visitor, and carefully examined his pulse.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"Why?"

"It is perfectly normal."

"Because I am wholly resigned. Indeed, it has been long since I knew such happiness. It is not active, but infinitely sweet."

"You have no lingering desire to retract?"

"None whatever."

The surgeon went to the stand and returned with the draught.

"Take this," he said kindly.

The young man partially raised himself and took the glass in his hand. He did not show the vibration of a single nerve. He drank the liquid, draining the last drop. Then he returned the glass with a smile.

"Thank you," he said; "you are the noblest man that lives. May you always prosper and be happy. You are my benefactor, my liberator. Bless you, bless you! You reach down from your seat with the gods and lift me up into glorious peace and rest. I love you—I love you with all my heart."

These words, spoken earnestly, in a musical, low voice, and accompanied with a smile of ineffable tenderness, pierced the old man's heart. A suppressed convulsion swept over him. Intense anguish wrung his vitals. Hesperation trickled down his face.

The young man continued to smile.

"Ah, it does me good!" said he.

The surgeon, with a strong effort to control himself, sat down upon the edge of the lounge and took his visitor's wrist, counting the pulse.

"How long will it take?" the young man asked.

"Ten minutes. Two have passed." The voice was hoarse.

"Ah, only eight minutes more! . . . Delicious, delicious! I feel it coming. . . . What was that? . . . Ah, I understand. Music. . . . Beautiful! . . . Coming, coming. . . . Is that—that—water? . . . Tricking? Dripping? Doctor!"

"Well?"

"Thank you, . . . thank you. . . . Noble man, . . . my savior, . . . my bene . . . bene . . . factor. . . . Tricking, . . . trickling. . . . Dripping, dripping. . . . Doctor!"

"Well?"

"Doctor!"

"Past hearing," muttered the surgeon.

"Doctor!"

"And blind."

Response was made by a firm grasp of the hand.

"Doctor!"

"And numb."

"Doctor!"

The old man watched and waited.

"Dripping, . . . dripping."

The last drop had run. There was a sigh, and nothing more.

The surgeon laid down the hand.

"The first step," he groaned, rising to his feet; then his whole frame dilated. "The first step—the most difficult, yet the simplest. A providential delivery into my hands of that for which I have hungered for forty years. No withdrawal now! It is possible, because scientific; rational, but perilous. If I succeed—if I shall succeed. I will succeed. . . . And after success—what? . . . Yes; what? Publish the plan and the result? The gallows. . . . As long as it shall exist. And I exist, the gallows. That much. . . . But how account for its presence? Ah, that pinches hard! I must trust to the future."

He tore himself from the reverie, and started.

"I wonder if she heard or saw anything."

With that reflection he cast a glance upon the form on the lounge, and then left the room, locked the door, locked also the door of the outer room, walked down two or three long halls, penetrated to a remote part of the house, and rapped at a door. It was opened by his wife. He, by this time, had regained complete mastery over himself.

"I thought I heard some one in the house just now," he said, "but I can find no one."

"I heard nothing."

He was greatly relieved.

"I did hear some one knock at the door less than an hour ago," she resumed, "and heard you speak, I think. Did he come in?"

"No."

The woman glanced at his feet, and seemed perplexed.

"I am almost certain," she said, "that I heard foot-falls in the house, and yet I see that you are wearing slippers."

"Oh, I had on my shoes then!"

"That explains it," said the woman, satisfied; "I think the sound you heard must have been caused by rats."

"Ah, that was it!" exclaimed the surgeon. Leaving, he closed the door, reopened it, and said: "I do not wish to be disturbed to-day." He said to himself, as he went down the hall, "All is clear there."

He returned to the room in which his visitor lay, and made a careful examination.

"Splendid specimen!" he softly exclaimed; "every organ sound, every function perfect; fine, large frame, well-shaped muscles, strong and sinewy; capable of wonderful development—if given opportunity. . . . I have no doubt it can be done. Already I have succeeded with a dog—a task less difficult than this, for in a man the cerebrum overlaps the cerebellum, which is not the case with a dog. This gives a wide range for accident, with but one opportunity in a life-time. In the cerebrum, the intellect and the affections; in the cerebellum, the senses and the motor forces; in the medulla oblongata, control of the diaphragm. In these two latter lie all the essentials of simple existence. The cerebrum is merely an adornment; that is to say, reason and

the affections are almost purely ornamental. I have already proved it. My dog, with its cerebrum removed, was idiotic, but it retained its physical senses to a certain degree."

While thus ruminating he made careful preparations. He replaced the operating-table under the sky-light, selected a number of surgical instruments, prepared certain drug mixtures, and arranged water, towels, and all the accessories of a tedious surgical operation. Suddenly he burst into laughter.

"Poor fool!" he exclaimed. "Wanted to pay me five thousand dollars to kill him! Didn't have the nerve to snuff his own candle! Singular, singular, the queer freaks these madmen take! You thought you were dying, poor idiot! Allow me to inform you, sir, that you are as much alive at this moment as ever you were in your life. But it will be all the same to you. You shall never be more conscious than you are now; and for all practical purposes, so far as they concern you, you are dead henceforth, though you shall live. By the way, how should you feel *without a head*? Ha, ha, ha! . . . But that's a sorry joke."

He raised the unconscious form from the lounge, and laid it upon the operating-table.

About three years afterward the following conversation was held between a captain of police and a detective:

"She may be insane," suggested the captain.

"I think she is."

"And yet you credit her story!"

"I do."

"Singular!"

"Not at all. I myself have learned something."

"What!"

"Much, in one sense; little, in another. You have heard those queer stories of her husband. Well, they are all nonsensical—probably with one exception. He is generally a harmless old fellow, but peculiar. He has performed some wonderful surgical operations. The people in his neighborhood are ignorant, and they fear him and wish to be rid of him; hence they tell a great many lies about him, and they come to believe their own stories. The one important thing I have learned is that he is almost insanely enthusiastic on the subject of surgery—especially experimental surgery; and with an enthusiasm there is hardly such a thing as a scruple. It is this that gives me confidence in the woman's story."

"You say she appeared to be frightened?"

"Doubtless so—first, she feared that her husband should learn of her betrayal of him; second, the discovery itself had terrified her."

"But her report of this discovery is very vague," argued the captain. "He conceals everything from her. She is merely guessing."

"In part—yes; in other part—no. She heard the sounds distinctly, though she did not see clearly. Horror closed her eyes. What she thinks she saw is, I admit, preposterous; but she undoubtedly saw something extremely frightful. There are many peculiar little circumstances. He has eaten with her but few times during the last three years, and nearly always carries his food to his private rooms. She says that he either consumes an enormous amount, throws much away, or is feeding something that eats prodigiously. He explains this to her by saying that he has animals with which he experiments. This is not true. Again, he always keeps the door to these rooms carefully locked; and not only that, but he has had the doors doubled and otherwise strengthened, and has heavily barred a window that looks from one of the rooms upon a dead wall a few feet distant."

"What does it mean?" asked the captain.

"A prison."

"For animals, perhaps."

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Because, in the first place, cages would have been better; in the second place, the security that he has provided is infinitely greater than that required for the confinement of ordinary animals."

"All this is easily explained: he has a violent lunatic under treatment."

"I had thought of that, but such is not the fact."

"How do you know?"

"By reasoning thus: First, he has always refused to treat cases of lunacy; second, he confines himself to surgery; third, the walls are not padded, for the woman has heard sharp blows upon them; fourth, no human strength, however morbid, could possibly require such resisting strength as has been provided; fifth, he would not be likely to conceal a lunatic's confinement from the woman; sixth, no lunatic could consume all the food that he provides; seventh, such extremely violent mania as these precautions might indicate could not continue three years; eighth, if there is a lunatic in the case it is very probable that there should have been communication with some one outside concerning the patient—and there has been none; ninth, the woman has listened at the keyhole and has heard no human voice within; tenth, and best, we have heard the woman's vague description of what she saw."

"You have destroyed every possible theory," said the captain, deeply interested, "and have suggested nothing new."

"Unfortunately, I can not; but the truth may be very simple, after all. The old surgeon is so peculiar that I am prepared to discover something remarkable."

"Have you suspicions?"

"I have."

"Of what?"

"A crime."

"Ah!"

"The woman suspects it."

"And betrays it?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"Because it is so horrible that her humanity revolts, so terrible that her whole nature demands of her that she hand over the criminal to the law, so frightful that she is in mortal terror, so awful that it has shaken her mind."

"What do you propose to do?" asked the captain.

"Secure evidence. I may need help."

"You shall have all the men you require. Go ahead, but be careful. You are on dangerous ground. You would be a mere plaything in the hands of that man."

Two days afterward the detective again sought the captain.

"I have a queer document," he said, exhibiting torn fragments of paper, on which there was writing. "The woman stole it and brought it to me. She snatched a handful out of a book, getting only a part of each of a few leaves."

These fragments, which the men arranged as best they could, were (the detective explained) torn by the surgeon's wife from the first volume of a number of manuscript books that her husband had written on one subject—the very one that was the cause of her excitement. "About the time that he began a certain experiment three years ago," continued the detective, "he removed everything from the suite of two rooms containing his study and his operating room. In one of the book-cases that he removed to a room across the hall, was a drawer, which he kept locked but which he opened from time to time. As is quite common with such pieces of furniture, the lock of the drawer was a very poor one; and so the woman, while making a thorough search yesterday, found a key on her bunch that fitted this lock. She opened the drawer, drew out the bottom book of a pile (so that its mutilation would more likely escape discovery), saw that it might contain a clew, and tore out a handful of the leaves. She had barely replaced the book, locked the drawer, and made her escape when her husband appeared. He hardly ever allows her to be out of his sight when she is in that part of the house."

The fragments read as follows: ". . . the motory nerves. I had hardly dared to hope for such a result, although inductive reasoning had convinced me of its possibility, my only doubt having been on the score of my lack of skill. Their operation has been only slightly impaired, and even this would not have been the case had the operation been performed in infancy, before the intellect had sought, and obtained recognition as an essential part of the whole. Therefore I state as a proved fact, that the cells of the motory nerves have inherent forces sufficient to the purposes of those nerves. But hardly so with the sensory nerves. These latter are, in fact, an offshoot of the former, evolved from them by natural (though not essential) heterogeneity, and to a certain extent are dependent on the evolution and expansion of a contemporaneous tendency, that developed into mentality or mental function. Both of these latter tendencies, these evolutions, are merely refinements of the motory system, and not independent entities; that is to say, they are the blossoms and seed of a plant that propagates its offspring from its roots. The motory system is the first . . . nor am I surprised that such prodigious muscular energy is developing. It promises yet to surpass the wildest dreams of human strength. I account for it thus: The powers of assimilation had reached their full development. They had formed the habit of doing a certain amount of work. They sent their products to all parts of the system. By reason of the operation the consumption of these products was reduced fully half; that is, about half of the demand for them was withdrawn. But force of habit required the production to proceed. This production was strength, vitality, energy. Thus double the usual quantity of this strength, this energy, was stored in the remaining . . . developed a tendency that did surprise me. Nature, no longer suffering the distraction of extraneous interferences, and at the same time being cut in two (as it were), with reference to this case, did not fully adjust herself to the new situation, as does a magnet, which, when divided at the point of equilibrium, renews itself in its two fragments by investing each with opposite poles; but, on the contrary, being severed from laws that theretofore controlled her, and possessing still that mysterious tendency to develop into something more potential and complex, she blindly (having lost her lantern) pushed her demands for material that would secure this development, and as blindly used it when it was given her. Hence this marvelous voracity, this insatiable hunger, this wonderful ravenousness; and hence also (there being nothing but the physical part to receive this vast storing of energy), this strength that is becoming almost hourly herculean, almost daily appalling. It is becoming a serious . . . narrow escape to-day. By some means, while I was absent, it unscrewed the stopper of the silver feeding-pipe (which I have already termed 'the artificial mouth'), and, in one of its curious antics, allowed all the chyle to escape from its stomach through the tube. Its hunger then became intense—I may say furious. I placed my hands—upon it to push it into a chair, when, feeling my touch, it caught me, clasped me around the neck, and would have killed me instantly, had I not slipped from its powerful grasp. Thus I always had to be on my guard. I have provided the screw stopper with a spring catch, and . . . usually docile when not hungry; slow and heavy in its movements, which are, of course, purely unconscious; any apparent excitement in movement being due to local irregularities in the blood supply of the cerebellum, which, if I did not have it enclosed in a silver case that is immovable, I should expose and . . ."

The captain looked at the detective with a puzzled air.

"I don't understand it at all," said he.

"Nor I," agreed the detective.

"What do you propose to do?"

"Make a raid."

"Do you want a man?"

"Three."

"Three!"

"Yes; and the strongest men in your district."

"Why, the surgeon is old and weak!"

"Nevertheless, I want three strong men; and for that matter, prudence really advises me to take twenty."

"Ah!"

* * * * *

At one o'clock the next morning, a cautious scratching sound might have been heard in the ceiling of the surgeon's operating-room. Shortly afterward the sky-light sash was carefully raised and laid aside. A man peered into the opening. Nothing could be heard.

"That is singular," thought the detective.

He cautiously lowered himself to the floor by a rope, and then stood for some moments listening intently. There was a dead silence. He shot the slide of a dark-lantern, and rapidly swept the room with the light. It was bare, with the exception of a strong iron staple and ring, screwed to the floor in the centre of the room, with a heavy chain attached. The detective then turned his attention to the outer room;

it was perfectly bare. He was deeply perplexed. Returning to the inner room, he called softly to the men to descend. While they were thus occupied he reentered the outer room, and examined the door. A glance sufficed. It was kept closed by a spring attachment, and was locked with a strong spring-lock that could be drawn from the inside.

"The bird has just flown," mused the detective. "A singular accident. The discovery and proper use of this thumb-bolt might not have happened once in fifty years, if my theory is correct."

By this time the men were behind him. He noiselessly drew the spring-bolt, opened the door, and looked out into the hall. He heard a peculiar noise. It was as though a gigantic lobster was floundering and scrambling in some distant part of the old house. Accompanying this sound was a loud whistling breathing, and frequent rasping gasps.

These sounds were heard by still another person—the surgeon's wife; for they originated very near her rooms, which were a considerable distance from her husband's. She had been sleeping lightly, tortured by fear, and harassed by frightful dreams. The conspiracy into which she had recently entered, for the destruction of her husband, was a source of great anxiety. She constantly suffered from the most gloomy forebodings, and lived in an atmosphere of terror. Added to the natural horror of her situation, were those countless sources of fear which a fright-shaken mind creates and then magnifies. She was, indeed, in a pitiable state, having been driven first by terror to desperation, and then by desperation to madness.

Startled thus, out of fitful slumber, by the noise at her door, she sprang from her bed to the floor, every terror that lurked in her acutely tense mind and diseased imagination starting up and almost overwhelming her. The idea of flight—one of the strongest of all instincts—seized upon her, and she ran to the door, beyond all control of reason. She drew the bolt, and flung the door wide open, and then fled wildly down the hall, the appalling hissing and rasping gurgle ringing in her ears apparently with a thousand-fold intensity. But the hall was in absolute darkness, and she had not taken a half dozen steps when she tripped upon an unseen object on the floor. She fell headlong upon it, encountering in it a large, soft, warm substance that writhed and squirmed, and from which came the sounds that had awakened her. Instantly realizing her situation, she uttered a piercing shriek, such as only an unnamable terror can inspire. But hardly had her cry started the echoes in the empty halls when it was suddenly stifled. Two prodigious arms had closed upon her, and crushed her to death.

The cry performed the office of directing the detective and his assistants, and it also aroused the old surgeon, who occupied rooms between the officers and the object of their search. The cry of agony pierced him to the marrow, and a realization of the cause of it hurst upon him with frightful force.

"It has come at last," he gasped, springing from his bed. Snatching from a table a dimly burning lamp, and a long knife that he had kept at hand for three years, he dashed into the hall. The four officers had already started forward, but when they saw him emerge they halted in silence. In that moment of stillness the surgeon paused to listen. He heard the hissing sound, and the clumsy floundering of a bulky, living object in the direction of his wife's apartments. It evidently was advancing toward him. A turn in the hall shut out the view. He turned up the light, which revealed a ghastly pallor in his face.

"Wife!" he called.

There was no response. He hurriedly advanced, the four men following quietly. He turned the angle of the hall, and ran so rapidly that by the time the officers had come in sight of him again he was twenty steps away. He ran past a huge, shapeless object, sprawling, crawling, and floundering along, and arrived at the body of his wife.

He gave one horrified glance at her face, and staggered backward to the wall. Then a demoniacal fury seized him. Clutching the knife firmly, and holding the lamp aloft, he sprang toward the ungainly object in the hall. It was then that the officers, still advancing cautiously, saw a little more clearly, though still indistinctly, the object of the surgeon's fury, and the cause of the look of unutterable anguish in his face. The hideous sight caused them to pause. They saw what appeared to be a man, and yet which evidently was not a man; huge, awkward, shapeless; a squirming, lurching, stumbling mass, completely naked. It raised its broad shoulders. *It had no head*, but instead of it a small metallic ball surmounting its massive neck.

"Devil!" exclaimed the surgeon, raising the knife.

"Hold, there!" commanded a stern voice.

The surgeon quickly raised his eyes and saw the four officers, and, for a moment, fear paralyzed his arm.

"The police!" he gasped.

Then, with a look of redoubled fury, he sent the knife to the hilt into the squirming mass before him. The wounded monster sprang to its feet and wildly threw its arms about, meanwhile emitting fearful sounds from a silver tube through which it breathed. The surgeon aimed another blow, but never gave it. In his blind fury he lost his caution, and was caught in an iron grasp. The struggling threw the lamp some feet toward the officers, and it fell to the floor, shattered to pieces. Simultaneously with the crash the oil took fire, and the hall was filled with flame. The officers could not approach. Before them was the spreading blaze, and secure behind it were two forms struggling in a fearful embrace. They heard cries and gasps, and saw the gleaming of a knife. The wood in the house was old and dry. It took fire at once, and the flames spread with great rapidity. The four officers turned and fled, barely escaping with their lives. In an hour nothing remained of the mysterious old house and its inmates but a blackened ruin.

SAN JOSE, October, 1887.

W. C. MORROW.

Chicago distanced the world's record in an unenviable line last week—namely, in the number of divorce cases disposed of. On figuring up the calendar it is found that over one hundred cases were set for hearing and cleared Saturday. Five judges were engaged in this lamentable business all the day. Before this the highest number of divorce cases heard in one day was eighty-one, and that was regarded phenomenal.

CUP WEEK.

"Iris" describes the great International Race.

The races are over, and after all the talkee-talkie, all the terror, all the hedging, all the bragging, the *Thistle* was beaten with more ease than either the *Genesta* or *Galatea*. If ever a craft looked as if she was made to go, it was the English cutter. Everybody is asking everybody else, "What happened to her?" Her signal defeat has surprised the Americans as much as the English. Her owners were so sure of her success that Mr. Bell, before the race, filled up a cable blank with "*Thistle* wins," signed and dated. Yachtsmen and sea-dogs regarded her as a rival to be dreaded. One of the old commodores was aboard of her on the trial race, and assured his intimates, as a straight tip, that the *Volunteer's* chances were slim. In that very trial spin, without her racing canvas, and with boats on the davits, she out-sailed the *Volunteer* before the wind, and the universal exclamation greeted her performance: "If there's a light breeze on Tuesday, the *Volunteer* will have to look out." Even on Tuesday morning, in the jockeying before the start, she was handled with such consummate skill, answering the tiller as a racer answers the jockey's touch on the rein, that the watchers felt a chill at the heart, and an inclination to hedge was noticeable. Once she came toward the *Taurus*, bow on, languidly heeling in the light air, and then—there is no other expression that describes it—turned on her heel and flashed away, light as a sea-bird, glancing down the bay. There were some long faces after that. One man on the *Taurus*, with fifteen hundred on the *Volunteer*, went aft and backed the *Thistle* for a thousand. When he came forward again, his face was "bright as for sins forgiven." Close to him, leaning over the rail, were two young fellows, fresh, bandsome, and well dressed in light checks and soft hats, with field-glasses slung over their shoulders. One of them watched the manoeuvring for some minutes, pulling his blonde mustache, and frowning thoughtfully. Suddenly he turned to his companion, and said: "Look here—I'll give you five to one on the *Thistle*." The other, who had been studying the Scotchman's graceful lines through his glass, turned and looked into his companion's eyes with laughing incredulity. Then returning to the glass, he said, slowly, as he swept the *Thistle's* belling jibs, "Which do you take me for, a fool or a d—d fool?"

The inside race is always the same—a light breeze, a bright sun, a terrific crowd, a host of steamers, yachts, ferry-boats, tugs, launches, and wherries—always a gorgeous spectacle, but rarely an exciting race. The start was a thing to see. There was a good, light air, with a prospect of freshening outside, a splendid, deep sky, with rags of cloud floating across it torn from the white bank which made a background for the huge, black bulk and straining arm of the great Liberty. In the distance the city flushed red through its veil of smoke, and the piers of the bridge rose faintly from the mist. The Atlantic Basin was a forest of masts, the poplars at Bay Ridge shivered into silver down one side in the gentle breeze. Beyond the Narrows—a white and glittering expanse—the ocean lumped into long, lazy swells. The ramparts of the fort, the pleasant hills of Staten Island, the store-houses on the smaller islands, showed dark against this sparkling background. Off Tompkinsville the bay was jammed—alive with every form of craft. The screw of the *Guyardotte* churned up a billowy wake, beside the thin, white thread left by a naphtha launch. The leviathan *Atalanta*, with raking masts and crowded decks, glided past Robins Reef Light, with the graceful *Puritan*, spinning along under mainsail and jibs, at her side. The *Galatea* was there, stately and swanlike as ever, the natty cutter *Bedouin*, the dainty *Shamrock*, the majestic *Sachem*, cutting like a razor through the choppy waves. Steam-yachts without limit darted and glanced through the crowd, with parties of pretty, nautically dressed girls sitting on the after-decks under the awnings. In the midst, almost pivoting as they circled round and round each other, with mainsails like white boards, curving jib, and huge club-top-sails towering to the sky, were the racers.

The *Thistle* seemed to me much the handsomer boat. Her jibs were not quite as wide as those of the *Volunteer*, and described more graceful curves. Her monstrous club-top-sail seemed to extend half-way below the cross-trees, and her snowy mainsail was as stiff and smooth as a piece of Bristol board. The *Volunteer* was a mountain of canvas. There was no chance for wind-leakage between those sails as tight and straight as drumheads. In profile she was a single sheet of white, her sails seeming, at the first glance, to fit into each other, like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle. Her spread of canvas from the end of her bowsprit to the end of her boom was marvelous, and seemed disproportioned to her height, and the length of her tiny, knife-blade of a hull. She was a white tooth-pick, hearing triumphantly aloft a monstrous triangle of canvas. But she was every inch a racer!

The preparatory gun boomed from the *Electra*, the *Lukenbach* under a falling shower of flags steamed into place, the police patrol boat, shrieked desperately, bustling back and forth, and swooping down the course like a hawk. The rivals chased round and round each other like children at a game of "Follow the Leader," the focus of thousands of anxious glances. The second gun thundered, a deafening roar and shriek of guns and whistles filled the bay, and the race began with the *Volunteer* to windward. For the first few minutes the *Thistle* was ahead. Then came her unfortunate tack. The *Volunteer* ran almost under the lee of the Staten Island shore. She looked as if she was going to stick her bowsprit into the lawn of the old Austin homestead; and the *Thistle*, light as feather, headed for mid-channel. Every one knows the rest. The *Volunteer*, nosing along under the bluff, caught the draught of wind which is caused by a deep scoop in the shore below the fort, and, according to some, caught also the tail of the ebb, every eddy of which is known to Joe Ellsworth. The *Thistle* struck a calm streak in mid-channel, and hung there with her sails shivering. As the *Volunteer* drew out from the shore, she headed slightly, her canvas drawing for all it was worth, then away she dashed for mid-channel, ripped through the water by her straining sails. We saw the pot-lead on her hull, while the *Thistle's* sails were limp. The race was practically over before the boats were outside of the Narrows. The

Thistle never regained what she lost. It almost looked as if her sailing-master "got rattled." In the run between buoy ten and the light-ship, the racers were close-hauled for the first time. One could then see the difference. The *Volunteer*, sailing three and a half points off the wind, showed her heels to the *Thistle*. The band played "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and we throbbed with pride for our peerless champion. People looked at her with tender affection, as at some noble human creature exerting every effort for their sake. Her wake streamed straight out behind her, and sometimes it almost looked as if she ran to leeward. She seemed to be eating right up into the very eye of the wind. A dude, sitting directly behind us, who, by his clothes, had evidently intended to be an anglo-maniac, suddenly burst out, as if unable to live up to his character: "By Jee—ru—sa—lum, she's a wonder!"

After that race, nobody felt much anxiety about the twenty-mile to-wind run on Thursday. The backers of the *Thistle* kept up heartily, prophesying better running on the outside course, when there would be no excursion boats to planket the racers, or incommode them with their wash. The *Thistle* people were justifiably annoyed about this on the first race, and say they lost some minutes thereby in the run to the light-ship, the *Volunteer* suffering in the same manner on the way back. But when Thursday broke, gray, foggy, and cold, nobody felt very enthusiastic, especially when they considered the fact that the race started from Scotland Light-ship. There were few boats, a comfortable-sized crowd, a heavy sea, and a wait at the light-ship of some two hours. Through the fine drizzle, which completely hid the Navesink Highlands and the long, white spit of Sandy Hook, one could see the yachts and steamers looming up with a long, drunken roll. One by one, putting their noses to the heavy swell, they gathered round the squat, chunky little light-ship. The *Grand Republic*, the big *Guyardotte*, the beautiful *Olivette*, looked like floating islands as they gradually took shape from the mist, and, rocking lazily, drew up by the *Electra*. Bursting suddenly out of the grey curtain of drizzle, and shooting through the swells at a spanking pace, came the *Atalanta*, deserted, save for one small man in a drab Mackintosh, who leant over the railing, and looked into the sea in a manner which aroused suspicions. Splashing along behind her, cutting a deep, foaming swath, came the *Onetida*, with a cargo of pretty girls in white sailor hats and grey ulsters, and a few good-looking men in yacbing caps and rubber over-coats. The *Norma* was also deserted, and small wonder. She rolled till you could almost see her keel. The giant *Mohican*, Mr. Bell's steam yacht, came puffing along past the old *Mischief*, who rode the swells like a rearing horse, burying her bowsprit deep down into their gray depths. The *Thistle*, looking majestic, was circling about round the light-ship, and riding the seas almost as badly as the *Mischief*. The *Volunteer* was lazy. One by one she set her snowy jibs and club-top-sail, then languidly swept up past the *Electra*, and began picking her way among the steamers.

But, alas! the breeze began to die, and so did the people. The havoc on the *Taurus*, the New York Yacht Club boat, was great. After lying in the trough of the sea for an hour, a sickly green tint became the fashionable hue for complexions. Every other moment, ladies, with rigidly set jaws, or glassily fixed eyes, rushed between the seats sprinkled on the deck, and disappeared in the cabin. Sometimes husbands and brothers gripped them by the elbows, and tore them through the crowd. More times the husband opened a paper and read it with zeal. Finally, when the deck presented a depopulated appearance, and the cabin looked like a hospital, some sufferer cried, from the lower deck, to the captain: "Oh, captain, can't you put her bow on to the waves?" After which it was better. But still the breeze died, and died, and died. A smooth, oily look spread itself over the water; the mist settled down like a soft, pale veil, the silvery-gray swells grew long, and languid, and regular as the breathing of a sleeping child. The great yachts, whose club-top-sails soared up into the fog, dropped lazily past the *Lukenbach*, with little wrinkles shivering down their drooping mainsails, as sudden breaths of air blurred the glassy ocean. The stake-boat, almost hidden under the limp folds of the club signal, panted through the fleet, a voice from the deck proclaiming to all that "The race is off." So homeward, across a silver sea, smooth and gleaming as a mirror, folded in a soft mist, the cortege streamed toward the Narrows; the whispering silence of a dead calm broken by the strains of "Boulanger's March," which rose fitfully from every steamer.

Friday's race was worth seeing; but, by that time, enthusiasm was dead. Every one knew what it was going to be. Besides, people don't like to lay off the lights for two hours on two consecutive days. It is the most trying and unbecoming of situations. Friday was not only the most exciting, but the fairest of the two races. There could be no question of blanketing or wash. Both boats had a fair chance in a good wind, on a good course. The *Thistle* was fairly and squarely beaten, unless she should prove to have a Herring's hank-saf tied to her keel, or the *Volunteer*, when docked, exhibit an "auxiliary screw." We have retained, with ease, our supremacy as the builders of fast yachts. Each of our frigates, before launching, may have to be girded with a trunk-strap, but when it comes to centre-board sloops, we are hard to beat.

NEW YORK, October 4, 1887.

Western towns like Kansas City and Omaha are trying to get their work in on the Southern California boom by such paragraphs as the following from the *Omaha World*: Omaha man (in England)—That's a pretty fair sort of a house. I believe I'll take that for the season. Englishman—"Ouse? 'Ouse? That's no 'ouse, sir. 'No house, eh? What is it, then, a stable?" "That's one of the queen's palaces." "O! I see it's empty." "Yes; it stands empty most of the time." "I wonder what rent she wants for it?" "Rent? You couldn't get that for a million pun, sir." "A million pounds!" "Great Scott! I wonder if she thinks this is Los Angeles."

Oscar Wilde's judgment is sometimes remarkably good. In assuming the editorship of an English magazine Wilde insisted upon having the name changed from the *Lady's World* to the *Woman's World*.

TO A SEAMEW.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine:
Such life my heart remembers
In all as wild Septembers
As this when life seems other,
Though sweet, than once was mine;
When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight,
Or fills thy nite's elation
With lordlier exultation
Than man's, whose faint heart sickens
With hopes and fears that blight
Such life as thrills and quickens
The silence of thy flight.

Thy cry from windward clanging
Makes all the cliffs rejoice;
Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,
Thy call salutes the mornrow;
While shades of pain seem hanging
Round earth's most rapturous voice,
Thy cry from windward clanging
Makes all the cliffs rejoice.

We, sons and sires of seameo,
Whose home is all the sea,
What place may we claim it;
But thine—whose thought may name it?
Free birds live higher than freemen,
And gladlier ye than we—
We, sons and sires of seameo,
Whose home is all the sea.

For you the storm sounds only
More ootes of mure delight
Than earth's in sunniest weather:
When heaven and sea together
Join strengths against the lonely
Lost bark borne down by night,
For you the storm sounds only
More notes of mure delight.

With wider wing, and louder
Long clarion-call of joy,
Thy tribe salutes the terror
Of darkness, wild as error,
But sure as truth, and prouder
Thao waves with man for toy;
With wider wing, and louder
Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
The wave's heart swells and breaks;
One mment's passion thrills it,
One pulse of power fulfills it,
And ends the pride it utters
When, loud with life that quakes,
The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
The wave's heart swells and breaks.

But thine and thou, my brother,
Keep heart and wing more high
Than aught may scare or sunder:
The waves whose throats are thunder
Fall huriling each on other,
And triumph as they die;
But thine and thou, my brother,
Keep heart and wing more high.

More high than wrath or anguish,
More strong than pride or fear,
The sense or soul half hidden
In thee, for us forbidden,
Bids thee nor change nor languish,
But live thy life as here,
More high than wrath or anguish,
More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine;
Who sing, and cease from flying;
Who live, and dream of dying:
Gray time, in time's gray fashion,
Bids wingless creatures pine:
We are fallen, even we, whose passion
On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joy no nightingale,
As sways the songless measure
Whereinto thy wings take pleasure:
Thy love may no man capture,
Thy pride may no man quail;
The lark knows no such rapture,
Such joys no nightingale.

Aod we, whom dreams embolden,
We can but creep and sing
And watch through heaven's waste hollow
The flight no sight may follow
To the utter bourne beholden
Of none that lack thy wioig:
And we, whom dreams embolden,
We can but creep and sing.

Our dreams have wings that falter;
Our hearts bear hopes that die;
For thee no dream could better
A life no fears may fether,
A pride no care can alter,
That wots not whence or why
Our dreams have wings that falter,
Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine
Their lives, by time untarnished,
Are girt about and garnished,
Who match the wave's full metre
And drink the wio'd's wild wine
With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me,
And take my song's wild honey,
And give me back thy sunny
Wide eyes that weary never,
And wings that search the sea;
Ah, well were I for ever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me.
—English Illustrated Magazine for October.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new financial paper is spoken of in New York. It is to be called *Mammon*, and will be edited by Paul M. Potter.

A new comic paper, after the manner of *Life*, is in process of organization in New York. Only a whisper of its advent has as yet become public, but it is expected to appear before Christmas.

One of the holiday volumes, to be offered by George Routledge & Sons, will be *Mérimée's "Carmen"*, with illustrations. Another will contain a collection of Randolph Caldecott's last "Graphic" pictures.

American literature is getting a foothold in Paris. Among other translations, we see "Le prophète des montagnes fumeuses, par Egbert Graddoch" (*sic*). "Don't" appears as "Ce qu'il ne faut pas faire."

William R. Jenkins has just read Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and "Mine et Contre Mine," an original French comedy by A. Guillet, probably the first one published in this country. Both these will have English notes and will form Nos. 16 and 17 of the "Théâtre Contemporain."

Among the forthcoming publications of Harper & Brothers are "Horse, Foot, and Dragoon," sketches of army life at home and abroad, by R. F. Zogbaum, illustrated by the author; "A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," in three volumes, by Henry Charles Lea; and a "History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion," by George W. Williams.

The famous first edition (1623) of Shakespeare's plays is to be reproduced by Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, in reduced facsimile, from the original London plates, which have been expressly imported for the American edition. It will be found particularly useful to those who wish to test Mr. Donnelly's cipher. The book will be a crown octavo of one hundred and twenty-six pages, and will sell for two dollars.

The publisher of the *Pittsburg Bulletin* has just concluded arrangements with Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Sons, of New York, by which he has secured the legal right to reprint a number of the short tales of Edgar Allan Poe. He has also made arrangements to illustrate each of them with original designs by Mr. Alfred Thompson. This seems rather an odd idea. Many people know Poe's tales almost by heart.

One of the new books, which is brought out in a peculiar fashion, is a story for boys, by Robert Grant, called "Jack Hall; or, The School Days of an American Boy." This was written to order for Jordan, Marsh & Co., and by them published, of course, as a matter of advertising. It is delightfully illustrated by Attwood, and printed at the Riverside Press in the best style. One wonders what we are coming to, when dry-goods houses seize upon leading writers to help themselves to prominence.

The humorist is now the stuff for the pretentious daily. The *Detroit Free Press* led off with Charles R. Lewis; the *Chicago News* next culled Eugene Field from the *Denver Republican*, the *Brooklyn Eagle* took up Burdette, and finally the *World* got its claw on the fortunately only Bill Nye. The *Chicago Tribune* has now secured the gem of humorists in the person of Fred Carruth, the *Dakota Bell* man. Ople P. Read owns his *Arkansas Traveler*, Armoyn Knox his *Texas Siftings*, and Joel Chandler Harris would not leave the *Atlanta Constitution*. The *San* opens its funny column to its entire staff at from \$1 to \$2 per item.

Every reader of a daily newspaper (says the *Journalist*) is often conscious that he knows much better how to run a paper, so as to give general satisfaction, than the editor himself; and no editor probably has ever lived who has not been instructed concerning his particular duties, time and time again, by readers whose critical tastes have not been pleased by the policy he has pursued. Hence the *Minneapolis Tribune* invites all its readers to contribute to its columns short pithy articles, giving their views as to "How a Newspaper Should be Conducted." The articles must be terse and pointed, and must not exceed two hundred words in length.

The sale of Edgar A. Poe's works is reported by the New York publishers to be steadily increasing. The various editions on the market are nearly all issued from one house, which has a copyright edition. The original copyright ran out years ago, but this house made certain editorial alterations in its editions, which are accepted as the standard ones, and so is enabled to protect itself. If a cheap publisher wished to put out an edition of Poe, and attempted to use that of the house in question to copy from, he would run his neck into a noose. He would only be safe in setting his book up from one of the original editions, which were printed as Poe wrote them. Most people would, to be sure, prefer to read Poe as he wrote himself, not as a commercial publisher has chosen to edit him. In this case they can only gratify themselves in the old editions. How it would interest the poet to know that the standard editions of his works published in New York are standard only in name, and that his text has been subjected to revision, to protect the interests of a publisher he never made a dollar from himself.

While Mr. Brander Matthews is condemning the "condensations" of the British Wards and Wards, and English authors are sighing over the wholesale appropriations of the American Munros and Ogilvies, the great German publishing-house of F. A. Brockhaus has descended into the same galley. In its collection of Spanish authors (published in the original) are included a number of works of the Spanish novelist Trueba, which are sold largely to the Spanish-speaking countries of South America, but for which the author never received any compensation. He at last protested, in an open letter, to the firm of Brockhaus, against the use made of his literary property, and the *Deutsche Schriftsteller-Zeitung* reprinted his letter as an *argumentum ad hominem* at the time the question of concluding a literary convention between Germany and Spain was being discussed. As the writer handed the Brockhaus without gloves, calling them "audacious, not to say shameless," and speaking of their having transgressed the eighth commandment, the members of the firm, Messrs. Eduard, Rudolph, and Albert Brockhaus, sued the editor of the *Schriftsteller-Zeitung*, Doctor W. Lange, for libel, before a civil court. The court, however, agreed with the defendant, in considering the appropriation of unprotected intellectual property a reprehensible and immoral action, and accordingly acquitted Doctor Lange. From this judgment the firm appealed to a higher court, their counsel alleging that, in publishing the works of Spanish authors in the original, they had only been following the example of the publisher Tauchnitz in his "Collection of British Authors," and that the letter of Señor Trueba had evidently been published in the *Schriftsteller-Zeitung* with the sole intent of injuring their business. The opposing counsel, however, showed that the example of the Tauchnitz collection was badly chosen, inasmuch as that firm, like Cotta, and other German publishers, had invariably paid the English authors for their reprints; and the plaintiffs finally added insult to injury by reading Brockhaus's own definition of literary piracy from the article on "Nachdruck" in the edition of the "Conversations-Lexikon" of 1824, but article defined "Nachdruck" as "that literary piracy which, enviously mocking at right and custom, seeks its aim in reaping what there have sowed. The business of a reprinter is base, he is publicly espied, his trade is immoral," etc. Doctor Lange furthermore pointed out that the volume containing the article bears, as the motto of the 18th edition of the "Conversations-Lexikon," the words of Calderon: "As written by the author, not as printed by theft, whose task it is to sin the task of others." The higher court has just affirmed the judgment of the lower.

New Publications.

"Red Spider," by S. Baring-Gould, a story of Devonshire, which we noticed some weeks ago, is for sale by John N. Philan; price, 50 cents.

"Madame's Granddaughter," a novel by Frances Mary Peard, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 15 cents.

The latest reprint of the English classics in Cassell's National Library is Edmund Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Gates Between," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's odd companion story to the "Gates Ajar," and "Beyond the Gates," which we noticed last week, is for sale by John W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street; price, \$1.25.

"Miss Ludington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality," by Edward Bellamy, the queer novel which attracted considerable attention three years ago, has been republished in Ticknor's Paper Series, by Ticknor & Co., Boston. For sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A handy little volume is "Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakespeare," edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. It consists of extracts, varying in length from one line to twenty or more, arranged according as they are taken from the comedies, the histories and poems, or the tragedies, and so printed that they may easily be found in the original. The text is that of the Riverside edition. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.25.

"Life Notes, or, Fifty Years' Outlook," by William Hague, D. D., is a volume of reminiscences of one of the old school of New England ministers who combined with his priestly function the labors of educator, writer, and philanthropist. The principal features of the present volume are a consideration of the educational methods of his youth and an historical review of the development of religious thought in New England during his middle life. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"The First Century of the Church in Japan" is the title of a little volume containing a translation, by F. Warrington Eastlake, of an old Dutch book of the seventeenth century, in which is an account of the martyrdom of twenty-six Roman Catholics priests who were crucified in 1597. There are several pages of scholarly notes, and in appendixes translations of an old letter on the same topic and of the Pope's bull, and a bibliography of works on the subject. Published by Kelly & Co., Yokohama; a few copies for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.00.

"Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: His Life, His Works, and His Triumphs," by George Lowell Austin, is a volume of some four hundred pages, in which the poet's literary life is narrated. Mr. Austin was personally acquainted with Longfellow, and he has been at considerable pains to gather original matter from a variety of sources, so that his work contains many new and interesting details. The private life of the man is not touched upon more than is rendered necessary by the influence it had on his works. Illustrations, portraits, facsimiles of manuscripts, etc., are scattered through the book. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$2.00.

"The Making of the Great West," by Samuel Adams Drake, is a concise history of the United States, from the sixteenth century to the present day. It is intended for children, and to that end the arrangement of topics and the language are made as clear as possible. The three groups into which the story of our nation is divided are: Three River Civilizations (Spanish, French, and English); Birth of the American Idea (America for Americans, the Pathfinders, and the Oregon Trail); Gold in California and what it led to (The Great Immigration, the Contest for Free Soil, and the Crown of the Continent). It is illustrated by a number of old wood-cuts of doubtful merit. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.75.

An excellent little pocket-map of British Columbia has recently been published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago. It measures 12x20 inches, the scale being nearly forty miles to the inch. The map is thoroughly indexed, references being made to the intersection of imaginary lines drawn from marginal letters and figures, by which means any creek, island, lake, mountain, river, or town mentioned in the index—and the list is a full one—may be found with almost no trouble. In the index of towns, their populations—from ten, that of Duck and Pringle, to Victoria, with seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-five—are shown according to the latest government census; also whether or not they are situated on the line of the Canadian Pacific. The map is finely printed, and is folded into a flexible cover, and may easily be carried in the pocket. For sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Scheherazade" is the title of the newest novel by Florence Warden, the horrors of whose "House on the Marsh" were shudderingly enjoyed a year or two ago. The hero is a young Englishman, who discovers an Oriental maiden of surpassing beauty and unlimited love of coquetry in the dingy London shop of two East Indian merchants. Her parentage is unknown, though her mother seems possessed of unlimited means; but after marrying Nouna—such is the young woman's name—he discovers that her mother is no better than she should be, in fact, a good deal worse. How he changes Nouna from a thoughtless child, caring for nothing but finery and caresses, to a loving woman, the reader can best learn from the book. The story is a dramatic one, and the characters are generally well drawn. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson, and John W. Philan; price, 25 cents.

Some Magazines.

In the *American Magazine*, for October, the building of the Washington National Monument, the loftiest structure ever raised by man, is described in detail by Oscar Foote. Although authorized by Congress in 1790, the work was not actually begun until 1847, when a society was organized for that purpose, with the philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, as vice-president. Mr. White supplies specific details of the latest wonder of the age, the natural gas that has enriched Pittsburg, and redeemed it from blackness. There are a number of other interesting articles.

The October number of the *Book Buyer* contains more than a score of illustrations from the newest books, together with descriptive articles explaining their contents. The sketch this month is of Thomas Nelson Page, the author of some short stories of Virginia life, an excellent portrait of whom serves as a frontispiece. Arlo Bates contributes the first of a series of gossip letters about Boston books and bookmen, while J. Ashby-Sterry has a collection of English notes on literary topics. Laurence Hutton brings to a conclusion his illustrated papers upon "Grangerism and the Grangerites," and there is the usual supply of news and notes about books and authors, and of miscellaneous bibliographical articles.

The October number of *The Cosmopolitan* opens with an article entitled "The Passing of the Buffalo," by William T. Hornaday, showing how the buffalo have been recklessly exterminated. Another article is that of George H. Fitch on "The Pigny Kingdom of a Debauchee." The author describes the present condition of the Hawaiian Islands, the cause of the recent revolution, and the character of King Kalakaua and his subjects. The third illustrated article, is the last of the series by Arnold Burgess Johnson on "Charles Sumner." Two new portraits of the great statesman are given. The article that will, perhaps, attract the most attention, is that by J. Henry Hager on "The Second Wife of Napoleon I." It is based upon new materials just published in Europe, Frank G. Carpenter, in an article on "The Tours of the Presidents," presents much interesting information *drops* of President Cleveland's Western trip. "The First Jenny Lind Ticket," by P. T. Barnum; "A Buckboard Trip Among the Indians," by Lee Meriwether, and "A Remedy for Poverty," by Richard A. Proctor, can not fail to attract attention.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There are different ideas of politeness. In a ferry-boat a fellow sat and spat against the wall, as though firing tobacco-juice at a mark. A chafin of ladies were disgusted. Then an officer came in and asked him what he meant by such conduct. "Can't you see the notice?" the officer exclaimed. A framed injunction read as follows: "Out of respect for the ladies, gentlemen will not spit on the floor." "And that's why I'm spitting on the wall," said the passenger.

Miss Phoebe Couzens, the fresh, fair-haired, pretty lawyer who has just been made United States marshal in St. Louis, was the subject of probably the only neat compliment ever heard from President Hayes. He had just been inaugurated, and Miss Couzens was expressing her regret that some woman-lawyer like herself was not the chief justice who administered the oath to the president. "In which case," said President Hayes, "I should certainly have kissed, not the book, but the chief justice."

We commonly find it necessary to give an equivalent for whatever we require. Either by an exchange of goods, or of service, or by purchase with money, we supply our wants. A civil and social state in which there was no place for barter or trade, must be a novel one at any rate, and it would either be very happy or very dull. A visitor to Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine, this summer, found a child that was living in just that state of simplicity. The case is reported as follows: Trading facilities are limited to one store. One day I offered a cent to a small child, but was surprised to hear it disdainfully refused with: "What'd I do with it? My father keeps the store."

It was constantly occurring to the Duke of Sutherland, while in Philadelphia, last year, to be presented to this or that person, and simultaneously with the introduction, some one would remark to the Duke, *sotto voce*, "His grandfather was a Biddle," or "Her mother was a Biddle." The eminent Englishman stood it for a week, with true North British phlegm. Finally, being at luncheon with Mr. Childs, and warming up with his host's good potables, he burst out with: "I say, now, what the d— is a Biddle?" "Hey?" responded the astonished host, "I don't think I understand you. What do you mean?" "Well, then," explained his grace, "I've met about a thousand people since I came here, and of two-thirds somebody would whisper, 'He, or she, is a Biddle.' Now, what the devil is a Biddle?"

Duke Carl of Wurtemberg was a great hand at a practical joke in his younger days. Once he called at a farm-house and asked the farmer's wife, who was churning, for a drink of milk. She did not know her visitor, but went away to fetch the milk, when the duke seized a cat, which was lying near, and threw it, together with a duck, into the churn. When the woman returned, he drank the milk and walked away. A year later the same prince met, and inquired whether some one hadn't again asked for a glass of milk. The farmer's wife laughed, and said: "Oh, yes; and I wouldn't mind his doing it again at the same price." "What did you do with the butter you were churning then?" "Oh! I sent it to the palace, where they take all my stuff."

"In your instructions to your patients (says a physician in the *Western Medical Reporter*) be particular in giving minute directions concerning diet. This has great effect, on the minds of old women especially, as their maladies are in a great measure imaginary. Give a list of what is to be eaten at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and you may depend upon being made the subject of conversation, and will be considered very clever. I brought myself into notice, and gained several prominent families, by recommending to a wealthy old lady the left leg of a boiled fowl. Once, when I was away on a short vacation, this old lady fell ill, and was obliged to send for a neighboring physician, who, by the way, was really a well-read man. On his attempt to persuade her that the left leg possessed no particular virtue, she became quite indignant and uncompromising."

The skill which Mr. Clay learned in boyish encounters was of use to him afterward, for statesmen in Kentucky were addicted to fistfights. The Hon. James C. Sprigg, a member of the Kentucky legislature, and afterward elected to Congress, had been very fortunate in such affairs. He once, when in his cups, had communicated to Mr. Clay the secret of his success. It was to advance upon his enemy with a pleasant expression of countenance, and, having thus thrown him off his guard, to strike him a heavy blow in the face, and keep at it until he was beaten. Messrs. Clay and Sprigg afterward quarreled, and met by accident at the hotel, in a room occupied by a number of the members. "As soon," says Mr. Clay, "as Sprigg, who was evidently awaiting my arrival, saw me, he advanced past all these gentlemen toward me, with a pleasant look, without speaking. I remembered his methods; and when he got within reach, without a word on either side, I gave him a severe blow in the face, and brought him staggering to the floor." As often as Mr. Sprigg would rise, Mr. Clay would repeat the blow, and thus easily beat his antagonist. Mr. Clay speaks of this as comic; most of his affairs, however, with knife and pistol, were of the tragic order.

The poet Milnes had a mind of penetrating sagacity and brilliant intuitions. He was one day told by a friend of the grief of a poor laundress, whose little boy had wandered off to a common near London, and there, with another lad, mounted an old horse grazing there, and taken a ride, only to be arrested for horse-stealing. The laundress had engaged counsel for her son, but was in great doubt as to the issue of the case. When the matter was suggested to Milnes, his fertile mind was at once ready with an expedient. "How old are the boys?" he asked, and was told that they were about eleven. "Then," said he, "tell the laundress to take care that they both appear at the trial in nice clean pinafores." The effect was almost magical. The two little boys, in their nice pinafores, appeared in the dock, and smilingly gazed around the court. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the judge, who had read the deposition, and now came under the spell of the pinafores. "A case of horse-stealing, my lord." "Stuff and nonsense!" said his honor, with indignation; "horse-stealing, indeed! The boys stole a ride!" Then the pinafores had almost an ovation in court, and all who had to do with the prosecution were obliged to suffer from the judge's indignant comment.

When Napoleon III. was Prince President, one day the British ambassador, Lord Normanby, particularly wanted an interview, on an important business, with the president, and was requested by an aide-de-camp to wait—just long enough to announce the visit. The ambassador did wait, grave and solemn in countenance, as became one who had come to talk on matters of state. Five minutes passed; Lord Normanby grew impatient; he heard stifled laughter in the next room, and, cautiously raising the hangings that masked the door, he saw Mrs. Howard, Lady Stanley, the Vicomtesse Pauline de Contades, two or three other ladies, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince President himself, playing at blind-man's buff, the prince being the blind man. Without a word Lord Normanby advanced on tiptoe, the others keeping silence most discreetly, and tapped the presidential hand. "Oh! this time I've caught you; it's Pauline!" exclaimed Louis, and, pulling off the handkerchief, stood confronted with the ambassador. There was a general laugh at the incident, and the plenipotentiary joined in the game. Not a word of politics was breathed during that interview, but it lasted a couple of hours, and the quidnuncs of the Bourse thought it must have been so important, that the French funds that evening dropped one per cent.

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Ingersoll on Beecher.

He passed from harsh and cruel creeds to that serene philosophy that has no place for pride or hate, that threatens no revenge, that looks on sin as the stumblings of the blind, and pities those who fall, knowing that in the souls of all there is a sacred yearning for the light. He ceased to think of man as something thrust upon the world—an exile from some other sphere. He felt at last that men are part of nature's self-kindred of all life—gradual growth of countless years; that all the sacred books were helps until outgrown, and all religions rough and devious paths, that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace. To him these paths were wrong, and yet, all gave promise of success. He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn, and curve amid the walls and rocks, or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach the sea.

These views enlarged the soul and made him patient with the world, and while the wintry snows of age were falling on his head, spring, with all her wealth of bloom, was in his heart.

The memory of this simple man is now a part of nature's wealth. He battled for the rights of men. His heart was with the slave. He stood against the selfish greed of millions banded to protect the pirate's trade. He did not fear to stand alone. His brain took counsel of his heart. To every foe he offered reconciliation's band. He loved this land of ours, and its glory through the world. He was the greatest orator that stood within the pulpit's narrow curve. He loved the liberty of speech. There was no trace of bigot in his blood. He was a brave and generous man, and, with reverent hands, I place this tribute on his tomb.

Phenomenal.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No?" said George; "what is it?"
"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.
"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Was not that just as plain as plain can be?"

George says it is, and tries to think so, too.

"Now say, I'm glad to see you papa."

"Da, da, hoo, bee, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma; "he can just say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Hoo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma; "did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does?"

He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo."

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"Hear that? He says, 'Of course, I can,' just as

plainly as anybody could say it. Ob, George, it

really worries me to have him so phenomenally

bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die

young."—Tid Bits.

Politeness Extraordinary.

The Saxons are a very polite people, so over-polite

that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon

themselves. It used to be told in Dresden that a

stranger in the city was one day crossing the great

bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be

directed to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresden, bowing

low, "I grieve to say it, but I can not tell you."

The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this

voluble answer to a simple question. He had

proceeded but a few rods when he heard footsteps behind

him, and turning, saw the same man running to catch

up with him. In a moment his pursuer was by his

side, his breath nearly gone, but with enough left to

say: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could

find the church, and it pained me to have to say that

I did not know. Just now I met my brother and

asked him, but I grieve to say he did not know either."

—Ex.

A Glorious Success.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" in-

quired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response.

"I wonder how I ever got along without it!"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testi-

monial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly

short time pounded out this:

"I used these automatic Back-action atype

writing, for three months and over. I unhesitatingly

pronounce it pron no me to be al ad even

more than th e Manufacturers claim? for it. During

the time been in our possessio n e, i, th ree months! I

id has nore th an th an paid paid for itself in the

Saving of time an d labrr? "

john L. Smith.

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent dubiously.—New York

Sun.

Around the Bier.

Clanty—It's th' purty cor-r-rpse.

Kelly—It's a shem th' good man shilpped his

fwishltle!

Mullin—Th' handiest man on th' wur-r-rk wid a

hod, Mrs. Cleary—t'anks—me poipe is full!

O'Shane (under his breath)—Thim handles is af-

ther coshtin' not liss than six dollies, O'm layin' me

bets!

Farrell (also whispering)—Sivin! They do be th'

price tag an thot wan nigh Phelin's lift feet!

Mrs. Cleary—Whirra, whirra, whirra! Oh, phy,

oh, phy did he doie?—whoe—whoo—oo! (Lave a

sup in th' jug, John O'Shane; yuse betthers is afther

Hotels.

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bavin' t'roats as well as yureself.) Whoo-ee—

whoo-oo!

Young Health Officer (coming in)—What did the

deceased die of, my good woman?

Mrs. Cleary—Plain innocence, docther.

Health Officer—Innocence? There's no such disease in materia medica!

Mrs. Cleary—Dom yure Frinch galleywoggle; it was plain innocence. Oi tell yes! Riley lift th' thrap-dure open on th' t'ird story av Dineen's new build'n, an' poor Phelim—divil th' hit be knew it!—Puck.

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SOCIETY.

The German Club.

The members of the German Club, which has been reorganized, gave their first ball on last night at Union Square Hall. The membership has been considerably augmented, and the attendance was quite large. The hall was decorated in a tasteful manner with bunting, flags, banners, and flowers, and presented an unusually attractive appearance.

After a few preliminary round dances, the german commenced promptly at nine o'clock as Ballenberg's full band played the notes of "When we shall meet again." The cotillion was led by Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, who very successfully guided the fifty couples through some five or six pretty and intricate figures. The first figure, called the "Marine Coil," which was something after the style of the grand right and left, gave the members and guests an opportunity to meet each other face to face, and the second was an artistically contrived movement wherein the ladies and gentlemen moved in circles around each other, making a striking finale. Calcium light effects were next introduced, and, as the vari-colored glasses threw out their prismatic rays, the effect was quite beautiful. The scarf figure afforded an excellent opportunity for the display of the many elegant toilets worn. Ballenberg played his best and latest music, and all present enjoyed the dance heartily. At midnight the dancing ceased, and supper was served in the dining-hall adjoining the ball-room.

Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. George Flournoy, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hittell, Commodore and Mrs. Rodgers, U. S. N., Colonel and Mrs. A. B. Bee, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinchley, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Stillwell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fish, Judge and Mrs. L. D. McKissick, Colonel and Mrs. E. Green, Colonel and Mrs. D. L. Smoot, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Chinn, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. A. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Henry de Veue, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. C. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mr. and Mrs. A. Judson, Captain and Mrs. F. W. Cook, U. S. N., Major and Mrs. George Collier, U. S. N., Mrs. N. H. St. John, Mrs. J. K. Devereux, Mrs. D. E. H. Hittell, Mrs. Huie, Mrs. A. D. Bagley, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Catherine Hittell, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Mamie Elthen, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Emma Will, Miss Elida B. Wilbur, Miss George Grayson, Miss Belle Grant, Miss Lulu Perry, Miss Lucia Gere, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Taz H. Harrison, Miss Elsie Allen, Miss Sadie Huie, Miss Dixie Mason, Miss Julia de Veue, Miss Maria Thompson, Miss Emeline Maxwell, Miss Jennie Thompson, Miss Mollie Hutchinson, Miss Millie Smith, Miss Emeline Sanders, Miss Helen A. Bosqui, Miss Alpha Rodgers, Miss Mamie Rodgers, Miss Stella Hayes, Miss Maggie Flournoy, Miss Adèle Bagley, Miss Mary Ellis, Miss Emily Collier, Miss Cora McDonald, Miss Daisy Ryan, Miss Mamie Shaw, Miss Kate Shaw, the Misses Rodgers, Miss Alice Dietz, Miss Ross, Miss Lillie Green, Miss Anita Plum, Miss Nickerson, Miss May Foulkes, Miss Alice Cooper, Miss Elsie Pheby, Miss Campbell, Miss Leida Mann, Miss Hattie Raymond, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. H. Deering, Mr. A. Baldwin, Mr. E. K. Wallace, Mr. Harry A. Williams, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. George H. T. Jackson, Mr. Arthur Painter, Mr. Julian Sonntag, Mr. Bert Sherwood, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. Joseph Nightingale, Mr. William C. Ralston, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. James C. Dunphy, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. William Macondray, Mr. George Macondray, Mr. F. M. Bee, Mr. Willoughby Cole, Mr. W. H. Foulkes, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Donald V. Campbell, Mr. Prentice A. de Veue, Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, Mr. Charles O. Alexander, Mr. Robert C. Montague, Mr. Clarence M. Mann, Mr. James F. Valentine, Mr. Carlos V. Hittell, Mr. Edward H. Wright, Mr. Robert S. Wheeler, Mr. T. N. Sweeney, Mr. Hollock Wright, Mr. O. E. Derby, Mr. Charles C. Hoag, Mr. E. F. Green, Mr. Fred Knight, Mr. Fred Duhring, Lieutenant W. E. Sewell, U. S. N., Dr. Hallon Harris, U. S. N., Ensign F. Thompson, U. S. N., Ensign L. Clark, U. S. N., Ensign W. A. Gill, U. S. N., Ensign B. Wright, U. S. N., Ensign John Elliott, U. S. N., Mr. W. H. Huie, Mr. W. R. Judson, Mr. A. S. McDonald, Mr. William W. Miller, Mr. T. W. Boole, Mr. George C. Sutton, Mr. A. H. Fish, Mr. James Suydam, Mr. Ivey L. Borden, Mr. B. C. Robertson, Mr. George M. Hill, Mr. J. C. Pennie, Jr., Mr. Frank H. Fisher, Mr. A. Cummings, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Smith, Mr. Edward Taylor, Mr. George F. H. H. D. Pace, Mr. Seymour Davidson, Mr. P. Brayton, Jr., Mr. E. F. May, Mr. D. B. Bagley, and Dr. Bryant.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto will leave for Central America this morning accompanied by Miss George Taber. They will remain away until next March.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, of Piedmont, were guests at the Palace Hotel for a couple of days this week.

Miss Louise Holladay has returned from a month's sojourn at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, came to the city on Tuesday and remained a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. F. Pond, of Mare Island, have been entertaining Miss Maggie O'Callaghan of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan came up from Redwood City on Tuesday to visit friends here for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Stege arrived safely in New York on Thursday. They will return in about five weeks.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, of Mare Island, and Mrs. A. Ross, of Washington, D. C., were visiting here during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Mollie Phelan have returned to the city after passing the last four months at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvinia Hayward, of San Mateo, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

The Misses Withrow have removed to 925 Pine Street.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has been visiting Miss Maggie Jones at San José.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn, who has been enjoying an extended tour of the Eastern States and Europe, returned to the city last Tuesday. She was accompanied back by her cousin, Mr. Joseph K. Thorn, of Greenwanton, Ill.

Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve recently visited Mr. Samuel Shreve at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, are making a tour of Oregon and Washington Territory.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze is expected to return from her Eastern visit in a couple of weeks.

Hon. and Mrs. George E. Whitney, and the Misses Whitney, of Oakland, went to Washington, D. C., last Saturday, where Mr. Whitney will remain for a while. His family will visit Europe where the young ladies will be placed in school.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Mrs. George M. Pinckard were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney have returned to this city from Oakland, and will remain here during the winter.

Miss Marie Dillon has been visiting Mrs. Spencer at San José for the past two weeks.

Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, has returned from a visit to British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Richards, nee Bancroft, are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. J. B. Haggin returned to the city last week from an extended visit in the Eastern States.

Mrs. John P. Jones is passing this month at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, of Sacramento, came to the city on Monday, and remained for a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Susie Tompkins, of San Rafael, will be the guest of Mrs. Samuel Hurt during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Hollister, of Courtland, came to the city last Monday, and remained here several days.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., went to the Napa Soda Springs last Sunday, to remain for three weeks.

Mr. J. F. Bassett and Miss Kate Bassett have taken apartments at the Grand Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Charles Torbert went to New York city last Sunday, to visit her daughters. Miss Mollie Torbert will accompany her when she returns home.

Mrs. Amy Crocker and Miss Bessie Crouch, of Sacramento, will go East soon, to remain during the winter.

Rev. and Mrs. Hiram W. Beers have not removed from the Palace Hotel, but will remain there during this year.

Mr. W. Frank Goad left for the East last Sunday. He will meet Mrs. Goad and Miss Ella Goad at Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. B. R. Crocker and Miss Crocker, of Sacramento, have returned from their visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Alfred Bannister and family, having returned from a three months' visit at the Hotel near Santa Rosa, left recently for Europe. Mr. Bannister will meet them next year.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, the Misses Mollie and Emeline Hanlon, Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon, and Mr. William Taylor left yesterday for a trip up the Sacramento River.

Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Kate Felton, of Menlo Park, were visiting friends here during the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Hudson are expected back from Europe about November 5th. They are now in Paris.

Miss Etta Tracy and Miss Jennie Tay have gone to Fresno, and will be away about three weeks.

Mrs. W. L. Utter left on Wednesday for the East, and will pass the winter months in New York.

Miss Truffert returned to the city last Tuesday, after passing over four months in Paris. She came back by the southern route.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Harry Reed, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. Henry Wetherbee at Fruit Vale.

Mr. Edwards Roberts has returned to Boston after an extended visit to this coast.

Mr. Frank D. Willey will leave to-day for an Eastern trip.

Notes and Gossip.

A rule has been established by the Bachelors' Cotillion Club and the German Club, to the effect that flowers are not to be carried at the cotillions this season. This relieves the gentlemen of considerable expense, but the ladies are not in accord with the gentlemen on this proposition, as flowers add much to the beauty of their toilets.

Mrs. A. J. Pope entertained a number of friends last Saturday and Sunday at her country villa at St. Helena, including Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Eva Carola, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., and Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A.

The Reliance Club gave its second party of the season last Monday evening at Social Hall in the Sanson Building.

It was nine o'clock when Ballenberg and Yanke played the first lancers, and from that time on until midnight dancing was enjoyed.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen will give a large garden-party at her home, "Ferndale," in Alameda, to-day.

Miss Samuel M. Fair has issued invitations for a dancing reception, to be held at her residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue, next Tuesday evening.

The programmes for the Charity Fête, to be given for the joint benefit of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society and the Children's Hospital, at Union Square Hall, next week, are as follows: Monday evening, opening address, by General W. H. Harrison, "The Cradle Songs of All Nations"; Tuesday, "The Mouse-Trap," W. D. Howell's farcical comedy; Wednesday, a concert; Thursday, tableaux; Friday, Delarte Exhibition and Tennis Dance; by the California Tennis Club, and general dancing; Saturday, recitations and auction of fancy articles; Wednesday afternoon, Baby Fête, with prizes for children under three years of age; and Saturday evening, Magic Lantern, and "Punch and Judy."

Mrs. Michael Castle gave a delightful musicale last Thursday evening at her home. A limited number of guests passed the evening pleasantly in enjoying the music and the hospitality of the hostess.

The members of the Harvard Club will give their annual dinner next Friday evening, at the Maison Dorée.

Mrs. Theresa Fair will give a reception at her residence on Pine Street, on Thursday evening October 27th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Tessie Fair, who will then make her formal debut in society.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., has returned from a pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Lieutenant Lucas, U. S. A., is now on duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Peck, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Benicia Barracks.

General W. B. Sweetzer, U. S. A., arrived here from Walla Walla last Monday.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Casey, Jr., U. S. A., of the Engineer Corps, has been transferred to Fort Adams, near Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. Van Deusen, U. S. A. of the Presidio, went to Fort Canby last week, where they are stationed.

Lieutenant Leroy C. Webster, U. S. M. C., of Mare Island, has received orders to hold himself in readiness for sea duty.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., went to Washington, D. C., last week, on a business trip.

ART NOTES.

"The Harford" nearing its haven of rest" is the title of a large painting by W. A. Coulter, which has been on exhibition during the week at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street. The old flag-ship is represented as she appeared after entering the Golden Gate. A tug and a fishing-boat are in motion near her, and Black Point and Fort Point are seen to the left. In the hazy distance, the Sausalito hills are discerned, and the sky is illuminated by a gorgeous sunset effect. The picture has attracted much attention, several hundred people having viewed it. In addition to this, Mr. Coulter has a number of oil sketches on exhibition, of scenes in Ireland and the Hawaiian Islands, and a couple of marine views. The gallery will be open to-day and to-night to the public.

M. Straus, the well-known artist, who has been passing a year in Chicago and Colorado, is expected to return here soon. He has a large number of sketches taken in the Rocky Mountains.

Miss Matilda Loz has returned from Oregon, and is now visiting her mother in San José. She will go East in a few weeks, to remain there permanently.

Raschen intends to hold a public sale of his sketches and pictures early in the winter, in combination with Carl von Perbandt, who has been at Fort Ross for the last year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its first concert of the second series, next Friday evening, at Irving Hall. The quartet will comprise: Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Siering, violins; Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola; and Mr. Julius Hinrichs, 'cello.

The Parish Aid Society of St. John's Church is progressing well with the sale of tickets for the concert to be given in aid of the church enlargement fund on Wednesday, November 10th. Mr. H. B. Pasmore is perfecting the musical arrangements, and has already secured the services of Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. W. H. Kinross, Mr. Julius Hinrichs, Miss Jacobine Wichmann, Miss A. E. Weibel, and some non-professional singers. A chorus of select voices is being trained for the concerted numbers.

The Unitarian Hall will hold a fair at Union Square Hall, on Post Street, on the 18th and 19th of November. There will be dancing on the night of the 18th.

CCCCXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, October 16, 1887.

Corn Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Argonaut Sauce.
Braised Calves Liver à la Bourignone.
Vegetable Marrow. Green Peas.
Roast Veal. Potato Croquettes.
Cold Slaw.
Ice Cream. Chocolate Cake.
Pears, Peaches, Nectarines, Apples, Plums, Gages, Figs, and Grapes.

BRASIED CALF'S LIVER à la BOURIGNONE.—Take an entire calf's liver, laid it thickly with larding pork, and put it in a saucpan with an ounce of butter, four bay leaves, three branches of thyme, three cloves, a sliced onion and carrot; cook for ten minutes; moisten with a pint of Spanish sauce and a claret-glass of red wine; simmer gently for an hour and a half, and take out the liver, which keep very hot. Remove all grease from the liquid in which it was cooked, strain it, pour it over the liver, which should be left whole. For Spanish sauce, see No. CCCCXVII.

A few more such peers as the Duke of Marlborough and the Marquis of Ailesbury, and the opening address of her majesty to both houses of Parliament may commence very significantly and suggestively: "My lords and gentlemen!"

Everybody Knows

That every lady who wears Freud's celebrated corsets secures the best article, the most perfect shape, and the greatest comfort at the least cost. The remarkable popularity of these world-renowned corsets has given rise to imitations, against whom the public are cautioned. There is but one Freud's corset-house. It is at Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Make no mistake. We close daily at 6 P. M., except on Saturdays. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders, Freud & Sons, 742 and 744 Market Street.

—NO PRETTIER OR MORE SATISFACTORY present, for either the giver or the recipient, can be imagined than a well-taken photograph, such as can be obtained only at Flaglor's Photographic Parlors, at the corner of Ninth and Market Streets, on the lines of the Market Street and the Larkin Street cable street-cars. These pictures are artistic in pose, and, in retouching them, Mr. Flaglor's artists do not sacrifice resemblance for beauty, but make as handsome and faithful a picture as the camera can produce.

—MARIE WITHROW, HAVING REMOVED TO 925 Pine Street, will receive pupils in Concert and Operatic Singing, English Ballad, and German Lieder. Earnest attention to development of the voice. Pupil of Herr Professor Porges (Hof Capell Meister, München) and Madame Kaula. At home, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from three P. M. to five P. M.

A Maiden Fair

is always made fairer by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom to improve the complexion. For sale by all druggists.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Her Wonderful Complexion and how She Preserves It.—A Letter from the Famous Beauty.

Imagine, if possible, Venus with a dirty face or its equivalent, a face covered with black heads, pimples, tan, liver spots and blotches. Could such a face ever captivate a man worth having; must it not always repulse every fastidious cleanly person? The Recamier Preparations will render such hideousness impossible. Women with good complexions use them as preservatives, others as curatives. Mrs. Langtry is one of the former, and expresses her opinions as follows:

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Recamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word cosmetics, of which I have a whole-some horror, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles, and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen. I am convinced the Recamier Preparations will do all you claim; that they will remove tan, sunburn, and the many annoying blemishes women, especially in the changeable climate of this country, are subjected to.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Recamiers "religiously," and believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin, if Heaven has so blessed her, as well to her less fortunate sisters, who need not despair so long as you continue to place within easy reach these remedies for all imperfections.

Yours most sincerely,

LILLIE LANGTRY.

From Professor Stillman, the Eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens' Institute of Technology.

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER:

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Cream and Recamier Balm have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.S.E., Ph. D.

If your druggist recommends a substitute for the Recamier Preparations, he is attempting to cheat you. Prices, Recamier Cream, Balm and Freckle Lotion, one dollar and a half each; Powder, one dollar; Soap, twenty-five and fifty cents. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 39 and 47 Park Place, N. Y.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, DENTIST.

Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Entrance, 806 MARKET STREET.

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LIBERAL RELIGIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE

Views, Opinions, and Sentiments of Eminent Writers on Religion and its Relation to Man and Society. Address, MISS HARRIET KELSEY, Secretary, U. Church, San Francisco. Correspondence invited.

STAGE GOSSIP.

M. B. Curtis will continue "Caught in a Corner" for another week at the Alcazar.

The plain comedian, Charley Reed, will appear at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday evening as Old Sport, in "The Rag Baby."

It is kindly reported that Washington Irving Bishop does his best work when he is in such a state of extraordinary exhilaration that every one else trembles for him.

Miss Kate Forsythe has been afflicted during the past few days with an entire loss of voice. She is beset with one of the whispering colds which are peculiar to this climate in the summer months. "Jack" will probably run all of next week.

Sara Jewett, with whose alleged opium mania the cables are now busy, was not christened Sara but Zaza. The name was given her by her godmother, the wife of the then American minister at Morocco, but the actress changed it to its present form when she went on the stage. Bernhardt, too, is not a Sarah but a Rosine, under which name she studied at the Conservatoire.

Miss Kate Field's monologue is of a class of entertainment which is distinctly English, and does not appeal strongly to an American constituency. It touches lightly upon sights and sounds in London, rendered principally through the medium of the English serio-comic song. Miss Kate Field speaks well, but though she claims to be an American, she is, in dress, voice, speech, and manner, as distinctly English as her entertainment.

There is, once more, a rumor afloat that Mary Anderson is engaged to be married to her leading man, Forbes Robertson. Mr. Robertson has painted Miss Anderson's picture for the Grosvenor gallery, a shocking bad picture it is too, and they are upon rather agreeable terms, an unusual thing with the lovely Mary, who has a nasty temper. But they are not engaged, or likely to be. The principal objection to the match is the present Mrs. Forbes Robertson.

Sarah Bernhardt *mange le sang*, as the French say, because it is now pretty thoroughly resolved that she shall never again play on the sacred boards of the Français. Sarah did not care a fig for the sacred boards, but she did long infinitely to break down the traditions and bite her thumb at rules. But M. Claretie came to the conclusion that he would never be able to do anything with his other actors, and so the directors resolved that this time the spoiled child should not have her way. She can play to crowds in any other house in Paris, but all Paris would hiss her at the Français.

The friends of Henry Irving are striving with all their might to prevent his producing "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre, in which part he can not help but be grotesque. But Irving has heard that Dixey is coming to San Francisco, and he is anxious to produce it while Dixey's engagements keep him West, for Dixey is the one crumpled rose-leaf in Irving's couch. The great English actor, who is before all things a melodramatist, has the Shakespearean craze in its worst form. All financially successful managers get it, in the face of the old saying that Shakespeare spells ruin. Irving and Terry will play "Faust" five weeks in New York.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, who is just the age of Adeline Patti, has lost her voice, a most beautiful soprano, forever. The cause is said to be a long course of powerful medicine with which her mother has overdone her, and a steady persistence in over-eating, especially of hot breads. Miss Kellogg is herself an amateur cook of great skill, and, contrary to the usual rule, eats her own dishes with great relish. Adeline Patti, on the contrary, who is passionately fond of candy, will watch other people eat it until she almost sheds tears with envy, but she would not touch that, or anything else, which would interfere with her voice or figure, for a night's salary.

M. Vibert, the French artist, has married Mlle. Loyd, who was the cause of his divorce from his wife some months ago. The divorce case had many interesting features of a peculiarly French nature. M. and Madame Vibert had great difficulty in separating, owing to their joint attachment to a cook who had served them for some twenty years, and who was necessary to the comfortable existence of each. Mme. Vibert secured the cook as a sort of alimony. Vibert got Mlle. Loyd. Mlle. Loyd is a *soubrette* of the Comédie Française, a large, heavy, handsome actress whose work lies almost entirely in the classical repertoire. As the classics are now played only once a week, Friday night, at the Théâtre Français, Mlle. Loyd is a lady of handsome income and large leisure. It is a striking thing, by the way, that very few of the leading French actresses have French names. Bernhardt, Hading, Loyd, Pierson, Reichemberg, Baretta, Meyer, Kraus, and half a dozen others, to say nothing of Worms, Cooper, and others among the men, can trace their names to any origin but French.

Mrs. Langtry has contracted a passion for notoriety which, observers declare, has become almost as deteriorating in its effect as the morphine habit which has destroyed Sara Jewett. She is genuinely unhappy unless her name is in people's mouths, and declares that the sight of her name on the dead-walls is meat and drink to her. It is pretty generally acknowledged that she has just passed the zenith of her dramatic career, and that in view of the new strength of this passion, there lies before her a waste of terrible unhappiness, when she shall shortly have ceased to interest the public. Her business shrewdness is the best talent that is left to her. It now transpires that Charles Coghlan was much more valuable to her as a tutor and stage director than as a leading man. She has replaced him with two men, the one, Maurice Barrymore, her leading man, and the other, Alfred Thompson, a famous coadjutor of Wilson Barrett and Henry Irving in the mounting of plays in London. This latter gentleman is now devoting himself to the long-promised production of "Cleopatra."

The stock company is becoming a fixed fact in New York theatricals, no less than four theatres maintaining first-class organizations. The last of these, Frohman's, at the Lyceum, is universally admitted to be the best, but that is only a matter of surmise, as they have not yet proved themselves. Farce-comedy will still remain in the hands of Augustin Daly, but the other theatres are all three anxious to inaugurate a class of play which shall be a peg above farce-comedy. It is even the hope of theatre-lovers, that these companies will establish a repertoire something after the manner of the Théâtre Français, where a play is not run till it is in a state of attenuation,

but is resurrected at intervals for the pleasure of patrons, and even taken out sometimes, long after its race is supposed to be run, for what is called a *répétition*, when it is sometimes received with even greater favor than before. But this delightful state of affairs is all three thousand miles from San Francisco, and likely to remain so. The theatre, as a recreation for the more intelligent portion of San Francisco, is practically dead.

Writing-Machines at Mechanics' Fair.

Publishers who annually print the awards of the Mechanics' Fair might as well stereotype the report of the judges on writing-machines, as each year the same experience is gone through with and corresponding reports rendered.

THE COMMITTEE OF AWARDS.

This committee, selected with great care from business and professional men, whose experience with writing-machines peculiarly fits them for judging intelligently of comparative merits, gets together and arranges to either singly or together, as the case may be, carefully examine and test the different machines competing, sometimes taking the exhibitors into consultation, but generally preferring to work unknown to them, so as to avoid any partiality being shown.

JUDGING THE COMPETING MACHINES.

After sundry trials and tests of this kind, after listening to the various claims of superiority made by the several exhibitors, and accepting or rejecting these according as practical trials demonstrate that they are well or falsely taken, the committee come together again for final action.

FALSE CLAIMS THAT FAIL TO WIN.

Then it is that the man who never does win a premium, and who fully expects not to win by fair means, sends in his protest to the committee, complaining of the undue advantages of his competitors, and announcing the peculiar merit of his own exhibit, which he assumes the committee has been too blind to appreciate, and taking it for granted that his documents will be self-convincing, he displays a placard in front of his stand announcing that his machine has carried off the first prize even before any award has been made.

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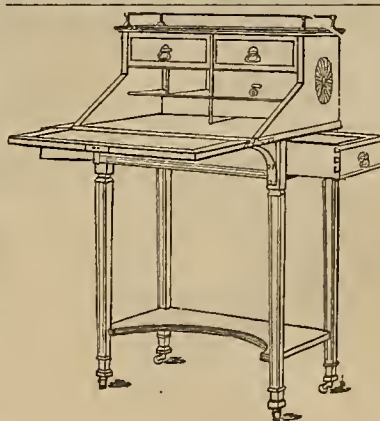
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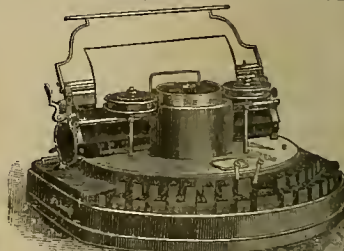
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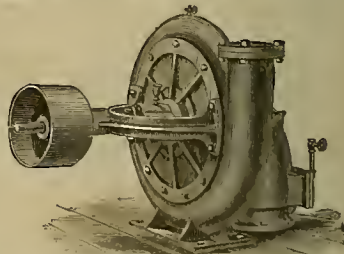
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HENRY M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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While the administration of President Cleveland has been passing in review before the people of the country, and while criticism has been lavished upon the conduct of his affairs by some of the various holders of cabinet portfolios, there has been a noticeable manifestation of public good-will and the inclination to allow those cabinet officers who are inexperienced in public affairs a fair opportunity to familiarize themselves with their official duties before coming on their ability or efficiency. We do not hold with the view of the matter, for we consider it incumbent upon the president to choose his cabinet from among the many able men who are known to be versed in the conduct of the business of the government, and not to pay his political

debts by placing men in positions beyond their capacity. The Wisconsin "statesman" who was selected to administer the affairs of the Post-Office Department is one of those who has been thus leniently dealt with by public opinion, but now, after two and a half years of service, he can no longer shield himself behind the plea of inexperience, and his official ability is open to discussion. We concede the right of the Postmaster-General to fill vacancies with people of his own political persuasion and even to remove political opponents in order to create such vacancies, but Mr. Cleveland's aphorism that public office is a public trust is particularly applicable to the Post-Office Department. However zealous a Democrat Mr. Vilas may be, he can not justify himself in crippling the service by replacing competents with incompetents, or by so reducing the proportion of skilled employees of experience that important duties shall be left entirely in the charge of inexperienced men whose zeal can not compensate for lack of facility. That Mr. Vilas has done this is beyond question, for from all over the country since his incumbency are heard loud complaints of missing remittances, miscarriage of papers and letters, and general trouble with the mails, while business firms protest that there is now no sort of safety in remitting cash by mail. Here in California the neglect of the service has been scandalous. The railway mail system is so hurdened with incompetent clerks that the work is not half done, and is thrown over to the post-offices, which are already insufficiently supplied with help to do their own proper work. The San Diego Post-Office, doing a business of over fifty thousand dollars a year, is still kept on a twenty-thousand dollar basis; the post-master has resigned, but can not get relieved of his office because no one can be found willing to take it; the distribution of mails is days in arrears, and the merchants of the town have provided by private subscription for the employment of sufficient clerical force to conduct the business of the office. In Los Angeles, much the same state of affairs exists. Although an appropriation has been made for a new post-office building for that city, and a lot almost donated for the purpose, the money lies idle in the United States Treasury, and no beginning has yet been made. In San Francisco, commissioners have been appointed to select a lot to be purchased by the government as the site for a new post-office, but no suitable lot can be found at any price approaching the paltry appropriation, yet the administration officials severely censure the commissioners because they can not secure a million-dollar lot for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These short-comings are directly chargeable against the Postmaster-General, since a demand from him would insure action by the other departments and adequate appropriations by Congress. The San Francisco post-office is conveniently enough located as it is, but its present accommodations are shameful. In Mr. Vilas's autocracy, he completely ignores California, in spite of the many earnest protests which have reached him from reputable citizens of all political faiths. If his position is due to a spirit of parsimonious economy, he shows lamentable ignorance of the spirit which governed the foundation of the postal service. While it is now a source of revenue to the government, in its inception it was never expected to be self-sustaining, but was contemplated as a laudable expense from its usefulness as a vehicle for the distribution of knowledge, and a factor in popular education. We do not look to the Postmaster-General to rise above his party and administer his department in the interest of the people at large, but as a Democrat his conduct is short-sighted. While he may class California as firmly placed in the Republican column, he should not forget that any obstruction to the mails is far-reaching in its effects, and that the non-distribution of mails in Southern California may cause such hindrance to business in other parts of the country, as to be a solemn warning against intrusting the business of the government in the hands of as notoriously incompetent an administrator as the Democratic party.

A rumor is afloat to the effect that Commissioner Sparks, who has recently done such good work in the Department of the Interior, by unearthing and exposing a series of gigantic land frauds, has fallen out with his official chief, Secretary Lamar, upon questions of departmental policy, lack of har-

mony in the interpretation of the law, and other special differences of opinion, and that, consequently, his official decapitation must necessarily follow. It is somewhat hard that an inferior official, no matter how superior he may be to his superior in point of energy, integrity, and intelligence, must give place to the latter when matters come to a final issue. Such, however, is the rule in public life all the world over, and the impression is that Commissioner Sparks must go by the board, unless retained in the position by the personal act of President Cleveland. And speaking of what Commissioner Sparks has accomplished, it would be eminently graceful, as well as an act of justice on the part of the President, to retain such an able and zealous officer where his usefulness has been so apparent. The daring thefts and fraudulent misappropriations of public lands in almost every Western State and Territory, together with the deliberate falsification of the limits of the old Spanish land-grants in this State alone, present a picture of moral rotteness and shamelessness not outdone by even the political, judicial, municipal, and social frauds which have been, and are yet, undermining our social conditions, and striking at the root of our very existence as a community, here, perhaps, even more seriously than elsewhere. What are we to think when we are told about the operations of a "California Syndicate," which extended as far east as to comprise Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico; whose purpose was to control all surveying contracts, to manufacture settlers' applications for surveys, to file in the office of the Surveyor-General alleged surveys, and to draw from the Treasury of the United States large sums of money on fraudulent surveying accounts? The commissioner goes on to enumerate ten specific branches of fraud, classified as follows: Fictitious applications for surveys, false estimates of government liability, fictitious and irresponsible bondsmen, false witnesses to signatures of deputy-surveyors, fraudulent field-notes, return of fraudulent accounts, payment by United States Treasury drafts, and fraudulent powers of attorney. Truly a goodly showing of fraud, rascality, and perjury, and one which should cause all Californians to hold their heads higher for having produced a syndicate of such adepts in the theory and practice of crime! Swamp lands, timber lands, Spanish grants, railroad grants, homesteads—in short, every possible engine available to roll the government has been called into requisition. Public lands have wrongfully become private property, within the past few years, to the extent of tens of millions of acres, of which it is extremely doubtful whether the greater portion will ever be recovered; and this despite the fact that thousands of entries are being held for cancellation, and that hundreds have already been cancelled for fraud. Yet these are merely a drop in the bucket, as they merely represent a series of small holdings, compared with the larger tracts held by wealthy individuals and corporations, not likely to let go their hold without the most determined opposition, for as the commissioner euphemistically, but sadly, puts it, all efforts to secure reform by the repeal or amendment of particular acts and provisions have failed through the opposition of interests at variance with the proposed legislation. This, of course, is simply another way of saying that any measure of reform, looking to a restitution of public lands of which the nation has been defrauded, will be fought in the lobbies of Congress to the bitter end. *Hinc illa lacrymæ*—hence the unpopularity of Commissioner Sparks at Washington. We fear that the entire reformation in existing laws, which, in his opinion, is the true panacea that is needed, namely, by retaining an absolute homestead law, and obsoleting all other forms for the disposal of agricultural lands, is as rose-hued as Utopia, and as far off as the Greek Kalends. It is unfortunate that Commissioner Sparks, in his attack upon fraudulent syndicates, should have allowed his zeal to carry him too far. He has lumped in with these operators many men who are honestly endeavoring to acquire their fair portion of the national domain—i. e., that to which the law entitles them—and has thrown every obstacle in their way, and held back their patents. When a man honestly endeavors to preempt and improve agricultural land, to reclaim marsh land, to set out forest trees on timber-culture land, or to irrigate desert land, the Commissioner of the General Land Office should not block his way by the many vexatious expedients so common

in the government offices. He should rather encourage such men. Mr. Commissioner Sparks is a zealous officer, but he has, in some respects, as Talleyrand would say, shown too much zeal.

Among the many curious things which the Benhayon-Bowers case is bringing to light, not the least curious is the extraordinary stratum of humanity concerned in it. According to the daily papers, Mrs. Benhayon—mother of the suicide, the murderer, or the murdered man, as the case may be—has been married twice; by the first marriage, she had a daughter, Cecilia, who was murdered by either her husband or her brother for insurance money; by the second marriage, she had the son, Henry, who is a murderer, a suicide, or has been murdered, as the case may be. Cecilia Benhayon was thrice married; according to the dailies again, was looked upon, in the boarding-houses where she lived (for all these curious people seem to live in cheap boarding-houses) as being a young person of loose morals; she was divorced from one Levy, and shortly after, meeting Dr. Bowers, became Mrs. Cecilia Benhayon Levy &c. Bowers. Dr. Bowers had been married three times, parting with his assorted spouses sometimes through death and sometimes through divorce. The dying Benhayon accuses his sister of sexual sins, and specifies the many partners of her shame. This pleasing legacy he encloses to the husband, who is in jail for her murder, and then goes to join his sister in another, and it is most sincerely to be hoped, a better world. During these occurrences, Mrs. Benhayon, the mother, is ceaselessly engaged in poker-playing, for which game, apparently, she has a feverish thirst. For many years, it seems, she and a number of other elderly females have met daily and nightly for indulgence in this passion for poker. Many of the witnesses in the case are of the same extraordinary stripe. Dimmig, the hook-agent, masher, and toxicologist—who, although presumably poor, seems to have rooms all over town in dingy lodging-houses, where rendezvous his numerous Dulcineas—is married. When asked about his marriage, he said: "I married Miss Teresa Farrell. She was also Mrs. Kells. Yes, she is known by other names—Mrs. Teresa Farrell and Mrs. J. A. Wilson. That is the name I married her under—J. A. Wilson. I married her under that name because I didn't want the boys to know I was married." It is to be hoped "the boys" have some definite idea touching this gentleman's conjugal condition, and as to whom he did marry—it seems to us rather obscure. But, as we said before, what an extraordinary lot of humanity this case has brought to light. It goes to "lodges," it belongs to "orders" and "benevolent societies," and "pays calls," and has "ladifrens" and "genlmunfrens," and lives in boarding-houses, and doubtless looks down with bourgeois contempt on handicraftsmen and tillers of the soil, does this bestial and most swinish circle of society. Faugh!

It seems to us that England is suffering from Copperheadism. In every contest among men there are three parties; the honest men who are in favor of the measure under consideration, the honest men who are opposed to it, and the mean, hypocritical scum who claim to be on one side, while they encourage the other. If a mutiny were to break out among the crew of a vessel of which we were in command, we would first shoot, and throw overboard, all the doubtful men, and then proceed against or make terms with the mutineers. There was nothing at the South, during the rebellion, to correspond to the Northern Copperhead. The financial and domestic circumstances of the Southern people were too desperate in their nature to permit them to harbor a probable source of weakness in their very midst. They brooked no doubt of any man, and their good judgment and prompt decision were to them sources of great strength. At the North the case was different. Its tremendous resources and overpowering strength imposed upon it a lazy, good-natured inefficiency which prolonged the war more than two years, and cost both North and South thousands of lives and millions of treasure. This criminal inefficiency was manifested principally in the toleration of the Copperhead. He weakened in numberless ways the pen, the tongue, and the arm of the North. At times he almost paralyzed the nation, and gave to its efforts to sustain its life a character of desperation not warranted by the degree of danger it had encountered. Gladstone is the typical Copperhead of England. While claiming to be on the side of the unity of his country, he is encouraging the party that is seeking to dismember it. He knows that Ireland can not have the sort of home rule the National League desires, unless England grants the same sort to Scotland, Wales, and other parts of the British Empire and, in fact, establishes a new local English Parliament subsidiary to the Parliament of the Empire. In plain terms the Irish want to secede from the British Empire, and Gladstone, while pretending to be a lover of his country, is endeavoring to dismember it for the purpose of retaining political place during the few more days he may yet stay on top of its soil. During the whole time of the war between our government and the States in rebellion against it, the word *secession* was the most prominent word in use. The word *coercion* was not seen in print. Why is it that

all the Irish papers are filled with the word *coercion*, while the word *secession* never appears in them? The answer to the question incidentally sets forth a remarkable difference between American and Irish politics. Secession is the cause, coercion the consequence, of the Irish political struggle, as was the case in the late American conflict. But the South was honest in its declaration of the right it claimed, and the word *secession* which expressed that right, became the commonest word used during the conflict. The *coercion* employed by the Federal Government challenged the wonder of the world, but the word *coercion* was never used, because the act of coercion was universally regarded as the inevitable consequence of the act of secession. All the discussion turned upon the act of secession. If secession was right, coercion could not be thought of; if wrong, coercion was not discussable, but followed as a matter of inevitable necessity. Not so, however, in Irish politics. While secession is intended and aimed at, it is not declared. The writ of the queen does not run, the laws of the realm are not executed, rents of loyal subjects can not be collected, Englishmen can not control the land they inherit from their fathers. A separate government of *distinctively Irish incumbrance* is demanded, and yet so completely and so hypocritically and so dishonestly is the real object of the Irish rebellion concealed, that we do not remember to have seen that object even once expressed by the word *secession*, or any equivalent of it. But when the act of secession produces the act of coercion, then does the word *coercion* become as prominent in the Irish as *secession* was in the American papers. The Irish papers do not discuss secession, because the Irish leaders do not honestly set forth their claims. The papers discuss coercion, because the leaders howl at the inevitable consequences which flow from their acts. The Grand Old Copperhead is one of the clearest-headed men in England. That he does not honestly mean what he says is shown by the muddy character of his utterances. He has not made a speech or written a paragraph of late which has not been so severely cross-eyed that it included within the zigzag range of its eccentric vision every conceivable point of English, Irish, and Catholic politics. The following is one of his latest: Contending that the suppression of the League would be an act of illegality, he urged that such illegality should be avoided more in Ireland than in any other country, "because there is no country whose claim to be treated with the practice of legality and according to the constitution is so strong as that of Ireland, there being no country in which, for such a long period of years, law itself had been made an outrage on the people, and I am sorry to say that the state of things is not confined to ancient times." Who ever heard a word of Irish clamor against the non-application of English law to Ireland? Is it not true, that the claim of the Irish is that English law is oppressive, and should not be applied to Ireland at all? And is it not true that English laws have been modified to specially suit the supposed special conditions prevalent in Ireland? What Gladstone really meant to say, but what he was not so stupid as to mean, was, that Ireland deserved to have English law applied to her, because she had suffered so much in former times from the application of those same laws. *The English Government is endeavoring to govern a country which it has not conquered, and the Irish people are endeavoring to enjoy a freedom which they have not achieved. Both peoples are endeavoring to ascertain what is the effect if a feeble government come in conflict with a powerless rebellion.* The old-time paradox, "What is the effect if an irresistible force come in collision with an immovable body," was susceptible of a logical solution, because it involved a logical impossibility; no force can be irresistible contemporaneously with the existence of an immovable body, and no body can be immovable in the presence of a force which is irresistible. But the English-Irish question is a problem, and in no sense a paradox. It contains no logical impossibility and no actual improbability. It is a fact that the English government is feeble, and that the Irish rebellion is powerless. The effect of the collision can be ascertained by empiricism alone, and empirically the question is in process of solution. In a small way, the problem is sometimes solved when two fellows, each too drunk to hurt the other, engage in a fight and fall asleep in each other's arms. The same thing may happen to the little great contestants who are amusing the intelligent world by that ludicrous exhibition of two giant infants, too weak to hurt each other, but both bawling through reciprocal fear. The rest of Europe, which is about the size of our own country, may combine to wipe out the autonomy of the little contestants, the whole of whose area, England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland together, is only about three-fourths as large as California alone. If such a combination should be effected, not only would the British Empire fall to pieces, but plucky little England herself may be unable to maintain successfully her place among the sovereignties of earth. She has converted herself into the shop and factory of the world; but shops and factories need to be defended, and are not capable of defending themselves. No other country that ever existed has wrought the wonders of intellectual prowess that dis-

tinguished the career of the English people. A nation occupying a country not much larger than one-fourth of the small part of our country we call California, absorbs, on northern frontier, another country as large as itself; takes from across its western waters, another country of equal size; swallows little Wales, with a little joke about giving a king of its own nationality; holds, owns, and controls a country on the North American continent larger than its own; another, of still greater dimensions, almost at its tipodes; still another, containing a population four times great as our own, even counting in both Mr. Buckley and Mr. Higgins; a country in Africa larger than our State and needlessly throws away—in the merest wantonness of national opulence, exuberance of national spirit, and foolish extravagance engendered by both—this greatest any single country on the globe. And how were these tremendous results effected? Rome conquered the world but conquered it as a robber conquers the robbed. A seat of empire was merely the head-quarters of her arm and the depository of her booty. She had no revenue from any honest source, and fostered industries in her colonies only as the ant cares for the aphids. Her legislative wisdom was the product of her desire to retain and utilize her plunder. Having robbed the world, she died, because there was nothing left to steal. England has conquered her vast empire by the sheer force of superior intelligence, founded upon a solid basis of moral and physical courage. At home she devotes the mass of her people to the arts of peace, deliberately unfits millions of her stalwart sons for the profession of war by dooming them to life-long service in factories and shops. Abroad, she scatters, in each of her great possessions, the merest handful of English brains to guide and govern it in her interest. And while, with a finger-tip on each of her great dependencies, she easily controls them all, she, at the same time, keeps fully abreast of the whole civilized world in literature, in science, and in art. If the other three great empires of Europe should combine against her, how could she defend herself? Britain, America, India, Australia, would each be a source of weakness to her. Ireland would give her more trouble than France, because of her friendship for Ireland, would for the temptation of an alliance with England against her enemy, Prussia. Can England afford to harbor copperheads? We think not.

There comes a period in the life of every Fat Man when the desire to get thin, and have a waist again, possesses him with masterful incessancy. He usually consults some other Fat Man who has achieved in a degree the object of concentrated aspirations. The advisor has lost several pounds in several months. How did he do it? What was the formula he followed? Was it diet, or exercise, or both? All these questions are eagerly asked, and the aspirant toward the slender graces of his youth sighs as he contemplates the martyrdom that lies before him. He is lazy, must take violent exercise. He is a prodigious feeder, must be almost homicidal in his meals. He is fond of toddies, and can gulp claret by the pint; the least indulgence in fluids of all kinds is most earnestly recommended to those who would grow thin. No wonder, then, the prospect looms up gloomily before him. But, since he cannot button his gaiters without severe bodily effort, and since his friends have begun to accost him with that familiar most odious salutation "Hallo Fatty," he prepares himself for the sacrifice. The membership of the Olympic Club is increasing at an astonishing rate. One of the reasons of this is that usually, at the fall of the leaf, the Fat Man feels the pulse to shed a portion of his superfluous flesh. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the autumn the middle-aged and obese go in for a season of training. There is a clique of fat men at this who exercise together, consult the scales together, compare increase and reduction, and are wroth at the intrusion of any lean man. They work like heroes. They lift, and they run, dressed in heavy flannels. They get into machines of the most tortuous character, especially devised for the reduction of the abdomen. When they get on the scales the morning and note a pound off, their plump faces wreathed in smiles. If the truth-teller should mark out another way, they begin, with a piteous groan, to struggle with the machinery for flesh-destruction and muscular development. This exercise, which is followed by a cold shower bath, induces, as a matter of course, an enormous appetite. When the Fat Man steps forth fresh and invigorated the appetite of the traditional plowman is not a circumstance of his overpowering desire for meat and wine. Nature clamors for the replacement of the moisture she has lost. He pauses for a moment before his favorite restaurant. He sees with his cronies with their napkins tucked under their chins, gorging and guzzling in an ecstasy of gastronomic triumph. He knows what the result will be if he yields to temptation. The door is opened to admit a guest. A breeze from the kitchen salutes his nostrils. Flesh and blood can not resist it, and in a minute he is between the knife and fork, ready for action, while a cooling pint of claret tickles his parched throat. And when, filled to repletion, he leaves the rest-

nt, he shudders to think how the scales in the morning will reclaim to his brother athletes the enormity of his sin.

In discussing the possibilities of the coming Presidential election, the question of the position to be taken by the Mugwumps is usually deemed a factor in the premises, and position to the nomination of Mr. Blaine is argued, because his name will surely drive them to the support of his opponent. This argument necessarily cuts both ways, and implies that the nomination of any other than Blaine will ring the Mugwumps back into the Republican fold, and insure their hearty cooperation. While it is probable that the Mugwumps would like very well to be still considered Republicans, so far as to have a voice in the national convention, their present attitude is such as to establish their identity as Democrats beyond hope of redemption. Although their march out was made under the banner of opposition to Blaine, yet it soon became evident that it was not so much that they loved Blaine less, but Cleveland more. During the early part of his administration, when Mr. Cleveland seemed to be trying to remodel Democracy over to Clevelandism, they had some small excuse for their position, but since the abandonment of Clevelandism, and his people campaigning for another straight Democratic nomination, their continued support of him plainly states that they are Democrats "trot'tick and t'in." The stains on Cleveland's administration, the shameless perversion of civil service reform into Democratic party machinery, the Presidential support of the infamous Gorman rule in Maryland, where criminals and convicts are retained in the Federal employ, the scandals which cling around his Cabinet, including the Garand Pan-Electric infamy, are all so directly antagonistic to the announced principles of mugwumpery, that their continued adherence to Cleveland declares their abandonment of their assumed principles, and enrolls them in the Democratic ranks as cheerful workers in the cause of that party.

Now that the subject of jury-bribery and kindred methods of tampering with justice is engaging the attention of this community, it is to be hoped that the question of tampering with witnesses may receive some attention, either official or social. While a witness with a convenient forgetfulness or monumental ignorance of former testimony may be indicted for perjury, the crime of subornation of perjury seems to be overlooked in the rush. The payment of the price for witness's perjury may be a difficult thing to prove to the exact satisfaction of the law, but in past ages there has been such a thing as professional etiquette among lawyers which led them to frown upon conduct derogatory to the high moral standard of the profession. There are methods of procedure which are indefensible from a moral standpoint, and one of these should be the defense of a case by the bribery or removal of witnesses for the prosecution. No lawyer, however eminent, should be permitted such practice unchallenged by public opinion, and it is the plain duty of the Bar Association rigidly to investigate any suspicion of conduct of that nature. In the purification of the bench and the administration of justice it must not be forgotten that attorneys are officers of the court, upon whose probity the public must depend, and which they have a right to demand.

It would appear that London is not the only European capital where destitution and want are running riot among the masses. A queer story reaches us from Vienna, which, if not overdrawn, argues an even more deplorable state of things than that of the English metropolis. In the latter, the discontented element, if destitute, must be still some degrees off starvation point, or else how did it come by the tobacco, the juice of which its members are said to have quirted indiscriminately about Westminster Abbey, when that venerable place of worship was taken possession of by them, last Sunday, during service? Neither does the poverty of the Viennese lower classes become so apparent at first sight, when it was possible for the parent of one child, of whom bread could not be afforded, to supply it with gin; though this circumstance would not necessarily detract from the truth of the narrative, or vitiate the general argument, when it is known that a glass of distilled spirits in Germany can be had for a small fraction of a cent of our money, and that it is quite possible the cost of flour, at the moment, may, for ordinary economic reasons, be inordinately high. One thing, however, is evident, and that is, that the instant the distress became known in Vienna, a generous and helping hand was extended by the more prosperous townspeople. What the outcome in England will be, remains to be seen. The worst period of the year has not yet arrived. When winter comes on with all its rigors, the destitution and desperation of the shelterless thousands will become more confirmed and more apparent. It must, sooner or later, occupy the attention of Parliament to the exclusion of the windy topics now supplying food for the oratory of would-be legislators. It will take very little more incompetence on the part of the municipal authorities, and blindness on the part of the government, to lead up to a repetition of the riots of last winter, which paralyzed business, and strained every

nerve of the authorities to hold in check. It is all very well for the police to permit the present mass-meetings and speechifying in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, not to speak of the disgraceful profanation of Westminster Abbey, on the basis of that liberty of speech and action which the individual Englishman considers his inalienable birthright; but if this is done in the mistaken idea that by so doing the demonstrations will cease of themselves, they do not fathom their true cause. "It is not charity we want," shouted one man to the officiating canon in Westminster Abbey, "it is work." That remark strikes the key-note of the business. And unless this reasonable demand is provided for by the authorities, there is untold trouble ahead. The old Roman emperors met just the same contingencies, and maintained civil order by inaugurating, in time of peace, vast public works. There is at present a revenue of several million pounds sterling accruing to useless companies and guilds, relics of mediæval times, which, it is believed, rightfully belongs to the community at large. Let works, as, for instance, the continuation of the Thames Embankment; the purification of the river by the construction of a better system of sewerage; the fertilization of the barren land to the east of London, by conducting the said sewage thereto; with other projects of a kindred nature, which would pay for themselves and yield a handsome revenue, be inaugurated, and the world would not be confronted by the disgraceful spectacle of thousands of destitute people rioting in London, as they are doing now.

The vigilance of the Chicago authorities in anticipation of the coming execution of the condemned anarchists continues unabated. It is very evident that if the salvation of the prisoners depends upon mob violence, they will hang, for the authorities mean business, and are organizing thoroughly to sustain the law, as, among other things, the military are required to be in readiness for a week before the event. While the promotion of principles subversive of law and order, and the fomenting of sedition against constituted government, are not themselves capital crimes, according to our statutes, and therefore not punishable by death, murder is; and the mistaken sympathizers with the condemned anarchists seem to forget that they are not about to suffer death for the expression of their views, but for the casting of deadly missiles which resulted in the death of others. It is not for anarchy that the death penalty has been ordered, but for murder; and we fail to see why an ordinary convicted murderer should hang, while an anarchist should be set free because he is an anarchist. The condemned men were convicted, after a fair trial, by a jury of their peers. The Supreme Court of the State of Illinois saw no reason to reverse the decision of the court which tried them. They had the benefit of two of the ablest and most successful lawyers in the United States—Generals Butler and Pryor. The case is now being argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. It has a more important bearing upon society in general than is involved in the fate of the comparatively worthless lives of the misguided men whose depraved ideas led them into the commission of the overt and capital crime of murder, and it is to be hoped, for the welfare of society, that the highest tribunal in the land may not see fit to interfere, through some legal technicality, with the administration of justice, already well considered and impartially meted out.

Amidst the energetic demands for tariff reform and the equally energetic protests from interested parties against the removal of the import duty from any particular class of importations, may be noted the numerous memorials in favor of the retention of the duty upon timber and lumber. These memorials evidently emanate from manufacturers of lumber, who treat the question solely from the standpoint of immediate individual interest. A broad view of the matter wholly sustains the advisability of the removal of the duty. It is estimated that the existing supply of timber now standing in Michigan and Wisconsin will be exhausted in less than twenty years. Maine as a lumber field has already been depleted, there being left only a scant growth of indifferent spruce and hemlock. On an economic basis, the policy of this country should be to preserve our own timber forests, and to encourage the drawing of our present supply from Canada, the only foreign country from which lumber can profitably be brought here. When, as will soon result, the Canadian forests are exhausted, there will be time enough to draw the necessary supply from our own forests, and the increased value of the product will then fully compensate American timber-owners for the delay.

Californians, possibly because there is not much to boast of in the line of antiquity, grow sentimental over land-marks. "Another land-mark gone," is the wail of regret often heard when some ruinous old building is torn down, or some ill-smelling trench filled up. This sentiment may account for the tendency to build around old land-marks which is particularly noticeable in the business portion of the city. For example, on the corner of Merchant and Battery Streets there is one of the most extraordinary, rickety, tumbledown

shanties imaginable. Bring a stranger blindfolded to San Francisco, and set him opposite this shanty, and a few of its immediate neighbors which are a degree or so better. Then before removing the handage put blinkers on him so as to concentrate his vision, and inform him that he is now in the business center of the great metropolis of the Pacific. Tell him that he is within a block and a half of the Post Office, Custom House, Appraiser's Building, and Federal Courts, erected at a cost of several millions of dollars. That above him, below him, and on all sides the wholesale merchants of San Francisco have their stores, and then ask him what he thinks of those shanties. His reply will naturally be that they are the birth-place of some celebrated Californian, or Spanish grandee, preserved for the pleasure of curiosity-loving tourists. He will demand possibly to be shown the room where Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, was born, or the basement wherein Norton I. held court. When he is assured that the shanties are hallowed by none of these associations, and that such blots are frequent throughout the city, he will naturally demand the cause for this incomprehensible freak in the building up of a city. And the demand assures the form of an inexplicable conundrum.

Irish journals, and Irish correspondents of American journals, are attempting to make a great deal of capital out of the arrest, the other day, of Sir Wilfred Blunt, a member of Parliament, at a proclaimed meeting at Woodford, in Galway. With that happy acquiescence in seeing the bright side of everything that happens, and that happy disposition to make believe that every reverse and set-back is really beneficial to the Irish cause, these accommodating writers now say that Blunt's arrest was, of course, precisely what those who sent him there desired, planned, and expected. They have this alleged belief upon the theory that Blunt's arrest, he being an Englishman, will excite English feeling against coercion. We venture to say that this is a very mistaken hypothesis, and we believe all sensible English people will endorse the sentiment of the counsel for the crown, who announced, during the hearing of Sir Wilfred Blunt's case, last Tuesday, that all English and Irish agitators in Ireland would be treated alike. What is sauce for the Irish goose must likewise be sauce for the English gander, and the authorities see well the fallacy of making fish of one and flesh of the other. Besides, Sir Wilfred Blunt is a crank of the first water, and it goes to show the weakness of the English election system that such a man should have the chance of sitting in Parliament at all. He is of a vain and excitable nature, carrying just the political weight which such characters always carry—and that is, none at all. He is fond of notoriety, and is chiefly notorious as the champion and supporter of Arabi Pasha, when that worthy was engaged in politics. It is of stuff like this that the English agitators in Ireland are mainly made, and if the Irish were wise they would keep them out of the way.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the well-known radical member of Parliament for Birmingham, who was originally appointed one of the English branch of the International Commission, constituted for the purpose of arriving at some definite and satisfactory conclusion upon the vexed Canadian Fisheries question, has not been taken off the same, in spite of the rabid howling of Irishmen upon this side of the water. The objection urged against him had nothing to do with his personal or business qualifications, nor with his politics in relation to America, but simply that he did not happen to be in favor of Irish home rule. A great deal of clamor was made upon the subject and on this issue. The President was to be petitioned to politely request the English government to appoint some one less politically objectionable than Mr. Chamberlain upon the commission, else, it was significantly hinted, the labors of said commission would turn out fruitless. Why, and to whom, is Mr. Chamberlain politically objectionable? What possible connection can there be between the Irish home rule question and the Canadian Fisheries? This kind of argument is of a piece with the ignorant impudence and unwarrantable assumption which characterize Irish political action all the world over, and more particularly in the United States; and this does more to hurt the Irish cause with right-thinking people, by making it nauseating, than anything else. It is high time these blatant Irish demagogues should be taught that this is America and not Ireland; that they are only here by sufferance, and that their officious meddling in American affairs is a piece of presumption which will not long be tolerated. We are glad to see that neither the President nor the Secretary of State has dignified with any notice at all this indefensible outcry against a gentleman who, whatever his politics may be in relation to his own government, labors under no disqualification or objection in his relations to ours. As a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlain represents the business brains of the commission; and if a satisfactory conclusion is arrived at, there is no doubt that it will be upon a plain and unmistakable business basis, and that there will be nothing vague and shadowy in the terms of settlement, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A MEXICAN DICK TURPIN.

Mr. Edgar Wood had two thousand silver dollars in ten-dollar rolls nicely packed in a valise with a few toilet articles, and twelve thousand dollars in bank-notes and bills of exchange snugly sewed into a thin belt worn about his person. In an outside belt, elegantly embroidered, he wore a superbly jeweled revolver, warranted to be useful as a weapon at long range, in the hand of a self-collected man resting under safe shelter.

As to other personal furniture, his comfortable figure was adorned with a fine gold watch, possessing a national reputation for beauty and value throughout the Republic of Mexico, and a hat covered with gold lace and bangles that made it the envy of all the beaux in town.

Under these conditions Mr. Edgar Wood entered the ten-mile stage, that stood in the *patio* of the Hotel Iturbide, for a trip down the country to pay off three thousand laborers a month's wages.

The stage started out amid the usual hubbub. The driver gathered up his lines, shouted at all the mules together and at each mule by name. The assistant driver seized the whip and added its resounding crack to his vociferous entreaties and denunciations. The two outriders ran along the sides of the team, shouted, and swore, and pelted the mules with stones, while ten bows of cow-bells, suspended above the ten collars, added their clangor to the confusion, and the whole cortege rolled over the roughest cobble-stone pavement on the American continent, awakening an angry city from its comfortable slumbers.

The wealthy contractor was alone that morning, and he occupied every corner of the stage in such rapid succession and varied positions that, if the City of Mexico had been twice as broad as it was, he must have been a disagreeable jelly before reaching the suburbs. As it was, however, the grand exhibition of style and enterprise was soon over, and the team settled down to the comfortable habit of the country, a very slow trot on rather soft roads, while the passenger settled himself in the corner, lighted a Vera Cruz cigar, and began to indulge in the pleasures of imagination.

"This month," he considered, "will cost me twenty thousand dollars, for which outlay the government pays me one hundred thousand dollars, which is eighty thousand dollars clear-ain." In two more I shall be in good trim, and then I shall ask old Juarez for Emilia. I think she admired me last night when I said my adieu," and he looked at his pistol, his fine watch, and elegant hat, and—a rifle-ball whistled through the coach-window, followed by a command of "*Pararse!*" (halt).

There is no discussing such an order given under such circumstances.

It was not possible for Mr. Wood to say just how he looked, but he felt very pale, when a pleasant, gentlemanly voice at the window inquired, "Have I the honor of addressing Señor Edgar Wood?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Ah, Don Edgar, I am so sorry to have to molest you in your journey, but won't you do me the favor to alight for a moment?"

Now, if there was one quality on which that gentleman prided himself more than on another, it was the superiority of his manners. He was known as the polite American of Mexico, and so, when addressed a simple request in such courteous terms, he was fain to comply.

He therefore alighted, and tried to do so promptly, but his motions were not so graceful as usual; there seemed a tremulous excitement, almost a stagger, in his movements, when he looked about him.

Four men, armed with cutlasses, rifles, and revolvers, stood ready to receive him. The upper half of each face was covered with a black mask. They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the others at the temples, and ruddy face below the mask, ending in a thin, frouzy, tow-colored goatee—seemed to indicate an Englishman. Mr. Wood, noting him carefully, thought he had seen him before, but failed in every attempt to place him.

"Señor Wood," said the spokesman, advancing, "I am pleased to meet you, and regret that you are not able to reciprocate the cordial sentiments I entertain for you. I must say, *Amiguello*, you wear a charming hat, and such things are so common to you that I am sure there will be no objection to an exchange. See what a poor thing I wear, and so unsuited to my years and position in society! It fits well, too. And also, Señor Wood, you are said to possess an excellent watch; that, sir, would be an extremely convenient article to have, in my profession, that I may be prompt in meeting the stage, and thus avoid tiresome watching. I will accept it, with your permission."

Mr. Wood was rapidly learning to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew he must submit to being stripped, so, handing over the watch with the best grace possible, he said, with a smile and a bow, "May I present you with a pistol, as good as there is in the republic, except your own?"

"Ah, señor! now you flatter me; I accept it in your name, *Amiguello*. And also, señor, I admire your coat; let us exchange. Your trousers, too, will fit me nicely, and your boots, even if a little large, will be better than these. Have the goodness to be seated on my old coat, and we will assist you in removing them; we are experienced valets."

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have thought he was engaged in a frolic. He used to say, in telling this story, that he felt all through the performance as if he were being joked by a friend.

"And now," continued the *ladron*, "we will trouble you, Señor Wood, to pass out your valise, if you will be so obliging."

Mr. Wood hesitated for the first time, and looked around, but there was no mercy; the muzzles of three pieces looked into his eyes, while he replied, "Very well, gentlemen, if you insist." He handed out the heavy valise, which was taken aside by the Mexicans, while the English-looking thief kept guard at the stage-door. When the precious cargo was removed to a short distance from its owner, the sentinel muttered to him in English, "If you give me two thousand dollars, unseen, from your belt, you can save the rest; otherwise, I'll fix every dollar you've got."

Mr. Wood felt sure he had somewhere seen the face, of which the mouth and chin were exposed, but if he suspected

the truth, he kept it to himself, and quietly handed over the money to the man.

In a few minutes, the nearly empty valise was returned, and the party bade the traveler adieu, and wished him a safe journey. In his disagreeable fix he could only ride till he met the return stage, and go with it to the capital, under the shelter of a shawl lent him by a sympathetic lady among the passengers, with whom, at noon, he entered the *patio*, from which he had so exultingly sallied in the early morning. The idle populace, as usual, rushed in with the stage, and witnessed the discomfiture of the American, as he darted across the pavement to the nearest entrance of the hotel, and made his way to his room.

When Mr. Wood emerged therefrom, he made his way to the English Bank, to deposit the papers saved in his belt, and there encountered the second surprise of the day. The teller who received and credited him with the amount was the counterpart of the English robber of the morning; but he had no beard, nor could Wood recall that he had ever seen him adorned with that symptom of manhood. It was impossible that he should be a *ladron*—his position in the bank, his easy, self-possessed manner, not brazen, but natural and innocent. No, it was a mistake.

The next day, there being several Mexican merchants to start for Vera Cruz, Mr. Henry Yorke, of Wood & Co., was dispatched with them in the morning stage. He went well-armed, and had the name of being a fighting man. But, as yet, no crowd of Mexican passengers has frightened a band of robbers from its enterprise, and so, at sunrise, Yorke discovered two small squads of horsemen bearing down on the stage from opposite directions.

"There are six of them," he said, "and we are nine men, with only one woman. Are we to fight, gentlemen, or shall we surrender?"

"Mexicans never surrender," cried one of them. "We will fight to the last drop of blood."

"Yes, always," answered the other eight.

"I shall be killed; oh, I shall be killed!" shrieked the frightened woman.

"We shall defend you, señora," they declared. The horsemen drew near. All were masked and armed. One party passed the coach, wheeled, and instantly returned. Meanwhile, Yorke sprang from the stage, which had stopped, and calling to his fellow-passengers to join him, fired his rifle at the nearest of the gang and killed him. He then began discharging his revolver, as they closed in on him, and, looking about for his companions, discovered them all in their seats, pallid spectators of his recklessness. In another instant a pistol-ball struck him down.

Evidently, the *ladrones* had only contempt for the Mexican passengers, for they rode directly forward to the fallen American, whose body they mercilessly hacked in pieces with their sabres, for a warning to all who resisted their robberies.

The entire treasure of Wood & Co. was taken from the person of Yorke and his valise; and the passengers, the lady not excepted, were robbed of every article they possessed, even to their outer clothing. When the *ladrones* left, their captain opened an embroidered jacket, revealing the form of a woman, and cried out with a sneer, "You are men. *Adios!*"

When the stage, returning, entered the *patio* of the Hotel Iturbide, with the body of Mr. Yorke, it was met by Wood, to whom the lady-passenger declared that his partner had been killed by an Englishman of the band, whose lower face was ruddy, narrow, and thin, ending in a little shadowy beard; that he had reached into the coach, and shot Yorke in the back, through the open doorway of the opposite side, as he was firing rapidly at the gang, and that, as he withdrew his head, his beard dropped from his chin, and she had secured it.

At ten o'clock, that morning, he went to the English Bank with the woman, and presented a check for payment. As the teller laid down the money he saw the little wad of beard on the counter, picked it up, and, looking at it curiously, said: "What is this?" At the same moment, Mr. Wood discovered that his companion trembled violently and was becoming alarmingly pale, and lost no time in leaving the bank.

The woman was sure of the identity of the man, and would listen to no possibility of her mistake. As for Mr. Edgar Wood, he was confounded, but he did the customary thing, and set an English detective on the track of Mr. Carlos Watfils, the teller of the English Bank of Mexico.

The next payment went to the line in charge of a paymaster and a mounted guard, of whom the chief was one of the most successful *ladrones* of Mexico; he gave safe conduct to the treasure, for which he was well paid.

Two months passed. No outward sign indicated any depravity on the part of Mr. Watfils. He lived modestly, and seemed a retiring, rather studious man. His sole dissipation was his horseback-ride each morning and night.

The time had come for another payment to the men of the contractor, and again Wood determined to go in person with the money, and by stage. This time, he selected a day when a fair complement of Mexican men, having commercial relations with Vera Cruz, would travel, and went accompanied also by two Americans, armed with rifles and revolvers.

The English detective, with a companion, both well-armed, rode out in the same direction a half-hour after the stage left. The road had not been so infested of late, but the Americans understood the danger to which they were exposed in the transportation of treasure, and made their disposition accordingly. Mr. Wood and one companion occupied the front seat of the coach, looking to the rear; the third man of the party sat with the driver, being a crack shot with a Winchester rifle.

When they stopped for coffee, at eight o'clock, no one had appeared to molest the stage, or create suspicion. As they left the little inn the detective appeared in sight, but the stage made no delay, and the party were again on their way.

Suddenly the inside passengers detected the effort of the driver to stop his cumbrous team, and heard the voice of the American by his side shout to him, "If you stop, I'll kill you; drive on and drive hard." Then a rifle-shot, and another shout as he passed down his rifle, and called for a fresh one, which he received at once.

Mr. Wood and his companions, looking from the coach, saw they were pursued by eight horsemen, who were now

within two hundred yards at the rear. Leaning from the coach-window he cried out to the driver, "If those fellows catch us, you are a dead man!" The threat told wonderfully on the speed of the team.

Meanwhile the band approached, and the three Americans fired together, throwing the *ladrones* into confusion, and forcing a halt; but they rallied at once, and six horsemen of the eight were drawing near, when the driver's companion, another shot brought a man to the ground. At this moment the detective and his guard appeared in the rear of the band and Mr. Wood ordered the driver to slow down. The robber discovered the trick, for, turning, they saw the reinforcements in their rear, and lost no time in leaving the road, making off across the valley toward the mountains.

The stage met no further adventure, and Mr. Wood was able to return to Mexico in a week. The afternoon of his arrival he accompanied the English Bank manager and the detective to the hospital of Guadalupe, and found there, to the surprise of the manager, the teller, Mr. Carlos Watfils, suffering from a shattered leg.

If Watfils were tried in Mexico, it is by no means certain that a conviction could be secured under those laws. It was, indeed, a chance if the Americans might not be made to suffer for killing men who had not attacked them. In this view of the case, Mr. Watfils was sent across the water with the English officer, and having been convicted in London of the crime of counterfeiting, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

People in the East can not begin to comprehend the extent of California, to say nothing of its climate and productions. Let us compare the areas of some of the Eastern States:

Maine.....	29,805
New Hampshire.....	9,095
Vermont.....	9,135
Massachusetts.....	3,010
Connecticut.....	4,845
Rhode Island.....	1,080
New York.....	47,620
Pennsylvania.....	44,985

California..... 154,576
"..... 155,980

Thus it will be seen that California has a larger area than all the New England States together, added to the two great States of New York and Pennsylvania. In the extent of the sea coast, California would, if transplanted to the Atlantic Coast, reach from New York city to Savannah, Georgia.

Prince Hohenlohe will resign his office as Governor General of Alsace-Lorraine, having succeeded to the Russian estates of his brother-in-law, Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein, which are worth fifty thousand pounds sterling a year; but according to a recent ukase, foreigners can not hold land in Russia, and the Czar has refused to exempt Prince and Princess Hohenlohe from this regulation, so it has been decided that the estates are to pass to their younger son, Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, who will assume the name of Wittgenstein and become a Russian subject. This arrangement has been sanctioned by the Czar on condition that Prince Hohenlohe retires from public life, and, although the prince likes his place, he is not disposed to pay so high a price for it.

The excavations that are being carried forward at Pompeii are giving most interesting results. In the beginning of the month a wooden case was dug up, containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used in the present day. A few days later, four beautiful urns of considerable height were found, together with four smaller cups, eight open vases, four dishes ornamented with foliage and the figures of animals, and a beautiful statue of Jupiter seated on his throne. Besides these silver objects, several gold ornaments were also found, such as ear-rings and rings. The excavations are being rapidly pushed forward.

The famous floating island of the Derwentwater, England, has come to the surface again, after a long disappearance. This is a mass of decaying vegetation forming a layer of peat on top of which is a thin covering of clay, bound together by the roots of vegetation. It rests on the clay-bottom of the lake, but sometimes, some force, supposed to be in the gases generated by the decaying matter, causes it to rise to the surface. Its extent sometimes reaches half an acre, and rises and falls with the water, until finally it sinks out of sight again, to be gone probably for several years.

Paris is adopting wood paving. The original stone pavements were done away with, because they were too handy for the people who wanted something to throw in case of revolution. Victor Hugo called them "last resort of the people." Macadam was next used, and then asphalt, which, being too hard on the horses, is now giving place to wood. It is pointed out, however, that, for insurgents, the petroleum-soaked wood will be as handy as the stones were. A box of matches would make torn-up paving about as efficient an instrument of war as Greek fire.

The only bar-room in the world habitually visited by ladies for other than drinking purposes, is that of the Hoffman House. Some six years ago, there was a Ladies' Day, and the pictorial mural beauties of the café were shown to hundreds of fair admirers. Since then, women have become regular visitors, at almost any time of the forenoon. They are not served with drinks, and never create or occasion disturbance.

Some experiments have been placed on record, says the London *Electrician*, in which a number of eggs were hatched out in a magnetic field, with the result that the chickens were all more or less deformed—blind, deaf, or lame.

The population of this country increased thirty per cent from 1870 to 1880, and blindness increased during the same period forty per cent., until now we have with us fifty thousand blind.

ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

Cockaigne" discusses the Upper Ten Thousand of Great Britain.

A subject which will ever be of much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and one worthy, as well as susceptible, of serious and continuous discussion, is that of the true estimate which Americans are held in English high life. By high life, I mean, of course, the society of the nobility, and gentry closely allied to the nobility (though possessing no rank) to be considered to all intents and purposes the nobility's equal. Now, I don't suppose there is anything about which there exists in America and among Americans, who get their lease of England from the common run of "London Letters" to the American press, and the cablegrams which sensational London correspondents are constantly sending over, more utterly erroneous impression than as to what constitutes English high life. High life in England is not merely fashionable life, as it is in America. It is not known only by brand (and often vulgar) entertainments; by the lavish expenditure of money; by elaborate dressing; by the assumption of a haughty, overbearing demeanor and supercilious tone, that high life in England exemplifies itself. It is by the mere possession of wealth and worldly goods that it holds its place. Nor yet, again, by the simple ownership of a title. There are dozens of people with titles, from duke down to baronet, who, in strictness of language, can't be, and are not, considered as in high life in its truest, fullest sense. Just as there are scores of people, with fabulous incomes, gorgeous houses, servants, horses, and equipages, who give the most sumptuous entertainments (to those who will go to them), who are many steps without the sacred precincts of high life.

Not that there are not many, whom a certain section of ill-styled social critics are wont to call "snobs," who are in high life. That is to say, they are not snobs now, but they are by being so. Directly they get into high life, they cease being snobs, though they may retain, for long after their admission, all the objectionable traits which mark the snob so hateful to Thackeray. Time and attrition with the world gradually works the necessary change. But, until you are *nouveau riche* is formally admitted by an unmistakable and unhesitating consent into high life by the members who constitute it, he remains a snob so long as he affects to belong to them by imitation of their outward customs as far as he can. It is really this aping of the ways of high life, by people who possess but one of the essential requisites for admission into it, which constitutes a snob. It is a curious addition of things: In order to avoid being called a snob, you must first become a snob. That is to say, if you want to get where you won't be classed as a snob, you must give yourself the ways of a snob, in order to get there. Of course, this only applies to people who have no natural claim to be in high life. Such people, for instance, the Sassoons, the Bishofsheims, the Besses, the Allsops, etc. In these people of money, pushing habits, and new coronets, are by no means the rule in high life. It is almost absurd, when one comes to think of it, whether they can be looked upon really as in it, despite their wealth and recently granted peerages and titles. It is the old nobility and landed gentry with their relations (not connections) who, in truth, constitute high life. They may be fashionable, or they may not; they may be wealthy, or they may not; they may be "in the swim," or they may not. Being "in the swim" during a London season does not necessarily make the swimmer a member of the *haut ton*.

The Prince of Wales, for his own amusement, lets people whom the better members will not recognize. But they stay in so long as the prince smiles. Their admission really but a temporary one, and dependent solely upon the price of the prince, whose smile admits them, but whose will as quickly expels them. For people—and especially foreigners—to imagine, therefore, that because the Prince of Wales takes notice of them, and for his own amusement lets friends with whom he has influence to invite them to their entertainments, they have achieved the entrée to English high life—except in a very narrow and ephemeral fashion—is one of the biggest mistakes which people can make. I know it well; I shall be gainsayed in this. Americans who have come over to London during the season, and gone to some balls and garden-parties under the Prince of Wales's winged patronage, and have been invited to Marlborough House, have seen and know all about English high life. They have not. They have caught a glimmer of it under peculiar circumstances of being noticed by the Prince of Wales, who has given them a five minutes' view, as it were, of the sphere of high life in which he is the unquestioned ruler. In the short space in which they have the opportunity to take and make observations, they naturally get but a rammed idea of what actual English high life is, as it is in the midst of the Prince of Wales's set. Beyond that, they positively can know nothing.

There is an immense part of the society which makes high life which has virtually nothing whatever to do with the Prince of Wales. Of course, they couldn't and wouldn't refuse to recognize his royal highness, and yield him his true position whenever he might choose to appear among them. But it would be more as the heir-apparent to the throne, and official "first gentleman of the kingdom," than as a proper content and sample of their customs and manners, that they would yield him homage and place. It is extremely doubtful, too, if his royal highness could bring the "outsiders" in among them that he does among his own particular happy-lucky clique. It is extremely doubtful if he would try. I know better. He is a man of wondrous tact and discrimination, and he would know as well as any one—better, indeed—that the real aristocracy, the real high-life of England in its entirety and purity, wouldn't put up with it. He goes among them himself, and take whoever could of right of themselves, with him. But further than that, I take it, he wouldn't go. In fact, he exhibits a dual character. In one set he is one thing—in high life, quite another. A jolly fellow, fond of a good joke, a good story, actresses, provincial beauties, and pretty women generally in his set, he comes in high life, whenever he sees fit to enter it, a staid, dignified man, a polished gentleman, ungiven to

frivolity, and a great stickler for the observance of everything that of right is due to him as a prince. In short, in his set he is "Wales" and "Tummy;" in high life, the kingdom's future king. In order to understand him, one must judge him in both capacities.

In view of this, it becomes a serious question whether his notice of Americans, and introduction of them into his set (as long as they please him), is after all such a very high honor as some people are accustomed to regard it, or one in the least desirable for any foreigner to be made the recipient of. For my own part I doubt it. People get their names into the newspapers, like Miss Chamberlain and Miss Winslow, and the outside world both at home and abroad fancy they have taken English society by storm. I don't think I am wrong in venturing to say that there are hundreds of English young ladies in high life who could, without a quarter of the effort, have gained double the public notoriety for beauty, and piquancy, and vivacity, and originality, that either Miss Chamberlain or Miss Winslow did, were their mothers to let them; or were it at all in keeping or accord with the traditions of their class to exhibit such "had form" as to have their names become the public property which the parents of those young ladies seemed to see no objection in allowing their daughters to yield. I don't in the least mean to insinuate that the graces and charms of American girls who come to England, and capture the Prince of Wales, are not all that they are claimed to be, and peculiarly capable of captivating the heart and head of man wherever they may go. I only say that in my humble opinion the women of no nation hold an exclusive sway, in this respect; and, without in the very smallest way wishing or intending to detract from all that is lovely in the American girl, as she has of late years appeared in London society, to assert that had English girls of the highest sphere and rank been permitted the same unlimited field of operations, the same unchecked freedom of self-assertion, there wouldn't have been the victorious "walk-over" for the transatlantic damsels which their friends and admirers are so fond of boasting of on every occasion. They had, in short, a race without a competitor, a battle without an adversary. In the first place, their adversaries, had there been any, would not have been allowed to wield the same weapons; and in the second, their competitors, had there been any, wouldn't have been permitted to struggle for such a reward.

I hope and trust I shall not be misunderstood as in the slightest degree implying that Americans are not received into the highest society in England, for they are. But it is not only because they are Americans that they are so received. They must be nice Americans in the fullest sense of the word, and there are thousands of such. It will not be, and it is not, because they are heauties, of loud, self-asserting voices and mannerisms, of cool self-possession, knowing looks, openly coqueting ways, and possessed of two dozen costumes made by Worth. Such get into the prince's set, are flamed here and there in every penny-a-line society newspaper in the kingdom, and called back to the United States press by ignorant correspondents and sensational society gossip-gatherers as "the success of the London season;" while the more modest, retiring, well-bred girls of some position in their own homes, and possessed of graces and accomplishments to fit them to shine in any society, make friends among the real high life of England, and no one outside their immediate circle knows anything about it. You don't see their names in the papers; you don't hear them talked about in every theatre, and club, and hotel in London, because the people who talk about girls and ladies in theatres, and clubs, and hotels in London, know nothing about them. There are no people who so immediately win the respect and regard of high-class English people as nice, well-bred, thorough un-anglomaniacal American ladies and gentlemen.

Now, there is another thing upon which I would like to say a word or two, when on this subject, which, in a certain way, suggests it. It is the marriage of American girls to Englishmen. How many of these marriages are there that we can put our finger upon, that money did not come from the lady, and a title from the gentleman? Not one. If not *in present*, it is *in futuro*. If the girl hasn't a fortune, she will have one; if the man hasn't a title, he is sure, sooner or later, to come into one, or be in some way related to a man or woman who has a title. Take the marriages of Lord Randolph Churchill to Miss Jerome; Captain Paget to Miss Minnie Stevens; Sir Thomas Hesketh to Miss Sharon; Mr. Leslie to another Miss Jerome; Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck to Miss Livingstone; and others, that I can't think of just now. It is true, it has been said that Lord Mandeville didn't get a farthing with Miss Znaga, and that his father, the Duke of Manchester, was awfully angry about it. But I can hardly believe it. Sir John Lister Kaye married Lady Mandeville's sister. It is not the way of Englishmen, of present or prospective title or high family, to marry a woman without money. A girl with money in England is like a barrel of molasses in July. You can't count the flies. And then, a girl, even without money, is surrounded by the most absurd rules and regulations. Love marriages won't do. If a man is content to marry a girl without any fortune, he isn't encouraged much by her papa and mamma, unless he is able and willing to make a good settlement upon her, which must be signed, sealed, and delivered before the ring goes on. Then, too, the engagement is a depressing period of existence for a man. He can't have any fun. He mustn't go about with his fiancée. He can't escort her alone to a ball, party, or the theatre. A big brother, or her portly father, has to go, too! Everything is propriety run into the ground, and to the verge of nonsense. No wonder, then, that Englishmen jump with delight at the comparative ease with which (if they have a beggarly title) they get an American girl with bags full of golden "twenties." No wonder that when the courtship and term of engagement are conducted on natural, rational principles, and a man given a chance to decently kiss his sweetheart now and then, that Englishmen, unaccustomed to such privileges under such circumstances, should be attracted to America to find a wife. Of course, I speak of the custom of the upper classes only. Among the middle classes, there is more freedom. But an Englishman of the upper class couldn't think of marrying a middle-class girl, unless she had such a lot of money as to make amends for every other defect and deficiency.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 30, 1887.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A married man can always pack a trunk more easily than a bachelor can. He gets his wife to do it for him."—*Journal of Education*.

An exchange says Gettysburg is becoming a summer resort. So it was in 1863, but it was much warmer then.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Dicky (blowing off his Boston cousin)—"Will you have the celery dressed, Dorothy?" Dorothy—"Thank you, no. I prefer it—r-r—nude!"—*Puck*.

It is very wicked for men to flirt, but the women are to blame for it, after all: if there were no women it is certain that men would never think of flirting.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Ma," said Bobby, "If you'll give me another piece of pie do you know what I will do?" "What will you do, Bobby?" "I'll give my little sister half of it," said the generous boy.—*New York Sun*.

Minister—"Which do you love best, Bobby, your papa and mamma, or your two rabbits?" Bobby (after some consideration)—"Well, I think I love ma and the jack-rabbits the best."—*New York Sun*.

Wife (one day after marriage)—"No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it." Same wife (one year after marriage)—"I took twenty dollars from your pocket-book last night, John."—*New York Sun*.

Mother (to daughter)—"Clara, doesn't that young Mr. Smith who was so attentive to you last evening, toe in a trifle?" Daughter—"I didn't notice it mamma. I understand he is worth two hundred thousand dollars."—*New York Sun*.

"There, Bobby," said his mother, "you have sat on Mr. Featherly's knee quite long enough. You are getting to be too big a boy." "Well, Clara sits on his knee," argued Bobby, "an' she's a good deal bigger'n me."—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—"Have you read Julian Hawthorne's story, 'A Tragic Mystery,' Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—"Oh, yes! and I found it very interesting. I think his style has so much improved since he wrote 'The Scarlet Letter.'"—*Life*.

Young Simpkins—"If the devotion of a life-time will prove to you the strength of my love, Gladys, it shall be yours. Can you desire more? Can you—" Gladys—"That will be all—" Young Simpkins (instinctively)—"Ca-a-sh!"—*Tid-Bits*.

The average girl is now engaged in the manufacture of slipper-patterns and whisk-broom holders, which she will exchange on December 25th for tortoise-shell fans, diamond earrings, and the like. The average girl has a good head for business, after all.—*Tid-Bits*.

Gentleman—"You say you have failed in the whitewash business, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah. Done clean husted." Gentleman—"What did you pay on the dollar?" Uncle Rastus—"Didn't pay nuffin on de dollar, sah. De li'hilities wah only seventy-fi' cen's."—*New York Sun*.

Father—"Who are the leading men in your class at college, Tom?" Tom—"Let's see. There is Ed. Pender can curve a hall around two posts. Tom Smith can kick nine feet and two inches high, and Andy Jordan can throw any man in the university. Our class is going to make a brilliant record, father."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Housewife (to new domestic)—"There is one thing I wish to say to you. The last girl had a habit of coming into the parlor and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?" New Domestic—"Yes, mum, I plays, but I'll hev to charge yer a dollar a week axtry if I'm to furnish music for the family."—*Tid-Bits*.

At the breakfast table she asked him for a little change. "I haven't any, my dear," he said; "nothing but a ten-dollar bill." At the supper table she made the same request. "I haven't a cent," he replied. "Why didn't you get that ten-dollar bill broken, John?" she inquired. "I did," he answered with an intonation of sadness.—*New York Sun*.

"I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Samuel Slump," said a stranger in a Western town to a citizen. "Can you tell me if he is a man of drinking habits?" "Wall, stranger," replied the citizen, expectorating copiously, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that Sam is a hard drinker, but I reckon if you ask him to go an' take suthin', you won't have to build a fire under him to git him started."—*Tid-Bits*.

Wife—"Why did you send home a ton of coal to-day, dear? We have coal enough to last until July." Husband—"I didn't order any coal, and I wish you wouldn't pay gas bills. I went to the office to-day to make a kick, and was told the bill was paid." Wife—"Why, I haven't paid any gas bills." Daughter (blushing)—"George is the responsible one, papa, and I think it was a very delicate thing for him to do."—*New York Sun*.

Man (who has "called")—"Look here, hoy; if you'll deliver this letter, and hriog back an answer in fifteen minutes, I'll present you with this dime novel, 'Earthquake Ed.; the Blood-Wader of the Far West!'" "Intense excitement was caused this morning by the spectacle of a messenger-boy running down Broadway at a rate of speed never before known in the history of the messenger service. Our reporters have not yet been able to learn the cause of this unheard-of performance."—*Evening Paper*—*Puck*.

Wife of young literary man—"Why, George! A hundred dollars for that magazine story! How long did it take you to write it?" Young husband (nonchalantly)—"Oh, I don't know. A couple of days, I suppose." Wife (exultingly)—"Fifty dollars a day! That's three hundred dollars a week, and twelve hundred a month. Twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four—fourteen thousand four hundred dollars a year! Why, George, we can keep a carriage and horses just as well as not!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE OBLIGING MAN.

"Flaneur" tells how New York Women get Escorts for "Doe Parties."

At the theatre, last night, there was what is sometimes called a doe party, under the escort of a single and amiable young man. There were six ladies in the group, and they were all of them dressed in the prevailing mode. More than this, there was a certain beauty and perfection of fit about their attire that stamped their dress-makers as being among the crack members of their craft. The faces of the women were clear and fresh-colored, after the fashion of New York women of the higher social grade just now, and they were all remarkably easy and at home in bearing. The amiable man had rather a weak chin, a pair of small, mild, and contemplative eyes, a narrow chest, and an air of being quite content with himself and his surroundings. He sat down on the left of the row of beautiful women, folded his hands gently, and gave himself up to the play. He did not attempt to enter into conversation with, or pay the slightest attention to, his charges. He assisted all those who were near him with their wraps, and allowed the remoter ones to go it alone. At the other end of the line was a married woman of, perhaps, thirty years of age, who sat back in her chair with the air of a duchess, and looked blandly at the stage through her lorgnette. A man of her acquaintance approached after the act, bowed, and sank into a chair in front of her, whence he proceeded to gaze into the lady's tranquil and beautiful face, pleasantly.

"Aren't you afraid to be out alone this way at night?" he asked, glancing along the line of pretty faces, and then bringing his eyes back to her again.

"We're not alone," said the lady, calmly; "we have a man with us. I don't know exactly where he is, but I know he's somewhere about."

"It isn't Billy, is it?" asked the man, with some show of interest.

"No," said the other, sweetly; "my husband has gone to a meeting of some yacht committee or other, of which he is a member. Every night he disappears with the same excuse, and I can't say a word, because he knows I dote on yachting, and he's likely to go off in the tantrums and sell the sloop if I cross his lordly but somewhat petulant desires. I have here," she continued, leaning forward toward her old friend and glancing along the line of her companions, "five beautiful and accomplished young women and an obliging young person, under my maternal eye. The girls came in to tea at five o'clock, and stayed to dinner at seven. At eight, we sent messages to all their mothers and came to the theatre off-hand. The young person on the far end is that indispensable society factor, the Obliging Man. I can not imagine what the wives of neglectful husbands and brutal brothers would do without him. We sent him a note and he brought us all around here, radiantly, excitedly, and happily."

"He doesn't seem to be having a very dissipated or delicious time just now."

"No, I think he's asleep. He never says anything after he has accomplished his work as an escort. Neither do any of his fellows. They are all good-nature and anxiety while escorting women to and from places of amusement, parties, and the like, and having once settled this, they never pay the slightest attention to them until it is time to go home again. They all of them have what is known among women as tact. I believe men call it Miss Nancyism. They are never in the way, say pleasant things continually, are neat, somewhat finicky, and solicitous in the matter of draughts, rubbers, and wraps. When a man speaks of tact, he means diplomacy. When a woman refers to it in a man, she means good-nature and pliability."

The doe party was the observed of the entire house. Even the actors played to them, and the girls gossiped among themselves with unceasing zest and vivacity during the whole performance. They were continually grinning and giggling, and whispering their little jests to the young married woman on the end, who seldom smiled, but whose eyes glanced brightly. The escort sprang up suddenly after the curtain dropped on the last act, and fell into a condition of amazing activity. He seized wrap after wrap with an unerring instinct of ownership, and immediately plunged headlong into a dashing conversation with the most frivolous girls in the group.

"Dear me," he gasped and giggled happily, as they all drifted slowly out into the lobby, "I really feel—te-he, tuh-huh—quite like a paterfamilias, you know."

"A whaterfamilias?" asked the girl, as she buttoned her glove and cast a sidelong glance at the matron of the party.

"Oh, there you go again," gasped the young man radiantly, "always making fun of my Latin when I venture to exploit it in public—wasn't it a lovely play—don't you think Agnes Booth is delicious—I should think she must be awfully sweet to know—Charles Coghlan is in very good form, but then he doesn't look like a real gentleman on the stage—so few actors do you know—there, it's raining, no it isn't—dear me, whatever should I do if it rained?"

"You could fold us under your wings, Willie," said the frivolous girl, taking his arm casually, "and take us to our little roosts."

"It would have to be a pretty big wing, wouldn't it—te-he, tub-huh."

I didn't hear the rest of the conversation, I am glad to say. It was quite plain that the girl had dropped to his level in the gay and brilliant persiflage which I have just recorded simply because she wanted to please the man who had put himself at their disposal that night. As the six women drifted up Fifth Avenue chatting vivaciously, I looked at them and wondered if there wasn't a screw loose somewhere in the social system that fails to provide intelligent escorts among the opposite sex for such superb specimens of American girlhood. They were handsome, well-formed, clever, and bright, and any one of them would be a belle in a smaller city. Yet in New York doe parties are a necessity, or else the women must remain at home. There is always a good-natured theatre-going man about somewhere, and he is in demand, for escorts of the better sort are rare. These theatre-going, cloak-carrying, and gossiping men are to be seen everywhere, and always with magnificent women. Apparently they have a choice of girls. They are useful, and

they seem to realize that that is the sole cause of their existence. It is not difficult to tell why young men of position and personality do not usurp the privilege of the Obliging Man. The detail and bother of theatre-going under certain aspects are what keep the more important of the men shy. Many a young New York business or professional man feels inclined to take a lady to the theatre occasionally after dinner, and would be exceedingly glad to run in on her about eight o'clock and cart her off to the play, after the good old American fashion. But this is not possible nowadays. Though the nondescript and amiable escort may take the girl or wife to the theatre without preliminary details, the man of the world is forced to go through such a wealth of details that the trouble outweighs the joy. He must write a polite note to the girl originally, and ask her if she can't go on the following Tuesday to Daly's. She writes him a fluttering little reply, in which she explains that she is thrown into a state of ghastly misery by the fact that she has a dinner-party on Tuesday, and is engaged for Monday and Wednesday nights. But she and mamma could go Thursday, if that night would do. The man of the world bolts the mamma with a blast-furnace sigh, gives up the cherished idea of going to a prize-fight Thursday night, and then drops a meek note expressing delight at the prospect of going on Thursday to the play with the girl and especially with her mamma. Monday he has to leave his office early in order to get up to Daly's in time to buy good seats. Of course he gets very bad ones, for they always book weeks ahead at that house. Thursday, he sends the bouquets, hires a double carriage, hurries around like a martyr, takes the ladies to the theatre, and listens to the inane platitudes of the mother and the chatter of the girl until the play has dragged its weary length along. Who ever knew a girl to talk well in the presence of her mother in a public place? The man of the world takes the pair home after an evening of wearisome artificiality, and swears by the moon that he will never do it again. One item of the excursion is the cost. But, more fatiguing and annoying than everything else, is the intolerable bother of it all.

BLAKELY HALL.

NEW YORK, October 19, 1887.

Since it has become the fashion to follow the lead of Eastern people in the amusement line, it seems strange that, up to this, San Francisco has been without a coaching-club. We have tennis-clubs, rowing-clubs, walking-clubs, etc., but no coaching-club. It would not be a bad speculation for some young man who knew how to handle the ribbons, and had a fair knowledge of horse-flesh, to start a line between this city and Menlo Park. A coach of the standard pattern would accommodate about fourteen comfortably, not including the driver. The Fourteen-Mile House would be a good station for a change of horses. The road between this city and Menlo Park is always in good repair, and there are no long hills to interfere with a rattling run. It would be a delightfully pleasant way for people of leisure to make the journey between town and country, and would please the dressmakers and milliners because of its inauguration of coaching costumes. As a speculation it would pay, and leave the coachman a good margin when hay, harness, and horse-flesh were settled for, and could he make two trips a day, he might wax as fat on his earnings as the distinguished Weller, the great type of the true coachman.

The clerical party in Mexico is again displaying its strength and bitterness, by assaults and outrages upon Protestants. In the State of Tabasco, a young Protestant Mexican girl opened a village school, in the face of boasts that it should not remain open a week, and in a few days she was poisoned with "loco" weed by the fanatics. In Guerrero, a mob, instigated by priests, assaulted the house of a Protestant family, and killed three persons. In Vera Cruz, the editor of a Liberal newspaper which had attacked the reactionary ideas of the priests, was condemned from the pulpits, and shortly afterward was found dead in a lonely road, murdered. Even *El Monitor Republicano*, a journal whose principal circulation is among Liberal Catholic families, denounces these outrages, and calls upon the government to avenge them. The present government owes its existence to a revolt against the clerical party, and if only as a political measure, will have to take action in the matter, but the spirit and extent of fanaticism there are evident. These outrages were perpetrated upon native Mexicans, and if the clerical party ever regains power, which is not improbable in that turbulent revolutionary country, the Enseñada colonists may be warned what to expect.

The resolution of our Chamber of Commerce memorializing the Secretary of the Navy in behalf of the establishment of a naval reserve, meets with general approval. Such a measure would not only provide a corps of vessels suitable for the uses of the government in the event of a war, but, properly constituted, it would improve the condition of the American seaman in the merchant service, elevate his morals, and create an incentive for good men to enter a service which now seems to offer little but hardship and abuse as a reward for faithful labor. The scheme should afford provision for the enlistment of apprentices, who should be protected in their station, taught their profession, and encouraged to strive for advancement. The measure would cost the government comparatively little, would furnish a school for future officers of our merchant marine, and would be a step toward the reinstatement of the American sailor in the position of efficiency, intelligence, and respectability which he held in former years.

From the leading Catholic paper of America, the *Free-man's Journal*, we quote:

What is called Catholic literature in this country, literature written by Catholics for Catholics—is an exotic. It is put under a glass case and spoken well of, and occasionally inspected with an air of profound criticism. But, beyond that, no attention is paid to it. If we had a society for the encouragement of good books, a beginning of real importance would perhaps be made. If our colleges had real courses of literature instead of shams ones, a thorough spirit of appreciation and criticism would be generated. But, with one or two exceptions, the English literature in Catholic seminaries and colleges is founded on Jenkins's absurd text-book, or John O'Kane Murray's ridiculous catechism of literature.

Truly, such candor is refreshing, the more so from its phenomenal rarity.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The queen grandmother of Spain is fond of Turkish baths, and sh claims that her youth is returning through being vigorously rubbed from top to toe every day with eau-de-cologne.

Robert Garrett is only forty-one, yet he has crowded as much in these years as the average man puts in a life time of sixty or seventy years. He has also accumulated one hundred pairs of trousers.

The curious word "Ulyseum," which is used to advertise a series of pictures delineating General U. S. Grant's life, from cradle to grave was invented by Mr. Henry Clay Lukens, editorial manager of *The Journalist*.

The original Bartlett pear-trees, named after Enoch Bartlett, stand on his grounds, near Boston, and are over fifty years old. Twenty years ago, a new top was grafted upon these old trees, and they still bear fine fruit.

Mr. Edward Earle, of New York, has on his place at Narragansett Pier a water-tower seventy five feet high, containing eighteen thousand gallons. On the top of this tower is a wooden dragon twenty-one feet long, with spread wings measuring twelve feet from tip to tip.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln keeps a scrap-book in which she preserves all the newspaper and magazine articles which appear concerning her in mortal father-in-law. She wants to make an historian of her little son and have him write a biography of Abraham Lincoln the Great.

Ross Raymond, who is now in Sing Sing for swindling, was the inventor of the original story connecting ex-President Hayes with poultry business. There was not a word of truth in the story, which was a mere figment of Raymond's brilliant but perverted brain.

Doctor Schwenninger, the favorite physician of Prince Bismarck passed through Vienna last week on his way to Constantinople. He has been summoned by the Sultan, who desires that some of the ladies of the harem should follow Doctor Schwenninger's treatment for the prevention of obesity.

The *New York Graphic* says: "Miss Lucy Baumann is one of the richest young women in California. She resides in San Francisco, and owns no less than twenty-three thousand acres of land in the interior counties, not to mention a big block of stock in a line of coast steamers. Who is Miss Baumann?"

Miss Hildegard Oelrichs, whose engagement to Mr. Henderson, of the Anchor Line of steamships, is announced, has won a reputation in fashionable circles for her pluck in the hunting field. When visiting the Bradley Martins' shooting-box in Scotland, she brought down a stag with her rifle, and last year she excited the enthusiasm of the West by shooting a grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains.

The quorum of the English House of Lords consists of three members. The attendance in recent years has often been exceedingly small and it is quite within the range of possibility for the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Ailesbury, and the Earl of Lonsdale, by a tending on an off-night, to exhibit the curious and edifying spectacle, the legislation of a great nation being temporarily under the control of a direction of social outcasts.

Mary Anderson wears a cloak in "A Winter's Tale" which it took twenty-five women three weeks to embroider. The embroidery was done from designs by Alma-Tadema. Miss Anderson's necklace copied from one supposed to have been worn by Helen of Troy, which now in the South Kensington Museum. Miss Anderson, in London occupies a house on Hampstead Hill, from which she can look down upon the smoky city, and congratulate herself that she is breathing purer air than the millions of human beings below her.

Lord Augustus Loftus, ex British ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, has gone into bankruptcy. His fortune was small, and his pay of his office not sufficient to cover his expenses. He entertained a great deal, and he happened to be at St. Petersburg at a time when the festivities were high at court on account of the marriage of Victoria second son with the only daughter of the late Czar. Financial matters grew so bad with him that he was obliged to resort to extreme measure and now the English papers are commenting on the unique sight of an ex-British ambassador in the London bankruptcy court.

Mme. Boucicaut, the great Parisian shop-keeper, well merits the Cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor, which has been bestowed upon her. She has given about one million dollars to her employees a pension fund for the sick and superannuated, besides splendid libra and reading-room funds, and she allows them all shares in the profits of her business. In her native department she has built, at her own expense, and at a cost of over two hundred thousand dollars, a bridge across the Saone, to give the people a more direct road to market, and she has distributed more than one million five hundred thousand dollars to relieve the sufferers from the phylloxera plague.

The following clipping from the *London Daily Telegraph* of March 16, 1886, will, no doubt, prove highly interesting to Mrs. Frank Leslie's "Police Intelligence."—Bow Street.—Commitment of a Russian Prince.—Prince George Eristoff, of St. Petersburg, was charged on remand under an extradition warrant with obtaining money by means of false pretenses within the jurisdiction of the French Republic. The accusation was stated to have been a gentleman-in-waiting to the Emperor of Russia. He was arrested in London by Inspectors Jarvis and Moser, Scotland-yard, and fourpence, several letters, an empty purse, at some pawn-tickets were found in his possession. The papers in support of the charge were translated by M. Albert, and the allegations were understood to be that the accused had engaged a valet through the medium of an advertisement, and had afterward borrowed upward of seven hundred francs of him. He also represented that he was entitled to a considerable sum, which was being transmitted to him by relative. On this representation, another person was induced to make an advance of fifteen hundred francs. The accused afterward left France, and was arrested in London. Sir James Ingham committed him for trial in France.

"En Revenant de la Revue," otherwise known as the "Boulang March," is merely an old polka, written some fifteen years ago in honor of the Queen of Italy. Paulus got hold of it, had some wretched dreg set to it, and began singing it every night at the big beer-garden where he was engaged to entertain women of the town and their male companions. Paulus gets a royalty of fifty per cent. on all copies of the song sold in France. Up to the present nearly three hundred thousand copies have been sold, and his income therefrom has been fully a hundred dollars a month, though he is unable to sing now, as his voice has given out. He has lately paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a house in Paris, and he owns a country-seat which cost him seventy-five thousand dollars. He lives, dresses, and drives out in a style becomi a millionaire. Now that his voice is broken he does not go to the beer-garden, but once a week he sends his liveried servants around to his office with his carriage to draw his royalty and bring it home to him. Paulus' real name is Paul Habans. He is a native of Bordeaux and about forty five years old. He has been a public comic singer ever since he grew up to manhood. For years he did not earn more than twelve to fifteen dollars a week. When the other singers took to wearing cuffs fifteen inches in circumference about their wrists, he came o with cuffs a yard in circumference, making him look as though his hands were sticking out of beer-barrels. When large nosebags appeared, he adorned the lapel of his coat with a cauliflower encircled w a wreath of mammoth sunflowers. When the others affected low-c shirt-collars he had his bosoms cut open almost to the waistband. These tricks, more than his singing, attracted attention. Thousands flocked nightly to see what new trick he would display. So he w fame and fortune. As his songs were almost always political and satirical, and often scandalous, he made many enemies. Frequently he w threatened with violence, and more than once was on the verge of duel. In preparation for emergencies he studied boxing, fencing, ar pistol-shooting, until now he would be, in either of the three, one of the most dangerous antagonists in France. But as yet he never h been compelled to put his prowess to actual test.

A GALLERY OF HORRORS.

"Betsy B." describes the Famous Wiertz Museum in Brussels.

Brussels is not a city to attract the American visitor. It is so well-known by its sobriquet, "the little Paris," that the American does not think it worth his while to stop when he is so near to Paris.

But Brussels is dearly loved of the English, as we learned from Thackeray long ago. This is partly because of its accessibility to London, and partly because of its vicinity to the field of Waterloo. If an Englishman must live out of his own tight little island, as several thousands of them in Brussels are obliged to do—for Brussels offers much the same refuge to an Englishman that Canada offers here—it is just as well for him to live within the shadow of his country's glory. And England, with all her pride in her arms both by land and sea, has never been so perfectly satisfied with anything as with her little achievement at Waterloo.

One gets a good deal of Waterloo in Brussels. You are considered to have done your duty by history unless you make a visit to the Field of Waterloo, which does not differ from any other spot in crowded little Belgium to any but a soldier's eyes. And, indeed, though you may have read your story Hugo faithfully and all the other descriptions of the struggle, though you may have haunted the circular panorama, and tried otherwise to understand the perplexities of the great battle, it is a mystery to you unless you understand military tactics. The garrulous guides mix you up with their ceaseless repetitions of La Belle Alliance, Haye Sainte, etc. The melancholy and monotonous Belgian landscape lies before you with such a mist of utter peace resting upon it that it contradicts their stories flatly, and it is simply impossible to realize that you are standing on the most remarkable battle-field in history.

There are some things to which one must not come too near. The tourist's principal comfort in his disappointment is his inability to rouse the proper set of feelings that should be stirred when one visits battle-fields, is the monument to the Marquis of Anglesea's leg. This is something tangible. The true marquis had his leg amputated after the battle. He had been rendered comparatively useless during the engagement, and, being a well-trained soldier, he did not care to travel with useless impedimenta. But it fell upon the field of Waterloo, all the same, and the marquis erected a monument over it, apparently for the benefit of the Belgian peasants who picked it up and buried it. The peasant planted a weeping willow which droops tastefully and mournfully over the stone, and he and his descendants down to the third generation have made a comparatively handsome living out of the marquis's leg.

The remainder of the marquis slumbers peacefully in the ancestral tomb, without any heed to the fact that the last of his line is playing the mischief with the old blood.

One finds one's self constantly on Waterloo Avenue, and perpetually coming across Waterloo souvenirs in the shape of the battle relics that are always being dug up. When you are taken to the old Hôtel de Ville which rises up in the old market-place and near the old guild houses, which Brussels prizes as sacredly as Cologne keeps the heart of Maria di Medici, there is more and more of Waterloo.

The pretty little cicerone, a little, blue-eyed Flemish maid, shows you very proudly over a great many things that you do not in the least want to see, but you must not throw her routine, or her wits will go wool-gathering. There is a great hall with a frescoed roof, whose peculiarity is that the graceful reclining goddess changes her position every time you change yours, and a fame goddess blows her trumpet straight into your face wherever you go.

But even the little Flemish maid, who perhaps never heard of Becky Sharp or the weeping Amelia of "Vanity Fair" in her life, keeps the great ball-room for the *prince de distance*. It looked absurdly like any other ball-room when we first went in, as wonderful things always do when their wonder is in association. But the sentiment of sight-seeing is something that each one carries in his own breast. Presently it comes to you that this is the room, though in the garish light of day, that moved the tuneful Byron to one of his greatest odes in commemoration of the eve of the battle of Waterloo. This is the very spot where "soft looks loved to eyes that spake again." A phrase for which people of poetical inclination owe an endless debt of gratitude to the poet, for they have employed it steadily ever since, and it is not yet worn out.

It was, perhaps, upon the very bench where the traveler sits—for the long, unremarkable room is lined with benches—that poor little Amelia wept one of her numerous inward sobs, while that cowardly George Osborne was putting his sacherous note into the wicked Becky's bouquet. It was that wall over yonder that the faithful Dobbin stood and looked over his lost love, and tried to save her a pang now and then. It was here that a touch of seriousness came to Mr. Crawley, and that, with the threat of peril, he resolved to make some provision for his worthless wife and neglected boy. It was here that countless tears were shed, and good-byes sobbed in hundreds of untold love stories that were finished next day. It seemed to bring Waterloo very near at last.

But, of all the Waterloo souvenirs in Brussels, perhaps the most interesting is the well-known picture of "Napoleon on Horseback" in the weird Wiertz Museum. It strikes the observer oddly enough that it should be allowed even here in Brussels. All elsewhere in Europe, even where his name is spoken in detestation, it is spoken also with a kind of dread, for the indomitable spirit of Bonaparte yet lived and acted in the palpitating air, and might avenge the insult. Perhaps the very unkindest cut that the great Napoleon ever drew was the portrait in the recent series of portraits in the *Century*. Some of these portraits give to the young Corsican that glorious beauty of face and form which was said to be in youth. But those who have always attached some veneration to the great warrior's name must have been dealt a terrible blow when they contemplated the portrait, said to be an authentic one, of a large, fat, placid, middle-aged planter, dressed, apparently, in white duck, and wearing a great pad hat of palmetto straw or some of its kin, as he takes a orthodox siesta.

Even Wiertz has been less unkind, for, though the picture

itself is a delirium of horror, it is at least the gray-eyed man of destiny in one of his loftiest moods.

It is the Napoleon we all know, in his familiar white coat and cocked hat, with his arms folded across his breast, and his clear-chiseled profile standing sharp against the background as his head is bowed in thought. To quote from a singularly vivid description of the picture: "The lips are compressed with dire, unutterable pain, the countenance is livid as that of a corpse, but animated by an undying consciousness. Round him, proceeding forth from his very vitals are thin, curling, lurid or livid flames. Here and there is a nimbus formed by his fiery suffering. Encircling him, and pressing upon him in his outward impassiveness, is an infuriated, lamenting crowd—desolated widows and orphans, and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved murdered ones; phantoms cursing him to his face and proffering to him to drink a streaming cup of blood."

It is not a cheerful picture. But it is not, by any means, the most impressive in the collection of this unique artist whom some men call a genius, and others call a madman. Even the *droeschy* man looks at you a little queerly when you give your order "to the Musée Wiertz," and rather wonders how you will take it.

It is far away at the edge of town, a great, light-yellow house, built upon the model of one of the Pæstum ruins, but now so covered by ivy that its architecture is barely discernible. It was once the studio and country residence of the artist himself, a fact which, of itself, strikes the observer strangely, for, as all the world knows, Wiertz never sold a picture. There is not a Wiertz to be found out of Belgium, except the portraits which he turned off as pot-boilers; all his works—paintings, sketches, studies, clay casts—all are collected here in one small gallery. It is but fair to add that the population, not only of Belgium but of the world, is quite content that the pictures shall hang there forever.

When one enters the main gallery the first impression is that of having wandered into a petrified pandemonium. In the great battle-pieces in the circular panoramas the stillness has a most indescribable effect upon a person seeing one for the first time; the thunders of war seem, by common consent, to have halted for one breathless minute. A first entrance to the Wiertz Musée has much the same effect.

His colossal canvas "The Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus," upon which he built all his hopes of rivaling Rubens, and upon which rests the weight of his fame, hangs upon the wall opposite the doorway, and transfixes you with horror the moment you enter. For its main figure, full life-size and perhaps more, is the nude body of a dead man being literally torn apart by struggling, desperate warriors. Menelaus, king of the Greeks, with his face transformed by rage, has taken the body by the shoulders, and is seeking to drag it into the Greek camp. The dark-bodied Trojans, half nude, and with tense-set faces and rigid muscles, have taken Patroclus by the feet, by the arms, even by the flesh itself—for one vandal hand has clutched the senseless body till his fingers are buried in the flesh—and are dragging him the other way. The canvas teems with figures of heroic size, all eager and frantic in the great struggle, yet bearing signs that they are half-spent with fatigue. Everything speaks of the blood, and heat, and sweat of the day, and it would be as revolting as it is wonderful if the Patroclus himself were not a creature of such infinite beauty that the eye lingers lovingly upon him to study the fabled symmetry of the Olympian Greek.

Wiertz did not often paint the beautiful. Indeed, the only other thing of beauty in the entire gallery is the figure of the Christ in "The Triumph of Christ," unless the Venus in "The Forge of Vulcan" be excepted, but the Venus is beautiful rather as "a fine figger of a woman" than as a Greek goddess. Wiertz inclined to the fantastic, to the grotesque, to the horrible. With all his passionate love of art, and all the genius that some accord to him, the sense of beauty seemed to escape him. With it escaped the fame and recognition which he sought so eagerly to reach, whenever, Tanталus-like, it floated near him, but never near enough to touch. In the "Triumph of Christ," there is a seething mass of devils in the foreground, headed by a brilliant Lucifer, who are being driven down into darkness by Michael and his cohort of angels. The devils—Wiertz is generally allegorical—are supposed to represent Sensuality, Tyranny, Slavery, and all the vices of the dark ages before the Christian era. Here, too, all is conflict, action, agitation. In the centre, and only light spot in the picture, hangs the crucified Christ. He alone is motionless. He hangs upon the cross, but it is but dimly outlined in the general darkness of the picture, and only reveals itself as you peer into it. Even the angels which throng behind are in the shadow, and the Christ stands out, white, calm, and serene. He has not the white majesty of the Christ in Dore's great picture, "Coming from the Praetorium," but there is just a touch of the same effect. By many it is much preferred, even as a work of art, to the great "Patroclus." People going through the gallery return to it again and again, for the peace the dead face of the martyred Savior seems to breathe.

Truth to tell, it is just a little upsetting to make a tour of the Wiertz gallery, where everything is not only upon a Titanic scale, but treats of such subjects as these: "The Revolt of Hell against Heaven," a canvas at least fifty feet high by thirty wide, where huge demons are writhing in every form of convulsion, and avalanches of great rocks are falling into the pit of hell;

"The Homeric Battle," where gigantic figures are at war, and a huge, impatient vulture waits over a mass of friend and foe, dead and dying, war-horses, lances, broken chariots, and severed, bleeding members are lying in inextricable confusion;

"The Beacon of Golgotha," where Despotism, with a huge lash, scourges a group of slaves, who are trying to raise the Cross, the Light of Truth, in the midst of a surging mass of devils;

"Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head," painted as Wiertz's personal protest against capital punishment, and presented upon the theory that extinction of sensation does not immediately follow decapitation. The picture has an awful fascination for every one, and is inexpressibly horrible. As if to add to its terrors, it is in the form of a triptych, and labeled—I, First Minute after Decapitation; II, Second Minute; III, Third Minute.

Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! There are a score of pictures with gruesome subjects like these, and every one would go home and have an elaborate nightmare after the visit, if Wiertz himself, out of the very contortions of his fantastic mind, had not hit upon an idea to prevent their full impressiveness. "Great genius is to madness near allied," sings the poet, and Wiertz liked nothing better than to startle and surprise, descending even to tricks. A table stands in one of the rooms covered with brushes, oils, and other apparatus of painting. They look odd enough in the ex studio, remembering that the artist went to ashes in his lonely grave in the neighborhood long ago, but, as you approach the table, you discover that they are painted. An old man, a red-nosed, white-haired old fellow, is sitting at a high, open window in one corner, from which the shutter has swung back. He wears a peasant's loose red cap, and has fallen asleep reading his paper in the morning sunshine. Upon the wall are painted the words, "Adressez-vous au concierge." Remembering the last trick, you suspect the shutter to be painted, though its iron hinges are strangely real. Once again you are deceived. It is one of the great solid board shutters still found in the Flemish villages, but it is a real hinge which has been adjusted to the frame, and it makes a clever trick. Beneath is a dog-kennel, out of which a great, fierce dog seems to be leaping at you from his chain. In the distance you would swear the kennel to be real, but it is painted and flat as your hand when you come near.

Wiertz delighted in tricks of perspective. All about the room you see your fellow-tourists peering into queer little sentry-boxes whose contents can only be viewed through little peep-holes placed at just the height of a person's eye. You are devoured by curiosity, but unless you have consulted your catalogue, you will be likely to start back with fresh horror from the first one. Perhaps it is that awful canvas "Buried Alive," so arranged by trickery and distance and the peep-hole that it does not seem that it can possibly be a picture. The horror-stricken face, and lean, sick hands of a man who has been buried hurriedly during the cholera, protrude from a wretched parish coffin in the gloom of the dead-house. The unhappy man's eyes follow you to the next peep-hole, where you get another dose if you are foolish enough to look. You generally look. Perhaps it is the one entitled "Hunger, Madness, and Crime." Wiertz never scrupled to give his horrors as complete a title as possible, and this treats, in a manner so vivid and graphic, that you forget it as hastily as may be, of a mother driven to madness by hunger, who has destroyed her child with a view to cannibalism. As the catalogue significantly says, "the artist has shrunk from no circumstance of terror." It is singularly unpleasant.

While making the round of the peep-holes, one cannot help observing that there is one from which every one walks away looking exceedingly sheepish. They smile significantly, but will never confess what they have seen. Curiosity overcomes you, and you look through the peep-hole, only to walk away with the same sheepish expression as your neighbors. For, in the midst of a group of Arctic travelers, you have seen your own face—set there by some subtle mirror arrangement—under one of the great fur caps, blinking and smiling at you knowingly, and for a little minute you do not in the least recognize your familiar, every day self. There are a dozen little tricks like this, and it seems impossible to reconcile the idea of their having been the work of the same hand as "The Orphans," for example, a work painted for a special purpose—which purpose it effected promptly and well.

Orphans have always been a pet subject with painters, but they have invariably taken a sentimental view of the sorrows of the little ones. Wiertz's orphans are as unlike anyone else's orphans as his work is unlike anyone else's. The picture represents one of the humblest Belgian interiors. The widow is weeping quietly somewhere in the shadow, while a young girl, perhaps one of the orphans, attempts to console her. Two Belgian peasants, each characteristic in his way, are carrying out the rude wooden coffin—which contains the last of their bread-winner. The younger children—there are quite a flock of them—unconscious of the awful thing called death, fly to the coffin and with cries, blows, and kicks, while fury is written in their little countenances, fight with the peasants for the possession of the body of their father as if they were fighting death itself. To quote again from an art student, "It is a strange and passionate scene, a fight of pure, unschooled animal instinct, of ignorant naturalism against a fearful and dread natural law." The picture was first exhibited at a charity concert given for the benefit of orphans. It was suddenly unveiled at some halt in the programme, and its appeal was electrical.

"The Orphans," like nearly all the pictures in the room, is painted in "peinture mate," Wiertz's great discovery, with which he expected to revolutionize the world of art, but the secret of which went to his grave with him. It is true they will sell you a little pamphlet which professes to give the secret at any book-stall in Brussels for a franc, but painters have been able to make no use of it. And so Wiertz's great unpainted paintings—for his discovery was a process by which the merits of oil and fresco were to be combined—hang on the walls and stare at you unfamiliarly and unique. Perhaps the peculiar process of their paintings adds to the weirdness of their effect, for everything seems to leap at you out of the canvas, owing to the fact that it is never necessary to seek a favorable light, since no shadows play.

In every picture is related the story of how powerfully the spirit of Rubens dominated the soul of the painter who craved, with a longing and resolve that were like madness, to excel the great Flemish master. He beat his passionate soul out against the bars of life—vainly. The government gave him the building where the pictures now hang for a studio, upon condition that all his pictures revert to the government, but the world has never given him fame.

He was a writer, musician, sculptor, painter, of extraordinary gifts, and with ideas so colossal that some great minds recognize him as a genius. But, where his queer crooked name is written on the tablets of immortality, Fame writes against it in faint, shadowy letters—Failure. BETSY B.

Miss Nettie Carpenter, who took the first prize as a violinist at the Paris Conservatory, is an American girl, only sixteen years old, and is coming to this country with Gerster.

TWO STRIKING PLAYS.

"Iris" discusses "Dr. Jekyll" and "As in a Looking-Glass."

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been the theatrical sensation of the autumn season. It has frightened everybody out of their wits. A few women have even had the satisfaction of fainting during the performance, and every one has been "creepy," "stiff as a poker," "knocked end-wise," "paralyzed," had "cold chills down their spine," and "cold perspirations on their forehead," according to their different natures. Mr. Mansfield is not only a successful actor, he is becoming a hero. All the little boys about town have anecdotes to tell of him. To know him is not exactly a liberal education, but a great recommendation. Young men who "know Mansfield" are much in vogue. They divide the honors of popular favor with the new dress-coat which lacks a caudal appendage.

Mansfield first attracted public attention in the "Parisian Romance," some five years ago. He was the bad old marquis—a sort of dandy Blücher, who spared neither hottle in his thirst, nor man in his wrath, nor woman in his love—a nobleman of aristocratic vices, who, like Mr. Dolls in "Our Mutual Friend," was a victim to the trembles. Mansfield, by the way, makes a specialty of the trembles. He now enjoys the proud distinction of being the best trembler on the American stage. As the marquis, it was merely a refined, reserved sort of quiver, which shook him promiscuously, whether flushed with love, or wine, or money. As Mr. Hyde, it is a superb, malarial shake. It has its rise in the knees, and reaches its highest development in the hands. After the marquis, Mr. Mansfield lay perdu for a time. Then he tried the "Manteaux Noirs," and, having a good voice, made a hit in "Prince Carl," where, in long boots, and a beautiful drooping mustache, he was as fine and handsome as you please. When people heard of the coming of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," they said, with indulgent smiles: "Dear me, what a daring young man." But curiosity was aroused, and the first night saw a packed house, which remained packed till the end of the brief season.

The dramatization is good, the cast poor. Mansfield, by his superlative excellence, redeems it. But, as I heard a woman say in the foyer one night, "Thank heavens, they're not all as good as he!" It would be too horrible if they were! The main characters of the book have been preserved—Lanyon, Utterson, Poole, are all there. But a beautiful melancholy girl has been interpolated, to add delicacy and color to this masculine assemblage, and to introduce a *souffron* of love-making, and a few toilets. Jekyll is young, and betrothed to Agnes, the beautiful girl. Of course, this alters the face of things a little, and when, as Hyde, he murders the beautiful girl's father, it alters the face of things quite a good deal. The beautiful girl, as a feminine element, is successful. She has all the attributes of the ideal woman—a mournful, dragging voice, a long, slim figure, a little head running over with curls, and a capacity for shedding tears at a moment's notice. As a patient Eureka Weeper she is hard to beat. Her wardrobe would delight the "Duchess," being all tea-gowns and clinging draperies. When her father is cut off, like a rose, in his prime, she attests her grief in a long, straight black robe, without an overskirt; when she is happy she wears a pink moiré tea-gown, with angel sleeves, and a bustle. She is the style of stage heroine who riots sumptuously in mortuary details. First "me dead mother" does duty, then "me murdered father" comes in and curvets and caracoles about. Before papa is removed, it must, perforce, be mamma, though she has been dead for some twenty years. The most startling scene in the play opens with one of these mamma rhapsodies. Dr. Jekyll, the fiancé, has gone home evidently unhappy. He is a most wretched-looking young man, and palpably blighted by the shadow of a crime. He talks darkly to Agnes of parting from her, and leaves her partially blighted also, but still retaining sufficient vitality to fall upon her father's neck in a clinging attitude, and cry "Oh, papa darling, how well I remember, dear mamma. I was four when she died. She was so beautiful, such big eyes, such small hands—" she chokes, and sobs, so does papa. When they recover, Agnes goes to the piano and plays. This is a pretty scene. The interior is artistic and natural, the girl looks graceful and refined as she plays; the moonlight streams in through the long, French window behind her with a pale, mysterious effect—all is peaceful. Suddenly a hideous creature creeps through the moonlight to the window, looks in with haggard, haunted eyes, and enters. It is impossible to describe the horror of this figure. It fills you with a sudden, sickening fear. The watchers' hearts stop, as with hunched shoulders, extended trembling hands, ragged hair, flabby, hanging lips, and ghastly eyes, it softly opens the window, and slides into the room. The hideous appearance, without the actual physical deformity so insisted on in the book, is wonderfully rendered, though Mr. Hyde in the play is a much more highly-colored person than Mr. Hyde in the book. The girl for once acted well. She turned, saw the thing creeping silently upon her, gave a real, terrified scream, and kept jumping back and forth between the door and her father like a person distraught with fear. The whole scene filled one with the vague fears of some formless, intangible horror, such as prey upon nervous children in the dark. It is here that the murder takes place. Mr. Hyde falls upon the father, bears him down, and the curtain drops upon the hideous figure leaping in triumph on its victim.

As far as the impression produced upon the audience goes, this is the scene of the piece. People are pale when the lights spring out; and everyone looks with horror into everyone else's eyes. Perhaps the impression is greater because it is the first appearance of Hyde. The most polished and brilliant part of Mansfield's performance is the change from Hyde to Jekyll. This is remarkable, daring, splendidly rash. You feel as if you were forced unwillingly into the front rank at an execution. Mansfield has evidently modelled the change on the descriptions in the Bible of the casting out of devils. The bowed and palsied form is shaken with spasms, and torn with pangs. With hands clinched over his face, he writhes, and twists, and quivers. Suddenly with an unearthly cry, as though soul and body were parting, he is drawn upright with the last, breathless pang, down drop his

hands, and he is Jekyll. The change from Jekyll to Hyde in the last act is not so vivid, though equally polished in execution. The edge has been taken off. One begins to have a sort of exulting feeling of being able to face anything now. Let him turn, like the chaste Thetis in the hands of Peleus, from a raging lion to a serpent, you will sit and smile on, tranquil and happy. The death is well thought out, congruous, and effective. It is the right kind of death for the man and the piece—a fitting termination to the brilliant allegory. There are no acrobatics. He takes the poison and falls on the floor in a little hunch, face down. In the silence, one hears his nails making a long scratching on the floor, as in a slight contraction of the muscles his clasped hands are drawn to his body. That is all.

Of course there have been many criticisms on this successful and singular performance, the common one being that Mr. Hyde is too horrible and Dr. Jekyll too colorless. People forget that no man can do impossibilities. In order to accomplish the changes, Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll must be exaggerations of their peculiar types. Fine shades are impossible. Dr. Jekyll certainly is the most wretched and flabby sort of man. It stands out all over him that something is wrong. If you passed him in a crowd you would pick him out as a man who had "planned a little burglary, or forged a little cheque, or killed a little baby for the coral on its neck."

But this lack of artistic finish was necessary—"the low sun gives the color."

"As in a Looking-Glass," has divided the honors of public favor with "Dr. Jekyll." Morally, they are as different as two plays can be. The latter, regarded from its allegorical side, points a stern and terrible moral. The other is rotten to the core. A more sickly, morbid, and vulgar production it would be hard to see. All the women are knaves; all the men fools. Everybody loves where they ought not, nobody loves where they ought. The two poor devils who feebly try to cultivate a respectable affection for each other are befooled and derided by the smart adventuress. Be bad, and you will soon be at the top of the heap—that is the moral. All the points of your moral compass are mixed up. To be reputable is to be stupid and commonplace. Madame Rattazzi knew what she was talking about when she said that "Respectability was merely a varnish for stupidity." The play is supposed to savor of the great world. It is full of lovely, loose women, and gay young bloods, such as burning Ouida loved and sung.

In the first scene we have them playing cards with had and beautiful Captain Jack Fortinbras—(Mr. Maurice Barrymore.) Captain Jack wears a corduroy coat and an eye-glass. He is cheating at cards—at least one is led to believe, by the conspicuous manner in which he drops the nine-spot on the floor, looks at it with fiendish glee, and then stamps on it, that he is up to some wickedness. The manners in the highest English society—for these young men are all lords—are not what one could term genial. Captain Jack is cheerfully accused of cheating. Indiscriminate accusations of lying float idly about, nobody seeming to care enough about them to take them up. Superfluous gentlemen are carelessly told that their room is better than their company. Nobody gets angry. If their language is a trifle rough, their tempers are smooth in proportion. Presently, the category of insults being exhausted, and Captain Jack continuing to smile and smile and be a villain still, the company goes home, more or less in debt. Mr. Balfour alone remains. He is evidently one of those men who never go until the lights are put out. To him enters the Lily—Mrs. Despard—in full ball-costume. That there should be anything odd in her appearance, late at night, in the apartments of a notorious scamp, does not, apparently, occur to Mr. Balfour. He is a singularly innocent young man. So far, the world has not spotted him.

The Lily, in this scene, is particularly gorgeous in a ball-gown of pale-pink embroidered gauze, with sapphires as big as hazel-nuts round her neck, and shrouded in a *sortie-de-bal* of dull blue plush, lined throughout with chinchilla. She gets rid of Algy with a few hints, sufficiently broad for that gentleman's comprehension, and has a tête-à-tête with Jack. They compare notes, smoke, drink champagne, and call each other bad names in the most friendly manner. Suddenly, in the midst of their glee, enters Lord Udolpho Daysey—(Mr. Robert Hiliard.) Lord Daysey—there is the possibility here for a blood-curdling pun—has an important part in the play. He does three things over and over. Jumps out of doorways where he has been listening, denounces Mrs. Despard, and dashes across the stage clutching his broken heart. He does the broken-heart part best. But then there are such quantities of broken hearts, smashing all through the play, that one gets a surfeit of them before the end. Lord Daysey here denounces for the first time. It is a denouncing *crescendo*. At the end, Captain Jack, who "slings an ugly left," deals a blow at space, hits the Lily—by accident, I suppose—and down she goes, dragging Lord Daysey along in a débris of silk and lace.

That was the first act. Then follow—lovers at a country-house, lovers at Monte Carlo, lovers in the hotel—lovers everywhere—nothing hut lovers. In fact, love for Mrs. Despard is something through which all must pass, like measles and scarlet fever. The easy way in which this beautiful creature works out her designs is, presumably, a silent indication of her superlative genius. Miss Vyse is disposed of and huddled off in five minutes. Algy succumbs without a struggle. Lord Udolpho does a little more denouncing—it is needless to say that he has hidden in a doorway, and heard secrets—but melts before Lena, on her knees, in a white silk wrapper trimmed with Russian sable, and with angel sleeves showing her bare arms. Algy, when his fiancée, twining herself artistically about him, suggests that he had best hear her past career, looks uneasy, and changes the subject. He is evidently anxious to keep himself unspotted from the world as long as possible. The fiancée agrees with him, and desists.

The poison scene is revolting. It is a realistic performance, modeled on Croizette in "The Sphinx," and Lena dies hard. She wears a really lovely matinee of black velvet, with a loose front of jet fringes which overlap, having the appearance of a solid jet piece from chin to toe. Her arms are bare to the shoulders, under immense loose pieces of fine black lace, which fall over the tips of her fingers when her arms are hanging by her sides, and swell out like bat-wings when her arms are raised. Weight is given to these lace

wings by long jet drops sprinkled all over them. In the beginning of this scene we have the late *chevalière*, happily styled as Balfour's wife. She adds up the accounts, and gives money to the poor. She is happy, and fondly kisses Algy who, in hussar-boots, shining like the sun, comes home for a ride. They bill and coo, and all goes merry as a marriage bell—when, hush! hark!—Captain Fortinbras enters through the window, in a yellow ulster and a solt hat. Algy is in the room, and the captain demands hush-money. He refuses. They fight. Captain Jack is about to try his up left on his old partner for the second time, when Algy enters. The blood of the Balfours is aroused, and Captain Fortinbras bites the dust. Animated tableau! The captain, with a low, demonic laugh of glee, rises, and proceeds to let out of hags. Lena falls on her face, writhes, groans, and finally confesses all. Algy's heart breaks. He denounces her, and retires. Captain Jack's heart breaks, for he is rested by the Russian police. Lena's heart breaks; she writes a farewell letter, and drinks poison. Then the audience's heart breaks; for the slaughter begins. I don't know what poison she is supposed to take, but it is something that hurts frightfully. Such shrieks and groans, and gurgles. Down on her face she drops on some cushions, and bites them, growling like an angry animal; then, holding 1 hands to her sides, screams and screams; then runs around with her eyes starting out; tears open her dress, and gasps and staggers. Finally, in the last paroxysm, seizes the captain, winds herself up in it, pulls it down, falls over an arm chair, which, upsetting, drops her out near the footlights—last a corpse.

NEW YORK, October 10, 1887.

THE SHAKESPEARE FOUNTAIN.

[The following poem was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, for the dedication of the Shakespeare fountain, at Stratford-on-Avon, presented by Geo. W. Childs.]

Welcome, thrice welcome, is thy silvery gleam,

Thou long-imprisoned stream!

Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads

As plashing rain-drops to the flowery meads,

As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!

From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,

Leap forth to life and light;

Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,

And greet with answering smile the morning's beam.

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows

Than from thy chalice flows;

Not the bright spring of Africa's sunny shores,

Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,

Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,

Nor wave translucent where Sabrina lairs

Braids her loose-flowing hair,

Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose,

Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveler stay his weary feet

To seek thy calm retreat;

Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest;

Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,

Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,

Matron and maid shall chat the cares away

That brooded o'er his day.

While flocking round them troops of children meet,

And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends

In toil that never ends,

Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,

Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein

Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;

Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot

Find his small needs forgot—

Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,

Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends!

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,

And skimming swallows dip,

And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes

Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes

Where Perseus' rose or Persia's lilac blooms;

Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink

At the full basin's brink,

And wet his beak against its rounded lip,

His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,

Far from his listening throng,

Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;

Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,

No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing.

These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim

Whose tuneless voice would shame,

Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong

The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!

What ghosts made real rise!

The dead return—they breathe—they live again,

Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,

Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening brain

The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst

Here found the sunbeams first;

Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize

The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wild waters reached the hand that gave

To all this bounteous wave,

With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;

Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought

From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!

Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled

With storied fountains of old,

Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,

And Horeb's rock the God of Israel gave.

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,

But heart to heart is true!

Proud is your towering daughter in the West,

Yet in her burning life-blood reigns content

Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.

This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,

Its gracious drops shall lend—

Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,

And love make one the old home and the new.

Mrs. Proctor, widow of Barry Cornwall, is the most interesting lady in London society. She is eighty-seven years of age, but "everywhere," as the phrase is, and is eminently popular for her good spirits, and conversational powers. Her father was the famous Basil Montague. Mrs. Proctor lives in a handsome flat in the All Mansions. Charles Dickens used to say that, when he wanted to "brighten up," he went to see Mrs. Proctor. She has known intimate the famous men of England for some generations past, and her memory is stocked with interesting facts.

VANITY FAIR.

"The vast majority of the women who smuggle have looked me calmly in the face" (said a New York customs-inspectress to a *Sun* reporter). "They very seldom turn their faces from the inspectresses. They have very much more nerve than men. I invariably say to the woman suspected of attempting to smuggle: 'I am afraid that you have dutiable goods on your person,' or, 'I think you have,' and you would be amazed at the assurance of their answers. They tap their bodies, and invite me to examine them, and if I call attention to their bustles, saying that they look unusually large and are askew, they gracefully adjust them, and say that the size is the latest from Paris. Some women, no matter how warm it is, or how much they perspire under them, wear heavy ulsters, and when I ask them if they do not wish to remove them, they graciously reply, 'Oh, no; I am quite comfortable.' Women smugglers possess the quiet and careless air of millionaires, but we can always tell them by the way they sit down. The stiffness with which they use their bodies is not compatible with the graceful carriage of the head and arms, and they are immediately suspected of having goods concealed about their skirts. The honest woman who is accosted with the invariable suggestion, 'I think you have something you ought to declare,' stammers a trifle, is abashed, and then frankly admits that she has a few things. Very often, in important cases, information about smugglers is cabled from Europe, but the chief informants are the stewards and stewardesses on the steamship lines. They get a percentage on all goods seized, and no matter how liberally they have been tipped on the way over, they remorselessly disclose the names of passengers who, they almost know, are smugglers. The stewards and stewardesses have access to the state-rooms, and have excellent opportunities for gathering information. Then many honest dress-makers give excellent assistance to the inspectresses. These dress-makers, during the season, send their fore-women to Europe to buy goods. They keep their eyes open in the big shops of Europe, know all the women who go abroad to buy goods in the hope of evading duties on them, and promptly send the information to New York. On several of the wharves there are private examination-rooms, where the women inspectresses examine smugglers, but in most cases the examination is conducted in the state-rooms on the steamship. It is the delicate part of the business. As a rule, they are mighty cool. Very few cry. I never insist that they shall take off all their clothing. I simply ask them to please take their things off. They begin with the bustle, and invariably stop there. I politely tell them that they must take off their dress and skirts, and you would be amazed and shocked at the easy unconcern which some of them show in divesting themselves of their clothing before me, a perfect stranger. Lace is wound around their forms inside their corsets, and with thin women the curvatures in the corsets are packed with rolls of lace. They stuff their stockings with ribbons. In one case, ribbons were wound about the limbs of a woman. Others partial to lace curtains have had their skirts made of them. The bonnets, with velvet fronts and plums for ornaments, when dissected, are found to contain diamonds. The diamonds in the plums are wrapped in black cotton. Some false heels to shoes have been discovered. They are hollow, and inside, packed in cotton, have been found diamonds of the purest ray. The false hips to the Paris dresses have turned out to be snug resting-places for jewelry, laces, and almost everything dear to the feminine eye. The enormous bustles of the smugglers are really nothing but wired enclosures for tarlatan bags containing hundreds of yards of ribbons, metal trimming, crowns of bonnets, silks and gloves. Speaking of gloves, reminds me of women who come into port with a dozen pairs or so. They can bring gloves only for their own use, and then only a reasonable number. Well, some women with three or four pairs bring in sizes ranging from five to seven. One woman said, one time, that the fives were of particularly fine quality, and would stretch to fit her, and the sevens were for the days when she had the rheumatism in her hands." The black-eyed public servant then spoke of the difference in the sums offered the women as bribes, and those tendered to men inspectors. "Oh," she said, "they offer us a dollar. A woman thinks a dollar a big bribe. A male inspector gets an offer of anywhere from ten dollars to fifty dollars, according to the worth of the goods to be smuggled."

It is the fashion now to have a fetich—something to love, to chide, to beat, to swear by, to dream on, to talk to, to reason with, and to worship as nothing mortal or material is worshipped. It may be a button without a shank, picked up from the marble slab in a Turkish bath; a bangle found in a street car with an indecipherable monogram on one side, and a date on the other, in which case there will be fatality in the letters, and luck in the numbers, combine them as one may. Such things as daggers, old coins, madstones, oyster-pearls, ocean pebbles, nuggets, petrified stones, opals, amethysts, and cornelians are dearly prized, and in jewels, old designs, such as wings, claws, spurs, foils, cubes, and the like, obtained or purchased under strange circumstances. There is no fetich like a luck-penny. Find a dime and let a left-handed, blue-eyed smith engrave a snake in the act of swallowing itself, tail first, and you have the Talmudic emblem as old as superstition itself. A fetich to be magical must have been consecrated by pathos, valor, generosity, or some gentler sentiment. The fancy comes to society indirectly from the stage, for actors, next to negroes and mariners, are of all professions the most superstitious. Mrs. Langtry wears on one of her long, tapering fingers a turquoise as big and beautiful as the gem Shylock mourned for. The ring and she are inseparable. There is never a glove so snug that it can not be coaxed over the solitaire, and on the stage, when it might be considered poor taste to wear it in view, the stone is turned towards the palm, or dropped in the bosom of her bodice. Both the gift and the wish were bestowed by royalty. Mme. Cavallazzi has a small ivory crucifix, the gift of her dying mother, who bade her cherish it with reverence, and burn a taper before it whenever the way seemed dark and dreary. In her stateroom on the ocean, mad winds and wild waves have no terror for her while burns the sacred taper at the foot of the ivory cross, and in the theatre no earthly power could induce her to go before the

footlights until her devotions had been made. Her husband, Charles Mapleson, has ceased to laugh at her, and almost believes that the light of the cross and the light of the tiny dip light her pretty feet through the intricacies of the dance. Sarah Bernhardt has an antique girdle made of medallions, on which are the signs of the zodiac in superb chasing. The zone was a gift from Napoleon, who received it from Abdallah Bey of Egypt. She is never without it; sometimes it is worn about her dress, and sometimes around her neck. It holds the gathers of house and stage dresses, and always encircles her night-robe. Aside from the worship of the girdle, she loves a knife, "because it cuts and is true—cruelly true." In all great undertakings she keeps a blade in her hand or before her eyes as a reminder that failure may be mended but never made perfect. Mary Anderson loves a pearl because it is pure and cold. Campanini pins his faith to a prune, and there is no time in the year when the stone or fruit of the black, sticky confection may not be found in his vest pocket. Ellen Terry's fetich is a bottle with a patent stopper—which is never empty, because the cork remains.

It is curious to remark how greatly Parisian habits have changed within even the past few years, and that, too, not a little owing to anglomania. Outdoor exercise is all the rage nowadays, particularly riding and driving, and from nine to eleven in the morning, the Bois de Boulogne is the rendezvous of the prancers and *piasseuses*, who, after their morning *tob* (Anglicé, tub), take a drive in their *boguet* (Anglicé, buggy), or in their *speedair*, which we pronounce spider. But that is a detail. The grave thing is that these gentleman and ladies, "very selected," get up early and go to bed early, and the consequence is, that they do not go to the theatre so much as formerly, and, above all, they do not care any longer about first nights. For that matter, the managers of the fashionable theatres are now much exercised to know how to arrange their programmes, for the Parisian dinner-hour is getting later and later, and the bed-hour earlier and earlier. At home, few people dine before half-past seven; at dinner-parties, one does not sit down to table much before eight o'clock; what time remains for the theatre? Either one must dine exceptionally early, or else arrive in the middle of the fourth act. At the Opéra, things are managed better. By tacit agreement, some old opera is performed for the benefit of the foreigners and country cousins, and then, toward eleven o'clock, the ballet begins for the benefit of the subscribers, who drop in about that hour, and many of whom have never heard the overture or even the first two acts of any opera of the repertoire. Nor are they any prouder or happier on that account. But still, this state of affairs is unsatisfactory, and the theatrical managers feel uneasy in consequence.

Mrs. Henriques, of South Orange, recently sent her shoes to William Van Iderstine's shoe-store by a small boy, who went through the street swinging them in his two hands, and finally deposited them in the shoe-dealer's hands, with a request to stretch them. Mr. Van Iderstine thrust his fingers into one of the shoes. He found an obstruction, and, tugging at it, he brought to light a small chamois-bag containing four brilliant unset diamonds. Shaking the shoe vigorously, he spilled out a pair of diamond ear-rings, two cluster rings, two solitaire rings, and a handsome cluster brooch. After giving way to astonishment for some minutes, the shoe-maker gathered up the precious jewelry, and hastened to Mrs. Henriques's house. "What do you keep in your shoes?" he asked. "I do not know," answered the lady, "unless it be a few diamonds. I sometimes put diamonds away for safe keeping by hiding them in my shoes. Did you find any?" The shoe-maker then handed over the property, remarking that she must be forgetful. She took the stones in a matter-of-fact way, merely remarking that it was rather careless. Judges of precious stones, who saw the collection, said that two thousand dollars would not more than cover the value.

The latest style of beaver that the fashionable man of means finds it a pleasure to wear, is six and three-quarter inches deep, has a bell crown, not too marked, and a graceful "set" or arch to the rolling brim. Should he care to wear a Derby in the morning promenade, it would be one of the shapely "square-crown" ones, with a wide band, that have entirely superseded the familiar round crown Derbys. Beneath his fall overcoat, our stylish friend wears a perfect-fitting cutaway-coat, and the graceful cut and handsome pattern of his trousers is at once agreeably noticeable. The cutaway-coat is made of dark-blue diagonal, cut low at the neck, and plainly shows the pattern of his rich scarf. The waistcoat beneath his cutaway is still lower, and reveals quite an expanse of his faultless shirt-front, as well as a good deal of his scarf. His coat is three-button, but correct fashion permits of the garment being made with four buttons if the wearer chooses. The noticeable thing about the trousers is that, while they are wide, there is evidenced a desire to restrain, in a measure, the rather riotous extravagances of the latest inspiration of the tailor. Fashion has ordained wide trousers, but even fashionable tailors will tell you that their best-bred customers will not follow this objectionable dictate of the fashion-plate too blindly. Trousers for this fall are made of very rich worsteds and chevots. The worsteds are mainly in dark, with quite a pronounced stripe, which, however, nicely avoids any suggestion of loudness in the pattern. The fashionable fall overcoat is made shorter than last season, and has what the tailors call "free-rolling" lapels. Light colors are quite popular. The materials used are diagonal, whip-cord, melton, and a novel weave of dark goods known as "wide wale," which looks like diagonal goods, with the diagonal stripes wide apart. The man who would be well dressed in foot-gear wears a gaiter with a rounded toe, not too pointed, and a low, broad heel. Good taste has triumphed over the toothpick toe completely. Kangaroo skin is favored by some gentlemen because of the ease it gives the foot. No man of taste and common sense will ever disfigure the foot with a tight shoe. It is sure, moreover, to mar the walk of the wearer. The fashionable collar is a standing pattern, not pronounced in its height, and with the points daintily bent over. The four-in-hand pattern retains its favor of last season for neckwear. Made up in a graceful knot by the

wearer, it sets off becomingly a neat standing collar. Bright colors in these scarfs are quite popular for fall wear, but silk, in single colors, subdued in tone, finds favor also. The stylish and most popular fall glove is an English importation in terra-cotta, with three braids of dark embroidery on the back. The walking-stick is one of moderate size, with a handle either of silver or of horn. The handles are small, and of rich but rather plain workmanship. The canes are made of various kinds of wood, but the plain malacca stick has never lost its time-honored popularity as the walking-stick par excellence for a gentleman's use. No one who carries one need ever fear being out of fashion.

There is an old-fashioned idea that a romantic young lady always takes the flowers sent her by her most devoted admirer, and puts them away with a lock of his hair. In after life, she may drag them out of some dark corner, and make him ashamed of his extravagance. But that is not what the Washington girls do with their roses. They wear them in their belts until they are faded. Then they strip off the leaves, and put them in some handsome urn, or jar, with spices and perfume, or with just the perfume and glycerine. Then they have a "rose jar," or *potpourri*. It differs from other *potpourris* only in that the leaves of no flowers, except those presented by some favorite, or favorites, are admitted. Sometimes the blossoms of violets, and other sweet flowers, are used with the roses. It is only then valued for its fragrance, and the romantic association. Another way is to use the rose-leaves and glycerine only. Then the young lady keeps away chapped lips by the use of this delicate salve. It takes many flowers for such a jar, but the lady would have no claim to being a belle if she could not collect enough during a season. The size of the jar varies according to the measure of the flowers the fair one receives, and there is a rivalry to be able to display the finest jar. Sometimes the vessel, in which the leaves are packed is quite beautiful and expensive. When it is remembered that in the dead of winter a bunch of flowers may cost anywhere from five to fifty dollars, according to their rarity, the costly character of the contents of the jar may be appreciated.

Much mischief has been done in New York (says *Harper's Bazar*) by the willingness some hostesses have shown in introducing the more plausible of adventurers, those who travel with a handle to their names. Nothing is so hard as to doubt a prince, a lord, or a marquis, yet a prince picked a pocket at a lady's reception in New York, and his minister said afterward that he was the worst villain in Russia, which is saying a great deal. But the lady was deceived by the name. When obliged to send for a policeman, at least to frighten her high-born pick-pocket, she was sympathized with by all her guests, not blamed. An adventurer sometimes comes well introduced by his talents. He may be a painter of merit, an artist, a musician. We owe him much for the livery he wears. Genius excuses a great deal. We even forgive a bad-mannered, incorrigible snob, pretentious and under-bred, if he has talents that delight us. There is a large double-breasted, wide-sleeved capote, called the Eccentricities of Genius, in which we too often wrap even a clerical sinner, an ill-mannered adventurer, a "dead-beat." There are certain houses in America whose hospitality is proverbial. Fashion congregates there; strangers are received almost without credentials. Such busy hosts and hostesses can not stop to look up antecedents. There are gay, agreeable, opulent salons, whose gates are not too securely grilled. To get into these houses is easy for the adventurer. He aims for them, then he dates his letters from them, and carrying from them what he can of social prestige, he descends on a more modest and less ambitious set of people, and uses the great name as an entering wedge. It is from these houses that much mischief has come. Women can, however, select some good guides. Never hastily accept a new foreigner of whom *men* speak doubtfully. Men have many chances of knowing other men which women have not, of course; and, although jealousy may, sometimes, exert a bias, one man is apt to be a good judge of another. The adventurer has this advantage, he is amusing, while the respectable world is apt to be dull. The prosaic virtues of a good husband and father, and of honorable workers, will sometimes lie like a pall on the dinner-party and the festive scene, while the adventurer, who is not encumbered by much moral baggage, can afford to be light, witty, and salient. The truth is, that cultivated American women spend much of their lives in being bored. The adventurer amuses them; a famous Western belle said that she wished to have a "graceful good-for-nothing." Fate was kind to her; she married a bogus lord, who had two other wives living. But she always said that he was the most enchanting man she ever met. To be a successful adventurer demands a high degree of talent. The coolness, the nerve of a soldier, the address and slowly beating heart of the gambler, the ready wit and the agreeability of the man of society—all these qualities are thoroughly indispensable to him who plays a part in which he is in hourly danger of being exposed. For to be found out is death to the adventurer; as soon as he hears that this is the case he knows that the balloon has collapsed. The adventurers of all nations regard rich America as their happy hunting-ground. They have found it an easy country to conquer, and New York a good city to sack, and they are never tired of gleaning in these fields. The colony of Virginia was settled by outcasts from England, the State of Georgia by debtors from the Fleet prison, and ever since has the star of the adventurer "westward taken its way." People in Europe declare that we are paying them back by sending over female adventuresses to London, Paris, and other points of easy-going society. Of female adventuresses the world is full, and their cleverness at devices, and greater power of adaptability, would seem to make them more dangerous as individuals of society than men. The successful adventuresses whom one sees in foreign cities are certain women of society who have coolness, cruelty, and courage. There are many such in our fashionable society who have not been found out. They have a comfortable duplicity. They may not always inspire confidence, but they keep up an agreeable *salon*. They are accomplished in social gifts, and they generally have an external amiability. They prey upon the benevolent and the careless, the credulous and the snobbish, with a noble catbollicity.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. "The Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS., when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS., to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Marion Crawford intends to add several new chapters to his curious supernatural novel, "With the Immortals," and it will not, there fore, appear in book form until the end of the year.

Mr. Froude's "Oceana" is said to have brought him in the comfortable sum of fifty thousand dollars, so that it is no wonder that he has been induced to write a companion hook on India.

Scott's "Bridal of Triemmain," with fourteen full-page illustrations by Percy Macquoid, is to be brought out for the holidays by Lee & Shepherd. The drawings will be reduced in photogravure.

The *Saturday Review* is not a devout admirer of Mr. Herbert Spencer. It says that Mr. Spencer's influence in England is "limited to men of science, young ladies in spectacles, and Mr. Grant Allen."

The committee in charge of the Museum Library, Canterbury, England, have excluded from its shelves all books of which Miss Braddon is known to be the author. The novel-readers of the city are objecting.

The New York *World* has followed the lead of the *Herald* and *Sun*, and now issues an evening edition. It sells for one cent, and the publishers claim that one hundred and twenty thousand copies were disposed of on the first day.

A volume, containing the best verses in the four English collections of George Macdonald's poetry, is in the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. This book will also contain the first collection of the poems scattered through the poet's novels.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman discusses Lord Tennyson in the October number of the *Century*. Speaking of the laureate's recent ode, and other "poems" and "salutations," Mr. Stedman says these simply prove that "genius does not always obey orders."

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop says, in the *Epoch*, that he remembers Bayard Taylor saying that when he was stranded in London, owing to the failure of his banker, Thackeray pulled out his bank-book and said: "I am three hundred pounds ahead. If that is any use to you, take it."

In addition to its finely illustrated résumé of English, European, and Asiatic news, the *Illustrated London News* is now publishing, as a supplement, an account by Walter B. Harris of the doings of the British Mission to Morocco, which is accompanied by pictures by Caton Woodville.

The foundations of the library of Walter Besant's People's Palace, in the East End of London, have just been laid, and the building will be completed in about eight months. It will hold nearly a quarter of a million volumes. A large number of books have already been contributed.

Mr. Bunner's story, "The Zadoc Pine Labor Union," which is to appear in the Christmas *Scribner*, will be illustrated by Mr. J. C. Taylor, of *Puck*. Mr. Taylor has also illustrated for the Editor's Drawer of the Christmas *Harper* a vaudeville entitled "Shot Thro' the Head" by Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

The title of Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope's forthcoming book is "What I Remember." It will contain sketches of Miss Mitford, Landor, Dickens, G. H. Lewes, Mrs. Barrett Browning, George Eliot, Gari-baldi, Prince Metetrnich, Mme. Mohl, Mme. Récamier, Chateaubriand, Mrs. Trollope, and others.

In reviewing the second series of verses from the *Harvard Advocate*, the New York *Tribune* says: "If the early promise were always or often justification for expecting the 'abundant fruitage in coming years,' these new Harvard verses might warrant the belief that a brighter era in American poetry was about to open. But how many of the clever youngsters, whose hands have been put to these capital verses, will, five years after leaving college, have maintained their intimacy with the Muses? 'The world is too much for us,' as Wordsworth has it, and if it makes keen business men, strong financiers, and bold projectors out of our college-boys, it too generally shakes all the poetry out of them."

A syndicate of wealthy Republicans has purchased the New York *Graphic* from J. W. Hinckley. Their names are Levi P. Morton, Frank Hiscock, Thomas C. Platt, Cornelius Bliss, Stephen B. Elkins, and another gentleman who is supposed to be William Walter Phelps. Of course it goes without saying that the *Graphic* will hereafter be conducted as a Republican paper. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned above are not only very wealthy, but exceedingly active in Republican politics. It is their intention to push the circulation of the *Weekly Graphic* in every State in the Union. The Republican party has felt the need of some influential weekly newspaper. *Harper's Weekly* and all the other great illustrated weekly newspapers are against it. The *Weekly Graphic* can be sold for five cents per copy, whereas the other illustrated weekly papers cost double that amount, and it is believed that at that price, the circulation of the *Graphic* under Republican auspices can be made very large. The purchasers are considering the feasibility of printing colored cartoons, after the fashion of *Puck* and *The Judge*, and if arrangements can be made to do this at moderate cost, the colored pictures will doubtless be a feature of the new *Graphic*.

A vacuum has been discovered in Paris, but it will soon be filled. The Brentanos, of New York and elsewhere, are the discoverers, and it is almost needless to say that they intend to do the filling. They believe there is only one bookseller—Galignani—in Paris, who deserves the name, and they intend to establish a bookstore that shall show the Parisians just what a bookstore should be, and prove of inestimable value to Americans in Paris, and, indeed, in any part of Europe. A. Arthur Bretano has been in Paris since last May, and is now looking for premises for the proposed store. One will probably be taken near the Place de l'Opéra, and the new undertaking be fully established within a few weeks. August Brentano, who is president of the company, says that the new bookstore will make Paris open its eyes, so to speak. Although meant to be a convenience for Americans abroad, the establishment would be in no wise limited in its scope. Persons of all nationalities would be able to find there what they wished. "One thing we shall inaugurate in Paris," said Mr. Bretano, "will be a newspaper delivery, not only of American, but of local papers. At present the Parisians have no such convenience, but go out and buy, or send for their own papers. Then, in Europe, we have, perhaps, one thousand subscribers. All business has to be transacted with us here. The new store will save them a great deal of time and trouble. It will be our headquarters for Europe." In one other respect Mr. Brentano thinks the new venture will prove a boon to Americans abroad. This will be in its ability to furnish the works of American novelists. At present, a writer has to establish a high reputation before his works will be brought out on the other side, and Americans find great delay in securing such books they would like. The new place will be fully stocked with such works as soon as possible after they are published here.

New Publications.

"An Ugly Duckling," by Henry Erroll, is an English novel reprinted in this country in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings, with a brief introduction by Professor Henry Morley, has been reprinted in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers, price 10 cents.

"The Village Mystery; or, The Spectres of St. Arlyle," by Dr. Benjamin F. Mason, is "a scientific and historical romance," in which ghosts, necromancy, alchemy, modern spiritualism, and the American Civil War play prominent parts. Published by Frederick D. Whiting, 44 College Place, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Another volume of Nathan Haskell Dole's translations from the Russian of Tolstoi has been published, with the title "The Invaders." Besides the story which gives its name to the volume, there are five others, of which the longest and best known is "Polikushka." Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, whose translations from the Russian have gained her an excellent reputation, both for their good English and their close reproduction of the author's mode of thought, has given us a new version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which is issued in one volume containing the five parts. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Parlor Games for the Wise and Unwise," by H. E. H., is a little guide-book for those gregarious persons, who, having got together on an evening and asked "What shall we do?" hail with delight the suggestion of "crampo," "quotations," "bean-bags," etc. It tells how these games and half a hundred more are played, and, moreover, describes a dozen ways of playing "forfeits." Published by the O. M. Hubbard Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Speculator in Petticoats," by Hector Malot, is the latest translation of the somewhat risky French novels which T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, publish in square duodecimo volumes. Mme. Fourcy speculates, deceives her husband and her lover with equal sangfroid, and pursues her conscienceless course through over three hundred pages, when she is brought up with a round turn by the typical detective of French novels. For sale by the booksellers; price: paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

"The Unseen King, and Other Verses," by Caroline Leslie Field, contains a number of little poems of nature and of religious sentiment which give evidence of a nice fancy and considerable facility of expression. "The Unseen King," a religious poem in blank verse, is the longest and most ambitious in the book, but the writer has succeeded better in her homelier essays. Published with uncut leaves in white parchment paper covers by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

"The Island World," by Charles Marion Tyler, is a lengthy discussion of the islands of the South Pacific. In part it is the result of personal observation during trading trips in the archipelago, but this has been supplemented by extracts from a wide range of authorities on the subject. The book describes the geographical position of the islands, their formation, inhabitants, commercial products, etc., at considerable length, and, while containing little that is absolutely new, it is a compact and valuable treatise on a portion of the world which is as yet too little known. Published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.00.

A commendable "Short History of Architecture" has been written by Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. It is a small book—less than one hundred and seventy pages—and makes no pretense of being a "multum in parvo" text-book; it is rather an interesting historical, analytical essay, describing the salient features of the various styles of architecture, detailing the causes which led to their creation, of how those styles were reflections of the minds of the people who made them, how they have been combined and utilized, one with another, and illustrating the subject with such plain drawings as are necessary for the complete understanding of the text. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strunkland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

"Matthew Calhrait Perry," by William Elliot Griffis, is a somewhat tardy tribute to one of America's greatest sailors and diplomats. His fame is overshadowed in the popular mind by that of his brother, the hero of Lake Erie, but his achievements among the slave-traders and pirates of Africa, in upholding the honor of our flag in the Mediterranean, in educational and similar work ashore, in the Mexican war, and in diplomatic communication with Japan—all these entitle him to a place equal with, if not higher than, that of his younger brother. His biography is almost a naval history of the United States during his time, and is also valuable as a picture of the life of a typical American naval officer. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$2.00.

Poor's "Manual of Railroads," revised for 1887, has just been issued. It contains ten hundred and fifty-three pages of compactly arranged information which cannot fail to be of great value to financiers, railroad officials, newspapers, libraries, and all who have occasion to know of the financial standing of the railroads, tramways, and similar corporations of the United States. From it one can learn of the route and mileage of the lines owned and the lines leased by any company; of its history; of its rolling stock; of its operations for the year ending Dec. 31, 1886, showing its financial standing; of the operations of its leased lines; and of its officers and their addresses. In the opening pages is given a résumé of the railroad operations of the year; a number of miscellaneous corporations are discussed at length; the Interstate Commerce Act is given in full, and there are twenty good double-page maps. Published by H. V. & H. W. Poor, 70 Wall Street, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

In the October *Wide Awake* Maurice Thompson tells a story about one of his boyish escapades, entitled "My First Voyage." There are three out-of-door articles: E. S. Brooks's "Football," Grant Allen's "Pitcher-Plant," and Amanda B. Harris's "Indian-Corn Talk."

"A Lady of the Old School" is the opening paper in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a résumé of Mrs. Susan Lesley's "Recollections" of her mother, Mrs. Lyman, of Northampton, and of the society which she gathered around her. Miss Jewett has a sketch of a New England by way, called "The Landscape Chamber." Percival Lowell continues his series of articles, "The Soul of the Far East," by a paper on Oriental art, and John Fiske has another of his studies in American history, this time devoted to an account of the adoption of the Constitution. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the sixth paper of his "French and English" series, shows the fallacy of attributing certain defects, often met with in a foreign country, to all its inhabitants. A description of the "Red Cross" society and its work is given by Helen H. S. Thompson, and Bradford Torrey has a pleasant paper on "An Old Road." "Historic Points at Fort George Island" are depicted by S. G. W. Benjamin.

Scribner's Magazine for November has for its leading article a paper by William F. Athorpe, on "Wagner and Scenic Art." The significant features are illustrated from the original designs for the setting of the Bayreuth stage. Professor D. A. Sargent, M. D., of Harvard University, furnishes the second of his notable papers on physical training, entitled "The Physical Characteristics of the Athlete." The numerous illustrations are portraits of athletes who have reached distinction in their specialties. These have been made from instantaneous photographs, and include a notable full-page picture of two wrestlers. Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., describes a visit to a most interesting country in Northern Africa, known as Grand Kabylia—the Switzerland of Africa. "A Diplomatic Episode" is a paper by Miss Olive Risley Seward, the adopted daughter of ex-Secretary Seward, and his confidante in many important political affairs, explaining for the first time an incident in our diplomatic history relating to the failure of the negotiations for the purchase, from Denmark, of the islands of St. Thomas and St. John. There is a description by John S. White, LL.D., of "The Viking Ship" which was unearthed several years ago at Gokstad, in Norway, and which gives a complete idea of the ancient ship-building methods of the Vikings. The fiction of the number embraces the conclusion of Harold Frederic's notable story, "Seth's Brother's Wife"; a dramatic tale of the Louisiana bayous, entitled "Tiray Soulit," by Rebecca Harding Davis; and a pathetic story by Miss Margaret Crosby, called "A Complete Misunderstanding."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A divorce suit has been pending for many years in a New Jersey court. The applicant is a German, and his counsel is one of Newark's shining lights. The other day, the German stepped into his lawyer's office, and said: "Mr. Barker, it is lawful to discontinue proceedings in divorce suits?" "Certainly," said the lawyer; "my dear sir, they can be discontinued at any time. I am pleased beyond measure that there is a prospect of having harmony restored between you and your wife." "Yes," said the client, "harmony is very good, hut Jane is dead."

When Scott was staying with his friend and brother-poet Wordsworth, the frugal fare—at least in the line of liquor—at the Bard of Rydall's table did not quite suit Scott's less simple palate. He used accordingly to pay a visit to a neighboring public and have a glass "unknown," as Mrs. Gamp would say, to Wordsworth. One day the two poets were walking out together, and they happened to pass this same public, when the landlady was standing at the door. Directly she caught sight of Scott she exclaimed, to his horror, "Weel, Mr. Scott, have ye come for your morning dram?" thereby letting the cat out of the bag, and covering Scott with confusion.

It was in Waukesha last summer that a Chicago woman became acquainted with a distinguished professor from the East. He was a man of grave and dignified demeanor, and inspired the somewhat flippant Chicago woman with no little awe. With the professor was his young wife, a particularly quiet young woman, who seldom spoke. The Chicago woman, being left alone with them, undertook to furnish the chat. "I was sitting out here on the piazza last night," said she, "after every one else had left, and I chanced to overhear a scrap of conversation from one of the windows. I don't suppose a serious gentleman like yourself, professor, will be at all interested, and I tell it for the amusement of your wife. The voices floating out were those of a man and woman, and I heard the man say: 'Poor little birdie, is oo afraid to be all alone in de world wid a great big horrid man?'" The little woman from Chicago got no further, for the professor and his wife had turned a vivid scarlet.

General Barrios, of Guatemala, was a man accustomed to have his own way. Even the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member, found it unsafe to dictate to him in political matters, as an anecdote which is told of him makes evident. The government, overturned by Granados and Barrios in the revolution of 1871—which brought the latter into power—was entirely dominated by the church. As he determined at once to get rid of ecclesiastical influence in civil matters, he was for many years at bitter feud with the more fanatical of the Roman Catholic party. The archbishop finally threatened to excommunicate him, and Barrios gave him free permission to do so, if he liked to bear the consequences. It was announced, therefore, that at two o'clock on a certain day the decree of excommunication would be pronounced in the cathedral, and a great number of ecclesiastics of all ranks, and of the more pious laymen, assembled at the appointed time to take part in the proceedings. Barrios let them get well inside the cathedral, and then filled the piazza with soldiers, pointed cannon at the cathedral doors, and sent a message to the archbishop inside to proceed, by all means, with the decree if he so wished, but warning him that the moment it was pronounced, he should feel himself released from all his duties toward the church, and would promptly knock the whole cathedral about their ears. The excommunication was indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish, when her husband was at the head of the State Department, was once very considerate with a newspaper reporter, Harry O'Connor, a young journalist, had done some service in Washington, and had made the acquaintance of Charley Godfrey's wine-room, which was then located on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, and which stood so high in the esteem of connoisseurs that even gentlemen like Hamilton Fish not infrequently purchased their brandies and Madras at that mart. O'Connor was, one day, dispatched by his newspaper to interview the Secretary at Garrison's Landing, where he was spending a vacation. The Secretary being out when the interviewer called, the servant took the card to Mrs. Fish, who received the visitor with distinguished consideration. At the close of a pleasant conversation, Mrs. Fish, with that combination of tact and grace that never failed her, begged to return the gentleman's card. "You may possibly find further use for this card," she said. It just happened that O'Connor's card-case was pretty low at the time, and taking back the card in the spirit in which it was offered, he thanked her for her thoughtful kindness. Plate-cards, at that time, would probably cost about five cents each. Without looking at the card O'Connor put it back into his case. Some time afterward he was relating the incident for the edification of a number of friends, that they might admire the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Fish. "I'd like to have that card," one of the friends remarked. "You can have it if you promise to take good care of it," said O'Connor, and he opened his card-case and handed the card over. Then, for the first time, it was noticed that on the back of the card was this memorandum: "Don't forget to pay Godfrey, on Saturday, two dollars and seventy-five cents for whisky."

Jean Louis, one of the great masters of fencing, was at Madrid in 1812. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-second Regiment of French Infantry. The First Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade. Rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over two hundred French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments decided that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should fight it out. Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre, a large ring is left open for the contestants. The drum is heard: two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second is Jean Louis. The witnesses assume their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues. "On guard!" The two masters cross swords; Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. Suddenly, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell, and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity Jean Louis has parried, and ripostes quickly in the shoulder. "It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard; almost directly he is hit in his breast. This time, the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply, Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword falls heavily upon the turf. He is dead. Jean Louis is already in position; he wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man. The best fencer of the First Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible. Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis. A third adversary advances. They wanted Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers with a smile. The signal is given. The Italian has closely watched Jean Louis's play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis's sword has parried, and is now deep within his opponent's breast. Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army. At the request of the Thirty-second Regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by ten thousand men. From that day, fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers. This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable, were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.

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forward to Christmas which in two months will be full upon us, we desire to remind you that we have made elaborate preparations for suiting the most extravagant purchasers. We like to help those patrons who believe that THE VERY BEST is not too good for friend or loved one.

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A Manager's Mistake.

The Blackthorn theatrical company, arrived in Brooklyn from Connecticut on October 3, and opened there. Business was good. Mr. Manager Carr congratulated himself on this fact, and took a drink. Business in Brooklyn was good, and he took a drink. On Wednesday he dined in the Palm Garden, and what he did afterward he can only conjecture. He thinks it likely that he took a drink. About Thursday and Friday he is misty. He has a dim idea that he met some friends and drank with them.

A notion that he had been on a "toot," and that it was time for him to sober up, occurred to him shortly after ten o'clock on Friday night. He was then, as afterward appeared, on the corner of Thirty-Second Street and Ninth Avenue. The first house on Thirty-Second Street from Ninth Avenue impressed him favorably. It has a brown-stone front, a big high stoop, and looked restful and inviting. He viewed it carefully, and having decided that it was good enough for him, solemnly mounted the stoop, and turned the silver knob. That the door was not locked greatly astonished him. He was very careful not to wake any of the other boarders. He pulled himself up the carpeted stairs by means of the balusters, and then, still impressed with the necessity of not disturbing anybody in the house, felt around the wall until his hands came in contact with a door-knob. Softly turning the knob, he pushed the door open by slow degrees.

He had just got his high silk-hat into the room, when his ears were rent by a long piercing scream. He looked up, and saw a figure in a long white garment standing in the centre of the room. The figure worked its arms up and down, and screamed: "Murder! Fire! Papa! Police!"

This conduct struck Mr. Carr as being altogether out of order. In an effort to stop the racket before everybody in New York was disturbed, he said: "Sh!"

It didn't work. The figure gathered itself together, and cried in one frenzied scream:

"Oh, papa, there's a man in the house!"
More figures in white seemed to come from every corner, and they all screamed. An elderly man came running out into the hall. Lights sprang out of the darkness. A voice cried up the stairs:

"Oh, please, Mr. McCloskey, come down here with a club!"

Another voice implored some other man to bring a pistol.

Afraid that somebody really would be disturbed unless he retreated, Mr. Carr turned around and descended the stairs again. He didn't stop in the hall, but kept right on down into the basement. His brain worked slowly, but he gradually evolved the idea that all basements had a lounge in them, and that a lounge was good enough for him. He got into the basement all right, but there was another white-robed figure. "Would it scream?" he wondered. It would. It did. In contrast.

"Somebody's sleep will be broken," said Mr. Carr to himself, "unless I get out of this house. I'll go to a hotel, and send for my trunk to-morrow." He mounted the basement-stairs again, and had almost reached the front-door, when he stopped to rest. The house was all aglow with light by this time. There was a big man half-way up the stairs, who kept waving a club at Mr. Carr, and assuring him that he would soon have the top of his head kicked

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off. At the top of the stairs was a small man who wanted Mr. Carr to "throw his hands up."

Scattered all over were the white-robed figures, which screamed for help at times, and at times told Mr. Carr that he was no gentleman.

Suddenly there was a rush of feet on the sidewalk, and then a little crowd of men advanced cautiously up the basement stairs. They crept along like Indians on the war-path. Mr. Carr viewed them sleepily, and felt sorry they had been disturbed. He was just on the point of apologizing to them, when they all threw themselves upon him, and bore him to the earth. Finding that he was in danger of going to sleep in this position, they got off and allowed him to stagger to his feet.

"Is this a restaurant?" he asked one of them. He doesn't know now what he meant by this unless it was a reminiscence of his dinner.

Seeing that he was perfectly harmless, everybody naturally became holder. The men came down off the stairs, and wanted him to try it over again. The crowd jostled him about, and finally, in a spirit of playfulness, led him before the mirror in the hat-rack and asked him funny questions. At this point a policeman appeared. The moment Mr. Carr saw him, he asked again:

"Is this a restaurant?"
The captured desperado was led around to the Thirty-Seventh Street police station and cast into a cell. He has been charged with burglary.—*New York Sun.*

One of the most beautiful of modern inventions—it remains to be seen whether it is as useful as it is beautiful—the instrument devised by Mr. John Roberts, for the transmission of writing by electricity. Out of the top of a box, which is about the size of an ordinary dispatch box, protrudes what has the appearance of a stylographic pen. This however, is not a pen, but the handle of the "transmitter," and its lower end is fixed to a light brass perpendicular bar. Any motion given by the hand—you hold it just like a pen—to the handle of the transmitter, is communicated by this bar to two series of carbon disks contained within the box, and, after various adventures among magnets, etc., is carried again to the top of the box, where it is reproduced exactly by a small ink-holding pen, whose point rests on a white paper tape. A clockwork apparatus pulls this tape along at a gentle pace; and after a little practice you find that it is quite easy to move the handle of the transmitter so that the pen shall write legibly on the moving tape. Now, whatever is written on the tape before you, is written simultaneously a mile off, or it may be fifty miles off, on a similar tape, by a similar instrument at the other end of the wire. The instrument is very compact, and apparently efficient; and is quite silent. A name will be wanted for this machine. Perhaps the "wire writer" will do.

A Brooklyn painter, evidently a judge of human nature, has in place of the customary sign, "Paint," put up the following on a newly painted fence:

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MUSICAL NOTES.
The Fabbri-Mueller Concert.
At Irving Hall, last night, a testimonial concert was given to Mme. Ines Fabbri-Mueller by her pupils and friends, to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of her debut on the lyric stage. She was assisted by the following local talent: Miss Mary Hagan, Miss Alice Canning, Miss Rosie Ulder, Miss Emma Schulberg, vocalists (pupils of Mme. Fabbri); Miss Ernestine Goldmann, Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, pianists; Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr., violin; Mr. Julius Hinrichs, violoncello; Mr. E. D. Blondin, tenor; and Jacob Müller. The concert was one well worthy of the event, and was greatly enjoyed by the many present. Mme. Fabbri received an ovation on her appearance, and was presented with some floral tributes. The programme was as follows: Trio, Rubenstein, Mrs. Julius Hinrichs, Mr. A. Hinrichs; Grand Waltz Duo, Mr. Müller, Misses Mary Hagan and Alice Canning; song, "Erkling," Schubert, Jacob Müller; piano solo, (a) Etude, Chopin, (b) Fantasia, "Rigoletto," Liszt, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; songs, (c) Cuckoo, F. Abt, (d) Goat Bells, Allen, Miss Rosie Adler; violin solo (Concert Stück), De Beriot, Mr. August Hinrichs; young Werner's song of farewell (from "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," Victor E. Nessler, Jacob Müller. Scene, II. ACT "Norma" (in costume), Bellini-Norma, Ines Fabbri; Adagio, Miss Alice Canning; Gloriosa, Miss Emma Schulberg; Miserere, "Il Trovatore," Verdi; Miss Mary Hagan; Manrico, Mr. L. D. Blondin; chorus.

The Goldmann Concert.
An orchestral concert was given at Saratoga Hall last Monday evening by Miss Ernestine Goldmann, pianist, assisted by Rosner's Hungarian Electric Orchestra and Miss Mary Hagan, soprano. The attendance was quite large, and all enjoyed the following programme: Wagner, Grand Overture, "Rienzi"; Goldmark, Romance, with "The Locked," from the "Queen of Sheba"; clarinet solo, Mr. Kadler, Misses Mary Hagan and Alice Canning; song, "Erkling," Schubert, Jacob Müller; piano solo, (a) Etude, Chopin, (b) Fantasia, "Rigoletto," Liszt, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; Mendelssohn, "The Fingal's Cave," Overture, Verdi, "O Volami," Grand Aria from "Ernani" with orchestra accompaniment, Miss Mary Hagan; Volkmann, R. E., The Celebrated Serenade No. 3, cello obligato by Mr. E. Meyer, string orchestra; violin solo (a) Gounod, "Spring Song"; (b) Von Suppe, "Mary," romance; with variations for harmonium, Herr F. Rosner; Liszt, "Hungarian Fantasia," Miss Ernestine Goldmann and orchestra; Delibes, Pizzicati from the Ballet of "Sylvia," Rosner's Hungarian Electric Orchestra.

Channing Auxiliary Concert.
A concert was given at Irving Hall on Thursday evening for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary of the first Unitarian Church. The participants acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the large audience in the execution of the annexed programme: Sonata for piano and violin, F. Major, Beethoven, (a) Allegro, (b) Adagio, (c) Scherzo, (d) Rondo. Miss Partridge and Mr. Brandt; recitative et aria—non più di fiori—Titus, Mozart, Miss Birdsell; (a) nocturne, op. 48, No. 2, Chopin, (b) Die Zauberin, Jensen, Miss Partridge; ballade et polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Brandt; (a) in questa tomba, Beethoven, (b) voi che sapete—"Figaro," Mozart, Miss Birdsell; (c) album leaf, H. Brandt, (d) caprice perpetuo mobile, N. Paganini, Mr. Brandt; requiem mass—"Now the Records shall be cited," Verdi, Miss Birdsell; allegretto tranquillo, allegro animato, from sonata, op. 13, Grieg, Miss Partridge and Mr. Brandt.

The concert announced to be given at Metropolitan Temple, for the enlargement of St. John's Episcopal Church, will take place on Wednesday, November 16th. St. John's Church is situated on Fifteenth Street, near Valencia. The increase in the population of the Mission, and the consequent swelling of the congregation, have rendered it imperative to provide larger church accommodations, and the ladies of the parish have been obliged to appeal to the general public for assistance in their charitable undertaking. Mr. H. B. Pasmore, assisted by prominent local artists, has kindly consented to tender to the ladies of the Parish Aid Society a benefit concert, to help them in carrying out their charitable designs. Among the attractive features will be vocal solos by Mrs. D. C. Nichols, accompanied by Mrs. C. G. Toland; vocal solos by Miss Jacobina Wichmann and Mr. W. H. Kinross, of Oakland, accompanied by Miss Ada E. Weigel; organ solos by Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; violoncello solos by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, with organ accompaniment; part songs by a select chorus of over forty voices; and selections by a string orchestra. A number of compositions by Mr. H. B. Pasmore, the most important of which is a complete mass in B flat for soli, chorus, and organ, performed under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart (Mr. Pasmore at the organ), will lend novelty to the occasion. Tickets for the concert will be one dollar, and are for sale at Sherman & Clay's, and Mr. Gray's music-stores, also at Doxeys' book-store, under the Palace Hotel. Seats may be reserved without extra charge on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 15th and 16th, at Sherman & Clay's, corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets.

The second recital of the chronological musical series by Messrs. Rosewald and Fabian, will be given at Irving Hall on Friday evening, November 4th.

ART NOTES.
M. Straus, who will arrive here in a fortnight, will hold a sale soon of his Eastern and Colorado studies and paintings in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association.
Norton Bush left for the East last week after passing about four months here and at Sacramento. He will remain in New York about six months before returning.

The speed programme of the races at the Bay District Track this afternoon comprises a number of interesting events, among them a "free-for-all" contest for pacers and trotters which will be the event of the season.

Every one who has inhaled ether feels that he has passed through a remarkable experience, whether of a disagreeable nature or the reverse. Sometimes the vapor carries with it the most delightful sensations, and again is productive only of the horrible. When the patient is "going off," or returning to consciousness, he often indulges in absurd remarks. "There's my blue bonnet!" said a lady, opening her eyes after some time spent in a dentist's chair. "So I can't be dead; that wouldn't have been waiting for me in heaven!" Another, a sober matron, was so delighted, on returning to consciousness, at seeing the kindly face of her physician bending over her, after she had been floating off into space, that she exclaimed, excitedly, "Oh doctor, I love you!" "Yes, yes, I know it," he replied, soothingly, and she has since declared that she was so angry with him for evidently under-estimating the importance of her statement, that she kept on wildly insisting, "but you don't understand! I adore you!" One young girl, compelled to go through a painful surgical operation, began laughing immoderately, as soon as the ether affected her. After her recovery, she was asked to recall the cause of her mirth, and in doing so she laughed as heartily again. "I can't tell you how funny it was," she declared. "I seemed to be crocheting, and there was a big mosquito going in and out with the loops. Oh, if you could only see how funny he looked!"

Of the three hundred thousand dollars given by Miss Caldwell for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University, thirty thousand dollars have been expended for a plot of ground half a mile outside of Washington, D. C., while one hundred and seventy thousand dollars will be expended for the building, the remaining one hundred thousand dollars being reserved for the professors' salaries.

The Talk of the Town.
A person walking our streets cannot fail to hear often such remarks as "What a beautiful figure! Isn't her shape lovely! She has a superb form," and other expressions of like nature. Our ladies are celebrated for their elegant figures. The reason for this is they wear Freud's Corsets, the best in the world. Owing to the remarkable popularity of these goods, imitators have appeared, against whom the public are cautioned. There is but one Freud's Corset house. It is at 742 and 744 Market Street and to 102 Grant Avenue. Make no mistake. We close at 6 P. M., except on Saturdays. Address mail orders Freud & Sons, 742 and 744 Market Street. Beware of imitators.

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Along Pacific Avenue there is a little property offered for sale. The owners of unimproved lots are mostly holding with a view of eventually building, and those who do not intend to build are unwilling to part with what is by all odds the choicest residence property for the prices obtainable.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" will be given at the Alcazar next week, with Edwin Thorne in the leading rôle.

At the five-hundredth performance of Gounod's "Faust" at the Paris Grand Opera House, which takes place next Friday, the composer will himself conduct the performance.

Rosina Vokes's repertoire consists of "My Miller's Bill," "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "A Double Lesson," "The Circus Rider," "The Widow's Deceit," "Which is Which," and "In Honor Bound."

That pretty little opera, "Falka," has been sung at the Tivoli during the past week, and will probably be continued until the production of "Allan Quatermain," for which great preparations are being made.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, who has just begun her annual concert tour, enjoys the proud distinction of being the only American prima donna who has not announced her intention of producing Verdi's "Otello."

In Margaret Mather's company are Frederick Paulding, who plays Romeo next week; Milnes Levick, the Mercutio; Mrs. Sol Smith, the Nurse; and a lot of others, making up a company of one hundred and twenty people in all.

"Allan Dare" has been voted almost a failure in New York, in spite of the beaming presence of General Sherman and Admiral Porter on the initial night, and it has now been called in to the limbo of unsuccessful plays. It will not be lonely, however.

It is said in the East that Mrs. Langtry, not satisfied with "As in a Looking-Glass" is going to have an adaptation of Dumas's "Franiillon," added to her repertoire. "Franiillon," adapted to suit the American palate, would almost be "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

The California Theatre will open for the winter season next Monday evening, the new stock company appearing in "Her Atonement." The company is composed of Miss Kate Forsythe, Mr. Lewis Morrison, and a number of people who are more or less familiar to San Francisco theatre-goers.

Miss Kate Field has been prevailed upon to give a supplemental course of lectures before she leaves this coast. They will take place under the management of Marcus M. Henry, at Union Square Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, November 8th, 9th, 10th, and 12th, the subject being "The Mormon Monster in its Various Phases."

Miss Rosina Vokes and her London Comedy Company begin a three weeks' season at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday evening, playing a triple bill, "In Honor Bound," by Sidney Grundy, "My Miller's Bill," by G. W. Godfrey, and "A Double Lesson," by B. C. Stephenson, through the week. They will give Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mr. Felix Morris is one of the company.

The Orpheum inaugurated a season of opera last Monday evening. The company is headed by Signorina Luisa Marchetti, and in the company are Helen Dineon, Louise Leighton, and other local singers. "La Traviata" has been given during the week, in Italian on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings, and in English on the alternate nights. "Allan Quatermain, or, The Sun Worshipers," a lyric dramatization of Haggard's story, is announced for the early future.

Margaret Mather comes from Detroit—it is said that she once sold papers in the streets there—and has been on the stage only six years. Her success during that time was in great part due to Manager J. M. Hill's adroit and comprehensive booming, and when she ran off and married her orchestra leader last winter, that astute connoisseur and theatrical star positively tore his hair. But fortune has smiled on her since, and she disproves the old theatrical saw that a married actress has no attraction for the public.

A French comedy and operatic performance will be given at the Grand Opera House this (Saturday) evening, October 29th, in aid of the French Ladies' Relief Society. The programme consists of a one-act comedy, "Les Deux Filles," with Mme. de la Chesnay, Mme. Laselle, and Messrs. L. Imhaus and Ch. Pechin in the cast. "The Little Tycoon," a Japanese-American comic opera in two acts, will follow, the cast including Misses Edith and May Thorne, Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, Miss A. Knell, and Messrs. Toomy, Manning, Francis, Thornton, and others.

Rosina Vokes was something of an invalid a year or so ago, and when she appeared on the stage again, women, who knew the trammelling condition in which the feminine lower limbs are ordinarily encased, could not understand how a woman who had recently been ill could dance with such utter abandon and grace, despite her conventional dress. But her dressmaker revealed the secret. It seems that she had a dress made with divided skirt, the joining being so hidden beneath pleats and flounces that the most expert could not discover it, and this, with similar under-

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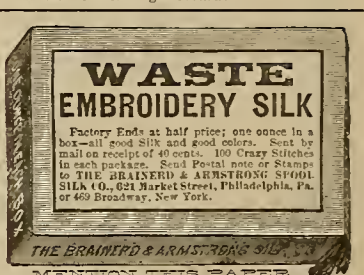
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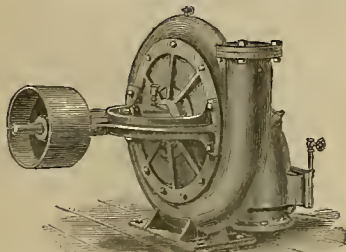
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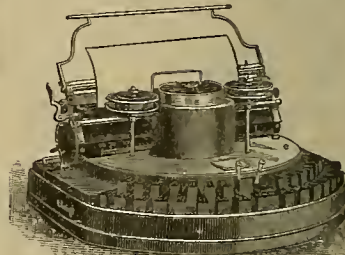
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No one can sufficiently appreciate the greatness of this republic of ours, its breadth of empire, and its grandeur of structure, till he has crossed the continent by steam; so vast its geography, so limitless its varied resources, so boundless its wealth, that it can not be realized till one has chased the sunbeams of six days and hored into the dark of six consecutive nights, and thus measured the distance that divides the Atlantic from the Pacific shore. No one endeavoring to keep pace with the progress of the era in which he lives, or abreast with the intelligence of the age, can do so unless he steals an occasional opportunity to observe the development of the country with his own eyes, and the condition of its growing millions of people with his own senses. To this instructive pleasure we have treated ourselves for the

last six weeks. To be exact, we have borrowed forty days from our readers to do the continent, which loan we hope to pay with the accumulated interest of intelligent observation. By the Central Pacific to Ogden; by the Rio Grande and Denver, through Utah and Colorado, through the loveliest scenery, over the loftiest heights, mosaicked with the richest tints of color, painted by October frosts upon the exuberant foliage of tree and shrub; through mountain gorges, where, half-way down between dizzy heights to darkest chasm, the toiling train hangs like the samphire gatherer. One holds his breath in mangled fear and wonder till the scene is past, and its observation gathered to the treasure-house of choicest memories. This part of our journeys recalled our mule pilgrimage to California in 1849; for up the same heights, to the same mountain tops, that we now strained with double engines and clanking couplings, we had patiently toiled; and down the same declines we now rushed with holding brakes, and over the same chasms we now leaped in swift safety, we had labored on foot and muleback. The same route, over which a scientific Frenchman has engineered the track of the iron horse, the writer had, nearly forty years ago, been engineered by a Delaware guide. Where now, upon the Arkansas river, a prosperous mountain city thrives, we recalled a camping-spot where we had killed the elk and mountain sheep; where we had fished for trout and shot the mountain grouse; where we had fed our mules upon rich valley grasses in preparation for the climb to twelve thousand feet of altitude, where is now the city of Leadville. Then there was not in the State of Colorado a white family, nor a civilized home, nor an acre of land with title, nor a house, nor a discovered mine, nor a domestic animal; now there are prosperous and beautiful cities. There is none on the continent more beautiful than Denver; there is a civilization comparing favorably with the oldest in the State; there is wealth of mines, and farms, and opulence of herds, fat beef, and toothsome mutton. The private houses of Denver are of chiselled stone, and in a style of modern architecture; there are commercial blocks; an opera house that would ornament Vienna; a social club whose hospitality takes the stranger in and tempts him with flesh-pots and wines that warm the blood, for fear lest it should entertain an angel unawares. Colorado and Denver are entitled to a further notice. At Kansas City we struck a land-boom that is building up upon the hanks of the Missouri a prosperous and promising city—at present in chaos, confusion, muss, and mud. Great Pluvius, how it rained! Then through Kansas to Missouri, and through Missouri, the best and richest agricultural lands of the eastern portion of the continent and the most neglected State in the Union, to the Mississippi, and then somehow across country to Chicago. All roads lead to Chicago. From Chicago around the bottom of Lake Michigan to Detroit, across into Canada, Niagara Falls, and by the New York Central to New York. All roads lead to New York city. Visiting our boyhood home in western New York—the old farm with its orchard and spring, and the old mill that still makes oil upon the banks of the Owatkee—we used to call it "Allen's Creek"—the old farm-house, in the laying of whose walls we served our only apprenticeship to the trade of practical masonry, surrounded by groves and rows of stalwart maples which we boys transplanted from forests that have now almost disappeared. There was the patch of Canada thistles that we had toiled over, and still it flourished. The old school-house had disappeared, and on its site is an Universalist Church, whose members would not have dared to destroy the only classic spot in Genesee County if they had not unquestioned confidence in the belief that there is no hell for sinners that murder memories. The old "round house" erected by the Masons, devoted to education, hallowed by association, dear to the heart of every boy and girl that frolicked, studied, and made puppy love within its whispering round rooms—can this be torn down by Universalists and no hell? If this is so, then there is something defective in the providence of God. Rochester is a beautiful city, so is Utica, and so is the whole country lying between Canandaigua, Geneva, and Skaneateles, with their beautiful lakes, their splendid farms, their thriving towns, schools, and universities, that are the nurseries of the best men America has produced. Chicago is too busy and bustling, and New York too hurried, noisy, and

overgrown. It requires more real talent to prevent one's self from being run over and run down in New York or Chicago than it does to edit a weekly paper in California, or serve in the State legislature. In both cities the very best talent and highest intelligence are required to get out of State prison. At Philadelphia we saw the contest for the world's sovereignty in the "science" of base-ball between the Detroit and the St. Louis Clubs. Base-ball is no longer played for sport; it is a contest for coin among gamblers. Ten thousand persons witnessed the game; price of admission, a half and three-quarters of a dollar. Washington, Charlotteville, Lynchburg, Danville, Atlanta, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, marked our Southern trip. Passing the Acadian land of Longfellow, where Evangeline pursues the son of Basil the blacksmith, through the hayous and everglades of Louisiana, we cross interminable Texas, through never-ending New Mexico, through Arizona, across the Colorado, through the Desert of Colorado, to the station called "Indio." Here the railroad company has developed artesian water—an oasis in the desert, two hundred and sixty feet below the level of the sea, a valley thirty miles long, at the bottom of which is the great salt deposit. This is the only place on the North American continent where the date-palm is indigenous; the soil is composed of fine shells, minute in size; the growth of the valley is the mesquite. Here grapes, and fruits, and vegetables find their quickest maturity, leading the earliest productions of the warmest valleys of California by more than a month. Here is the promised land for raising semi-tropical and tropical fruits. From this valley of Indio there are to come oranges equalling in lusciousness and flavor those of Hermosillo; tobacco excelling that of Vuelto Abajo of Cuha, for cigars; grapes of size and flavor to produce wines superior to Johannisberger, or the more famous Clos Vougeot; cotton of fiber like the Sea Island. Here the succulent watermelon grows to supernatural size, and is to provide the markets of the Eastern cities one month in advance of the world; here the tomato acquires its highest excellence; all small berries earliest mature; here the pineapple will grow in abundance, and the banana attain its greatest perfection. In a word, this new-found oasis is the Valley of Hesperides, is the Garden of Eden before sin entered. Its climate is absolutely perfection, the two months of July and August hot—very hot—but no day so hot that laborers do not work in the open, getting salt; ten months in the year is paradise; a climate so dry that a sheet of paper, exposed to the night air, remains dry and crisp; a perfect sanitarium for invalids with throat and lung difficulties. This is, indeed, a very curious spot of earth, and all we have written concerning it lies within the boundaries of serious business-men's honest opinions. At this station, at Indio, we saw this curious fact: upon a grape-vine, of whose ripened fruit we had eaten in early June, we saw a second crop of ripe grapes, a third crop of unripe fruit, and clustered in the blossoms a fourth fruitage. From the happy Valley of Rasselas the trip to San Francisco is the familiar one—along beautiful valleys, through broad and fruitful ranches, prosperous and thriving villages; through the land of the pomegranate, the olive, and the boom, the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles, into and through the great and most promising Valley of the San Joaquin, which is to be the home of millions, for it is the land of richest soil, and most abundant water, of all the beautiful valleys of this most beautiful State. It is the neglected spot of cheap lands that, in brief time, will astonish the world by its rapid and healthful development. Home again, into one's own hath-tub, and at one's own coffee-urn, is a delightful sensation. Six thousand miles in six weeks' time, even with conditions of luxurious traveling, is tiresome. A trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic, skirting Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, and back again, well repays an observing person for all the discomforts he must endure, and the shocking coffee he must drink. The observations of this trip convince one that of all the States of the American Union, this of ours is incomparably the best—best for the rich man and best for the poor man. It is a land in which there can be no poverty that may not be traced to sickness, idleness, intemperance, or criminal habits; it is a land in which the pauper and the haggard should be looked upon with suspicion, and the socialist, anarchist, professional poli-

tion, and party boss regarded with aversion and contempt. No one can make this tour without being deeply impressed with the fact that there is remunerative labor offering itself to every industrious working man and woman upon the continent, and that all this agitation and outcry by Henry George and the reverend Priest McGlynn, and all the dreary fallacies of Herr Most and his German socialists and anarchists concerning property and capital in their relations to labor, and all this whoop-up of the Pope's Irish about their famine for land and their need of opportunity to earn their bread by the labor of their hands, is sheer and unmitigated nonsense. It is the result of politics, priestcraft, demagoguery, ignorance, idleness, superstition, and crime. Let the political, beer-drinking, lazy German emancipate himself from the brewery and the saloon; let the Hungarian and the Polish Jew, the Pope's political Irish, and all the worthless vagabondage of European immigration, leave the towns and cities, get away from priests, politicians, church bells and guidance, into the great, broad, fruitful country, and there is welcome, and prosperity, and abundant plenty for all. Through California to the summit of our Sierras, across Nevada, the valley of the great Salt Lake in Utah, through Colorado, with its broad plains, over Kansas and Nebraska, where the sun rises and sets from a horizon of grass, through the splendid and fertile lands of Missouri, up the great Valley of the Mississippi to Illinois, he will find lands cheap, and not one acre in ten under cultivation. There are millions of acres of lands awaiting occupation as the free gift of the American government. Again, leaving Pennsylvania, all through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, there is found vast extents of almost primeval wilderness: lands fruitful for grains, cotton, tobacco, grapes, and fruit, inviting to cultivation. Even the negro men and women find occupation in the corn and cotton fields, at one dollar and a half per day, living in their cabins, with every comfort except that which comes from drunkenness, and the excitement and interest of labor strikes, riots, and politics, so dear to the heart of the foreign immigrant; while lands in the fruitful bottoms of the Rio Grande, cotton-bearing lands in Georgia, splendid lands in Virginia, Carolina, Texas, and New Mexico, can be purchased for from five to fifteen dollars per acre, and lands in the Valley of the San Joaquin, and along the fruit-bearing slopes of California's mountain ranges, for even less prices. While there are millions of farms yet to be had for the asking, shall we Americans who have toiled for our own fortunes be expected to sympathize with this ignorant, idle, criminal mob that invades us from foreign lands, in their lying pretense that they can not find labor? Shall we be expected to sympathize with the beer-drinking philosophers who hang about the purlieus of our cities? who throw murderous bombs in defiance of law, and who pretend that the salvation of their worthless souls depends upon the forgiveness of their sins by fat-jowled, lazy priests? Let our discontented, idle, foreign class leave the great cities, abandon politics, and go where they can confess their sins to God without the mediation of a priest; stop drinking alcoholic liquors, go to work, and mind their own business; leave the politics of Germany and France, of England and Ireland, alone; practice habits of industry, economy, and cleanliness; educate their children at our common schools; and it is our opinion they might become in time as thrifty, as happy, and as respectable as the negroes we saw working on the sugar plantations, rice fields, and tobacco farms of the Gulf States.

We have carefully read the testimony presented to the court in the trial of Robert F. Morrow, charged with the crime of bribing a juror, and had we been a juror in that case, and had we been governed by our oath to render a verdict according to the law and the evidence, we would not have consented to subscribe to a verdict of "guilty." Reading the testimony, and considering it in an atmosphere uninfluenced by popular feeling and popular prejudice, we could not have said that the crime was proven; we could not have arrived at the conclusion that the case, demonstrated by the evidence, left no reasonable doubt upon our mind as to his guilt as charged in the indictment, and we should have enrolled our name with the one dissenting jurymen, and not with the eleven who arrived at the different conclusion. The testimony in the trial of McCord we have not read, and hence we can express no opinion concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused. Popular clamor and newspaper excitement are very apt to lead jurors astray from the calm consideration of questions of law and fact, and it is of infinitely greater importance that the law should be carefully and correctly administered than that verdicts should be rendered upon insufficient evidence. Then can be no safety in the administration of government, and there can be no security for the possession of property and the protection of personal liberty, if popular clamor and public prejudice shall under any circumstances be permitted to deprive an accused person of any right that he enjoys under the law. We are not quite convinced that trial by jury is a priceless and faultless jewel, we are not over-impressed with the working of our legal machinery, we are not quite sure that we have not on the bench and at the bar, judges and lawyers who betray and

dishonor their professions. We are quite certain that our code gives us unintelligent jurors, and that the mode of their examination and the rules that determine their qualifications are faulty and unwise, but so long as these laws remain and these rules exist they must be adhered to. Laws must be obeyed and enforced, even to their nicest technical interpretation; when found to be imperfect, they may be altered. There is no safety in any other course. There is no security for order and good government except by the strict enforcement of the law, and a strict adherence to legal rules.

If there be any sufficient reason why the seven foreign anarchists, under conviction of murder and sentence of death, should not be hanged at Chicago on the eleventh of this month, we have not seen it presented. These aliens and political adventurers, with no knowledge of our institutions and no experience of their working, undertake to revolutionize our civilization and overturn our laws by violence. Their violence led to the death of innocent persons; they were tried by the law; they had the benefit of an impartial jury; a patient hearing was granted them; counsel of their own choosing was heard in their defense; they were convicted; an appeal was had to the highest judicial tribunal in the State in which they lived; it found no error in the proceedings of the lower court, and affirmed that decision. The law has found them guilty of deliberate and premeditated murder; the penalty of this crime is death upon the gallows. Their associate criminals ask their pardon. Anarchist associations in America and Europe demand their release, and threaten to revenge their death. Anonymous threats of kidnapping children keep women in terror. Demagogue politicians of the foreign stripe, sentimental old maids, soft-headed preachers, and timid fools, inspired by sentiment, pity, politics, and fear, unite to have this crime condoned; they call these criminals martyrs, and fear their blood will become the seed of a new religion; that a reaction of public sentiment will create public sympathy, strengthen anarchy, and endanger the government. If our government is so feeble and our institutions so imperfect that they can not endure the strain of seven ropes, suspending seven anarchists for a conspiracy against our laws that demonstrates itself by the murder of innocent men in the discharge of their official duties, we may better know it now than later; if the conflict is to come between anarchy and law, it had better come now than at a period when the law will be less stronger, and the party of anarchy, misrule, and crime, strengthened by increased numbers and a more perfect organization. If we have sixty-five millions of people in the United States of America, more than sixty-four millions of them demand the death of these alien criminals by strangulation by hemp.

Columbus discovered America in 1492. The people of the Eastern States discovered California in 1876. For three hundred years the people of Europe did not awake to a full realization of the fact that the Continent of North America was a desirable place for residence, and it has taken our Eastern friends nearly half a century to appreciate the Pacific Coast as possessing advantages and attractions superior to any portion of our continent. Since 1849 we have made frequent visits to the East, but not till our last trip were we impressed with the fact that every man and woman of intelligence and means had determined to visit our coast; some for pleasure, some for business, some for health, and some for permanent residence. We did not meet a person who did not apologize for the fact that they had never been to the Pacific Coast—if they had not—and express their determination to see it before they died. There are lands as beautiful as ours, there are cities possessing business and social attractions superior to anything we have to offer, but there is no other climate on the continent equalling ours, and it is climate like ours that makes life endurable and residence agreeable. The boom is just commencing.

His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Ricardo Casanova has been exiled from Guatemala by its government. The school authorities adopted a certain book for use in the public schools. It must be a good book, for His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop says of it in the *Examiner*: "It openly advocates materialistic doctrines; denies revelation and immortality of the soul, and ridicules the Christian doctrines. The pernicious teachings of the book will be readily admitted by all honest men." What His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop is likely to regard as ridicule of Christian doctrines, and whom he would acknowledge as honest men, may be inferred by the utterances of Father Rooney, as set forth at the same time: "All the nations that forget God must perish. There is a special malediction on families where prayers are unsaid. We must pray to God, and we must, also, pray to the Blessed Mary, the mother of our Redeemer." Will any Catholic clergyman, of any degree in the hierarchy, dare to deny that the Catholic Church regards the United States as having forgotten God? The *Examiner* recently published a letter from the Pope to a Catholic priest in this city, in which letter the Pope says: "Who shall there offer to God devout prayers for the concord of Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of

sinners, and exaltation of Holy Mother Church, we do the Lord, mercifully grant a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins." The Government of Guatemala illed the archbishop because he interfered in temporal matters. How he effected that interference, the archbishop himself tells the *Examiner* reporter in the words: "The book is subversive of all moral and so ethics, and is philosophically unsound. The government was displeased at the stand I took, and the priests were cast into prison, and fined for reading circular in the churches." That is to say, the power of archbishop lay in the ignorance of the people. So few of them could read, that it was necessary for the archbishop have the priests read to their ignorant congregations the mandate of the church which ran counter to operations of the government. The terrible power exercised by this power over the Nicaragua Catholics through the bondage of ignorance, may be readily inferred by what he himself says of subsequent action of the government. These are his words to the reporter: "The government then promulgated a decree that all decrees issued by the church on any subject whatever (these italics are ours) 'should not be promulgated to Catholic people without the sanction of the civil authorities first being had. I formally protested against this, and nine o'clock, on the third of September last, a general of army, accompanied by some police officials, gave me notice that I had three hours in which to quit the country." Was a story of persistent ecclesiastical interference in temporal matters on the part of the pretended church, and long exercise of patience on the part of the civil authorities, is closed in this short statement. Does anybody wonder that the Catholic clergy are bitter enemies of the American public school?

The *Irish World and American Industrial Liberator* published by Patrick Ford in New York. The first part of the name is a distinct declaration that it is not American, even to the trifling extent of being Irish-American. For in the *Argonaut* here expresses its most hearty thanks. The second part of the name is the hoiled-down concentrated and disgusting precipitate of bombastic European pretense. These worse than worthless professional agitators, who ten on riot and batten on rebellion; who live by haggard from servant-girls and hod-carriers; who eat luxuriously and guzzle drunkenly while they pretend to lament the station of their friends; who stand aloof in cowardly security while they urge their women and children to assail officers of the law with stones and boiling water; these are the garrulous, boasting, insincere, and selfish braggarts who disgrace the Irish name, and belie the Irish character, in the American people when they set themselves up as liberators of industrial or of any other interests in our country. This foreign journalistic miscreant exemplifies in itself political dishonesty of its class. On one page it prints the whole of our Constitution, knowing well that its proof-reading will be the only one to read it, while on its other pages seeks to jeopardize the life of the American nation by plunging it into a causeless war with all the powers of Europe. In two successive issues it treats of the impending doom of the seven anarchists. In its account of the bomb-throwing murder, which occupies nearly two columns of fine print has only these few words on the side of American law: "martyrs for the sake of the law which they had protected. But on the side of anarchy, and the kind of political murder this Irish paper is advocating for Ireland, it has fulsome praise for the legal defenders of the condemned murderers and it speaks in a hopeful way of the probabilities of their success. In neither issue is there a solitary word, editor or other, condemnatory of the brutal crime committed these foreign murderers against life, American law, and human freedom. The intimate connection of the Roman Church with political matters is plainly seen in the columns of the anti-American paper, the *Irish World*. In a recent issue now lying open upon our table, there are five, and only five portraits of men who figure in various political rôles. Every one of them is a Roman Catholic priest. And yet the *Irish World* is a distinctively political paper, and has not even a department, or column, or corner devoted to church matters.

A good deal of fuss is being made at the moment in England over the Princess Beatrice's baby—said princess heiress as is well-known, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, was lately married to a German prince in the person Henry of Battenberg, the brother of Alexander, late of Bulgaria. What makes the matter interesting is not that another member has been added to the royal family of England—for there is nothing either new or interesting in that but the fact that the social position of the baby, when grows up, will not be very clearly defined. The trouble that Henry of Battenberg is not on a level socially with the Princess Beatrice, and that therefore the marriage is mortifying, and the progeny does not possess that social status which would have belonged to it had both parents been royal rank. There are only a few so-called "royal" families in the world, and these are strict sticklers for the prestige which they imagine only appertains rightly to their rank.

Battenbergs do not even belong to what are known as "ediated" princes, that is to say, princely families which have been permitted to preserve their rank, though the independent governments which they formerly enjoyed have been annexed to some more important state. Hence, the queen being taken to task for making so much fuss over a hazy position in the future will be, to say the least, anomalous.

THE SINALOA BANDIT.

Recently the *Argonaut* printed a letter from Mr. H. N. Clement, of San Francisco, concerning the murder of Leon Baldwin, formerly of Sinaloa, by the bandit Bernal. This was the beginning of a number of letters in the newspapers, and an appeal by Congressman W. W. Riley to the Department of State for justice. In this connection, following particulars concerning the bandit and his life will not be out of interest. They are condensed from an article in the current issue of *the Argonaut* by Felix L. Oswald.]

About a year ago (October 10, 1886), Colonel Lucilio Varo of the Mexican regular army forced the approaches of outlaw's stronghold in the rocks of the Sierra de San Martin, and sent up a flag-bearer to demand the instant surrender of the bandit chief. In the course of the afternoon the colonel's herald, stripped of his uniform, returned with flag and the following reply:

"Colonel L. V. advances another mile, I herewith bet my life, at the end of my followers, and our faith in the justice of heaven, on the part of a wager, that within twenty-four hours I shall have his scalp on my scabbard."

Yours truly, ERACLIO BERNAL.

Adding blasphemy to high treason," observes the official report; but, "expected reinforcements having failed to arrive, Colonel Vargas withdrew his troops under cover of night, and perhaps not an hour too soon to retreat under cover of his scalp, Eraclio Bernal being notoriously apt to his word."

His native hills he was once known as "the boy who killed Don Vicente's creek." Said Vicente was the *mayoral*, or overseer in chief, of a former convent hacienda, now a government domain, used only as a stock-farm. The *mayoral* monopolized not only the hunting-privilege of the vast tract, but also the use of its drinking-water, and, a few weeks after the death of young Bernal's father, seized one of the widow's cows, "as a warning to trespassers upon the relations of a government watercourse." Master Bernal, the same evening, marched a posse of trusty playmates to head-waters of the monopoly creek. Up in the dells of the Sierra, the boy had private knowledge of a place where the brook found its way into a cavern, or sink, and by widening the channel of the effluent the water he brook was diverted toward that drain. The next morning the *mayoral* was surprised to note the disappearance of the stream. Young Bernal was subpoenaed on a charge of having entered into a conspiracy with his uncle, druggist of San Lorenzo, to effect the evanescence of a public pasture-brook by mixing its waters with some evanescent essence!

In his nineteenth year Bernal found himself at the head troop of regulators, organized for the purpose of enforcing the abolishment of peonage (the custom authorizing torturers to enslave the person or proxy of an impecunious debtor), but doing a thriving collateral business by raiding stock-farms of political conservatives. His business here at that time was one Lino Casales, an exiled politician of considerable forensic ability.

In 1876, the two principals were arrested by a special manum of the governor of Sinaloa on a charge of highway robbery. In the jail of San Sebastian, Bernal seems to have been treated with much inhumanity, and after effecting his escape he at once collected a band of heavy-armed sympathizers and marched to the rescue of his fellow-prisoners. The raid, preceded and followed by desperate street-fights, induced the governor to invoke the aid of the regular army; but, the legion of outlaws continued to increase, and at last a declaration of martial law was enforced by the march of two regiments of regular cavalry, Bernal retreating to the fastnesses of the Sierra de Pinos and raised standard of revolt against the federal government.

The budget of that government, the "appropriation for expenses of the Sinaloa campaign" has since become a unique item, and the uniform failure of eight larger and smaller expeditions can be explained by the concurrence of three causes—the ruggedness of the Sinaloa highlands, the strategic genius of the bandit chief, the inalienable sympathy of the country population.

The topography of Sinaloa is rather peculiar. Like the country of Daghestan, where Shamil defied the power of the Russian Empire for twenty-three years, the state affords incalculable means of escape, both by land and by sea, skirted by a multitude of farallones, or rock islands, and a labyrinth of shoals and cliffs, and backed by the inexhaustible fastnesses of the Sierra Madre. More than once the main passes of that Sierra have been closed by *ligas*, or chains of fortified batteries, supplemented by a corps of scouts, reconnoitering the trails from fort to fort, and passing to pass, all along the western slope of the Sierra, from San Rosario to the gap of the Rio del Fuerte; but Eraclio Bernal laughs at *ligaduras*. Once the troop followed Bernal struck a trail that "could have been followed by night," so plain were the hoof-marks in the sandy soil, tracked down to a small tributary of the Rio de los Chiles, and then disappeared in the gulches. If the band had crossed, or even approached, the river at any point, alluvium of the beach would have infallibly betrayed the march route, and, on the other hand, they could not retrace their steps without crossing the sandy *vegas*; after making the circuit of those gulches in ever-widening circles, and reconnoitering the beach for miles up and down the river, the troopers had to return without any practical result, though not without a large assortment of uncanny tales.

In the midst of a hot pursuit, in which the pursuers had the advantage of provisions and stouter horses, the Beres were saved by an impenetrable mist that shrouded the highlands for half a week. In 1883, the marauders tracked to the valley of Sovalitos, in the northeast corner of the State, where the vigilance of the blockaders suc-

ceeded in isolating the outlaws' camp, and intercepting several foraging parties. Famine seemed imminent, and the rebel chief, giving way to an acute attack of his chronic despondency, was just on the point of saving his followers by an act of self-sacrifice, when the insurrection of Sonora called all the available troops to the northern frontier, and thus raised the siege in the nick of time.

With all his reckless personal courage and Robin Hood popularity, Bernal is anything but a typical bandit chief, fond of midnight raids and greenwood revels. His Spanish lineage has tinged him with that national gloom which Frederic Schiller traced to the smoke-clouds of the Santo Oficio. Like the Russian exile Bestujeff, he has a poetical vein, and a printer of Mazatlan has published a collection of *decimas* ascribed to him.

In 1885 the government dispatched a special board of commissioners to arrange the preliminaries of a surrender, if the outlaws' terms should not prove too exorbitant; but those terms were "pardon for himself and every member of his band, a bonus of thirty thousand dollars, an armed escort of twenty-five retainers, or a position in the army commanding a district of Sinaloa." Clearly a case of irreconcilable interests, and the members of the conference parted with mutual regret. Hostilities then recommenced.

Within a radius of thirty miles from his head-quarters the outlaw of the Pine Mountains moves with the freedom of a respected private citizen, at least during the intervals of the annual campaign which confines his summer baunts to the wilderness of the upper Sierra. Peasants doff their hats, and ejaculate their "Buenos dias de Dios, Señor," on meeting El Capitan, with or without his escort. Merchants honor his draft on sight, priests enter his camp without fear, but seem to share his favors with fortune-tellers, for strange to say, the armed reformer, as his partisans call him, appears in some respects to be as superstitious as a vision-haunted hermit. He also believes in lucky and unlucky days of the week, but does not permit that tenet to interfere with his habit of doing his best at any time, for no surprise-party has yet caught him napping.

Nor have visions ever deterred him from the steady pursuit of his plan to extend his political clanship in all directions. He has partisans in Nuevo Leon, Acapulco, and Zacatecas, as well as all over Sinaloa, and it is surmised that the advisers of the government deprecate the plan of driving him to extremes, having reasons to apprehend that the ensuing revolt would not be confined to the Sierra de Pinos.

One long blast of the whistle is a signal for approaching stations, railroad crossings, and junctions. One short blast of the whistle is a signal to apply the brakes—stop. Two long blasts of the whistle are a signal to throw off the brakes; two short blasts of the whistle are an answer to the conductor's signal to stop at the next station. Three long blasts of the whistle are a signal that the train has parted. Three short blasts of the whistle, when the train is standing, are a signal that the train will back. Three short blasts of the whistle, when the train is running, are a signal to be given by passenger trains when displaying signals for a following train, to call the attention of trains they meet or pass to the signals. Four long blasts of the whistle are a signal to call in the flagman. Four short blasts of the whistle are the engine-man's call for signals from switchmen, watchmen, and trainmen. Two long, followed by two short, blasts of the whistle are a signal for approaching road-crossings at grade. Five short blasts of the whistle are a signal to the flagman to go back and protect the rear of the train. A succession of short blasts of the whistle is an alarm for persons or cattle on the track, and calls the attention of trainmen to danger ahead.

Some poultry having been taken by foxes from Malpas (Cheshire) Old Hall, Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds met there for cub hunting. In a potato-field adjacent, three foxes appeared at once. The hounds immediately chopped one about half-grown, and then, getting scent of an old fox, ran him hard to the lower rectory, where he entered the drawing-room and bolted out by another door. The extraordinary spectacle was then witnessed of the bounds dashing into the drawing-room after the fox.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Jury System.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The recent failure to convict Messrs. Morrow, McCord & Co., although few people in the community entertained a reasonable doubt of their guilt, opens up a wide field for speculation, and leads one to ask whether, after all, our boasted jury system, that alleged bulwark of our liberties, is not a humbug, a whitened sepulchre, a delusion, and a snare. Let us look into the matter from an historical point of view, and ascertain what claims this superannuated piece of legal nonsense has upon our suffrage or respect—verily, it seems as if it had outlived its usefulness, and grown to be a laughing-stock for knaves, and to be on the high road to becoming a synonym for contempt. We shall find that it took its rise, so far as England and English law are concerned, in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. It was imported thither from Germany, which was the cradle of the institution. But the German *schöff* of the present day is based upon a different principle from that which distinguished the constitution of a jury in English and American procedure. In Central Europe, while the jury is composed of twelve persons, just as we have it ourselves, that body is not selected at random from the community at large, but partakes rather of the character of an organized court of judges, being composed of what are considered the most substantial and reputable men of the neighborhood, holding office for a fixed stipend, and not ordinarily subject to change. Such a system, it cannot be denied, has its disadvantages as well as its virtues. It is more suited to the character of a primitive rural community than to the rushing civilization of modern America. It would not serve to remove the disabilities under which our own system so evidently labors, as it would be equally possible to approach one of the most august and responsible bodies of men, on the Walpolean theory that every man has his price, as it would the Toms, Dicks, and Harrises of which our own ordinary juries are composed. The true solution of the problem consists not in altering the absolute structure of our jury system, but in accommodating it to our social needs by rendering it, so far as can be, impossible to have returned those unjust and scandalous verdicts which are now making out of our judicial proceedings nothing but a melancholy farce. It requires no oracular intelligence, no Baconian system of logic, to point out that justice will never be done so long as it is possible for one man to defeat the sense of the other eleven who are locked up with him in the jury-room. The presumption, of course, is that the one, or two, or three men, as the case may be, who "hang," as it is technically termed, a jury, are honest in their convictions and acting upon their best judgment upon a question of right and wrong. And while in some instances this is undoubtedly the case, no one in his sane senses can reasonably doubt that in seven cases out of ten, if the cases are of any importance, or if there is any "money in them," as the saying is, there will always be found some unscrupulous jurymen to oppose, and in almost every case successfully to oppose, the judgment of his assessors upon the matter in hand. This is our lamentable and bitter experience in San Francisco, and we must be composed of knaves, fools, and asses, if we can not and do not inaugurate some measures to put a stop to such a scandalous state of affairs. We have carried corruption in civics and morals to such a fine point that it is high time to call halt. Neither are we stricken with such poverty of brains as to be destitute of devising some remedy for the crying evil of which we complain. A good many measures might be

suggested, all running the same way, and none of them too trivial not to command serious consideration.

I venture to say that it is only the criminal element which is in favor of the maintenance of our present jury system. I believe that no honest man, whose liberty or property was at stake, would fail to hail with congratulatory any measure looking to a means of giving him a fair and impartial trial. These are the days of advancement in method in all the sciences and in all the arts—therefore, why not in civil polity? I fail to see the reason why we should be bound and restricted by the traditions of centuries, honored though they be, when the conditions of our social life have changed, and the modes which represent these traditions are now simply idols of the cave. A plan, for instance, suggests itself, which, though its method may be crude, may supply some of our lawyers and statesmen with food for thought. Suppose, for instance, that criminal cases, and civil ones if you please, were heard in chambers instead of in open court. Suppose that the only participants in the trial were the judges, the attorneys for prosecution and defense, the party or parties implicated, the witnesses, and the reporters. Suppose that the evidence and whole proceedings were taken down, *literatim et verbatim*, by the court reporters; printed at the close of each day in large, easily read type, to the extent, say, of a hundred copies, and mailed to a hundred respectable householders, selected in any manner you please. This constitutes your jury. Suppose these respectable householders had a chance to read this sworn evidence, in the privacy and quiet of their own households, at their own leisure, at breakfast or after supper, instead of being pulled against their wills, and the detriment of their business, into a purgatorial and dirty court-room—it is not probable that they would arrive at a much better conclusion on the evidence than if dished up to them in the present shape? Is it not likely that they would arrive at a more calm, deliberate, and truthful conclusion than they do now? And what is the reason why they could not, when all the evidence had been mailed to them and carefully considered by them, mail back a note to the judge, or the jury, or the court, with, above their signed names, their verdicts on the case. And if fifty-one, for instance, were for conviction, if the case was criminal—and forty-nine for acquittal, why should not the sentiment of the majority carry? While, as I said before, a scheme like this may be characterized by crudeness of method and be defective in detail, it would possess the incommensurable advantage of rendering it perfectly impossible to carry out the present system of jury-fixing. The occupation of the soundly Othello of that stamp would require a long time to require a long time to require a long time much depravity in human nature, to approach the majority of the hundred reputable householders I have imagined. It would put an end, at once and forever, to the scandal which disgraces this and other cities. Why should not this or some similar scheme work? M.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1887.

The Postal Service.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I was very much pleased with your leader in Saturday's *Argonaut* regarding the Postal Service. In view of the numerous and diverse demands of the public are considered, I can only say that your language is all too mild. Not only at Los Angeles and San Diego are there insufficient accommodations, but the same is true in very many other of the rapidly growing Western towns, as in Omaha, Denver, and many other places I have recently visited, where the offices are not opened till a late hour in the morning, and applicants for letters at the general delivery windows are kept waiting in line for twenty minutes to an hour. This is especially the case at Omaha and Los Angeles.

But my object in addressing you this brief note, is to call your attention to another matter, in connection with this subject, and that is the carrying of mail matter, and the transmission of money-orders by the express companies. At first these companies confined themselves to the carrying of small parcels, under the guaranty of safe delivery. Then they began, about three or four years ago, to issue money-orders.

In a little advertising pamphlet, which the New York World has recently sent out to the public to secure subscriptions by the offer of various inducements I find the following instruction in regard to remitting money:

"In making remittances, an express money-order is cheaper, safer, and less troublesome than the postal money-order."

Now, if this is true, does it not show a most extraordinary condition of things? Why should an express company be able to do this work safer, better and cheaper than the government?

Here we have had theorists, moralists, and political economists, without number, who tell us that the government ought to have control of the telegraph, and even of the telephone systems of the country, and yet it seems to be a fact that the government can not compete successfully with private individuals and corporations in the mail-carrying and money-order service. P. S. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31, 1887.

The Benhayon Case.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The Benhayon mystery, largely owing to the uncertainty surrounding the circumstances of the death of this unfortunate young man, is now exciting a large share of public attention, and every day is polarizing several columns of the dailies. Without attempting to settle the vexed question of "murder or suicide," although having my own views on the subject, I deem this a fitting time at which to make a few comments on the lax manner in which the stomachs of deceased persons, who have died under suspicious circumstances, are allowed to be carried promiscuously about, and literally buffeted from pillar to post.

The stomach of the late, and undoubtedly murdered, Mrs. Bowers was placed in some form of unsealed vessel and, after untraceable peregrinations, found a final resting-place in a corner of the laboratory of a medical college, in the trusty keeping of a drunken and irresponsible janitor, who has since made the *amende honorable* to the humanity he caricatured by committing suicide. The chemist who analyzed the deceased lady's stomach reports the poison found therein, but the same time precludes the possibility of any corroboration of his testimony by using up the entire stomach.

The brother of Mrs. Bowers is now found dead, under circumstances exciting, from the outset, the gravest suspicions and calling for the most careful investigation; but with criminal negligence the coroner's office hands over the stomach to a young man totally unknown as a toxicologist, and who, however excellent otherwise, can not be regarded as other than a mere tyro in chemistry, this doubtless being the first poisoned stomach he has ever examined analytically. Without presuming too far, we will venture to state that if a call were made for a portion of Benhayon's stomach for corroborative analysis by some toxicologist, the answer would be as in the case of Mrs. Bowers, "I used it all in my tests." Uncorroborated testimony such as this, especially when coming from an inexperienced man, is simply worthless from either a judicial or scientific standpoint. If our coroners would collect a portion of suspected stomachs to two or more different and competent toxicologists, and place a third portion in some vessel, sealed with the county seal, for future reference, results of value might be obtained; but as affairs are now managed, the expert testimony is entirely without value. CHEMIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1887.

Irish Riots.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The enclosed cutting from the London Times of October 8th, contains an extract from your paper:

"Ireland has been in an 'Irish riot' for seven hundred years. Ireland is always in riot. Cromwell was sent to Ireland to suppress a riot; William of Orange thought he had put down the riot at the Boyne Water. The Irish riot in London, in New York, in Philadelphia, in San Francisco; wherever on God's broad earth there are two Irishmen, there is a scrimmage; where there are three, there is a row; where there are a dozen, there is a fight; where are enough together, there is a riot; bread riots, labor strikes, whiskey rebellions, political quarrels, draft riots, where orphan asylums are burned, where men hang to lamp-posts, are always 'Irish' riots. Every riot in America of sufficient importance to attract attention has always been, and always will be, an 'Irish' riot. The Irish love to riot, it is their normal condition. There is in Ireland a continuous riot; the Irish riot in Parliament; there is never a Democratic convention in America, where there is a decent prospect of a Democratic victory, that there is not an Irish riot; there is never an election in which the Irish take part anywhere, that there is not a riot. The Irish riot in Australia, in Canada; they riot in grave-yards, at wakes and funerals, at weddings and christenings; they riot over land to cultivate, and over whiskey to drink; they riot at fairs; they know of no other mode of resisting the law than by rioting. The San Francisco sand-lot was an Irish riot; the convention to change the constitution was an Irish riot; the Boycott Convention at Sacramento was an Irish riot. So when you read, in daily headlines, the announcement of our morning hunt, that there has been an Irish riot at Mitchellton, and only two Irishmen killed—a man (Dhinnick) and a boy (Casey)—one hundred and sixty panes of glass broken in the police barracks, and fifty policemen injured in the fray, we say what of it? 'Only an Irish riot.' We know that whenever a public meeting is held in Ireland there is a riot; whenever the Protestants celebrate their victories in the public streets of Ulster, there is a riot; whenever or wherever Orangemen parade, there is a riot; there are riots on St. Patrick's Day, unless everybody submits to the green above the red, to the shamrock, to a procession of priests and Paddies in the public streets; whenever her majesty's writ runs in Ireland there is sure to be a riot, attended with the throwing of stones, hot water, and vitriol."

This takes a very different view of the character of Irishmen to what we are accustomed to read in most American newspapers. It is the bare truth, the Irish nature and character are at the bottom of all Ireland's troubles and difficulties. Did such a vile and tyrannous association exist in your country as the Irish National League in Ireland, causing murder, lawlessness, and dishonesty, undermining all social security, I doubt not that it would be annihilated in a month, in spite of all the influence and power of the Irish vote.

Irish nature is weak, wayward, and illogical, hence the existence of a tyrannous conspiracy. When an animal is weak it becomes infested with parasites which live upon it, hence Irish politicians of the Parnellite order and Catholic priests. If true Americans really cared one button about the whole matter, they would not allow themselves to be constantly deceived as to the true condition of matters in Ireland by their own newspapers. Yours faithfully,

AN ENGLISHMAN WHO KNOWS AMERICA.

THE SLUMBER OF TRELAWNEY.

By Thomas Dunn English.

There were certain things in our family which afforded a subject for gossip; and this died out, revived, and died out again, according to circumstances. We had wealth—few were richer than the Trelawneys. All admitted that we were just and even generous in our dealings with others; but we had no intimate friends, and kept apart from our neighbors. We neither made visits nor received visitors. No invited guest ever crossed our threshold, and those who came on business were courteously bowed out when their business was concluded. A meal in the kitchen, and sometimes a trifle of money, was given to a mendicant; but, the meal eaten, and the money taken, the recipient was unceremoniously turned out. Our servants had been with us from their childhood; they served us well and faithfully; they received good wages; their duties were light; they had kind treatment; their children were born and reared upon the place; when superannuated, their wages went on until they died; but they formed no attachment to us, nor we to them. We used our fortune liberally for public purposes, but grew richer every year, for we never lived up to half our income, and with every generation the Trelawney property increased in extent, while it shared the general appreciation of value.

The Trelawneys were long-lived, few dying young. But there were few of them born. For six generations, with one exception, but one child followed each marriage, and that was always a son. The exception was with my great-grandfather, who had a brother, two years younger than himself, named John. His birth was set down in the family record as occurring in 1772, but what struck me as singular was the absence of any mention of the year of his death. He seemed to have disappeared, and died probably in some place and at some time unknown. For some reason or other, a large amount of personal property, supposed to have been his, was held in trust by my great-grandfather, and that trust had been renewed regularly from father to son. I once asked my father about this missing great-granduncle. A deeper gloom than usual overcast his face at my question. "You will know all about it some day," was his reply; and then he went on to speak of something else.

Certainly both my father and grandfather wore a troubled and gloomy look on their faces. They were a prey to settled melancholy. I never saw them smile. Every one noted their careworn expression; but none knew why.

There was a mystery. Next to the library, in the northern wing, was a large chamber, as laid down in the architect's plan of a century before. Its shutters were always kept closed, and light was seen there all night long. In the rest of the house, gas had been introduced, from a small generator on the premises. This solitary lamp was filled and trimmed by my father or grandfather, oil being kept in the library for the purpose. No one but they was allowed to enter the chamber, which was kept locked, and each carried a key. And three times a day, no matter whether they had breakfasted, dined, or supped, or not, there was a slight refection, not enough for more than one, brought to the library. It was either milk or bouillon—something liquid. They partook of it in secret, the library door being locked until the repast ended. And another remarkable fact was observed, my father and grandfather never went abroad together. If one went out, the other remained at home, as though to guard the secret of the chamber.

Concerning this mystery there was much discussion among the servants. It was a theme of never-ending interest. But, as either boy or man, when I happened among them it was not touched, and I only inferred their talk by the fact that when I appeared the conversation was hushed. It was more talked about after my mother's death. The idea somehow got abroad that the chamber was a storehouse of treasure. This led to the visit of burglars. But my grandfather, who always slept in the library, having a cabinet bedstead there, shot one of the burglars, and the other escaped. After that there were no attempts of the kind.

So I grew up, often wondering about, but never knowing, the secrets of the closed room. Unlike the rest, I went abroad a deal, and, on my return from the university, traveled in this country and Europe, in which mode of amusing myself I was encouraged. I had an ample allowance of money, owned a fast horse, kept a yacht, and some other things not quite so innocent, until I exhausted the resources of a mild dissipation. Suddenly my grandfather died, and I was called home.

I found my father looking more gloomy than ever. Between him and my grandfather there had always existed an intimacy more like that of brothers than that between father and son. He asked me into the library as soon as I came, looked the door, and bade me be seated. Then he said:

"Your grandfather's death makes it necessary to impart to you a ghostly secret, which through precaution should be kept by two. You have looked over our family record?" I nodded. "You remember then there is no account of the death of your great-granduncle John, who mysteriously disappeared eighty years since. The reason is that he never died at all. He still lives, if his condition may be considered life."

He arose, and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door of the great room, and entered, bidding me follow. The chamber was long and lofty. The floor, which had once been waxed and polished, had evidently been neglected, and bore on it neither carpet nor rug. There were a half-dozen of heavy, old-fashioned chairs, an old-fashioned table ornamented with marquetry, and a heavily curtained bedstead. My father threw aside the bed-curtains and pointed to a form upon the bed.

At first I thought it was the wax figure of a very old man, but a second glance showed me that it breathed. The eyes were closed, the face wrinkled and pallid. It seemed less like one asleep than as a man whose animation was nearly suspended. The features, in spite of the deep wrinkles, and the fact that the lower part of the face was hidden by a long white beard, were those of the Trelawneys—all of whom had marked and peculiar faces. I supposed that I looked in-

quiry, for my father replied to my thoughts, though I had said nothing.

"This has been the secret curse of the family for eighty years, and will continue until that poor old frame wears out. Come back to the library, and I will tell you all."

With the evidence before me, and the fact that it was told by my father, whose truthfulness no one could doubt, I was forced to credit the story. Thus it was:

Guy and John had been very much attached to each other; and when Guy married, John still remained in the house. They were co-heirs, but that mattered little—they practically had but one purse. The fatality attending the family came. My great-grandmother died, leaving my grandfather, a boy of two years. My great-grandfather did not marry again, though time soon softened his grief. One day, when he had begun to receive company, his guest was a French gentleman, a M. Delille. After dinner, the guest happened to mention that he was a pupil of M. Mesmer, and was well versed in his system. Some good-natured skepticism being evinced as to the power of producing hypnotic sleep, he offered to experiment on his host, and did so successfully. Then he proposed to try it on John, who assented. He was equally successful there. He put a number of questions to John while in the mesmeric state, which were answered, to his brother's great delight. The windows were open, as the day was warm. They were what were called at the time French windows, opening to the floor, on a narrow balcony with a low railing. One of the answers seemed so comical that the Frenchman fell into a fit of laughter, so violent that he lost his balance, and fell backward out of the window and over the balcony to the ground—the chamber being in the second story. My father ran down to assist him, but he was past assistance. The man had broken his neck.

There was a coroner's inquest, whose verdict was in accordance with the facts. When that was over my father went in to John, who in the excitement of the moment had been forgotten. He found him still in the mesmeric stupor, and tried to awaken him. Failing in this, he sent for the family physician, to whom he detailed the circumstances. Every effort was in vain. The doctor insisted that it was a cataleptic fit; he pooh-poohed at Mesmer and his devices. But whatever it was, John could not be aroused, and was put to bed. Thus he had remained through these long years. To avoid scandal, the secret had been kept in the family. His food, which was given him by a stomach-tube, was of a liquid character, and had served to maintain life. His brother had attended him, performing the most servile offices faithfully and well. When his son was near manhood, he had let him into the secret. When the latter married, the wife, in time, was made acquainted with it. Thus it had gone from father to son, and on down, the Trelawneys being chained to a living corpse.

Of course I accepted a share in the responsibility of the secret. What else could I do? But I never married, though often urged by my father. I would wait, I said, until all was over. John Trelawney was now over a hundred and eight years old. He could not last much longer. When I asked my father why no attempt had been made to awaken the mesmerized man, he replied that the secret of doing that had died with Delille. This stimulated me. I eagerly read and studied all about the subject, and when it came my turn to wait on the old man, I made a number of experimental reverse passes, but always in vain.

Two years after this, my father exhibited marked symptoms of an incurable disease, with which he lingered for nearly two years more, when he died.

The secret had now become my sole burden. John Trelawney, if we could give the corpse a living name, had been reduced almost to a skeleton, withered, and dried up, but still alive. I had given up all hope of resuscitating him. But he exercised over me a grim fascination. I used to remain after I had fed him with the stomach-tube, and sit and read an hour or so, with a bottle of wine before me, though I only sipped a single glass. One day, I had taken a solitary pamphlet, a German magazine rather, and on glancing over its pages I noticed a paper on "Hypnotism." The only thing in it which excited me was a statement of the author that there was no difficulty in arousing one from the artificial sleep provided the reverse passes were continued without intermission, and the operator had faith in his own powers, and an unconquerable will.

"I know," I said "that I have all the will-power in which the Trelawneys have been deficient, and I will control this man. He shall awaken."

I began making the reverse passes over the prostrate form, and continued them without intermission until my arms ached. But I kept on.

"You shall awaken" I said, and I meant it.

Suddenly the figure beneath me uttered a deep sigh.

How my heart throbbed! I continued the passes.

John Trelawney opened his eyes, looked around, half-opened his eyes, and fell back. I ran to the table, filled a glass of wine, and poured it between his lips. To my intense delight, he swallowed it, though apparently with difficulty. It seemed to invigorate him. He half-raised himself, while I supported him, and looking in my face, said, in a thin, piping voice:

"Where am I? Who are you?"

"I am Guy Trelawney," I replied.

"Guy Trelawney! Nonsense! You are not my brother! Ah!" he continued, looking around, and then at me. "I see it now. This is a dream!"

With that he closed his eyes.

I put him gently down, and procured another glass of wine. "Take this, Uncle John," I said; "it will do you good."

"He calls me 'Uncle John,'" he muttered. "Just now he wanted to pass for my brother. What a queer dream! Wine, eh! Well, it does seem natural in taste."

He drank the wine, and I supported him in a sitting posture by piling the pillows, reinforced by a chair at his back. Then, as it was growing dark, I drew a match from the safe, and, after igniting it, lit the lamp.

"What on earth is that?" he cried. "Did you get light by rubbing the ends of your fingers? This is certainly the oddest dream that ever entered a man's noddle."

I told him it was a friction match, and lit another to show how the light was produced. He was very much amused,

and listened with a sardonic smile while I explained mode of manufacture, and the materials used. "We them indispensable when there are not only fires to make so many gas-jets to light."

"Gas-jets?" he said, inquiringly.

"Let me assist you to dress," I said. "It is some yet till bedtime. We will go the library, which is more fortable."

He had a dazed look as I said this, and was still astonished when I brought out a pair of trousers and dressing-gown.

"Ah!" he said, "these are the things people are wearing now—the Jeffersonian innovation. Fah! where are breeches?"

I went to the chiffonier in which his clothes had always kept, and drew forth his breeches. I found literally riddled.

"Uncle John," I said, producing them, "they are by moths."

"What!" he said, "my best breeches cut up in this! What the—oh! but it's all a dream, of course. We try the others."

He thrust himself into the trousers, buttoned and buttoned, put on the dressing-gown, and laughed.

"They flap about my legs. Legs! Why, I am not for my muscular calves, and my legs look like pipe-stems. Now, what could have led me to such a dream as that must have been talking of Jefferson before I went to bed that suggested trousers, and trousers suggested legs, oh, the development of the idea is quite clear!"

I assisted him—he was evidently very weak—in library, and installed him in an easy-chair, into which sank with a sigh of pleasure. Then I lit the gas, and eyed me curiously.

"I see that, too," he muttered to himself. "Guy were talking of this new project of lighting London flammable air—gas, they called it. That accounts. But the friction matches! However, if I can remember process and the materials when I wake up, and if it were really as it does in a dream, I shall be known as a inventor. But the queerest thing is, that while I am in a dream, I have to keep on dreaming."

"Shall I order supper?" I said. "You have had a but milk."

"Milk!" he replied. "If there be anything I desire milk. Order what you like."

I rang the bell, and when the servant came, ordered: to be served in the library. When Peter—who, impassioned generally was, displayed by a look his astonishment the stranger's presence—had gone out, John Trelawney said:

"That's another of the dream people. I never saw before, and when I wake up, won't see him again. But—what the deuce is that?"

A mingled look of terror, doubt, and amusement were his face, as he lifted the end of his long, white beard, he now observed for the first time. He passed his hand over, and traced the beard to his chin, and then he gave a sharp tug.

"Of all the farrago of nonsense which comes in a head in dreams, this is the most absurd. A long white on me, a man of twenty-eight, and heavens!" he concluded as he caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror or mantel, "there's white hair, and wrinkles to corroborate. This matches the thin legs. I shouldn't wonder if I to an old woman next, with a black satin dress, and a falbala."

Here he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What is the matter with my voice, I wonder," he claimed; "it's of a piece with my beard, and my wrinkles—and my legs. If I were awake, and looked like that talked so, I should think I had got to be eighty at least. Won't I have a fine tale to tell to Guy in the morning?"

Peter came in with a tray bearing plates, dishes, eatables, and John with the tea-service. When the spread the cloth on the library table, and arranged thing, my rather stately housekeeper, Mrs. Lang, saile

"Mrs. Lang," I said, "let me present you to Mr. Trelawney, who remains with us, and to whom every the house will pay as much deference and attention as Uncle John, this is the housekeeper, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang was evidently mystified, but she was the occasion. She performed an elaborate courtesy, John, as a polite old young gentleman, rose and bowed in acknowledgment.

"Now," I said, "no one need wait, as we are to have conversation on family matters. I can even dispense your attendance, Mrs. Lang."

The housekeeper sniffed faintly, but departed without others.

"Now for the feast of the Barmecides," said Uncle gayly. "No! the tea tastes as natural as though it were these chops too, what is the matter with my teeth? hang it! they're half gone. I see, all in keeping—sans sans everything!"

"Uncle John," I interposed, "you must excuse a caution you to be careful about your eating. A stomach has been accustomed solely to liquid food for eighty-four years, solid matter might!"

"Liquid food! eighty-four years!" he burst out. "What could have led to such a mental vagary even dream? And knowing this to be a dream, why can't myself?"

The supper passed off, though Uncle John would occasionally, and tap his head and smile. He evinced of fatigue shortly after, and I led him to a chamber, assisted him to disrobe, and left him.

The next morning, finding he was very weak, I had late served to him in his room. The servants were puzzled, and I could fancy the below-stairs parlour active session. But they were well drilled, and evinced surprise in our presence, and made no inquiries as and when this newly found relative had come to be a. About eleven o'clock my guest rose, and I assisted the library, where we had breakfast. While we were he was startled by the screams of a steam-whistle—way passing within two hundred yards of the house.

"Wha—what is that?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, "but the train. We have a crossing over the estate, and a station within a quarter

ile from the house. This was an out-train, and the engineer always salutes me."

"Railway! train!"

The servants were listening, and I changed the subject by odging fault with an egg which was overdone. When we ad finished I took Uncle John into the library, got him an asy-chair, and handed him one of the New York morning apers. He looked at it in amazement, and repeated its le.

"Why, I never heard of it before," he said; "and the type so small that I can't read it. Oh, I see! White hair, rinkles, thin legs, weakness, poor teeth, and so failing sight in keeping. I wonder I am not deaf."

I took grandfather's spectacles from a drawer.

"Try these," I said.

He put them on, but shonk his head.

"Perhaps you were near-sighted when you were young," said.

"Was! I am near-sighted."

"Try these, then," and I handed him a pair used by my atber.

"Ah! these do nicely. But what stuff is this? Ocean teamer! Six days and eighteen hours!"

"Yes," I said, "quite a fast voyage across the Atlantic, but ere have been faster. Some of the steamers on the Miss- sippi do better."

"Steamers on the Mississippi! big towns there, eh?"

"Large cities all through the West, with four or five hun- dred thousand people in them."

"Now the process of evolution in a dream is clear," said Uncle John, evidently speaking to himself. "That crazy ion, Oliver Evans, says in his book that the time will come hen boats, driven by steam, will ply on the Mississippi and estern streams, and great towns form on their banks. And ilroads! Yes, I see. He said that men would travel on ars running on iron rails, and propelled by steam, at the ate of thirty miles an hour; and that men would be able to reakfast in New York, dine in Philadelphia, and sup in ashington, all in the same day. Guy and I used to amuse iveselves with his speculations, and now it is all reproduced s reality in a dream."

"But, Uncle John," I said, "Evans did not see far enough. Ve can travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and not ly breakfast in New York and dine in Washington, but eat, rink, and sleep, if we like, on the cars as they go."

"Come, now, this is a little too much, even for a dream," plied Uncle John. "Let me see! July 19, 1884. That's my. 'By telegraph, London, July 18th. The queen re- ceived the American minister at Balmoral, to which he had een specially invited.' Balmoral! the queen! Queen of ngland, I suppose. But why not the king? Balmoral! here is that?"

"It is Queen Victoria's seat in the Highlands."

"And who the—I beg your pardon, but who is Queen Vic- toria?"

"She is the present reigning sovereign, and succeeded Villiam the Fourth forty-seven years since."

"Oh, she did, did she? and who was William the outh?"

"He was Prince William Henry."

"What, that midshipman who got trounced in Boston? ut where was the Prince of Wales?"

"He succeeded his father, you know, as George the outh, and died without issue."

"No, I don't know. But, 'by telegraph.' What does that ean, and how do you get news from London in a day? m I expected to believe that? The dream grows queerer nd queerer."

I explained the action of the electric telegraph, but he did ot seem to comprehend it.

"The fantasies are wilder and wilder. The lightning is ade a courier; by and by it will be bottled up for lamps, nd the sun will paint our portraits."

"All that has been done long since," I replied. "But the a-train is nearly due, and with this field-glass you can see t from the balcony. There—I hear it in the distance. You eedn't rise, I'll wheel your chair to the open window—so."

The train soon came in sight, dashed on, turned a curve, nd we could hear it slow down as it approached the station. Uncle John's hands shook, partly with weakness, partly with excitement, but he seemed to have had a good sight of the ngine and cars. He sat there reflecting.

How was I to impress him with the fact of his real condi- tion? It would have to be done, some time or other. But ould it overturn his reason? I mused over it.

"Well, Nephew Guy, as you call yourself, what are you hinking on?"

"Pray," I returned, "do you remember Monsieur Delille?"

"Yes; where is he? He tried to put me asleep, but ailed."

"Uncle John, he did not fail. He succeeded."

"He did, you say. That is a little hard to believe, even a dream."

"You have been asleep ever since, and were so until I wakened you."

"And for how many hours, pray?"

"Eighty-four years. You fell into a hypnotic slumber in '800, and this is 1884."

Uncle John broke into a fit of laughter; but seeing my erious face, paused, and then deliberately bit his finger.

"I shall be awake presently," he said, looking at his fin- ger. "And yet this pain—tell me all about it."

I told him all, as I have written it, but with more detail. Then I added: "Look at yourself in yonder glass. You ave grown old during your artificial slumber. Action has een suspended, but not the processes of life. Read the urnal you have thrown down, and you will see that the orld has moved, and you have not. Clasp my hand— here, is that not flesh and blood—real and not visionary?"

"And Tom Jefferson has not just been elected, and the ountry ruined?"

"Mr. Jefferson, after serving two terms, died many years ince; and the country, after going through two foreign and ne domestic war, is now at peace and prosperous, with its erritory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"And brother Guy?"

I took down the family record, and read:

"Guy IV., has issue:

"1. Guy V., born at Trelawney Park, April 3, 1770; m.

December 28, 1794, Mary Louisa, eldest daughter of Law- rence and Gertrude Gansevoort, of Gansevoort Manor; wid- ower, June 3, 1798; died May 9, 1855.

"2. John, b. February 1, 1772."

"Poor old Guy," murmured Uncle John. "But go on."

"Guy V., had issue:

"1. Guy VI., b. February 1, 1796; m. Alice, second daughter of Pierce and Mary Compton, June 20, 1818; wid- ower, June 9, 1821; d. March 19, 1878.

"Guy VI., has issue:

"1. Guy VII., b. October 9, 1820; m. April 1, 1850, to Grace Amaranth, sole daughter of John George Pigott, of Pigott Park, Leicestershire, England; widow, May 4, 1870; d. February 5, 1882.

"Guy VII. had issue:

"Guy VIII., b. May 1st, 1856"

The truth seemed to possess the old man's mind. He looked at his hands and feet, felt his beard, and his counte- nance assumed a look of extreme terror. Would he go mad?

Suddenly he burst into a flood of tears, and I felt re- lieved.

"This—this is cruel," he said, at length, with a sob.

"We did all we could, Uncle John," I pleaded.

"Yes, I know—I know. But to keep me in a living grave, to wake old, decrepit—it was better to have let me die while I was unconscious. I am weak—I would like to lie down."

"Do so, Uncle John, you will be better by dinner-time."

I assisted him to his chamber, where he lay down on a lounge, and I left him to his repose.

Just before dinner I sent Peter to his room to bid him pre- pare for the meal. The servant came back. "The old gen- tleman seems a little out of his head, sir. He told me to put a tinder-box on the mantel-shelf."

I hurried to the chamber, where I found the old man mut- tering to himself. I spoke to him, saying that dinner would soon be ready.

"You are there," he said; "and you come to tell me this is no dream, and I am a hundred and twelve years old."

Then he stared vacantly, and worked his fingers in a con- vulsive way.

I sent at once for Dr. Quitman, our family physician, while I managed to persuade the old man to get to bed. When the physician came, and before he saw his patient, though I gave him none of the previous facts, I stated that this was my great-granduncle, and that he was a hundred and twelve years old. Dr. Quitman looked sur- prised at the relationship, and the gleam in his eye showed that he doubted the age given. He went with me to the chamber, and made the customary examination. Uncle John answering his questions in monosyllables, not always as though he perfectly understood.

"Well, doctor?" I inquired, when we had come out.

"He is certainly very old," replied the physician; "he may be close upon a hundred. There is no disease—the powers of life are simply giving way. By a careful adminis- tration of stimulants—I should recommend Huxham's tincture—and by judicious nourishment, you may prolong life a little; but he will probably peaceably fade out in a very few days."

And he did. On the third day, growing weaker, and ap- parently without any feeling of pain, he passed away. I had my finger on his pulse. It was very weak and slow. As I stood there he muttered, and I stooped to listen. He mur- mured:

"Guy, it was as real—you can have no idea—"

Here he stopped. I pressed the artery, but it had ceased to beat.

—Independent.

A foreign diplomatist accredited to Rome, gives the follow- ing account of the Pope's revenue, and of the way in which it is spent. It is derived from three sources. First. The interest of an enormous sum left by Pio Nono to the pontifical treasury, and invested in the English public funds. This interest amounts to about three million lire, or about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. Leo XIII. is a great speculator, and subscribes to the Italian loans in order to sell when the value rises, and invest the profits in the English consolidated fund. Second. The proceeds of Peter's Pence. This branch of the revenue has suffered greatly in recent years, but, nevertheless, the average amounts to about two million lire, or about eighty-three thousand pounds sterling. These two sums, which represent two hundred and eight thousand pounds sterling per annum, constitute the ordinary income of his holiness. It is distributed by the chamberlain among the cardinals residing in Rome—about one thousand and fifty pounds sterling per annum for each cardinal—among the prelates of the Papal Court, the secretaries, the nuncios, the guards of the Pontiff's body, etc. Third. The extraordinary part of the Papal revenue is de- rived from the receipts of the Apostolic Chancery. The items include the sums received for titles of nobility, Papal decora- tions, benedictions in the article of death, privileges of the altar, private chapels, dispensations, ecclesiastical titles, and many other things. This department yields about two million five hundred thousand lire, or one hundred and four thousand pounds sterling per annum. The whole annual in- come of Leo XIII., therefore, reaches the enormous sum of about three hundred thousand pounds sterling.

It is stated that a German steamship recently took to Colon from Africa seven hundred Liberians, men of gigantic stature and powerful physique. They were half-naked, carried queer-looking bundles upon their shoulders, and spoke a language which no one else on the isthmus under- stood. It is said that fifteen hundred more will follow, and that these men will work on the Panama Canal.

Israel Putnam, like some other noted characters of revolu- tionary times, was a little off in his orthography. In one of his written orders, which have come down to our times, he refers to some hungry soldiers, who had just come into camp from the Providence Plantations, as "Rod Ilanders."

It is said that the slate-pencil factory at Castleton, Vt., is the only one in the United States. It employs twenty-five men and turns out thirty thousands pencils daily.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A rolling-pin gathers a good deal of dough.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Did you take in the game at the Polo Grounds to-day?" "Yes." "Who got beat?" "The audience."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Helen—"Mamma, what is a *casus belli*?" Mother—"My child, never speak of anything so indelicate. It is the Latin for stomach-ache."—*Life.*

It is wrong that the fate of convicted murderers should be delayed so long. When once justly convicted they should be put through at break-neck speed.—*Puck.*

Old lady (very much shocked)—"Little boys, what are you playing 'Shinny' for on the Sabbath day?" Little boys—"We're playin' fer fi cents a game."—*Life.*

The original Gaily, known in song as "Gaily, the Trouba- dour," who "strikes his guitar," is with the Spanish Trou- badours to appear at Faranta's Theatre.—*New Orleans Pica- yune.*

Visitor (at prison)—"I suppose the convicts are deprived of their valuables when they arrive?" Warden—"Yes; but even the poorest of them have a watch and chain."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Hunter (with much feeling on pressing her hand at parting)—"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed." Miss Bond—"Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."—*Life.*

Judge (to condemned murderer)—"Is there anything you want to say why judgment should not be passed." Murderer—"It was always the wish of the deceased to die suddenly."—*Waterbury.*

Minister—"And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?" Bobby—(inclined to be non- committal)—"Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does."—*New York Sun.*

Guide (explaining the view of mountain to a party)—"And here is the place where a young lady jumped off and committed suicide." Lady—"From melancholy?" Guide—"No, ma'am; from Boston."—*Judge.*

Jones (to his friend)—"Yes, old boy, I've determined to economize on car-fare, and walk home from the office every day. By the way, let's go in and take something. It's a devilish long walk home."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Wisconsin court has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters. That is all very well so far as it goes, but what this country wants is a law to protect a husband who forgets to mail his wife's letters.—*Omaha World.*

Wife (to husband)—"I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with kerosene, John." Husband—"How much do we owe her?" Wife—"Four months' wages." Hus- band—"Well, let her go on with the kerosene."—*New York Sun.*

"George," she said, and her manner betrayed anxiety, "what has come over papa of late. He treats you coldly, and evidently tries to avoid you." "He borrowed ten dol- lars of me a couple of weeks ago," explained George.—*New York Sun.*

Stout man (whose appetite had been the envy of his fellow- boarders)—"I declare! I have lost three buttons off my vest!" Mistress of the house (who had been aching to give him a hint)—"You will probably find them in the dining- room, sir."—*Judge.*

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—"I say, Maude, how did my song 'Home Again, from a Foreign Shore,' seem to impress the company?" Pretty Cousin—"Well, some of them, Charley, looked as if they were sorry that you had got back."—*New York Sun.*

Customer (getting measured)—"How much are these trou- sers going to cost me?" Tailor—"Twenty-two dollars, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?" Customer—"None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."—*New York Sun.*

Gibbins (who isn't handsome, but thinks he is, and ogles pretty girls)—"I want to get something which my wife will appreciate. Now, what would you suggest?" Saleswoman—"Why don't you go into the saddler's, two doors below, and get her a pair of blinders?"—*Puck.*

Miss Bas-Bleu—"Are you very fond of reading, Mr. Downtown?" Mr. Downtown—"Fair to middling." Miss B.—"Have you read 'Homo Sum'?" Mr. D.—"Nn; I never was fond of arithmetic, and when I was at school I couldn't even get on with his Iliad."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Brailer—"Here's Deacon Cudds right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train-boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be interesting and in- structive!" Mr. Brailer (looking over the deacon's shoul- der)—"Larry Donahue's 'Bar-keeper's Guide!'"—*Puck.*

Hostess—"That was a charming composition, Herr Sweit- zel. Was it original?" Herr Sweitzel (who has been play- ing one of Chopin's most famous concertos amid general and well-sustained conversation)—"Oh! it vos nod more origi- nals den dot compliment I would it tear opp!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A lady whose husband had a severe cold, recommended flax-seed lemonade. "Huh!" he said, irascibly, "a man can't have a cold without everybody suggesting some fool remedy. I'll send for a doctor." So the doctor came, charged the sick man two dollars for his visit, and advised flax-seed lemonade.—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Pompano (time, two A. M.)—"Is that you, Adolphus?" Pompano—"Yes, my dear." Mrs. Pompano (alarmed)—"What makes you act so strangely." Pompano (with dignity)—"I assure you, my dear, I have not touched a drop to-night. I am perfectly sober." Mrs. Pompano—"Oh, I see! I knew something was the matter."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A BITTER FIGHT.

"Flaneur" discusses an Interesting Contest in New York Politics.

There is a hot political fight going on here. It is an off year as far as the big political offices are concerned, but there is a local struggle which has stirred up the whole city. Even the women are brisk and eager partisans. It is all centered in the fight for the district attorneyship. The history of the chapter in New York political life which brought about this thing is curious and characteristic.

About two years ago, an amiable, complacent, and rather pompous gentleman received the nomination of one of the branches of the Democratic party in New York city. The Democrats here are divided into three main branches, Tammany, County Democracy, and Irving Hall. Though there are many more Democrats than Republicans, this division often enables a Republican who can poll the whole vote of his party to secure an election, against the split vote of the opposition. There are also labor parties, citizen movements, prohibition, socialist, and independent tickets. Very often there are six or seven candidates for one office, each one endorsed by a body of supporters who dub themselves "parties." Every one of these "parties" finds a newspaper or two to truckle to it, and support its champion. This is the reason why outsiders, in attempting to gain some insight into New York politics, wind up their careers suddenly in misery, mystification, mugginess, and gloom. A comparatively easy problem is presented this year, and the explanation may be understood.

By an odd combination of the citizens' movement, a coalition with the Republican party, and other causes, the amiable, complacent, and pompous gentleman, alluded to above, and who bore the name of Randolph B. Martine, was swept into office. He was a rich and an ambitious man. His election surprised him, but it astounded his political hackers, who had given him the nomination because they were sure he would not be elected, and who wished to reward him for his liberal contributions to the campaign funds. This was the inside history of the election of the now famous District Attorney Martine of New York.

When the scandal involving the board of aldermen and the Broadway Railway saw the light, District Attorney Martine prosecuted the bribe-takers and thieves vigorously. It was his duty to do so, and he did it. It was the duty of his assistants in office to lend their aid, and they, too, were faithful. The effect of all this upon the badgered, defrauded, and long-suffering citizen of New York was so remarkable, that he was puffed up to a condition of tearful amazement, followed by sentiments of touching gratitude and thankfulness. He was so unaccustomed to decency, purity, and honesty, that he instantly decided to reward the men who had done their duty. It was decided to promote Martine to a judgeship, and to make one of his assistants his successor in the district attorney's office!

Martine has already been nominated for judge by the County Democracy and Tammany—which insures his election—and nominated in addition by his old enemies, the Republicans. His reward has been swift, sure, and ample, and it is wholly the result of his honesty. He did not conduct the boodle trials personally, and, when Colonel Fellows fell ill, he was obliged to engage outside counsel to enable him to present a creditable front. But he was an honest man, and New York honored him. What a comment on current office-holders.

The man who worked up nearly all the details of the boodle trials, accumulated the evidence, and presented it in a really masterly manner, was De Lancey Nicoll. He is but thirty years of age, and is unquestionably the most brilliant and industrious advocate of his years at the New York bar. He is tall and athletic, and his rather saturnine face is shaded by a mustache. His manner of speaking is forcible and clear, and his industry is indefatigable. He has the enthusiasm of youth, but the method of age. He won boundless praise for the manner in which he presented the facts in the trials of the boodle aldermen, and nearly a year ago his admirers began to insist that he should be nominated as the successor of the district attorney.

Martine's first assistant, and a man who stood a great deal above De Lancey Nicoll, was Colonel John R. Fellows. He has the face of a statesman, and he is unquestionably the most eloquent member of the New York bar. He is fifty-four years of age, was a colonel in the war, has done yeoman's service in the Democratic party, and is poor, though he has held office continually for years. Though De Lancey Nicoll and other assistants presented the testimony in the bribery cases, it was Colonel Fellows who summed up. Eminent lawyers traveled from all over the country to listen to him when he presented the case for the last time to the different juries in the boodle trials, and he convicted every man against whom he appeared.

In this respect, his conduct of the cases was wonderful. When Alderman Cleary came up for trial, it was discovered that he was backed by a life insurance corporation worth half a million dollars, and that his own fortune, which was large, was also enlisted in his behalf. The array of lawyers engaged in the defense has never been equalled in any other case in the New York courts. They were not only the leading legal lights of New York, but also of Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. It was evident that Cleary was going to make a bitter fight. Just before the trial began, Colonel Fellows fell ill, and was sent to the Hot Springs. Rumors flew wildly about town to the effect that the eloquent colonel had been bought off by the boodlers' friends. One assertion was, that he was given fifty thousand dollars to feign illness and withdraw from the summing up of the case, the accused man feeling that his fate would be safe if Fellows did not sum up against him. An elaborate investigation of these rumors failed to produce any proof. Fellows was really ill, and though the summing up was done by a noted advocate specially retained by the district attorney's office for the purpose, Cleary was not convicted. Colonel Fellows retained the confidence of his superior, and, when he returned from the Hot Springs with his health re-established, he continued to pile up triumph after triumph in the courts. Nicoll's share in the successes was second only to that of Colonel Fellows.

The time for the nominations came, and a fierce rivalry sprang up.

The *Sun*, the *Herald*, and the *World* joined in advocating the candidacy of Nicoll. This went on for a few days, then there was a sudden and extraordinary clash.

The *World* has been a bitter and abusive rival of both the *Herald* and the *Sun*, and, in insisting upon Nicoll's nomination, it antagonized the two other papers. They switched over to another assistant in the district attorney's office, and then seized upon the name of Colonel Fellows. There are astute, experienced, and clever politicians in the offices of the *Sun* and *Herald*. The men in charge of the political machinery of the *World* are newer to the field.

Two nights ago, the delegates from all branches of the Democratic party met and nominated Colonel Fellows as a candidate, leaving De Lancey Nicoll out in the cold. Fellows's nomination was enthusiastically endorsed by all of the Democrats. His election was looked upon as secure. It was supposed that, as De Lancey Nicoll was a good Democrat and a young man, he would hide his time, and support his party's nominee. It was a mistake. The *World* began to fight tooth and nail for Nicoll's recognition, and abusive and bitter editorials were flung back and forth between the *World* and the *Sun*. Nicoll was then nominated by an independent Citizen's Ticket, and the Republicans have stepped in and nominated him against Fellows. Nicoll has left his party. He is disgruntled, and he has been taken up by his former enemies, the Republicans. He will run against his friend and associate, Colonel John R. Fellows. The bitterest campaign that has been known in years has just begun. The personal attacks on the characters of the different candidates is unprecedented in the history of New York journalism. The whole question has been reduced to a level of attack and defense, and so much dust has been kicked up that it is almost impossible to tell how the contest will end, although Fellows's chances are a shade better than Nicoll's.

Louis F. Post, who is the Socialist candidate for district attorney, showed a lot of us a mathematical presentment of what he considered the probable city vote for district attorney, the other night. This calculation was so plausible that it impressed several men in the group with absolute conviction. It insured the election of Post, owing to the generally cut-up and twisted nature of the vote. There is, however, no real chance of Post's slipping in.

Up to date it is a big struggle, and, among its most impressive features is the celerity with which George, McGlynn, Most, and the rest of the socialist, progressive, prohibition, communistic, and labor agitators sank out of sight when the real war began. If Dennis Kearney had come here a month ago, he would have been a hero. Now he can not get an audience of ten people to listen to him. It is the general opinion that the George vote will fall far below that of last year, and McGlynn has been set down recently as a vague theorist, out of place in a life-and-death political battle like that of to-day.

NEW YORK, October 27, 1887.

Recent statistics show that the number of steamers existing in the world in 1886 was estimated at 9,860, of an aggregate burden of 10,531,843 tons. In the previous year the number was stated at 9,642, of an aggregate burden of 10,291,241 tons. The world's steam-shipping in 1886 was thus distributed: Iron steamers, 8,198, of an aggregate burden of 8,911,406 tons; steel steamers, 770, of an aggregate burden 32,820 tons; and wooden steamers, 822, of an aggregate burden of 380,655 tons. Of the steamers afloat in 1885, 5,792 were owned by the United Kingdom and its colonies, their aggregate burden being 6,505,871 tons. The other countries of the world owned steamers in the following order: Germany, 579; France, 509; Spain 401; the United States, 400; Norway, 287; Russia, 212; Denmark, 200; Italy, 173; Holland, 152; Brazil, 141; Japan, 106; Greece and Turkey, 82 each; Belgium, 68; Chili and the Argentine Republic, 43 each; China and Portugal, 27 each; Hawaii, 21; Mexico, 15; and the miscellaneous, 50. From the above figures it appears that, notwithstanding the great depression prevailing in the steam-shipping trade, the number of steamers afloat last year increased to the extent of 327 as compared with 1885.

The report of the government of the canton of Berne, Switzerland, to the department of justice and police of the Swiss central government regarding Mormonism, maintains that it would be useless to take half measures, the expulsion of all the Mormons from Switzerland being the only means that could possibly prove effective. The hundersrath (federal council) adopted that view, and appointed a commission to inquire into the proceedings of the Mormons in all the cantons where there are any of the sect. It is asserted that the Mormons prefer to get hold of little children to take to Utah and there educate them for their purposes.

"Lectover" is the name of a new and murderous munition of war in Russia. It was discovered by a Russian engineer, and is as strong as pyroxyline and ten times cheaper than saltpetre powder. It possesses great superiority over all explosives of the dynamite class by the fact that when fired its force does not strike downward, but entirely forward. It can be used, it is said, for all purposes to which ordinary gunpowder is now applied, without any damage to the weapon discharged. The minister of war is having a special factory built for its manufacture. The composition is a secret.

One of the smallest manuscripts in the world is to be sold. The following advertisement is from the London *Times*: For sale, a grain of rice with the whole first chapter of the Koran written on it; given to an English officer in 1812 by an American gentleman who received it from an Arab sheik, whom he had cured of a dangerous fever in the desert.

Some counterfeiters of spurious archaeological articles have lately come to grief in the canton of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. One of them had invented the "horn age" for the benefit of an enthusiastic antiquarian, and dug out for him a number of skillfully prepared articles of horn.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

An Irish club in Dublin, to show its contempt for Lord Randolph Churchill, elected him to membership at one meeting, and expelled him the next.

Mr. Langtry, the husband of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, has, say the *Court Journal*, received an appointment at Queenstown in connection with the lifeboat service there.

Harriet Beecher Stowe recently said that after seeing many of the finest cities, both in the Old World and the New, she has concluded that Hartford, Conn., is the most beautiful city, as a place of residence on earth.

Pres. Hendrickson of Bell County, Kentucky, is credited with killing three men and dangerously wounding another. He is naively described by the local press as "an influential citizen, a church member, and a dead shot."

Doctor O. W. Holmes says of General Charles J. Paine, of the *For Union*—who, by-the-way, is his kinsman—that he is the only commander he ever heard of who made himself illustrious by running away from the enemy.

Ex-Governor Alger, of Michigan, is a great traveler. He rides about the country in a private car, and seldom spends more than seven days in one place. He makes his car his business office, and does one million dollars' worth of business in it annually.

In an autograph-album Suzanne Brohan wrote, "There is nothing more difficult for a woman than to make up her mind to enter into the thirties." And underneath it Aimée Decelée said: "Yes, there is. Making up her mind to get out of the thirties."

Mme. Barrios, widow of the late President of Guatemala, has been sued by an artist for a balance on pictures painted for her. She is a millionaire, but was recently compelled to appear in court, to answer a servant's suit for wages, when she conducted her own case.

Dr. Charles Mackay, the author of "Baby Mine," writes to the *London Athenaeum* to complain that he never received any compensation honorary or pecuniary, for his words, although when set to music two hundred thousand copies and upward were sold in the United States.

Chauncey M. Depew arranges his dinner engagements just the same as a route-agent for a theatrical combination maps out his dates. He has a book in which are noted in one column the day and date, in another its acceptance or declination, and in a third the topic he is to talk on. Private Secretary Duval has charge of this diary. He is kept busy "booking" dates just now.

When the Boston base-ball team purchased Kelly for ten thousand dollars, it was thought that the top price had been reached for individual ball-players. But it is now reported that the Pittsburgh Club has offered fifteen thousand dollars for Anson of the Chicago, and that the bid was refused on the ground that Anson is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars by his present owners. If there were handbids in these days, what a field for kidnappers the base-ball profession would offer!

Princess Peter Karagoryevitch, eldest daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, gave birth to a child the other day. Prince Nicholas was so overjoyed at this that he hired a revolver from one of the windows of his castle (which is indeed a very modest one-story building), whereupon his loyal subjects began also to fire, and this noisy and perhaps not altogether innocent loyal demonstration attained such proportions that at last the prince had to send out his guards into the streets to stop it.

P. T. Barnum has just purchased an enormous amount of real estate in Bridgeport, Conn. It consists of a great tract of land situated in the centre of the city, and includes five churches, the old court-house, six livery stables, three bank buildings, all the stores on the west side of Main Street and more than one hundred private residences and dwellings. The property is worth over six million dollars. Mr. Barnum's grandson, Clinton H. Seeley, will at once erect a large brick block on a portion of the unoccupied land included in the purchase.

Jesse Brown, of Washington, who, it is said, will soon marry Miss Victoria West, daughter of British Minister Sir Lionel Sackville West, is the son of the late Marshall Brown, at one time a famous Washington boniface. Mr. Brown is a man about thirty-eight years of age, tall and handsome, and fond of fine clothes. He is a popular club man. Miss Victoria West is a handsome girl of the English type. She is nearly twenty years Brown's junior. It is further rumored that Sir Lionel Sackville West is engaged to the beautiful daughter of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon.

The princely visitors at the castle of Fredensborg in Zealand, Denmark, have been entertained by the clever tricks of the German magician, Loewe, when, at the end of the show, the Emperor of Russia, who is a man of unusual bodily strength, said he would show a trick which Loewe would fail to imitate. He took a new pack of cards, and, by a quick motion of his hands, tore it right through, to the astonishment of everybody present. Rapidity and dexterity, however, are more essential in the execution of the trick, it is said, than mere strength.

A Vienna paper relates that when Prince Ferdinand first crossed the frontier of his new country, a Bulgarian writer by the name of Nicoloff greeted him with a poem in honor of the event, which so pleased the prince that he told his adjutant that he intended to confer a high Bulgarian order on the loyal poet. On the following morning, however, the adjutant told Prince Ferdinand that Nicoloff was already the possessor of that decoration, whereupon the prince asked to be informed on what occasion Nicoloff had received the order. Investigation brought to light the fact that Nicoloff had been decorated by Prince Alexander of Battenberg, for celebrating his entry into Bulgaria by the identical hymn which greeted the arrival of Prince Ferdinand.

A gossip society writer, speaking of the late Lady Brassey, says: "She was a fearless horsewoman, and, when resident at Normanhurst, often attended the meets of the East Sussex fox-hounds with her daughter. The last time that Lady Brassey was out with the hounds was in November last, when the meet was at Pesham, and Sir Craven Goring entertained the hunt at breakfast in honor of his only daughter's debut, on which occasion Lady Brassey returned thanks on behalf of the ladies in a most amusing speech. A few days afterward she started for India to join the *Sunbeam*. To Lady Brassey her husband owes such social distinction as he may have achieved. She was amiable, genial, and ambitious, and it seems a sad fate that ended so abruptly the enjoyment of the coronet for which she had worked so assiduously. Among the public she was known as the authoress of 'The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*.' Her death was most tragic. Maddened by the fever, she jumped overboard from the yacht, and her husband, who quickly dived after her, was with difficulty rescued from sharing the fate of his wife. Mr. Brassey was, like his father, a civil engineer, and devoted himself to that profession until some time after his marriage. His wife soon changed all this about, as not suiting the ends she had in view, and imbued him thoroughly with her own two enthusiasms. Under her tuition he became a spirited yachtsman, the author of some more or less clever books of the times, and an out-and-out politician. Despite the inordinate love of travel, against which, it is said, her husband at times slightly rebelled, Lady Brassey was openly acknowledged by her husband, and the world in general, as being not only the maker of his success, but a most faithful wife and devoted mother as well. Besides being politically ambitious, if so the phrase may be used, Lady Brassey was, even as Mrs. Brassey, famous socially as a thorough cosmopolitan. Her house never degenerated into the vulgar feeling of a 'camp,' but the wide world was there. She made a particular point at one time of advancing the interests of the Chinese Embassy, and making them quite the social lions of the season. It was at her house, at one of the really fine concerts for which she was noted, that Joaquin Miller emptied his famous pockets of those memorable rose-leaves, making a pathway of them down the drawing-room for Mrs. Langtry, then in the very glory of her success, to walk upon—'May this be your path through life,' he said."

THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

"Betsy B." describes the Quaint Sight of Mozart's Birth-Place.

I.

Every one said, Do not try to go to the Salzkammergut, for here the rain it raineth every day. Travelers tell dismal tales of standing all day long by the big windows of the *Herjahrzeiten*, in beautiful *Bechtsgaden*, or the bigger windows of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* in Salzburg, and drumming opellessly on the panes as the big drops fell in ceaseless recession day after day, until it seemed the Deluge had come again. One dejected but persistent scenery-seeker came through the famous *Pass Lueg* no less than seven miles, wrapped in an impenetrable mist, and its gloomy splendors were still a mystery to him. Yet he alone said, Go to the Salzkammergut and try your weather luck, for, if the sun shine, it is the emerald of Europe, and, if the rain fall, Salzburg itself is a dear little place to wait in."

The Salzkammergut, as all the world knows, is the imperial salt domain, for the Austrian Government has a monopoly the sale of salt. Governments have a fashion over there monopolizing every thing that is good, and the salt mines were took occasion to develop themselves in that most beautiful two hundred and fifty miles of country which lies between rude Styria and historic Salzburg. It is full of beautiful lakes, cloud-piercing mountains, shining waterfalls, sequestered valleys, lonely defiles, castle-crowned rocks—everything that is lovely in nature, with a touch of assistance now and then from art.

There was not a cloud in all the blue heavens as we came out of Bavaria and across the Salzburg plains. The great castle of Salzburg rose up on the *Möuchsborg* as sharply out the plain as *Stirling* itself rises up from the field of *Bannockburn*. The town itself is invariably likened to *Edinburgh*, but it has not the long, peculiar, hammock-like swing of *Edinburgh* town, and it is not set on hills. It is in the very heart of a plain, and out of the centre of the city rises its great citadel, once the *Residenz* of the proud and mighty archbishops of Salzburg. It is degraded now to the level of soldiers' prison, and whatever the fault for which the luckless wight is confined, he expiates some of it in climbing a stone steps that lead to his jail. It costs a traveler forty reuters to accomplish the feat, but he has the satisfaction of coming down again as soon as he likes.

The *Hôtel de l'Europe* is not a stone's throw from the station; so near, indeed, that even the aged and feeble Emperor Germany could not choose but walk these few yards when dropped in upon us from *Gastein* one day. But then, he no criterion, for he disdained "the lift" which marks the entry of this great caravansary, and walked up the great staircase leaning lightly on the shoulders of two of his valets. It is set in the midst of gardens not luxurious—for who ever saw that wealth of foliage in a European garden that is common thing in California?—but they have been allowed to go untrimmed just enough to give them a little bit of a cypress air. This has a charm all its own in a country where everything speaks so constantly of infinite hand-work. But the principal feature of interest that day in the *Hôtel de l'Europe* was the *portier*. A story had been going the rounds of the American summer travelers, that an heiress of great wealth from New York had fallen in love with a *portier* one of the great hotels somewhere along the familiar line of travel, and that she proposed to buy a title for him from the government and marry him. Report had momentarily depicted the *portier* of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* as the man, and, as he is a somewhat celebrated one in the fraternity, it did not seem impossible. He is a great, stalwart, handsome fellow, who looks like a soldier in his gold lace and trappings. We often heard him speak five languages almost at a breath, and he is certainly the most polite and obliging creature under the sun. Put yourself unreservedly in his hands, if ever you go to Salzburg; there is not an inch in the Salzkammergut about which he can not give you the most authentic information, and he will never cheat you a penny.

But with all his attractions and his high moral character, he was not the lucky choice of the American heiress. Her *portier* came from the south, from the land of love and romance. She had picked him up in Milan, and married him at of hand before we had definitely settled that our magnificent *portier* was not the man.

He was a bit of a humbug too, for, when the Americans in the hotel sent a basket of flowers to the emperor—and a petrified, itifful looking thing it was, even with its nodding rim of blue ribbons, the emperor's favorite flower—the *portier* told us that the emperor had been particularly interested in our words, and inquired about us very especially, because we came from California. It is a curious and not unagreeable sensation to be specifically inquired for by an emperor. Much of the good was taken out of it, however, a half hour later, when, leaning over the great well, we heard the gilded *portier* telling an Ohio family that the emperor had inquired about them with most particular interest, because they came from Ohio, a State to which so many of his subjects emigrated. We never knew what his imperial highness said of few York, but it must have been something very nice, for a left *Chauncey M. Depew* on the most chummy terms with him.

Salzburg is a fascinating little place to take a stroll through. The *Salzach*, a swift, impetuous little current, rushes straight through the centre of it, and makes an excuse for some picturesque bridges. The turbulent disposition of the little river itself has been curbed with solid masonry, so that its steep, orderly banks are great granite quays, which form a quay upon which the people love to romenade in the warm summer evenings.

The very air breathes Mozart. One *Paracelsus*, a dignified and scientific old chap, attempts to dispute the palm with him, and there is a house of *Paracelsus*, and a monument to *Paracelsus*, and a *Paracelsus* tomb with a most scholarly epitaph in Latin. One goes to see these things as a duty bound; but it is Mozart the people love. In the *Mozartplatz* stands the inevitable cathedral, with its hime of bells, called "The joy bells of the Virgin." They lay twenty tunes, all by Mozart, and as they only change the tune once a month, it takes twenty months to bear the repertoire. As the "County Guy," and "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and half-a-dozen other old English songs

strike familiarly on the ear, Mozart seems to have been the greatest tune-maker of them all.

Day after day, during our stay, we stood in the great hot *Mozartplatz* and listened to the "Chanson des Alpes," played by "the joy bells of the Virgin." Every school girl has played a fantasia upon this old air, with a dum-dum of the stately air somewhere in the middle of the piano and a ting-a-ling-ling high up in the treble, till it became a flip-pant, frivolous thing. But, with the joy bells, the old melody takes on a certain mountain stateliness, and is beautiful again in its simplicity. Perhaps it was helped to solemnity by the fact that it came just after the Angelus, and the peasant-women with their winged head-dresses of black silk, and the men with the eagle-feather and edelweiss in their hats—for at Salzburg we are just on the edge of the Tyrol—still stood with bent heads after their brief familiar little prayer.

That Mozart may not be forgotten, a little monk plays *Mozart music*, every day at eleven, on a great wonderful instrument he calls an *orchestration*, which combines the tunes of the organ and the piano—and beautiful music he makes; but one may not study the rapt countenance with which monks are popularly supposed to play, for his orchestration is shrouded behind a high white convent-wall, and he belongs to an enclosed order. A man, for a florin, may go in and look upon the musician, but a woman must intrench herself in the shadow of the wall to listen, and there is generally a line of them, in carriages and on foot, when the weather permits. The monks opens the windows wide, rain or shine, but it takes some good out of the music to be obliged to cower with the little shadow, which grows shorter and shorter as the noon-bells make ready to ring, and the monk is not as popular as he might be with women.

Salzburg was called *Juvavia* in our ancient histories, and, though fire has swept it away in bits, from time to time, the trail of the Roman is over it yet. It has an Italian, rather than an Austrian or German, look even now, and there are gates, and stone-highways, and crumbling buildings left over from the centuries.

The narrow streets are mere defiles, and, just where the narrowest of three of them come together, and the tall narrow houses nod at each other so nearly that when they say "good-morning" they must bump forehead, stands the old Mozart home. The birthplace of genius is generally a humble one. Its flame seems to burn brighter in a cot than in a palace. Has not that been said before? At all events, the Mozart home, though it is in its decay, bespeaks a better condition for the Mozart family than is common to geniuses.

There is a dark pit of a shop on the ground floor where there is nothing in the world to tempt the least fastidious buyer, and whose walls seem to be impregnated with the flavor of many generations of sausages. There was a man on the first floor in a pair of abnormally large list slippers, blacking a pair of gigantic boots. He growled "Motezart oben," and we climbed again. There was a woman cooking apple-sauce in the most frank and candid manner on the second floor, and she smiled and said pleasantly enough "Motezart oben." The stone steps were worn with generations of feet, and people were pursuing their domestic avocations in the very shadows of antiquity all about Salzburg, perfectly unconscious of their enormous background of time and history, but things never seemed to clash till then. But from this moment Mozart and apple-sauce seem to be indissolubly connected. For the fragrance of the apple-sauce climbed the stair with us, and followed us among all the Mozart mementoes. It is a bare-floored, clean, humble little room at the top of the house, where the linen was probably stored in Mozart's day, for there are all kinds of faded and grimy luxuries in the rest of the house, but here all is plain.

The pleasant, talented Mozart family seem still to people the place for their portraits gaze at you quite naturally from the wall. The most interesting of them is the little Mozart himself as a child of six, a large-eyed child of genius seated at his spinet. Crowned kings have bowed to this baby at the piano, and he wears a little costume of velvet and lace presented to him by *Marie Antoinette*. The spinet itself stands in the corner under two of the most interesting of the family portraits. It is not voiceless yet, but gives forth a strange, jangled, aged sound, if vandal hands touch the hallowed keys. Everything that was reminiscent of Mozart has been collected from any end of the earth to which it could have penetrated, and the relics are in charge of a society who consider it a trust of enormous magnitude. Various members of the little guild floated in and out as we wandered among the books, manuscripts, medals, portraits, and rings that had all come back to the old Mozart homestead. There was nothing to do, for every inch of the place was in most admirable order, yet each one went out with the proud consciousness of a man who has done his duty. The custodian whispered their names in awe-stricken tones. They were jaw-breakers, each and every one, for the names grow puzzling with consonants as we near the Danube, and prolong themselves indefinitely. But they were unknown except to local fame. The custodian cleverly managed that each man should catch the whisper, and each man affected with the transparent innocence of a child not to hear. They were all very happy. The world began and ended for them in that little attic of the Mozart house, and a little extra enthusiasm on the part of a visitor was an event duly chronicled.

There was one old man wandering idly through the rooms who was unmistakably a devotee. He had a musician's hand—long, supple, trained-looking fingers. Age was written as plainly in the seams of his hands as in the lines of his face, but it was easy to read a skillful touch of the keys between the lines. He hung long over the spinet, longer yet over the pretty portrait of the gifted boy, but he actually browsed among the manuscripts. He glared hungrily through his spectacles at the glass cases, and his limber old fingers twitched nervously with longing to take absolute hold of the yellow, shriveled papers with their faint scratchy lines and notes. If we had not left *Liszt* lying dead at *Bayreuth* a week before, we might have suspected this to be the *Liszt* himself. His long white hair hung thick, heavy, and straight upon his neck, his eyes gleamed above a huge Roman nose upon which stood out a wart surely as big as any in the great *Liszt's* collection, and he wore the gown and collar with which the great *Abbé* outwardly protected himself against marriage lines. The face of the great *Liszt* is too well-known for another to be mistaken for him, but this was un-

mistakably a disciple who had laid his life as an offering upon the piano, and unconsciously copied the master. He had that indefinable air of being somebody which the somebodies simply and unconsciously carry with them, but, we could not wait to see by what name the old man should inscribe himself in the visitors' book. Does any one know a musician who looks like this?

Every one strolling through Salzburg wanders by chance into the *Mirabell gardens*. One is constantly running against mementoes of the old archbishops of Salzburg. They were a powerful race of autocrats, but they had a way of persuading the people that they were having a fine time. The moment a bishop was threatened with unpopularity he devised an amusement for the simple people, and they became contented again.

The old archiepiscopal residence rises up white and strong in the midst of the *Mirabell gardens*, but it was given to the city long ago, and is no doubt converted into the inevitable museum by this time. The *Mirabell garden* is not a wonderful place, but the band plays there, the nursemaids are thick there with their charges, the peasants cross it rather than go around through the narrow stony streets, and the officers like to saunter through its pretty green alleys. Then, too, there is a great aviary, where one may see all the birds of Europe, and their brilliant-plumaged kin from the South. There is always an officer of the ornithological society about to see that the pets are not fed with indigestible things. Officers of societies in Salzburg take a ridiculously vital interest in their charges, and there is always some responsible party of whom one may ask a question. It gives an American quite a curious sensation.

Perhaps the interesting part of *Mirabell*, to the traveler, is that one goes through the *Dreifaltigkeitgasse* to get there. It is a peaceable spot to pass through, but the name looks like an infernal machine that will go off with careless handling. When one remarks that one has been through the *Dreifaltigkeitgasse*, it is as if one had escaped a peril. Furthermore, what could sound more German than *Dreifaltigkeitgasse*?—and nothing is more French than the *Mirabell Garden*. It is as if one had gone on a leap from primitive little Salzburg to a corner in a garden at *St. Denis*. As all paths lead to Rome, so all the walks in Salzburg lead at last, to the foot of the *Möuchsborg*. Perhaps you are going to climb to the top of the great *Höhen-Salzburg* to revel in the incomparable view, but there is much to see first at the foot of the mountain, for here all the life of Salzburg once clustered. There is a little chapel, clinging like a limpet to a rock, half-way up the hillside, of which the Salzburgers are exceedingly proud. It was the church and refuge of the early Christians, and is not built of hands, but is really a large, square cave hewn out of the solid rock. There are three rude little windows in the side which gave them light and air, and through which they defended themselves when religion came to blows. Not more than thirty of them could have fitted into the little rock chapel at one time, and it is written that it ran with Christian blood many and many a time in the history of *Juvavia*. It is holy ground, and once a year, even now, the priests, and a few of the faithful, climb up to the little rocky cradle of Christianity, and celebrate mass.

There is a little Romanesque church at the foot of the hill—full, no doubt, of interesting relics—but the traveler turns more naturally to the cemetery, for some great people have been buried at Salzburg in its time. This is a grass-grown little place, and many of the tablets are choked with weeds. The dates are deliciously old, and the names are too curious to remember. There was one, a Peter somebody, whose seven wives lay in a row. They were little women, judging by the length of the graves. Thereby hung a tale. For when Peter had laid the last of these seven little women in her little short grave in *St. Peter's churchyard*, from sheer force of habit he took another. When the sweets of the honeymoon had worn away, Mrs. Peter the eighth began to suspect that there had been foul play. But she could not find that her lord had ever dealt with knife or poison, and the seven women had been found lying, in their several turns, peaceful, calm, and unbruised, but dead. Her husband was wont to be of a merry humor, and had asked her half a hundred times to swathe herself in strong linen bandages from head to foot, and he would show her one of the cleverest jokes in the world. At last she became suspicious of his joke, but she determined to accede to his request. But she took the precaution to inform her brother, and had him station himself behind an arras to see what should take place.

Peter tightened the bandages around his bride as tight as an Egyptian mummy's shroud, and afterward sewed them upon her with stout hempen thread. Then, with a murderous glare in his eye, he proceeded to tickle her feet, and the unfortunate woman, helpless in her bandages, and unable even to shriek, would have been tickled to death as the seven wives had been before, if the brother behind the arras had not leaped out in time to save her. He had not at first divined Peter's awful intention, but the hapless wife had suffered enough in those few minutes to make her very much out of love with her playful bridegroom. They forced him to a confession, and they afterward witnessed him die the death of a malefactor with infinite satisfaction.

It is even said that Mrs. Peter the eighth had the courage, after a suitable time, to marry again. But in her death she did not choose to lie beside the wives whose death she had avenged, and they do not even show you where she lies. It is but fair to say she is the only celebrity Salzburg ever boasted of whose grave is not shown.

BETSY B.

It is not generally known that camels, both wild and tame, are found in Texas, yet such is the fact, and some of them are on exhibition at the State fair at Dallas this fall. The first of these animals were brought to the State by the government in 1852, to test their usefulness in crossing the American desert to California. They came from Arabia, and were the ancestors of those now in the State.

There is a strange natural curiosity in Fayette County, Indiana, known as *Sbaky Hill*. It comprises about twelve acres, and is occasionally subject to tremulous movements affecting several acres of land. This phenomenon has been noticed for fifty-seven years.

THE LONDON SEASON.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Social Features of the British Metropolis.

Socially speaking, London could not very well be duller. There may be said to be absolutely nothing going on from a society and fashionable standpoint. Truth to tell, neither society nor fashion (and the two go hand in hand) is in London. That is to say, society and fashion as they are represented by and typified in the landed nobility and gentry (and their followers), whose residence in their town-houses, from May to August every year, makes what is known as "the London season." Without these aristocratic three-months residents, there would be no London season. Certainly not the season as it is carried on now. If any one doubts this assertion, as I am prepared to have any "Londoner" living abroad do, all I can say is: "Tell me, then, why the season never begins until these people come up to town? Why wait for them every year? Answer me that, please."

The ordinary residents of London, from one year's end to the other—grand though their houses may be, and boundless their wealth—as such cut no figure in the London season. They, in fact, have nothing to do with it. What I mean to say is, they do not in way, shape, or manner influence it. Try they ever so hard, they can not make a good season by entertaining, any more than they can make a bad one by shutting up their houses. No one cares what they do. They give the cue to no one. Though they live all the year round in London, they no more affect its society, in so far as society is exemplified in the London season, than the man in the moon. This may seem hard, but it is nevertheless true. They have no grouse-moor in Scotland to go to in August, no country-house whereat to stay while they and their friends pot the partridges among the stubble and turnips in September, or knock over the pheasants from their October coverts, or hunt foxes three times a week while the frost keeps away. They have nothing out of London, and for that reason they are a cipher in London society. It matters not that their town-house is in Park Lane, Eaton Square, or Queen's Gate; if they possess no country-house to go to when the season is over, their influence, as a factor of the season, is *nil*, or next to *nil*. During the season they may give an entertainment or two, a couple of balls, to which they get people of all sorts to go, because they give good suppers, with unlimited champagne; but the part they take is a passive part, a tolerated part, as it were, yielded to by the leaders and controllers, whose ways they strive to imitate.

So, also, there are many ladies and gentlemen who live in London, from New Year's Day to the last day of December, who get invited to the balls of the season residents, and they may give entertainments themselves in return, and ask quantities of regular season people to them. But such is, by no means, the rule. On the contrary, the all-year residents have a season of their own in the winter; so that, strictly speaking, did not the nobility and landed gentry come up to London every May, and stay until August, there would be no season in London at all in summer. All the balls and parties would be given in winter, as they are in every other large town in the world.

It may, therefore, be said that in London, there are virtually two seasons, viz., the "London season" (as it is called) in spring and summer for the non-annual residents; and the winter season for the people who live in London all the year. Curiously enough, this is a thing apparently not understood out of England; and the people who come up to town only and solely for the summer season are confounded with those who live in London always, and all are looked upon and called "Londoners." To make foreigners comprehend this distinction is as difficult as to explain satisfactorily to the mind of the average Englishman the differences that exist between the general government of the United States and the individual government of the various States; or the fact that not all Americans are "Yankees." At the present moment neither the summer nor winter season is on. The summer (and real) season has been over since (to give it the longest lease known) grouse-shooting began in Scotland and the North, on the twelfth of August; and the winter season is yet to come. London is, therefore, in that condition known as "empty." Of course the foreign arrival in London wouldn't see or comprehend this. To him it must seem the essence of absurdity to call London empty. From the door-steps and windows of the Hotel Metropole, the Grand Hotel, the Langham, and the American Exchange in the Strand, he sees vast multitudes of people and thousands of vehicles pass to and fro every hour. There are, to his eyes, the same stream of pedestrians on the pavements, and the same procession of carriages and cabs in the roadways of the Strand, Charing Cross, and Piccadilly, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Bond Street that he remembers whenever he comes to London, and that filled those thoroughfares to repletion when he arrived in June for the jubilee, just as they fill them to-day. "London empty?" he will exclaim. "Nonsense. Never was it fuller."

"No more it was," you will tell him. "But fuller of what? Londoners. It is always full of them."

He will regard you with a bewildered look in his eye for a moment, and say, "What on earth are you talking about? Londoners? I mean Londoners. You don't suppose I mean Parisians, or New Yorkers, or Bostonians, do you?"

It is useless to explain further. He can't or won't see it. Therefore, do I say to all foreigners, and Americans in particular, crystallize this fact in your brain: When London is spoken of in England as "empty," it means empty of the swells who come up to town for the season every year. No one else. It really means that the swells have gone home again, their town-houses being merely their town-houses, not their homes. And further, don't imagine that you will detect any difference in appearance or lessening in numbers in the throngs you see in the streets before mentioned. It is not there your unpracticed eye will discern either. But come out to the West End residential streets, from St. James's and Mayfair to Belgrave and South Kensington. How many houses, especially in the two former quarters, do you suppose you will see with open window-shutters? Not one in twenty. How many drawing-rooms (could you see into them through their tight-barred windows) will you discover whose furniture and pictures are not clad in their nine months' coverings of brown holland? Not one in fifty. How many porticoed door-steps will you see decorated by a powdered-headed footman in earnest converse with a moth-like nursery-maid, on her way with the "pram" to the park? Not one in a hundred. How many equestrians, especially equestriennes, will you see in Rotten Row of a morning; or how many smart equipages, with glossy groomed horses, coroneted door-panels, and coachman and footman in well-fitting liveries, will you see there in the evening? Not one, where two hundred used to be. How many balls will you see announced in the *Court Journal*, or puffed in the *Morning Post*? I venture to say not one at all. Saunter along Pall Mall, or up St. James's Street. How many club-windows will lack the natty and well-preserved middle-aged and elderly men of fashion, with neat whiskers or iron-gray mustaches, shined tall hats, and tightly buttoned frock-coats, reading the papers, or looking out at nothing in particular? I venture to remark all of them. Or, on how many club-house steps will there be going up, coming down, or standing with cigarette in hand, the clean-featured, clear-skinned young men one is wont to see in shoals throughout May, June, and July, in black homespun morning coats, white scarfs, white spots, tall black hats, and dog-skin gloves? Few, if any.

It won't take you long to be convinced, if to conviction you be open, that London is empty after all. You have been thinking of trade, and business, and professional life, with which fashion and the London season have virtually little or nothing to do. They always go on just the same, and at no time during the year, save for a few weeks in summer when every business man in London takes his annual holiday, will you see any appreciable alteration or diminution in their numbers. You may not see so many well-dressed men in the streets, and may now and then observe a pot hat on the heads of men who wouldn't dream of wearing other than a tall hat during "the season" (both of which it is doubtful if you notice), but in other ways will you know from what you can take note of east of Regent Street and Trafalgar Square, that "London is empty." It must be, I have often thought, especially bewildering to Americans—particularly those on a first visit to the British metropolis—to be told at any time that "London is empty." They find crowds in the streets, at the theatres (such as remain open all the year), at the National Gallery, the Tower, the "Zoo," the British Museum, the Convent Garden promenade concerts, at every railway-station, either above or under ground; the same stolid Life Guardsmen, on black chargers, sit on guard at the Horse Guards in Whitehall; the same red-tunicked, tight-waisted, bearskin-capped sentries pace up and down in front of Buckingham Palace, as though the queen were not hundreds of miles away at Balmoral; and there is the same clatter, and rattle, and rumble, and hum of wheels, whether it be May or December, July or October. Though they may not see the queen or Prince of Wales, they may Sir William Gull, or Swinburne the poet; though the dukes, and marquises, and earls, and viscounts, and barons, and honorables of the season may be vacating, or shooting, or hunting, the nobility of brain, and intellect, and genius, and talent, and honest hard work is in London, and while they are present London can not be empty. All that makes London and England what she is, will be found there at all times—whether the caprice or fluctuating bank accounts of the aristocracy cause a "season" of which they are the sole managers and monitors, to be good or bad for just three months in the year.

I had a conversation the other day with a near relative of Algernon Swinburne, and was told some interesting things in regard to the famous poet. His childhood, and boyhood up to the age of eighteen were extremely straight-laced. He was brought up by his mother in the most absurd fashion, and kept under such restraint and control that at eighteen he was accustomed to ask her permission to have a second piece of toast at breakfast. He was coddled and watched, and protected by the maternal petticoats and apron-string, as if he were a tender girl, until almost a man. Doubtless the dormant spirit of genius within him rebelled against such Miss Nancyish nonsense and made him, directly he went to Oxford and got clear of his mother's eye and frown, go to the other extreme. His family are people of the most rigid, old-fashioned, and conservative ways. They are eminently proper in every thing, and at one time, when the poet had not achieved the renown he enjoys to-day, affected to be shocked at his behavior in writing such naughty poetry, and disgracing the Swinburne name. Now, however, while not exactly and avowedly countenancing him and his rather lax style of life and writings, they are glad enough, though they haven't the honesty to say so, to have so great a man in the world of letters for kinsmen.

The radical member of parliament for Litchfield is the poet's cousin, and he and his uncouth, clumsy utterances are a constant thorn in the Tory family's side. As Sir John Swinburne, Bart., is the head of the house and family, and it is especially trying for such correct and proper people to have to acknowledge as the head of the family of Swinburne such a loud-mouthed, eccentric, and demagoguish man as he is. The poet was bad enough, but he wasn't a patch on Sir John. He is a Gladstonite to the backbone, a "friend of Ireland," and a stickler for reform after the pattern of Labouchère without possessing the Labouchèrian talent. Labouchère, you know, is a "gentleman" in English high-class parlance, which means that he is of gentle birth. The gentry abominate him (not without much cause, I am constrained to admit), and it is a penance of tremendous severity for them to be compelled to yield him the benefit of what he was born to. I daresay they would be glad enough to deny it him if they could. But, you see, as a kinsman of a lord, he is protected by those ramified pages of Burke, Debrett, and Lodge which treat of collateral branches. You can't gainsay the "Peerage," you know, when you come to matters of birth and rank. There is no appeal from Burke. Labouchère is certainly no great credit to the aristocracy, and to his honor be it spoken, I don't believe he places much store by being one of them. Though he may be an aristocrat by birth, he is assuredly not one by either taste or instinct. The crown and aristocracy haven't a greater foe in the kingdom than he. If ever there was "a foul bird," in the world (to use the language of the well-known axiom) it is Labouchère. His efforts are untiring and continuous. But the aristocratic nest is just a trifle too big.

LONDON, October 7, 1887.

VANITY FAIR.

The New York woman has gone ahead of recent years while the New York man has retrograded (says the *Sun*). A generation of absolute leisure, unlimited wealth, limitless advantages, out-door exercise, tennis, yachting, and Euro-Asian travel have lifted to-day's New York woman far above their mothers in physical beauty and the accomplishment of the world. Husbands and fathers have footed the bill. Specimens of sturdy, robust, and vigorous manhood are no so numerous as they were. The life and death struggle for wealth, which has built up the New York woman, has made a stoop-shouldered and overworked dyspeptic of the New York man. The beauty and grandeur of his wife have been bought at a heavy price. At the Metropolitan Opera on a night, an observer of New York people may see the history of this recent development written in the faces of the men and women in the boxes. Take the first box that your glass lights upon. Sitting in front, and in the full glare of the many lights in the thousands of eyes, are two women, the wife of a famous merchant and her sister. They rustle in with superb indifference to the public gaze, at half-past eight or nine o'clock, throw off their wraps, seat themselves carefully, and proceed to look the house over. The wife is about thirty-five, the sister twenty. Everything about them suggests the elaborate grooming of fashionable life. The are superbly moulded women, with keen, bright eyes, the reddest of lips, and clear, transparent skins. The round outlines and perfect health and repose of the elder show that such a thing as care and anxiety are unknown. She is the picture of contentment and absolute physical beauty. She turns and speaks in a careless and indifferent way to some one in the rear of the box. A friendly and affectionate smile, which strikes the observer as being just a bit pathetic, is the answer. That is the husband who is sitting in the corner. He is the millionaire merchant, who has not been absent from his office for a single day in fifteen years. He is forty and looks fifty-five. His figure is shrunken, his eyes heavy, and his mouth drawn down by the fixed and strained force of eternal anxiety. Even in weight he is ten or twenty pounds lighter than his wife, and he stoops with bent shoulders wearily toward them. The lines in his face may be seen from across the Opera House. They are dug deep in the parchment-like skin, the evidences of incessant work and overwrought constitution, and indomitable will power. It is the face of a man who is fortunate if he can steal five hours of sleep in the twenty-four, and who is proud if he can keep the ship going to keep his wife in the splendor that her beauty and taste demand. This is not an ideal sketch of the New York merchant, or an isolated one. Any man who looks behind the first row of magnificent and glowing specimens of American womanhood at the Metropolitan Opera will see face after face that has the history of a mighty struggle stamped on every feature. But the face of the women are as serene as their health is perfect, and their habits extravagant. The men are the bankers, merchants, professional and business men of the town, whose names are known throughout the country. The women form the only "leisure class" in New York, and the effect of them has been highly beneficial.

The first thing one realizes on being invited to an Englishman's house is that one is invited to come at a certain time and stay until a certain time. There is no indefinite invitation: "Come and make us a visit whenever you can," leaving one with a half-certainty that one would be welcome and a very decided uncertainty, should one go whenever or could, as to whether one's visit would not be very ill-timed. An Englishman hastily and correctly reviews his engagements, both of a business and social nature, and replies, once, thus in his turn giving his host that certain ease knowing. He then states the train he will take, or, perhaps his host has suggested a train: or, if it is too far ahead, state positively, he adds: "I will inform you by post or telegram, a day or two before, of the hour of my arrival." If I can not go he declines as promptly and as definitely. When an American receives such an invitation, very aptly he thinks: "That's pleasure. I'm too busy to write to-day. Anyway, I must have a few days to think it over," and the invitation is pushed aside for a more convenient season. Meantime the hosts are uncomfortable, and wondering "What So-and-so does not write?"—"If So-and-so received our letter?"—"If we only knew that So-and-so could not come we would invite some one else." At last our American writes: Does he either decline or accept? Americans are a positive race—about business—but where social life is concerned it only the women who are at all punctilious. No, he says: "Could not reply to your letter at once, and even now I am not certain if we can accept it; will let you know in a few days," or worse still: "Don't believe we can arrange to come to you on the fifteenth. How would the twenty-fifth suit you?" Fancy the embarrassment of the host, who has asked some one else for that date! Or again, and to our shame be it said this is often done: "Can not come where you say, but think can arrange it later. Will let you know."

In her magazine *Dress*, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller discusses (with the editorial "we") "our garters." "Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation this spiral arrangement having no relation to the nerve as muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature, at must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spirals, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments recommended as 'improved and hygienic.' We were seeking truth in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal find just the right thing at last. One after another of the harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking-support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of the attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury. Our advice to women is to have

good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern made, since the silver will wear for years and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg, is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive."

"The young ladies of Chicago" says the *Tribune* of that city, "are not much trammelled by the rules and regulations of an older civilization. The chaperon seems, in many cases, to be an unknown quantity, and girls go about to balls and theatres alone with men, returning in the wee sma' hours without a thought that there might be any impropriety in their conduct. Three young ladies recently went to the theatre with three young foreign visitors, entire strangers to them, and without a matron. This, to the young foreigners unaccustomed to meeting young maidens in their class of life excepting under their mother's wing, must have been a novel experience. It is customary for girls to issue invitations to entertainments in their mothers' houses in their own names, and even to organize club balls in the same fashion. This pushing themselves forward and crowding their parents out is a most unpleasant phase of Chicago manners, but the parents must be entirely responsible for it. No mother with a proper self-respect would permit it—but the mother who allows her young daughter to ramble over the town in a carriage at midnight alone with a man is, in our opinion, little short of a madwoman. Let her daughter rather miss a hundred halls than run the risk of once meeting in this way a man who would not respect her innocence."

An actress recently said to a reporter: "Do you know what it is that we see last in an audience from the stage? The bustles of the ladies. Just as the curtain is dropping on our final tableau the people rise in their seats to depart. They rarely remain seated until the curtain shuts them out from view. A woman never rises from a chair nor leaves a room without two ridiculous manoeuvres. First, she seizes her skirts behind, below the belt, and gives a vigorous lift to all the machinery by which her tournure is accomplished. Then, with the back of her hand, she settles the bottom of her hasque. It is as utterly impossible for a fashionably dressed woman to avoid this action as it is for a man to keep from putting his finger into his mouth after he has hit it with a hammer. We stage folks get a rear view of the procession of women as they head for the street. Every mother's daughter will go through the operation of shaking up her tournure, regardless of the foolish figure she cuts. The effort to free herself from a mosquito would be precisely the gymnastics she goes through every time she rises in her much-bustled condition. A girl whispers to her companion: 'There's a mosquito hitting me right in the small of my back.' If the other should reply: 'Take a grab of your clothes over the spot and shake him up,' she would faint. But she will fetch that hustle and its overhanging petticoats a lift the instant she moves."

It is the Austrians among whom Zola is now roaming in search of "human documents." He has been to Vienna, the ladies of which city have a well-earned reputation for amiability to strangers. Their manners are so easy, and their hospitality so great, that the foreign wanderer, if he has a gentleman-like air, need never descend low in search of fair and temporary companions. The manners of the place afford of *petits soupers* in restaurants, which are not a heavy drain on the purse. A correspondent saw at a table in the Ring Strasse an archduke, a foreign lady of high degree, a painter, and two great actresses, supping on pickled ox-nose, cold potatoes, sausage, and cheese, washed down with beer. A hall in an aristocratic house is a very grand affair, but the persons who give it are very plain and simple when they go on foot in search of amusement, out in the park or ring. Zola was promised introductions to the beauties—all noble and of the palace circle—who stood as models for the "Three Graces," figuring in the picture of Charles the Fifth's triumphal entry into his Flemish capital. They are in that painting as unadorned as the goddesses were when Paris was giving judgment on their plastic points. The head of the naturalist school was last heard of at Agram, on his way to Serajevo, where he was told he was sure to find a quite new set of "human documents."

The reader has heard of the girl who opened the oysters, threw away the meats, washed and boiled the shells, and served them piping hot to an astonished family. Mrs. Smith's maid did something worse. When Mrs. Smith was in Paris, she paid a fabulous sum for a sort of *hourette* cloth that had at intervals something like caterpillars woven into the loose mesh of the wool. The weather was cool enough to wear that odd, but fine attire, and she longed to exhibit her unique toilet. She laid the dress out, and bade her new dressing-maid remove the bastings that had held some plaitings in place during its travels. She left the luncheon-table at two o'clock, and found her smart maid, with a sharp pair of scissors, picking out the chinks of colored floss silk, that had made so gorgeous a material of a plain bourette. "They looked for all the world like caterpillars, ma'am," said the girl, "but I've got the most of 'em off." Mrs. Smith sat down and wept, but the unfeeling Smith husband laughed, and declared that he hadn't been so tickled since he touched a woman in the theatre, and said, "You have a spider on your shoulder, ma'am," and the woman jumped to her feet, and screamed, "Take it off! Where is it?" Then Smith pointed out a finely executed spider in enamel, for which she had paid twenty-five dollars, and had pinned carefully on her shoulder before leaving the house.

An American gentleman, who has recently traveled through Japan, says that the Japanese will, in a few years, be the greatest railroad builders in the world. As yet there are only three hundred and seventy miles of railroad in Japan, but many new roads are projected. The Japanese are good railroad patrons; for even when they have no business to transact, they will ride back and forth on the railroad until they have spent their last cent. And the beggars in the large towns nearly always spend on a railroad trip the money which they get.

THE CAFFAREL AFFAIR.

"Parisina" gives some interesting details of scandal of the day.

This last Parisian scandal is of the worst kind—the scandal administrative. When we hear that a husband has been betrayed, or that a wife has discovered the *pot aux roses* of her unfaithful spouse; that some one high in the world's esteem has run off with a heap of other people's money, or is posted up in the Bourse; that a woman well known in the gay world is sued by her dress-maker, or taken up for pocketing trifles at the Louvre or Bon Marché, we are shocked more or less; but we don't feel that society is shaken to its basis, and that the whole fabric may tumble about our ears at any moment, as we do when a man—hitherto esteemed, honorable, filling a responsible situation—turns out a rogue.

General Caffarel has done more than he stands accused of. He has lessened our faith in human nature; he has sent the corroding iron of suspicion deep into our hearts, and he has turned some of the milk of human kindness into gall. It is an awful thing for a government to make such a discovery as ours has done in these last few days, and to learn that one of its servants has been trafficking ignobly, under cover of his official position, selling rewards and places to pay his debts of honor—honor, indeed!—and satisfy his vicious appetites for play, for women, his lust for gold and carnal pleasures. It rather emphasizes the dishonor that the man should be a soldier, a leader of men.

Some people a gue that, in the interest of the nation and for the sake of public morality, the authorities should have hushed up the affair. In Russia, doubtless, General Caffarel would have been politely invited to blow his brains out; he might not even have been permitted to go and work out his redemption in the Siberian mines. In France, and with an inquisitive press, such concealment was impossible; besides, what an imperial autocrat may do with impunity is out of the question for a Republican government. The people have a right to demand a reckoning, and they will get it. Yes, General Caffarel must be punished, and our only fear at the present moment, is that the punishment won't be sufficiently severe. Nothing short of degradation in the face of the army, and death, seem an adequate return for such an offense. Better men were shot on the plains of Satory after the Commune, and criminals less morally responsible have paid their debt at La Roquette.

Certainly, it is an aggravation in our minds that we have, many of us, met and conversed with General Caffarel; that, knowing nothing of his double-dealings, we have admired him for his brilliant career, his courage before the enemy, his pleasant, genial ways, his kindness, and all the virtues he seemed to possess. There are men of whom we are suspicious from the first, and when they fall we are not sorry to be able to declare of them, in all good faith, that we never believed in them. Every one believed in General Caffarel; the greater rogue he. To some of his relatives, whom I have the pleasure to call my friends, he was the model of the gallant soldier and noble gentleman. They feel his degradation acutely, not merely as it may affect themselves, but the pity of it as regards him. "We were so proud of his success," sobbed his cousin, as I talked that matter over with her last night; "I remember him as a dashing young lieutenant fresh from St. Cyr, he looked so grand in his brand-new uniform. He distinguished himself everywhere—in the Crimea, in Italy, during the Franco-German war. And to think he should have fallen so low!"

Even with his kinsfolk, there is no question of whitewashing. At the Ministère they were too careful, too sure, of wrong-doing before the exposure—which would have been avoided had it been possible to do so—for there to be any room left for doubt as to his culpability. General Caffarel may not have had the intention of selling military secrets to Germany (for the very good reason that none were confided to him), he may have been, to an extent, the tool of unprincipled adventurers, but he certainly traded on his influence, and soiled his fingers with the money of those who were ready to pay long prices for a bit of red ribbon or promotion.

Only one person believes him guiltless of any crime, save that of raising money on rotten securities, and having put his name to dishonored bills. And this person is his wife. It is something, indeed, when a man can command the absolute faith of his wife—his better half with a vengeance. She will believe nothing against him, always excepting the fact that he has ruined them both by gambling and speculating at the Bourse. Admirable confidence! Heavens! what a woman will do for love, and how she will pin her faith to the greatest rascal in creation in return for a few caresses. Mme. Caffarel will not credit a word of the accusation concerning her husband's intimacy with Mme. Limouzin, Mme. Boissier, and Mme. Courteuil. Even jealousy will not open her eyes. He came home regularly every evening, he was never known to pass a night elsewhere than beneath the conjugal roof, and this, she thinks, is proof positive that he carried on no intrigue elsewhere. I daresay he swore she was the only woman in the world for him, oaths come so easily to some men, and, besides, he owes her something for her dissipated dowry. Mme. Voisins was a rich widow when he married her, with a pretty fortune of some one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Now they don't seem to have a cent between them, and his debts are innumerable.

Imagine what the life of this man must have been of late, having sold himself, body and soul, to a trio of harpies, and feeling himself daily hemmed in more closely by the web of intrigue he had allowed them to spin around him. No wonder his wife, as she told her cousin, heard him pacing his room all night as she lay awake. Her confidence was so great, she believed his lying statement about "office worries," and told her intimates of the extra work heaped on her suffering general, when they noted his care-worn expression. How strange that a man can thus live a double life, and manage to keep up an appearance of respectability, while, in reality, half his time is spent in the companionship of *demi-mondaines*, who minister to his vices and use his credit for their own base purposes!

Unfortunately, there are many such women as Mme. Limouzin in Paris. She represents a class that is growing every day more numerous; the *faiseuses d'affaires*, the professional match-makers, go-betweens in general, who will get

a husband for a woman with a past, if she has a bit of money, a rich wife for an impecunious scion of nobility, money at a high rate of interest for the ruined gamblers, or a ribbon of the Legion of Honor for any man able and willing to pay "through the nose" for the same. She got General Caffarel's bills discounted, and, in return, he used his influence to procure decorations for her *protégés*. Her lodgings, we are told, are after the usual pattern. Roomy, well-furnished, full of bric-à-brac, and artificial plants—those you cultivate with a duster. The visitor who is ushered into the salon is rather favorably impressed than otherwise. On the table is a medley of cards, uppermost among them that of General Boulanger, with "To-morrow, ma chère madame, I await you at eleven o'clock" written on it in pencil, and on Daniel Wilson's bit of pasteboard, "Will receive you with pleasure at the Elysée to-morrow." A pile of letters ready for post bear various names and addresses of well-known personages. In a glass-case on the piano are a number of crosses, not for sale—though it looks like it. There is a portrait of M. Grévy on one side of the room, facing one of General Boulanger, and a framed carte of General Thibaudin on a console. Mme. Limouzin is so plain, so wrinkled, and old-looking in spite of her shock of jet black hair, that one can hardly imagine she could ever have attracted the man whom his comrades were wont to call "le beau Caffarel." Perhaps her friend and accomplice, Mme. de Courteuil, who sometimes passed herself off, when a title was an advantage, as the Vicomtesse de la Motte du Pal, was more to his taste, or Mme. Boissier—fat, fair, and forty.

The duty of the vicomtesse was to hunt up people who would pay roundly for a bit of red ribbon. A short time ago, on pretense of purchasing some trinket or other, she went to the shop of a jeweler in the Rue Réaumur, entered into conversation with him, and then accidentally, as it were, said she heard he was desirous of getting a decoration. The tradesman pretended to accept her proposals. He was to put notes to the amount of eight thousand dollars in an envelope, and they were to be given to the general "for his charities," so it was arranged. The police were informed, and the jeweler was enjoined to play out the comedy. In the meantime, the storm broke. Mme. Boissier—or, as she preferred to style herself, the Comtesse de Boissier—had been a great crony of Mme. Limouzin's; they had lived together for some time, and then fallen out. She it was who peached, and set the police on the track of this charming association. An *agent de ville* was made to personate a rich silk merchant of Lyons. He presented himself one morning at Mme. Limouzin's, very well-dressed, unimpeachable in his manners; she was quite taken in. Was delighted to be of service to a stranger in Paris, would introduce him to her friend, General Caffarel, sub-chief of the staff of the Minister of War, who surely would interest himself to obtain a cross for this gentleman, who so richly deserved the distinction. They were far from imagining that the general was really in league with Mme. Limouzin at the Prefecture, and great was the astonishment and horror of the agent (this says something for human nature even in a detective) when he was actually carried off by his polite cicerone to the Ministère, and introduced to General Caffarel in his office. Most effusively were the pair received, and promises of the most compromising nature were made to the supposed silk merchant.

At the same time, General Caffarel, hard pressed for cash, purchased on credit a pair of horses, and sold them again for half the price—in cash—which he had not paid for them—two days later. Already the minister had been advised of the money dealings of the general at the Bourse and elsewhere. An arrest was decided upon. A stormy interview took place between the minister and his subordinate; the latter confessed; he had done all they accused him of, save betraying his country to the Germans. He is said to have shed tears. They gave him twenty-four-hours' grace. His best friends hoped he would blow out his brains; but, as he did not care to do this, he was arrested and carried off to the military prison, and thence, as soon as the decree had appeared dismissing him from his high functions, to Mazas. Mme. Limouzin is also in prison. She puts a bold face on the matter. Everything is going to be explained, of course. There is a husband, no notice of whom is taken, he being such a very insignificant person, but a lover, M. Laurentz, has been secured. When the police came to take her away, a great crowd had assembled in front of her house in the Avenue Wagram, and the tradesmen in the neighborhood came clamoring with their bills. All the papers in the house have been seized.

Many others are implicated besides General Caffarel; it is pretty clear that General d'Andlau has had dealings with Mme. Limouzin. The noble senator may have been only a dupe; he seems to have an unparliamentary weakness for a certain blonde who was an *habituée* of the Limouzin household. It looks blacker for Daniel Wilson. More than two hundred letters are said to have been found on the premises written and signed by M. Grévy's son-in-law. For some time past it has been insinuated that to obtain one of the crosses distributed twice a year by the president, it was necessary to pay court to the *gendre*. If it is proved that Mme. Limouzin and Daniel Wilson played into each other's hands, the Caffarel scandal will sink into insignificance. Poor M. Grévy! What will the president do? If Daniel were twenty times his son-in-law he can not shield him. Last night a peremptory order came from Mont-sous-Vaudrey to M. Wilson at the Elysée, he must depart at once. Oh! what a pleasant family gathering it must be. The Hading scandal of a few months since was hushed up, and M. and Mme. Wilson went forth together to make a round of visits, to show the world how completely they were reconciled. How will it be now? Daniel, I fancy you are pretty well played out. What will Papa Grévy say about this new escapade of yours? It is worse than running off with pretty actresses. Will you manage to hoodwink them again with your plausible tongue? Better for you to run away, and hide yourself. Mme. Pelouze is tired of paying your debts, your wife is not likely to forgive you for bringing dishonor on the poor old president, and even Grévy will cease to see with your eyes as he has done for too long.

What a week this has been for the scandal-mongers, and there is more to come. Like Figaro we laugh that we may not cry.

PARIS, October 10th, 1887.

PARISINA.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of drawing any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been added to the Tauchnitz Series.

That indefatigable writer, John Ashton, is about to add to his historical series a volume on "The Fleet: Its River Prison and Marriages."

There is a good portrait of the late Dinah Maria Mulock Craik in the current number of *Harper's Bazar*. It represents an amiable but rather narrow and sentimental old lady, and represents her truly.

Cassell & Co. announce for immediate publication a novel entitled "Dead Man's Rock," which is said to rival the stories of Stockton, Stevenson, and Haggard. The author's identity is concealed behind the initial "Q."

After the dinner given by the *Century* people to Mr. Roswell Smith, Mr. Frank R. Stockton remarked carelessly: "We were seven hours at the table. Now, three meals a day at that rate would be all that any man ought to expect."

Concerning that encounter on a railway journey between Inspector Byrnes and the beautiful and fascinating criminal heroine of Julian Hawthorne's "Great Bank Robbery," the *London Academy* says that "it is as good as anything in Gaboriau."

Harper & Brothers have in press for early publication "Modern Ships of War," being papers by Sir Edward J. Reed on the British and Continental Navies, and by Rear-Admiral Simpson on the United States Navy, with supplementary chapters and notes by Lieutenant Kelley. The work will be fully illustrated. The larger part of it is reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, of which the papers have recently been interesting features.

The suggestion that the *Century* had once declined the MSS. of Robert Louis Stevenson came on high authority, but the assurance is made that nothing he ever sent was rejected. "Years ago," the *Century* people say, "and before he had much of a reputation in this country, the *Century* began soliciting articles from him which, after some time, resulted in the publication of the 'Silverado Squatters' in serial form, and in his engagement to do another important piece of work for the magazine which his ill-health has thus far prevented his accomplishing." Still, one is forced to remember that in 1879, when Mr. Stevenson presented himself in an aimless fashion to the *Century*, he had been for five years contributing to *Blackwood* the incomparable essays he is now publishing in collected form and for the second time. The *Galaxy*, too, had a little of his work, and American newspapers had been quick to republish it—no usual tribute to essays.

New Publications.

"Elsie's Friends at Woodburn," by Martha Finley, a story for little girl which we noticed some weeks ago, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"A Fair Crusader: A Story of To-day," by William Westall, appears in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"Endymion and Other Poems by John Keats," seven in all, with an introduction by Prof. Henry Morley, is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Tony, the Maid," Blanche Willis Howard's amusing novelette, has been reprinted in a handy little volume, with the illustrations by Reinhart, from the magazine in which it first appeared, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Rock of Ages," Toplady's popular hymn, illustrated by Frederick W. Freer, is one of a series of hymns which Frederick A. Stokes, of New York, is publishing in handsomely illustrated pamphlets for the holidays. For sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 75 cents.

"Jack, the Fisherman," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a novelette which is in part a companion-piece to her "Madonna of the Tubs," has been reprinted from the magazine in which it first appeared, and makes a pretty little book with its illustrations by C. W. Reed. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Old New England Days," by Sophie M. Damon, is a well-written story of New England life in the early part of this century. The incidents on which is founded were chiefly occurrences in the writer's family, and she has woven them together with a thread of romance with more than average skill. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Frances Courtenay Baylor's pretty story for children, "Juan and Juanita," has been reprinted from the juvenile magazine *St. Nicholas*, in a handsome volume with Henry Sandham's illustrations. The adventures of the little brother and sister, in their long and lonely journey to the Mexican home from which they had been stolen by Indians, will be read with great interest by the children who missed the magazine. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Knights in the Sun" is the title of a volume of short stories by Octave Thanet. There are nine of them in all, and each one will serve to pass a half-hour very pleasantly. "The Ogre of Ha Ha Bay," the first in the book, is a pretty sketch of the French-Canadian character, full of the gentleness that characterized Fitzhugh Ludlow's love stories, but without their excessive sentimentality; the others run the gamut of themes for short stories, each possessing distinct and individual charm. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, \$1.25.

Augustin Knoflach, whose new system of learning foreign languages was exemplified some months ago in "German Simplified," has treated the Spanish tongue in the same way. "Spanish Simplified," when completed, will consist of ten little pamphlets of sixteen pages each, in which instruction in the language is given in graded lessons—with exercises, to which the key is given in each succeeding part—the arrangement of the topics being so methodical, concise, and easily understood, that a very fair command of Spanish may be acquired by its use. Two parts are already published, and the remainder will follow at intervals of four weeks. Published by Augustin Knoflach, New York; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 20 cents a number.

A decidedly novel method of advertising has been adopted by one of the large retail firms of Boston. They have hired a novelist to write a story for them. The firm is Jordan, Marsh & Co., the novelist is Robert Grant, and the story is "Jack Hall." It is an excellent story, too, and though written to be to the American lad what "Tom Brown" is to his English cousin, it will interest a wide range of readers. It details Jack Hall's adventures at a model American boarding-school, and many of the passages, notably a description of a football game, are almost worthy to be called classic. Now that haberdashers hire novelists, we have no doubt that every pork-packer will keep a poet. Published by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox has taken his hoy-travelers on another stay-at-home journey in a new book, called "The Boy Travellers on the Congo." His route lies across the dark continent from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, then to Lake Tanganyika, and thence down the Congo to its mouth. The book is a condensation for youthful minds of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," and, as such, contains an immense amount of curious and valuable information regarding the geog-

raphy, peoples, and animal and vegetable life of that interesting country; and to this Colonel Knox has added adventures such as any travelers might meet, which give the story an added vividness and serve to impress facts on the readers' minds. The book is handsomely printed, copiously illustrated, and provided with cover-maps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$3.00.

The modestly named "Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson," which James Elliot Cabot has written, is, in reality, a two-volume work of great value in its wealth of new biographical detail and its scholarly critical character. Mr. Cabot's position as Emerson's literary executor gave him access to much of the Concord sage's unpublished manuscript, to his private correspondence, and to his personal friends, whose recollections are of no inconsiderable interest. The letters have been arranged to the reader's advantage, for Emerson's mind worked best with reflection and does not show to advantage in the hurry of letter-writing. The bulk of new material is digested from the unpublished lectures and incorporated into Mr. Cabot's text; and in the appendix are given a number of lengthy extracts from the most important of the hitherto inaccessible lectures. An excellent photographic portrait, from a likeness taken in 1856, serves as a frontispiece. The paper, typography, binding, etc., are in keeping with the character of the work. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, \$3.50 a set.

Some Magazines.

Lippincott's Magazine for November contains a complete novel, by Miss Virginia W. Johnson, entitled "The Terra Cotta Bust," and dealing with art life in Italy. R. S. Rounds tells of undergraduate life at Amherst College. Arlo Bates contributes a story. Willis Boyd Allen a poem, and Walt Whitman has a page of "November boughs." W. S. Walsh points out certain errors of fact in novels, and chats pleasantly of books.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November contains the following articles: "The Economic Disturbances since 1873" by David A. Wells; "Agassiz and Evolution," by Professor Joseph Le Conte; "Specialization in Science," "Food and Fiber Plants of the North American Indians," "Science and Revelation," "The Stars of Autumn," "About the Wedding-Ring," "The Chemistry of Oyster-Fattening," "Geikie on the Teaching of Geography," "A Kitchen College," "What American Zoologists have done for Evolution," "The Unhealthfulness of Basements," "Sketch of Chester S. Lyman" (with portrait), and the usual department.

The *North American Review* for November opens with a letter from Colonel Ingersoll addressed to Rev. Dr. Fields, which is probably the most radical production of Colonel Ingersoll's pen. It is entitled "The Agnostic Side." General Beaufort completes his war series by an account of the Battle of Petersburg. "The Possible Presidents" series is devoted this month to Senator John Sherman. "A Chestnut Burr," by Gail Hamilton, is the title of a paper on the Andover controversy. "Those Wonderful Ciphers" is the title of an amusing account by Mr. A. D. Vincent, of the various attempts that have been made to extract by cipher the confession from Shakespeare that Lord Bacon wrote his plays. "English Taxation in America" is a financial presentation of the fact that Irish landlordism is maintained at the expense, very largely, of American industry. Its revelations are novel, and will interest large classes. Among the shorter essays is a plan for a representative theatre in America by Julian Magnus; the Hundred-foot Electoral Law of California; "the Mistakes of Cardinal Gibbons"; a reply to Beaufort, by Captain Parker, U. S. N.; "O'ld Yachts and New," and a plea for fractional currency.

The November number of *Harper's Magazine* is introduced by a frontispiece, entitled "A Fairy Tale," from a painting by F. S. Church, accompanied by an anonymous sonnet interpreting the idea of the picture, entitled "A Child shall Lead them." The attractions of Southern California life are displayed by Edwards Roberts, in "A Santa Barbara Holiday." The illustrations are excellent. The paper is not so good; the expedient of mixing a love-story with a guide-book account has failed in Dudley Warner's hands, and is not likely to succeed in lesser ones. Theodore Child contributes an article on "Chantilly: The Chateau and the Collections," a full account of the marvelous estate recently presented to the Institute of France. It is elaborately illustrated. There is an article on "The Other End of the Hemisphere," unfolding much interesting information concerning the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, with many illustrations. The concluding portion of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's sketches, "Here and There in the South," is devoted to the Acadian country of Attakapas, Louisiana. The serial novels, "Narka," by Kathleen O'Meara, and "April Hops," by W. D. Howells, come to a close in this number. A paper on "The Winter Climatic Resorts of Three Continents" is written by a special student of that subject, William Smith Brown. "The Story of Arnon," by Amélie Rives, is a romance of the Deluge; from it, it would appear that Miss Rives has been reading, not only the Bible, but Burton's "Arabian Nights." "A Man and Two Brothers" is a graphic character sketch by George Parsons Lathrop. The Editor's Easy Chair discusses the English Criticism of American Newspapers, the Newport Summer School, the Temperance Agitation, and other timely topics. Mr. Howells, in the Editor's Study, finds suggestive themes in the Catholic Reaction against the Renaissance, Criticism in Matters of Taste, Society, Verse, etc.

The frontispiece of the November *Century* is a portrait of Washington, by Wright of Philadelphia, made in 1784, and now for the first time engraved. Silhouettes of Washington, John Washington, and Benjamin Franklin, made by themselves and not before printed, also appear in a paper on "The Home and the Haunts of Washington," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, which reproduces with much picturesque illustration the life and scenes of Mount Vernon and Alexandria in Washington's time. A short paper by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, on "Mount Vernon as it is," completes a full account of the chief American shrine. The special art feature of the number is the sculpture of Augustus Saint Gaudens, of which several examples are reproduced, including two of his portraits in low relief. Two serial stories begin: "The Graysons," a tale of Illinois life in the first half of the century, by Edward Eggleston, and a novelette of Acadian life, by George W. Cable, entitled "Au Large," the scene of which is the neighborhood of "Grande Point." "A Little Dinner" is a short story of "society," by William H. Bishop. Striking drawings are given with a paper by E. V. Smalley on "Sugar-making in Louisiana." Professor John T. Stoddard, of Smith College, contributes a second paper on "College Composites," in which he shows the results of his experiments in the combination of photographs, the examples being drawn from the classes of '87 at Amherst, Bowdoin, and Williams Colleges, Cornell, Harvard, and Johns Hopkins Universities, and the Sheffield Scientific School. A final co-composite is given, made up of all these classes, consisting in all of four hundred and forty-nine photographs—which is probably as near as one can get to the type of the average American graduate. Composites are also given of the classes of '87 of the Harvard Annex, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, Smith College, Wellesley College, Wells College, Vassar College, together with a co-composite of all, including a group of two hundred and eighty-seven, which may be considered the type of the American college-girl. There is also a composite from negatives of fifteen nurses at the McLean Asylum Training-School, Somerville, Mass., and another of thirty-eight of the Harvard Faculty. There is an admirable presentation in text and pictures of the break-up of Lee's army, and the surrender at Appomattox. The article is by General Horace Porter, and is entitled "Grant's Last Campaign." It includes a careful description, from notes made at the time, of the historic scene at the McLean House, Appomattox. Among the illustrations are a portrait of Sheridan in the uniform which he wore on the ride to Winchester; also a curious portrait of General Grant, giving two profiles. The Lincoln History contains large quotations from unpublished MSS. letters to and from Lincoln. The separate chapters deal with the Montgomery Confederacy, the proposed constitutional amendment, the President-elect, Alexander Stephens's speech and correspondence with Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln's answers to questions as to his policy. Portraits are given of Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, E. B. Washburne, Thurlow Weed, Alexander H. Stephens, George D. Prentice, and John A. Gilmer.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the largest firm of wine merchants in London first started yet sent the late Lord Derby a dozen of sherry, which they represented as being a specific for the gout, to which the prime minister was a martyr. The Lord of Knowsley replied: "The Earl of Derby presents his compliments to Messrs. G.; he has tasted the sherry, and prefers the gout."

M. Pavlosky, in his recollections of Turgeneff, relates that once, at Victor Hugo's house, some one remarked that their host's name should be given to that street. "Not a street alone," cried another, "should be named for Victor Hugo, but all Paris should be named after him." Hugo, who was present, heard these words, and replied, "That will come in time."

Mr. Frith says that Sydney Smith's reply to Landseer when asked to sit to him, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is apocryphal. Mr. Frith adds that when the great animal painter was introduced to the King of Portugal, the latter, whose knowledge of English was strictly limited, welcomed him with, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Landseer—I am so fond of beasts!"

Charles Reade, who saw "Lohengrin" at Dresden, said: "Two or three of us had taken a front seat in a proscenium box. Suddenly a stranger took a seat behind us, and expressed himself in such sentences as 'Ach, Himmel! Schur gut! Ach, schlecht, sehr schlecht!' and many other gutturals of the same sort, clapping his hands meanwhile and stamping like a demented creature until he became absolutely intolerable. As soon as the first act was over I sought the u-her, requesting him to have the apparent lunatic removed. But I can never hope to give you the gestures or expression with which he replied, 'Ach, das ist Herr Wagner!'"

A curious story of a former experience of the Emperor William, at Stettin, in 1867, when on a visit there as prince regent, has been recently brought up again in connection with the recent imperial visit. Frederic William, the reigning king, was at that time mentally unfit to govern. It was at the banquet given by the notables of Pomerania, one of whom, in the course of his speech, was so overcome with nervousness that he forgot what he was saying, and blurted out: "When your Royal Highness comes to us as king—" "For heaven's sake, man, be careful," interrupted his neighbor, in an undertone. The speaker stopped short for an instant, then continued, "Which God forbid."

When Commander Cameron, the explorer, after his return from Central Africa, was dining with Marshal MacMahon, he thought it polite to speak on geographical subjects. As the marshal had never heeded geography, save for military purposes, since he was a boy, he soon got out of his depth. Talking of Australia, he said: "What a prodigious country, to be sure! I remember when its capital, San Francisco, was like the babe unborn!" This was in the smoking-room. The Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt whispered, "Melbourne, marshal—San Francisco is in California." "With all my heart," cried the host. "Let it be in California, since you say so. Parole d'honneur! ce brigand d'Harcourt sait tout!"

An old friend of John Bigelow, on a visit from a distance, was induced to remain over night. When the hour for retiring arrived, he was led to one of the chambers reserved for guests. What was his horror upon sliding under the sheet, and after having extinguished the light, to find himself lying beside a corpse. Half dressing, and hastening downstairs, he appealed to Mrs. Bigelow to know if she was aware of what was in the bed she had assigned him to. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked, innocently. "Matter! Well, not much; I've got a corpse for a bedmate is all." "Oh, my! how careless," she explained. "It's the gardener's little daughter. She died this afternoon, and I put the body in that room to wait for the coffin."

An amusing story is going the rounds at the expense of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* (writes Arlo Bates in the *Providence Journal*). The order was sent to the composing-room one day last week, that hereafter Christian names were to be indicated only by initials, and by no means printed in full. The effect the curious may observe for themselves by procuring a copy of the *Advertiser* for October 10th, in which one reads of G. Cleveland, J. Flynn, G. Washington, and so on through the list. In the composing-room all this excited derision and remonstrance, but, of course, there was nothing to do but to follow the rule, trusting to time to bring about a change. A change came quickly. Somebody's copy contained an allusion to the redoubtable and trusty squire of Don Quixote, and when, in looking at the proof-sheets, the editor was confronted by "S. Panza," he was probably convinced that, although the new rule was excellent in theory, there were obstacles in the way of putting it too rigidly into practice, and the order was recalled.

At dinner at Mr. George W. Childs's, a few years since, some one asked Lord Houghton, who was one of the guests, if he would take his duck rare. "Rare? rare?" said the noble lord; "now there is another of your Americanisms, which make it so difficult to understand you; and, pray, what do you mean by 'rare'?" Every American will be grateful to hear that there was a good American present who promptly piped out from the other end of the table: "We mean by 'rare,' my lord, what Dryden meant when he wrote: 'Roast me quickly an egg, and see that it be rare.'" "Rare," in the sense of underdone, has been good English from the day it was used in Cockney's work on medicine, where the curious will find it applied to an egg. It was familiar in English literature from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Anne, and it is to be heard to-day in the local usages of English shires, in York, in Sussex, and in Devon, so that its use stretches clear across England, from corner to corner, as it does across good English for centuries.

I was in the "Two Orphans" saloon at Eagle Pass City, Wyo., one day, (writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*) engaged in the fatiguing business of leaning against the wall and watching the bar keeper polish the glasses, when a strikingly large man, with a ferocious black mustache, and a hand the size of a St. Paul man's snow-shoe, came in directly to where I stood. I tried to look as if I wasn't doing anything, and got one corner of my eye on the side-door. The man regarded me scornfully for a moment, then suddenly jumped up and cracked his heels together twice, brought his fist down on the edge of a card-table so that it tipped over and rolled away, and with a whoop that jarred the chandelier, yelled: "Stranger, I eat snakes!" As I remember it, I replied that I had no doubt of it, and that I fully believed he was the only man in the country who did eat snakes, and that I presumed he rather preferred rattlesnakes and yellow-headed meecassins, when he made a leap at me, and again whooped: "Stranger, I'm a wolf! Hear me howl!" I was backing towards the door, and trying to look as social and agreeable as possible, when he added, with astonishing emphasis: "I'm a wildcat! I want blood! I want it to drink!" I was now moving on the door so rapidly as to resemble a dark-colored streak several yards long, when he started for me, howling: "I'm a man-eater! I'm from Bitter Creek! Gimme some raw snakes! Lemme at him!" All the time kicking the chairs through the air, and making the building tremble. I managed to get through the door, and fell across an alley and two vacant lots. Fifteen minutes later when I ventured out on another street, I happened to meet the barkeeper, and said: "What was the matter with that man who tried to kill me at your place?" "Mayor Everts, you mean, I reckon. Oh, nothing much; only the council passed an ordinance, that he had vetoed, over his head last night, and it has made him cross all day."

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A Bloody Title-Deed.

Somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth century, Count Montmayeur generally dwelt in Savoy, where he owned large estates. Part of these lands were claimed by a kinsman, and, after much dispute, the matter was laid before the Senate of Chambery. When notice of this suit reached Montmayeur at his castle of Clairvaux, a few miles from the city, he instantly rode down to the Senate House with a bag full of title-deeds at his saddle-bow; and, whether by logic or threats, pleaded his cause so well that the President of the Tribunal, one Sieur de Fessigny, staked his life on the count's success. The verdict, nevertheless, was given against him, and Montmayeur, with a mighty oath, swore to be revenged. But time went on, and there was no sign of either beak or claws being called into play.

Then, one morning, Fessigny was surprised by a visit from the defeated count, and still more surprised by his courteous and smiling demeanor. Montmayeur was weary, it seemed, of family strife, and, having already made peace with his victorious kinsman, had bidden him, with other friends and relatives, to a grand banquet. Might he not hope to be also favored with the president's company?

De Fessigny hummed and ha'd, but finally accepted the invitation, and, on the appointed day, rode up to the gates of Clairvaux. He had passed no one on the road, the castle looked grim and deserted, there were no signs of festivity to be seen, and, for a moment, he felt strongly inclined to turn tail, and gallop back down the steep descent. But the chieftain, all smiles and affability, stood waiting to welcome him under the archway with thanks for his kind punctuality. The other guests had not yet appeared; the host became fidgety, astonished, annoyed, and presently ordered the repast to be served without them. The president's suspicions were quite allayed by this time. The dishes were exquisite, the wines of the choicest growths. He drank deep, so did the count; their tongues loosened, first followed jest, and the host was most excellent company. Their merriment was at its height, when, suddenly, Montmayeur's manner changed, and he said, in a solemn tone:

"Sieur de Fessigny, are you a good Christian?" "What do you mean?" asked the astonished guest. The inquiry was repeated with increased emphasis. The president laughed, and, raising his glass, answered lightly:

"You are very kind, my dear count; what concern may you have in the state of my soul?" "Turn around and you will see," thundered Montmayeur.

De Fessigny turned, and sprang to his feet. The arras behind him had been drawn aside. He saw a funeral bier at the end of the hall, and a dozen monks round it began chanting a Litany for the dead. A masked figure, dressed in red, stood, axe in hand, beside a block.

De Fessigny's eyes opened, his glass dropped, and the blood-red wine ran along the uneven floor, staining the stones by the block. "Through you I lost lands and gold," cried the count. "Your head is forfeit. Quickly make peace with heaven, for you have to die!"

The scared president tried to laugh. "This is a sorry jest, my lord count," he stammered with trembling lips.

"Tis no jest. Make thy peace with God."

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Then the betrayed man fell upon his knees, appealing to the laws of hospitality, asking mercy for wife and child's sake. But in vain! At a sign from their chief, two of the feigned monks dragged the victim to the block, and in an instant the executioner's work was done.

Early the next morning the count mounted his horse, and—again with a leathern bag at his saddle-bow—rode down to the senate.

"Here is a fresh document connected with my case," he said, laying his bag on the table, and hastily saluting the assembly, at once quitted the hall and rode away. The senators sat waiting for their president, grumbling somewhat at his delay, when presently red drops were seen oozing from the leathern bag. It was opened, and they found the head of De Fessigny.

After this act of violence the count found it expedient to leave Savoy, and, flying across the mountains, long defied justice in his impregnable castle of Montmayeur.

TWO OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

Henry Helfrich and William Dowling Made Happy.

A Call reporter paid a visit yesterday to Mrs. Henry Helfrich, at 64 Shipley Street, to ascertain whether it was true that her husband had won \$2,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, in the drawing of the 9th ult.

"Yes, indeed, it is true," said Mrs. Helfrich, "and we are both very glad of it. My husband has bought a nice little property on Turk Street where we intend to live in a short time."

Mr. Helfrich is foreman-confectioner of Messrs. Schroth & Westerfield, and is said to be one who will be likely to make a good use of his happy windfall. He confirmed his wife's statement, and also informed the reporter that about three years ago he had won \$50 in the same lottery, but had never expected such a stroke of luck as this one.

The reporter also crossed the bay, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in finding William Dowling, a workman in the employ of the Oakland Gas Company. "Yes," said Mr. Dowling, "when the list was published I looked for my ticket and found it crumpled up into a ball in one corner of my vest pocket. I unrolled it and compared it with the list, when, for a moment, I thought I must be drunk or crazy, but when I looked again I found that I was right, and my number had got me \$2,000. I have bought twenty coupons this month, but I intend to invest my prize in real estate." Mr. Dowling is said by his employers and fellow-workmen to be an honest, hard-working man, and all seem to rejoice at his good fortune.—San Francisco (Cal.) Call Sept. 9.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Margaret Mather will play Juliana in "The Honeymoon" at the Baldwin next week.

Charles L. Davis, supported by his own company and his own one-hundred-thousand-dollar diamonds, begins a short engagement in "Alvin Joslin" at the Alcazar next Monday.

Between the first and second pieces at the Bush Street Theatre next week the orchestra will play the "Rosina Waltz," composed by Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, and dedicated to Miss Vokes.

New York is just now suffering from an *embarras de richesses* in a theatrical way. The amusement-seeker is there offered a choice nightly between eleven comedies and melodramas, three light operas and burlesques, two minstrel shows, and one grand opera in German.

Sleeping draughts and poisons seem to have a curious effect on the optic muscles in the Veronese atmosphere of the Baldwin this week. Immediately on swallowing their drugs, both Romeo and Juliet have been afflicted with a strabismus which is most painful to contemplate.

A triple bill will be given at the Bush Street Theatre, next week. They are "Which is Which," a one-act farce by S. Theyre Smith; "The Circus Rider," a one-act comediata written for Miss Vokes by Mrs. Charles Doremus; and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," another fling at the amateurs.

Another San Francisco girl who has made a hit in New York is Ethel Corlette. She is a very pretty girl with a very pretty soprano voice, and her singing has contributed largely to the success of "The Humming Bird," Salsbury's Troubadors' new piece. Her fame has been assured by Napoleon Sarony, who has taken photographs of her without number.

The new season at the California has been happily inaugurated by the production of "Her Atonement." The old theatre has taken on an unwonted appearance of gaiety, and full auditoriums have been the rule all the week. The management has secured the right to produce a number of Eastern successes, which will follow the present play in rapid succession.

Miss Kate Field's last lectures in this city, prior to her departure for the East, are to take place at Union Hall, under the management of Marcus M. Henry. The dates and subjects are: Tuesday evening, November 8th, "The Mormon Monster"; Wednesday evening, "Charles Dickens"; Thursday evening, "Eyes and Ears in London"; and Saturday afternoon, "Charles Dickens."

The item-hunting New York reporters have declared that there is a most tremendous jealousy between Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. James Brown Potter. Now these ladies are working the double advertisement which the statement afforded, by denying it in innumerable interviews. They both rehearse on the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but, despite their kind and oft-expressed hopes for the other's success, they carefully avoid meeting.

Miss Margaret Mather has been presenting her idea of Juliet at the Baldwin Theatre. Her idea is the same as that she presented at the Bush Street some months ago. The company is about the same. The stage settings, about which so much stir was made in New York, are now shown us for the first time, for the Bush Street stage was too small for them; the scenery is by good artists, but it shows signs of at least six years' wear.

Manager Palmer has resumed his "Authors' Matinees" in New York. From last season's productions he selected two for his own use, and another has been advantageously placed. They are a very fine scheme for aspiring dramatists, the production costing only three hundred dollars, most of which is taken in at the box office at the performance, and if the play is a go, there is excellent opportunity of placing it. But the play must be a go.

Genevieve Lytton is the newest stage beauty. She was first taken up by the New York press when she appeared in Steele Mackaye's "Anarchy" in Buffalo a few months ago, and now she has been engaged as Mrs. Brown Potter's leading support. She is not a new addition to the theatrical ranks however, she was here with Modjeska not long ago, and would have been considered a very pretty woman had she not been so painfully aware of her charms.

"In Honor Bound," with which the Vokes company have opened their evening's entertainment, is a

charming example of the *levens de rideau* which the late dining-hour of aristocratic Europe has made a necessity in English and French theatres. They are almost unknown in America, except for W. S. Gilbert's "Sweethearts" and "A Woman's Wont," which Daly has given us. The Lyceum in New York has inaugurated an American adoption of the custom this winter, Mrs. Burnett's "Editha's Burglar" being given them before the play proper.

Speculation has been rife in the Bush Street Theatre as to the purpose of the curious little gold chain which steals forth from under Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's waistcoat, and conceals itself in his left trouser pocket. This is one of the latest London dude rackets. The hither end of the chain is affixed to the braces, or suspenders, or "galluses," as you choose to call them; to the nether end are hooked a number of articles of masculine bigotry and virtue—keys, cigar-cutter, can-opener, etc. In London, the dear chappies carry also a small box containing sovereigns, and opening with a spring top.

A great tank of water at the back of the stage is the principal attraction of "A Dark Secret," a play now running in New York. Miss Adelaide Stanhope, the heroine in the play, thus explains its use: "I fall in or am thrown into the water after a struggle on a pier, which is a considerable height above. I fall on my back, and it requires some little nerve to do it. One night I tried falling on my face, but the result was not agreeable. When I strike the water I sink. I am specially arranged to sink. My dress is weighted to keep it down, and my—my dress-improver is the most unique ever known—it is solid lead. Well, when I get down to the bottom, I swim under the water to the back of the stage where the deepest part of the tank is—I think it is nearly ten feet. There I stay holding on to an iron bar till Mr. Lane dives and brings me up. One night he seemed to me to be late. I was beginning to think what I should do. Just then he seized me. I opened my mouth a little too soon, though, and the tableau was a trifle damaged by my sneezings and splutterings. As soon as the curtain falls, I am taken into my room and thoroughly rubbed with alcohol. I wear my own hair, and it is all I can do to get the front of it sufficiently dry to make a presentable appearance for my brief scene at the end of the succeeding act."

Mr. Maurice Strakosch has wearied of advising friendly journalists that his latest prima donna—Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson—receives nightly such common-place gifts as diamonds and plate. His newest story is to the effect that the *dilettanti* of Bergen, in Pomerania, waxed so enthusiastic over the young soprano's song, that they took up a subscription and presented her, on the day after the concert, with a whale.

It is not every play that has a star like the thoroughbred horse, Daisy, now playing in Boston in "A Run of Luck." Daisy is a beautiful, clean-limbed chestnut mare, two years old, and of excellent stock. Her entrance is in the last scene, in which comes the race which ends the play. She is as eager as a prima donna, without the art or the care to disguise her impatience. Her eyes shine, her sensitive nostrils expand, and she fairly quivers with excitement until the word "Go!" releases her and she bounds across the stage, followed by all the rest of the horses which are engaged, so to speak, to support her playing of the star role. This race is extremely lively business. To have a dozen horses, led by the fleet-footed Daisy, tearing like mad across and across the stage, is no trifling matter. The pack of heales that go on in the third act, are amusing enough, too, with their inquisitive sniffings and engaging clumsy jocoseness; but it is Daisy who carries off the honors.

"Le Théâtre Impossible," (the phrase is Edmond About's) is about to be realized in Paris. A company of amateurs, under the direction of a certain M. Antoine, promises to produce a whole series of plays by well-known authors which failed to secure a hearing on the regular stage. Zola, Edmond de Goncourt, Henry Gréville, Théodore de Banville, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, and Emile Bégérat (the "Caliban" of the *Figaro*) have agreed to contribute to the repertoire, which is also to include unacted works by Victor Hugo and Jules Vallès. The undertaking is to be financed by a hundred subscribers of one hundred francs each, who are to have the right of entry, not only to performances, but to rehearsals. Four hundred pounds will not carry the "Théâtre Libre" (that is its official title), very far, and unless French amateurs are vastly superior to their English brethren, the contributory playwrights will probably have cause to regret their complaisance. They perhaps hold, however, that

"'Tis better to be played and—lost
Than never to be played at all."

The technical term is rather stronger than "lost."

Chauncey Depew told this experience in a recent speech: "I was up in Scotland this summer, where they understand a joke more easily than anywhere in the world, and was tired out traveling and sight-seeing, and said to my Scotch guide: 'I must find a soft stone somewhere to sit down on.' He said: 'My friend, there are no soft stones in Scotland.'"

Lord Cairns is a connoisseur in female beauty of exceptional fastidiousness, and the Miss Olive Berns, to whom he has now made the third offer of his hand, rivals, if she does not surpass in facial beauty, her two predecessors, Miss Fortescue and Miss Adèle Grant of New York.

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THE INNER MAN.

The first object of the stranger at Bordeaux should be his breakfast. To quit the noble capital of Southwest France without having partaken of one of its famous *déjeuners*, is as much of a solecism as to leave Rome and not see St. Peter's. Bordeaux, in fact, is worth visiting for the sake of its breakfasts.

There are, of course, restaurants and restaurants in this bustling city of three hundred thousand souls. You may eat gold, silver, or small change. That is to say, you may spend as much or as little as you like on your breakfast; but if your object is experience, then you must patronize one of the very best restaurants in the place, and there on the hill of fare, regardless of cost. The most privileged travelers are those to whom the *déjeuner* comes by invitation. When a perfect little banquet wears the shape of hospitality; when the host selects the dishes partaken of with the guest; when French *esprit*, affection and geniality enliven the meal, then we enjoy a fête ever to be recalled with pleasure, to be marked with red letters in the calendar. Not only is cooking, as a fine art, cultivated at Bordeaux in the same degree as music and the drama; the high-water mark of excellence in accessories, the finish imparted to every detail in matters concerning the table, are equally to be noted. Thus the waiters employed at these restaurants are trained to their work as carefully as young gentlemen for the learned professions. Much more is required of them than the ordinary accomplishments of a French garçon. In addition to irreproachable personal appearance, alertness, amiability, they must possess the invaluable quality of tact, charm of manner, and, last but not least, they must be physiognomists. It is their business to find out at a glance what people can digest and what they can not. And, by the way, when this discovery is made regarding any human being, not much mystery is left!

Again, the restaurant, in itself, is the perfection of a place to dine in—well-lighted, airy, and never overcrowded. Some tourists, especially lady tourists, might object to the whiff of a choice cigar indulged in with coffee and liqueurs. These visitors can be served apart. As a rule, however, nobody does object; and the fragrant fumes, never emitted in excess, seem the proper and hygienic conclusion of the ceremony.

Bordeaux, as every one knows, is celebrated for its oysters. In October you see huge barrels of oysters at every street corner, and they are offered for sale just as oranges are sold elsewhere. The best kind is the so-called green oyster, which first undergoes an elaborate education, after the manner of a Siltion cheese. The young oysters are brought from Brittany and La Vendée to the renowned parks of Marennes and La Tremblade in the Charente Inférieure, and Arcachon in the Gironde. Here, early in the year, they are deposited in caves and creeks only washed by the tide about six times a month, and by September the desirable plumpness and green hue are attained.

First catch your hare, and then prepare him for dinner. First order your oysters, then learn how to degustate them.

The scientific method as practiced at Bordeaux is as follows: The oysters are eaten without any adjunct whatever, except that of the salt water, impregnated with their flavor, in which they are served. But as an oyster is cold, the objects of gastronomic delectation, and digestion as well, are promoted by wonderfully flavored little sausages, eaten hot, sandwich-wise, between oysters and oysters. Take in addition a glass of Médoc, as only drunk at Bordeaux, and you will never wish to eat oysters after any other fashion.

So far we have only got to the threshold of the building, the preface of the book. The more substantial parts of the feast, of course, vary according to the season. In October all kinds of birds come to table, each served after its special fashion. The proper way to cook a quail is to wrap it in a choice vine-leaf. This, crowned in butter, is eaten with the bird, as well as the crisp toast underneath. A flavoring of the unrivaled Bordeaux mustard, *mustarde aux fines herbes*, is recommended. Then there are other Bordelais specialties of the table; the famous *ceps*, or mushrooms prepared in oil, and the equally celebrated *royans*, or fresh sardines, a real delicacy even to the uninitiated. For the proper enjoyment of the *ceps* you must be a Bordelais horn and bred, or you must frequent those famous restaurants till you attain the taste. No doubt it would come—with the requisite digestive power—in time. The large brown mushrooms used for this purpose, as well as oysters, are sold at every street corner.

It requires no gastronomic training to appreciate other local dainties, not prepared at Bordeaux, but to be had in perfection there. Such are the celebrated game-pies and potted game, known under the name of the "pâtés de Périgord," made at Périgueux and at Ruffec, near Angoulême. These come, of course, somewhat later in the year than the game itself.

Meantime the *déjeuner* proper is, in each detail, being minutely gone into by our especial waiter. Is monsieur oblivious of one morsel choicer than the rest of his buffet? It is straightway transferred to his plate. Does not madame relish bifeck? Then, a little cutlet of the excellent marsh-fed mutton of these regions is forthcoming to tempt her appetite. The waiter, indeed, for the time being, acts the part of host. He would be mortified, shocked, pained beyond endurance, if his guests went away without having breakfasted as people can breakfast only at Bordeaux.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to mention the extraordinary abundance of fruit and vegetables found in this part of France. The brilliant Gironde sun, that ripens the vine of the Médoc, brings everything else to perfection. One of the choicest products of the garden is a small fig, the rind of which remains green when the fruit is ripe. Delicious as it is in its ripe state, it is equally good when made into preserves. The figs are placed whole in the preserving-pans. The object of the cook is, as far as possible, to preserve the fruit intact. Another first-rate jam is that made of quinces. Quince-preserve, as made in France, has slices of the fruit embedded in the clear ruby colored jelly. The secret of the business is patience. To rough-and-ready cooks the long business would seem sheer waste of time.

And now a word as to wine. Of course, everybody expects to taste good wine at Bordeaux; if not in the capital of Gironde, where, indeed? But, although this is one of the few places in France, nowadays, where vin ordinaire may be drunk with impunity, those who breakfast à la Bordelaise must select, or be selected for, from the wine-list utterly regardless of expense. The encroachments of the phylloxera, in various wine-growing regions, render the famous wines of the Médoc dearer and dearer.

There is this consolation at Bordeaux; if you pay dearly for your wine, you do get the real thing.

A point to be noted in the matter of French breakfasts to which you are invited is the absence of champagne. French people, connoisseurs in matters of the table if any exist under the sun, know better than to spoil a choice little banquet with treacherous sparkling wine. They give you the best of red wines, Médoc or Burgundy, which neither muddle the brain, heat the blood, nor interfere with the digestion; and when coffee is served, a thimbleful—no more—of matchless liqueur—maybe the celebrated anisette of Bordeaux, or, better still, Cognac, cellared thirty or more years ago, is served also.

Let the writer not be blamed for thus strongly emphasizing the subject of these renowned collations in one of the most luxurious cities of the world. A perfect adaptation of means to the end, no matter in what field, is ever worthy of admiration; and cookery that attains the high-water mark is far from being a mere triumph of Epicureanism. We are what we eat. The cook is the universal civilizer.

Last season a short-lived extravagance was paper which had the appearance of having been rescued, half-consumed, from the fire. With paper and envelope of this somewhat startling fashion, a young man sent a note through the post-office to a young lady friend. When it came to her, it had been stamped by the post-office officials, in bold letters, "Received in this condition."

Fire and smoke issuing from the show-window of a dealer in spectacles in Torquay attracted the attention of a passer-by, who entered and aroused the proprietor. The sun's rays had become focused through the glass of a pair of spectacles which were shown in the window, and thus ignited a shade.

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THE LATEST VERSE.

Translation from Uhland

My love and I sat under
The group of lime-trees yonder,
Together, hand in hand.
Not on a leaf stirred lightly—
The sun was shining brightly
O'er all the silent land.

We sat in joy unbroken,
No useless word was spoken,
Our hearts scarce beating more.
We spoke not, for why should we?
Nor questioned, for how could we?
We knew enough before.

We had no wish, no sorrow—
No yearning for the morrow,
No loved one far away;
'Twas loving eyes a greeting,
'Twas loving lips a meeting,
Was all that passed that day.

—Margaret Galletti Di Cadilhac in Temple Bar.

Antony's Will.

(And now it turns out that Cleopatra was a little, sawed-off, vest-pocket edition of a woman, only four feet six inches high—according to the longitude of her mummy. Is it this for which Antony "rashly threw a world away?"—*Minneapolis Tribune*.)

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,"
Yes, grim death approaching nigh,
But you have less cause for crying,
Cleopatra, than have I—
If the task be not too trying
I will state the reason why:

Agas hence, O, Cleopatra,
When your mummy, long entombed
In its sepulchre by Nilus
By explorers is exhumed,
And the tape-line to your stature
By the finders is applied,
All the world will ask in wonder,
Was't for this Antonius died?

Was it for this little sawed-off,
For this chit, this four feet six,
Antony, the great triumvir,
Cesar's rival, crossed the Styx?
Is this glorious Cleopatra,
Famed in story and in song,
Fulvia's and Octavia's rival,
Four and fifty inches long?

Was it for this Lilliputian,
Antony provoked a strife
With his countrymen, the Romans,
Lost a world and gave his life?
This it is, O, Cleopatra,
Nilus' serpent, Egypt's queen,
This it is that Antonius loved,
Makes the pang of death so keen.

—Boston Courier.

Ballade of the Flight of Nicolette.

"And the daisies which she crushed in passing looked dark against her feet; the girl was so white!"—(*Cantefable d'Anacassin et Nicolette*, 12th.)

All barbed in pearl and amber light
She rose to fling the lattice wide,
And leaned into the fragrant night
Where brown birds sang of summertime;
'Twas Love's own voice that called and cried:
'Ah Sweet!' she said, 'I'll seek thee yet,
Though thorniest pathways should betide
The fair white feet of Nicolette.'

They slept, who would have stayed her flight;
(Full fain were they the maid had died!)
She sped adown her prison's height
On strands of linen feathily tied,
And so she passed the garden-side
With loose-leave rose sweetly set,
And dainty daisies, dark beside
The fair white feet of Nicolette!

Her Love lay pent in evil plight;
(So, many lovers still abide)
I would my lips could praise aright
Her name that should be glorified!
Those lovers, now, whom foes divide
Do weep a while—and soon forget,
Ah, would through these chill souls might glide
The fair white feet of Nicolette!

ENVOY.

My Princess! doff thy frozen pride,
Nor scorn to pay Love's golden debt;
Through his dim woodlands take for guide
The fair white feet of Nicolette.

—Graham R. Tinsion in Longman's Magazine.

Woods of Warwick.

Pleasant, pleasant woods of Warwick, when the shaws are
thick with summer:
Green and golden, gloom and sunshine, leafy wealth of wil-
derness;
Velvet mosses plashing rainbows round the feet of any
comer
Lingering where the dew still lingers, branches droop, and
odors press;
High above the castle towers; down below the wild brook
brawling;
And across a dream of sorrow, hark! the nightingales are
calling
Far away in long-drawn depths of dusky dell and dark re-
cess.

I was never there, were you, dear? Yet at once, my eyelids
closing,
Thrice a hundred years are vanished and a tender hand I
lay
On this ancient tree-bolt's furrows, crooked gnarls and
knots, supposing
When 'twas young a lad I know of chanced to stroll this
self-same way;
Warbling wood-notes as he loitered, and, the blood in
blushes bringing—
While a cuckoo mocked, and madly many thrushes burst
out singing—
Here Will Shakespeare, it may happen, cut the name
'Anne Hathaway'!

Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, beshrew me! did he see that
cuckoo mocking
When he turned his head to listen and his fancy felt the
spell?
In his hand—its sweetest secrets under old black-letter lock-
ing—
Chaucer's was the verse he carried, opening where the
pages tell
Of the elf-queen and her people when the land was full of
fairy.
Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, a gladsome spirit, delicate and
airy,
Nay, an airy spirit was it of the name of Ariel!
On the turf he threw him gaily with old Chaucer for his
pillow;
Far along the level greenwood where he sent a happy eye
Wind and boughs and latest sunbeams swept in billow over
billow.
Oxlips and the nodding violets danced between him and the
sky.
Wild thyme and the sweet musk-roses sent their fragrance
out to find him,
There a jeweled snake slithered leaving his enameled skin be-
hind him,
Bees with brimming honey-bags, and big and burly, blun-
dered by.

Was he sure it was a snake then wore the gilded weed and
cleft it?

"Weed," he murmured, "wide enough to wrap a fairy in."
And might
That Titania be, who doffed the gauzy coverlid and left it,
Hovering in the gentle gloom, and shining there in sheer de-
light?
Was the bee that just sung by him, where the shade was
deep and mellow,
Kind Hobgoblin, loved of firesides, he the shrewd and
knavish fellow,
Was that Puck, the lob of spirits, merry wanderer of the
night?

Evening sun forsook the forest, twilight gathered in the
hollows;
Winds went rustling, dewy coolness fell like shadow on the
air;
Where the new moon hung, the leaves stirred like the
wings of darting swallows;
Where the new moon, slight and glorious, hung a sudden
silver flare,
In its lovely crescent swiftly stole a glimmering apparition,
Lost among the tossing branches, half a dream and half a
vision,
Oberon, the king of fairies, in that moment passing there!

Hist! No whisper! In the royal lustre who were these
came trooping?
What gay swarm of silken banners, wings, and scarfs of
damask eyes?
Topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, tripping, tumbling, soaring,
swooping,
All the elves in humming murmur of light laughs and rip-
pling cries!
Cobweb, floating through the darkness, filmy as a bat and
slender;
Balancing above a poppy, Moth with wings of downy splen-
dor;
And Peasblossom, flower or fairy, fluttering with the butter-
flies!

"Master!" 'Twas a cry of music, Queen Titania's voice,
oh, hearken!
"Though, indeed, you know the summer still doth end
upon my state—
Breathe not, think not! She all rosy glows while shadows
round her darken!
'Yet I fain of other lands would tempt the pleasures, try
thy fate.
Running stream no fairy ventures, witch nor warlock crosses
water.
Woe betide the sorry elf if urchins of the great seas caught
her!
Yet, beyond them, richer roses, sweeter nightingales must
wait."

Have you, with a south-wind blowing, heard a harp-string's
silver shiver?
Oberon, the king, was speaking: "Fairy-land obeys my
nod,
And, though like a forester I these groves may tread for-
ever,
Let me break a lance, I pray you, with some chapleted
Greek god!
Into lands of antique story, Master, you alone can send us,
One midsummer night's mad revel in Athenian forests lend
us!
We are Gothic fairies, take us where the fauns of Greece
have trod!"

"Master, Master," chimed the chorus, "we are homebred
English fairies,
We the little people who, the old dame tells you, bless the
earth.
Sweep the dust behind the door, and churn the cream in
lucky dairies,
Dance within the nine-men's-morris, haunt the night-side
with our mirth,
Light us tapers from the waxen thighs of humble-bees, and
cheer
Blow our elfin horns and scatter when the stars do. But we
weary,
Long for other sports, and weary of this corner of the
earth!"

Night came sweeping through the forest, soft her sombre
garments trailing;
With a sound of gallant chiding distant hounds began to
bay;
Like a shoal of dancing waters in the moon, the crew went
sailing,
Like a cloud of flying rose-leaves when the winds up and
away.
"Following darkness like a dream," sighed Will Shake-
speare half in sadness,
Underneath his breath, and spelled in this midsummer
night's dream madness,
All the woods of Warwick ringing with the elfin roundelay.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Wide-Awake.

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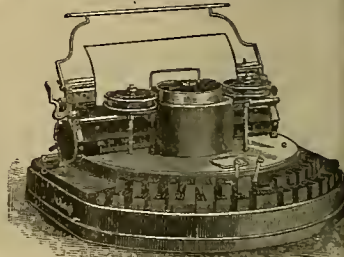
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RANK M. PINLEY, EDITOR.

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Six thousand miles in six weeks is too hurried travel for careful observation; it enables one to catch but a hasty glimpse of country and town. Like reading newspapers by the column headings, one gets but a vague and sensational idea of the news, with but little knowledge of detail to form an intelligent opinion. Our chase over mountains and across prairies, through the semi-Arctic regions of the corn and grain belt of the north and east, and home again over the cane and cotton and sugar-fields of the temperate southern one to our semi-tropical southwest, furnished us the opportunity to catch but partial glimpses of the vast continent and its restless, busy population. Restless and busy, indeed, are all our people. Like an ant-hill is this American commonwealth; everybody astir and in commotion, as though life were too short to accomplish its ambitions. Even the hive has its drones, but we have no leisure class: the man of wealth is still engaged in accumulating treasure; the man of

pleasure makes its pursuit a business; the man of business is a toiler; no one content, no one satisfied, no one anxious to attain the haven of promised rest. Every place we visited had its own and very especial local excitement and subject of agitation. St. Louis, with bonfires and illuminations, had just entertained the Grand Army of the Republic, endeavoring to bring together on neutral ground the armies of the blue and the gray; and with bonfires and illuminations it was preparing to entertain the President of the Republic and his bride, as they made the circuit of loyal States, South and North. At Chicago, the community was all agog over the fate of seven murderers whom a jury had found guilty, a court sentenced to death, a higher court of appeal affirming the decree, and the highest tribunal of the land has since refused to interpose its authority for the delay or defeat of justice. New York, through all its lesser towns to its greater emporiums of trade, was in the throes of an election contest upon which hang important questions of property and social order. In the City of Philadelphia, a baseball game to determine the championship between the Detroit and St. Louis nines was decided in presence of ten thousand people. In all the cities the question of beer is prominent; in Georgia and other Southern States, prohibition of alcoholic drinks outweighs all other topics of consideration. In the Gulf States, ten thousand negroes are in insurrection against labor, and on strike for higher wages. In Birmingham, water; in New Orleans, drainage; politics everywhere, till we reached the "City of Pinley" in the great quiet Valley of the San Joaquin, where we expected among its people the contentment of abundant wealth and the quiet of philosophical repose; but even there we found the minds of the voters in the "Artesia" school district strained to their utmost tension over the question whether they should or should not vote the issue of five hundred dollars in bonds, to build a new fence around the new school-house; in addition to this, on the fourteenth of this month there is to be a *rodeo* of jack-rabbits within a V-shaped inclosure erected for the purpose. At Oakland the soldiers of the cross were massed. Priests in frocks, and monks in gowns, and boys with guns and bayonets, were marching with cross and crosier, singing the Gregorian chant around piles of brick and lumber that were to be erected into an American school-house, where the boys of California are to be taught Roman theology under the tutelage of Italian priests. Upon arriving at the little distressed tea-pot of San Francisco, we found its lid fairly dancing with excitement over jury-hirings, and its little nose spouting steam in a frantic effort to secure the conviction of Robert F. Morrow. Only a few weeks ago he was the most popular man of our city, for with courage he had then bravely and successfully resisted a most inexcusable, and criminal, and cowardly labor strike; then came the mystery of Benbayon, and before this issue of the only journal in San Francisco that does not endeavor to stir small excitements, to try cases without the intervention of judges or jurymen, that does not sit as a high court of errors to review the decisions of State and Federal Courts, and does not set itself up as a political and moral censor over men and institutions, there will, doubtless, arise some other cause for popular excitation. It seems as though the American world is getting tangle-legged and rattle-brained over small things; too much prosperity has made us feather-pated; too great haste in money-getting addles the national brain, and when the business man stops to consider a municipal grievance or attempt a local reform, he endeavors to satisfy his own conscience by punishing somebody, anybody, for his own criminal disregard and neglect of public duties. The Morrow case—without discussing its merits—illustrates this fact. By whose fault is it that we have incompetent and corrupt judges? Why are irresponsible men of immoral character, unprincipled, and of bad habits, taken from the curbstone and placed upon the judicial bench to decide important questions of property and personal liberty? Why are political bosses permitted to make merchandise of our offices, and traffic in the votes of our indifferent and criminal classes? Why not so amend the law that intelligent gentlemen may be honestly chosen for the performance of jury duty, and not have the most responsible and honorable office fall to the ignorant, the vicious, and the criminal?

When offences are committed, why not investigate higher up the stream to find who muddies the waters? Why not give to this whole subject of governmental and municipal reform a wider and more thorough investigation than can come out of a temporary excitement that accomplishes little and soon blows over? If the press would take a bigger, and a broader, and a more honest stand; if it would be less mercenary and less cowardly, it would not be necessary for an occasional display of virtue by breaking into a paroxysm of moral reform. Yet, when the next legislature convenes, Messrs. Buckley & Higgins will choose from among the alien, gin-drinking political hummers of our city the men to make our laws, and when a judicial convention shall assemble, they will select for us our judges, and when the municipal nominating delegates convene, they will nominate men who will divide their earnings and give them the patronage of their offices. Our merchants will stand idly by without interference; our newspaper-editors will divide on party lines; our wealthy men, and business houses, and great moneyed corporations will employ and pay political bosses, and entrust them with the direction of political affairs, content to pay and grumble. The American people are growing tangle-legged and rattle-brained.

Oakland is an attractive suburban attachment to San Francisco. It claims seventy thousand inhabitants, and is divided from our prosperous city by the Bay of San Francisco, crossed by steam-ferries in thirty minutes. Its location is picturesque, it is covered with beautiful oaks, and it has a climate milder than that of San Francisco. There, our harsh diurnal summer winds are tempered to gentle breezes. Oakland is the seat of higher culture. It is the Athens of our side of the continent; it is the Boston of our coast; it is filled with schools and seminaries of learning. It is bounded on the north by the University of California at Berkeley, on the south by the Mills Female College, on the east by the classic hills of Piedmont, and on the west by the Golden Gate and the waters of the bay. Beautiful villas, like those once at Tusculum, crown its Alban hills and overlook the Pontine marshes that surround its water-front, and our imperial city that sits in grandeur upon more than seven bills. Oakland is a beautiful town, and its residents are comparable with the best. It is a city of churches and asylums, and its people are comfortably pious. In common with most American cities, it enjoys educational advantages based upon the non-sectarian principle that characterizes our public-school system, and a non-sectarian education is furnished free to all—an education that furnishes everything that is necessary for the practical advancement of the pupil, and that qualifies for the ordinary pursuits and avocations of life. On Sunday, October 3d, Oakland was the scene of a curious display. It was the occasion of laying the corner-stone of a Roman Catholic school-house—not one of very great cost, or very large dimensions, or of very ambitious or elegant architecture; not surpassing the ordinary school-house that is found in every American city, and in many of the larger villages and more promising country towns; but the occasion seems to have been sufficient to marshal all the Roman Catholic Church functionaries, prelates, laymen, fraternities, and societies of the Pacific Coast. We may not follow Mr. Dargie, of the Oakland *Tribune*, through his dreary columns of descriptive verbosity, and what he regards a "most important event" in the history of our sister city, bow "laughing children, age-bent and hoary old folk, lovely maidens, jauntily attired, merchant princes, and carriers of the bod, surged along in a great human stream" to the great human ocean whose waves spattered upon the "brick and lumber piled for use, lapped the roots of a grove" of eucalyptus, and surged against a shed that covered a "dummy-engine" till the archbishop and his escort of clergy arrived, with music and banners, to lay the corner-stone; pupils of the Christian Brothers' School; St. Joseph's Academy, in charge of Brother Lascian, with the Oak-Leaf Band, marching under a banner of red velvet, with a full length of the figure of our Savior, with the inscription, "O sacred heart of Jesus, have mercy on us"; St. Mary's School, in charge of Brother Leland, and the School of Temescal, marshaled by Brother Hugh; St. Anthony's School, with Brother Valerius at the head, with red badges

and rosettes; St. Joseph's School, in charge of Father Justian; St. Mary's College, under leadership of Brother Hilary; St. Joseph's Society, Owen Lafferty, president, its handsome silk banner bearing the inscription, "Glorious St. Joseph's Holy Rosary"; the Young Men's Catholic Aid Society, — Sullivan, president; various branches of the Young Men's Institute, of San Francisco; St. Mary's Cadets, and the Catholic Knights of America. Cardinal Gibbons reviewed these warriors of the church militant, with Archbishop Riordan, with reverends and very reverends, priests and laymen, boys in uniform "with fixed bayonets," grand councils in full regalia, priests vested in canonical robes, black cassimere soutanes, white lace surplices and barrettas, gold-embroidered stoles, albs, and dalmatics. The most reverend archbishop came last, "blessing the faithful as he passed"; he was vested in his pontificals, a purple-white cassock, point-lace rochet cape, and stole of white silk richly embroidered with gold, and upon his head the presbyter's beretta. The Christian Brothers were clad in black stuff gowns, the "rebat," and the "calotte." Then Father Lally presented the archbishop the elements of salt and water in silver bowls; he blessed the salt, "that it might heal the barren water, and put to flight all unclean spirits, and the crafts and assaults of the devil;" he blessed the water to the rooting out of the enemy," and then the salt was placed with the water in the manner of the cross. The choir sang the Gregorian Anthem and a psalm, the archbishop recited the collects, blessed the corner-stone, and marked it with the sign of the cross, and into the box within the stone was placed a medal of the Immaculate Conception, a picture of John Baptiste de la Salle, silver coins amounting to ninety-three cents, portraits of Leo XIII., Archbishop Riordan, and Brother Lupin, a picture of our divine Lord, and all the newspapers of Oakland and San Francisco, except the *Argonaut*, and when the stone was laid it was sprinkled with holy water, and then the cardinal, and archbishop, and very reverend and not very reverend prelates, priests, and altar-boys circumambulated the piles of brick and lumber, and by the aid of Fathers King and Serda the archbishop was assisted to divest himself of his cape, and the pageantry part of the ceremony was ended. Then Father Sasia, President of St. Ignatius College "assuming a white silk stole, embroidered with gold in rich design, made his adoration at the foot of the statue of the blessed Virgin," and delivered a sermon. Then with apostolic benediction the choir sang the "Magnificat," the faithful bowed their heads, and the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of an American school-house was ended. A fantastic, absurd, un-American, and un-republican ceremonial; but most appropriate for an edifice in which other things will be taught than love of country, loyalty to constitutional government, and devotion to the republican institutions of the United States of America. Here boys are to be educated to the theological faith of an alien church that teaches an allegiance to a Roman priest higher than that due to the Constitution and law of the American republic. American boys taught by Italian priests ignorant of the spirit of our institutions. To illustrate the kind of instruction that will be received in this American school-house we quote one sentence from the sermon of the Jesuit priest, Father Sasia: "It were better that 'the whole solar system, the gigantic bodies revolving in 'space should be shattered to pieces than a single soul lost; 'for the salvation of a single human soul is in the eye of 'God an event of greater moment than the conquest of the 'world, or the creation of the universe.'" To us this seems pedantic rot and arrant nonsense. Human souls may be of consequence to the priests of the Roman Church, but Father Sasia marks their price very much above our estimate of their value when against the poorest and meanest specimen of the human lot, he measures the infinite wealth of God's created universe. This church seminary of Saint Mary's was founded by the Christian Brothers in 1872, alien priests, and since then it has turned out a score of indifferent preachers and half a dozen score of graduates, not one of whom is, so far as we know, distinguished for scholarship. The truth is, the teaching of Roman Catholic theology is confined to the Roman Catholic faith, and is not of a character to make useful citizens, or to equip boys for the practical contests of life. St. Mary's College has planted itself in the heart of Oakland, with schools, colleges, seminaries, and universities all around it, on every side the non-sectarian public-school, and now let us see what it can accomplish. Let us judge this scholastic tree by its fruits. We venture the prophecy that its graduates will rank in learning far below the average non-sectarian or Protestant institution of equal rank and pretension. The Roman Catholic Church is making a dead set to control the schools of America, to supplant our free schools by parochial, our female seminaries by nunneries, our higher colleges and universities by colleges and universities of the Papal machine. The only danger in this attempt to subvert our institutions lies in the fear that the American people will not awake from their indifference till the conspirators have honey-combed the foundations of the American republic by intrigue. The Papal Church is like the teredo that bores our piles between high and low water. It works in the two elements of politics and religion, it works in the dark.

The recent elections are too recent to afford opportunity for more than general speculation. The only State that was doubtful, and the only State whose election was pregnant with a litter of possibilities, was New York, and this has gone Democratic—not by accident, but after well-defined issues and a well-fought contest. The Republican party was united, the day was delightful, the labor clouds which threatened the Democracy were regarded as more dangerous than prohibition to the Republican party, and New York has gone Democratic by nearly twenty thousand majority. The Republicans had nominated Colonel Frederick Grant for Secretary of State because he was the son of his father. This nomination created no enthusiasm, brought no additional votes to the ticket, and demonstrated that an intelligent party can not be influenced by an illustrious name that is inherited. Mr. Henry George and his followers, like the French army, having marched up the hill, have now marched down again; like Governor Nye's squab, highest when first born. His open alliance with the unfrocked and excommunicated priest of Rome illustrates the political power of the church over its following. The George vote in the rural districts demonstrates that the farmers and land-owners are not quite prepared to pay all the taxes, and divide the "increment" of land values with an alien mob that has done nothing toward earning them. The New York election, we think, decides that Mr. Cleveland will be renominated for the Presidency by the Democracy, and that the late Mr. James G. Blaine will not be nominated by the Republican party. It makes the election of any Republican difficult, and leaves for the consideration of the nominating convention the names of Senator Hawley, Governor Stanford, Mr. Allison, Governor Foraker, Senator Harrison, Judge Gresham, and other darker horses with a better chance of winning in the great Presidential Derby of 1889, than if New York was a reliable Republican State. There is another element of political agitation which is likely to become active and make itself felt in the Presidential election, and that is the American party. It is a slumbering, volcanic force, the atmosphere is charged with it. All that is required is organization, and the country is not unprepared for it. If Mr. Blaine is nominated by the Republican party, or if any candidate shall venture to express opinions upon the questions of foreign immigration, naturalization, or the interference of the Roman Church with the educational system of the country unfriendly to American ideas and principles, there will arise a theological controversy that will stir the country to its very depths. We deprecate the necessity of introducing religious questions into the politics of the nation; we hope it may be avoided. We hope the time may be delayed till the growing intelligence of the country shall render the conflict unnecessary, but when it must come, let it come, not as a surprise, not as the result of secret bargaining and political intrigue, but like knights to the field of conflict, armed and armor-clad, in open day, with visor up, and God defend the right.

There is an idea, and a favorite one with those who look with pessimistic eyes upon the stability of the British Empire, that India, while it is the richest, is at the same time the least secure of all the outlying possessions of England. There are, it is argued, two political elements at work, one of which must, sooner or later, disrupt and annihilate British rule and British influence in India. These are—Russian aggression from without, and native discontent from within. As regards the first of these, it may be as well to inquire what the attitude of the native Indian princes would be, in the event of a Russian invasion of the great Asiatic peninsula from the north. Would they welcome the northern armies as liberators from a hated British oppression, or would they withstand them as did the hosts of Porus the phalanxes of Alexander, two thousand two hundred years ago, upon the banks of the Indus? The question is an interesting one, and, in the light of a recent and very suggestive event, is capable of a more than speculative reply. The event in question may not be considered as conclusive proof of any love for England. It may be that it is only an indication that the Hindoo does not hate England less, but that he hates Russia more, but it is at any rate suggestive. A few weeks ago Mahbub Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, one of the most powerful of the independent native Indian princes, ruler of a territory larger than England, with a population of ten millions and an army of forty-four thousand men, made a present to the English government of twenty lacs of rupees, equivalent to two hundred thousand pounds sterling, or one million of dollars, to be paid annually, for the space of three years, with a certain definite object. The preamble accompanying the gift notices the present impoverishment of the Indian exchequer, and notes that this impoverishment is due to the increased expense the English government has lately been put to in fortifying the north-west frontier. The money is to be applied for the express purpose of promoting the military defense of said frontier. The Nizam further styles himself "the oldest ally of the English in India," and concludes by saying that England can count upon his sword. An important point to be considered is that the Nizam is not a near neighbor to the line of defenses, since the northern boundary of Hyderabad is more than a thousand miles from the north-

west frontier, that kingdom being situated in that part Central Hindostan known as the Deccan. Whether a munificent policy was dictated by the generosity of you! the Nizam of Hyderabad is only twenty-four—or whether is due to the able teaching of Sir Salar Jung, who admitted the affairs of the Nizam's kingdom for many years during the young prince's minority, and was acknowledged to be one of the ablest diplomats and financiers in India matters not; the effect is the same. It is a straw which shows which way the wind blows. The native Indian prince virtually acknowledges, if not the necessity of British rule in India, at all events the impossibility or inexpediency of obviating it at present. The great peninsula of Hindos is homogeneous neither in population, religion, nor government. It is the bundle of sticks that have fallen apart of their hand. There are, for instance, a million Mohamr duns in the kingdom of Hyderabad, and these constitute a ruling class. A strong centralized government like that of England is, therefore, in one sense beneficial, as tending to bind into something like unity a scattered and discordant family of princes. But these have sense enough to know that, like the fox in the river, which Aesop speaks about, it is better to let the well-gorged English flies stay upon it, than to shake them off, only to be replaced by the Russian swarms hungry and ready to drop on. The Nizam of Hyderabad has an interest in assisting to strengthen the defenses on the north-west frontier of India. But if the tenure of England in India is really so precarious as pessimists would have believe, not the least surprising feature of British occupation of the Orient is, that it still goes on with its accustomed vigor and success. Two years have not yet gone by since there was annexed to the Indian Empire a region of about two hundred thousand square miles in area, the former dominion of King Theebaw in Upper Burmah. The circumstances which bring this event more particularly to our consideration at the present moment is that it is only a few weeks since the first grand *darbar*, or ceremonial reception of the native magnates by the British authorities, was held in the palace at Mandalay. One can not help admiring the executive ability which has, in the short space of two years, reduced a vast territory, not in the strict sense of the word subjection, but rather to order, and established a system of government, mild and beneficent as compared with that of the brutal Theebaw. Nor has it required any great expenditure of British blood, or any extraordinary display of British courage, to effect all this. As a matter of fact, of the four thousand regulars and police now stationed in Upper Burmah, only four thousand, or ten per cent. of the entire number, are of European birth; the bulk of the work of reduction having been effected by natives of India and Burma. Herein appears the wonderful potency of that moral force, which, after all, has been the main factor in promoting the consolidating British ascendancy among the morally weak Oriental races. To assess this at its proper value one need but point to the fact that the whole of this vast, alien, at freshly subjugated empire, is administered throughout by seventeen districts by a body of not more than seventy English officials—commissioners, deputy commissioners, secretaries, all told. It is, we repeat, a striking homily upon the potency of moral force, to consider the swift and total subjugation of an empire, including Lower Burmah, annexed in 1852, larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and Greece, put together, and to know that it is held in check by a force of which the British contingent numbers only four thousand men, and the resident magistracy seventy. There has been no parallel military and political feats like this since the days of ancient Rome, and if we do not admire either the method or the object, we can not help admiring the splendor of the result and wondering if, after all, British supremacy in the East is yet in its decadence.

The *Argonaut* has been somewhat criticised for having said there was not sufficient evidence in the case of Robert F. Morrow to justify the finding against him of a verdict of guilty. We remember when, only a few weeks ago, Mr. Morrow was applauded by men of honorable standing in this community, for his brave defense of the rights of property. In this contest he made a host of enemies, and these enemies are of the class that controls politics, makes judges and executive officers, and from which jurors are empanelled. When we saw the clamor of the public, the vindictiveness of the press, and this man alone fighting in the midst of prejudice and passion, we wondered whether he was not the victim of a conspiracy to punish him for his contest with boycotters, strikers, and dynamiters whether they had not remembered and treasured revenge while those who ought to remember had been too busy and had forgotten. We wondered whether it might not be a case of Actæon and his hounds. We are not considering Mr. Morrow personally, we are only standing where we always hope to stand—with the law. Every man charged with an offense is entitled to a fair trial, before an impartial legal tribunal under the rules that govern the admission of evidence, and unless the proof convinces twelve men of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, the accused can not be

ghfully convicted. It is not manly, and it is not decent, it is cowardly and contemptible for the daily press to take the course it is taking in the Morrow case. When a man is in the hands of the law, there should be no comment any journal to his prejudice. If the press has any influence in this community, Mr. Morrow can not have an immoral trial in it. That portion of the clergy and the religious community who are homewarding the throne of God for the purpose of conviction, are guilty of irreverence and blasphemy. They are endeavoring to instruct a divine intelligence, and to advise the exercise and direction of a supreme power. Mr. Morrow is entitled to a change of venue.

The Supreme Court of the United States, has found no error in the anarchist cases to justify it in affording the condemned any delay or mitigation of their sentence of death. It shall go to press on the day fixed for their execution, without knowing whether, by the writ of *habeas corpus*, or that of *lunatic inquiring*, or any other of the devices which complicate the law's delay, these condemned criminals have avoided their fate, nor whether executive clemency has been imposed for pardon or mitigation of punishment. If they have died, the law will have been vindicated. We can find no cause for the existence of an anarchist society in this republic; we can find no apology for the men who incite to crime, or encourage criminals to overturn the government under which they live. This is an offense against the law; it is a crime against humanity; it is treason, and the penalty of treason is death. No honest man who loves his country ought to think that they be pardoned; no honorable executive ought to grant it, and the anarchists themselves ought to be grateful for the opportunity to die in vindication of their principles. They ought not to complain of irregularities of law in their conviction, nor of violation of technical rules in their mode of execution, for they advocate the destruction of all law and government. They ought to realize that they have been at war with the principles of government, and now as prisoners, under sentence of death, it does not become them to complain of its violation. Let them brace up their suppliant knees, crawl away from the foot of the throne of the majesty they have offended, stand up like brave men, and die. If there is any principle in anarchism that deserves to live, if there is to be a party of anarchists in the future, let these men state their confidence and go to the gallows as did the early Christian martyrs to the stake, and if there is such a thing in the future as a glorious army of anarchists, they will have become its martyrs, and in time be apotheosized, and regarded as the prophets of a new revelation, the gods of a new worship.

A consideration of the peculiar circumstances in which the ruling house in Germany finds itself placed at present, leads one to speculate upon the probable course of events that country, should the by no means improbable contingency arise of both the ruler and the heir-apparent being taken off the political stage at nearly the same moment. Such a contingency, we repeat, is imminent; so much so, in fact, as to make it admissible to speculate upon probabilities in its instance, whereas, under other conditions, speculation of this sort might lay itself open to the charge of impropriety. The old emperor is upwards of ninety, and it is impossible, the nature of things, that he can long survive. A very slight shock to the system from any cause might, almost without warning, precipitate the end. Neither is there any disguising the fact that the state of the crown prince's throat is a matter for the gravest alarm. In spite of the reassuring patches which keep recurring with mechanical regularity, and which have all the appearance of being manufactured for a purpose, the broad fact remains that the growth in the throat, whether cancerous or otherwise, has not been removed, but keeps cropping up and defying the skill of the best surgeons in Europe. The very fact of a bulletin issued to the effect that there is absolutely no immediate danger, is of itself sufficient evidence that there is danger, the only saving clause being that this danger is said to be immediate. What force should be applied to the "immediate" it is of course impossible to guess, but the sudden calling in of three specialists this week will not be likely to allay public excitement. Putting ourselves, therefore, face to face with the contingency of the royal crown of Prussia and the imperial sceptre of Germany—for if the German empire continues to exist at all, it can only do so in connection with the Prussian crown—devolving upon a young and inexperienced youth, in the person of Prince Wilhelm, the oldest son of the crown prince, what effect would this have upon the politics of Germany in particular and Europe in general? All that is absolutely known about the young man is that he is impetuous—a characteristic natural to youth of twenty-seven, and one brought up to the profession of arms. Many persons see in this the inauguration of a war policy, with France, of course, as the *point d'appui*. Bismarck would, it is safe to say, continue to be the power behind the throne, and would throw all his weight toward maintaining the prerogative of the crown and integrity of the empire it has been the one work of his lifetime to consolidate. He would further act as a

check to the policy of encroachment upon the unpopular arbitrary power of the throne, which is sure to be inaugurated by the Liberal party in parliament, and by the Socialists among the masses, so soon as the feared and respected old monarch, who stands almost in the relation of a father to his people, shall have passed away; and inaugurated, too, with that even greater vigor naturally invited by the youth and inexperience of his successor, should it so happen in the wise ordering of things that his grandson should succeed him. The popular movement, resulting from the renaissance of thought among the masses which has characterized the world during the last half century, and of which socialism, nihilism, and anarchy are but the natural though vicious outcome, constitutes the burning question of the hour, and is perhaps stronger at this moment in Germany than in any country of Europe. It is safe to say, therefore, that the accession of a young monarch would be the signal for renewed importunities and greater demonstrations in that direction. War—that supposed panacea for popular discontent—might stave off the evil day, and defer to some future time the settlement of the great civil issues between rulers and ruled. But all of a sudden Germany finds that she is unprepared for war. The repeating rifle with which her infantry has only recently been thoroughly re-armed, is now found to be of too large a calibre, heavy, clumsy, and impracticable, as compared with the lighter, better-finished, and more deadly weapon with which the French and other European nations have been providing themselves. Her whole vast armies must be re-weaponed, at an enormous expense, and an inevitable delay. Not even the stocks of the old rifles can be used. Germany, therefore, can not afford to go to war at the moment in the face of such an enormous disadvantage. Accordingly a sudden change in the personnel of the government at this time might lead to extraordinary political developments, of the nature of which it is only possible to draw a dim outline, and one which time alone can fill in.

The "American Alliance," which, we are informed, is an American political club in the city of San Francisco, has telegraphed the Governor of Illinois in reference to the anarchists, claiming to represent the American sentiment of the Pacific Coast. It is in these brief words: "Let the law take its course." We have no doubt that this expresses the sentiment of all intelligent and honest-minded folk on this side of the American continent, and we think Americans—as a general rule—have as good a right to have their opinions known as the German anarchists, or any other alien conspirators against our country and its government.

CLUB-ROOMS, THE AMERICAN ALLIANCE,
209 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

To his Excellency Governor Oglesby, Springfield, Ill.—The American Alliance, with its membership of three hundred names, representing the American sentiment of the Pacific Coast, implore you to let the law take its course as regards the Chicago anarchists, convicted of murder.

C. UNION BREWSTER,
Secretary.
VICTOR J. ROBERTSON,
President.

THE SAVAGERY OF BOYHOOD.

By John Johnson, Jr.

Almost every father whose family contains two or three healthy boys under the age of fifteen, certainly every teacher in a boy's school, unless he altogether fails to reach the hearts of the youngsters around him, must feel, after reading a volume or two of current children's literature, that his own boys lack the tender sympathy, the overflowing compassion, which it is now the fashion to impute to the heroes of juvenile fiction. Those persons who are not in a position to come in contact with the children of to-day need only to recall to memory the scenes of their own childhood in order to find repeated episodes in which a suffering kitten or puppy was the central and unspiced figure. The callousness of the children of one's own circle will be made evident after a few minutes spent in such clarifying (though, to sensitive people, rather annoying) introspection; and what is true of one circle in this regard is approximately true of all. My own conviction is, that healthy boys under fifteen feel very little compassion for any suffering but that of their near relatives, their close friends, and occasionally their pet animals. Not only do they evince little compassion, but they often show more than an entire apathy, even an actual pleasure, at the sight of pain inflicted upon animals; and some, with whom we need not now concern ourselves, take a delight that to grown people seems almost fiendish in tormenting their weaker playfellows.

Of course, there are to be found instances, as rare as they are delightful, of highly sympathetic children; but such are to be discriminated from the ordinary run of boys. The children who habitually show this spirit are to be reckoned as moral prodigies, far above the common level; and they are no more to be compared in point of morality with ordinary healthy boys than in point of intellectual power. John Stuart Mill, reading Lucan and Plato in his eighth year, is not to be compared with the primary pupils struggling through the mysteries of "carrying" and "harrowing." Boys of fourteen who share our feeling of pain at the useless shooting of a bluebird, who have no instinctive impulse to maim a ground-squirrel by a well-aimed shot from a sling, are examples of moral precocity.

But, when all the circumstances are considered, it will perhaps appear that moral precocity is no more to be desired than intellectual precocity, because the existence of either indicates that the development of the child in which it appears is abnormal. An early appearance of the sym-

pathies depends upon an early development of mental functions, which properly are dormant until later in life; and precocious emotion is an unnatural state, produced by an unnatural and therefore unhealthy development of the brain. Consider for a moment what the seat of the emotions—the brain—is. Like all the other organs of the body, the brain grows from a few simple cells, and reaches its fullness and complexity as the organ of mind after passing through numerous simpler conditions. Like the other portions of the wonderful machine in which each of us lives, moves, and has being, the brain is subject to the all-embracing law of animal existence, which declares the development of the individual to be an epitome of the development of his race. By way of illustration, it is well to note the well-established and now familiar fact that man in his prenatal life goes through several stages, in which he may be successively described as a moner, an ascidian, a fish, a reptile, and a mammal. The entire series of forms through which he passes is so varied that a description of his embryonic existence is almost an epitome of the animal kingdom. And after the appearance in the world of the infant poet or sculptor, he hears in his countenance the marks of his descent from savage ancestors, whose low and ugly forehead, flat nose, and cavernous nostrils are reproduced in his infantile lineaments.

The brain, being merely one of the bodily organs, shares in the growth of the whole organism, and must consequently be weak and undeveloped in its early stages. It becomes stronger only by slow degrees, and in the healthy child it is, as we should expect when we consider his ancestry, the mind of a savage. The civilized child, like the adult savage, has no abstract ideas, and his words number only a few hundreds. One of the writers quoted by Lubbock, in speaking of the intellects of savages, says, "A short conversation wears them, particularly if questions are asked that require efforts of thought or memory." Such a description, as every teacher knows, is most applicable to our own children, and illustrates how closely their mental state approaches that of the savage. An extremely close observer, Mr. Francis Galton, in reference to some of the lower tribes of Africans, makes the striking remark, that "the motives of an adult barbarian are very similar to those of a civilized child."

These facts being granted, it is most instructive to notice how our every-day experience of children's ways points to analogies in the emotions of savages. How complete and how savage is that disregard for filth against which the careful housewife has daily to struggle to accomplish the "shining morning face" she sends away to school! With what a barbarous gluttony does the boy gorge himself with cake, like the Eskimo who forced his wife to stuff him with blubber until he fell down unconscious!

Turn now from these unpleasant traits to that of cruelty, with which we began this discussion. Cruelty seems to be a fundamental fact in the nature of children; but, when we recall the course and the law of man's development, we find nothing depressing in the existence of this savage quality in our boys. As one of the inevitable accompaniments of the savage state, we should expect to find heartlessness among children. "There can be no doubt," says Sir John Lubbock, perhaps the highest authority on the subject of the qualities of barbarians, "there can be no doubt that, as an almost universal rule, savages are cruel." Their moral code permits, if it does not inculcate, revenge and murder; and no stigma whatever is attached to a deed so unnatural to our eyes as maternal infanticide. The stories of inhumanity with which modern travelers fill their volumes, if true of the savages of to-day, will serve to characterize the savages of the past; and there is no fact better established than that the savages of times gone by numbered among themselves our own ancestors. During countless thousands of years, from the unknown date when the Miocene drifts covered the valleys of Western Europe, and buried the war-axes of the inhabitants who hunted beasts and men through the forest, to a time which, in comparison with that date, is as near as yesterday, the ancestors of the present civilized races roamed about as hungry, ill-clad savages. Their daily need of food was supplied by means of the suffering they inflicted upon cave-beasts and musk-oxen, and sometimes they slew and ate their fellow-men, and cleft their bones for marrow. The shedding of blood, as the almost inseparable accompaniment of the satisfaction of the most imperious of all desires, hunger, must have become, according to the well-known principle of the association of ideas, in itself a pleasure. Like the savages of to-day, those fierce progenitors of ours must have delighted in the torture of captured enemies. Thus, during long ages, compassion was unknown, and it appears to have been lately acquired by the now dominant races. Indeed, even among so highly cultivated a people as the Romans, it remained almost unknown until comparatively recent times—say fifteen hundred years ago—in proof of which may be noted their heartless fondness for the bloody sports of the arena.

The emotion of pity, then, appeared late in the history of the race; and, in view of the law of our development, which carries us along the path our ancestors have trod, how can we expect our boys to be anything else but cruel? How far is it judicious to go, in trying to alter the natural course of a child's mental growth by imposing upon him ideas which in due course he will not share until later? This last question is inviting, but we will not go into its solution at present, contenting ourselves with observing that, because a boy shows no compunction at giving pain to a captive bird, or calmly lacerates the feelings of a family of squirrels, merely to give himself a few soon neglected pets, is no reason for expecting him to grow up a monster of cruelty. And we will further venture to suggest that much of the cruelty of boys is a necessary consequence of their descent, as a corollary of which follows the aphorism of a witty friend, "A good boy is diseased."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Nearly every New York and Boston daily paper, has one or two young women on its staff, either in the editorial or reportorial department. As newspaper correspondents women are in the ascendancy, but even in the walks of daily journalism there are any number of them. Those who go about their work in the proper spirit—that is, regardless of sex—are popular among their male associates, and are successful in their profession. The others drop out, and try their hands at something else.

CORNER LOTS.

A Tale of a Boom.

Tulita Anita de Lunavarita stood in the garden, picking lavender. Although the sun shone, and the waters of the bay sparkled, and the distant Coronados Islands and the hills of Mexico floated in a blue haze before her, Tulita had no eyes for the pretty picture. Her mind was occupied with weightier matters. Perhaps she was not even aware that she herself made a much prettier picture with her girlish figure relieved against the white adobe house behind her, and her shapely head poised on one side, as she critically examined, with her big dark eyes, each spray of lavender. She may even have been unaware that the young man walking on the other side of the road was evidently of this opinion, although when he made a misstep into a chuck-hole full of dust, through having his eyes on her, Tulita's rosy lips puckered themselves up, and a suspicious little movement of her shoulders suggested that she was not entirely ignorant of the young man's mishap.

But, as has been said, her mind was engaged with weightier matters, and scarcely vouchsafing a second glance at the retreating figure of the young man, she entered the white adobe house. Placing her fragrant load upon a table, she took up an old copy of the *Fashion Guide*, which she had left face downward when she went to gather lavender, and consulted it with a studious frown. Then going to a chest of drawers, she procured some odds and ends of ribbons, and, seating herself with a business-like air, proceeded, with many references to the instructions, to braid the sprigs of lavender together with the ribbons.

"These useful as well as ornamental little articles," the book said, at the end of its disquisition, "are rapidly becoming indispensable in every household. In fact, we know of several young ladies who derive a comfortable income from the manufacture and sale of lavender-sticks."

"I don't know," said Tulita, to herself, as she regarded her first effort disparagingly, "it seems to me that anybody would be a fool to buy that. But, there," she continued, more hopefully, "you never can tell about these Americans."

And, proceeding with the work, she soon exhausted her lavender and ribbons, and had instead a neat little pile of "lavender-sticks."

"Madre de Dios!" said Tulita, as with her chin on her hand she gazed at the result of her labors, "if that little mother of mine was to catch me at this, how quickly those things would go out of the window," and she laughed softly at the thought. "Although," she continued, "if she can do sewing for money, why should not I also work? At any rate, I must have some shoes, that is the truth." And thrusting her foot out, she leaned over the table to look at it. It was a dainty, slender foot with an arched instep, but the shoe upon it was unmistakably, hopelessly ragged. "Ah! go hide yourself," said Tulita, severely; "you make me ashamed."

Then sinking back on her chair, she rested her chin on her hand once more, and thought: "Ah, if only I could make enough to buy a pair of shoes." And after awhile a tear rolled down her cheek and fell on the lavender-sticks.

But at this moment the click of the latch on the garden-gate made Tulita spring to her feet. With a quick movement she swept the lavender-sticks into a drawer, and when the new-comer entered the room, Tulita was before the mirror singing to herself, while she braided her long hair, which had fallen as suddenly as a southern night.

"Is it thou, madre?" she said.

"Yes, it is I—all that is left of me," said the lady who had entered, a woman whose still handsome face was lined by grief and trouble. "Sainted Mother! but it is warm in the sun," she continued, fanning herself with that indolent, graceful sweep of the wrist peculiar to the women of the south. Then, pausing a moment, she elevated her head, and said: "What is that odor in the house, like sage-brush?"

"Perhaps it is this bit of lavender," said Tulita, hiding her guilty face behind her hair.

"Paugh!" said her mother. "It is too strong. Throw it away."

And as she obeyed, Tulita's heart went down into her ragged boots at this unexpected disparagement of the odor of lavender. "Sage-brush, indeed." It disheartened her so that the idea of attempting to "derive a comfortable income from the manufacture and sale of lavender-sticks" was at once dismissed in scorn. Even the possibility of new shoes grew very faint.

But with the next morning's sun the hope and high spirits of youth returned, and when Tulita started to walk in to San Diego to make some purchases for her mother, the lavender-sticks were hidden beneath her shabby little black mantle. Last night, after she had gone to bed, she had lain awake for at least an hour deciding where to offer them for sale. Senna & Squills's drug-store was the favored place. It was on the principal street, and had fine large windows full of fancy goods. It would be a very simple matter to walk in and ask them to sell the sticks for her. Of course, she would pay them something for their trouble. Then, too, she had heard that very morning that there were an unusual number of Eastern tourists in town, and she hurried her steps so as not to lose any chances.

But when Tulita came in sight of Senna & Squills's establishment, her enthusiasm ebbed. She chided herself for walking so rapidly and getting heated and out of breath. What would the people in the store think of her? Slower and slower grew her pace, until, arriving in front of her destination, she stopped and looked at the display of fancy goods in the window. The comparison was not favorable to her lavender-sticks.

"Perhaps, after all," thought Tulita, "the idea of any body wanting to buy such things is absurd." Suppose Senna & Squills should laugh at her! She concluded to think about it a little more, and walked on.

The further Tulita went, however, the more her courage returned, until, telling herself she was behaving ridiculously, she resolutely retraced her steps until the store was once more reached. But again she paused irresolutely before the window. Then she crossed the street to look in the window of a book-store that might perhaps be better adapted to her purpose. Deciding against the book-store, she returned to the drug-store. Then the dreadful thought occurred to her

that her movements must be attracting attention. The policeman on the corner had certainly looked at her very hard. What if he should speak to her! This idea was so appalling that Tulita hurriedly walked on down the street, without looking to the right or left. It was not until she had turned the first corner she came to that she recovered her equanimity. Then scolding herself severely for this panic, she continued on slowly around the block, until once more she found herself in front of Senna & Squills's establishment. Bracing up her treacherous courage with a great effort, she walked in.

One of the clerks, observing the hesitation of a young and pretty customer, advanced toward her, and, in his suavest manner, said: "What can I do for you to-day, miss?"

"Is—a—is Mr. Senna in?" faltered Tulita.

"Mr. Senna, miss!" exclaimed the young man, with a look of surprise, "Mr. Senna is dead."

"Oh," murmured Tulita, confusedly, "I am very sorry."

And, with burning cheeks, she found herself in the street once more. How far or where she walked after that, Tulita was never quite sure. When her thoughts were sufficiently collected, she discovered that she was in front of one of the principal hotels. She saw a news-stand near the main entrance. On the impulse of the moment, she stopped, and opening her bundle of lavender-sticks, she showed them to the proprietor, and asked him if he would try to sell them for her. He was an elderly man, and while not enthusiastic over the prospects of a brisk business in lavender-sticks, he was very kind to the girl, and readily agreed to do all in his power to advance her little venture.

Rid of her bundle of lavender, which she had begun to hate, Tulita turned her steps homeward in high spirits. How easy it had been to arrange the matter, and what a little fool she was to have worried herself so. After all, though, it was much better that she had not left the sticks with Senna & Squills. This news-stand was by far the best place, being right in the hotel, where the Eastern tourists would be sure to see them. And Tulita fell to wondering whether the man would sell any that day, and how many, and how long it would be before they were all sold. And when she passed a shoe-store, she stopped and looked at the display in the window to see what kind of shoes she should buy—although, to be sure, the variety of shoes to be had for three dollars was not great.

Meantime the news-dealer had sold all of Tulita's lavender-sticks. Not that they had filled one of the public's long-felt wants, for they had all been bought by one person, that person being Mr. Brown of Philadelphia. Mr. Brown, while leaning idly against the news-stand, had seen Tulita come up, and on getting a sight of her face, had said to himself in surprise, "By Jove! That is the pretty girl I saw in the garden, yesterday afternoon." And although he politely moved away out of hearing of the conversation, he furtively watched the pretty girl, and had no difficulty in understanding the nature of her transaction with the old news-dealer. "Hard up, of course," said Mr. Brown sympathetically. Then as Tulita tripped away he returned to his lounging-place by the news-stand, and picking up one of the lavender sticks with an air of idle curiosity, asked what they were for.

"They are made of lavender," replied the dealer, "and you put them in the bureau drawer to make your clothes smell nice, at any rate that is what the young lady who left them here, says. I never saw any, myself, before. I guess I'll sell 'em for souvenirs of Southern California; they are made by a native Californian, and it will be a change on horned toads."

"That is a good idea," said Mr. Brown, calmly. "In fact I have an aunt at home who would not like horned toads, so I will take some of these. How many have you got? A dozen? Well, you can let me have the lot."

As the pleased dealer was wrapping up Mr. Brown's purchase, that gentleman flipped the ash from his cigar, and said, after a pause, "What do you mean by 'native Californian'? Is not every one born in California a native?"

"Well, yes," said the dealer, with patient forbearance for the ignorance of this "tender-foot" who was so good a customer, "I suppose they are. But when we say native Californian we mean the Spanish or Mexican people who lived here when the country belonged to the greasers. Have you ever read 'Two years before the mast' by Mr. Dana? If you haven't I have got a copy here, I would like to sell you. Mr. Dana was in San Diego back in the thirties. There was not much here then except a few adobe houses in Old Town and the Mission, but he gives you a pretty good idea of the native Californian. Some of them came originally from Spain, and had grants of land from the king so big that they could ride for days as the crow flies and not leave their ranches. They lived like lords that you read about, with a hundred or so Indians to herd their cattle, and every one that happened along was welcome to the best. Helen Hunt gives you a good idea of that in 'Ramona.' I would like to sell you this copy, it's the last I got left. You have read it? Well, as I was saying, when the Americans commenced coming in here the native Californians began losing their land. They found it necessary to have money to keep up with the procession, and the most of their ranches got pretty well plastered, so that one way or another the big grants got broke up, and so did the natives. I guess there are mighty few of them now that could pan out anything but law-suits. I shouldn't wonder now if the father of that young lady once owned a million or so of acres, you can't tell. But, you bet, if he had any of it left, now that the boom has struck the town, she wouldn't be making those things," touching Mr. Brown's parcel. "Not," he added hastily, "but what they are a first-class article in their way. In fact I must get her to make some more, I guess they'll take pretty well. You don't want to buy Helen Hunt's book? Mr. Dana's? Well, so long."

Shoving the bundle of lavender into the pocket of the light overcoat that hung across his arm, Mr. Brown left the hotel, and with the air of a man who has nothing to do and all the day before him, he walked along the streets. Finally he entered a tall, frame building bearing the legend "furnished rooms to let." Ascending to the top floor, he opened the door of what proved to be a small apartment well filled with a bed and bed-lounge, both presenting evidence of recent use. In a corner before a small looking-glass stood a well-

dressed man of about thirty years of age, carefully arranging a four-in-hand tie. He turned as Mr. Brown entered, and looked at him expectantly, but immediately resumed his occupation.

"Well, old man," he said, "anything new?"

"No," said Mr. Brown, throwing his overcoat on the bed. The bundle of lavender dropped out of the pocket, and Mr. Brown, picking it up, shielded it after the coat.

"What is that?" said the gentleman at the looking-glass "manuscript?"

"No," said Mr. Brown with a slight look of embarrassment, "something I got at the hotel. Why the devil has that Chinaman made the beds up?" he continued impatiently. "It is nearly twelve o'clock." And going to the door Mr. Brown called out in no gentle tones, "Here, you! Sing Lee Sing Lee!"

"My dear fellow," exclaimed his companion, with an affectation of terror, "for heaven's sake, don't do that! Y will stir up the old woman. I spent a whole hour this morning persuading her to be quiet for another week." A drawing Brown back into the room, he tip-toed into the entry, and cautiously peered over the banisters. Then coming back, he closed the door softly, and heaved a sigh of relief.

Brown's puzzled expression changed to a smile. "Oh," said, "I forgot about the rent. But, I say, Benton we owe her very much for this little coop; can't you pay enough to let me kick that Chinaman into some idea of decency?"

"Can't be done, my dear boy," said his companion. "Y must learn to deny yourself these luxuries."

"Talking of denial," said Brown, "I am frightfully hungry. Have you had your breakfast?"

"This don't happen to be breakfast day," said Benton. "This is lunch day; but we will have it early, in fact, I'm only waiting for you to come in. We dined off the last of my watch last night, you know, so as not to break that fifty dollar piece of yours."

At this Brown's face changed, and his eyes sought Tulita's lavender-sticks, which lay upon the unmade bed. "I'll you what it is, Tom," he said, finally, looking up at his friend comically, "You ought to break my neck."

"Why?" said Mr. Benton.

"Simply because I am not to be trusted alone. I threw away three dollars of that money this morning. You see he continued more earnestly, "I never had an experience this sort before, and I keep forgetting."

"Of course," said Benton, sympathetically. "We expect a leopard to change his spots in an instant."

"Here," continued Brown, taking out his purse, "you take charge of the rest of this."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied Benton. "You get our agreement, in San Francisco, after that unlucky stock deal into which I got you—"

"And in which you lost fifty thousand to my five," interrupted Brown.

"You forget our agreement," continued Benton, with heeding this remark, "that we were to pool our resources and share equally gains and losses, from a two hit piece of a hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars," repeated Brown, meditatively.

"That is nothing," said Benton, "I have made as much as that before now."

"In stocks, yes," said Brown, "but they have no store here."

"No," said Benton, "but they have something a hundred times better, they have a magnificent climate, and hard and everything to make a big city. And you mark my words there is going to be one of the biggest booms right here in the world has ever seen. Kansas City won't be a circumstance to it. Why the climate alone—"

"Oh, come down!" interrupted Brown, irreverently.

Benton laughed and said, "Seriously, Frank, if we can manage to get hold of some land our fortune is made. I am as sure of that as that at present we are dead broke. If that wealthy father of yours back in the respectable village of Philadelphia, only knew what a glorious chance there to make a million or so right here—" and Mr. Benton sighed.

"Well, he won't know through me," replied Brown. "The worst comes I can always drive a team, but I won't him for help."

"I think you are wrong, old man," said Benton. "On account of the money, but on general principles. However, we will make our stake just the same. And now at lunch; I am starved."

"I think I ought to be made to eat the lavender," said Brown, looking ruefully at his purchase, as he disclosed the contents of the bundle to his friend. "There, how is for a three-dollar investment?"

"But what is it?" said Benton, picking up one of the lavender-sticks, and looking at it suspiciously. "Dynamite Phiz'z't! For the old woman?" with an expressive reference to the region occupied by the landlady.

"No, you old anarchist," replied Brown. "Then in a lady's voice he said, 'Tis sweet lavender. Placed in your bureau drawer, it will give a pleasing odor to your linens. That's right," he continued in his own voice, "laugh! I going to give you one. I shan't now."

"Did they throw a bureau in?" said Benton; "otherwise it is not much use to us."

"Use!" said Brown, scornfully; "think of a man who to go without his breakfast buying three dollars' worth of lavender!"

"Don't make me laugh any more," said Benton, "I'm weakening, and we can't afford it. Tell me, how did come to buy those things?"

Whereupon, Mr. Brown narrated the story of his purchase.

"Young," said Benton, at its conclusion, "and pretty—" "I did not say so," interposed Brown.

"It was not necessary," replied his friend; "we must be acquainted with her."

"Why?" said Brown, in not altogether pleased surprise.

"Because she may have friends among the natives who have land that we can handle for them. Land, dear boy, land, that is what we want. You don't seem fancy the idea," continued Benton, as Brown remained

lent; "but we can not afford to be romantic just now. It is absolutely necessary to use every chance. You have made a three-dollar investment, and I don't propose to throw it away. I am superstitious in money matters, you know, and I have a fancy that this generous act of yours may bring us luck. Three dollars' worth of bread on theaters, as it were. I shall make a point of getting acquainted with your friend, and I should like to have you and I with me. If you would rather not, why, of course."

But Mr. Brown said he would "stand in," only, he understood, for the sole purpose of keeping Mr. Benton's business proclivities within decent bounds.

Tulita sat upon the door-step of the white adobe house, looking out upon the shining waters of the bay. The sun was sinking into the Pacific behind Point Loma, and the soft air was full of a golden haze. The Coronados Islands and the distant hills of Mexico were outlined in a purple lhouette against the evening sky, and everything was still and peaceful, everything except Tulita's poor little heart. Her mother had not been very well for the last two or three days, and the death of her father was recent enough to cause a slightest illness to fill Tulita with alarmed foreboding. When they were so lonely, she and her mother, with no one to care for them, and they were so poor; it was all very dismal, and they had just been crying over it together, they were, in the twilight. And now, with that vague interest which the mind, after great emotion, feels in trifling matters, Tulita sat on the door-step and idly watched the sea-gulls uttering and squabbling over some scraps thrown from a passing steamer, and then her eyes followed a jack-rabbit which hopped across the road and disappeared in the sagebrush; then she saw two men come along, and stop at the house next to hers. This latter incident rather aroused her curiosity, because, while sea-gulls and jack-rabbits were plentiful enough in that neighborhood, gentlemen were not, and these appeared to be gentlemen. Evidently, from their statures, they were inquiring for some one; but what was her surprise when these gentlemen left the other house, and, coming directly to her garden-gate, opened it, and approached her.

"Is this where Mrs. Lunavarita lives?" said the elder of the two gentlemen, as they both politely removed their hats.

Restraining an impulse to take refuge in the house, Tulita replied that it was.

"If it will not disturb her," continued the gentleman, "may we see her for a moment?"

At this juncture the señora herself, hearing the voices, came to the door, and answered by hiding them enter.

"I hope that we are not intruding," continued the stranger, who did the talking; "my name is Benton and this is my friend, Mr. Brown."

The señora bowed in a stately way.

"My friend here," continued Mr. Benton, "hought some lavender-sticks at the Blank Hotel, this morning, which we understand were made by you."

"Lavender-sticks?" repeated the señora slowly, shaking her head; "I do not know what that is that you call lavender-sticks. Tulita," she continued, turning to her daughter, "de que esta hablando el caballero? Que son estos de lavandrilas, hija mia, sabes tu?"

Yes, Tulita knew. At the sound of the familiar words her face flushed hotly, and then grew very pale. What was the matter? Had she offended some law in regard to the sale of lavender-sticks, and were these sheriffs come to rest her? Or—more dreadful thought—were hers so badly made that the people who had bought them came to make complaint to her mother? Then she heard the gentlemen say something about souvenirs of California, aunts in the East, all of the lavender-sticks at the hotel being sold, and taking the liberty of coming to Mrs. Lunavarita herself to see if she would make him a dozen more. All of her lavender-sticks sold! Could it be possible? Tulita's heart gave a happy bound, and in the excitement of the moment she rushed to her bewildered mother and poured forth her confession, in what Mr. Brown afterward declared was the most unusual Spanish he had ever heard in his life. This was followed by quick, sharp questions from the mother, and leading, faltering answers from the girl, and then what seemed a torrent of reproach and protest fell from the lips of the señora.

"It seems," said Mr. Benton, in a low tone to his friend, that the old lady was not posted."

"No, confound you," indignantly whispered Mr. Brown, you have let the little girl in for a nice scolding."

Then the Señora Lunavarita, with flushed face and glistening eyes, turned to the two gentlemen and said, with dignity and pathos:

"Señores, I have to make the apology to you. It is my daughter that makes these—these—"

"Lavender-sticks," suggested Benton, pleasantly.

"These lavender-sticks, and I did not know. She is a young lady and I would not have her do work. Sainted mother! it is bad enough for me, who am old. And I did it to know, you understand? Not that my daughter ever does anything without telling me," she added, hastily; "no, nor, never! She has no secrets from her mother. But her father is dead and we are poor." Here the señora's voice faltered a little, and one of the tears that had been gathering in her eyes rolled slowly down her face. "We are poor, and I have to work, and my daughter, she loves me, and she says it makes her sad to see me sew, sew, all the time sew, and she does nothing, and so she makes these things to help her poor mother. That is the way of it, señor. She is a good daughter, and—and—here the señora's feeling overcame her, and, turning to Tulita, who had stolen to her side, with a little gesture of surrender she allowed her tears to flow unrestrained.

Quickly putting her arms around her mother's neck, Tulita drew her head down upon her shoulder, and spoke to her soothingly in Spanish. Then, turning gravely, almost defiantly to the young men, she said: "My mother has not been very well for the last few days, señores, and to-night she is not herself. You will excuse her."

At this, both of the gentlemen arose, and Mr. Brown, speaking for the first time, said: "We are very sorry, in-

deed we are. We had no idea that—that your mother was not well. In fact, I hope that you will pardon us for taking the liberty of calling on you about so trifling a matter."

Now, although Mr. Brown's apology was not very eloquent, there was a sincerity and sympathetic feeling in the young man's voice that made its way to the hearts of both of the women. The señora raised her head, and, drying her eyes, said, with smiling simplicity:

"Ah, señor, do not feel distressed because I cry a little. I often cry; I am not very strong since my husband died. But it is nothing."

Tulita meanwhile, having arisen, had gone to the door, in the evident expectation of the immediate departure of her unexpected guests. In fact, Mr. Brown himself stood hat in hand ready to go, but Mr. Benton was lingering to make some reply to the señora's words. Then Mr. Brown, on the impulse of the moment, said to the girl, who stood near him, "You are not annoyed or angry with me—with us, I mean, for coming?"

"Why should I be?" replied Tulita, with dignity. "It is of no consequence."

"May I hope, then, that you will make the lavender-sticks for me? I will call for them, of course," said Mr. Brown.

"I will make some more for sale at the news-stand," replied Tulita; "no doubt you can get them there."

Having administered which little cut, Tulita turned her big dark eyes severely upon the still tarrying Mr. Benton. Brown, convinced now that their visit had displeased the young lady, also turned and glared at the cause of his discomfort. What was their surprise to find that Mr. Benton had reseated himself, and that he and the señora had apparently launched into an extended conversation.

"Are you coming, Benton?" said Brown, impatiently.

"In a minute, my dear fellow," replied his friend; "I have just discovered that Mrs. Lunavarita and I have a whole lot of mutual friends up in San Francisco."

And the señora, herself, turning to her daughter, confirmed this in quite an animated way, repeating several names, evidently those of the friends referred to.

Then Mr. Brown's eyes sought Tulita's with such solemn protest that she, in her turn, could not help smiling. Common politeness forced her to say, "Will you not sit down?" But no, Mr. Brown would not sit down, he preferred to do penance standing. Then he looked so unhappy, casting gloomy glances at his friend, which that gentleman ignored, that Tulita finally began to feel a little pity for the young man. Perhaps she had been too severe. After all, he was very evidently a gentleman, and was not bad-looking, and he had the good taste to appreciate her lavender-sticks. And so, after a little hesitation, she ventured to ask him if he was a stranger in San Diego. She almost laughed again to see how grateful he looked for this bit of condescension. In fact, this young man was so modest and courteous, so different from his companion, for instance, it was really a pleasure to encourage him a little. Then gradually Mr. Brown ceased to cast remonstrative glances at his friend, and, presently, when he saw that he was keeping Miss Lunavarita standing, he consented to sit down.

It was growing dark when Mr. Brown again arose to his feet, and exclaimed, peremptorily, "Come Benton, we must go! I don't know what Mrs. Lunavarita and her daughter will think of us."

Now, even if Mrs. Lunavarita's daughter had cared to give expression to her thoughts just then, she was the next moment rendered speechless by her mother's behavior. Giving Mr. Benton her hand as he bade her good-night, the señora said, in a pleased and most vivacious manner, "Good-night, señor, I shall look for you to-morrow at ten o'clock, and then we will take our little ride."

After leaving the house, Mr. Benton and Mr. Brown plodded along through the dusk and dust in silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Benton said, "Women are strange creatures. To which trite remark his companion made no reply. But, having arrived at the end of his reflections, and broken the silence, Mr. Benton continued: "Do you remember my telling you, Frank, that I had a sort of superstition that your three-dollar investment was going to bring us luck?" And as Brown assented, with a nod of his head, "Well, I think it has, though I had no idea, when I inquired the name of your friends, of the people next door, that the luck was all ready, laid away in lavender, as it were, waiting for us to come and get it. Mrs. Lunavarita has two or three hundred acres of land over on the sea-shore. What do you think of that? It is the same old story. They once owned leagues, and this is all they have left, and they have got that, as Mrs. Lunavarita says, because it is not worth anything, although she is wrong there. At any rate, she is holding it for her daughter, hoping that it may be worth something some day. It is all they have got. Two thousand dollars is the highest figure she has thought of. If it is anything like she describes it, and if she will let me handle it, I propose to make it worth a hundred thousand dollars in the next year."

"Look here, Tom," said Brown, impulsively, "if you do get hold of this thing, you will do the best you can by Mrs. Lunavarita, won't you?"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Benton in a rather cold tone, "is it necessary to ask me that? I am not a devourer of widows and orphans."

"Oh, hang it, don't be touchy," said Brown. "You know I did not mean anything like that. Only these two women are so lonely, and innocent, and plucky, they really have made quite an impression on me."

"I noticed that one of them seemed to," replied Mr. Benton, dryly, "but I did not observe the other had. As for the proposition, if everything turns out as I expect, it was a lucky day for Mrs. Lunavarita when I knocked at her door. And now let us quit work for the day, and go and have a respectable dinner as a send-off for the new firm of Benton & Brown, real-estate dealers."

A year and a half have elapsed. It is Christmas Eve. Once more Tulita is watching the sun set, but this time from another home, where Point Loma does not intervene its huge bulk, where she can see the golden disc slipping down between the blue of the Pacific and the blue of the evening sky, until the last burnished tip disappears. Then the soft

warm air is filled with rich color as the after-glow stains sky and water with its hues. Turning away, Tulita proceeds with her occupation of gathering roses which this celestial pageant had interrupted, while the air grows heavy with their perfume. Behind Tulita is a large, so-called "Queen Anne" cottage, and on the veranda sits her mother, lazily rocking and fanning herself. Next to the señora sits an elderly gentleman, and on the back of the elderly gentleman's chair leans Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia. As Tulita passes the side of the porch, she dexterously tosses a rose to the elderly gentleman, and laughs, as he successfully catches it, and presses it to his lips with a gallant bow.

"Well, well, well," he says, breaking the silence, "imagine being out of door without a wrap, gathering roses on Christmas Eve. And you really mean to tell me, Frank, that this place has been set out only a year?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "just about. You see, father, in this country, water is everything. If you can only get plenty of water, things grow like magic. I remember that is what worried us most when we put Lunavarita town-lots on the market, water was the great question, and we were afraid we would have to pipe it from town. But as soon as we struck that artesian well we were fixed. The property doubled in value in twenty-four hours, and we sold enough lots the first week to pay for laying out the town, putting down water and sewer-pipes, and subsidizing a street-car line to run a motor out here. After that the people used to come and stand in line all day long at our office waiting to buy lots. We raised the price religiously on the first of each month, and now you can't buy a lot in Lunavarita for less than three hundred dollars. Water is king in California. There is a company formed to flume it down from the mountains about sixty miles from here; it is a good scheme, too."

"It must cost a great deal," said the elder Mr. Brown, doubtfully.

"Oh, no," said his son, "a million ought to do it."

"A mere trifle," said the old gentleman, mimicking Frank's airy tone. "Upon my soul," he continued, with sudden energy, "if I stay here much longer I shall be as stark, staring mad as all of the rest of you are. Why, they tell me that that peninsula over there, with that absurdly big hotel, which they will never fill in the world—" "All of the rooms are engaged already," murmured Frank, but his father, with a snort of incredulity proceeded, without heeding him—"with its parks, and its drives, and its zoological gardens, and God knows what, begging your pardon madam, they tell me that that was a sage-brush desert last year. I don't believe it. I won't believe it."

"My dear father," said his son, "two or three years ago San Diego itself was little more than that, you could have bought pretty near the whole place for a short bit. But a railroad came in here and that brought people, and when the world at large began to find out what a magnificent harbor—"

"There! there!" exclaimed his father hastily, "don't get started now. I have heard all about the harbor."

"And the glorious climate?"

"Yes," said Mr. Brown emphatically, "and the climate, too."

"I am afraid you don't appreciate it though," said his son, reproachfully. "Just think of the Boston east wind to-night, and compare it with this air, where you can feel your lungs grow. Why, I believe I have sprouted an extra one myself since I have been here."

"I believe that you have, my dear boy," said the old gentleman, chuckling, "from the amount of talking that you do, I believe that you have. Eh, señora, I rather think I got him there? Did you hear that, Tulita, my dear? Ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment a carriage was seen coming up the hill toward the house.

"Ah!" cried Tulita, "here comes Aladdin."

The carriage stopped, and Benton descended. Tulita, waving the bunch of roses before his face, bade him good-evening.

"Well, sir," said the elder Mr. Brown, "and how many towns have you built to-day?"

"Not many," said Benton, laughing. Then drawing from his coat-pocket a package of papers, he handed it to Mr. Brown, saying: "Here are your deeds and abstracts; they are all right."

"What!" shouted Frank. "Father, have you"—but here he burst out laughing. "Father," he continued, regaining his gravity, "father, look me in the eye. Is it possible that you, you, a conservative merchant of Philadelphia, have, at the present ruinous prices, been indulging in wild, insane speculation, that you—"

"There, there, Master Frank," said his father, joining in the laughter, "we all know that you have sprouted an extra lung."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Brown," said Benton. "You have got a bargain. As soon as you get your vines well under way one year's crop of raisin-grapes will pay for it."

"Oh, of course, of course," said the old gentleman, "it is a bargain. They all are. Though to my mind," he continued, putting his arm around Tulita, and drawing her to his side, "this is the best bargain ever got in Southern California."

"Yes," said his son, looking at his wife proudly, "and to think that I only had to put up three dollars for the option."

"Men are so conceited," said Tulita, confidently to her father-in-law, "that was not the way of it at all. It was I who gave a dozen lavender-sticks for a husband and the town of Lunavarita."

ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

Smokers will be interested to know that not a thousand miles from Albany there is a firm which makes large quantities of paper for to be turned into cigars. The operation is said to be this: The paper, on reaching the tobacco warehouse, is repeatedly soaked in a strong decoction of the plant. It is then cut up and pressed in moulds, which give to each sheet the venation of the genuine leaf-tobacco. So close is the imitation that expert tobacco men and habitual smokers have been deceived.

Berlin Socialists employed the other day, for the first time women to distribute their pamphlets, and over eighty thousand were scattered around before the police found out what was going on.

THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

The Famous Wine-Cellar and Circus of Salzburg's Jolly Monks.

11.

As we turned from St. Peter's church-yard, where so many notables lie, we met two fat, jovial monks coming out of the great monastery, which is built into the side of the mountain. Their great, capacious sides were shaking with laughter, and their girths were something to marvel at. A long series of chins, on the part of each one of them, depended gracefully on the little square, white neck-tabs which relieve their suits of solemn black, and their hats took on something of the expression of the long Italian shovel-hat. Some famous humorous canvases seemed to have literally taken life here in the quiet white stony streets of old Salzburg. They were the identical monks of "Une Bonne Histoire" grown older, fatter, oilier, merrier, and they seemed to be telling just the same story.

They were a good advertisement for their own wares, for they were coming from the monastic door of the great "stift-keller." As a monastery, it is, perhaps, devoted to some saint or other, as all well-regulated monasteries are. But the name of the good saint had disappeared in the mists of time, and in the fumes of his own good wine. For the cellars of the good monks are famous throughout the length and breadth of Austria. Every one speaks of the "stift-keller," every passer-by drops in for a litre of wine. But the monks themselves are regarded rather as a company of superior vintners than a band of churchmen, and their religious side never presents itself face uppermost. They are said to know some rare secrets of the bruising of the grape, in that great stone cellar which reaches far into and even beyond the heart of the mountain, and you may ask for almost anything you like, from the strong, coarse, heady wines of Hungary to some one of the secrets of their own invention. Brandies and cordials are among their choicest blendings, monks seeming to have a talent that way. But these treasures find their way to the tables of princes. Whoever stops at the "stift-keller" calls for wine.

We plunged into the dark, stone, tunnel-like entrance. It looked more like a passage-way to a stable than the hall-way of a famous hostelry, and might have led to one of the famous riding-schools of Salzburg, close at hand. The hall-way was lined with rude tables and benches, and crowded with peasants. The great flaring, wing-like head-dresses of the women made them look at first like huge hats in the gloom. But, as we became accustomed to the light, or rather, the darkness, the ox-like patience of the peasants' eyes defined itself from out the shadows of the coif, and we saw men sandwiched in between, with the inevitable feather and flower in their hats.

They bring their own black bread and sausage, now and then a bit of cake for an extra treat—for a sweet tooth always goes with a strong German guttural—and spread their feast out on the tables when they buy their wine. One is as like to sit cheek by jowl with a prince as a peasant in the "stift-keller," but for the most part, the peasants like to buddle together in the hall-way, where their humble spreads will not be criticised by more lordly wine-drinkers.

The stone tunnel leads into a round open room, lighted from above by a kind of well-hole, and gives immediately upon the cellar itself, into which one might look and see literally miles of bottle shelves and casks if the daylight penetrated. As it is, lights are flashing through what appears to be endless darkness, and now and then the lanterns will flash on one of the lay monks—not so fat or so merry as the twin we met outside—as they serve the wine to the *kellners* who bring it to us; for the holy men do not serve their clientele with their own hands. Perhaps there is just a little too much roystering sometimes in the "stift-keller" to make it decorous or seemly, although there is no better conducted crowd in all the world than a lot of Germans enjoying themselves. One says Germans, even in Austria, where they do not resent the term, though there is a subtle difference, even in the German language, from the moment you cross the frontier-line.

The Oberkellner invited us to climb the steep stairway to an upper apartment which he told us, and made a deep obeisance as he spoke, was reserved for Eccelenzas. But we chose rather to mix with the gay and comfortable throngs who were sipping wine at the crowded tables in the round room. It is true, it was redolent of every grade of tobacco under the sun, from a Havana which a rich-looking Spaniard was smoking in one corner, through all the grades of German pipes, and down to the long, thin Italian cigar, which looks like a lean and discouraged little breakfast sausage with a straw stuck in the end, presumably to carry off the flavor. But every face gleamed through this haze of smoke alight with calm, lazy pleasure. Officers, students, priests, travelers, doctors of everything under the sun, and members of various societies for the protection of the memory of Mozart and the archbishops, were taking their afternoon comfort, which is part of the practical religion of a German, in the cool, grotto-like rotunda of the stift-keller.

There was quite a general movement to give seats to the strangers, which was something strange in Austria, where servility is carried to the most degrading extremes, but true politeness is almost a lost art. A handsome young German seemed to beckon us most cordially, and so we squeezed around the little table where with his wife and little son he was patronizing the good monks of the stift. Every German gives you salutation if you share his table at a café, and "guten tag" when you separate. But this one had been struggling with a kind of Ollendorian system of English, and he confessed with great naïveté that he would like to try his hand at the most difficult language under the sun.

In slow and labored English he begged to order our wine for us, as he knew the contents of the cellar by heart. He laughed over a great flagon of pink wine that sparkled before him, but warned us against its strength.

"Every lady coming to the stift-keller for the first time," he said, "must drink a half litre of Mozart wine to the memory of the great musician," which we accordingly did. And a gentle, delicate, peculiar little drink it was, but more like the wrath of wine than that perilous thing which "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"Aber" went on Doctor Claudius, for he was the image

of Marion Crawford's German giant, and was a doctor as well, as half the well-conditioned men in Germany seem to be. This one was a doctor of laws, and was taking his holiday from hot, yellow Munich, and passing the August weeks in Bechtesgaden, said by some to be the loveliest village in Europe. Bechtesgaden is but a short drive, even an easy walk for a good pedestrian, from Salzburg, and Doctor Claudius often came over to Salzburg to the "stift-keller" instead of taking his afternoon coffee and pipe in one of the pretty gardens of his summer village.

"Aber," said Doctor Claudius, "I have for mein frau a mild drink composed of two of the wines, and it is the ambrosia of Olympus." We ordered some of the ambrosia to test it, and soon we were all clinking glasses, even the little boy, and we cried "gesundheit" to each other in the most cordial manner, and became as chatty and friendly as possible.

And Dr. Claudius told us all about the sights of the Salzkammergut, and warned us of the pitfalls that are laid for unwary tourists, and advised us which salt mine to choose, and told us that the way to Hallein was long, and comfortless, and expensive. German are never ashamed of their thrift. Furthermore, Hallein was deep in Austria, and the Bechtesgaden mine was on the edge of Bavaria, and our handsome German loved his Bavaria and its old King Ludwig, of whom he told us many wonderful things. As indeed he need not have done, for if ever a king left monuments of marble and stone behind him to keep his name forever fresh, it was Ludwig I. of Bavaria.

And then Dr. Claudius wished to know something about England; but when we told him that we came from America, his astonishment knew no bounds. Geography is evidently not a specialty in the schools of Munich, for it seemed difficult to make the German advocate believe that we could come from anything north of Rio Janeiro without being North American Indians. He had heard of New York and Cincinnati, but never doubted that they were south of the Equator. As for California, he had never heard the name mentioned in his life; but when we spoke of San Francisco, his white teeth gleamed and his eyes flashed recognition.

"San Francisco, ach, yes! That is the land of gold. That is where the American Monte Cristos come from." The good doctor's English was too much a marvel of transposition to bear transcribing, and it bore upon its face the air of having been learned from books alone. It soared, occasionally, to such heights of erudition that it was difficult for a plain, ordinary, English-speaking person to follow him. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing he said was his comparison of the two languages. In a phraseology, which it is utterly impossible to put on paper, he remarked that he found the English language difficult, because it was spoken so remarkably fast that the sounds ran into each other and so coalesced that it was not easy for a foreigner to separate and distinguish them.

"Whereas, the German," he went on, "is singularly crisp and clear, and each word stands out in high relief. I love to read your English, it is so rich and strong; but in speech it is the soft, melodious German that woos the ear."

And this from a Bavarian, where the accent is so thick, and soft, and mixed, that the North Germans themselves declare it to be barely intelligible, even in the mouths of the educated. Truly, we all go through life like Narcissus, forever looking at ourselves in a pool, but we never see there our reflection at the same angle as that at which our neighbor sees us, looking over our shoulder.

Bavaria had been still in mourning as we passed through, and Dr. Claudius had just been making the tour of the palaces of the mad king, who had just drowned himself at Störnberg. He described the now-famous Chiemsee in the most glowing terms, and urged us to retrace our steps long enough to take it in.

"You have come over to Austria to spend a pleasant afternoon," we laughingly remonstrated, "and yet all your advice is: 'Go back to Bavaria!'"

"Why not," said the doctor, "since Bavaria is the most beautiful and most interesting corner in all Europe?"

It was with an infinity of "guten tags" and "glückliche reise" that we parted from our table friends in the famous stift-keller, and passed through the dark stone hall once more into the daylight.

But one never stops long in the daylight when sight-seeing in Salzburg. It seems to have been a fixed idea with the Salzburgers to come out of their mountain at intervals, only to go into it in another spot.

None knew better than the good archbishops of Salzburg that the best way to keep a people happy is to keep them busy and to give them amusement. Perhaps, with some idea of the old Olympian games in their minds, the good bishops in sixteen hundred and something determined to give the burghers of the citadel town a circus, for the circus, time out of mind, has held its own as the one universal entertainment which appeals to all humanity. But, as episcopacy and circuses do not go very well together, the holy rulers skirted the edge of the difficulty by calling the new equine temple a riding-school.

It is a great amphitheatre, hewn out of the solid rock of the Mönchsberg, and we sat down in the great stone galleries where enthusiastic spectators used to sit some three hundred years ago, and wished right heartily that the good bishops' stables had not been converted into cavalry barracks, and that some of the trained horses of the old riding-school would come prancing into the ring. Amateur riding was much encouraged by the bishops in those days, and there are still tales told of some wonderful jousts in which the lords from the neighboring castles took part. The Empress of Austria would have been loved and admired of her people for the very tastes which now separate her from them.

The archbishops' own seats are close to the staircase which leads up the mountain, so that if it became imperative for one of them to rush up to the little chapel and perform some religious duty between the acts, his religion need not interfere too entirely with his pleasure. They must have been their own best patrons, for their private boxes are in far worse condition than the galleries of the plebeian spectators. Their circus became so popular that when the autumn winds came on, and the great underground amphitheatre became too cold, the people demanded a winter riding-school. This was much to the delight of the bishops, and accordingly one was

built immediately adjoining the old one, that the same stables might serve.

But the bishops launched out into wider enterprise, and the great ring room is not like the bare, vaulted stone circus of the Mönchsberg. Art was summoned to beautify it. Frescoers were brought from Italy, and on the ceiling a huge mimic tournament is taking place among figures of heroic size. The painter humored the Salzburgers with one of these tricks in frescoing, which one finds all over Europe. A mounted horseman, with his lance in rest, pursues you a over the riding-school. He is a fierce and determined looking fellow, whose armor does not seem to cumber him feather's weight, and there is an ugly point to his lance, but he has done nothing more serious than threaten these three hundred years. There is a great sculptured marble-troop at one side of the riding-school, where the horses used to drink in luxury, and the artist's name is said to have been one well known in its day, but it has not rung familiar down the grooves of time.

The grooms were watering the emperor's horses from the most ordinary buckets as we passed the stables, for the great riding-school has become a cavalry barracks, and the wonderful marble trough stood grimy, dusty, and unused.

Riding seems to be no longer an accomplishment in Salzburg, and the art of taking care of horses must have died out completely, except in the army. For when we went to search for an equipage in which to make our little trips to the various points of interest in the Salzkammergut, a sorrier looking set of dejected old nags never presented themselves to view. The carriages are held together by every amateur contrivance that will mend a weak place, and the stable loving bishops of Salzburg are not themselves deader than the art of grooming a horse.

BETSY B.

THE GIRL BOHEMIAN.

"Iris" describes Life among the Art Students of New York.

With the approach of the cold weather, the artists have begun to flock home, the studios are in order, and the large art schools are in full swing. The serious students, the bored amateurs, the clever dilettanti, the bard-workers, the unknown obscure, the newly successful—all are at work. Some are in superb studios in the "Sherwood" and the "Studio," surrounded by rare bric-à-brac, the walls hung with dusk twilight tapestries, the polished floors covered with Turkish rugs and tiger-skins; with divans of rich, glowing stuffs to dream upon, and high-backed, antique chairs in which to lounge, and puff the meditative cigarette. Some are under the leads on the top floors of cheap apartment-houses, with the scuttle for a window, with a north light, and their wife and children for models. Some have studios fitted up a home, luxurious, mellow, glowing rooms, rainbow cocoons of harmonies, melting tints, stocked with every contrivance money can buy to assist a talent mistaken for genius. And some—the bulk of the workers, from whose masses one or two names are destined to mark the century with a trail of fire—are in the great art schools, or the smaller life-classes.

The three large art schools of New York are the Conpe Institute, the Art League, and the Academy of Design. They are all free, and offer the best tuition in the country. On application for admission every student must submit a trial sketch to the judges. Should this show absolutely of talent, the application is refused; if it comes up to the required standard, the applicant is either admitted at once, or his name placed on the list, there to remain till a vacancy occurs. This plan is pursued at the Cooper Institute, where the number of applicants is large, and vacancies comparatively rare. When a vacancy occurs, the first applicant or the list fills it. Fairly admitted, the student is placed according to the ability shown in his trial sketch. If exhibiting no technical knowledge, no settled method, merely the crude talent, he is put in the antique class, and there draws his charcoal from plaster casts. Sometimes, if he is absolutely without rudimentary artistic training, and is slow to boot, he remains from three to four years studying from the antique acquiring a knowledge of form, learning to draw from the round, and baving his eye trained. All this must come before he attempts color. Should he, on the other hand, show signs of unusual talent, coupled with a thorough grounding in the rudiments of art, he is moved into the still-life class where he studies color, and from that into the life-class where he studies from undraped models. If he is the possessor of the divine spark, it must appear now or never. The teachers—the most prominent artists in New York—are always on the lookout for the embryo racer in the cart-horse, the mute, inglorious Raphael who must come sooner or later. Education, environment, artistic associations can neither make nor mar this gift of God. The clumsiest hoosier from the sunburnt prairies may have that burning within him which will set his name among the stars when kings and rulers are forgotten.

From the life-class branches the class of draped models and the portrait-class. This is the apex of the art-schools. Here, from morning till evening, the motionless models pose beneath the glaring skylight, the students work with bent head and narrowed eyes, and the masters—patiently or passionately, according to their nature—instruct, erase, scold, cheer, disillusion, comfort, fire, sustain. The women students are a mixed set, and the ambitions cherished by each as varied as their social positions. Most of them study with the end in view of making their art support them. Art, as a means of obtaining a comfortable flat up-town, a servant-maid, occasional theatre tickets, and nice clothes, has their earnest devotion. These women marry as soon as they get a good chance, and let art go to the wall, devoting themselves to housekeeping and the bringing up of their children. They take up painting seriously and honestly, because without it they would starve, but for the approbation of their own souls they care nothing. If their work sells, that is all they want. They generally adopt a flashy, meretricious style—degrade their talent—to please the uneducated public, rather than elevate it to please their sense of what is true in art. Another large portion of the class consists of amateurs who have a just appreciation of the beautiful, a highly developed artistic temperament. Money is not a necessity, and they have not, therefore, the incentive for serious work which

urs the man of genius and the man of talent to the production of masterpieces and pot-boilers. They work lazily and pleasantly, languidly endeavoring to realize an ideal, which they are too readily inclined to think beyond their capacity. They will never make a name for themselves, because they are too truly artistic to be satisfied with poor work, and too easily discouraged, too deficient in powers of application to struggle through the press into the first rank. They are unmerciful in their criticisms of their own work, which they regard with smiling contempt.

Then, of course, there is a sprinkling of women who take *art pour passer le temps*, and because their friends tell them they have talent, because it is the fashion, because they decorate the house. These triflers of course accomplish nothing, and never intended to accomplish more than a plaque on the drawing-room wall, a set of dessert-plates, and a few picture-frames. Those women destined for success, fame, are few and far between. They are different from the other varieties. Their hearts are in their work, and they heart giveth grace to every art. They are deaf, and blind to everything but their profession. Every ray of their being is concentrated on their work. At night they lie awake thinking about it. They give it the love and care that other women give their husbands and children. It sorbs them to the exclusion of all other thoughts. It is their life, their excuse for existence; they never doubt it, but it is like a life in an ideal world isolated from mankind. They do not care for material comforts, for personal aggrandizements, for ambition, but in their souls cherish a passionate desire for what they recognize as perfection, and in the pursuit of which they walk through life with strained eyes fixed on their distant goal, blind to all that intervenes. Happiness is the nearest point of contact with this lofty perfection which they never fairly touch. They have, in fact, little volition of their own, but are like leaves in a great wind. For what is the seed: "Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is."

Besides the three large schools already mentioned, there are several smaller classes and schools, where the students are serious in their work, the amateur element being almost entirely excluded. These schools, of which there are several in New York and Brooklyn, were started by artists who discovered the long studies from the antique imposed by the great institutions, and who proposed setting their pupils to work immediately at the life. This at once excluded the voluous, lazy, and untaught elements, a well-grounded knowledge of art being necessary. I went to the most successful of these classes the other day. The top floor of a tall up-town was the temple of art, a large room with a glass skylight being the shrine. Here, in the middle of a forest of easels, on a raised piece of flooring, and under the blaze of light from the skylight, the models posed. Though it was ten o'clock the students had already assembled. They were all women—most of them young—quietly dressed, and keen-looking. As they took off their coats and hats, and doffed out their well-worn gloves, the room was filled with laughter and talking, criticisms on each others' pictures, on the last model, on some notable work at a popular gallery, an exhibition of French pictures newly opened, on a critique in a famous review. The atmosphere was charged with art. Each student had her special easel, place in the room, hook on the wall. Amid a hubbub of voices they opened their boxes, donned their long, blue-checked aprons, began making up their palettes. Above the talking rose a scraping of the easels and the chairs on the bare boards, the rasping of the covers of the tin paint-boxes. Some of the girls were young and very pretty, some had a look of termination, a sort of premonition of success, about them. There and there a pair of snowy-white and delicate hands, a pink finger-tips daintily squeezing the ends of the tin tubes, proclaimed the rich amateur. As the canvases were turned around, old ones held up proudly between their owners' palms, new ones stretched, the students wandered out among the easels, carefully considering each others' work. Sometimes they clustered in a grave, hushed group before a particular easel, studying the completed picture till furrowed brows. Then they began suddenly commenting and criticising, the artist, with her small thumb through her palette, and a sheaf of brushes in her mouth, standing, and looking anxiously from their faces to the picture, and from the picture back to their faces. She seemed to see her work through their eyes; a complimentary comment causing her to beam and glow, an adverse criticism clouding her face with pain and chagrin. At every fresh criticism, she joined a group, and studied her picture, with her eyes screwed up to the breadth of a line. They seemed absolutely to eliminate personal feeling from all they said. There was no extravagant praise, no silent disdain. The points were calmly considered, and commented upon as though the artist was sent.

The teacher—a celebrity from Philadelphia—only visited a class once a week, leaving the most advanced pupils to select and choose the models. On this particular morning there was to be a posing and selection of models, two or three of the cleverest students being a sort of committee, whose business it was to decide for the class. The head of the committee was a woman of some thirty years, plain, ill-dressed, with a quiet, refined manner, and a preoccupied air. She was evidently wrapped, lost, absorbed in her art. Her figure on the easel was a splendid study—true and sincere treatment, free without being careless, showing at once path and delicacy, and without the tricky, meretricious alities so common among embryo artists. One noticed that she held a higher position than the others. The younger students appealed to her almost as to a teacher. The more advanced ones congregated in silent admiration before her. Disputes were laid before her for judgment, and as she scraped her palette clean, a quiet "less noise, please," used the hubbub instantly to subside.

Presently the first model entered—a small, pale girl, in a dark-green suit, made with an old-fashioned polonaise; though receiving or giving greeting she picked her way along the crowding easels to one end of the room, where a brown linen curtain crossed the corner. There was a window on the other side of the curtain, and one could see the dark blue of her moving figure behind the curtain against the light from the window. The students now tilted down to work. The feet of the easels shrieked and scraped on the floor, as their owners pulled them about.

The click of a falling brush, or the rustle of a dress, sounded loud and distinct in the sudden stillness of intense preoccupation. Every girl began to make up her palette. Tubes, pressed by slender fingers, oozed out slimy coils of paint. Some of the girls dabbed with their stiff brushes on the edges of their easels, or marked with charcoal on the fresh canvases. About the lady before mentioned, three or four others were grouped, talking in low voices. One of them was a pretty girl with rough, reddish hair, twisted in an artistic loose knot on the crown of her head. She was not over twenty, but her last study created a stir, and had been commended by the master for its rugged power and sincerity. She had the dreamy eyes and long fingers of the artist. As she bent to emphasize her remark with some rough strokes in charcoal on the clean canvas, the brown curtain was raised and the model appeared, clad in her green polonaise, from beneath which her bare, white legs emerged with a singular effect. She had a long pole in her hand, and her stiff, lifeless hair was twisted into a bullet on the top of her head, and stabbed through with a tortoise-shell sword. She pattered up to the stove, and stood warming herself, with her shoulders hunched up and her red, cold hands spread out.

The committee group paused, and the leader said: "Young ladies, please attend while the model poses." The model shook her shoulders out of her green polonaise, and stepped gingerly out of it as it fell softly round her feet. With the pole in her hand she mounted the dais, and with one hand grasping the top of the pole, while the other rested on her hip, she said:

"This is the attitude I took last month at the League."

Though her figure was ungainly, the attitude was graceful and pretty. The girl was a popular model, come of a family of models—a profession, by the way, which runs in families, the gift of posing well being as rare as the gift of listening well. After standing thus for a few seconds, she fell into another attitude—the pole crossing her body obliquely, one hand resting on the top, the other clasping it halfway down, in the position of a vaulter. This was beautiful, and a little murmur of admiration rose from the class. From this she changed into a third and fourth, and almost all singularly graceful. After posing about five minutes she was dismissed, and, picking up her polonaise, disappeared behind the curtain.

A knock ushered in the next model, an Italian boy of nineteen years. As soon as the first model had gone, he retired behind the brown curtain, and the class began discussing the merits of his predecessor. The posers considered her favorably, a League model with poses being always in demand. Presently the Italian boy issued forth in his overcoat. His legs trembled with the cold, and his teeth chattered. The class came to order, he threw off his coat, and, attired in a pair of bathing-tights, mounted the dais. He was a new hand, and had no poses; but his brown and satiny skin was a novelty. He was shortly dismissed, and, when he had gone, a third was brought in from the hall—a man who had posed in various pictures as John the Baptist, and other scriptural characters. His poses were quite remarkable, picturesque, and effective. Upturned dark eyes and a pointed beard were instrumental in giving him a pious air, which was not in harmony with his emaciated figure and bathing-tights. After he had gone, another girl was tried. She was quite handsome, but only had a few stiff and awkward attitudes. As soon as she had left, the committee consulted the class, and the popular voice fell on the League model for the first week, and the Italian boy for the second.

NEW YORK, October 25, 1887.

Cardinal Domenico Bartolini, the "Pope-maker," died at Florence, seventy-four years and four months old, having been born at Rome, May 16, 1813. His striking rotundity of body procured for him the sobriquet of the "Barrel." But it was his determination which brought about the election of Pope Leo XIII. He was laid up with sickness at Rome, and was nursed by Joachim Pecci, then Bishop of Perugia, who happened to reside in the same house with Bartolini. During that long sickness, the two men had ample opportunity to exchange their ideas, and express their mutual dissatisfaction at the political dead-lock produced by the obstinacy of the then Pope Pius IX. It was these conversations which convinced Bartolini that Pecci was the right man to extricate the church from the dead-lock. The death of Pius IX, occurring soon after Bartolini's recovery, the latter worked hard in the conclave, and did not give over until he had convinced the majority of the cardinals that Pecci should be elected, and he ascended the papal chair as Leo XIII.

On some parts of the coast of Sumatra and the neighboring islands the fishermen test the depth of the sea and also the nature of the bottom by the noises they hear on applying the ear to one end of an oar of which the other end is plunged in the water. At a depth of twenty feet and less the sound is a crepitation, similar to that produced when salt is thrown on burning charcoal; at fifty feet it is like the ticking of a watch, the tick being more or less rapid, according to whether the bottom is entirely of coral or alternately of coral and mud, or of sand. If the bottom is entirely of sand the sound is clear; if of mud it resembles the humming of a swarm of bees. On dark nights the fishermen select their fishery grounds according to these indications.

M. Le Bec, a French savant, declares that civilized humanity is losing the sense of smell. As compared with savage humanity, it may be said to have lost it already. The worst of it is, that M. Le Bec predicts the loss of the nose itself, as a necessary consequence of its loss of functional power. The size of the present nasal appendage of one of the races that have been longest civilized encourages us to hope that M. Le Bec (the name excites suspicion) is a false prophet. If he is not, says *The St. James's Gazette*, we will have to revise our standard of comeliness. "It may be that the civilized man of the future will see no beauty in a Greek statue unless it has lost its nose, which, it is true, is the case with most of them."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judas Pulitzer and Charlton Ananias Dana are the pleasing pet names which the editors of the *New York Sun* and *World* apply to each other in their respective journals.

The Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, the Grand Duchesses Xenie and Olga, the Czarowitz, the Grand Dukes Michael and George of Russia, and Prince Hans of Denmark, make up the royal party of people enjoying the measles in Copenhagen.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, when he made his first visit to this country, was a splendid specimen of healthy manhood. He arrived in New York from England the other day a mere wreck of his former self. He left at once for Washington, the home of his wife's family, and there he hopes to get well; but he is so feeble at present that he can scarcely move about his room.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, is six feet tall, sixty-five years old, well built, gray, and swarthy; his eyes are dark and piercing, and his teeth dark and uneven. When receiving American guests he wears a gray Astrakhan surtout with long flowing sleeves, loose silk trousers, felt shoes, and a flaring hat, with the button of his rank on the top, and a peacock's feather sticking out behind. He is to the Emperor of China what Bismarck is to the Emperor of Germany.

The Vanderbilt party, which started to go round the world on the *Alva*, has broken up after getting no further than Scotland. The family will join the yacht at Marseilles, but the friends return home next month. Such a finale was to be expected. When they went to take possession of Lord Lovat's place in Scotland, the funny man was deputed to obtain from the old gentleman all the points on the shooting, and spent a day with him for that purpose. The next day Lord Lovat died. "Of course! Talked to death!" said the handsome man.

It is said that Edmund Clarence Stedman sincerely regrets the authorship of one of his most successful compositions—"The Diamond Wedding." It was a satire suggested by a brilliant wedding that took place in New York city between an American lady and a fabulously rich Cuban. Some years after his marriage the Cuban died, and his widow eventually became the wife of Colonel von Guerner, a German soldier in the service of Mexico. As Mrs. von Guerner Mr. Stedman met her, and after they had become warm friends, he discovered that she had been the subject of his sarcasm. The lady harbors no grudge, and looks back upon it with gracious good nature.

The Emperor of Austria has been received during his recent visit to Kolosvar by the Transylvanian aristocracy with unprecedented magnificence. A guard of honor to escort him was organized by fifty noblemen, mounted on the finest horses, and the national and picturesque costumes of the magnates rivaled one another in gorgeous splendor. The Baron George Banffy was attired in a white silk attila, red velvet spencer, all embroidered in gold and covered with precious stones; the Baron Nicholas Vesselengo wore splendid furs and immense buttons of amazing turquoise and diamonds; the Counts Valentine and Bethlan, a sky-blue attila, hidden under an amount of pearls of greatest value, etc., not to omit the ladies, who, at the evening receptions, were also in their historical jewels.

Says the *Chicago News*: "The restaurants in the business districts in Chicago often present opportunities for interesting observations of extremes in the commercial world. The other day there was a remarkable gathering of millionaires, at noon, in one of these restaurants, which are provided with a long counter, besides tables placed in alcove rooms. It was purely an accidental meeting; each man had dropped in for a bite to eat. Scattered about, some elevated on stools at the counter, some seated at tables, were W. R. Linn, Sam Allerton, George Champin, John Cudahy, Norman Ream, E. Partridge, Nelson Morris, John Williams, Charles Counselman, while Marshall Field walked through the place, and B. P. Hutchinson looked in. There were, besides, a dozen men present whose wealth is expressed in six figures. An observer roughly estimates that the wealth of the twenty men exceeded forty million dollars. Its owners, instead of lunching sumptuously on the rarest and costliest viands the menu provided, almost to a man ate sparingly of simple food, and spent no unnecessary time over it." Is this to be ascribed to abstemiousness or parsimony?

The canvass of two of the young women of Wayne County, New York, for election as school commissioners is interesting and unique. In the first, or eastern, district of Wayne County, Miss Nellie L. Cook, of Wolcott, is the regular Democratic candidate for school commissioner, and Miss Ellen A. Clark, of Macedon, is the Prohibition candidate for school commissioner in the second, or western, district of the county. Miss Cook is the daughter of a prosperous farmer in the town of Wolcott. She is very handsome, her eyes being large and expressive, her complexion uncommonly clear and fresh, and her head crowned with a wealth of light, silken hair. In Wolcott village she has for several years been regarded as the most prepossessing girl in the place. Her age is twenty-one years and four months. She is tall, stately, and graceful. The announcement of the acceptance of the nomination by the fair young candidate was coldly received throughout her district. The news of this came to the ears of Miss Cook. She has a small fortune of her own, and decided to draw upon this to further her plans for election. For a day or two she was in consultation with the more prominent local Democrats in the county, and then began her canvass. Last week Miss Cook began her visits to the several towns in her district, with several hundred of her photographs, recently taken. The supply of photographs was soon exhausted, and a double quantity ordered. Fully two thousand people asked for a picture of the candidate, and each was promised one before election day. Miss Ellen Clark is about thirty years of age, and is a school-teacher.

Mme. Rouvier, who occupies an official position in France equal to that of the Marchioness of Salisbury in England, or of Princess Bismarck in Germany, was born in 1832, the daughter of a comparatively unknown sculptor of the name of Cadot. Her childhood was passed in the vicious atmosphere of a Parisian studio, and at the age of fifteen she left her father to take up her abode with the famous Abbé Constant. The latter was known at the time as being one of the most eloquent and learned priests of the age, and she seemed to take a perfect delight in torturing his admirers by rendering her questionable relations with him as public as possible. In 1850, the scandal culminated in her marriage with the Abbé, who was, of course, forthwith excommunicated, and expelled from the priesthood. Married life, however, lacked the piquancy of forbidden fruit, and within a year or two of her marriage she deserted her husband, who had assumed the name of Eliphas Levi, to become one of that band of déclassé women who constituted the seamy side of Napoleon III's existence. It may, however, be taken for granted that her charms were but moderately appreciated by the "Cher Seigneur," since the secret papers discovered at the Tuileries after the fall of the Empire show that she received during the whole of Napoleon's reign a monthly allowance of one hundred dollars out of the Emperor's privy purse. After having had her *nom de guerre* of Claude Vignon associated in turn with those of the Duc de Morny, General Fleury, and other of the Emperor's friends, she finally became the pupil and *belle amie* of the sculptor Pradier. Thanks to his tuition she became an extremely clever sculptress, and her busts of the Duc de Morny and of other of her former admirers created a great success at the salons of 1857 and 1859. She published in quick succession several novels, which were well received by the public. She likewise became one of the Paris correspondents of the *Independence Belge*, and a contributor to several of the Paris newspapers. In 1866 she formed the acquaintance of the present French Prime Minister, who was just then commencing his political career. The acquaintance soon ripened into something stronger than friendship, and during the next four years Mme. Claude Vignon lived with M. Rouvier as his mistress, until 1873, when the death of her former husband, the ex-priest Eliphas Levi, enabled her to legitimize her position in the eyes of the world by a marriage. Her son, who, in default of a better name, had adopted the pseudonym of his mother, namely, Claude Vignon, fills the post of private secretary and Chef de Cabinet of the Prime Minister. It may be added that the former life of Mme. Rouvier has been depicted in more than one of the French novels relating to scenes of the second Empire.

VANITY FAIR.

When the contents of the little Langtry house in Park Lane were sold, and the social career of the famous Jersey beauty came to an end, all the fashionable London world gathered to the auction of her effects, and were considerably surprised at the revelations of the luxury within that modest little domicile. The house was small, but everything in it was of the very finest and most expensive quality. The damask was as thick and shining as white satin, all the beautiful Belfast bed linen was embroidered with a double "L," and many of the sheets and pillow-slips were edged with lace. The hangings, rugs, embroideries, and furnishings were of the richest, and all the domestic appointments exquisitely dainty and costly. This passion for luxury is an integral quality of the beauty's nature. She can not exist without it, and will have it at any cost. The moment she settles down anywhere it begins in three days to show itself in all sorts of charming adjuncts, and her New York house was a perfect marvel of costly loveliness. Her piano was draped with an India shawl, the card-trays and ash-receivers were richly enamelled, the rugs were of the most expensive furs, the candlesticks of solid silver. Every detail, every appurtenance, had an intrinsic money value apart from what beauty it possessed, and as for her personal appointments, they were fitted for the use of an empress. All the fittings of her traveling dressing-case are in gold and the heaviest crystal, and ivory, shell, silver and porcelain, made into the dainty and luxurious toilet devices that only Parisians can manufacture, furnish forth her bath-room and dressing-table. The same daintiness and splendor extend themselves to her wardrobe. Mrs. Langtry never wears silk undergarments, but has an unlimited supply made of the finest and sheerest of batiste. An order sent home to her from a big importing house, the other day, contained two dozen of everything, made of batiste, in all the delicate shades of blue, lilac, pink and cream, trimmed lavishly with crisp laces, and tied with tiny ribbon bows of the same or of contrasting colors. The petticoats were many of them in colors also, though the majority were white, and were flounced nearly up to the waist with many ruffles of lace, and fine hand embroidery. With this order, which included night-dresses, dressing-sacques and underwaists, were eighteen pairs of corsets. These were of shades to match the underclothes, and while not very much trimmed, were of the thickest silk, and frilled around the tops with lace. They are all made to order, and are to wear with special dresses, giving different effects in the length of the waist, etc. Mrs. Langtry, as she grows older, just a little inclined to embonpoint, a consummation she dreads, and her corsets are made, just now, with extra care to conceal the tendency. She has measured her waist, just so many centimetres, and her corsets are always laced to come within that measurement every time she puts them on. She looks very charming in her morning negligé, which consists of a slate-gray Chinese robe of China silk, lined with white crêpe. It is embroidered heavily with gold, and has the hanging square sleeves and broad girdle of the Chinese woman's garb. She wears a little white and gold kerchief folded about her throat, and over this laps the robe showing a little of the white beneath. She sticks a pearl-tipped dagger-pin in the breast of the dress, twists her hair in a loose knot on top of her head and impales it with a golden shaft tipped like the pin in her bosom. In it she does not look a day over twenty-five.

Women with pretty hands and wrists go to the photographer and have their hands photographed. Some New York photographers are beginning to make a specialty of reproducing handsome hands. The idea is a modification of the custom that the Englishwoman has got into of having her feet and ankles produced in marble. It is quite natural that a young woman with handsome hands and wrists should wish to preserve a semblance of their charm by means of the photographer's art, for hands and wrists, like cheeks and lips, lose their beauty as the years go by. In time wrists become too plump, and wrinkles gather about the joints and knuckles. The skin becomes dry and brown, and the palm loses its delicate tinge of new-blown rose. There are few things more handsome than a young and perfect hand. Hands are photographed on glass negatives in the same manner as ordinary pictures are made. The hand, wrist, and forearm are placed against a dark background in a strong light, in front of the camera. The ordinary exposure of a plate is then made. Black velvet makes an excellent background. All the beautiful curves and dimples of the hand are clearly shown. The wrinkles, however, are left out.

A reporter was strolling through a cross street in New York, the other day, when his attention was attracted by a sign which read: "Hall of Records—Legal, Genealogical, Heraldic, Family Searches and Investigations made in all parts of Europe; Heraldry in all its legal bearings, with full interpretations; Family records of Dutch, Puritan, French, German, and English Families. Fifteen years the Foreign Agent of the New York College of Heraldry. Two hundred thousand records, sixty thousand of Huguenots; Antique Clocks, Furniture, Portraits, and Paintings, with the Armorial Bearings." The windows above which this lengthy legend was displayed were filled with a collection of heraldic devices, coats-of-arms painted in bright colors, and florid designs on large sheets of paper and parchment, old book-plates, and copies of inscriptions on old tombstones. Inside, upon the walls and doors, were designs, representing coats-of-arms, which were ascribed to nearly all the noted men of the present time. Around the sides of the room were ranged rows of tall brass-faced clocks, of the style of a century or two ago, and several other pieces of antique-fashioned furniture. The genius who presided in this abode of questionable antiquity was a bald-headed, deaf little man, who seemed to be full of all kinds of heraldic lore, but rattled his stories off as though he had learned them by heart from a cyclopedia. "I have in my possession," he said, "over two hundred thousand records of all the leading families in America, sixty thousand of Huguenots, and over twenty thousand copies of inscriptions on tombstones in Holland and different parts of Europe. I have them all alphabetically arranged, and can lay my hand

on any one of them in a minute. I have an invaluable collection of old books. These contain records of many old families, and others I get from private records and old tombstones. In many cases these are so covered up with dirt and stains that I have to wash them with soda and water before I can make them out. My business is very good; all the principal families in New York come to me and want me to look up the history of their family and paint their coats-of-arms for them. I have such a large number of records that I can almost always find it for them. Sometimes people don't like the colors of the coats that belong to them, and want me to paint them in different colors. Of course, in that case I can only give them a certificate that it is painted like 'copy shown.' It is customary, when persons adopt a coat, to take something emblematic of the calling of their early ancestors. One man, the other day, whose grandfather used to be a horse-shoer, took three silver horse-shoes in a black shield as his coat-of-arms. Another, whose ancestors were bakers, took a barrel of flour." Mr. Edward Vermont, the well-known editor of the book entitled "America Heraldica," and one of the best authorities on the subject in the country, said: "There are very few American families that are entitled to arms. I do not suppose that there are six hundred families in America who have any title to the arms they wear. There surely are not over two hundred in New York, and not over twenty of these are Knickerbocker families. The number of these is very small indeed, as almost all of the early Dutch settlers came from merchant families in Holland, and there were very few of them that were not 'ignobles,' as they are called in heraldry—that is, not entitled to wear arms." "How large a proportion of the coats-of-arms that we see on coach-panels, then, are genuine?" asked the reporter. "Not over five per cent," replied Mr. Vermont; "in many instances the people are perfectly honest in their belief that they belong to them. Sometimes the father assumed them, and bore them so long that he began to think he owned them; and the children haven't a doubt that he did. One of the most frequent causes of this is the belief people have that they are entitled to their mother's arms. This is not so. When a man who is entitled to bear arms marries an heiress who is also entitled to bear them, he will place her arms upon a 'shield of pretense,' upon his own, and his children will quarter them. But if an 'ignobilis'—a man who has no arms—marries an heiress, his children can not make any use whatever of their mother's arms, because they had nothing to quarter them with. Yes," continued Mr. Vermont, as he followed the reporter to the door, "if the United States government ever wants to raise money it will never have an easier way than by putting a tax on the bearing of arms, as is done in other countries. There are enough families that would pay it, to make a large revenue."

The wives and daughters of new congressmen and officials are frequently thrown into society without previous preparation, (writes a Washington correspondent.) From the quiet of a country home this is a terrible transition. There are ladies in Washington whose husbands have been army or navy officers. They have spent years in society, and have held and still hold high rank. The mysteries of form and usage are familiar to them, but the death or retirement of their husbands has reduced their finances below the figures of their extravagant tastes. These ladies now sustain their position in society by leading the uninitiated through the mysterious mazes. They teach the wives of new senators and members from the back districts the polite forms, and pilot them safely through a winter in Washington. The relation they hold to the novice is that of a superior, who condescends to take the part of a friendly adviser or chaperon. They are courted, followed—and paid! They are women who have been belles in society in the past, and who dictate its forms now. They advise their patrons what to wear, how to furnish their house, how to talk and act, how to set their tables, how to receive callers, and who to receive; when to call, how to call, and who to call on. They tell them the difference between an ordinary tea and a high tea; between a dinner-party and a luncheon. They rub the dust off their dialect, and teach them polite forms of speech, and tell them what to talk about. They lead them around the circle, and teach by example. These chaperons are not known as such, except to those who employ them, and they are the most courted of all society. They are experts in Washington life.

The man who takes most of the professional beauties' pictures is Mendelssohn, London's swell photographer, who has his studio at South Kensington. Mendelssohn's quick eye for effect, his skill in posing the subjects, and the exquisite finish and truthfulness place him far above many portrait painters. His charges are enormous, and engagements have to be made months ahead, but the result is very satisfactory. In the first place, there is no climbing of stairs to mount above a shop on a business street as there is here. One drives to a handsome private house. A gorgeous and condescending young Buttons opens the door. No less gorgeous and even more condescending is the young woman in charge of the reception-room, which is furnished after designs by William Morris. This young person shows the influence of artistic environment, and wears a long Gobelin-blue gown of soft cashmere, with puffed sleeves, a silver chain about her waist, her blonde hair fluffed about her eyes, and a sort of a Florentine fourteenth-century lilt when she speaks. There is still another ante-room to wait in before one can get speech with the artist; it is furnished in Louis Seize fashion, and here finally a powdered footman announces that Mr. Mendelssohn will see you. He comes at last. Haughtier and more condescending than any of his haughty household, he makes an engagement with you, and tells you what sort of gown you should wear when you come to sit, or, if this is the fulfilment of an engagement, he leads the way through a conservatory, and finally into the studio. He does not like seated women; he almost invariably poses them standing. "Certainly," he says, "a woman's form is as much a part of her beauty as is her face. Why should the best effect of it be lost by doubling her up?" He makes them stand against a wall or a curtain, with their heads well up, and even if they are not tall and slim, he generally succeeds in making them look so. He doesn't like bonnets either, and rarely takes a woman in one. He insists upon some simple arrangement

of the hair, and very few jewels. After the sitting is over one finds a little dressing-room fitted with every feminine luxury and a maid in attendance.

A beauty parlor is a modern equivalent to Ponce de Leon's spring of eternal youth. It is certainly true that though plain women go into this beauty parlor, none but pretty ones come out. Hair is bleached and dyed. The eyebrows and lashes can be made the color of the hair, lashes and brow are restored when they become thin. "Besides attending to the hair," said a female professional to a reporter, "we develop the form and beautify the face. A great many American women are troubled with a lack of development. A large part of our trade consists in enlarging the bust. Our directions never fail if carried out right." The madam went to a glass-case and returned with a large pear-shaped glass, as large at the base as the bosom of a woman, and capped with a suction-bulb of rubber. "We place this on the bosom after it has been well rubbed with cold water, and allow it to remain there about five minutes, meanwhile pumping vigorously at the bulb. The exercise is a hearty one and not only develops the breast, but also the arms. The we have a lotion which is also used, and very thorough manipulation with the hands is necessary. In this manner a beautiful bust can be made from almost nothing in from three to nine months. It depends upon the elasticity of the skin, and upon the general constitution. To bring about the desired result, it is necessary to devote about forty minutes day to the treatment. We will do the treating if desired, but a lady can do it every bit as well herself. We sell the outfit for eight dollars. We have a balm which which will sit on sunken cheeks and the hollows above the breast-bone. The balm creates adipose tissue, and the oft-repeated bings soon make a healthy accumulation of flesh. If the skin is sallow or freckled, or disfigured with moth, we can apply a wash which will remove the entire outer skin and grow a skin of fine, beautiful quality, and of delicate, put tint. It causes more or less pain. Some ladies stand it very well, but others go nearly crazy with the suffering."

A young woman, signing herself "Daisy," writes to the New York Sun, asking if she should cut the acquaintance of a gentleman whom she detected in the act of keeping his seat in a horse-car while a lady had to stand. She has received no end of answers. "Ethel" says: "I do not think any less of a gentleman who does not rise and give me his seat, though I appreciate his kindness when he does. When an aged person, or lady carrying a child in her arms, is obliged to stand, I think it is a disgrace to those seated, be the of either sex; but a robust lady should not take it to heart, she does have to stand sometimes. There are circumstances where a man is justified in keeping his seat. For instance, I saw a thin dude sitting in a very narrow space in a Sixth Avenue horse-car. He offered his seat to a lady of very large proportions, and her vain attempts to occupy the narrow space called forth laughter from the whole car, much to the stout lady's annoyance. This is the only way to settle the street-car discussion: Reserve all the seats for the ladies, and then persons like 'Daisy' will be satisfied, for while at least." "F. W. S." says: "'Daisy' says young me give their seats to ladies in the cars, and then stand and make eyes at them all the rest of the way. Well, I'll b—! Do they expect a man to give them his seat and then go and jump to the street? If that's the way women feel about it, I shall hereafter keep my seat and enjoy so long as I live, though all the women in New York stand till they get tired of being prudish. Let her remember that a pretty, good-natured woman never stands." "Mrs. R. E. S." writes: "She ought to cut his acquaintance at once. The first instinct of a gentleman should be to see that ladies are made as comfortable as possible, and when man sits like a stupid idiot, and reads a paper, while a lady looking for a seat in a street-car, he simply shows himself to be a boor, and not a gentleman at all. A lady's dress makes it peculiarly hard for her to have to stand in a crowded car and it is almost certain to be soiled if she has to, which I reason enough, even if there were no reason in the nature of propriety of things why ladies should have the seats." "Beauty" says: "If in a crowded car a man should select you to offer his seat to, and you the only pretty, stylish-looking woman in the car, rest assured good motives did not prompt him in so doing, and show him that you consider that an insult by offering the seat to one of your poor sister unfortunately not so well-dressed as to attract the overly kind man's heart." "C. Francis F." says: "I have just had to stand in a street-car from Fourteenth to Thirty-Third Street, while five men sat. I am a delicate woman, and know they could see I was tired. Tell Daisy to cut the man; cut him dead, and let every other woman do likewise." "Lizetta May" says: "It is hard to decide whether or no Daisy's friend should be ignored, because one does not know his motives in retaining the seat. Perhaps if the young lad who had to stand in the street car had been an old woman or a working girl, instead of a 'real lady, stylish-looking and nicely dressed,' she would have received his seat. Call people, those who are able to wear fine clothes should be the ones to stand, even if they are ladies. Daisy's friend, I doubt, is in business, and how does she know but that it was his first opportunity of the day for rest? If such was the case, it is he that deserves her sympathy, and not the fine lady." And Iona says: "If Daisy were in Philadelphia I am sure I could convince her that standing is far preferable to accepting some of the seats surrendered in the street cars. Nine times out of ten it is to place you under obligation to him that the man gives up his seat, and you pay for your seat ten thousand times over by putting up with his insolent glances."

A clock has been invented, and is coming into use in Europe, which is warranted by its manufacturers to run for five years without either winding or regulation. The Belgian government placed one in a railway station in 1881 sealed with the government seal, and it has kept perfect time ever since.

A Providence man astonished his friends one day by saying that he was considerably interested in flowers, and intended that day to plant some "Christian anthers."

HOW MUCH A GIRL SHOULD KNOW.

"Cockaigne" gives the Views of Two Typical British Matrons.

One of the serious questions of the day, and one as important as it is serious to mothers, is—not exactly "What shall we do with our girls?" for that is too general a proposition, but—"What shall we teach our girls?" I do not mean by this, book-learning, such as ancient and modern languages, science, art, music, and all those matters which are commonly embraced within the term "accomplishments." Perhaps, indeed, it would more properly express my meaning were I to change the burning question into "What shall we tell our girls?" How far, in short, are mothers justified in going, in imparting information of all sorts and descriptions, such as they may think necessary on every subject, to their daughters? The more one looks at it the more serious does the question really become. A good deal depends on the sphere of the girls themselves. What would be necessary for one wouldn't be for another. Yet there are things which, enthusiasts will tell you, all girls should be told and know, he her rank and position the highest or the lowest, and their mothers should be the medium of information. These things should be told, they contend, just so soon as their daughters are capable of comprehending the full force and meaning of the words employed. There is also the old school of thought and opinion on this subject; and it is needless to say that the opinions of both are diametrically opposed to each other. One is conservative; the other radical. In the one you will find preserved all the old ideas and ways of our grandmothers; in the other, nothing is preserved for old time's sake alone, and you will observe a tendency (if no more) to obliterate all the old customs in the bringing up of daughters, and a desire to substitute original principles instead.

Now, let me take the views of two old ladies: The first is a strong conservative, a Primrose dame, a lady of title, and descendant of one of the illustrious families of the nation. "This is far too fast an age as it is," she will tell you, "without encouraging girls to break through the traditions of their mothers. Keep a girl's mind fresh and clean, I say, unsullied by thoughts and ideas which, if not exactly bad in themselves, have the taint of suggestion. They will learn the wickedness of the world soon enough by experience, and the longer you can keep them unsullied by knowledge of things they had best be ignorant of, the better it will be for them and their husbands. A pure-minded girl is a gem in these rapid days. Oh, yes, I know. That's what every one says. Look at the French. I mean the French high-classes. 'The girls there are strictly watched and guarded—you are told—and kept like prisoners till they marry. After that, what are they? It is pretty well-known. What becomes of your ideas as applied to them?' To which I reply, I haven't anything to do with the French. They are not English girls, and it is of English girls I am speaking. Believe me, the less you tell a girl the better."

Now, the radical lady. She has no birth to speak of, but a certain position from the respectability of her two husbands, one of whom was an army officer, and the other a clergyman. I call her a radical, even though she has lately, as a deserter from the banner of Gladstone, become a member of the Primrose League.

"For my part, you can't tell a girl too much. It is better to tell them and explain things, than to have them find things out and put their own secret construction upon them. A girl should be guarded at all points. She can take care of herself on every occasion without a mother's watchful eye upon her. Let her be her own mother, as it were. Besides, it gives her an independence of manner and action which are especially attractive to men, in these days."

"I am glad you added those last three words," replies Lady Tory. "Men certainly didn't admire forward, knowing girls in my day. I can imagine the detestation in which the 'girl of the period,' as she is called, would have been held by my brothers when they were young men, and you would make every girl a 'girl of the period.'"

"But my dear Lady Tory, the 'girl of the period' invariably marries, and marries well. Take my word for it, she is far more taking with men than girls who can't move without their mother's permission and approval. There are too many girls nowadays—yes, I am speaking of the present time, not fifty years ago—to need to build hedges and walls about them, and bolt and bar them in for fear some man would look at them. You have to attract men to them now, instead of chasing them away. Now, for example, look at the poet Swinburne's sisters. They have been kept all their lives in the dark about everything. The bloom has never been rubbed off their peach. They are nice-looking—or rather have been—one of them especially, and they all have money. Yet none of them is married. Why? Their mother followed your plan."

"For my part I'd sooner have a hundred Miss Swinburnes for daughters than one Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Langtry, or Lady Kildare—Duchess of Leinster, I beg her pardon. I suppose you'd tell your girls how to paint their faces before they left the school-room, like the latter when she was Lady Hermione Duncombe, and give them hints as to the way to catch the notice of the Prince of Wales, like the two former. I'd sooner have my girls old maids, decent, clear-brained old spinsters, than wives like them."

"Oh, that's their husband's fault, of course. So far as I know, it generally is the husband's fault if a woman forgets her early teaching."

"Why, you wouldn't give her any early teaching to forget."

"Oh, I see we can't agree," says Mrs. Radical, rather up a tree, and thinking an honorable retreat the better tactics. "Let us change the subject."

London has just had her first snow-fall of the season, and the house-tops have worn their "mantles of white" for a few hours. All of which means that the all-too-short summer is really over for the year, and that great-coats, ulsters, worsted gloves, muffetees, hot-water bottles, warming-pans, and fires are to begin their eight-months' reign again. There is always a sad reflection in the first days and nights of real cold weather. You don't quite realize till then how delightful was the genial warmth of summer, and you long for one of those hot days you used to abuse so roundly, and wish that you could once more open your eyes and find yourself

in white flannels and a "blazer," sipping iced shandy-gaff under the trees that skirt the tennis-lawn, which from your library window you see thick with autumn leaves, which swirl and curl in the northeast blast. You soon turn away from the drafty window-sash, which lets in puffs of polar air from without that seek your ears and back of your neck, and go with gladness to the crackling blaze upon your hearth. You try to write, but after a dozen lines your fingers get cramped and stiff with cold; you try to read, but the thread of the narrative gets broken every five minutes (so it seems to you), by uprising from your comfortable chair, to poke the fire or put on more coals. All you do is rub your hands, doze, toast your feet, and occasionally vary the monotony of the scene by remarking: "How dreadfully cold it is!" to yourself, if you be alone, or, as a starter for a prolonged chorus of "Dreadfuls," "Bitters," and "Oophs!" from the company, large or small, which you may be in.

Of course, the present "cold snap," or "cold wave" as it would be called in America, isn't a circumstance to what is the usual temperature of December and January. But I always think that the first cold is the severest, even though the degree of temperature be much higher than that which comes later. It is the first transition, the first chilling of that customary surface warmth which meant comfort. Your clothing is not always ready for it, either. Your summer underclothes are still in use. You have been putting off getting out your winter flannels and "Jeagers," and you find that you need a new great-coat. You are unprepared for the attack, and you consequently feel it all the more. By the time that ice replaces the thin white frost, and snow the low-lying mist of the early mornings, your system will have grown accustomed to what now seems so hard to endure.

"Why this is nothing," you will hear men say, in a hearty, jovial voice. "This cold? Why, I call this healthy, bracing weather. Go for a good walk, and stir your blood."

This from men who puffed and blew all day long when the thermometer was at seventy-four.

"Yes I daresay," you reply. But what are you going to do when you come back? Squat over the fire for the rest of the day. I believe you would sooner sit over a fire than in the warm sunshine."

"Right you are, my boy. Nothing like a good cheerful fire." It is really marvelous, the way these cold-lovers live at the fire-place, and the way that men monopolize it to the exclusion of ladies.

In the first place, I don't suppose there is a country in the world where men are more in the house than in England. Don't let me be misunderstood. Englishmen, I am quite aware, go in for field sports—more than any other people, some of them will claim. What with boating, cricket, tennis, shooting, and hunting, you would think they lived out of doors. Do they? It all comes to this: When Americans are out of doors attending to their different callings, Englishmen are out of doors at some sport. It all looks as if the one never went into the open air, and that the other never left it. Of course, I refer to Englishmen of means and leisure who don't do any work, and have no occupation beyond the search for amusement. I was going to say recreation, but they haven't anything to recreate. They haven't wasted any strength in work. Now these Englishmen, I contend, when not amusing themselves in some way out of doors, are always in the house—always at home, in fact. Call at any house, town or country, especially the latter, where the men are "gentlemen," and see if you won't as a rule find quite as many of the men of the family at home as the women, if not more. If they are not out shooting, playing tennis or cricket, boating, or fishing, or hunting, they will be loafing about the place somewhere. In summer, of course, they are more out, for there is then more to entice them out. But winter is the time.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 18, 1887.

Last spring a Boston lady gave a Tremont Street dress-maker an order for a dress to be made in Paris. Of course, the directions were explicit. The dress arrived in the course of a month, and was sent by express by the dress-maker to the address of the lady who ordered it. A thief singled out this particular parcel on the route, secured it, and made good his escape. The expressman is supposed to have borne the loss—about eighty dollars. Last week, the lady who was thus cheated out of this piece of foreign apparel had the satisfaction of seeing how it looked upon another woman. It was on Washington Street, in the heart of Boston. Her ideas with regard to that dress were all illustrated before her—enjoyed by another. She did what a man never could have done—identified them to a certainty. Discreetly she called the attention of a policeman, who asked the wearer of the Paris dress to accompany him to the police station. She was sensible and made no trouble about the matter. She stated at that place that she purchased the dress from Thomas J. McKenzie. The latter was found, and admitted the statement to be true. He said he purchased the dress of two boys. As the boys could not be found, McKenzie was held. An officer accompanied the possessor of the lost gown home, and secured it. Who will wear it now is not known.

The first young girl to be cremated in America was nine-year-old Alida Weissleder, the daughter of the superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company, in Cincinnati. Her body was burned last week at the crematory in that city. The corpse, wrapped in white alum linen, with white and yellow roses on the breast, was slid into the retort by two attendants, who at once retired, and in the stillness that followed the mourners could hear the puff and sizzle of the gases of the body as the heat devoured it. After an hour the blue flames stopped circling about the body, and a long white streak was seen where it had been. These ashes, when gathered up, weighed less than a pound. They were returned to the parents, and will be preserved in an urn. It was the ninth incineration at the crematory.

A remarkable accident recently occurred at Chapultepec. A youthful student named Contreras was about to cast in bronze a small statue representing the Aztec Emperor Cuauhtemoc, in torture, when the vessel containing molten metal burst and let it fall on his feet, producing horrible burns similar to those inflicted on the tortured emperor.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Kentucky may have her faults; but we love her still.—*Puck*.

The great trouble with men who borrow from Peter to pay Paul is that they don't pay Paul.—*Puck*.

The descendants of the New York and Chicago hoodlums will not be fond of referring to their ancestral haunts.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch*.

Sweet girl (disrobing)—"Did you look under the bed?" Old maid—"What for?" "To see if there was a man there." "No, dear, I've given up all hope."—*Omaha World*.

He—"Shall I bring you an ice while Miss Yellfort is singing? Pray take something." She (a rival of Miss Y.)—"Thanks, no. If I took anything it would be ether."—*Life*.

It always bothers a Frenchman, who is learning English, to read one day that a murder has been committed and the next day that the murderer has been committed.—*New York Tribune*.

"In literature there seems to be a man constantly catching our ideas," said a writer. "Yes," some one rejoined, "and the trouble is that he catches them before you do."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Mrs. Hendricks—"Did your husband enjoy his trip to New York, Mrs. Hobson?" Mrs. Hobson—"Yes, he must have enjoyed himself hugely. He bought me some very expensive presents."—*New York Sun*.

A new contemporary is the *Curio*. It is devoted largely to books, coins, and pedigrees. It hardly seems necessary to devote much space to pedigrees. If one has coins, pedigrees become an unnecessary luxury.—*Life*.

De Garmo—"I am so glad we are to have Booth and Barrett together this year. Are you fond of tragedy, Miss De Peyster?" Cincinnati Girl—"Oh, indeed, yes. I go down to pa's abattoir sometimes twice a week."—*Judge*.

Broker (curb-stone, coming into saloon, briskly)—"Yellow Label cocktail and a crab, Billy!" Billy (begins to fondle ingredients.) Broker (looking at ticker)—"Hold on, old man! Make that a beer and a cheese sandwich!"—*Puck*.

Guest (to hotel bartender)—"Has Colonel Blood of Kentucky been in this morning?" Bartender—"Yes, twice." Guest—"Do you think I'll find him at breakfast?" Bartender—"No, not yet. He's only had two cocktails."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Hobson—"Yes, my husband is a G. A. R. man, and was considered a bold and fearless soldier." Mrs. Hendricks (making a call)—"Is he at home?" Mrs. Hobson—"No, I sent him to the butcher's for a couple of pounds of liver."—*New York Sun*.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—"Have you visited any of the galleries since you have been in town, Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—"Only one, Miss Waldo, and I didn't stay very long. I think ten cents for three shots is too high."—*New York Sun*.

"Do you know, Miss Smith," he said, "that when I see you I always look about for a white horse?" "I suppose you do, Mr. Brown," she replied, "and do you know the color of the horse that I look for on seeing you?" "No." "Chestnut."—*New York Sun*.

Wife (to husband)—"There were two hats that I liked, one for thirteen dollars and one for eighteen dollars." Husband—"Which did you finally decide upon?" Wife—"The eighteen-dollar one. I'm a little superstitious about the number thirteen."—*New York Sun*.

Overheard at the card-room at the club, where four grave and silent gentlemen are seated at whist. Enter Dumley. Dumley—"Aha, gentlemen, playing whist?" Grigson (looking up, rather wearily)—"No, Dumley; we are playing four-handed solitaire."—*Boston Transcript*.

Solomon Isaacs—"Vader, Meester Moses says vat you charch him for dose two-dollar paints?" Israel Isaacs—"Vat did Moses pay ven he failt last time?" Solomon—"Twenty-five cents on der dollar." Israel—"Charch him eight dollars for dose paints, Solomon."—*Life*.

Model husband (hoastfully)—"Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years, and never spent a night away from home yet." Doubting Thomas—"Large and interesting family, eh?" "Only three of us." "Have one child, eh?" "No, the other is my wife's mother."—*Omaha World*.

Barber—"There you are, sir; next!" Young Bladslee (who has been out very late the night before)—"Hol' on! Hair cut." Barber—"I've cut your hair already, sir." Bladslee—"Sham-p-poo!" Barber—"I've dnne that too." Bladslee (who is too comfortable to get up)—"P-pull a tooth!"—*Judge*.

Eastern Man (who has been invited to "take a hand" in the game)—"I know very little about poker. I suppose the chief requisite in playing the game successfully is a knowledge of human nature?" Western Man—"A knowledge of human nature helps, stranger, it helps; but the chief requisite is cash."—*Tid Bits*.

Rev. Henley Wilkins-Wilkins (has left Mrs. Wilkins-Wilkins for a moment on the ferry-boat, and, being very near-sighted, sits down near strange lady on his return)—"Did you think to put the cordial-bottle in your hand-bag, my dear?" Strange lady (with an air of reserve force)—"Johnny, get your gun! Get your gun! Get your gun!"—*Puck*.

Young Writer—"Have you read my article in the current number of the *Every Other Monthly Review*, Miss Penelope?" Miss Penelope—"No; that pleasure is still in store for me. I heard papa say, though, that he had read it." Young Writer—"Did he not think that I treated my subject in a very exhaustive manner?" Miss Penelope—"Yes, I believe he did say something about being tired."—*Harper's Bazar*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the re-recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamp is enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has nearly finished a long novel. She has also two plays partly written.

Benjamin & Bell announce a new novel by Edgar Saltus, entitled "Madame Bravoura."

The *World's* book-critic says that Mr. Howells is the Mrs. James Brown Potter of literature.

The real and full name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of the inimitable "Alice's Adventures," is Lutwidge Dodgson.

The later experiences of Isabel and Basil are given in a chapter which Mr. Howells has added to the forthcoming new edition of "Their Wedding Journey."

Mr. Stevenson's "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," to be published shortly by the Scribners, is chiefly interesting because the author becomes so often autobiographical.

There is a movement in Europe for the insurance of great public libraries; but the magnificent libraries of the British Museum, of Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Munich, are all still uninsured.

"Le Prophete des Montagnes Fumeuses, Nouvelle Americaine d'Egbert Craddock," has just appeared in Paris in Messrs. Didot's second series of the "Bibliotèque des Meres de Famille."

Samuel Carson & Co., of San Francisco, have in press for immediate publication "California Three Hundred and Fifty Years Ago; Manu-elo's Narrative, Translated from the Portuguese by a Pioneer."

Max O'Rell, it is reported, has thought it best to apologize for borrowing a number of paragraphs from A Rhodes's book called "Monsieur at Home," without giving credit thereto in his sketch of "The Land of Mounser."

"The Grievances between Authors and Publishers" is the title of a book announced by Field & Tuer, of London. It will contain a report of the Conference of the Incorporated Society of Authors held in March, 1887, with additional matter and summary.

The latest book published by a railroad is a handy dictionary, and comes from the passenger department of the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy Railroad. It is strongly bound in cloth, and is supplied for sixteen cents in stamps on application to Paul Morton, Esq., passenger agent of the "Burlington Route," Chicago.

About the first of February, or a little earlier, will appear the first number of an illustrated weekly paper devoted to horticulture, landscape gardening, forestry, and related subjects. It will be published in New York city under the general direction of Professor Sargent, of Harvard University, and the Arnold Arboretum.

Among the new London magazines is *Lucifer*. This is to be devoted to matters mystical and theosophical. It is edited by H. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins, (the only child of Mortimer Collins), who was the wife of the late Dr. Kenningale Cooke. *Atlantia* is another new venture, edited by L. T. Mead and Alicia A. Leith. There will also soon be published the *People's Palace Magazine*, edited by Walter Besant.

If ever the habit of cigarette smoking has thoroughly and permanently fastened itself upon any man, that man is Robert Louis Stevenson, the popular romancer. During a trifle of over one hour of conversation on his brief visit to New York recently, an average size bundle of cigarettes was entirely consumed by the novelist in rapid succession. Mr. Stevenson has ruined his health by the practice, and both his lungs have been impaired beyond medical skill solely by the constant inhaling of the deadly smoke.

Ticknor & Co. have just published "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott," revised, corrected, and edited, with notes and commentaries, by William J. Rolfe. The edition will contain three hundred and fifty illustrations, including all the original ones made for the separate poems. It is announced that "gross and numerous errors and misprints are corrected in this edition," Mr. Rolfe having undertaken "the Herculean task of editing and restoring the correct and original text, and of producing in one volume the first and only correct edition in England and America of Scott's poems."

"From what I learn," says the London correspondent of the *Book-Buyer*, "the supply of absolute Christmas literature will be smaller than usual. The same may be said with regard to children's books. In both these cases the market has been overloaded, and a natural reaction is taking place. People are somewhat tired of ordinary literature disguised as a Christmas annual. It will soon disappear altogether, along with the literary rocket-stick who first deluged the booksellers with it, and foisted it on the much-enduring general reader. With the exceptions named, there seems to be little doubt that the ensuing book season will be one of unusual interest and prosperity."

In the new volume of the *Canterbury Poets*, "Ballades and Rondeaux," the principal contributors are Algernon Swinburne, Austin Dobson, Clinton Scollard, W. E. Henley, Mrs. Moulton, John Payne, F. D. Sherman, Andrew Lang, H. C. Bunner, Edmund Gosse, C. H. Lidders, Miss Robinson, Brander Matthews, John Moran, Oscar Wilde, and Arlo Bates. The old French forms of verse date from about fifteen years ago, and we learn from the introduction that the first ballade was written by Austin Dobson, the first villanelle and chant royale by Edmund Gosse, and the first double ballade by W. E. Henley. We are also told that the first triolet was published by Mr. Bridges.

A scrap book (writes C. M. Skinner in the *Book-Buyer*) may be made a thing of beauty that will put to shame the rarest of *editions de luxe*. Only the practiced inlayer of plates should undertake its preparation to insure this result, but, in its diversity of theme and treatment, it has a more general interest than the biography or book of criticism that is the usual subject for pictorial enlargement. Travelers' scrap-books are especially entertaining. One young gentleman made a running record of his foreign tour in letters to his "folks" that he sprinkled with pen sketches, and bound into a volume on his return. A wealthy gentleman in Brooklyn, who travels far and often, makes a pictorial record of each trip in the form of a book, or books, filled with photographs of places and things that he has seen. His last journey among the effete despotisms is memorialized in three portly volumes, bound in crimson morocco, and containing, in the order of their viewing, all the sights of moment visited in his journey. Another tourist made a history of his European travels in letters to newspapers, and these letters have been clipped out, pasted in double columns on heavy paper, bordered with black lines, and interspersed with four hundred illustrations and addenda carefully inlaid, some of the smaller pictures serving as tail-pieces to the letters. The illustrations embrace photographs, photogravures, lithographs, wood-cuts, etchings, steel-engravings, pen and pencil drawings, and represent distinguished people who were seen, and celebrated pictures in the museums, as well as places of scenic and historic interest. Such curiosities as hotel bills and theatre programmes are also included. The volume is a quarto, nearly as bulky as Webster's Dictionary.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has issued the first number of a Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. The new sheet resembles the American edition as far as the telegrams go, but it has none of its miscellaneous features. A few months ago Mr. Bennett bought an interest in *Galignani's Messenger*, and during several weeks revolutionized that venerable sheet in true American fashion. Special telegrams, displayed headlines, interviews, personalities, and all the features that make a

paper "go" in the United States were introduced here. These radical changes disturbed the readers of the conservative daily, and perhaps frightened Mr. Bennett's new partners. At all events a separation took place a few weeks ago, and now Mr. Bennett has a sheet exclusively owned and managed by himself, while *Galignani* has returned to its big type and methodical ways. A great many attempts have been made to supplant *Galignani*, and some of its rivals have shown much more enterprise than their competitor; as all these undertakings have failed, the presumption is that the field does not exist in Paris for a first-class newspaper in the English tongue. The *Morning News*, founded three years ago, was a very readable journal the first year, because its owners spent a great deal of money to make it so, but at the end of the first twelvemonth the progress made was not in proportion to the outlay, and expenses were curtailed. Since then the paper has dwindled down to a very low ebb. It is now the property of Doctor Thomas W. Evans, who also owns the *American Register*. Mr. Bennett has certain advantages over all other competitors: he can bring the powerful influence of his great *New York Journal* to aid his new venture, and he has got money enough to play with the scheme for a long while. Still, the richest men get tired of dropping money into a well.

New Publications.

John W. Keller's excellent little hand-book, "The Game of Euchre," which we mentioned a few weeks ago, is published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York, and for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

Samuel Johnson's translation of "A Voyage to Abyssinia," by Father Jerome Lobo, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Earth Trembled," a serial story written by the Rev. E. P. Roe on incidents of the Charleston earthquake, has been issued in book-form by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Peter Budstone, the Boy who was Hazed," by J. T. Trowbridge, is the concluding volume of the Tide Mill Series. It has recently been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"One that Wins; the Story of a Holiday in Italy," by the author of "When Nature Leadeth," is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"Letters from Colorado," by H. L. Wason, is a volume of metrical letters descriptive of scenes, legends, and adventures in the Southwest. Some of them are quite clever and all are fairly good. Published by Cupples & Hurd, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's two amusing novelettes, "An Old Maid's Paradise" and "Burglars in Paradise," have been republished uniformly with Miss Phelps's other books, in a single volume entitled "Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilton Beach; price, \$1.25.

"Driver Dallas," a novel by "John Strange Winter"; "Sabine's Deception," translated from the French of Princess Olga Cantacuzene-Altiery by E. Nute; and the second part of John Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust" have recently been published in the Handy Series by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"Dialect Ballads," by Charles Follen Adams, is a volume of humorous verses in semi-Teutonic, Yankee, and other dialects. The book, which is published uniformly with his "Leedle Yawdob Strauss and Other Poems," contains his productions since the publication of that volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Practical Carving," by Thomas J. Murrey, is another of the dainty little books he has written on topics connected with eating and the table. It gives plain directions, by following and mastering which one may deftly dissect all kinds of game, meats, fish, etc., and discusses learnedly the disputed points of the art. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"White Cockades," a story of the loyal Scotsmen's devotion to "bonnie Prince Charles," in the second rebellion of the Jacobites, has been reprinted from the *Independent* and appears in book-form. It is full of the healthy adventure boys like to read about, and has the added charms of historical value and excellent style. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.00.

"Some Things Abroad," by Alexander McKenzie, is a book of traveler's notes on the sights to be seen on the journey from New York to Belfast, and thence around in Norway, Italy, and the countries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Mr. McKenzie writes entertainingly, and has seen some things that have escaped his predecessors. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

Two new lives, those of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, have been added to the *Lives of the Presidents* Series. They are published in a single volume, both being the work of William O. Stoddard; and, presenting excellent pictures of the social and political customs of those days, as well as the incidents in Jackson's and Van Buren's lives, they are valuable additions to the series. Each life is preceded by a portrait. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

"The American Girl's Handy Book," by Lina and Adelia B. Beard, contains a marvellous amount of information, considering its size, on various ways in which girls may amuse themselves and make others happy. It tells how to make all kinds of decorative and convenient objects, and to make the most of such materials as one has; describes innumerable games for all seasons of the year, and describes a number of ways to make very pretty little presents out of inexpensive materials. It is illustrated with many cuts and diagrams. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$3.00.

"Horse, Foot, and Dragon," by Rufus F. Zogbaum, is a handsome volume of sketches of army-life at home and abroad. Mr. Zogbaum's illustrations of army-life in *Harper's Weekly* are so well-known that one need say no more than that he is as clever with his pen as with his pencil. Tommy Atkins, Johnny Reb, Johnny Crapaud, and their congeners in many lands are described in this book, in camp, in action, and in their amusements, and a very entertaining set of pictures they make. The book is copiously illustrated with spirited and well-drawn pictures. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Howard Pyle's story, "The Rose of Paradise," has been reprinted in book form. It is in the style of the stories of adventure which Haggard and others have made the vogue, and is above the average of its kind. The Rose of Paradise is a jewel of enormous value, which is entrusted to Captain John Mackra, and the story details his adventures in eluding the machinations of the famous pirate, Edward England. The scene is laid in the Mozambique Channel, and the style is a good imitation of that of a straightforward British sailor of the last century. The original illustrations are preserved in this edition. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Whether or not we agree with Mr. Howells in his estimates of authors, it must be conceded that his volume of critical essays on "Modern Italian Poets" is thoroughly enjoyable. It discusses in the keenly critical vein which is one of Mr. Howells's best points, eighteen of Italy's most prominent bards of modern times. Taking the essays as a whole, they constitute an admirable history of Italian poetry in the hundred years preceding 1870. In each essay are translations of passages or short poems which best show the particular poet's characteristics; and these are carefully translated as well as well chosen. The book is handsomely printed and bound, with uncut edges and gilded tops, and contains eleven portraits. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has resurrected some gems of misreporting (or misprinting) from "the dark unfathomable caves" of the *London Times*. Two of these occur in the peroration of a very impressive speech delivered at Westminster, when the orator, raising his arm, in a solemn voice is made to declare: "We have broken our breeches, we have burnt our boots, . . . we can not retreat now."

Jefferson Hogg once replied to an inquiry after an acquaintance, for whom he had no liking, that the last news of X. was that "he had been put ashore by the crew of a whaling-vessel for ungentlemanly conduct." When we hear of M. Zola's indecencies having procured his expulsion from a ship's company in which M. Paul Bonnetain finds a place, we feel that the experience of Hogg's friend has indeed met its parallel.

The story is being told in Boston (writes Arlo Bates in the *Providence Journal*) how Mr. Endicott invented the rough-backed playing-cards which are making their appearance. Mr. Endicott is a member of various well-known clubs, and at one of them he had passed an evening playing cards, when in the night he had a dream. He dreamed that he was playing poker and made a misdeal. One of his companions, who had an excellent hand, reproached him for making him lose the benefit of it. "Very well," Endicott said in his dream, "if you had had rough-backed cards, it wouldn't have happened. It isn't my fault." When he awoke in the morning he remembered his dream, and the idea of rough-backed cards seemed to him a good one. He reflected, experimented, perfected his improvement, patented it in three or four countries, and is now likely to make a fortune out of his fortunate dream.

Recently on one of the New York docks a woman was being examined by a female officer. She undid her trunks, and talked volubly of the nuisance of unpacking things. She had about her shoulders a beautiful jetted wrap, which, with a very knowing look, she threw about the custom-house woman, saying it was too warm to wear it, and that it was very becoming to her—the searcher of baggage. As the inspectress felt the weight of it, and caught the glimmer of lovely jet, there was no resisting the fascination. On went the labels, and the traveler walked off with her trunks. In twenty minutes a young man appeared and asked for his man's wrap, which she had forgotten, and which was on the examiner's shoulders at the time. "She just put it on you when she was unlocking the trunks," said he, "there being no tidy place to lay it. I s'pose you knew she'd come back for it." He quietly removed it, and left the custom-house woman in the lurch.

A member of the Irish House of Commons, who was a fluent but rapid talker, was making an interminable speech against a bill which Curran defended. The speaker at last reminded him that his time had expired. "Time, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed Curran. "He has long since done with Time. He is now trenching on Eternity!" John Randolph, of Roanoke, gave a still more biting rebuke to a wordy speaker. A young man, newly elected to Congress, ambitious of distinction, attacked the great Virginian in a speech of two hours' length, which he emphasized by an incessant, ludicrous tossing of both his arms heavenward. When he had at last ended, the House turned eagerly to Randolph, to hear how he would answer the attack. He rose, stood silent and motionless for a minute, then, with profound gravity, repeated the absurd gesture of his opponent, bowed, and sat down, implying that there was nothing else in the speech worth reply. The House broke into deafening peals of laughter, and the young man was annihilated.

A St. Paul clergyman found himself in an embarrassing position on a recent Sunday, when he appeared in the pulpit, wearing a pair of trousers which had been hanging in the wardrobe during the long summer vacation. It is a favorite gesture of the clergyman in question, when about to approach a climber in the sermon, to thrust his right hand in his trousers-pocket, and elevate the left, with the forefinger extended. It so happened on this particular day that Elijah's translation was the theme. The good prophet had been followed by the eloquent preacher until the climax of the ascension in a chariot of fire had been reached, when the clergyman thrust his right hand into his trousers-pocket. The audience, who had been hanging on the burning words of the orator, were no little startled by the sudden collapse of the uplifted left hand, the index-finger of which was in the act of pointing to the gates that were being lifted up to let the prophet in. The expression of a momentary pang shot across the preacher's face, as with a convulsive jerk the other hand was brought up from the pocket. A glance at its contents, a quick squeezing together of the hand, the light thud of something dropping behind the pulpit, and then the glowing theme was resumed. Only those who sat on the front row in the amen corner heard what the preacher said, which was, "Well, I'll be doggoned!" He had struck a half-dozen mice in his trousers-pocket.

Among the Tartars of the Ukraine, boots made of red leather are generally worn. This fact gave rise to a form of torture practiced, as an act of revenge, by the banditti who formerly infested that region. The victim's skin was cut round the upper part of his legs, and then torn off by the feet. Some years ago, the chief of a desperate gang of robbers became so troublesome that a large reward was offered for his capture. A Russian soldier managed to secure the robber, and to hand him over to his commander. Instead of being executed, the robber was set at liberty. He had amassed wealth, and was able to pay the commander a large sum to release him. One day, shortly after the capture, the soldier was surprised to receive a visit from the robber chief. "You caught me once," said he to the soldier, "but before you set out upon another expedition in search of me, I will give you a pair of red boots for the journey." Having uttered this terrible threat, the robber escaped. The soldier, knowing if he gave a chance the threat would be executed, and having no confidence in his commander's honesty, determined to take the administration of justice in his own hands. He pursued the robber, and after several days tracked him to a cave. Entering with cocked pistols in his hands, he found the robber. "You promised me," said he, "a pair of red boots; I am come to be measured for them!" and then shot the chief dead on the spot.

Once during the war, a skirmish line, composed mainly of the Forty-eighth Illinois, was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Miss., confronting General Joseph Johnston. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by standing rails upright, leaning against each other, the tops being bound together. Behind one of these little fortresses, though in a rather exposed position, Captain F. D. Stephenson, of the Forty-eighth, was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking, a whizz was heard, and a ball sped by within an inch of his face, directly across the eyes, taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him. The captain rose quietly, and, taking a ranrod, stuck it in the ground, so that its top would be in the space lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from the bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top of a large oak, with great sheets and streamers of Southern moss hanging dependent from its boughs. "Boys," said Stephenson, evenly, "our man is among the branches of that tree yonder. Now," taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a knotted stick, "you all load up, and lay low. When I shove this hat into view he will fire again. There's your chance, let drive." When all was ready, he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree. A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves, and the cap turned round on its stick support, letting the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown. A moment later, six Springfield rifles spoke from the rail-pile, and a man dropped from the oak-tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired.

The Stanford Dinner Party.

The Gwin High Tea.

The Boardman Reception.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George C. Cardman, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Eydland, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Julia Tompkins, Iss Friedlander, Miss Lulu Otis, Miss Raymond, Miss Nedberg, Miss Bissell, Miss Forbes, Miss Minnie Houghn. Misses Ashe, Misses McKeever, Miss Barreda.

The Searles-Hopkins Wedding.

The Wallace Dinner-Party.

The Chrysanthemum Show.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Knowles, *née* Adams, arrived here from Boston last Saturday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams.

Notes and Gossip

everything.

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
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The Romance of Marimé Ritoff.

"Howellski is right," cried Ivan Pessimiski, impetuously flinging an elegantly bound copy of "Domhey" into the fire; "Such insolent familiarity on the part of author can not be tolerated by reader—vive Tourgenieff, and to the dickens with all Englishmen!" So saying, he rose, incidentally tore to tatters ten volumes of Thackeray, and threw a hush of Walter Scott at a trembling moujik, who dexterously caught it on his upper lip.

Suddenly Ivan paused in his mad career. His face, losing animation, assumed the sad, sinister expression of the true Russian. His eye had fallen on a work of Henri Jamesieff—"Daisina Millerovna" it was called, translated into Russian by Ivan himself. In eight minutes he was in peaceful slumber.

The moujik, filling a sardine-box with dynamite, placed it with devilish accuracy under the lighted cigarette that every minute threatened to fall from the hand of sleeping Pessimiski. Then, with the apathy characteristic of his race and lot, fell dead of cholera.

Outside the snow was fifty-three feet deep. In the calm stillness of the moonlight night, one could hear the mercury drop in the thermometer. The fierce wild wolves were ravenously devouring the Pessimiski flannels, which, frozen stiff on the line, fell an easy prey to the snapping, snarling beasts.

Ivan Pessimiski heard neither wolves nor thermometer, nor heard he the soft, subtle step of the Countess Marimé Ritoff, who, entering the room just as the dynamite froze solid, proceeded to analyze the varying shades of somnolence which, to a keen and discriminating mind like her own, were plainly visible on Ivan's face.

"He's been reading Jamesieff," she murmured, as a particularly impressive snore for a moment drowned the clamor of the wolves and the dull, sickening thud of the thermometer.

Soon she, too, was reading "Daisina Millerovna."

Eight days later, when both awoke, they found themselves mechanically strolling toward Siberia. Hated emissaries of remorseless tyranny had found in the house a box of frozen dynamite, a countess, and much suspicious literature. Ivan, on coming to himself, rattled the chain which linked him to Marimé, and she, full well interpreting the meaning of his look, strove to slip into his handcuffed hand the precious copy of "Daisina Millerovna" which, with Tartar cunning, she had hidden in her muff. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the savage Cosack officer in charge, with a few impressive strokes of the knout, ordered Ivan to surrender the volume. A wild shriek of rage, madness, and despair rang through the air as Ivan, seizing the book, tried hard to swallow it. The officer, dexterously catching the end of it with a slip-noose, put spurs to his coal-black steed, and "Daisina Millerovna," in company with several teeth, was torn from Ivan's mouth.

"Ten thousand lashes," roared the brutal soldier, "if caught of treason in these pages is found by me or mine!"

Forty minutes later, Ivan and Marimé were en route for Switzerland. The officer lay snoring in

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dreamless slumber by the roadside, and the guard was bribed. Ivan Pessimiski, shaking his clenched fist in the direction of Gatschina, where the great white Tsar was disemboweling his attendants, cried in triumph: "Thus doth the pen of Jamesieff defy the sword of Romanoff!"—Dudley Welde in Puck.

"There's plenty of room at the top." Is there, my boy? Oh, no; that's only some more of the wise man's encouraging nonsense. There's less room at the top than anywhere else in the whole pyramid. Unless society is built upside down, there is most room at the bottom. There's only room for one at the top. Look at our own country; fifty millions of people at the bottom and middle, and only one President at the top. That's the way the world over; millions of subjects and only one king. If you want lots of room and plenty of company, you stay at the bottom with the rest of us. Mighty lonely and narrow at the apex.—Burdette.

"Oh, I'm almost tired to death!" "Why, where have you been?" "Been into Lutestring's trying to match my black silk. They've got the sauciest girls there I ever saw." "I know it." The girl that waited upon me almost set me wild. She was polite enough, Lord knows, and so patient you know. But she couldn't fool me. I know well enough she was mad inside, the deceitful creature! I wonder why Lutestring has such people in his store.—Boston Transcript.

"What flavor?" inquired the waiter of the ice-cream saloon, as the bridal couple sat down in all the pride of their Skowhegan youth and beauty. "What's yours, Mari?" the bridegroom asked; "mine's plain old verneer." "Verneller!" said the bride, with a little touch of nasal asperity in her tones, "Reuh, I don't somehow s'pose you'll ever get reel refined—some varneel flavor for me, young man, with just a spoonful of straw on the side."—Puck.

That was a mean man who, being refused, the other day, by an auburn-haired divinity, went to the window and looked, silently but ostentatiously for the white horse.—Puck.

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H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipzig with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual.

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"Entering the Convent," which received a gold medal at

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Main Line," by H. C. De Mille, is announced to follow "Blackmail" at the California.

Jas. O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" will be the holiday attraction at the Baldwin Theatre, and Bolossy Kiralfy's spectacle "Dolores" fills the same time at the California.

Madame Louise Pyk, a dramatic soprano of considerable reputation abroad, will soon give a series of concerts in this city under the management of Marcus M. Henry.

Miss Margaret Mather will appear as Lady Macbeth and in "As You Like It" at the Baldwin next week. Her appearance in the latter is looked for with much interest.

"Blackmail," by W. C. Cowper, will follow "Her Atonement" at the California Theatre. It is said to be a very strong play, and to have met with considerable success in the East.

Robert Buchanan's new play is an adaptation of Daudet's novel, "Rissler Aine et Froment Jeune." The same story has been seen on the stage before under the title of "Sidonie."

Milton Nobles comes to the Alcazar next week with a new play, "From Sire to Son," which is well spoken of. The first two scenes are laid in Yuba, about twenty-five years ago.

Miss Mather has been playing Juliana in "The Honeymoon" and Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" during the week at the Baldwin. This evening she will appear as Leah in "Leah, the Forsaken."

Coquelin is going to Rio de Janeiro next June under Mr. Abbey's management, and after doing South America and Havana, will come to New York in October, 1883. His tour of the American cities will include San Francisco, whence he goes to Mexico, and thence home to France.

Two dramatic versions of Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" have been produced in this city this week, one at the Orpheum, and the other at the Tivoli. The dramatization of the first was the work of Inigo Tyrrell, an Australian playwright who has been stopping in this city for some months; the other is by G. B. Densmore.

The new hills at the Bush Street Theatre have brought out two new members of the Vokes's company, and the last play of the evening, "The Pantomime Rehearsal," has given Felix Morris a chance to retrieve himself by making as good a Frenchman this week as his Scotchman was bad in "A Double Lesson."

Henry E. Dixey opens in "Adonis" at the Baldwin Theatre, one week from Monday. The entire company of seventy people leave Buffalo on the 13th inst., and come straight through to San Francisco. Mr. Dixey travels in his own special car, the "Dixey." The performance here will be a reproduction in every respect of that given in New York. The scenery will all be new.

"A Pantomime Rehearsal" has been so well received at the Bush Street Theatre, that Rosina Vokes has decided to continue it during her third and last week. It will be preceded by an old two-act comedy, rewritten and renamed "The Widow's Device." It is to be regretted that we shall have no opportunity to see "The Schoolmistress," which is said to be Miss Vokes's best play.

Like most actors, Frank Mayo is sick and tired of the play that brought him fame and fortune, and he has declared that he will never play "Davy Crockett" until compelled by financial stress. He began an indefinite season of that play at the Grand Opera House a fortnight ago, and now announces the present week is his last there. Evidently "Davy Crockett," in Mayo's hands, is as good as a long bank account.

Laura Clement, who was the original Ayesha in the Tivoli production of "She," will create the same part in Gillette's version in New York, where she is now rehearsing. She came to America with Doyley Carte's "Mikado" company, who was displaced by Geraldine Ulmer, to whom W. S. Gilbert had taken a great fancy. Tellula Evans who was the Ustane, will also repeat her original character in Gillette's version. White's version is to be seen in Philadelphia, with Alice Vincent, the graceful Pitti-Sing of Carleton's "Mikado," as Ustane.

While Charles A. Davis ("Alvin Joslin") was in Butte City, Montana, a gentlemanly appearing man

called upon him, and evinced great interest in his famous diamonds. Davis impressed him thoroughly with their value, and felt almost indignant when the stranger said he thought they were worth only about eighty-two thousand dollars. But his emotions became very complicated when the stranger declared himself the city assessor, and demanded nine hundred and ninety dollars for local taxes. Davis had to pay, but he has appealed to the Supreme Court for redress.

The swimming-tank in "A Dark Secret," which we mentioned last week—it is to be given at the California in January—is to have a rival in a new play, called "The Royal Mali." In this play, one scene will represent a raft of soldiers carried over a roaring cataract of real water, and in the last act a life-boat goes out in a storm to rescue a ship-wrecked vessel, the waves scattering spray all over the actors. Presently theatrical performances will be given in an aquarium, each purchaser of a ticket being supplied with a diver's suit, and box-parties going in glass diving-bells.

Sara, the Kicker, whom the theatre-goers of some years ago will remember as one of the great attractions of Soldene's company, is still alive and kicking—just now in one of the cheap theatres in Chicago. She seems not to have aged a day since she was here, for she looks twenty-five, and kicks about five years younger. An enraptured writer on the *Tribune* thus describes her entrance and her terpsichorean feats:

"It was a rush and a flash, and a vision of black legs and black gauze and diamonds. She bounds in like a firefly, and whirls around the stage like autumn leaves in a cyclone. Her feet shoot around in circles; her arms and head and body spin in wild delirium. You would think—if you had time to think—that she was going to kick herself into fragments and spatter the stage with her remains. Presently her little slipper foot ascends with lightning-like velocity and strikes a point a long way above her flying hair, then whirls around and gyrates about her shoulder and comes down again, then up and around as before. She is apparently mad—of rubber and whalebone; her kicking is as the revolutions of a fly-wheel, or a buzz-saw with a full head of steam on; she throws her foot around her neck and kicks herself in the back of the head—she is weird, fantastic, diabolical. She is an acrobatic imp of darkness. Sara is a terpsichorean cyclone."

"Do you always wear black on the stage?" Sara was asked. The reporter was talking with Sara in her dressing-room, the voluptuous Miss Soldene acting as chaperon. It is a new thing for a reporter to have a chaperon.

"Always. My dance is rather startling in pink."

"Ye-es. Is it true you have danced for the Prince of Wales?"

"Oh, yes; I know his royal highness very well indeed. He came around to the green-room at the Alhambra quite frequently. He knew all us girls. I was there two years at fifty pounds sterling a week."

"Presently the conversation drifted around to a point where Sara got to talking of her hosts of lovers. Sara is a widow; her husband was George Jarvis, the well-known English actor, who died two or three years ago. The reporter forgot to ask whether that was why she wears black tights. She told of a younger son of the Earl of Strathairn, or Strathaven, or some such name—it would not do to make notes in Sara's presence—who had loved her and followed her for years. The magnificent diamond locket she wears is his gift, she says. She danced for the Czar of Russia, and was congratulated by him, and had a lot of compliments and presents from various other high muck-a-mucks in Europe and Australia. She acknowledged that the Hon. Mr. Drummond, the Earl of something's son, had not followed her to America, and said she was glad of it.

"Sara has a little scar on her forehead where she inadvertently kicked herself once."

The late Edward Eddy, the Bowery tragedian, in playing a criminal character one night, had to die of a gunshot wound just as he had filed away the bars of his prison, and was hanging by a sheet from the stone walls outside the window. Eddy had removed the bars and was dangling in mid-air. The officers levelled their muskets, but nothing went off, for the guns had no cartridges. Eddy was not dismayed, but, feeling that he must die to end the piece, he trembled, fell to the stage, rolled over and over to the footlights, gripped his stomach, gurgled, struggled, and groaned out, to account for his sudden sickness and death: "Heavens! I have swallowed the file."

Jacques Offenbach's artistic and domestic goods and chattels were sold in the Hotel Drouot. There were fewer persons present than had been expected, but the artistic odds and ends were speedily disposed of. A beautiful little bijou of a violin, enamelled, was sold for twenty-three pounds sterling. A curious ornament in porcelain, consisting of a group of children in Oriental costumes, all playing some musical instrument, was knocked down for eight pounds sterling. Among the other objects was a figure of Euterpe in bronze, given to Offenbach by the Emperor Napoleon III. in 1856; a portrait of Rossini, with autograph; an organ in carved oak, several pianos, a broken violoncello, pictures by Detaille, Vibert and others; and a laurel wreath, which was presented to the composer by the company of the Gaité Theatre when Offenbach was manager of that establishment. Offenbach made a great deal of money, and he spent it as freely as he earned it. He was appointed conductor of the orchestra at the Théâtre Français—a sinecure if ever there was one—and one evening when the musicians happened to be wanted, their chef had taken them to play a waltz in the salon of a reigning beauty, who had asked him as a special favor to gratify her whim in that manner. The escapade met with a rebuke from the manager of the Français, but it did not prevent Offenbach from receiving his salary as chef d'orchestre of the leading theatre six months after he had left it to take the Bouffes. Offenbach was in the habit of spending his holidays at Ens, where he met Meyerbeer. He was the only person with whom the composer of the "Prophet" condescended to speak, for in order to keep away the crowds of people who

wanted to talk with him during his walks, Meyerbeer placed a respirator on his mouth, and pretended that his voice was gone. When the lively little Offenbach, however, came near, Meyerbeer lifted up his respirator and talked like a Frenchman. The memoirs of Offenbach, had they been written, would have been a mine of interesting details concerning the statesmen, the musicians, and the *littérateurs* of the Empire, as well as an authentic history of those operettas which have attracted crowds wherever they have been played.

At the World's Medical Congress at Washington, it was shown that one person in every five hundred and forty-five in this country is insane; but only one in every six hundred and eighteen in our native and in one thousand and ninety-seven of our colored population. The high average arises from the fact that one in two hundred and fifty of the foreigners in the country is insane. Insanity is increasing at the rate of nine per cent. per annum. Since emancipation, the number of the insane among the colored people has doubled.

The Brandt Concert.

The inauguration of the Herman Brandt String Quartet season took place last Friday evening, at Irving Hall, under very brilliant auspices. It was, in fact, a grand artistic success. The String Quartet, composed of Messrs. Hermann Brandt, Henry Siering, Louis Schmidt, and Julius Hinrichs, is a rare combination of artists seldom obtainable, not only in San Francisco, but in more advanced European centres.

THE PROGRAMME.

Presented for the occasion under review embraced the quartet, op. 44, No. 2, by Mendelssohn, and the quartet, op. 53, No. 2, by Haydn. These constituted the work of the executants, and alone would warrant many pages of praise. Suffice it to say that they were executed in an irreproachable manner, technically and aesthetically speaking. The scherzo in the Mendelssohn quartet was encored. We do not think that the encore was demanded on account of the wonderful execution. If this had been the case, the audience ought to have encored the works entire. The encore was due to the charm of the composition itself. We do not know of a single scherzo by Mendelssohn which does not possess a striking conception and graceful form. We may repeat, with Ehler, that "they are like the fairies of Shakespeare, a set of concrete little beings who inherit the grace of a child, the glimmer of the stars, the down of the blossom, and a Lacertian mobility." Also the presto agitato is a superb revelation of a powerful genius. In the Haydn quartet there reigns an ineffable serenity. By following attentively its musical evolutions worked with a perfect musical architecture, your fancy may see the smiling face of Papa Haydn playfully describing some amusing tale. Mr. Hermann Brandt played the very difficult sonata by Tartini, called the "Trillo del Diavolo," in a way only known to great artists. Under his magic how the violin weeps, sighs, and quivers. The audience applauded him enthusiastically, and for an encore he played a delicious composition of his own in form of "An Alhamb Leaf," which was also encored. In this little gem flows a pathetic melody full of sweetness, sustained by a spontaneous accompaniment of pianoforte, tastefully harmonized, which, by the way, ought to have been played with more lightness. Mme. Julie Rosewald was the soprano soloist of the evening. She sang several airs, of which we preferred the "Jours Passés" by Delibes, and the "Laughing Ballad," by Taubert. The lady was in good voice, was encored and the recipient of a garden of flowers.—Exchange.

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POSTPONED.

The third of the series of Chronological Music Recitals, is postponed until Wednesday, Nov. 30th, and the Fourth Recital will take place on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, both at Irving Hall. Box Sheet on days of respective Recitals at Sherman & Clay's, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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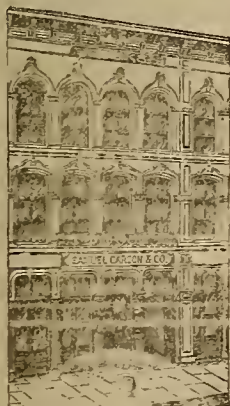
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MUSICAL NOTES.

The third chronological musical recital, of the series being given by Mr. J. H. Rosewald and Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, has been unavoidably postponed until Wednesday evening, November 30th. It will be held at Irving Hall, and Miss Carrie Miller will be the vocalist.

Next Tuesday evening Mr. Hugo Mansfeld will give his first complimentary musical recital of the season at Irving Hall. Recitals will follow at intervals of two weeks.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its second concert of this series at Irving Hall on Friday evening, November 18th.

A concert will be given by the Loring Club, next Wednesday evening, at Odd Fellow's Hall.

Mme. Pyk, a Swedish singer of European and Eastern note, is in the city, and will soon appear in concert. She possesses a rich contralto voice of wide range, and has a large repertoire of songs.

Mrs. D. C. Nichols, formerly Miss Bella Thomas, will sing in the concert to be given at the Metropolitan Temple next Wednesday evening, in aid of the St. John's Episcopal Church. Mrs. C. G. Toland will be the accompanist. One of the features of the concert will be two past-songs, composed by Mr. H. B. Pasmore and rendered by about forty members of the Berkeley Choral Society.

The Society Base-Ball Game.

The game of base-ball which was played a week ago yesterday at the Haight Street grounds between nines from the Union and Bohemian Clubs, resulted in a victory for the former club. After three hours of exciting play, in which the members of the two nines showed no little ability to wield the willow, and twirl the dogskin spheres, the score stood nineteen to eighteen, and the nine innings were ended. The attendance was large and fashionable, all of the boxes and most of the grand stand being occupied with interested spectators who spared neither cheers nor applause, as an additional run was added to the lengthy score, or a brilliant play was made. The game was played for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange and the free kindergartens, which will be aided considerably from the proceeds. As the accounts are not as yet audited the amount is not known, but it will be in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars.

Art Notes.

The Straus sale, which takes place at the Art Association Rooms, 430 Pine Street, next Friday noon and evening, will dispose of a number of landscapes in oils of scenes in the Eastern and Pacific States. The pictures will be on exhibition day and evening from next Monday to the time of the sale.

The F. Richard collection of landscapes of American and European scenes will be put on exhibition at Bovey, Toy & Co.'s rooms, at 19 Montgomery Street, next Tuesday, and will be sold on Friday, the sale commencing at eleven o'clock.

The designs for the three historical groups, to be erected in front of the New City Hall, in accordance with the provisions of the will of the late James Lick, have been submitted to the Trustees of the Lick Estate, and are now on exhibition in the Bancroft building. They are twenty-four in number, and show as great diversity in merit as in design.

The Society for Christian Work and the Channing Auxiliary hold a fair at Union Square Hall, Post Street, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th of November. On the first evening the novel entertainment "Carnival of Days," presented in costume, and dancing; for the second, an attractive programme is being arranged.

The Raymond will open for its second season to-day, Saturday, November 12, 1887. Post-office address, East Pasadena, Los Angeles County, Cal.

CCCLXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 14, 1887.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Fried Oysters.
Beefsteak, Fried Potatoes.
String Beans. Egg Plant.
Roast Lamb.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Apples, Pears, Grapes, Peaches, Pomegranates, and Figs.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP.—Take half a chicken, cut it in small pieces, put it into a soup-kettle, with a little sliced onion, celery, parsley, and a couple of cloves; cover it with two quarts of water, add any pieces of veal, with the bone, that you may have; when the pieces of chicken are nearly done, take them out, and turn them neatly to serve with the soup; let the veal continue to simmer for three hours. Now fry an onion, a part of a carrot, and a stick of celery, sliced, in a little butter; when they are light brown, throw in a table-spoonful of flour; stir it on the fire one or two minutes, then add a good tea-spoonful of curry powder, and the chicken and veal broth; place this on the fire to simmer for an hour. Half an hour before dinner, strain the soup, skim off all the fat, return it to the fire, with the pieces of the chicken, and two or three table-spoonfuls of boiled rice. This will give time enough to cook the chicken thoroughly.

The Queen of England pays her court physician five thousand pounds sterling a year, and though she herself is too notoriously healthy to necessitate any expenditure, she is constantly doctoring some servant or dependant, and the physician earns his salary. The Queeo of Corea has a female physician, who is an American, and she gives her fifteen thousand dollars a year. This learned and fortunate woman's name is Ellis. The late Mrs. Stewart spent the incredible sum of thirty-two thousand dollars a year on three doctors, enough to keep a whole family in health, and all the necessities of life as well, with a luxury or two thrown in. Miss Wolfe was not much more economical on this score, and her yearly doctor's bill was twenty thousand dollars. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who has a family, which neither of the others had as an excuse, finds that her doctor's fees mount somewhere into the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars a year, and the Astors count sixteen thousand dollars as their regular annual expenditure in that department.

One of our Somerville ministers is complaining that he has a grudge against the newspaper paragraphers of the country. "I used to be kept supplied with daintily embroidered slippers all the time," says he, "but you fellows have made so many jokes about the practice, and poked so much fun at the fair donors, that the other day I had to go and buy a pair."—*Somerville Journal*.

The carriage which was made by the United States Government especially for the use of Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1824 is owed in Chicago. It is a quaint old ark, hung on big springs and wide straps, and from his lofty seat the old Frenchman used to descend to the ground by steps with many foldings.

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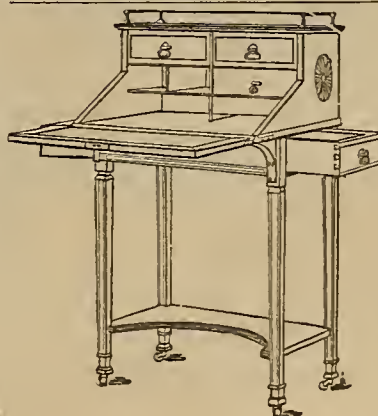
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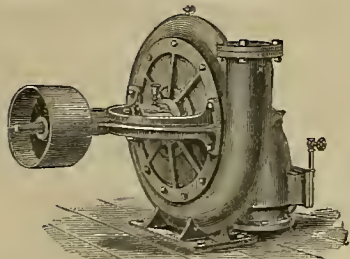
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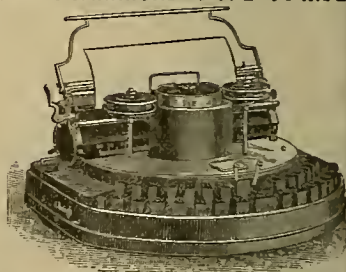
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RANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The arrival in California of two distinguished Irish statesmen, both members of the English Parliament, the Hon. Arthur O'Connor, born in London, and now representing county Donegal, and Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond, born at Pau in France, and now member from South Dublin, has afforded our Irish fellow citizens an opportunity to air their love of Ireland, and to display an enthusiastic hospitality for which they are so distinguished. Received by a committee upon the rail, the visitors were domiciled at the Palace Hotel, and on the evening of their arrival were welcomed by an enthusiastic audience of Irish at Metropolitan Hall to listen to their speeches. The object of the visit of these parliamentary representatives of Ireland, and

members of the land-league rebellion, is to obtain money in aid of the continued agitation of their cause, for the independence of Ireland, its separation from England, and the establishment of an independent Irish Parliament at Dublin. We have had so many visits from Irish adventurers and Irish political agitators from whom we had no right to expect intelligent and reliable information, that we naturally turned to these gentlemen of birth, education, high social and political position, for a thorough exposition of the real objects of Ireland's agitation, and the means proposed for the accomplishment of Ireland's independence. The names of some two hundred and fifty citizens were used as vice-presidents of this avowed land league branch or auxiliary; all the Irish and Irish-American politicians, all the Roman Catholic priests, numerous judges and office holders, who have not courage enough to resent the unauthorized use of their names as vice-presidents of a league to which they do not belong, and for the endorsement of sentiments they do not approve, were used at this meeting, and will be further used in England to maintain the false and lying argument that intelligent Americans are in sympathy with the land-league principles and land-league methods resorted to by the home-rule party in Parliament, and in Great Britain, and in Ireland. Mr. O'Connor was the first speaker, and after some complimentary remarks upon the beauty and grandeur of our country, said: "We have come as representatives of the Irish National League to explain our true position in a great struggle." Mr. O'Connor acknowledged liberal money assistance, friendship, and sympathy in the past, and asked its continuance in the important Parliamentary struggle in which they were engaged. The name of Mr. Chamberlain was received with hisses, because he had turned upon the aged statesman, Gladstone, and while eloquent stress was laid upon the tyranny of English rulers and the severity of Tory policy, no allusion was made to the fact that during his official career Mr. Gladstone had imprisoned more Irishmen, and imposed upon them a thousand-fold more cruel penalties, than the present government under the premiership of Lord Salisbury. Mr. O'Connor did let slip this observation, indicating, perhaps, the unpleasant recollections that still linger in his memory: "Men who jailed us in former times have themselves formed home-rule principles." The Liberal Unionists, according to Mr. O'Connor, "are melting away," and this in face of the fact that, in a recent parliamentary discussion upon some question regarding the Mitchellstown riots, the government majority was 114, larger by more than 30 than was the majority upon the so-called "Coercion" Bill, upon which Gladstone and his Irish allies, under his leadership, exhausted themselves. Mr. O'Connor, as do all Irish orators, went over the seven hundred years of English oppression and Saxon tyranny, which he said culminated in 1879 by the establishment of the Land League, which "was inaugurated for the downfall of tyranny and the birth of national independence and unity," and yet Mr. Gladstone pretends that this movement is not for the "dismemberment" of the British Empire; not for the "division" of the realm; not to so interfere with Ireland's relation to England as to interfere with Parliamentary control over imperial affairs. Mr. O'Connor did not talk about land-purchase or rent-adjustment. He simply and plainly declared that "either the landlords or the tenants must go, and that the tenants could not leave." In a word, we find no suggestion of imperial control over Ireland, and no hint at compromise of land difficulties. It was a cold, unconditional, unemotional declaration that Ireland must have thorough national independence, freedom from England and England's rule, with a national Parliament and all that independent sovereignty implies; that the land-owners must be subjected to uncompensated and unconditional confiscation of their estates. Mr. O'Connor enthused his audience—which was almost exclusively composed of Irish people—by the declaration that "every man's individual liberty depends upon the whim of any single magistrate in Ireland, who may at any time compel a man to answer all questions put to him, or place him in prison for six months. And this," said the Hon. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, "is a star-chamber rule worse than the Spanish Inquisition of former times." This was intended doubtless by the Papist representative of Presbyterianism in Donegal, for thus he describes himself, as a mere flight of

rhetoric, for even Mr. Arthur O'Connor would not have the audacity to compare the treatment of Presbyterians in Donegal by the Protestant English Government, with that of the Roman Catholic Inquisition under the management of Dominican Friars in Spain, who caused heretics to be tortured by hoot and screw, women to be violated, babes murdered, and men, women, and children to be hoiled in oil, burned on fagot piles with pitch and tar, and buried alive in soil and lime. Mr. O'Connor entertained his not very discriminating audience with anecdotes ridiculing the law, judges, and magistrates, abusing the constabulary, denouncing landlords, inveighing generally against the cruel and oppressive administration of the law against that most simple, unoffending, and excellent race of oppressed and innocent Irish, and culminated with an appeal for funds. Give! cries the horse-leech's daughter; give! cries the Irish politician. Give! give! is the never-ending cry that comes up from this most distressful land. Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond, eleventh baronet, and owner of landed estates in three counties, was the next speaker. After kissing the harney-stone, and saying many pleasant things about us, and concerning our Irish fellow-citizens, he said: "I shall not deal with futile arguments. Our case against the Tory Government is that it is one that the Irish people are not bound to respect, or submit to. We only submit to its oppression because we are not able to do otherwise. It is a government based upon bloodshed and corruption, and maintained by an army of soldiers and policemen. It would not exist if it were not for those mercenaries. We have a history of our own, which is a sorrowful one, but we cherish it, and in it we find evidences of the nationality of our people. We assert it is our right to govern ourselves, and we assert that England has no right to make laws for us. The government is not of the people; it is alien to the people, from the lord-lieutenant down to a policeman. Our government in Ireland is despotic, and no matter what we do, we must break it up. We must protest against English rule. I promise Lord Salisbury this," said Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond: "I promise him that very little English legislation will be effected until home-rule is granted for Ireland." This is a threat of parliamentary obstruction that has prevailed now for many months, and which justified and made necessary the cloture rule, which Irish politicians so loudly bewail and condemn as restraining the liberty of speech, as they do of the imprisonment of O'Brien, as limiting the freedom of the press. The speech of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond, baronet and M. P., was less significant than that of Mr. O'Connor; both were in good form; of their manner or eloquence we may not speak as we did not hear them; both men received enthusiastic applause at the conclusion of their addresses, for the Irish always make up in enthusiasm what they lack in other respects. These gentlemen make but a brief stay upon our hospitable shores, during which time they will be so envied and surrounded, dined and wine, and clamored over, so harneyed and bedeviled by the Irish politician that they will be justified in returning from the country with the impression that every howling political coyote is a dangerous, ferocious home-rule wolf, and that the woods are full of them. If Sir Henry Esmond and his friend, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, deem it of any importance that they should be correctly informed as to American opinion, or the opinions of Americans upon these questions of home-rule, land-league, integrity of the British empire, and inviolability of Irish land tenures, let them associate for a brief time with intelligent American gentlemen who are not aspirants for office, and are not playing the demagogue and coward in hope of securing Irish votes, and they will find such overwhelming opinions that they will not dare to carry them home for political use. Sir Thomas Esmond and Mr. Arthur O'Connor addressed a meeting at Jersey City on the evening of the sixteenth of October. The mayor of the city presided, and the Governor of New Jersey was present and made a speech. This meeting was attended by several Irish military companies in uniform. Here, and in the presence of an Irish audience, (for only Irishmen and Democratic politicians ever attend Irish home-rule meetings in America), Mr. Arthur O'Connor said: "If any English spies are present, I want them to note what I say regarding the armed men here. These

"men are ready to fight for Ireland if the chance should arise, and any nation which England tries to strike can have a hundred thousand such men to fight against the British crown." The report says: "The speaker's remarks were much applauded." Mr. Arthur O'Connor disgraced himself, insulted intelligent Irishmen, and abused the hospitality extended him by the mayor of Jersey City and the governor of the commonwealth, and reflected upon the loyalty of the Irish military companies who were present, when he assumed they were ready to fight England in defense of Irish wrongs. When American soldiers, under the American flag, shall be called upon to fight England, it will not be for Ireland, but in some cause that involves American interests or American honor. These traveling political Irish mendicants are quite welcome to beg of our naturalized Irish citizens such sums of money as they may be willing to give them; we think the money could be devoted to better purpose. This, however, concerns only the Irish who pay, but it is quite another thing for Irish members of the Parliament of England to visit our country for the purpose of stirring volunteer military regiments of adopted citizens to offer their services in the endeavor of Ireland and Irishmen to institute a civil war in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. No American soldier will ever aid the political discontent of Ireland, the non-rent paying tenant, and the Roman Catholic priesthood to achieve home-rule for Ireland so long as the Irish National party relies upon its present modes of warfare. Honorable American citizens, native-born and adopted, who pretend to intelligence and fair dealing, are not in favor of the dismemberment of the British empire; are not in favor of the confiscation of lands, and would not desire to see one and one-half million of loyal Irish Protestants put under the heel of what we know Roman Catholics to be when, in power, they are permitted to deal with heretics, and if they favored all these things, would not consent to their accomplishment by murders, riots, derailing passenger trains, cutting telegraph lines, midnight visits to cottages, boycotting, the use of vitriol in resisting processes of law, the destruction of cattle, obstructive proceedings in Parliament, and such other cowardly practices as the Irish politicians are justly chargeable with.

The disposition of the eight anarchists of Chicago, three by imprisonment, one by suicide, and four by the strangulation of the hempen noose, has not disposed of this troublesome question in this country. The funeral ceremonies of last Sunday, in the city of Chicago, indicate that even in that prosperous city, the most prosperous, perhaps, of any in our country, these dead and imprisoned criminals have a large sympathy. Some seven thousand people were found to tramp to the music of their funeral dirges. Trade guilds, assemblies of the Knights of Labor, large numbers of German vereins—nearly all foreigners—gave open acknowledgment of their sympathetic regard for anarchic principles and methods. The politician and demagogue already sees a voting power that he must not neglect. Journals are already trimming in the direction of anarchy for business, and we may be assured that the time is not distant when, in the great commercial cities of American, there are to arise serious troubles in connection with this desperate class, which will take desperate chances rather than submit to the law and earn its living by honest industry. The social question has earned for itself recognition in Germany, France, Austria, and Belgium, for in these countries there is a broad exercise of the electoral privilege, and the class that demands a reorganization of the laws of society, and a redistribution of property accumulations, has already made noticeable headway; in their law-making assemblies, this class—which, for want of a better name to embrace all who would rather agitate than labor, rather destroy than reform, we will call "Anarchists,"—is represented by earnest and able men. In England, this class has no representatives in Parliament, its voice is not heard in the council of the nation, and yet in London, with its immense constabulary and its assisting military force, great difficulty is found in maintaining order and in preserving property from the grasp of the anarchist mob. Take from the cities of London, Paris, Berlin, and Brussels the presence of an army of soldiers, and an unarmed police could not remain for a day the successful guardians of property and the public peace. In our country, all can vote, and, as we have no standing army, the discontented, unemployed, and criminal masses are not likely to await the slow result of legal reforms as suggested by Henry George and his school of philosophers, but to attach themselves to some more impetuous and unprincipled leader, and drive across lots to a more immediate realization of their criminal designs. The American party offers a partial remedy. It asks our statesmen to arrest the immigration to this country of this alien criminal discontented class, to devise some wise policy that shall give us protection from its invasion. The anarchist Linn, illustrates the kind of danger we have the right to fear. Here was a young man, German by birth, without family, earning good wages, who was not a citizen, and so far as we know, had nothing of which to complain, had no grievance, was ignorant of our laws, with no experience of their workings, yet he

would have burned the earth, and viewed with pleasure its conflagration to have destroyed our government. He would have waded through blood and fire to steal property hardly and honestly earned that he might divide it among his companions; he was earnest and sincere, as evidenced by his own terrible death. The American party would not give to such a man as this, or to any man not born upon the soil, the privilege of making our laws or acting in any official capacity. It would not have any but citizens upon the police or military force. The laws of Illinois in their prompt enforcement illustrate where the remedy against anarchy lies and how it may be enforced, and it also demonstrates one thing to anarchists, and all other dissatisfied and dangerous classes, viz.: that the American people, native born, and all citizens of foreign birth who are loyal, have resolved that they will not submit to an overthrow of the republic, nor a subversion of its laws, nor a division of their legally acquired property. In defense of government, order, and property, honest citizens will meet the hazards of any challenge to which they may be invited by the alien and the criminal. They will fight within the sacred circle of the law if they may be permitted, or they will wade across its crimson borders to a bloodier conflict if the necessity to protect the law requires them to pass its limitations. The American party would invite our legislators to define the boundary line between the liberty of speech and the license that stirs the hot blood of brutal men to the indulgence of violence, the line between the freedom of the press and the liberty of intemperate and dangerous discussions.

After the Pope's political Irish had succeeded in preventing the English in Boston from occupying Faneuil Hall for a jubilee to their queen, the English came to the conclusion that it was about time that they should become American citizens by causing themselves to be naturalized. They have taken the preliminary steps to enroll themselves as Americans, and it is time they did. It is all very fine and very proud that Englishmen should come to this country, engage in business, purchase broad acres, raise great flocks and herds, lend money at interest, engage in banking, insurance, trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, avail themselves of all the privileges of government, asking its protection for their lives, their property, and their occupations, enjoying all its benefits, shrinking and shirking all its duties, responsibilities, and dangers. In event of war, the Englishman gathers up his wealth, converts it into gold, and skeddaddles the country, leaving the American citizen to risk his life and wealth and household goods in its defense. In case of riot and domestic insurrection he retires to his home, closes his doors, and leaves the American citizen to act as *fosse comitatus* for its suppression. The Englishman is involved in a controversy at law concerning his business or property, occupies courts and juries, but never serves himself upon a jury, to adjudicate the differences of his neighbors. America could get on very well without the longer continuance on its shores of Englishmen, or English capital. Every alien Briton engaging in business in an American community ought to be specially taxed to compensate for the duties he shirks. The non-resident English capitalist who invests his money in the United States, and operates it though a non-citizen Englishman, ought to be compelled to pay for the privilege, and no alien non-resident Englishman should be permitted to own real estate at all. However, the object of this writing was not to discuss this question, but to notice the fact that Englishmen are beginning to realize their duties, and that, among other things, they have organized a society in Boston and issued a paper called the *British-American Citizen*. The specimen we have seen is a very live one. To indicate how lively it is, and how nobly it comes up to the highest standard of independent American journalism—the *Argonaut*—we copy the following, as indicating the position it proposes to occupy on the religious question. It says in good, plain Saxon, that cuts clean like a sabre-stroke: "Nor is there any issue between the British and Irishmen on the religious question. Roman Catholicism or Anglican Catholicism, Presbyterianism or Primitive Methodism, and all the warring sects, can fight out theological battles from the pulpit, and in their own organs. But when Roman Catholicism, or any other 'ism,' interposes its ugly head between the citizen and his civic rights, or attempts to lay its sectarian claws on the public schools, the *British-American Citizen* will be on hand to try conclusions with it, in spite of the howl of 'intolerance.' Finally, we prefer to run squarely on the American line, but we do not propose to be muzzled, and will meet our antagonists on any issues they may choose to raise."

Nothing has ever occurred in the history of the San Francisco press that is more discreditable than its conduct in reference to Robert Morrow, his indictment, trial, and pending motion for a change of venue. When an individual, charged with the commission of an offense against society by a violation of its laws, is in the custody of the law for trial, it is a cowardly violation of every honorable and generous instinct to endeavor to influence or direct the vengeance of the law against the prisoner. The accused at

the bar of justice is in the hands of the sovereign power; he is helpless and unarmed; no matter how high his position or how deep his purse, he is at the mercy of the justice he is charged with offending. The man or the editor would take advantage of that person, and endeavor to incite against him the passions of the mob or the prejudices of the public, is himself a criminal, and himself deserves to be punished by imprisonment and fine. The question of guilt or innocence of the accused is not involved. It is simply cowardice and hypocrisy that prompts any journal to assault one in a position when he can not reply. The journals who are now at the heels of Robert Morrow, with snarling jaws and gleaming fangs, would, if he were not in the custody of the law, be in the same position, with fawning sycophancy and slobbering tongues, licking his feet. This is not an honest and intelligent lawyer at the bar of San Francisco, not engaged in Morrow's prosecution, and who has examined the evidence, who does not know that there was not sufficient proof submitted in his trial to justify a verdict other than that of acquittal, yet eleven journals rendered a finding against him. This was under the influence of public opinion, under the lash of the press, under the pressure of a class-prejudice, because, in a recent contest with criminals, he had the courage to vindicate the law. The press of San Francisco is exhaling the breath of a heated, emotional, and sensational public sentiment, it comes upward like effluvia from the slums. Mr. Morrow's offense is that he is rich. The beasts demand a victim, and the press turns down its thumbs. Every person accused of a crime, in a republican commonwealth, has the right to a fair trial, by an intelligent jury, before an impartial judge learned in the law, only legal evidence being introduced, and during that trial it is the duty of the officers of the law to press the prosecution with all their zeal, within legal limits; it is the privilege of the accused to defend himself with all his power within the limits of the law, and to all legitimate arms for his defense; and it is the duty of the press to remain silent, and for public clamor to subside itself while this contest is pending.

The *Argonaut* makes its annual appeal for its pet charity the "Fruit and Flower Mission," calls upon its friends, and commends to them this most excellent of all the benevolent institutions of San Francisco. Young ladies of society, accomplished girls from luxurious homes, providing themselves with fruits and flowers, with delicacies for the sick, seeking out the poor homes, strangers in hospitals, the poor and destitute who are hiding their sorrows, their poverty, their pride in humble dwellings, forsaken, forgotten, friendless. To these our girls carry their sunny countenances, their breezy manners, their gentle voices, their soothing touches, and the gloomy chamber or the dull hospital-ward lights up with the glow of sympathy, and into the dark recesses of room, and memory, and heart, there enters rosy light of hope, confidence, courage. Under such circumstances, a bouquet of brilliant flowers, smelling of day-dawn and the dew, is better than medicine; a luscious peach, a great golden orange, a cluster of purple grapes, accompanied by kindly words, unlocks the memory of wrong long endured, and unseals the fountain from which sorrow flows. Who, that being sick, or poor, or despondent, like the wounded beast, has hidden himself away in a forest where he was hurt to die, would not rather receive a smile, a gentle word, a kindly sympathetic look, a bouquet of flowers, or a basket of fruit from a brace of sun-tempered, light-hearted girls, than all the grave correlations of advising friends, all the medicines of science, the prayers of the godly, and all the promises of priestly mediation? Our girls of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission are doing this kind of sentimental charity, and it requires labor and money. Money to purchase, and labor to distribute; three hundred dollars for a carriage fund, so that more for the purchase of delicacies to tempt the neatest palate, wines to invigorate and strengthen, and now, then an hour's airing in the Golden Gate Park to some simple-faced girl. Carriages and wagons are wanted to contribute Thursday's Thanksgiving dinner—turkeys, chicken, game, roasts of beef, celery, cranberries for sauce, mince pies, coffee, sugar, fruit for dessert, plums for a pudding, enough to fill ever so many great, bouncing baskets, to be distributed to poor families where a good dinner is not the subject of an everyday's Thanksgiving. To our rich and generous gentlemen, to our ladies in luxurious homes, to young bachelors in clubs, to our grocers, fruit-dealers, and prosperous business-men, we say remember the Fruit and Flower Mission, and before you eat your own dinners on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 24th, set your gifts to No. 713 Mission Street.

Lord Randolph Churchill—than whose there is among younger statesmen of England no name more honorable; no career more promising—has made recently a series of speeches that, to us, seem truly eloquent. This gentleman, a descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, has filled some of the highest places in the administration of England; he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet

Lord Salisbury, from which he resigned, without abandoning his party. He was, at the time, leader in the House of Commons, and though now out of office, and no longer responsible for party management, he is still an active worker in the administration party, and one of its most gifted and eloquent speakers. Lord Randolph Churchill married Miss Jome, of New York city. There are none among the great English orators who seem to possess the peculiar qualities that distinguish the best political speakers of our own country, as does Churchill. We give, as a specimen of his oratory, the conclusion of an address delivered by him at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the twenty-second of October, in reply to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone had, in one of his speeches, arraigned the government for its illegal interference with the freedom of the press in Ireland, and for its improper use of the constabulary force, and for its tyranny in enforcing special laws for the maintenance of order. We have no space even to epitomize this magnificent address, but believing that our readers will enjoy an extract from this most brilliant speech, we print the following. The great crisis in the city of London, the rebellion going on in Ireland, the uprising and discontent of the unemployed workmen, the despair of the poor, the reckless daring of the criminal classes, encouraged as they are by demagogues like Gladstone, Parnell, and their allied forces, have caused deep anxiety throughout England, Scotland, Wales, and Ulster. This feeling is shadowed forth in every line of Lord Churchill's address, and his reflections are very well worth considering in our own country at the present time. He said:

"My lords and gentlemen, what is the secret of the colossal wealth and the colossal power of the British Empire? What is the secret at the bottom of all this? It is to be this—that for exactly a space of two hundred years revolutionary changes in this country have been kept under, that public opinion has never tolerated the exercise of revolutionary forces, for the government of the day has always been supported by public opinion in putting and keeping them down. But depend upon it, the moment these revolutionary forces, which exist in all great communities, escape from control—the moment that they are, or have reason to believe any large pronouncement of public opinion, than any local party will tolerate, or will excuse, or will justify the disorder which will ensue, then you may be certain that the secret of our prosperity, of our wealth, of British commercial greatness, will set—rapidly decline. [Cheers.] I may imagine to yourselves what would follow if the revolutionary forces got the upper hand. All enterprise would be checked, all commerce would be controlled, factories and work-shops would be closed, labor would be unemployed; we would go down. Gentlemen, the fact is, that escape of the revolutionary forces from control would not affect what Mr. Gladstone calls the classes—at any rate, would affect them far less than the masses of the people. The classes possess capital. Capital can take to itself wings, and flee away. But what will be the condition of the working-men of this country, what will be the condition of the households, their families, and their children, when disorder and anarchy shall have taken the place of authority and law? Now, my lords and gentlemen, I have specially alluded to this matter in language as strong as I could bring to bear, because I think it is a matter which ought to attract the attention of every one of us. [Hear, hear.] I think there is no more serious aspect of the present movement, than the tendency which it seems to show, that the revolutionary forces are going to escape from the control by which they have been guided for two hundred years. Will the democracy of England be quick enough to discern the danger, and guard against it while there is yet time? I am startled and alarmed at the fact that the majority of electors of this great city, and, indeed, of the North of England, should have given in their adhesion to the cause of the Union. It may be that our exuberant wealth, our bounding and swelling prosperity in times not long ago, our rapid annexations of territory and acquisitions of empire, our measureless commerce, our proud marine, have blunted the perceptions and dulled the energies of our race, and have led us to believe that we may lightly acquiesce in any political experiment, any organic change. Surely there are moments when we must realize that England, surrounded as she is by mighty states disposing of colossal armies, is not so invulnerable, that resources are not inexhaustible, and that there is no certainty that her empire should endure for ever and for aye. Other empires as wide and great as ours have waxed, and waned, and faded away, other states as powerful, and as wealthy as ours have risen, and have sunk into the ocean of the past, and it may be that the time is inscribed upon the book of fate when the busy marts, the crowded streets, the bustling factories of this living city shall be as desolate as the ruins of the past. Who will dare pronounce? But of this I am sure and certain, that if this is the inevitable fate of our empire, history will unerringly decide that the day of our glory and might was earliest tolled on the day when the people released their firm grip of the noble principle of the Union, and feebly, and fatally followed the broad and downward path of separation; on the day when popular hardness was substituted for civic courage; when surrender to rebellion, treason, and sedition was disguised under the specious pretenses of concession, conciliation, philanthropy, and the rights of man; when order, law, loyalty, and morality were no longer the watchwords of the community, no longer the bulwarks of the state. [Cheers.] It may be neither right nor wise nor profitable to speculate upon or pry into the mysteries of the future, but should these predictions, founded upon the mutability of institutions and the spirit of decay which pervaded all human arrangements, not wander far from actual eventuality? I am confident that it will also be recorded that the Unionist party will have striven hard and long, and to the last, to avert the doom, and that they will be innocent and guiltless of all responsibility for a calamity which will shock kind, and change the world itself. [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

WOODLAND, CAL., Nov. 8, 1887.

MR. FRANK PIXLEY—Dear Sir: As the secretary of the Woodland Lecture Bureau, "I am requested to invite you to give one of a course of lectures to be given in this place this coming winter. We desire it to be upon some popular subject that would not trample on anybody's prejudices. What would be your terms, and when the most convenient time for you, in case you saw fit to do so? Please answer at once.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. L. D. LAWHEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. L. D. LAWHEAD: Your very kind invitation for me to prepare and deliver to the "Woodland Lecture Bureau" a lecture "upon some popular subject that would not trample upon anybody's prejudices," and asking "your terms" and "when convenient," is received. In reply: I am not good at writing, and am sure I should fail at attempting if I undertook to address a miscellaneous meeting at Woodland, in which I should not offend some ignorant or bigoted person's prejudices. You might have a Roman Catholic Irish political boss in the audience, and if I should discuss a political question he might take offense; you might have a papist, who, as priest or layman, favors parochial schools, to the destruction of our free American, non-sectarian school system, and him I might offend; there might be an anarchist in the audience, who thinks that anarchy is liberty," and who favors overturning the American republic, and in its place giving license to the chaos of crime, disorder, and violence, and he might dynamite your bureau for permitting me to offend his prejudices. You may have some very good citizens at Woodland, who think that the use of alcoholic drinks should not be regulated by law, and that all men and women have secured to them by the

constitution the inalienable and God-given right to get drunk, bring themselves and families to dependent pauperism, and by offensive public display demoralize society; and, if I did not offend them, I am sure I would run against the prejudices of the rum-venders and bar-room blackguards, who lead idle and unprofitable lives off the earnings of their victims. If I should discuss religion, I am ever so much afraid that I would so "trample" upon the prejudices of the money-changers and hypocrites that they would drive me out of the temple head over heels and precipitately. I am as confident as I can be, that if my theme was "politics," "patriotism," and "love of country," I would offend the prejudices of everybody at Woodland who does not agree with me in the opinion that our immigration laws should be amended so that alien criminals, vagabonds, and paupers should be prevented from coming to the country, and Pope's Irish politicians be prevented from making speeches and begging money in it; I would offend every one who does not favor the immediate and unconditional repeal of the naturalization laws, so that there shall be no more riots, murder, bloodshed, labor-striking, or boycotting by aliens, and no more anarchistic or socialistic organizations formed to overturn our laws and destroy our government. If I should speak openly and frankly my opinions of the press, and in courteous language present my convictions of its mercenary and cowardly character, I am afraid I would not be applauded by your local journals, and perhaps not be understood by your average audience. So, after giving the matter very deliberate consideration, I am convinced that you did not light your lamp to search for my kind of a lecturer. What I think you are looking for, my dear madam, is some popular, plausible gentleman of smooth speech and well-oiled tongue, who, possessing no convictions, or who having them, deems it politic to suppress them, somebody who is compelled to live upon popular favor, who needs an office and is seeking it, or who is compelled, from some cause or another, to suppress his opinions, lest he should "trample upon somebody's prejudices." Thanking you, and the members of the lecture bureau whose secretary you are, for your kind invitation to address them, I am very respectfully and gratefully, your obedient servant.

FRANK M. PIXLEY.

One of the phases of the Morrow trial is calculated to cause a stir in the newspaper Happy Family of San Francisco. Mr. McAllister, in showing the impossibility of getting a fair trial in this city, brought up the question of the *Examiner's* influence, and hence of its circulation. That journal's employees claimed in court that the *Examiner's* circulation in this city alone amounted to twenty-five thousand, and that of its thirty-two thousand country circulation, two-thirds are daily, making an aggregate of nearly forty-six thousand daily circulation. Whatever one may think of the *Examiner*, he can not fail to be impressed by its rapid growth in circulation. The other papers will doubtless fall foul of the *Examiner's* assertions, and we shall have a war of affidavits.

Rosa Bonheur, the artist, was one evening placed at dinner next to the Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the present Czar. The two got on very well, and even ate a vielleibchen together after dinner. Owing to the pressure of business, the Russian visitor forgot the joke, and lost the bet. On asking Mme. Bonheur what he might offer her for a forfeit, she said, jestingly, "Any pretty little animal I might use as a model." For some time after the grand duke went away nothing was heard of him, and the artist had forgotten the affair, when only a few days ago the forfeit arrived in the shape of three gigantic white bears.

A novel craft is being built at Montreal. It is a steam catamaran, each of the cigar-shaped hulls being of steel, sixty-five feet long, and built in two compartments, one being for water ballast, and the other for stove coal oil, which will be used for fuel. Two vertical engines will furnish the power to two propellers, which are so arranged that they will lift themselves out of the water when the hulls strike floating ice or other obstacles. The boat can be taken apart and packed on a ship, and is intended for whale and walrus hunting in the Arctic regions. It will carry a Gatling gun, and a powerful electric battery.

Archdeacon Farrar says that Cruikshank, the artist, offered five hundred dollars for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer from intoxicants, and that the money remains unclaimed to-day. The archdeacon says that he will give the same amount for proof of any one case, "either in the church or out of it, where drunkenness has been cured without total abstinence."

An Ohio preacher tried to quote the verse in Matthew about "not one jot or tittle," and said: "Not one tot or jittle." Then he saw that he had erred and tried again. "Not one jilt or tottle," said he, and again stopped. But he would not give up and began, "Not one tit or jottle;" and then with a red face he gave it up, and went on with his sermon.

Among the many proofs of the "strained relations" of Germany and Russia is the fact that restaurants on the frontier, patronized largely by Russian soldiers, often display placards saying: "Here no Prussians are served with meat or drink," and many of the shops in the large Russian cities announce that no German goods are sold there.

THE LIVERYMEN OF LONDON.

Recently there appeared a paragraph in the London *Times* entitled "The Livery Voters of London." They are not, as an American might imagine, a congregation of coachmen, footmen, and flunkies, who possess the franchise; they are the members of the ancient city guilds that still exist in London. They have retained through the centuries not many of the rights and privileges that were purchased under Richard II. and his successors; then the crafts were a power in the city, and controlled trade and the manufactures. But though their monopolies are gone, it is not true, as some one has said, that "all that remains of the ancient guilds in the livery companies of to-day is the common eating and drinking;" they have their dinners, but they have, as well, their inherited real estate, that with each generation has increased in value till the land pays a gross annual rental of over five hundred thousand pounds sterling. Each company has its distinctive dress or "livery"; but nowadays only the highest grade members are entitled to wear this dress. These are the so-called "Liverymen," and it is they alone who can obtain a Livery vote for the city of London, though even they must have the further qualification of living within twenty-five miles of the Royal Exchange. This year there are seven thousand six hundred and eighty-three Livery voters.

In the old days, when the guilds were founding schools and colleges, helping the churches, repairing the bridges and town halls, performing plays, and setting out pageants, every member possessed a dress of livery, which he was expected to wear at funerals, feasts, etc. That the custom prevailed at the time of Chaucer is shown by the following lines:

"A Haberdasher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Dyer, and a Tapiser,
Were all cloysted in a liverye
Of a solempne and grete fraternite."

If Chaucer did not name the above tradesmen in the order of their importance, it is a curious fact that they stand in the order of their numerical strength, as it exists to-day. The Haberdashers have three hundred and seventy-three Liverymen, the Carpenters one hundred and eighteen, the Webbes (*i. e.*, Weavers) seventy-six, the Dyers sixty-three; while the Tapisers would seem to have outlived their function, in that there are no Liverymen assigned to them. Perhaps in these latter days of bottled drinks, the Tapster's is no longer a "solempne and grete fraternite."

The old nomenclature of the guilds that has, for the most part, survived till the present time, is curious enough to an American, to whom even the words *haberdasher* and *draper* have a strange sound, to make it worth while to give the list of the different companies mentioned in the *Times*. They are: Apothecaries, Armors and Brasiers, Bakers, Barbers, Basket Makers, Blacksmiths, Bowyers, Brewers, Broderers, Butchers, Carmen, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Clothworkers, Coachmakers and Coach-harness Makers, Cooks, Coopers, Cordwainers, Curriers, Cutlers, Distillers, Drapers, Dyers, Fannmakers, Farriers, Feltmakers, Fishmongers, Fletchers, Founders, Framework-knitters, Fruiterers, Girdlers, Glass-sellers, Glaziers, Haberdashers, Horners, Innholders, Ironmongers, Joiners, Leathersellers, Loriners, Playing-Card Makers, Masons, Mercers, Merchant Tailors, Musicians, Needle-makers, Paint-stainers, Pattenmakers, Pewterers, Plaisterers, Plumbers, Poulterers, Saddlers, Salters, Scavengers, Shipwrights, Skinners, Spectacle-makers, Stationers, Tallow-chandlers, Tin Plateworkers, Turners, Tylers and Bricklayers, Upholders, Vintners, Waxchandlers, Weavers, Wheelwrights, and Woolmen.

Many of these words are in habitual use in this country, and some that are not have too evident a derivation to leave room for doubt as to their meaning; but there are others that are to most of us both strange and unintelligible. *Bowyer* is plainly "a maker of bows," though Webster marks the word as obsolete. *Broderer* one can guess to be "embroiderer," and *Cordwainer* to be "shoemaker"; *cordwain* is also "obsolete." *Currier* is a word in good and regular standing, and means "one who dresses leather after it is tanned;" it must, however, be approaching obsolescence. *Fletcher* is a word no longer used by us, and few know that it means "one who feathers arrows." *Haberdasher* has an interesting derivation from the German *Habt Ihr das, Herr?* The word has held to its derivation pretty well, a haberdasher's being a place where one can ask for almost any small article—a kind of "Yankee Notion Store," in other words. *Hornor*, Webster gives as a "rare" word, but its meaning is apparent. *Loriner* is a word one would scarcely expect to find this side of Chaucer; it denotes one who makes the metal mountings for saddles and bridles. We drop the *i* out of *Plaisterer* and add an *er* to *Poulter* in our American usage, and we say "scribe" instead of *scrivener*.

In general our changes have not been altogether happy; we have substituted too often for the good English word a long compound that is both awkward and inelegant, as, for example, "dry-goods merchant" for *draper*. It is too common with us, also, to use the word *store* as a suffix in such compounds as "dry-goods-store," "grocery-store," "candy-store," "hardware-store," etc. The reactionary tendency in certain habits of speech, which has been perceptible in this country since travel has become so general, is not to be altogether deplored.

In Paris, a few days ago, an unknown man jumped from the top of the Arc de Triomphe, which is almost two hundred feet high. Before taking the leap, he swallowed a strong dose of poison. Half-way down, a friendly projecting hook caught his trousers and arrested his fall. He hung there, suspended in mid-air by his nether garments, for a full hour, before it was possible to rescue him from his somewhat awkward position. On being taken to the hospital, it was found that he had sustained no injury from his fall, and the strong antidotes applied speedily counteracted the effects of the poison he had swallowed.

When Miss Sadie Aiken, of Reeves, Ga., eloped, the other night, she took with her the family watch-dog. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, she wrote a note to her parents, acquainting them with the fact and imploring their forgiveness, tied it to the dog's collar, and sent him home.

A LOST ASTRAL BODY.

It is now four years ago that I was employed in Mexico as the administrator of a large hacienda, the owner of which, living in state in Mexico City, left me very much to my own devices. I rose early habitually, my routine work was completed by noon, and the rest of the day I devoted to studies of the most varied and desultory kind.

I had been a rolling stone all my life, with but little chance, so far as I could see, of ever gathering any of the moss of filthy lucre, or finding a resting-place where I might await my end in peace. Not but that I had desires enough. In one of my few and far between visits to my native land, I had met a woman whom I loved, in silence because I knew my wanderings were not yet over. I might not ask her to share them, however willing she might be (and I believed she would be) to share a civilized existence with me. But the very knowledge that there was such a woman in the world made me impatient, and my daily prayer and my daily efforts were in the same direction—to increase my worldly goods as quickly as possible, and so get home to her side. I had started in life, fifteen years before, with little capital beyond my education as a barrister and enough to land me in one of the East Indian Presidencies full of the visionary schemes of twenty-one summers. India appeals strongly to the imagination of the briefless barrister at home, and I had hopes of a judgeship, or something dignified and well-paid, as soon as my talents were discovered—which, I promised myself, would be within a very few years. Alas! my dreams were never realized; and all that I gained by my residence there was an intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of Brahma, imparted to me by Ghir Jee, a wonderful old "adept" who took a fancy to me. I was profoundly impressed by these doctrines; perhaps I should admit that I was convinced of their great practical benefit to those people who could regard life as the Orientals do.

Circumstances had sent me drifting, and for ten years I had not paid much attention to my Brahminical convictions, until, quite recently, in reading a novel that had attracted considerable attention, I came across a character that reminded me of the old adept. So it happened that afternoon in Mexico, instead of continuing my book, I lay back in my chair and allowed my thoughts to wander back to India, until, with a kind of sudden inspiration, I stood up, and said aloud, addressing myself to the air: "Why don't you visit me, Ghir Jee?" I laughed at my own folly immediately, and sat down to my book again, to chase away the fantastic notions that had unconsciously taken possession of me. I had only remained seated a few moments when a servant entered the room and said: "Señor, there is a foreign padre here who would like to see you."

I told him to show the padre in, and in a few moments more he returned and ushered into my presence—Ghir Jee!

He was not a day older in appearance than when I last saw him. He was not travel-stained; he was not dressed for rough riding across the country from the nearest railway station—he was habited in the loose garments with which I always associated his figure. He might have walked out of my dreams; but there he was before me, a solid reality, as my servant was ready to testify.

The servant withdrew, and we were left alone. I was too surprised to speak. Ghir Jee quickly approached me, seated himself on a chair immediately before me, and at once began a conversation.

"You called me, my dear Philip, and here I am. I have been expecting the summons for years, and knew that it would come sooner or later; but tell me now, what I can do for you, that is—what do you wish at this moment?"

I told him how it was that I had called out as I did, and he laughed softly.

"Such little things in our lives determine their whole course. These past years of heavy trial and disappointment have had a good effect upon you, and you are now, in spite of yourself almost, directed into the channels of truth. Your life has been solitary so far; it will be so no longer—but how, or in what way, you will gain that true spiritual companionship that will help you, it is not for me to say; but I am quite certain you will get it, and that soon. Keep your mind and your body pure, my son. Your heart, swept and garnished, as it now is, may receive angels or devils. Pray that your guests may be angels. You know not what you want—pray for the guidance that comes to the faithful, and farewell."

He left me. I hardly know how, but it seemed quite natural, and there was nothing in all this adventure that appeared repugnant to my intellectual faculties. I recognized that fact, and asked myself if I was mad, a victim of self-created hallucinations. I called my servant. When he came, I asked him if he had seen the foreign padre leave the house. No, he had not seen him. Had he come on horseback? He had seen no horse—the padre had simply presented himself in the *patio*. What had he said? Only mentioned my own name and indicated that he wanted to see me. I was not dreaming, then.

Something happened to distract my attention for a few hours in the hacienda, and I returned to supper, to bed, and to sleep, in perfectly normal fashion; and I thought no more about it (which appeared strange to me later on) until the next day, when I sat down to enjoy a book and a cigar.

My book failed to interest me, and I lay back musing. My thoughts had a vivid reality about them that was startling. I saw, in my mind's eye, familiar scenes in London. I fancied I was standing outside the Criterion Restaurant, watching the crowds as they passed. I walked up Regent Street, and felt the jostling of the multitude. I spoke to a policeman. I wandered on aimlessly, and eventually found myself on Westminster Bridge. The Victoria Tower stood out plain and real—the electric-light shone from above, and I heard the great bell strike ten. I took out my watch, and the time was twenty minutes past three. I smiled to myself at the curious accuracy of my thoughts; I took down an atlas, made a rough calculation of the difference in time according to longitude, and found that my watch was about right with Big Ben. I returned to my seat and continued my thoughts. I examined my own appearance, as I stood at the junction of the Thames Embankment and on the bridge at Westminster. I looked, as it were, into my own eyes, and

examined critically my own dress. It seemed to me that I had improved wonderfully. I was looking at my ideal self; and it was a tolerably good-looking and very well-dressed ideal, too. I had an intimate friend whose chambers were in Adelphi Terrace; I would call upon him and see how he was amusing himself. Then a thing happened that surprised me: I passed closed doors without any inconvenience—howbeit, it seemed curious to me that my thought, or my ideal self, was conscious of every step that was taken, and did not at a single bound transport itself from point to point; and, at last, I stood in Robert Nugent's presence.

He stood, as I had often seen him stand, with his arm leaning against the mantel-piece, on which, among other things, was a familiar clock, whose tick was distinctly audible to me. Bob stood there talking to his brother, who sat smoking in an easy-chair beside him, and a couple of men were seated at the table, similarly occupied. Bob stopped talking, and looked hard at me. To my surprise, everybody in the room turned also, and looked in my direction. Bob's jaw fell as if in a mortal terror; he became ghastly pale and made a rush toward the table, gasping as he came, "Philip—Norton—old man, what's wrong with you?" The men around me all stood up, frightened and perplexed. For my own part, I was so astonished that I could only gaze in stupid wonderment from one to the other, until it came into my head that I had better beat a hasty retreat, and a few seconds afterward I was in the street, running I knew not whither, and getting completely out of breath.

I shook myself in my chair, and muttered to myself: "Here, come back out of this," and as I spoke, *my other self* stood before me.

The language of ordinary life seems singularly inadequate to describe my feelings. Here was a duality in presence of itself. I had my thoughts—yet I felt that my other self had thoughts too, but the two series were co-terminous and co-equal, and my other self was as perplexed as I was. There was no fear, no terror, merely novelty and very mild exaltation and excitement; and as I and myself looked at each other, there came over us a sense of mutual recognition, and we said to each other, as it is written in the play-books:

Both: "You are my astral body!"

For many weeks, after that day, I amused myself by experimenting with my astral body, finding out its capabilities. Instead of reading, I attended lectures all over the world. I wandered in the most delightful and the most hideous places. I saw all my imagination could suggest, and the results were impressed upon my mind as are those of actual travel. Moreover, I found that my astral body could command the astral bodies of inanimate objects, in a way that was particularly useful. Whatever country I visited I had, without difficulty, a supply of the current coinage, which was accepted by the material bodies around me without hesitation. As soon as I had discovered that fact, I took chambers in Piccadilly, furnished them to the best of my taste, put in a man and his wife to act as servant and housekeeper, and prepared to lead that exquisite metropolitan life of which I had had only a partial glimpse in my otherwise varied existence. But I studiously avoided my old friends, and endeavored to make new ones—or at least, acquaintances. I had no desire to frighten them all, as I evidently had frightened poor Bob. He wrote to me in a great state of mind, hoping that nothing had happened to me, detailing the vividness of my appearance, of which his brother and their two friends were witnesses, and asking me if I could explain the matter at all. I wrote by return from Mexico, and assured him that it was just "one of those things that no fellow could understand"—and shortly afterward I heard from him that my letter had given him the greatest satisfaction, for he had feared that the vision had been a warning of my death. So I avoided my friends. I introduced myself here and there as John Blake; I had money enough—the delusive appearance of it—to command respect, and my studiously quiet manner led no one to suspect in me a *nouveau riche*, or to ask impertinent questions as to who I was, or whence I came. When any familiarity arose between myself and another, I made no secret that I had traveled much and alone, that I had no family, and knew nothing of my relatives, that I had lived in solitude, and had not, until lately, taken any pleasure in society, but that now I felt that I had traveled enough, and had settled down to enjoy life after my own style. I easily provided myself with consols that gave me six thousand pounds sterling a year; and with that income as an introduction to a country banker, I managed to obtain a footing, from which I felt it would be easy for me to branch out in any direction I might choose. My other self did not look to be over thirty; and as he was (as I say) tolerably well looking, with an appearance of concentrated wisdom that was not unbecoming, an easy, graceful manner, pleasant speech, and an inexhaustible store of traveler's tales from every conceivable part of the globe, he was well received everywhere, sought after, caressed almost, and above all things, he was an immense favorite with the mothers of the marriage market, who delighted in seeing him attentive to their daughters, although he was equally so to all—for the end and object he had in view was to come face to face with Margaret Fowler.

It took two years to accomplish that end; and in all that time, from my Mexican hacienda, I had kept up a steady correspondence with the woman I loved. I knew she loved me as I loved her, though never a word had been spoken; and although we made no reference to such matters in our letters, which were simply such as old friends could write to each other, it seemed to be tacitly understood, at least on my side, that I was only awaiting my opportunity to come to her.

It all turned out very pleasantly. I met first her brother, who had been a fellow-student of mine when I had entered myself at Lincoln's Inn, and the circumstances of my meeting him had been such that he had not been particularly impressed with my appearance; and as I gradually cultivated his acquaintance, the likeness to his old friend slowly dawned upon him, and consequently did not startle him in any way. But he referred to it very pleasantly, and made it a pretext for presenting me at his father's house, whither my likeness to a friend, evidently much more esteemed than I had imagined, had already preceded me. I felt in a great flutter as the moment drew near when I was to take Margaret Fowler's hand. I was taking my frugal Mexican meal as the scene lay, as it were, before my mental vision. I could see

myself standing, talking to old Mr. Fowler and his wife, a Tom Fowler walked to the door as his sister opened it, was very fond of her, and led her forward to me with affectionate grace that was admirable in its way. He introduced his friend, John Blake, in a hearty, informal fashion and in my unperturbed self I could see that she trembled she looked into my eyes, and saw in their cool unresponsiveness that John Blake was not Philip Norton.

My footing once assured, I had an easy task in maintaining it; and from day to day I could perceive, although I a welcome visitor, that Margaret was troubled. My correspondence with her from Mexico, of course, was uninterrupted. I took special pains to make it as interesting as possible; I succeeded fairly well.

One afternoon, John Blake presented himself just as Margaret was reading to her mother some extracts from my letter. She spoke of what she was doing in a perfectly affected way, and continued: "You know, our friend Mexico and yourself are wonderfully alike. Tom mentions it to us before you came to our house, so that we had a do interest in meeting you."

"I hope," said John, "I may always share your friend good fortune, if it always brings such pleasure."

"Ah, poor Norton," said Mrs. Fowler, "his life has been a bed of roses, I fear. He ought never to have gone abroad. Who was it said that a year of Europe was worth a cycle of Cathay? I am not good at quotations, but the has always been a prominent one with me that it is better starve in London than to be in luxury in such a place as Mexico. The worst of it is, too, poor fellow, that he does not seem even to get the luxuries—mere exile for nothing."

"A means to an end, mother; that is all. Poor Norton as you call him, has all the pleasures of anticipation, hopes to come home and live at ease, and the hope lightens the burden of a Mexican solitude. He says so himself."

"Of course, he says so himself," replied her mother. "Every prisoner beguiles his time by thinking of what he does in liberty. I say 'poor Norton,' because when he is off this last time to Mexico, I felt sure I should never see him again. It was like parting with a son of my own."

As Mrs. Fowler spoke, I saw that Margaret bowed her head to hide the tears in her eyes, and I then and there came conscious of curiously antagonistic feelings. In Mexican self, I longed to keep her love—as John Blake longed to gain it.

I watched the development of events with a feverish anxiety that greatly interfered with my health. I lived in two spheres, and the difference in time made my days very long, and they became very crowded.

I found myself becoming very popular. I was regarded as a gazetteer of the world—an unfailing source of accurate information on men and things.

Political economists and social scientists (as they call themselves) eagerly laid me under contribution to their stores of facts upon which to build theories. Members of parliament sought my views on the state of peoples governed over the world by the British crown, artists wanted to know of unfamiliar beautiful spots that had not been yet visited, poets took council with me on the beauties of barbed imagination. I was in daily danger of being made a "liar" and my reputation became daily greater. But every day John Blake managed to catch a glimpse of Margaret. It seemed to be a real union between those two souls, unembodied as a matter of fact—but happily in her—as in the case of the hundreds with whom he came in contact, the other senses were made the fools of the eye and they *touched* in imagination only what they saw by them.

Margaret's letters to me were remarkable in a way at times. There was a sort of dissatisfied tone that I was able completely to understand or explain. She put the before me in this light: Her father and mother were growing old, the management of affairs devolved upon her, and she felt that the demands made upon her strength were greater than could be good for her. I knew what to do; until, in an unguarded moment, I down the veil that we had religiously kept in its place between us, and asked her to have patience, and wait a little longer, when I would come to her and help her.

Her reply was full of the gentlest womanliness. She already, she told me, of the high place she held in my life and she felt herself as being already my wife in spirit. I she could have the support of my arm, her life would be perfect, she would fear no evil.

I had gained the Mexican victory. Should I wren from myself in London? I would try—not in a spirit of boastfulness, far from that. John Blake, although Margaret knew it not, was in reality my *better* self. He had no sordid about him; in these two years that he had been full view of the people who would gladly have found with him, there had been no fault found—and surely that something. He was in all things a gentleman, and yet had to run against his knowledge now, in a matter was of life interest to him, where his knowledge told that he was, after all, playing a shabby part—perhaps wounding a woman's heart for nothing. Yet he must go for if he lost his battle here, he doubly won in Mexico. Blake's attentions to Miss Fowler had, of course, remarked upon, and Mrs. Fowler was hardly astonished when he requested her to give him an opportunity of words with Margaret on the following day.

Margaret had said nothing of what I had spoken of in last letters; and thus it happened that Mrs. Fowler did interpose on my behalf, as she undoubtedly would have had she known the exact state of affairs, and as Margaret still held her tongue, she went trembling and fearful to the man in whom she could almost recognize her lover.

They had already had many talks on a vast number of things in the course of which Blake had led her to a point of thought from which she could look down over the horizon plains that had hitherto lain beyond her horizon.

Now she was suddenly brought face to face with that that her guide, philosopher, and friend was really in with her. She had to acknowledge, too, that she had a loose rein to her fancy, and had assimilated him without absent lover, until now, as she saw to her apparent cost, were inseparable.

"Miss Fowler," said Blake, "your mother has, no doubt told you that I wanted a little uninterrupted conversation

you to-day. I suppose I need not tell you what it is all about; a woman always knows when she is loved." He looked up at him as he stood before her, the big tears in her eyes; but she could find no voice to reply. "I have told another man," she said at last, after a long pause, "that I will be his wife."

"Yes, I know," Blake replied. "You have told Philip Norton that you are his wife already, so far as the spiritual relationship is concerned, and he knows it and believes it, and loves you the more for it. He loves you with all the power of his soul, but that is not equal either to yours or mine."

He looked at him in blank astonishment. "How do you know all this?" she asked.

"Easily, Margaret," said Blake, "easily, as you will one understand. Only let me remind you of what you know enough—he and I are wonderfully alike physically. The physical is in many respects the mould of the spiritual—at least it is its best outward manifestation. His ideas and mine are identical. I know a great deal about him—have found out much to satisfy myself, if you would prefer it that way. I know my strength and his weakness. I know what were when I met you, and I know that I have changed because my spirit is closer to yours than his is. But, Margaret," he went on, "we have talked philosophy enough hitherto. What I want is your love. You can give it to me if you will. Have no fear of your future. It will be in my hands, whether Norton or I take charge of it. Have fear, because fear and love can not exist side by side. I love you, and I dare not come here now to ask for what has been half promised to Norton."

"No—not half promised," she interrupted, "wholly and unconditionally given, long before it was asked. When it was asked, I gave it again, because I wanted—wanted sup-

—You had it immediately, Margaret. As much as he could give you, he has given you. But I can give you more—he can not give you enough. Oh, Margaret, think but one moment. Your decision is for a lifetime. In these past months have leaned upon me more than you have believed at the time. Can you do without that support? Can the eight that years hence Philip Norton may have enough of home, and help you with his own arm, support you the same way?"

"That is a cruel thing to say. What if he is poor? I should like him none the better for being rich. If he came to me to-day, I would still be his."

"I would not wrong you or him with a contrary thought, Margaret. You were his. You are now mine. If Norton were now he would recognize that—perhaps not at once, but in time. It would pain him worse then, than to give you up voluntarily. He would not do so, for he could not know my love is greater than his—and he would shut his eyes to the fact that your love for me is greater than your love for him. Do not you be blind, Margaret, or in these past months I have endeavored in vain to open your eyes to more than is visible to the world. It is a fact. Tell me that you, as well as I, know that it is a fact, and fear nothing, and will end well."

He buried her face in her hands, and sobbed: "I don't know what to do. You read my thoughts as though they were in a book before you. Your will overpowers mine, and carries it to its foundations. It is in your hands completely. That is love, John Blake, then I am yours only, and poor Philip Norton is deceived—but I must not deceive him. Take me, I am yours. But if this is not love, God bless us both!"

He took her tenderly in his arms and soothed her, and at last joy came over her, so that she was certain then that she had done right.

And I in Mexico sat and stared at the sky, wondering what to do. Live? Impossible! What had I left to live for? If I destroyed myself, what would become of my other self—John Blake? The two entities were no longer compatible. One had to go. Surely the more worthy should remain, would remain. At all events, the experiment was worth trying—and if it failed, then perhaps, *Nirvana*, and rest for ever!

My mind was very soon made up. That afternoon I devoted to arranging all my books and papers, which I directed to be sent to John Blake in London. Then I carefully packed my revolver, placed it over my heart, and fired. I stunned in Mexico and London. John Blake fell to the earth with a heavy thud, and his servants, who were devoted to him, ran in and placed him on a sofa. Gradually he came to himself, and awakened as though to a new life, with a certain heaviness about him that he could not exactly describe. One moment the idea presented itself to him that he was as he had been. He felt confined, held down as by giant hands. An opportunity soon presented itself, when he was able again, to find out what had happened. He attempted to do what he had done habitually, walk through from room to room without paying any heed to such trivial matters as book walls—but instead of stepping through all obstacles as he used to, he found himself arrested. His spirituality had vanished—he had assumed the body that had died in Mexico!

There was nothing remarkable hereafter. I, John Blake, who write this, am happy enough with my wife, to whom the story is familiar and now not remarkable, except that it would be, unfortunately for the human race, so uncommon in its essence. We are one, body and soul—I have won her, body and spiritually—and together we fear nothing. She is, as much as I, as adept as myself, and Gair Jee, who is an infrequent visitor of ours, is never weary of congratulating us both on having reached that exquisite border-land between heaven touches earth.

ARTHUR W. PLEACE.

EL CUBO, MEXICO, November, 1887.

Dr. W. B. Waller, of Caldwell, Ohio, who has just returned home after spending four months on the Navigator, says that the Samoans are remarkably fine dancers, and the most graceful people in the world; and this is largely due to the fact that they are "double jointed," their legs at the knee-joint," he says, "their arms at the elbow, and their shoulders are reversible in a way that would astonish you. The elbow and knee joints can be bent directly contrary to other people's."

AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

"Iris" describes the Rusher and the Tackler at their Deadly Work.

The hoating season finishes in September, the tennis and base-ball season in October, and the foot-ball season in November. The latter is just now at its height—the voice of the rusher is heard in the land; the curse of the stifled half-back is a familiar sound. The American game of football is a most exciting performance—for the participants, that is. The spectators are generally so engrossed in trying to discover if it is their friend and brother who is being crushed to death, that they fail to mark the delicate points of the game. Naturally they are excited, but they are not excited in the way they ought to be. They are like the women who throng to Sarah Bernhardt's performances to see her clothes.

American foot-ball presents one or two intelligible points to the uninitiated spectator—the rest is riot. A touch-down is comprehensible, and occasionally visible to the naked eye—not the touch-down, nor indeed the man who makes it, but the heap, resembling not a little the insignia of the Isle of Man, beneath which an invisible rusher has accomplished the doughty deed. A free kick sounds well—it sounds as if it ought to be seen; but, like the melodies of Wagner's music, it is an esoteric mystery to all but that happy band who have been trained to find it. A kick for goal is delightful, an oasis in the desert. Everybody can see it, and as everybody can make a pretty shrewd guess what it is for, and whether it is successful or not, nobody is amiss in cheering. Whichever way it goes, somebody is quite certain to cheer, and there is nothing more fashionable at these games than appearing as an excited partisan. But after this, intelligible points cease, and the mêlée begins.

This is how it looks: A broad sweep of velvety turf, between two serrated rows of spectators, is the arena of the nineteenth-century gladiators. The rival factions, in clothes once white, now gray, gaily variegated by long green streaks, stand in a cluster, with heads bowed and hands groping down on the sod. Behind them, scattered along the field in attitudes of alert ease, are the full-backs. Above a hubbub of voices the melodious tones of the captains rise on the still, cold air. Behind all, the gaunt goal posts loom up, skeleton-like, against a yellow, wintry horizon. Suddenly, quick as a flash of lightning, the ball darts out of the forest of legs where it has been held, is caught, and, pressing it passionately to his manly bosom, away flies a man like an arrow from a bow. He tries to break through the rush-line. With his head now thrown back, now butting fiercely at his adversary like the historic chunk of old red sandstone, he leaps aside, doubles, dodges, flashes under a pair of grasping arms, bends like a reed out of the reach of a half dozen hands, draws in his back and slides through clutching fingers. A great brawny fellow, with his teeth set, makes a rush at him, and leaps on him sideways, striking him on the shoulders with the force of a battering-ram. He staggers, rights himself, doubles on his tracks, tears himself through the grip of a falling adversary who clasps him as he drops, and away, like a maniac, round the outskirts of the field. As he flies, his hair is blown back, his face is white as death, and his teeth set. The crowd yells in a frenzy of excitement. The captain, like Bozzaris, cheers his band with unintelligible bows. The runner, gasping like a broken-winded horse, skirts the crowd, who back away from the rope in surging waves. The rushers—a howling pack—have swept across the field and fallen on him. One murderous-looking giant gathers himself together, bites his lip, and springs. He strikes the little runner on the back, grips him round the body with his legs, and round the neck with his arms. For one second they sway, then come crashing to the ground. Several other men get on top of them and press them down, apparently wishing to smother their fallen enemy while they have the chance. The umpire flies to the scene of action, and the pile is slowly diminished by the rising of its component parts. As it sinks down, nervous women turn pale and avert their eyes. Reduced to its base it presents a strange appearance. The runner lies prone upon his face, the other man is wound round him in folds. The runner turns his face, which has been pressed into the turf like an intaglio seal, and cries in smothered tones:

"Where's the umpire? Where's the captain? Just look at the way he's tackled me!"

They drag them apart, stiff and breathless. The ball, which has almost burst with the pressure, puffs out with a sort of sigh. The umpire lifts up his voice, and the rushers—big, broad-backed men, breathless and dirty, with caps pushed back, strong, red necks, and great, brown hands resting on their straight hips, gather about arguing hotly. The dispute is ended, and the rush-line forms again.

A few minutes later the first blood is drawn. Only a nose is bleeding, only a nose, nothing more. There are some black eyes, but they don't count. Presently some man makes a furious tackle. The men fall in a confused heap, from the midst of which an explosive groan bursts ominously. When they rise, stamping and dusting off their trousers, they become aware of the fact that the bottom man lies stiff and pale, and makes no movement. He is on his back with his drawn-up legs sticking stiffly into the air. His cap has fallen off, and his face is white; one of his hands is clenched on the short grass, and the other grips his shirt-front. Several women rise up swiftly, climb over the benches, and rush to the club-house. The crowd watches in questioning silence, while his friends straighten him out, and rub his legs. Presently he opens his eyes, and looks around with the expression men wear on the stage and in novels when they say, in a broken voice:

"Good-bye, old fellows. I'm going. Don't mention it—a bagatelle!"

He says, however, casting a pale, but revengeful glance on the umpire:

"D'ye see that? He had me by the leg!"

*Next moment he is up, and rushing about the field as lively as a cricket. His accident is a common one at foot-ball, and is known among the vulgar as having your wind knocked out."

The hard-heartedness exhibited by the softer sex when viewing this barbarous game is deplorable. During the heat and burden of the game, two girls were walking up and down

on the turf behind the line of spectators. They were nice-looking, lady-like girls, well-dressed and healthy. One of them, a delicate blonde in mourning, held an infantile fox-terrier by a chain heavy enough to have held in check a brace of Siberian blood-hounds. The fox-terrier, objecting to this mark of bondage, walked to the limit of his chain, then rose on his hind-legs, and chattered along with his front paws dangling down, and his little, pink tongue lolling out of the corner of his mouth in a charmingly *dégage* manner. The girl, haughtily oblivious to these undignified antics of her guardian sleuth-hound, sauntered on with raised chin, and clear, dreamy eyes. Suddenly a shriek from the crowd arrested her progress. Cries filled the air:—

"Go it—Harry—go it, old boy!"

"Tackled, tackled!"

"Dodged!—Harry!—dodged!"

"By Jerusalem—he'll do it!"

"Oh, Lordy! Lordy!—Played Harry."

"Gosh, it's a touch-down!"

"Oh, you're a daisy!"

"Well done—Harry!"

The other girl, alarmed, shrank and clasped her companion's arm, murmuring:

"Oh my! I'm frightened! What's happening?"

But the mistress of the bound was tranquil. Stooping down, she peeped between the elbows of two men, then continued on her way, remarking placidly:

"It's nothing. They're only killing Harry. There are a lot of men on him squeezing him to death. Let's go on, I'm cold."

The other amusement of the season is riding. All New York women ride. Most of the rich ones have been taught at fashionable riding-schools. In childhood they mastered the technicalities of equestrianism; in girlhood they mastered the technicalities of getting a new tailor-made habit out of papa, every two seasons. They're very clever, these New York girls. But they look lovely on horseback, especially those who have smooth hair and wear no bangs. English riding is the fashion, and such a-bumping and a-rising and a-falling as one sees in the Park, of fine afternoons! It would make Diana Vernon turn in her grave. The men rise better than the women, having a surer grip on the horse. Some of the girls have a hard time. That old rule that the buttons of the habit should point exactly between the horse's ears is hard to follow when one is bobbing up and down like a cork float. The green girls sit sideways, almost presenting their shoulder to the front; others face the horse, but look as if the saddle had slipped half around, and they were clinging to their charger's ribs by centrifugal force or glue. But when you do see one of these tailor-made girls who can ride, you see a pretty sight. They have fine, tall, erect figures with nipped-in waists and broad, strong shoulders, and their gleaming, smooth, cloth habits fit them like a skin. They wear red dog-skin gloves, plain, glossy high hats, high collars, tiny patent-leather top-boots, and their hair is done up in a little wad of braids, tight and shining. They look as fresh, precise, and trim as an English daisy. Their horses are heavy, glossy-coated chestnuts, broad of barrel, with short bobbed tails and arched necks. Behind them, in tops and corduroys, comes a smug-faced English groom, stiff, rosy, and eminently stylish.

The great social event of the week has been the debut of Mrs. James Brown Potter in "Mlle. de Bressier. All the friends of the new professional gathered to greet her. It was the most brilliant house ever seen in New York. The debutante was not nervous. She was confident, cool, and self-possessed. She exhibited much self-poise and many bones. When she took the stage an ovation greeted her. Bouquets fell thickly around her, plaudits rent the air, handkerchiefs waved. Transcendent genius, resting after a mighty effort, never met with greater enthusiasm than did this lady when she first appeared on the stage. The glowing dreams of a school-girl, who sees herself in fancy a famous prima donna, never presented a more brilliant scene. Mrs. Potter was "almost damned, in a fair way," by her clothes. It was evident that they weighed on her mind. That they were fine, and very costly, no one could doubt, and Mrs. Potter was determined that the audience should never forget this. She kept it sternly before their eyes. When they relapsed, for a brief relaxation, into counting her jewels, or stealing shy glances at the soubrettes, she brought them back with a jerk, by swinging her long plush train into view, plucking out the lace about her shoulders, patting down a fold, pinching out a drooping bow, smoothing down a wrinkle in her glossy hodie. She looked very pretty, but thin. The bones were startling, decorative, and aggressive. They refused to be overlooked. It is a mistake for so slender a person to wear décolleté dresses—even tulle would soften the outlines of those unblushing collar-bones.

Mrs. Potter has clung faithfully to her faults. We recognized all our old friends. The same well-bred, pretty voice, which, in the light badiage of the drawing-room, and in the heights of passionate emotion, never varies a note; the same stiff, stilted gestures, the same capacity for sobbing bitterly and then stopping suddenly as if choked off; the same entire lack of truth, sincerity, and simplicity. It is all affectation—there is no real feeling anywhere. The eyes, with which—by the way, she never looks squarely at her lover—are as cold as the eyes of a fish; the voice is cold; Mrs. Potter is cold. But the attitudinizing was charming—graceful, elegant, distingué, she melted from one pretty pose to another. She and Mr. Kyrle Bellew—our sweet, lovely Kyrle, with his deep, tender eyes—pose deliciously. And they were both so pretty! Mrs. Potter, *en passant*, has been christened "the American Langtry." She is not nearly so handsome as the bovine Lily, but has more *esprit*, more soul, more elegance; and, besides this, she has the most beautiful hair in the world—the Titian blonde hue, which no dye can simulate. She used, in the old days, to do it up with a single pin. Then in the evening, when she went out, she would lean her graceful head on a book-case, a window-ledge, a screen, anything adjacent, softly knock the hair-pin till it fell out, and down would roll the gleaming, golden locks in rich, coppery waves.

NEW YORK, November 7, 1887.

IRIS.

The circus-clown is slowly but surely losing ground in his contest with advancing civilization. P. T. Barnum has decreed that "the greatest show on earth" shall hereafter dispense with the presence of "a funny man."

THE DÉBUT OF THE POTTER.

"Flaneur" discusses the Audience, the Play, and the Lady's Ability.

The Potter first night was the sensation of the week. Nothing like it was ever known before in the history of New York. It ranks as the most important event of the kind in the history of the town, for it was an audience of notable people, from the gallery to the stage. Mrs. Potter is a go, and the fate of the Langtry is sealed. The American woman is younger, prettier, and abler than the English actress, and what is very much more to the point, she is the fashion. Even politics were forgotten on her opening night. The excitement began with the sale of seats at auction about a week ago. A man named Flagler paid four hundred dollars for the first box. He is not in society, nor is he very well known, although his fortune is estimated at twenty millions. Other boxes brought sums ranging from one hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars. The seats on the main floor were sold for twenty dollars apiece, and in the balcony they went for eight and two dollars. The streets were blocked with carriages when the hour for the performance arrived, and at half-past eight the audience was comfortably seated.

The beautiful wife of William Waldorf Astor leaned comfortably over the edge of a box, while her athletic and unpretentious husband amused himself by examining the curtains and woodwork that surrounded the stage. There is always something amusing to me in the manner of distinguished society people in public. They are so monstrously at home. There were thousands of eyes directed toward the Astor box that night, yet the objects of all the scrutiny dawdled around as unconsciously as a pair of children playing in the deserted hold of a stranded canal-boat on a lonely marsh. The Flaglers looked as though there were very satisfactory reasons for their lack of prominence in society. In another box, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer fawned upon, and almost hugged, his next presidential candidate, Roscoe Conkling, while beautiful Mrs. Pulitzer sat languidly in her corner of the box, and occasionally favored her distinguished escorts with a smile. Noted politicians, statesmen, lawyers, and merchants were scattered through the house.

But the women predominated. They were all in evening dress, and fully two-thirds of them wore very low gowns. It was an odd sight to see so many bare shoulders on the main floor of a New York theatre. How women stand the frightful exposure is still a fathomless mystery to me. I sat in the body of the house, about half-way from the stage, and yet, after the acts, the draught was so strong from the doors that I followed the lead of several other men in sight, and turned up the collar of my coat. Yet, all around me were frail-looking girls and delicately built women with their necks, busts, and backs exposed with the lavishness of the current fashion. I glanced back toward the door, and saw the same display of nudity up to the last row of seats. There was continuous coughing and sneezing on the part of the men, but the women did not seem to mind it in the least. Not one of them pulled a wrap over her shoulders during the performance.

It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Potter's old friends and companions turned out in such numbers to greet her. She was one of the most brilliant and accomplished of the younger leaders of New York society, and she has put into practical shape what half the young women of New York are constantly sighing for—fame and fortune. The craze to be talked about, and the hunger for money, have driven many a beautiful woman to extremes. It has forced Mrs. Potter on the stage. The talk about her devotion to her art, and the divine spark of genius that urged her on, is bosh, pure and simple. Mrs. Potter wanted money and fame. She can drive as hard a bargain as the Langtry, and she has a father who is only equaled in the line of dramatic parents by the stepfather of Mary Anderson, the redoubtable Dr. Ham Griffo. Ham will have to look to his laurels. A man recently showed me some letters, propositions, and suggestions from Colonel Urquhart concerning what he considered was due his daughter, Mrs. Potter, in the way of shares, etc., which would have caused Dr. Ham Griffo to step modestly aside and blush like a blistered peri. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, would loog since have been Mrs. Potter's manager had it not been for his reluctance to give up all of the gross proceeds of the performances, his whole fortune, and a large portion of his wardrobe to Coloel Urquhart as the Potter share of the partnership. Mr. Frohman restrained his zeal, and now that the cold weather has come on, he finds that he is comfortably clad. These, I admit, are sordid details about a beautiful woman's début, but they are of interest as showing how thoroughly beauty appreciates its value, nowadays. Mr. James Brown Potter occupied a modest seat during the performance on Monday night.

It was evident from the outset that the audience that had assembled to welcome Mrs. Potter was entirely uninterested in her surroundings. A gentleman with a mass of tangled iron-gray ringlets, a handsome face, bandy legs, and a becorseted figure, known to the stage as Harold Kyrle Bellew, but whose father bore the coy name of Higgins, is Mrs. Potter's leading man. Last year, he was at Wallack's, where he made a distinguished success among the impressionable girls of New York. Bellew is really rather a good fellow, but he doesn't look it. He selected the opening play for Mrs. Potter, and it therefore didn't surprise people to find that Mrs. Potter was not the principal figure of the drama. The play is by Delpit, and it is called "Mlle. Faustine Bressier." Mrs. Potter played a character which was variously pronounced by the members of her company as "Fausteen," "Foustyne," "Fawst'n," "Forstan" and "Fohsteene."

The first act rose upon a scene of turbulence, horror, and strife, most of which was contributed by an iron-jawed woman with a baritone voice, and a manner of inbred woe. Her name was Monk, and she was imported for the purpose of giving an air of realistic misery to the play. She did it to the audience as well. She played the part of the mother of Kyrle Bellew, who was dragged in in the first act, and laid upon a sofa, in what was apparently a dying condition. His shirt was stained by a huge blot of stage blood over his heart, and when his breast was lavishly exposed to view by the surgeon, it was seen to be covered by a dashing and original crazy-

quilt design in court plaster, immediately over the heart. The surgeon looked at it, remarked it was nothing, made Mr. Bellew, who was a poor boy and a communist, a trifling present of fifteen hundred francs, and withdrew. This practical encouragement of poverty and communism wrung a rabid cheer from the gallery, but the millionaires in the lower tier scowled grimly. The mother uttered a few stirring sentences in a deep bass voice, her husband was dragged off to the war, and she fainted away in her soo's arms.

The second act disclosed the garden of a suburban chateau near Paris. The mother dragged herself in, wailed, and filled the air with coarse notes of woe. She tore her hair and howled. Nobody had the most remote idea what it was all about, but society, which was out the entrance fee, made up its mind at once that, as it was not comprehensible, it must be tunny, so everybody laughed with great good humor and unction at Miss Monk's writhings from that time on. The more tragic she got, the heartier was the laughter.

In this act, Mrs. Potter appeared. When she stepped upon the stage, it was evident, in an instant, that she was to be indorsed. People who said that her old friends would frown upon her after she had taken up stage-life in earnest, were wroog. No actress ever got a heartier greeting. It was a welcome that touched the heart of the much discussed woman, and the tears filled her eyes. The applause rang through the house continually, while she bowed a dozen times. Finally she was forced to come forward to the footlights, and bow time and time again, while the uproar continued. It was a stunning welcome. As she stood there in front of the applauding thousands, she formed a beautiful and charming picture. She looked like a sixteen-year-old girl. Her face is piquant and attractive, and her figure is slim, girlish, and graceful. Her hands and feet are small, her eyes expressive, and her expression charming to the last degree. She is not a beauty of any particular type, for her features are irregular, but the georeal effect is exceedingly taking. From that time on, and throughout the evening, Mrs. Potter was constantly interrupted by applause. Every pose and every speech were seized upon as a chance for an expression of the friendly feeling of the audience, and after the final drop of the curtain, she was called out several times.

The play was the vilest trasb that has been seen here for years. It continued to revolve around Bellew, who became a milk-and-water sculptor in the third act, made love to the heroine, and when she married another man, he cried with tempestuous feminine fury. He and the iron-luged mother kept on talking wildly until half past eleven. Occasionally Mrs. Potter had a chance, and whenever it occurred, she proved that she was possessed of ability. She is by no means a great actress, but she has more power and talent than Mrs. Langtry has, and she is vastly better than the Lily was on the occasion of her first appearance here. Mrs. Potter is a reasonable sort of a success, and she will undoubtedly make a pot of money. She is, at all events, the fashion, and she stands head and shoulders above Langtry in the small talk of the day.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1887.

A French physician has recorded a very extraordinary case in which nightmare attacked an entire regiment of soldiers. Doctor Laurent, the physician in question, said he was surgeon of the first battalion of the Latour d'Auvergne Regiment when it was garrisoned at Palmi, in Calabria. At midnight in the month of June, the order to march with all possible speed to Tropea, forty miles away, was given. At seven o'clock on the following evening Tropea was reached, scarcely a single halt having been made by the way. The men arrived in a pitiful state of exhaustion and fatigue, in consequence mainly of the intense heat, but they found their rations cooked, their quarters prepared, and, after a hearty meal, retired for the night to an abandoned monastery, a building much too small for them. They had to sleep upon heaps of straw, some in one room, some in others. Just before occupying their unwholesome quarters some of the soldiers heard that the monastery was haunted by a demon dog, and spread the story from one to another, some of them uncomfortably, most of them merrily. There seemed little fear of their sleep being disturbed after such a day's work as they had done. But at midnight the deep silence was suddenly broken by loud, wild cries of terror. The white-faced soldiers rushed tumultuously from their chambers in every direction, and one and all at once told the same tale of superstitious terror. One and all had been visited by the phantom dog. The monastery was abandoned, and the weary soldiers, veterans in war and famous for their bravery, wandered about the town, or slept in sheds and out-houses, rather than again face the terrors of what was undoubtedly a bad attack of nightmare consequent upon sleep following an undigested meal taken while in a condition of great fatigue.

Professor H. B. Coney in the American Field, has this to say: "California has the scenery of Switzerland and Colorado, the tropical fertility of Italy, and a diversity of climate throughout its eight hundred miles of length, possessed by no other state. It has over a hundred peaks of a height exceeding ten thousand feet, of which Shasta, fourteen thousand feet, is the greatest; ten groves of big trees, scores of spouting geysers, hundreds of mineral, soda, sulphur, Congress, Vichy, alum, alkali, hot and boiling springs; mud volcanoes, a petrified forest, and a dozen fine watering places. Among its hundreds of lakes it numbers ice-cold Tahoe, ten by twenty-two miles in size, its surface six thousand two hundred and forty-six feet above the sea (higher than Mount Washington), with its clear depth of one thousand seven hundred feet and its submerged forest. It has the record of yielding fifty million dollars of gold in one year—1853 (present annual production, eighteen million dollars.) It cultivates millions of acres of vineyards and orange groves, saying nothing of fruits and cereals; it possesses Yosemite, fit monarch of all its endless natural wonders."

The Grand Rabbi of India won first prize at the Rothschild wedding, in Paris, recently, for the greatest show of diamonds. His exhibit was worn in his turban, and was valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Pilot's Story.

It was the pilot's story:—"They both came aboard there, at Can From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for St. Louis."

She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from her mother Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to the trader:

You would have thought she was white. The man that was with her—you see such—

Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good natured and kind,

Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating. I was a youngster then, and only learning the river—

Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at monte, Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers.

So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them, Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming: They never left their pigeons a single feather to fly with.

Next day I saw them together—the stranger and one of the gamblers: Picture-que rascal he was, with long black hair and moustaches, Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead.

On together they moved, still earnestly talking in whispers, Oo toward the fore-castle, where sat the woman alone by the galley.

Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and, beholding her master Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension

Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler, Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning.

Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what the women were;

Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other, With imploring eyes, bewildered hands, and a tremor

All through her frame; I saw her from where I was standing, shook so

'Say! is it so?' she cried. On the weak, white lips of her maid Dried a sickly smile, and he said, 'Louise, I have sold you.'

God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing, Desolate anguish as that which the woman cast on her master,

Gripping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her Standing in silence a space, as fixed as the Indian woman,

Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old Pocahontas! Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of

dying, Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild incoherence,

Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she answered: 'Sold me? sold me? sold—And you promised to give me my freedom!—'

Promised me for the sake of our little boy in Saint Louis! What will you say to our hoy, when he cries for me there in St. Louis?

What will you say to our God?—Ah, you have been joking, I tell you!

No? God! God! He shall bear it—and all of the angels heaven—

Even the devils in hell!—and none will believe when they hear Sold me!—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in silence

Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her fingers.

In his story a moment the pilot paused, while we listened To the salute of a boat, that, rounding the point of an island,

Flamed toward us with fires that seemed to burn from the water. Stately and vast and swift, and borne on the heart of the current

Then, with the mighty voice of a giant challenged to battle, Rose the responsive whistle, and all the echoes of island,

Swamp-land, glade, and brake replied with a myriad clamor, Like wild birds that are suddenly startled from slumber at night;

Then were at peace once more, and we hear the harsh cries of peacocks

Perched on a tree by a cabin-door, where the white-headed children's

White-headed children stood to look at the boat as it passed them. Passed them so near that we heard their happy talk and their laughter.

Softly the sunset had faded, and oow on the eastern horizon Hung, like a tear in the sky, the beautiful star of the evening.

Still with his back to us standing, the pilot went on with his story—

'Instantly, all the people, with looks of reproach and compassion Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried, and the mothers

Hugged them tight to their breasts; but the gambler said to the captain:

'Put me off there at the tow that lies round the bend of the river. Here, you'll rise at once, and be ready now to go with me.'

Roughly he seized the woman's arm and strove to uplift her. She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is dreaming.

Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the gang-way Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation.

Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she ran, and the people

Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for a moment Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler.

Not one to save her—not one of all the compassionate people! Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven!

Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her! Wildly she waved him back, we waited in silence and horror.

Over the swarthy face of the gambler a pallor of passion Passed, like a gleam of lightning over the west in the night-time.

White, she stood, and mute, till he put forth his hand to see her;

Then she turned and leaped—in mid-air fluttered a moment—Down there, whirling, fell, like a brokeo-winged bird from a tree-top,

Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her, and hurled her, and crushed her,

And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever."

Still with his back to us all the pilot stood, but we heard him Swallowing hard, as he pulled the hell-rope to stop her. Theo, tu

ing—

"This is the place where it happened," brokeoly whispered the pilot;

"Somehow, I never like to go by here aloe in the night-time."

—W. D. Howells.

From the report of the microscopist of the Department Agriculture, it appears that wool may be made perfect moth-proof by treating it with the sulphuric acid of commerce. The wool may remain in the acid several hours without appearing to undergo any change, as far as is revealed by microscope. When treated in mass in a bath sulphuric acid for several minutes, and afterward quick washed in a weak solution of soda, and finally in pure water and dried, it feels rough to the fingers, owing to the separation of the scales, but they resume their natural position, and appear finer.

THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

"Betsy B" describes the Wonders of the Hellbrunn Water-Works.

III.

Gmunden is the capital of the Salzkammergut, and Ischl, the most fashionable watering place in Austria, is just in the heart of the great salt domain. Your duty as a traveler may all you to both of them, but do not linger with them as you pass Salzburg. Pin your faith to the little white city with its fortress crown. Go whither you like in this beautiful green region, but always come back to Salzburg. Go to Ischl and Gmunden and Hallstadt, to the Aussee and the Plessee and the Traunsee and all the other sees, but its comfort and beauty will lure you back to make a new departure, for it always seems to be the centre of everything, though it is, as a matter of fact, perched somewhere on the edge of the "salt exchequer domain." Furthermore, if you love mountains, some of the loftiest and most jagged of the eastern Alps seem to stand watch and ward over it.

Every third man in Salzburg will point out the Unterberger to you if you ask him a question. The Unterberger is a great mountain of red marble, two or three miles away, whose symptoms of weather they watch as faithfully as if he were a sick man. Indeed, in the Alps one is very likely to get men and mountains sadly mixed, for they endow their great cloud-piercing Alps with such strong personality that they seem to be living things.

If you are in the neighborhood of Salzburg, and get a rather sick-tongued *valet-de-place* upon your hands, you take many a jaunt up hill and down dale before you discover that you are really in search of some certain view of the Watzmann. The members of the Tyrolean Club congregate somewhat thickly in this region. They are not fitted out like Tartarin of Tarascon, yet there is something in the gait of a mountaineer, one that really has the passion of climbing, that is unmistakable, and one hears Watzmann, Watzmann, constantly from their lips.

He is rather a surly looking old chap in any of his moods, but the climbers find it rather an easy feat to reach the great cross which marks his summit, and leave their names in the visitors' book. Perhaps they love him all the more, and indulge in a certain cordiality with him, because his name is not identified with any of the ice perils and tragedies which have made the great Swiss Alps such things of terror. It is not written that any unclaimed body is lying in his crevasses, nor do his guides warn trembling travelers of the dangers of the Ice Circle who lures so many to destruction. Yet even to the Alpine Clubs do not disdain him. The Watzmann is lofty enough to be grand, jagged enough to be picturesque, lonely enough to be impressive, and he reigns like a Caesar in his region. But, though there are many who can not look at a mountain without longing to climb it, there are many more who are perfectly willing to take in his grandeur from the base. One gets more views of the Watzmann from a distance than from his summit, and there are many lovely little nooks to explore by the way.

Who that ever stopped at Salzburg did not hear of the famous water-works at Hellbrunn, built, of course, by the good archbishops who threw their gardens open to their people. The château itself with all its fine frescoes has become a café long since, and all the world may be seen wending its way there on a fine Sunday afternoon. The way is not long, only three miles or so, and an old avenue swings its green boughs around the curved road on the plain, so that there is shade in the hot summer weather. Furthermore it is a lean trip. There are not many farm-houses on the way, and a Tyrolean farm-house—one says Tyrol, for everything speaks on the Tyrolean character here at the edge of the Tyrol—smell to heaven with a directness which is only equalled by the Swiss chalet.

But Hellbrunn is in an aristocratic neighborhood, as it should be. The Count of Arco's little Schloss Anif stands on a little island in a lake, by the way, and has become celebrated all over the world through the propagation of the photograph. It is a pretty little Gothic building, but it would be really rather a modest place on California Street. It is only its location that makes it remarkable, and our titled friends over the way prize location as eagerly as do the monks themselves. The Count of Arco can pull his rawhide, and intrench himself behind his water defence as well as his ancestors, though his castle has not so formidable a front. Its walls have been built to the very edge of the island. It rests on the glassy bosom of the lake like a great white bird, and it reflects itself so exactly in the undisturbed waters that the reflection seems like a continuation of the castle itself, and is much beloved of the photographers.

We went in to see a picture which the count had purchased at the Salon, and were taken into a little gallery which opened off a marble terrace where the Arcos take their coffee on summer afternoons. There were some forty or fifty rather good canvasses hanging in the little gallery. An American would never have had the temerity to give so ambitious a name to such a miniature place; but it transpired that the gallery was held in high local estimation. They sneered at the count's castle, because it was modern, but the handsome little German housekeeper, who had the mile of a Madonna and the manners of a duchess, had a very proper respect for it, and intimated quite plainly that he would be very happy to show us the comfort and splendor in which the "Gnädige Gräfin" lived. She took us all over the house, from the pretty drawing-room, with its collection of exquisite modern bric-à-brac—for the count is a connoisseur, and his every bit of gem in its way—to the great kitchen, where the fires were out and the shining copper glittered idle and splendid. The "Gnädige Gräfin" kneels upon an exquisite *prie-dieu* every night to say her prayers, and must have her thoughts distracted by the beautiful silver crucifix above her, which is so exquisitely wrought that it may be a Cellini.

The Madonna housekeeper is conversant with every bit of art in the castle, but an expression of the warmest admiration and the deepest awe stole over her face as she drew open a great carved door, leading off the bed-room, and disclosed a genuine American hat-room, completely equipped. That the Count of Arco is a great traveler one reads in every room of his pretty castle; but the Madonna housekeeper does not imagine for a moment that this won-

derful room is an idea picked up on his travels. She considers that the count has evolved it from his own brain, and that it is something quite unique as a residence-fitting. She is familiar with a bath-room as an appanage of a *Curhaus*, but as a belonging of a quiet and unpretentious castle, it rivals the luxury of a Roman emperor's dream. The Madonna housekeeper gave us something with which to feed the swans as we passed over the little drawbridge, and considered that we had done our duty by Anif.

Hellbrunn was a much stater castle in its day, and looks lordly enough even yet, among the old-fashioned seventeenth-century gardens around it. But a cosy little porch has been clapped on to the great entrance, where the vine clammers peacefully enough, and a group of placid Germans were smoking a noonday pipe around the tables. The biggest and burliest came forward to give us the welcome of an inn, and to tell us that it would cost fifty kreutzers apiece to see the waters play. A kreutzer is a so much smaller affair than its name, that these things sound quite terrifying at first; but when the big man's palm had been anointed, the waters came leaping and sparkling everywhere, and the fee seemed ridiculously small.

The hishops had an eye for the childish taste of simple people, and the water-works of Hellbrunn seem like a child's toy on a large scale. All the trades are represented in the little grottoes—millers, farmers, and bread-winners of all kinds. The grottoes are arranged by clever gradations, so that one is taken gradually from the callings of the peasants and the honest burghers into the severest of classics. There is a great Neptune in one of them forever putting his trident in rest, and his immediate neighbors are the world-famous lovers, Orpheus and Eurydice. They are made of Unterberger marble, this Olympian pair, and Eurydice actually takes on a seeming of life, for, through some peculiar trick of the water or the light, her lovely limbs flush to a rosy pink with the coming of dawn, and pale to whiteness as the afternoon noon sinks down the west.

There is a little theatre which, the burly man told us, had been running without getting out of order for one hundred and sixty-three years. There is a little lover, in a purple-velvet coat and white tights, with an "Il Trovatore" feather in his hat, who seems to have been holding his hand on his heart all that time. He is not at all worn by the years, but looks as fresh and jaunty as when the archbishops started him at making love to a wild-eyed young woman in a white dress, who has not yet yielded to his entreaties, but preserves as discreet a distance as if her chaperon were present. The chaperon, and the heavy villain, and the white-haired father are all there, and come around in a spasmodic way when the water pumps them into view. The entire action of the play is a little jerky, as many of our own are on first nights, but after a run of one hundred and sixty-three years one expects a little smoothness of action.

There is a village grotto, a reproduction of one of the little hamlets that are perched in impossible places throughout this region. This especial one is a succession of steep terraces, and queer little people, in breeches and gaiters, and with feathers in their hats, have been going up and down its steep ladders and managing the boats in its little lake for hard upon two centuries.

There is a great stone bench which has been a joke these hundred years and more. It is so nicely balanced that it looks innocent and harmless, but every Sunday regularly during all that time, when the peasants have come thronging in, as they throng every Sunday at Hellbrunn, some of them are induced by the wags of the place to sit upon the bench to rest. It is a lure for the simple creatures, for straightway the waters come leaping and flashing from a thousand escapes, and bewilder them with the wonderful rain. If they will only sit still no harm comes to them, but if they try to make their way out of this pavilion of water they are drenched to the skin. It is considered the best of jokes to send a poor peasant home to his Alps with his finery all a-dripping.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the Hellbrunn water-sights they always keep for the last. The burly man took us to a great grotto, shaped something like a temple. As we looked through the peep-holes, the grotto was solemnly dark, except for a shaft of light which pierced the top and fell like a glory on the great archiepiscopal crown of Salzburg, made of flashing pebbles and crystals, which looked like gems in the light. As we looked, the crown wavered, trembled, and then began to rise on a great pillar of water, which threw it up some fifteen or twenty feet. It stayed there for some moments, trembling and flashing in the sunlight, and then slowly and majestically came down to its rock cushion. It looked so impressive in its dark retreat that it was like the religious pictures of the descent of the Holy Ghost. There were no anarchists in those days, but if there were any mutiny in the breast of any one in the see, this mystic little spectacle must have struck terror to his superstitious soul. The minds of the peasants do not even yet seem to grasp the idea that all these wonders are wrought by the simple turning of a spigot. They stand about, gaping and wide-mouthed but ecstatic, and a visit to Hellbrunn makes the conversation of many a week in their simple lives. They love to wander in its great park, and fancy that they are nearer to nature's heart than down on the great hot plain where, any day in the week in reaping time, one sees long lines of bare-armed, brawny women gathering the harvest. The park itself is in the hands of experienced foresters, who cultivate such wildness as they can, as ardently as we cultivate the rarest hot-house exotic. The great wooded hill, behind the castle proper, gives a most superb view of the surrounding country of Salzburg, with the shining Salzach running through it like a narrow stream of quicksilver, and all the farm region lying about it, the jagged Alps, even a faint glimpse of Berchtesgaden in the distance, at whose foot lies the famous salt mine we are going to visit to-morrow.

An ancient castle crowns the height, and its little, old-fashioned panes glitter brightly enough in the sunlight, but, though it was not a ruin, a certain air of devastation bespoke it tenantless. An empty castle is not an uncommon thing, for the barons of these great estates all seem to prefer the big capitals to their ancestral halls. But this one here the curious but unmistakable air of never having been lived in. As why should it not? For the burly man told us, between gasps as we climbed the hill, that it was the great *Monatsschloss* (four-weeks' castle), which stood for the pride of a buried bishop in the woods of Hellbrunn. When the pretty

château had been completed, the pretty gardens laid out, the wonderful water-works in play, and the park in a fair way to become a forest, the archbishop invited his Fidis Achates, a kingling or princeling of the neighborhood, to come and view his wonder-work. Perhaps the kingling had a spark of jealousy, for that the pretty spot far outshone his own possessions. At all events, he would not give the archbishop the satisfaction of full approval. The landscape gave no sign of life, he said, and the crown of the wooded hill had been so unmistakably selected by nature for a castle-site that the bishop had made the mistake of his whole plan in not putting one there.

"Come to Hellbrunn one month from to day, and you shall see a castle there," spoke the bishop sententiously. And straightway he put his masons to work, and, when the month had passed away, the kingling came again. And lo! there was before his eyes a goodly castle, gray and tall, and with the look of age artificially laid upon it. And its panes shone in the sun as they shine to-day. But it was as empty as now, for it was but the crust of a castle. No staircase climbed from its great hall, no guard had ever watched upon its battlements, no eye had ever looked out of its deep recessed windows to watch the stranger guest come up the hill, no man had even craved shelter of its roof. From the beginning, it has served its purpose as a picturesque point in the scenery, but not a story of human life has clustered around its old walls. It lacks character, it lacks magnetism, and, for some inexplicable reason, it seems the empty thing it is.

In sight-seeing they say it is always safe to follow the crowd, and we had been observing long strings of people, peasants and others, wending their way over the hill. We took up our line of march, Indian file, behind a couple to see what the next marvel might be. The woman wore the black, winged head-dress of the region, with a lot of brass ornaments dropped at haphazard into it, a black velvet bodice, and a white, unslashed chemise, with the wide, white sleeves of the Swiss. The man wore his velvet breeches most jauntily, studded as they were with silver buttons. His gray, worsted leggings were rudely embroidered in green, and he wore the Defregger hat and hobnailed shoes of the mountaineer. Their hard, strong dialect seemed to belong to the mountains, and they seemed to have come down from the cloud-heights to find what life was like in the lowlands. But, when we came to a little plateau on the hill-side where a large group stood already drinking in the view, our peasant friends broke into the general chorus, "Wunderbar, wunderbar; wunderbar schon!"

We looked to see what was "wunderbar schon," and it was our old friend the Watzmann, who had chased us with a new view of himself whenever we had not been chasing him. He might have become a hit of a hore if he hadn't been such a grand old chap, and he never looks better than from the Watzmann Aussicht in the park of Hellbrunn.

BETSY B.

The death of Colonel Valentine Baker, or Baker Pasha, is announced. Concerning the affair which led to his downfall, "Cockaigne," our London correspondent, thus wrote us some years ago:

In the year 1875 Valentine Baker was the lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth Hussars, the swiftest light-cavalry regiment in the service. He had been in the service since before the Crimean War, and had served throughout that campaign as a lieutenant in the Twelfth Lancers. After that he saw service in India and China, and became noted for his dashing qualities. Brilliant, handsome, gifted, clever, brave, and able, he was a favorite among men, and a pet among women. He was a great friend of the Prince of Wales. The prince was the honorary colonel of the Tenth Hussars, and his being so, of course, gave an extra éclat to the corps and its officers.

In June, 1875, the Tenth were quartered at Aldershot, and on the afternoon of the seventeenth day of that month, Colonel Baker left North Camp Station by the South-western train for London, occupying a first-class compartment all to himself. At Woking Station, just as the bell was rung to start the train on again, a wagonette and pair dashed into the station yard. It was Mr. Dickinson (a gentleman residing in the vicinity), who was driving, his wife, daughter, and groom. With barely time to catch the train, the first compartment Mr. Dickinson reached he opened the door of, and put his daughter into. It happened to be Colonel Baker's.

Miss Dickinson was known as a great beauty at this time. It was the period when blondes were all the rage, and she was regarded as a sample to swear by. Her brother was an officer in the Royal Engineers, and she herself was by no means unknown at garrison balls and places where officers do mostly resort; and her golden hair and azure eyes were set off by a form and figure that might have been a model for a sculptor. Nor was her dress the least of her attractions. On the present occasion she was dressed in a short traveling costume of blue serge, which fitted her like a glove, and displayed beneath her scant draperies—it being the zenith of the "pull-back" period—a pair of fairy-like feet in patent-leather boots and golden-clocked blue silk stockings. A jaunty blue velvet round hat with a white gull's feather in it crowned her head, while a narrow strip of black lace served for a mask veil.

A friend of mine who happened to be on the train has given me this description.

At Clapham Junction, the passengers were thrown into a great state of excitement by the intelligence that when the train had come dashing up to the platform, the door of Colonel Baker's compartment was wide open, and the colonel holding fast with one hand to Miss Dickinson, who stood hatless upon the step outside. A great commotion followed.

Briefly, Miss Dickinson's story was that she did not know Colonel Baker even by sight; that the train had hardly left Woking when he entered into conversation with her; that her short replies had no effect, but that in spite of her coldness his manner became more familiar and his language improper, his offensive actions culminating in his stooping down and grasping her by one of her ankles; that thereupon she jumped up and tried to set the alarm in motion, but being intercepted by Colonel Baker, and not knowing what else to do, she sprang to the door, burst it open, and swung herself out upon the steps, the train going at the time at the rate of forty miles an hour; that Colonel Baker sprang after her, and, unable to draw her back into the compartment, held her firmly from falling, as she might otherwise have done. In reply, Colonel Baker had not a word to say, except to give an absolute denial to the whole story, or at least Miss Dickinson's version of it.

But at length at the Croydon Assizes, before Mr. Justice Tush of the Queen's Bench, Colonel Baker was tried for criminal assault.

Colonel Baker was convicted, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Maidstone jail, and a fine of five hundred pounds. He was cashiered from the army, losing his commission money—the same being the modest sum of six thousand pounds; he was expelled from all his clubs, and disgraced in every way. The queen, to show her special resentment, sent for Miss Dickinson to come and see her at Buckingham Palace, and commiserated with her. In fact, she tried to make a heroine of her. But she couldn't make that go. Besides, there were people who knew Miss Dickinson pretty well, and though Colonel Baker, neither at the trial nor in any public manner, ever said a word to injure her, it somehow got whispered about that she had given more encouragement to his advances than were in keeping with modesty, and that the ankle-grasping episode had been a rather natural result of a request from her to button her boot. So, altogether, though she succeeded in ruining Valentine Baker, she pretty effectually ruined herself as well.

LUXURY AND VICE.

"Parisina" tells how the Demi-Mondaines are invading the Salons.

I am quite willing to believe that there is no more wickedness in Paris than in any other big town, that the Parisians are no worse than other folk. If they are sometimes given to evil courses, dissipated, addicted to gambling, bearing false witness against their neighbors, the slaves of their passions, ambitious, unscrupulous, and venal-minded—so are others. It is no monopoly. But this much may certainly be scored against them—they are not careful enough about the pitch. They expect to finger it, and yet be undefiled.

There is an awful amount of pitch about in one form and another here. Plenty everywhere, all the world over—the devil takes care of that. In some countries, however, it is such a very hideous, unsophisticated compound that the temptation to touch it is lessened, while the smallest speck is considered such a dishonor that men keep clear of it—not from moral conviction, but on the ground of respectability. Parisian pitch is gilt and hurnished on the surface, though none the less sticky, none the less tenacious. And he who has dipped his fingers in the black pool will draw on a pair of gloves, and so long as he seems outwardly clean, no one cares what he the color of the hands which wear the spntless kids. Indeed, his having fingered the pitch rather adds to than takes away from his popularity in a general way, until some very scandalous proceeding is brought to light, and then there is a great outcry, as of late in the matter of the decorations, and great surprise and horror is manifested for a time.

In one sense the latitude allowed in conversation is pitch. Things are talked of currently in a salon that no English-speaking tongue could bring itself to pronounce outside a smoking or a mess-room. Anecdotes, full of filthy detail, are told, not in innuendo, but in clear, unmistakable French, before ladies, and by ladies themselves. We had a specimen of this sort of talk in Dumas's "Franchillon," and the author, as if on purpose, put the worst sayings in the mouths of the most reputable of the characters. The gray-haired marquis quotes Brantôme without asterisks before the Baronne Smith, who is painted as a model wife and mother, and who is herself by no means nice in her choice of subjects. It is often so in real life. The French bourgeoisie may have all the virtues, save that of reticence. I have been more shocked by the conversation among the middle-class pharisees than when mixing with bohemians. The former may only mention unclean topics for the purpose of denouncing the same, though it would be far better if they held their peace; whereas the latter, clothing their speech in the garment of wit and humor, more easily earn our forgiveness. It is frequently the matron, whose purity of life no one questions, who evinces the most curiosity with respect to the demi-monde, and that other lower *quart de monde* that has grown into such perilous importance and prominence of late. There are gray-heads whose delight it is to discourse on licentious subjects, and as they don't get the doors closed in their faces for it, they often get from bad to worse, poisoning the atmosphere around them, and lowering the moral standard of the men and women they frequent. Parisina may be accused of telling tales out of school, but I can not help saying that women among themselves will mention things nowadays that a few years since were never mooted by lips polite, things which ought not to be thought of, much less talked about.

As for the censorship of the stage, it is a dead letter, so far as many things are concerned. It will cavil at a few unimportant matters, and let others pass that have an infinitely greater demoralizing effect. It is almost impossible to go to the theatre without touching pitch. Few husbands exercise any marital supervision over their wives with respect to the pieces they allow them to see—more's the pity. They will take them to listen to Judic's songs, full of double meanings, to the scurrilous pieces at the Palais Royal, to listen to Dumas's dangerous moralizing, to cry over "Sapho" and "Nana," and to laugh at the rude, unseemly jests put into the mouths of Celine Chaumont or Millie Meyer. True, they keep their daughters clear of contamination, and would consider themselves wanting in decency if they allowed them to see anything more exciting than the "Dame Blanche" or the "Tour du Monde." The newly made son-in-law will have no such scruples, however.

Much French literature is pitch of the worst kind. That any periodical should have been found to publish "La Terre" in its columns is astounding. It wallows in filth from beginning to end. It was charming to read Charpentier's indignant denial when it was mooted abroad that he had declined to bring out the work in a volume. What, could he be so lost to the exigencies of art as to hesitate because his dear friend Zola chose to make a pig of himself? Has Renan lost any of his prestige, or have his colleagues of the Academie turned the cold shoulder upon him, since the publication of the "Abbesse de Jouarre"? *Ma foi!* no. They would forgive him that more readily than the picturesque pages of "La Vie de Jésus." When "Mlle. Giraud ma Femme" appeared, Mrs. Grundy—or our French substitute for the same—was extremely shocked; the journal bringing it out in *feuilletons* received so many indignant letters that it had to suspend the publication of the story; now variations on the same theme are printed and read without protest. "Les Deux Amies," and many other novels of a similar obnoxious character, run the gauntlet of the *police de mœurs* and of public opinion with bare-faced impunity. Are we to take them as signs of the times? I am afraid so.

If club-men chose to amuse themselves with highly seasoned *revues* and dramatic entertainments, the world has no call to pass remark on their doings, since they are masters in their own houses, and hitherto they have always forborne to invite the women of their own world when anything uncommonly spicy was on the hills. But it does not redound to the honor of a club when the members receive and make much of the *Bataillon Léger*, and the club drawing-room is converted into a second Elysée Montmartre. It is one thing to frequent the *coulisses* and the wrong side of the grandstand at the races, and another to entertain such guests in the semi-publicity of the club-house. Formerly Frenchmen understood these nice distinctions better. Familiarity with pitch has doubtless blunted their susceptibilities.

One thing leads to another. Brought into constant intercourse with *ce monde interlope*, they cease to associate it in their minds with pleasure alone. Many of these women have wonderful heads for business, and they have to look to the main chance. A generous lover is a capital investment, but though many are generous enough (where their mistresses are concerned), the men who can minister to the needs of a fashionable demi-mondaine are naturally limited, and, beside, they have always before them the fear of a time when there will be no market for their charms. It is by no means common now for Circe to end her days in an hospital; either she retires comparatively rich, with money in the funds, or—if fortune has been less kind—she sets up in some shady profession or other, opens a matrimonial office, or worse, enters herself in the ranks of the secret police, or mayhap goes in for political intrigue, and by keeping up her old connections, manages, with the help, perhaps, of younger and prettier women, to go on making dupes of the men at fifty as she used at five-and-twenty.

Woe to the impecunious young man about town who allows himself to be lured by a pair of bright eyes into the clutches of such a harpy; she will procure him money at ruinous interest, and weave such a net of debt and difficulty about his head as he will never disentangle. Woe to the financier who confides his money affairs to frail female ears; to the diplomat or public functionary, civil or military, who blabs out office secrets, or makes use of the supposed influence of one or any of these adventuresses. It means ruin and dishonor, as General Caffarel and others have found to their cost. This is pitch, the touch of which defiles. They may prove that they haven't done a hundredth part of what they are accused of, but the fact remains, they have hartered their right to be believed by the very fact of their intimacy with such suspicious characters; a simple answer to a letter—a refusal or acceptance of an invitation—will be sufficient ground for social condemnation.

Into society, though not of the best sort, every now and then women with queer pasts will somehow manage to get admitted. An old man may be persuaded to give his name to one of them, or they will squeeze letters of introduction out of their victims, or, by assuming a title, dazzle some unsophisticated *bourgeois* into inviting them to their houses, and so wind their way into the society of honest folk, who having met them in one salon of unblemished respectability credit them with the same. In sets where stricter inquiry is made concerning the origin of name and fortune of all women, the actual barrier raised between the monde and the demi-monde is not to be thrown down, but the moral barrier is overthrown by the unhealthy curiosity which the majority of Parisian ladies evince concerning the sayings and doings of the fair sinners whom they may meet in the Allée des Acacias, at the theatre, at every turn of their daily lives. Men do not hesitate to give information on the subject when asked so to do; even husbands are often culpably confidential.

Then the women are wild to go everywhere and see everything. It is no use telling them certain places are haunted by vice and corruption. Some time ago I told you what I thought of the Chat Noir, and the entertainment upstairs, and my opinion has not altered a jot. In all probability everyone will be dying to see the new pantomime that is to supersede the "Epopée," another "Tentation de Saint Antoine" (the title is a fetching one) is sure to be one of the great attractions of the season. In the meantime, the Folies Bergères is much patronized by our fashionable Eves who are hungering for a bite of all the fruits of the tree of knowledge. Now it certainly is not a nice place for a lady to visit; she must rub shoulders with the scum of the earth to reach her stall, and she will hear things said that ought to bring a blush to her cheek. Yet she will go there all the same; and, being at a loss for a new amusement wherewith to entertain guests at her next evening party, will engage Awata, the acrobat, to come and exhibit his thews and his sinews in her own drawing-room, and put his name on the programme along with that of Sarah and Coquelin.

She who will take delight in the lucubrations of the poets of the Chat Noir, enjoy the scandalous promiscuity of the Folies Bergères, or tolerate a man in tight under her own roof-tree, may be pure enough in action—Zola will tell you it is a question of temperament—but she can not be undefiled in thought, for she has dipped her delicate finger-tips into the pitch.

PARISINA.

A scientific man, while out in a boat one night on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that it was impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The boatmen stopped rowing, saying that they must wait for daylight, or, at least, until the fog should clear away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. Their passenger then showed them what benefit could be reaped, in an emergency, from a knowledge of certain natural laws. He says: "I at once stood up in the boat, and shouted. Soon an echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which it proceeded, I said, 'There is the nearest land.' Rowing half a mile in the specified direction, we soon reached the shore. The boatmen expressed great surprise that, although they had been on the river all their lives, so simple a plan for finding their way in a fog had never occurred to them. The fact upon which I acted was this: Air saturated with moisture during a fog is a much better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow: sounds travel faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily, and the sound is heard more distinctly."

Among the occupations of alien immigrants enumerated in the annual report of Dr. McAllister, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of San Francisco, for the past fiscal year, are butchers, bakers, bricklayers, hoothlacks, bartenders, clergymen, drummers, journalists, laborers, missionaries, *princes*, porters, peddlers, *queens*, tailors, tourists, teachers, and wood-choppers.

The Berachah Mission has recently flinched New York city with invitations to sinners to repent. The warning exhortation is couched in this startling phraseology: [Please lift this up and put it over your bed before retiring to-night.] If I die to-night I will go to —. Signed —. Date —.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, came near shooting the Czar at a recent hunting-party in the Nyrup Forest. He mistook him, in the dusk, for a stag, and had a sure aim at him and his finger on the trigger, before he was undeceived.

When Jefferson Davis went to Macon, Ga., Robert Haydn, of the *Telegraph*, made him a present of a new hat, and kept as a memento the old one which the ex-president of the Confederacy discarded. He has since been offered one hundred dollars for the old hat, but refuses to part with it.

Simon Cameron once said: "My son Don has had a great many advantages, but I had one that was worth all of them—poverty." There are a good many young men of the present day who have on hand a large and elegant assortment of the article, which they would gladly dispose of at a slight advance.

The death has just occurred, at Constantinople, of Demetrius Antipapa who was educated in Paris during the Revolution. He was personally acquainted with Robespierre, Marat, and Danton. He was intimate with Camille Desmoulins, and in Mme. Tallien's salon danced and sung "Ca ira." He was a witness of the execution of Marie Antoinette.

The King of Dahomey is described as "a tall, well-built negro of about forty, dressed in a blue-silk gown reaching to his knees, covered with silver half-moons, stars, and quaint-shaped spangles about the size of half-dollars. On his head he had a cap of red velvet with gold lace, and the figures of a skull and cross-bones in front. On his feet were gold laced sandals. In his hand he held a sceptre of solid gold, surmounted by a red skull."

If London *Truth* is to be believed, M. Wilson, the notorious son-in-law of the French President, is not well informed on literary affairs. Says *Truth*: "The other day he (Wilson) said at luncheon, at the Elysée, that he did not care for any novels but George Sand's, and liked them because of their landscapes. Then he remarked that George Sand must now be very old. He was not aware that she had been dead eleven years."

The princes of the royal family of Bavaria are very angry at the man in which the art treasures of the late King Ludwig were sold at Stuttgart. Paintings, done by a Spanish princess and presented to Kings Max and Ludwig, and marked with the monogram of the fair artist and the Spanish and Bavarian coats-of-arms, were sold to rich private people. The dining-tee of the king and his yacht were sold the latter being intended for general transport service on Lake Chiem in Bavaria. The royal princes declare these things, sanctified by royal usage, were being desecrated by the profane touch of common mortals.

Brilio papers report from Fredericborg that as the Czar was recently about entering his carriage he was approached by a beggar-woman who held a little child in her arms, and implored his assistance. The Czar roughly called to her to Danish to withdraw, and quickly jumped into the carriage. He then beckoned to one of the officers of his retinue and handed him several gold pieces, which he delivered to the woman with the remark: "His majesty has just come from his children, who are ill with the measles, and did not wish to expose your child to contagion. He sends you this money and advises you to leave this spot at once. The very air around the castle is dangerous to children."

His Grace Henry Fitzalan Howard, K. G. fifteenth Duke of Norfolk and hereditary Earl Marshal of England, almost fresh from the grave of an idolized wife, shedding bitter but unavailing tears over the heir to his title, is just recovered from an attack of illoes. With an annuity income exceeding one million three hundred thousand dollars, splendid palaces in which to reside, and a title which dates back to the time of Richard III., one would think that the duke ought to be a happy man. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, born eight years ago, his heir, is blind and deaf, is dumb, is deformed, and weak in intellect. People say the grief at this week of all her hopes hastened the death of the duchess and it is certainly aging the duke.

The Newmarket paddocks were crowded last week by turfites and dealers who were anxious to see the last of the Marquis of Ailesbury racing stud. The young gentleman was there himself to see fair, and let us hope he was satisfied with the ten thousand guineas or so which the sale produced. "No man who has consorted so much with prize fighters, cabmen and costers can have much modesty left, but the noble marquis must be pachydermatous indeed to show his face so close to the scum from which he has been so recently ejected. Even a cab or a coster has his feelings, but *noblesse oblige*, and a blue-blooded marquis must not be excelled even in impudence. Lord Ailesbury will be wise if he invests his newly acquired ten thousand pounds in some other speculation than the law, for it is said that he is about to bring the Jockey Club into the law courts. If he does there will be some pretty washing of dirty linen. Certainly, if one has to choose between the two evils, it is better to spend ten thousand pounds in fighting the Jockey Club, than in the divorce court, which is generally patronized by litigious lordlings.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes lengthy extracts from a new book entitled "Darwin's Life," which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appears that Darwin, as a child, was naughty, and, as a boy, he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury school after seven years, very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that he did not work because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of a doctor, but his horror of the sight of blood, and his repugnance to dissection, prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed, his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling, and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel, and paid the choir-boys to sing to him. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance, and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1833 Darwin became a deist, and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never died the existence of God."

Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, has come on a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman government remembers her services, and requites these by monthly pension of five thousand piastres, a sum that in her own rough home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and scame with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex, she looks like a man of forty, not like a woman who will never again see seventy five. Slung across her shoulders in Cossack fashion, is her long sabre with its jeweled hilt; decorations shine and sparkle on her breast; while the stripes across her sleeve show her to be a captain in the Ottoman army. In the campaign of General Lespinnas in the Dobrudja, some short while before the allied armies landed in the Crimea, while smoking out chattiog one day in his tent with several of his brother officers, he general heard at far distance a strange music, a melody of drums and clarinets, tomtoms, and piercing human cries. Whence came this weird minstrelsy? All the men in camp turned out to listen to it and discern its origin, when from over the hills they saw a band of some three hundred horsemen approaching them at full gallop. At their head rode a brown-faced woman, with flashing eyes and lissom limbs; the very picture of an Amazon. Vaulting from her saddle, she gravely saluted General Lespinnas, and through an interpreter told him they had come to fight the Russians, both she and her brave Kurds being completed at his service. That night her men were quartered to camp with French troops; but they were ill-pleased to be so billeted. They wanted their independence, and not even their mistress and leader should harter it away for them. By daybreak they were in their saddle riding off across the hills to meet the dawn, to the sounds of that weird strident music which had proclaimed their approach.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway implies, in a late issue of one of the magazines, that an aristocratic society does not exist in the United States. If we do not possess a court with its "pomp and ribbons" (says L. Melbourne in the *Epoch*), if we can not boast of a Lord Boston, a Duke of Chicago, or a Lady Dowager of Sacramento, we at least can find in the principal cities of the United States, an "exclusive set," as absolute in its aristocratic tendencies, as any foreign "aristocratic society." Unfortunately this exclusiveness is not based on intelligent superiority. Our Mr. Percy Van Stump Smith, or our Mrs. de Vere Jones, vie in snobbery with Lord Talltassell or Lady Cheesehury. Their craving for pomp and title is not hereditary or the result of early training. Were it sufficiently interesting to investigate their lineage, we would probably discover that some honest shoe-maker, farmer, hand, grocer, or laborer had laid the foundation of their present prosperity. American heiresses abroad who have exchanged their wealth for a title, are generally "plus royaliste que le roi." Armorial crests adorn their furniture, their note-paper, their cushions, their fans, their slippers—in short, wherever they can be prominently exhibited. During the Second Empire, Paris was the favored centre of our aristocracy, but since France has become a republic, since the imperial court festivities have made room for the ordinary presidential receptions, the gay city has been deserted for London, Berlin, Rome, or Madrid, in fact, wherever a title is not considered a thing of the past. Do our railroad kings or wealthy bankers associate with the modest shop-keeper? Will the wife of a prosperous house-contractor be on terms of intimacy with the bricklayer's wife? Will the laborer who earns eighteen or twenty dollars a week choose his chums among those who only earn eight or ten? By no means. To whatever station in life he may belong, man will thirst for supremacy over his fellow-men. Our democratic system can not establish equality which never existed. Aristocratic tendencies are to be found in every social grade of American society. You may abolish the name, but you will never destroy its existence, for we form no exception to the world's history. It is to be hoped that our "American aristocracy" will, in the near future, at least be represented by those who have distinguished themselves in letters, science, or art, which is the only aristocracy worthy of a great republic.

While summer rages, all foreign residents in Japan dress in white—men in white duck suits, white helmets, and white canvas shoes, and women in white gowns, always looking cool and fresh on the hottest days. The pretty haiding on the white coats, with their closely buttoned fronts and standing collars, enable some men to dispense with the tall, starched, cruelly collars of other seasons that wilt to nothingness in this damp heat. In summer-time, the Japanese women show most picturesquely in their artistic dresses, and the bright crêpes under dark gauzes, the beautiful silk and cotton *kimonos*, the broad sashes of crêpe or brocade, make each one a picture. The open-pointed neck, and the high square sleeves of the loose *kimono* makes it the ideal summer dress. All foreigners adopt the Japanese *kimono* for a bath-gown and negligée, but the wearing of it goes no further. A lady is never seen, save by her intimates, in the picturesque *kimono*, and the few who have mistakenly supposed that they were paying a delicate compliment to Japanese friends by wearing their country's dress, have found that they had rather shocked and astonished the natives, who considered them very queer, and decidedly too unconventional. The Japanese are all gone daft over foreign dress, and are getting themselves into it as rapidly as possible. It is disfiguring to them, but then it's the fashion, and therefore to be endured. On hot days, when an unambitious Japanese can dispense with all but a shred of clothing, another will wear a full suit of broadcloth, woolen socks, and high hat, and perspiring by rivulets at every pore, give one quite the idea that he is enjoying himself. Nothing looks better in hot weather than one of these clean, fresh, blue-and-white cotton *kimonos*, and a row of pretty tea-house girls in such gowns, with elaborately dressed heads, sitting or standing under their red-lanterned eaves, is typical, and ideally suggestive of summer days in Japan.

Last winter, it is said, a cup of chocolate proved a welcome change to the gentlemen who visited New York drawing-rooms at that delightful hour of gossip and tea, five o'clock in the afternoon. "I drank ten cups of tea," said a gentleman, "between four and five o'clock on several days last winter." As a change from tea, many ladies intend providing champagne cup for those occasions where a little more ceremony than the ordinary tea-giving is required. It is served in champagne glasses, and hrewed in a glass pitcher of the tankard shape. It looks so attractive seen through the white cut glass; any colored glass would spoil the effect-iveness. This recipe for it emanates from no less an authority than Delmonico's establishment: Take a quart bottle of champagne, bottle of English soda, one lemon cut in two, not squeezed, and the rind of a cucumber, which not only flavors the decoction, but helps to make it look attractive. In the pitcher are also placed lumps of ice, not cracked. On the top, floating in this mixture, which has been thoroughly shaken, is a bouquet of mint, through which the punch of champagne percolates as it is poured out, thus inhibiting some of its flavor. The cut-glass tankards are very beautiful, come in several designs, and make a splendid ornament to the sideboard. Dainty little silver dishes now come in the shape of hearts, diamonds, or with crimped edges; they hold dried ginger for after-dinner or other sweetmeats. A tiny pair of sugar-tongs accompany them. High épergnes and bouquets are no longer liked at table, as they prevent the guests from seeing each other. The high candlesticks are also found to be an unbecoming light, so they are to be placed around the room instead of on the table. The low fairy-lamps come in new designs, and are to be surrounded by a greater profusion of flowers than those used last winter.

Monsieur Guy de Maupassant is very severe on lawn-tennis in a recent article in the *Gil Blas*. "Formerly," he says, "people went to the seaside to bathe and to swim.

To-day people go to indulge in an exercise of 'quite a different kind, and one which by no means necessitates the proximity of water. From morn to eve one meets in the streets of the seaside village, in the neighboring roads, in the meadows, in the fields, at the borders of the wood—everywhere—men, women, children, gray-beards, maidens, mothers of families; the men dressed in white flannel, the women in little uniforms, with black flannel petticoats, and all carrying a racquet in their hands. This racquet, odious racquet, hideous nightmare, one can not take one step abroad without seeing. All have it in their hands from morning till evening, never leave hold of it, handling it like a toy, brandishing it in the air, sitting upon it, looking at you through it as through prison bars, thumping it as if it were a guitar. These people, these poor people, who carry this particular sign of their madness, are sick of a malady of English origin, an evil that is called lawn-tennis. You can see them in troops, agitating themselves wildly, running, jumping, bounding forward, backward, with cries, contortions, with hideous grimaces and lunatic gestures, for many hours together, kept back only by a net, which checks their extravagances. One might fancy, as one watches them from afar, that they are children amusing themselves at some hoisterous and simple game. But, on approaching, this doubt is dispelled; one understands the nature of their malady, for mature men, and old men, gray-haired women, the fat, the skinny, the hald, the hunchback—all such as one would think certain to be reasonable and composed—behave with even greater madness than the young. And their leaps, their gestures, reveal to the affrighted passer-by that animal expression which is concealed in every human face. One's eyes grow dim and the mind is unhinged as one watches them. It is a wild, mad *danse macabre* of dogs, of goats, of calves, of rams, of pigs, of donkeys, all with human faces, those in knickerbockers, these in petticoats, jumping about with grotesque convulsions in the stomach, in the breast, in the loins, tossing heads and kicking feet, a violent and ridiculous mimicry." This is a curious criticism coming from such an athlete as is M. de Maupassant himself.

Mrs. Lieutenant-General Packenham, who recently sailed for England with her distinguished husband, is evidently a very observing if not a cynical woman. A friend asked her, during a dinner at the Brunswick, how she liked America. "On the whole, very much, but I find that my sex, more than the men, take their social coloring from their respective neighborhoods. Your Southern women, as a rule, are gentle, retiring, and refined, and it's a pleasure to be in their society. Western women are pronounced, and possess a *chic* that savors of their rapid growth. Your Bostonian understands what she doesn't admire, and your New Yorker admires what she doesn't understand. It's a very kaleidoscopic country, I assure you."

It is in the way of eccentricities and accessories of the toilet that rich belles manage to keep ahead. Take pocket-hooks for example. They have been growing slimmer and taller for the last year. They resemble clubs at a little distance, and the last fashion is to have handles to them; they are twelve and fourteen inches long, and about four wide. They contain one long pocket, in which one of the tiny, fashionable embroidered handkerchiefs is stretched out, a pocket partitioned off into three sections for change, another long one in which hills are folded, and a corner in which reposes a two-inch square pad of perforated huckskin, in which veloutine is packed in rose-leaf. There is a new cosmetic for surreptitious use when the bloom is not on a fair woman's lips, or has been worried off her cheek. A simple leaf, the petal of a flower, will renew its freshness, for you can buy now little celluloid boxes packed with two dozen carmine-stained muslin rose-leaves. By the application of one, dry, the faintest blush of health is produced; a slight moisture deepens it in intensity, and the rose-leaf held between the wet lips a moment makes them as beautifully red "as if a bee had newly stung them." All this you find in the fashionable pocket-book of a lady just now, and when this wallet is made of fragrant leather, or the saurian's map-like hide, or the scaly serpent's skin, nicely bound with edges and corners of scroll-work silver, it is an interesting article.

"If you intend to be exquisitely fashionable in your entertainment this season" (says a writer in the *Sun*) "you must hire talent from the public shows. It is the custom in Europe for social assemblies to depend on professional performers for special entertainment. After the opera is over, and the curtains are dropped in the various theatres, the bright actors or actresses, in full evening dress, go off to some private house in Belgravia, and there give the howling swells proof of their talent. Such men as Corney Grain and George Grosmith will visit several places in a night, at from twenty-five to fifty dollars each. It seems beneath an artist, this taking half-hours in private houses, and the first time I saw Corney Grain, big, handsome, clever, the most distinguished looking man in a crowd of titled dukes, come in late, in full evening costume, speak to the hostess, and hold himself aloof till he got the cue from her ladyship, then press through the throng, go to the piano, and give a half-hour's entertainment with all the genius for which he is noted, respond to a well-hred pattering of gloves, and make a courteous acknowledgment of their applause, I was rather grieved by it. After this he would probably be seen talking with the host; he would stroll to the smoking-room, or linger a moment in the drawing-room door, take something, and, as the majordomo of the staff of attendants helped him on with his overcoat, he would receive a cash envelope, take his roll of music, and jump into a cab at the door to go, perhaps, to another party, and do his little turn again. This adds materially to an artist's income, if not to his self-respect. This winter, in New York, the same fashion is to be generally followed. Comic mimics and many singers are engaged as far ahead as February. The little prim beauty, Adelaide Detchong, who belonged to Wallack's company one or two seasons, and immortalized herself at a little supper, one night, by asking, 'What is beer?' had a neat trick of whistling in imitation of birds. She has made a good income in London by her drawing-room engagements, and now is to be heard in society circles on this side during the winter."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A new thing to lawn-mowers is called "The Nehuchadnezzar."—*Puck*.

Miss Goldsby—"How does my new gown strike you, papa?" Papa (laconically)—"For about two hundred and fifty, I suppose, my dear!"—*Puck*.

No one can realize how much money there is in the world until he reads the assets of insurance companies printed on the backs of their folders.—*Ex*.

Young Bilkins went out gunning yesterday, and shot six times at an owl before he discovered that it was a piece of mud on his eye-glasses.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Emily—"Ask her to give us some more of her sacred music, George." George (a linguist)—"Oh, Mademoiselle, donnez-nous encore de votre sacrée musique."—*Punch*.

Dumley (who has treated Featherly to a cigar from his own private box)—"Not a (puff) had cigar, eh?" Featherly—"N-no, not (puff) very bad."—*New York Sun*.

Old lady—"I'm sorry to hear a little hoy use such shocky language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" Urchin—"Yes'm; dey gits to be boss-car drivers."—*Tid-Bits*.

"Pa," said a New Hampshire farmer's daughter, "the laziest tramp I ever saw came into the yard to-day. He stood there by the wood pile and let the dog undress him."—*Burlington Free Press*.

"Robert, dear, how do you suppose these dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into our cellar?" "Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life!"—*Life*.

Professor Proctor figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.—*Buffalo Express*.

Only three million women in this country have to work for money, and all the rest of the women get their money for nothing. What in the world are they kicking for?—*New York Commercial-Advertiser*.

"I see the Y. M. C. A. is going to hold a week of prayer for young men," observed the horse editor. "Well, they need it," replied the snake editor; "the church-fair season has opened."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Mrs. Hartraunf—"I'm sure you've acquired our language very quickly, professor; I can understand you perfectly." Professor Bliegen-shmit (proudly)—"Ha! I dets you I vos oot on any flies!"—*Tid-Bits*.

Gentleman—"I don't like to pay you for the job, Uncle Rastus, till it's done. You might go back on me." Uncle Rastus (earnestly)—"Deed I won't, boss, 'deed I won't. Ise white it I is cullud."—*New York Sun*.

Jack—"Hello, Sissy—which way?" Young Mr. Sissy (very impressively)—"Europe, Jack. I sail on the *Umbria* at noon. I may be gone a year. Jack (who has crossed half-a-dozen times)—"Is that so? Well, ta, ta!"—*Puck*.

Some one has invented a new style of boy's trousers which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat and sheet-iron knees, are riveted down in the seams, and have water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.—*Texas Siftings*.

First young person (reading from catalogue)—"No. 49. Women of the Stone Age." Second young person—"Why, they didn't wear any clothes!" Third young person—"Poor things! Whatever did they have to talk about?"—*Life*.

"What does p. d. q. mean, pa?" asked little Johnny, who is quick at picking up things he shouldn't. "It means the way you will go upstairs to bed," replied old Brown, "if I hear another word out of you the whole evening."—*Judge*.

Newspaper art: Editor (to the artist of the paper)—"Have you the drawing of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Inkplasher?" Mr. Inkplasher—"Yes, sir; here it is." Editor—"Ah, yes; and which is the President and which is Mrs. Cleveland?"—*Life*.

He (making a long call)—"What a very odd-looking child, Miss Smith. It is an heirloom?" She (suppressing a yawn)—"Oh, no; it is a recent purchase of papa's. He has a penchant for such things. I was about to call your attention to it."—*New York Sun*.

Young Rural (in a New York restaurant, showing off before his girl)—"Waiter, bring us a bottle of champagne." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Dry?" Young Rural (holy)—"It's none of your infernal business whether we are dry or oot! Just you bring it!"—*Texas Siftings*.

As soon as we get over the rush, we are going to invent a big oavy gun that will throw deadly car-stoves into the enemy's vessels. Two grand results will be accomplished; the enemy will be annihilated in a particularly melancholy manner, and we shall get rid of the stoves.—*Springfield Union*.

Father (haughtily)—"Well, sir!" Son (impudently)—"Forgive me. I know how deeply I have wronged you; but I am young, and I have yet time to make reparation. If a future life of honesty—" Father (angrily)—"Honesty! ha, ha! Who prates of honesty to a retired ice-dealer?"—*Life*.

Policeman (leaning against peanut-stand)—"Gape fer me, ye calico-hided Oyetalian!" Peanut-Vender gapes. Policeman—"Gape wider, ye shnake!" Peanut-Vender turns his head inside out. Policeman—"It's well ye did!" (Fills his tail-pocket with peanuts, and goes into saloon for something to keep awake on.)—*Puck*.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston, who is entertaining young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago)—"I have a treat for you to-day, Mr. Wabash, in the way of some broiled hivalves. My husband is very fond of them." Young Mr. Wabash (trying one)—"They are certainly delicious, Mrs. Waldo. They taste something like oysters."—*Texas Siftings*.

"I'm thinking of building me a house," said Jones to Smith last evening. "Good idea," said Smith; "how much money have you?" "About \$3,000." "Three thousand dollars; well, that will build a very neat \$2,200 house with economy." P. S.—If you have ever built a house you will see the point.—*Nashville American*.

Britisher—"And have you any—aw—paw in Ciocinnaughtly like Hyde Pawk, ye know?" Miss Bacon—"Aoy pork! Well, I go round fat numbers, I should say about fifty thousand to the square mile." Britisher—"Fifty thousand square miles of pawk! By Jove, now, you really surprise me, Miss Bacon."—*Harper's Bazar*.

He (to Miss Breezy)—"I think, Miss Breezy, that your friend, Miss Wabash, is a very bright, vivacious young lady." Miss Breezy (feeling)—"Yes, Clara is bright and vivacious, and possesses rare culture and refinement, but I think at times she is prone to shoot her mouth off a trifle too much for absolutely correct taste."—*New York Sun*.

"George, dear," said the girl, "do you ever driok anything?" "Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted. "But, dear," she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say, if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?" "He discovered it this morning." "Oh, George, and what did he say?" "He said, 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"—*New York Sun*.

Miss Mary (innocently)—"There, here are two kinds; one papa calls his friends' cigars, the other he calls his own cigars, but I don't know which are the best." Captain Corkscrew (who does know which is the best, and carefully selecting one from the latter box)—"As it would be almost presumptuous for me to call myself one of your dear papa's friends, Miss Mary, I think that I had better try one of what he so appropriately calls his own cigars."—*Harper's Weekly*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the resident with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She."

Julian Hawthorne will hereafter write the book reviews for the *American Magazine*.

Mr. Rider Haggard has not one, but two new books nearly ready for publication. One is a romance based on Egyptian history, and the other is a story of modern life, founded on what is said to be a remarkably original motive.

Henry James will contribute to the *Atlantic* for 1888 a serial story, entitled "The Aspen Papers," and Mr. Edward H. House, who has spent many years in Japan, will contribute a serial story, entitled "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan."

"Pessimistic as regards this world and skeptical as to any other, the Russians," says the *Saturday Review*, "are a melancholy race. Their utter acquiescence in hopelessness is at times almost abject. Their 'world-grief' is crushing in its effect on daily life, and it makes their literature, in so far as their literature reflects it, extraordinarily depressing."

Mr. Bressford-Hope was very absent-minded. It is told that once when a visitor called at his house, Mr. Bressford-Hope came to meet him, shook him warmly by the hand, assured him that he was glad to see him, and then, when the conversation ought to have begun, turned his back upon him, and apparently resumed some writing which had been interrupted by the arrival of a guest.

Sarah Bernhardt and Marie Colombier appear to have become reconciled. A volume about Sarah's recent voyage in the two Americas, compiled by her old enemy, has appeared at Paris. It is preceded by a preface by *Yvonne Housaye*. The foregoing is from the *Epoch*. The peculiar spelling of *Arène Housaye's* name is its own. By the way, they call him, in Paris, "Obscene Housaye."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes an elaborate article, with four illustrations, on Stratford-on-Avon. That there was need for this article in a London newspaper is strong evidence of a fact generally acknowledged, that Englishmen know less of Stratford than their contemporaries across the Atlantic. In fact, the writer of the article acknowledges that he had traveled much, and yet had never before visited the Shakespearean shrine.

Since its recent row with Julian Hawthorne, the *New York World* is still without a literary editor, a place which it seems to have a great deal of difficulty in filling, although the pay offered, as in all the places on the *World*, is enough to tempt a man of the first rank. The story runs that Mr. Pulitzer recently planned to get the best by offering Mr. James Russell Lowell ten thousand dollars a year to become the literary critic of the *World*.

The poets seem to be waking up. "Prince Lucifer," by Alfred Austin, and dedicated by special permission to the queen, will make a considerable sensation, and the new drama, "Loire," by Algernon Swinburne, which will shortly be before the public, is said to contain some of the poet's best work. "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson," by John Cordy Jefferison, is a book that will excite great interest. It is based on correspondence and private papers bitberto unavailable, which have been placed at the disposal of the author.

A hand-book of Volapük, by Charles E. Sprague, is announced for publication by the Office Company, of New York. Mr. Sprague is a member of the Academy of Volapük. His book is described as containing a complete exposition of the grammatical structure of Volapük, with progressive exercises, cautions, and hints; a grammatical analysis, showing how to proceed in translating; a vocabulary, giving the commonest and most useful words, and a key to the exercises. It can be used for home study, and presupposes only a knowledge of English grammar, containing, moreover, no allusion to any foreign language.

Volume I. of Shakespeare's Works, edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, will be published by Blackie & Son, of London, this month. The edition will be in eight volumes, at 6s. 6d. each. Its illustrations, by Gordon Browne, will consist of thirty-seven full-page etchings, and over five hundred and fifty designs in the text. "Sketch-maps" will accompany certain of the plays, showing the countries in which, and the places where, the action is supposed to occur. As the action of "A Winter's Tale" is supposed to occur in a country with a seashore, the "sketch-map" of Bohemia will be looked for with curiosity.

An author left the manuscript of a small text-book with a well-known Boston publishing house, and it was in due course sent to one of the firm's readers. There, for one reason or another—probably because there were a good many manuscripts ahead of it—the reading was delayed two or three months. When the thing was at last taken up, the reader saw at once that it was worthless to his employers, and it was accordingly declined with thanks. Now, what do you suppose the irate author did? He employed a lawyer and brought suit against the publishers, laying his damages at two thousand dollars. His plea was, that if the book had not been held back so long, he could have published it at such a profit to himself. The case was called before Judge Beach, who, when its merits were stated, dismissed it without formal trial.

There was a pleasant paragraph in the *Mail and Express*, the other day, alluding to the disappearance from public view of some erstwhile prominent journalists in New York city. It was written in a tone of subdued regret, as if a journalist must needs be pleased with publicity, and must chafe under the obscurity which attends his retirement from a prominent place on a great newspaper. We imagine that, if the truth were known, no class of men care less for public notice than hard-worked newspaper-editors, and by none are the sweets of retirement more thoroughly relished. It is emphatically true of the labor of journalism that three-fourths of it is pure drudgery, consuming all the time and energy that the most robust or industrious of men can bring to it. In the great cities, it is not usually a stepping-stone to public life—a fact hardly to be regretted—and its pecuniary rewards, outside of proprietorship, are not so ample as to tempt men to stay in it.—*Epoch*.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has hitherto escaped the coincidence-hunters. But at last his hour has come. A correspondent ("W. S. H.") writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to say that the germ of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is to be found in a story called "The Coarse Captain," in Hood's Comic Annual for 1876. In this story, writes "W. S. H.," "A bald-headed, knock-kneed, weak-eyed stock broker of irreproachable respectability" has for his next-door neighbor "a fat, bottle-nosed, curly-headed, swearing sea captain," whom he has never seen, but whose unseemly behavior annoys him very much. I will not go into any details—suffice it to say it is revealed to Mr. Mullyberry (after several queer complications) that he and the sea captain are one. In the end, having the choice offered, Mr. Mullyberry decides to terminate his days as the sea captain—having, however, on the day before this choice takes effect, paid off (as Mr. Mullyberry) the captain's heavy debts and surrendered himself (in that character) to the police as the real perpetrator of a crime with which he has charged the captain. Of course on the next morning the cell is found empty; the captain ultimately reforms. I don't know whether you will think so, but I myself consider this another interesting case of literary coincidence.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. W. H. Tulloch's "Story of the Life of Queen Victoria" contains a solitary instance of a pun made in answering a royal question. The occasion was the queen's visit to the Mansion House in the first year of her reign. "I wonder," she said to Lord Albemarle, "if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I to see them?" He replied by pointing to the letters "V. R." woven into all the decorations, and saying, "Your majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

The last act of "Article 47" has, as most people who have seen it will agree, a too long and wearisome scene, in which the heroine's insanity is an unconscionable time developing to the catastrophe of her death. Recently at the Park Theatre, Boston, Miss Morris had at last fallen, and the Victor Mazilier of the play had exclaimed, "She is dead!" when a fellow in the orchestra circle exclaimed, audibly to those around him: "Well, I'll be hanged if I ain't glad of it!" The sentiment met the approval of all who overheard it.

Edward Everett always used to call Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Wintrop, which he insisted was the proper pronunciation of the name. Mr. Winthrop did not so pronounce his name, he called himself Winthrop, just as everybody else did, except Mr. Everett, who aspired to be a purist. There was another man who sacrificed his politeness on the altar of purism. Having occasion to call on Mr. Chumley once he asked, as the door opened, "Is Mr. Chol-mon-de-ley at home?" "No," observed Mr. Chumley, who had himself answered the bell, "nor any of his pe-o-ple."

The cadets at West Point are expected to address one another with ceremonious politeness, and the latest arrivals are promptly drilled in all social duties toward their fellows. One day a number of cadets accosted a new-comer, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, mister, what's your name?" "John Walden." "Sir!" yelled his interlocutor, horrified at such an unceremonious answer. "John Walden," innocently repeated the culprit. "Well, sir, I want you to put a 'sir' on it." "Sir John Walden," was the calm rejoinder. The error was such a natural one, and was perpetrated in so solemn a manner, that the cadets turned away with roars of laughter, and the new man was ever afterward known in the corps as "Sir John."

A Texan gentleman had been spending a few days in New York, and being in need of money, he applied to a Broadway bank to cash a draft. "What is your name?" inquired the paying teller. "Colonel Sumpter Blank, sir, of Austin, Travis County, Texas." "You will have to be identified, colonel." This was a necessity the colonel had not taken into consideration. He knew of nobody who could identify him, and was about to leave the bank, when a happy thought occurred to him. He took from his breast-pocket a photograph of himself, and holding it out to the bank official, said, "There, sir, I guess that settles it." "Of course, that's your photograph, but how does that identify you?" "Well, sir, will you please tell me how I could have my photograph taken if I wasn't myself?"

In Morocco, the bastinado is used on the slightest provocation. Not long ago, the keeper of the prison there was asked by an American traveler, whom for some reason he was anxious to please, what the punishment of the bastinado was like. The answer was that he should see for himself. In a few minutes a man was brought in, fastened to the floor, face downward, and terribly beaten upon the upturned soles of his bare feet. The screams and entreaties of the poor wretch were so heart-rending that our countryman interfered and begged for mercy, when the punishment was immediately stopped. "What has this man done?" said he to the officer. "Nothing," was the reply. "Then what are you whipping him for?" was the amazed question, which was answered in a tone of equal astonishment, "Why, didn't you ask to see a man bastinadoed?" They had gone into the street, seized a passer-by, and severely whipped an inoffensive man merely to gratify the curiosity of an amiable foreigner.

An American traveler, while returning home at nightfall through one of the suburbs of Paris, suddenly encountered a savage-looking fellow, who, stepping up to him, demanded his money. The American replied by clapping a pistol to his assailant's head, and then, as the man recoiled, seizing him by the throat and shouting for help. A policeman happening to be within hearing, the thief was secured, and brought up for examination the next morning. Scarcely had he been sentenced when the magistrate turned sharply upon the American, asking, "Mon-sieur, have you a license to carry fire-arms?" "No, I haven't," "Then I must fine you for carrying a pistol which can not be fired?" "But is there any fine for carrying a pistol which can not be fired?" "No." "Well, then, I'm all right for my pistol has no lock, and I intend that day to take it to a gunsmith for repair." Here the thief broke out with a cry of fury and despair, at having been so easily deceived, and he probably always remembered the occasion as one on which his native wit had deserted him.

One evening, during a heavy rain-storm, a knock was heard at the door of a Presbyterian clergyman residing in Harlem, New York. On answering the summons, the minister was confronted by a young man and woman, the former of whom, after a great deal of circumlocution, informed him that it was their mutual wish to be made one. Calling in his wife and daughter as witnesses, and waiting until the prospective bride had dried herself by the fire, for she had appeared in a half-drenched condition, the clergyman asked the pair to rise and take each other by the right hand. The ceremony was a little more than half-completed, when the young woman exclaimed: "Oh, wait a minute. Retreating hastily behind a large rocking-chair, she began fumbling in her pocket, and after considerable tugging and pulling, produced a pair of white kid slippers. As she seemed to have great difficulty in unlacing her shoes, the clergyman's wife kindly came to her assistance, and the exchange was at length effected. Meanwhile, the poor bridegroom's face had changed to all sorts of colors from red to purple, and when the pair were finally married, he said to the minister: "Well, boss, I was a-goin' to give ye two dollars, but seein' you're so good," with a glance at the minister's wife, "I'll give ye three." From that day to this, the clergyman's wife has always insisted that the extra dollar was meant for her.

The Marquis of Waterford one night was driven home in a cab by his uncle's, the Bishop of Armagh's house, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, which, during the absence of that dignitary, he was occupying, but, although he told the tall porter to give the cabman half a sovereign for little over an hour's work, the Jehu was very abusive. The marquis, who had turned into a room of the hall, heard every word that passed. Hanging in a closet was the bishop's House of Lords costume, and, inspired by the demon of mischief, in a twinkling he had donned the wig, lawn sleeves, and all, and out he marched into the street, where the juries were still indulging in the choicest expressions at his command. "Hullo, you sir," he cried, "is that the language to make use of in the hearing of a bishop? If you are not off like a shot, you profane scoundrel, I'll give you the rites of the church with my clerical knuckles." Now cabby, so far from being awed by this threat, jumped off his box, and, throwing off his coat, declared his utter contempt for the whole bunch of bishops, and his readiness to fight them all, one after another. Making sure of an easy victory he rushed in, but was stopped by a blow that sent him sprawling. After two or three repetitions of this argument he was flying to take to his heels, the marquis pursuing him, his gown and wig falling in the night air, and bawling: "Won't you stay for your extra fare?" "You may be a bishop," said the fellow ruefully, as he mounted his box, "but you hit like the devil."

M. Emmanuel Gonzales, in former days a popular sensational novelist, died recently, at the age of seventy-two. During the past forty years Gonzales has been the life and soul of the Société des Gens de Lettres. The Société des Gens de Lettres has rendered immense services to French literary men, and, from a very modest beginning, it has grown up to be a most flourishing and wealthy institution. Fifty years ago Alphonse Karr astounded French publishers and theatrical managers by proclaiming that literary property is property—"la propriété littéraire est une propriété." This axiom became the war-cry of a campaign in which Buzac played an important rôle, and the result was the foundation of the society, which now collects yearly about twenty-five thousand francs of authors' rights, which are divided proportionately amongst the five hundred and odd members. Furthermore, the society is constituted into a syndicate, which pronounces in all difficulties between writers and publishers or editors. The organization of the society is very simple; the members pay an annual subscription, and the society looks after their interests, having its agents in various towns. Thus, an author publishes a novel, we will say; any Parisian newspaper having a treaty with the Société des Gens de Lettres is at liberty to reprint that novel in its columns on condition that it pays the society a half-penny a line; for provincial newspapers the tariff for reprinting is less; the agents of the society keep run of these reproductions, collect the dues, and every month remit to the author his account. The rôle of the society is at once moral and financial; its action has won respect for Alphonse Karr's axiom; literary property in France is recognized as property, and even the most modest authors are guaranteed against spoliation, and against the tyranny of publishers.

New Publications.

"Upon Human Nature and Other Sermons," by Joseph Butler, has been reprinted in the National Library, by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

The third part of Augustin Knoflach's "Spanish Simplified," with the key to the exercises in part two, has been published by Augustin Knoflach, New York. For sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 10 cents.

"Sketches in Song," by George Lansing Raymond, is a little volume of poems, including narrative, lyric society, and other forms of verse. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

W. Clark Russell's story, "The Frozen Pirate," which has been published serially in several newspapers, is now reprinted in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & B. others, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"In Pursuit of Happiness" is the title of a volume of translations, by Mrs. Aline Delano, of four of the short stories in which Tolstoi has embodied his ideas of religion, politics, and social philosophy. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The "How I was Educated" papers contributed to the *Forum* by Edward E. Hale, Colonel Higginson, Presidents Burnard, Dwight, Angell, and White, and others, have been reprinted in a pamphlet by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 30 cents.

"The Advance of Science in the Last Half-Century," Professor Huxley's contribution to "The Reign of Queen Victoria, a Survey of Fifty Years of Progress," has been reprinted in a little paper-covered book, by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 25 cents.

The bound volume of *Babynod* for 1887, which is just out, contains a hundred and more pages of pretty and droll pictures with appropriate stories, puzzles, finger play, and merry jingles suited for the nursery. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

The second volume of "Lulu's Library," by Louisa M. Alcott, has been published. The stories it contains were written years ago for her young playmates, and are now reprinted, with certain changes, for the amusement of their children. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of the Psalms," by Henry Van Dyke, D.D., is a series of chapters on several of the psalms, in which the author endeavors to bring those ancient poems into close connection with the lives of the men who wrote them, to explain and bring home to us their meanings. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

Homer Greene, whose story, "The Blind Brother," won the first prize in the recent story competition of a juvenile periodical, has written a second story of a boy's life in the Pennsylvania coal regions. It is entitled "Burnham Breaker," and beside giving a good picture of life among the coal miners, it tells an interesting story. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Perseverance Island," by Douglas Frazar, narrates the adventures of a nineteenth-century Robinson Crusoe, who, cast away on a desert island with nothing but the few rags on his back and a very fair knowledge of modern sciences and industries, manages to far out-do De Foe's hero in utilizing the materials which nature lays to his hand. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Carey, with an introductory note by Professor J. F. Jameson, contains a number of the short fairy tales told by the French peasants. They will amuse children, and to the student of folk-lore—for whose benefit the source from which each tale is derived is carefully stated—they will form a valuable addition to the stock of works on that subject. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Wonder Clock," by Howard Pyle, is a very handsome book of fairy-tales for children. The tales, twenty-four in number, one for each hour of the day, are ingeniously imagined and told in a very entertaining style, and all are illustrated by the author with several full-page cuts with explanatory legends in antique lettering. The book is excellent in typography and printing, and is handsomely bound in a dull greenish-gray with russet-colored back. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

The fourth series of "The Good Things of Life" has been issued in time for the holiday season. It contains some three score pages of the well-drawn pictures with their witty legends that have amused the readers of *Life* during the past year. The contributors are "Van," McVicker, Mitchell, Attwood, Steiner, Herford, and others, among whom are some of the cleverest draughtsmen in America. The book is handsomely made, except that the plates are a trifle heavy, showing signs of wear. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

"A Princess of Java," by Mrs. S. J. Higginson, may be called an international novel; it narrates the complicated love affairs of a Javanese princess, who is betrothed by her father to a wealthy old native, but falls in love with a young European. She is a true child of nature, and her odd way of looking at things and her ingenuously make her a charming character. As is to be expected, there is a quantity of information regarding the Javanese customs, but this is brought in in an incidental way that relieves it of all guide-book flavor. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

"A History of the Negro Troops in the Rebellion," by George W. Williams, makes a remarkable showing of the military services of colored men on both sides of the great conflict. Colonel Williams, himself a negro officer of distinction, has searched the records most carefully, and has collected much new material from unofficial sources, making a welcome addition to the literature of the war. The body of the work is preceded by two chapters on the military services of the negro in ancient and modern history. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

SOCIETY.

The First Assembly.

A couple of months ago a number of young gentlemen, prominent in society circles here, talked over the matter of establishing a club of bachelors for the purpose of holding a series of assemblies similar to those that have been so popular in Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and other large Eastern cities. These gentlemen were: Mr. J. B. Caserly, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, and Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A. Their hopes rapidly gained ground in a short time they secured the cooperation of the following gentlemen who comprise the list of members: Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. Donald V. Campbell, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Willard B. Chapman, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Dr. W. Dean U. S. A., Mr. J. Doyle, Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. William H. Fisher, Captain Montgomery Fletcher, U. S. A., Mr. T. Carey Friedlander, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. George H. Howard, Mr. R. G. Hooker, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Lieutenant N. V. Lunsford, U. S. A., Mr. George T. Morye, Jr., Mr. Edgar Mizner, Lieutenant T. B. Mott, U. S. A., Mr. George A. Newhall, Lieutenant A. P. Nicklack, U. S. N., Mr. James Otis, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Tiburcio Parrott, Mr. George Pope, Mr. Alfred Redington, Colonel I. D. de Russy, U. S. A., Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. A. S. Stewart, Lieutenant Oscar Straub, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Strother, U. S. A., Mr. F. W. Tallant, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Alfred S. Wheeler, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A. It was decided to hold the first assembly in November, and the invitations to the number of about four hundred were accordingly issued, having first been passed upon by the patronesses who were: Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

The first assembly was held at the first reception, which took place last Wednesday evening. The bright lights and the colored draperies, with which the walls are hung, made the hall very attractive, and graceful streamers of smilax overhead increased the pretty effect. The ladies' reception-room was tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, which lined the mantel and fire-place, and were distributed around prettily in conjunction with baskets of roses. It was quite late, after ten o'clock, when the dancing commenced, and the canvased floor was soon well filled. The toilets of the ladies were all of the most elegant description, and some of the bouquets carried were exquisite. Brandt's full orchestra furnished excellent dance-music, and occasionally, between the dances, discoursed operatic selections, which gave the non-dancing contingent an opportunity to promenade. The time was passed pleasantly until half-past twelve o'clock, when the grand march to supper was formed. The company then proceeded to the spacious dining-hall, on the lower floor, where a tempting supper awaited them. Table-d'ôte tables were provided in abundance, and the room was adorned with large bunches of chrysanthemums and festoons of smilax. The supper was one of the most pleasant features of the evening, and was accompanied by an ample supply of wine. Dancing was resumed afterward, and continued until almost three o'clock when the assembly ended. Every one declared it a success, and the next one in January is anxiously looked forward to.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club opened its fourth season auspiciously last night by giving its first german at Enai B'rich Hall. This club has become a permanent fixture in social life here, and its meetings are always enjoyed. The membership comprises nearly three hundred of our most popular young people, and all of them were present at the present last night. The preparations for the event were much more elaborate than usual. Long and gracefully hung streamers of vari-colored bunting depended from the centre of the ceiling to the galleries, which were adorned with handsome shields and flags. The stage was ornamented with potted palms and ferns, with American flags draped from the balcony, and the young ladies had ordered dresses made especially for the occasion, and the lighter tints of silk and satin predominated. The german commenced about half-past nine o'clock. Mr. Edward M. Greenway, the leader, had Miss Tessie Fair as his partner, and they were ably assisted by Mr. Mountford S. Wilson and Mr. Charles F. W. Zellie, who were over the young ladies' figures in all, commencing with the familiar grand right and left. Then followed the "Gliding Lines," "Double Column," "Quadruple Quadrille," "Round Arches," "Opposite Rounds," and "The Basket." Most of the figures were intricate and extremely difficult, but Mr. Greenway succeeded admirably in guiding the many dancers to a successful finish in each case, and his efforts were well seconded by his assistants. Ballenberg's band of ten pieces provided delightful music, the waltzes of Strauss and Waldteufel being especially appreciated. It was midnight when the music ceased, and the dancers were invited to partake of supper. A surprise was in store for them, as the dining-room had been handsomely decorated with over three thousand beautiful chrysanthemums, and the effect produced was charming. Quite an elaborate supper was served, and the popping of champagne corks was heard at regular intervals. The affair throughout was very pleasant and augurs well for the success of the future cotillions.

The Grant Lunch Party.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a charming lunch party yesterday at her home on Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. C. S. Knowles, nee Adams, of Boston. Covers were laid for ten ladies at a table that was beautifully decorated with pink, the centre-piece being of La France roses, and the souvenirs dainty little baskets filled with pink buds and blossoms. A delicious menu was provided, and the guests were entertained in a most hospitable manner.

Those present were: Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. C. S. Knowles, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Fritz King, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Minnie Mizner, and Miss Kate Jarboe.

A Russian High Tea.

A Russian high tea and chocolate will be given next Monday evening at the Union Club building by the young ladies of St. Agatha's Guild, and the associate members. Innes's military band will furnish concert selections, and refreshments will be served at booths, which will be arranged to represent the four seasons. The ladies having them in charge, and their assistants, will be as follows: Spring, Mrs. E. H. Hutchinson, Miss Lillian Deane, Miss E. H. Deane, and others; Summer, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. James A. Robinson, and Miss Lina Blanding; Autumn, Mrs. C. G. Toland, Mrs. Tatum, and the Misses Maynard; Winter, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. De Greaver, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Nickerson, and Miss Mamie Burling. The samovars will be charge of Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Gibbs, and Mrs. Scott Wilson. Among other young ladies who will make the booths attractive by their presence are: Misses Ashe, Miss Eva Carolan, Miss Clarke, Miss McKee, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Hutchinson, Miss McKane, Miss Shafter, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Bessie Streve, Miss Scott, Miss Fisher, Miss Donahoe, Miss Hughes, and many others. They will all be attired in pretty costumes. Tickets may be procured from any member of the committee, or at the White House, Shreve's, the City of Paris, and the hotels.

The Castle Reception.

The Misses Eva and Blanche Castle entertained a number of their friends in a delightful manner last Thursday evening, at their home on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Center Street. An hour of dancing and conversation was the first part of the evening, which was followed by amateur theatricals, which were presented in the dining and billiard-rooms. One was fitted up for the performance, and in the other were seats for the guests. The bright little comedy called "Ici on

parle Français," was the piece selected, the characters being assumed by Miss Julie Conner, Miss Carrie Conner, Miss Florence Cadue, Miss Blanche Castle, Mr. Paul M. Davis, Mr. Spaulding, and Mr. Matthieu. Each of the characters were well sustained, the participants displaying considerable ability. The performance provoked much laughter, and put every one in the humor to enjoy the many dances that followed. An elaborate supper was served at midnight, after which Ballenberg and Yanke were kept busy providing dance-music for a couple of hours longer. The entertainment was a perfect success, and will be followed by others of a similar character during the winter season.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle, Mrs. Conner, Misses Eva and Blanche Castle, Misses Julie and Carrie Conner, Misses Clara and Florence Cadue, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Marie Voorbies, Miss Reitz, Misses Bolton, Misses Rountree, Misses Mand and Little O'Connor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Kruger, Mr. Albert E. Castle, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Fred. Beaver, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Robert Bolton, Mr. Walter Rountree, Mr. Harry Williams, Mr. David Bagley, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Paul M. Davis, Mr. Childs, Mr. Matthieu, and several others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned from his Eastern trip early in the week.

Mr. W. H. Mills is enjoying a visit in the southern counties.

Mr. William Corbett and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbett left San Mateo on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, has been passing the week in the city.

Miss Alice George has returned to Sausalito from a three months' visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hayward, of San Mateo, were at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Mr. A. S. Hallidie has returned from an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. Amy Crocker and Miss Bessie Crouch, of Sacramento, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott, have returned from Santa Barbara after passing a couple of months there.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is traveling through the Eastern States.

Miss Mary White, of New Orleans, is the guest of her cousins, Misses Minnie and Myra Scott, at Angel Island, and will pass the winter with them.

Mr. Frank Hicks has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey will soon occupy their new residence, 2212 California Street.

Carrie Gwin will not go to Washington, D. C., this winter, as she anticipated, owing to the ill-health of her mother.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue will depart soon for a tour of Southern California.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman went to Los Angeles last week, and was joined there by Miss Dora Coleman a few days ago.

They will proceed East to Miss Coleman's home, in Kentucky.

Mr. Albert E. Castle came up from San Diego last week, to remain here a few days.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson is in Montana on a business trip, and will be away until the first of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Montgomery visited Mr. Juan Gallegos, at the Mission San José, last Sunday.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann has returned from a week's visit to Grass Valley.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has been passing a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, will occupy the new Palace Hotel on Friday evening next.

Mrs. William F. Taaffe, of Mountain View, was in the city several days this week.

General John T. Cutting arrived in the city on Thursday morning after a brief visit to Portland, Or. Mrs. Cutting and her daughter, Miss Nellie Cutting, returned from a prolonged Eastern trip last night after a pleasant visit to relatives and friends, who they are all domiciled at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. H. N. Cook will go to Europe in a couple of months, to place her daughter Ethel in school.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Miss Kittle have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Maxwell and Miss Sadie Maxwell, of Los Angeles, arrived in the city last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. Belden, of San José, were in the city a few days this week.

Mrs. Joseph Austin and Mrs. Joseph Marks have returned from a month's trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Zellie, nee Smith, came over from Haywards on Tuesday, and passed several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Smith is enjoying a visit at Riverside, Los Angeles County.

Miss Fannie Crocker returned to the city on Thursday after passing a week pleasantly in Sacramento.

Notes and Gossip.

Invitations are out for the second cotillion of the German Club, which will be held next Friday evening at Union Square Hall.

The engagement is authoritatively announced of Miss Ottilia F. Mau, daughter of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, to Mr. Charles J. Bandmann, son of Mr. Julius Bandmann. The wedding will take place early next year.

Mrs. Elsie Cook has issued invitations for an at home at her residence on Sixteenth Street, next Wednesday evening. An amateur private theatrical entertainment will be the attraction of the evening.

The members of the Reliance Club gave their third party of this season last Monday evening in upper Saratoga Hall. The attendance was much larger than usual, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight to music by Ballenberg and Yanke.

Miss Grace Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, will be married to Mr. H. M. A. Miller, of Oakland, next Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 1212 Pine Street. The wedding ceremony will be witnessed by about one hundred intimate friends, and a reception will follow to which several hundred others have been invited.

Miss Miller, sister of the groom, will be maid of honor, and Miss May Pope and Miss Kate Jarboe, will act as bridesmaids.

The wedding of Miss Rena Spencer and Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., will take place at Trinity Church, San José, next Wednesday evening, and will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, 216 Autumn Street. The maid of honor will be Miss Grace Spencer, and the bridesmaids Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Alice Mullins and Miss Mattie Baker. Mr. Charles Cole will be best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. James C. Fennie, Jr., and Mr. Frank Althoff. A special train will convey city guests to and from San José on that evening.

Mrs. James A. Robinson will give a reception at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, November 28th.

Mrs. William Howard will give a high-tea this afternoon at her home on Gongh Street.

General W. V. Dimond gave an elaborate dinner party at the Occidental Hotel last Thursday evening in honor of his staff officers.

Lieutenant Leroy C. Webster, U. S. N., recently detached from Mare Island, has been visiting at Norfolk prior to reporting for duty on board of the U. S. S. *Marion*.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence on account of illness.

Chaplain Winfield Scott, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is enjoying a brief leave of absence.

Captain Thomas F. Tobey, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Portland, Or., to meet Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., on official business.

An entertainment will be given for the benefit of St. John's Presbyterian Church at Union Square Hall, December 2nd. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" will be represented by appropriate tableaux, the poem being recited by Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Vocal and instrumental music will be a feature of the programme.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt commenced his third series of concerts last Tuesday evening, at Irving Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with a delighted audience. The following programme was presented:

Grand Duo, Theme with Variations, Saint-Saens, Miss Julia Newman and Mr. Mansfeldt; Violin Solo. Spanish Dances, Sarasate, Mr. Charles Goffrie; Piano Quartet, "Lohegrin," Wagner, Miss Ina Lawson, Miss Edith Hughson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Lucy Upson; Song, "Soleo," Pola Maider, Miss Minnie L. Hatch; Piano Solos, (a) Soirées de Vienne, Liszt, (b) Etude, Morkow-kki, Miss Julia Newman; Piano Duo, Fantasia, "Norma," Thalberg, Mr. Abe Sundland and Mr. Mansfeldt; Violin Solo, Mazurka de Concert, Musini, Mr. Charles Goffrie; Piano Quartet, Overture to "Tancrède," Rossini, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Edith Hughson, Miss Ina Lawson; Piano Solos, (a) Ballade, (b) Crystalline Cascade, (c) Romance, Mansfeldt, (d) Rhapsodie, Liszt, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Song, "Pretty Mocking-Bird," Bishop, Miss Minnie L. Hatch; Piano Concerto, (a) Andante, (b) Allegro, Raff, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano, by Mr. Abe Sundland.

The second concert will take place at the same hall, on Tuesday evening, November 29th, and the third on Tuesday evening, December 13th.

St. John's Church Concert.

There was an interested audience assembled at Metropolitan Hall last Wednesday evening to listen to a concert given by the St. John's Episcopal Church choir, Mr. H. B. Pasmore was the musical director, and the soloists were: Mrs. D. C. Nichols, Mrs. C. G. Toland, Miss Jacobina Wichmann, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Mr. H. J. Stewart. The following excellent programme was given: War March, from "Athalia," Mendelssohn, Mr. H. J. Stewart; Recitative and Aria, "Liet Signor," from "Gli Ugonotti," Meyerbeer, Miss Jacobina Wichmann; Waltz in E Minor, Chopin, Miss Ada E. Weigel; Songs, a. "When Sparrows Build," V. Gabriel, b. "Pur Dieci," Antonio Lotti, (about A. D. 1700), Mrs. D. C. Nichols, Mrs. C. G. Toland, accompanist; Schiller March, Meyerbeer, Mr. C. H. Stewart; Aria, "Oh! that We Two Were Maying," Gounod, Mrs. D. C. Nichols; Compositions by H. B. Pasmore, a. Andante con tenerezza, b. Danza, from Suite in F, strings and organ, Mr. H. J. Stewart at the organ; Part Songs, a. Evening Bells, b. Beware, a. All are Sleeping, b. Song Bridge, with string accompaniment, Miss Jacobina Wichmann; Selections from Mass in B Flat, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Pasmore at the organ; Soloist, Miss Jacobina Wichmann.

The Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club gave its second concert of the eleventh season last Wednesday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, before a very large audience. The members were assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist; Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Siering, violins; Mr. Louis Ritzau, viola; Miss Helene Cole, organ; Mr. Julius Hinrichs, cello; Mr. W. Muller, bass; and Mr. George Koppitz, flute. The following programme was presented: "Hail to Song," C. Miller-Hartung; "Red, Red Rose," C. Isenmann; Serenade, H. Hoffmann; "The Nun," O. Ludolfs; chorus of Spirits and Hours, Dudley Buck; "Morning," Rubinstein; "The Parting," C. Isenmann; Theme and Variations, Beethoven; Lullaby, Brahms; "Johanneswerk," George W. Chadwick; "Sea Greeting," Arthur W. Thayer.

The Brandt String Quartet.

The second chamber-music recital, of the second season, given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, took place last night at Irving Hall. The members of the quartet are: Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Siering, violins; Mr. Louis N. Ritzau, viola, and Mr. Julius Hinrichs, cello. The programme was presented: "Hail to Song," C. Miller-Hartung; "Red, Red Rose," C. Isenmann; Serenade, H. Hoffmann; "The Nun," O. Ludolfs; chorus of Spirits and Hours, Dudley Buck; "Morning," Rubinstein; "The Parting," C. Isenmann; Theme and Variations, Beethoven; Lullaby, Brahms; "Johanneswerk," George W. Chadwick; "Sea Greeting," Arthur W. Thayer.

Mr. Henry Heyman will give his first chamber-music recital of this season, on Friday evening at Pioneer Hall. He has prepared an excellent programme, comprising quartets by Haydn and Cherubini, and quintets by Mozart and von Weber. Miss Carrie Miller will sing an aria from "Paul and Virginia," and Mr. J. W. W. will assist the string quartet with the clarinet.

Madame Louise Pyk, the Swedish soprano, will give her first concert in this city at Irving Hall, on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, December 2nd and 3rd. She will be assisted by Signor Rosselli, a tenor newly arrived from the Antipodes.

A musicale was given last Tuesday evening by Mr. Byron Maury at his warehouses in the Union Club building. An excellent programme was presented by several of our leading local artists.

Mme. Inez Fabbrini-Müller will give an operatic concert at Saratoga Hall on Wednesday evening, December 14th, as a compliment to one of her brightest pupils, Miss Alice Channing.

Although suffering from a severe cold, Mr. D. C. Nichols sung at the concert given in aid of St. John's Episcopal Church, in order not to disappoint the audience.

A Noteworthy Event.

The well known establishment, Freud's Corset House, has undergone a change. J. R. Freud, a member of the firm has retired, and the wholesale trade of the concern has been transferred to him. Our premises although large, have been insufficient to carry on both wholesale and retail trade. By concentrating our business, we will be able to give our patrons proper attention and deal to better advantage. Great reductions in prices have been made. Now is the time to buy. Freud's Corset House is at 742 and 744 Market Street, and in 12 Grant Avenue. We close daily at six P. M., except Saturdays. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders: Freud & Sons, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

ART NOTES.

A New Collection of Rare Gems.

The magnificent oil painting, "Entering the Convent," which is in the gallery of S. and G. Gump, 581 and 583 Market Street, has not only been illustrated in *Harper's Bazar* of October 22d, but has also been illustrated in the *Illustrated London News* of October 23d, and in No. 1, 592 of *Le Monde Illustré* of Paris. It was the original of this S. Gump bought recently at the Paris Salon. This firm received last week three splendid additions to their art gallery. One is a gorgeous painting by C. Detti of Paris, one of whose paintings recently sold in New York city for \$8,000. Another is a painting by the great marine painter, G. Haquette. This artist had two subjects in this year's salon which have been sold, one to

Holland and one to Belgium. The third addition is a lovely painting, "The Christening," by Juan Gonzalez of Paris. The Messrs. Gump have also just received a splendid collection of bronze and marble statuary and a large invoice of goods for the holiday trade, including a fine assortment of artists' proof etchings.

The salon painting of 1886 by the same artist of "Entering the convent," has been sold to the French Government at a high figure.

— TO BE IN THE SOCIAL SWIM ONE MUST HAVE all one's things made by the most fashionable makers, and to have one's photographs bear any signature but that of Flaglor, puts one down immediately as a person who does not try to get the best. Flaglor's photograph parlors, on Ninth and Market Streets, are now frequented by all the most fashionable people in the city, for the reason that Mr. Flaglor allows none but the very best work to leave his rooms.

A TALK WITH MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

This Beautiful American Society Woman Chats Pleasantly With A Reporter.

Her Success Before The American Public Is Already Assured.

(From the New York Journal.)

A reporter called on Mrs. Potter, whom the lady received in her usual queenly manner. When asked if she had anything to say to the public, she replied: "Yes; there is one thing I would especially like to explain. Certain newspapers, in the most malicious manner, have criticised the letters I wrote to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, recommending her Recamier Preparations. Now, Mrs. Ayer was a friend of mine, and a woman we all admire for her luck and determination to support herself and children by her own efforts, after she had lost her fortune, and it was not I alone who endeavored to help her, but Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. Logan, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and a large number of other society friends of hers.

"Of course I would not have written the letter unless I had thoroughly tested the Recamier Preparations, and was convinced of their beneficial effects. I am sure no more delicious toilet preparations have ever been manufactured, and I know they do not contain any lead, bismuth, or arsenic, it is absolutely impossible to disguise the fact that many women, through ignorance, are entirely too negligent in caring for their complexions, and it is equally undeniable that a woman afflicted with blackheads, pimples, tan, liver spots and other imperfections that are so common, many of which are caused by our climate, must sooner or later become an object of disgust to those who love her best.

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JNO. N. PHILAN.

He Mixed the Tokens Up.

In four out of every five watches brought us to be regulated, repaired, or cleaned, we find some token. Sometimes it is a bit of ribbon, or a lock of hair, or a rose-petal. But oftener it is a four-leaved clover. The four-leaf clover is a love-token always. It is, by the maiden fair, given to her lover, who tenderly stows it away in the back of his watch-case, and forgets all about it. When his watch goes wrong he takes it a jeweler and doesn't think of the relic it contains. It is difficult always to keep these things straight, and once in a while we mix them up.

One fellow came in a short time ago and registered a kick. He took out of his watch a tiny bit of blonde hair tied with a piece of pink ribbon, and told me, in good round terms, that it had got him into trouble. "I brought my watch here a couple of weeks ago to be regulated, and forgot to take out a four-leaf clover I had in the back of it. I didn't think any more about it till last night, when my girl looked in the back case to see if the clover was still there. When she found this lock of blonde hair she fixed me with a cold, glittering glance, and offered me back my ring. I put in the next hour trying to explain that I didn't know anything about the infernal blonde hair, and I didn't meet with flattering success. Now, if you don't hunt up that clover I'll make more trouble in your blanked old store than a deputy sheriff. And you've got to give me a written statement that you put this dashed blonde hair in my watch, or I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief. You hear me!"

Well, I foresaw trouble in the air, but took the yellow hair and pink ribbon and laid it away, and in a day or two a middle-aged man came in, with wrath all over his face. "What in thunder do you mean by disrupting a man's family peace?" he began, as he pulled out his watch, and took a four-leaved clover out of the back case. "Do you want to break up a loving household, and get me into the divorce court? I left my watch here with a lock of my wife's hair in it, and last night she found this measly four-leaf clover in place of it. I've carried that bit of hair ever since we were engaged, and if I don't get it back you had better move to some other town. What d'ye mean, anyway? I never picked a four-leaf clover in my life, nor did my wife, either. I wouldn't go through the row I had last night again for your whole blanked store. Now, you hustle and get me back my own keepsake."

I produced it, and explained how it had occurred, and his brow cleared. "Now I think of it," he said, as he started to go, "just you write me a letter, and tell how this happened, and sign it and seal it for all you're worth. Women never believe a man unless he lies to 'em, and I want something to save me further trouble." I did so, and he departed with his mind at rest.

The other young man came in in a day or two, and said he desired to make his regular Thursday evening call and wanted his four-leaf clover, and the accompanying affidavit. He got them both.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

The Sad-Eyed Youth.

He was a thin and sad-looking youth, perhaps twenty-five years of age, who brought to the editor a sonnet which he wished to see in print. That a man should live a quarter of a century without outgrowing the weakness of liking to see himself in print was, in itself, a thing pathetic enough to attract attention, and the editor was not without a shame-faced feeling, as if he were looking in a retrospective glass as he regarded the caller.

"The sonnet might attract attention," the poet said, "because just now there is so much interest in Oriental subjects."

The editor looked at the speaker with a compassion not untempered by a little amusement.

"No sonnet ever attracts attention," he answered. "If you find that out too young, it may make you

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bitter. If you are lucky enough to have outgrown the fever of youth before you become wise, the chances are that this and kindred wisdom will merely make you indifferent. However, in memory of the time when I was as young and as foolish as you, I will print the sonnet, if it is not too bad."

And he hereby fulfills his promise, trusting that the poet will forgive an explanation which does, upon the whole, seem to be somewhat too markedly personal in its character.

FATE.
"In whatsoever way," so Menu said,
"Does Brahm at first employ a living soul,
Forever after while the ages roll—
Though whatso change of life that soul beled."

Its action to that way is limited."
Its minute law of being will control
Its impulses and mark its final goal.
The seed contains the law of blue or red

That tints the flower. In neither man nor hour
Is the determination which may make
A craven or a hero; but a power

Far back of both, yet of which both partake,
What the soul is that only is its dower,
Immutably its own, though spheres may shake.

And now having kept his promise, the editor is impelled by an impulse which may be an inherited tendency to tell the truth, or only a fondness for being disagreeable—his enemies would, of course, unhesitatingly pronounce it to be the latter—to add a something in way of comment.

In the first place, such is the unreasonableness of the editorial mind that the editor is unable to see why this sonnet is to be looked upon as poetry at all. It rhymes, it is true; and most of it scans. But for that matter, both rhyme and scansion are within the reach of everybody who has a dictionary and something of an ear. To arrange sentences into lines having each a given number of accents, is so easy a thing that any mechanic who can make sticks of the same length ought to be able to compass it, while Mother Goose, who made herself immortal by avoiding the slightest claim to being a poet, has shown how simple and every-day an affair is rhyme.

The sonnet has some claim to be considered logical, and if there is nothing novel in the thought, men have agreed in this age of the world not to insist too strenuously on originality, so that might pass. But there is no melody; no melting of cadence; no charming the imagination by a certain eternal freshness which makes a line of genuine poetry seem perpetually nascent.

The editor is moved to say all this largely because there are so many writers nowadays, and especially young persons, who suppose themselves to be writing poetry when they are merely torturing more or less indifferent prose into arbitrary and fantastic shapes. The pale young man who wrote this sonnet will read the remarks here made upon it with indignation and pain, but he may at least have such consolation as is to be found in the fact that he is but one of an innumerable company who besiege the press with their bantlings, and who suppose themselves to be poets, on grounds even more slight than those upon which rests his claim to that often worn and seldom won title.—*Boston Courier.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Neil Burgess comes to the Bush Street Theatre next week. His comedy, "Vim," has been rewritten and considerably improved since he gave it at the Baldwin, four years ago.

"Love and Law," which will be given at the Alcazar next week, is a four-act melodrama in which Milton Nobles appears as an Irish-American attorney, and Dollie Nobles as an Italian street-singer.

"The Main Line," by H. C. de Mille, will follow "Blackmail" at the California Theatre, and probably close the stock company's season. The Kirlfys with a new spectacle will occupy the theatre during the holidays.

Miss Grace Hawthorne has just won a success in London as Zanetto in "The Stroller," an English version, in rhyme, of Coppée's "Le Passant," done by Olive Logan. She wears an æsthetic boy's costume of the period of the Italian Renaissance, and her rendering of the part is said to be reminiscent of that of Sarah Bernhardt.

The dances ordinarily introduced in theatrical performances, other than burlesques and ballets, have invariably such a depressing effect on both audience and players, that there is the added pleasure of the unexpected in the enjoyment that the old-fashioned contra-dance in "The Widow's Device" affords. For full five minutes the audience thoroughly enjoys the graceful evolutions, and the dancers seem so happy and show so much zest that one can hardly think it all put on.

Among the attractions for the summer season at the Baldwin Theatre is "The Wife," the present success at the Lyceum in New York. It is a remarkable play in one respect. The gowns worn by the five actresses number twenty-four in all, and are made from the designs of the man who sketched the scenic decorations, so that they harmonize with the stage settings, and with each other. It almost turns one's hair gray to think of the diplomatic wiles the manager must have adopted, to persuade five women to wear gowns they had not chosen for themselves.

Henry E. Dixey, whose white and shapely effigy has been staring at us from shop-window and dead-wall during the past week, will begin an engagement at the Baldwin next Monday night, supported by the original company of seventy people. "Adonis" has been cribbed and mangled by the farce-comedians and minstrels until the point has been worn off many of its best jokes, even for us in the Far West; but there is still much to enjoy in the burlesque, and the engagement promises to restore the Baldwin to the prominent place from which it has fallen in the past few weeks.

Miss Mather can not be accused of lack of originality in her conception of Rosalind. It is as free and untrammelled by the ordinary canons of art as the winds that blow across her native city of Detroit. It almost makes one hope that Bacon did write Shakespeare's plays, when, in the pretty scene in the wood, we see the vivacious Rosalind "hitch along" on the rustic bench until she crowds Orlando off, and sends him sprawling on the ground. To the conservative mind, such action is less appropriate to Shakespeare's lovers than to Hiram and Samantha "keeping company" in Oshkosh.

Another débutante is about to come out at the California. She is a young and comely woman, Stella Chase Ainsworth by name, and has been studying for some time with Mrs. Melville-Snyder. Like most débutantes of the present day, she can boast of tolerably well-known family connections, being a relative of Chief-Justice Chase, the celebrated Dr. Theal, of Montreal, and Lady Ashwood, of London. Her first appearance will be as Juliet to Lewis Morrison's Romeo, December 9th, and on the following Saturday afternoon; she will also do Rosalind in "As You Like It," with Morrison as the melancholy Jaques.

A dramatic "tie-up" was narrowly averted recently in Munich. It seems that the director of the Royal Bavarian Theatre, actuated partly by political motives, returned a play Paul Heyse, the famous German dramatist, had submitted, and added insult to injury by making unkind remarks to the effect that Heyse and other dramatists did not show a proper sense of obligation when managers condescended to produce their plays. Heyse's professional pride was hurt, and he immediately forbade the use of any of his plays in that theatre. Other playwrights joining him, the repertoire of the theatre was reduced to a

few classics, and the manager was in a quodary. The manager's political motive was the withdrawal of Heyse and Count Schack from the Bavarian Order of Maximilian for political reasons; but Prince Regent Leopold responded to the popular clamor, and ordered the manager to solicit the return of Heyse's and Schack's pieces, and all is serene again.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin proposes to give a series of lectures on art topics, illustrated by new stereoscopic views from England and France, beginning about the middle of December at Irving Hall.

A very handsome specimen of the engraver's art is the little brochure issued by H. S. Crocker & Co., announcing their holiday opening. It consists of pages of heavy paper, on which are printed their announcements, tied together with satin ribbon between covers of fancy board, the front cover bearing a celluloid sheet on which are printed most artistic and delicately engraved designs.

In "The Corsair," now running at the Bijou in New York, a novelty in scene-changing has been introduced. The gas is suddenly lowered until objects ten feet away can not be discerned, and when it is turned up again in a minute or so, the entire stage scenery has been changed. The interval has been turned to lively account by the duds and actresses (says the *Sun*). From the proscenium boxes and the front orchestra row, the chappies change remarks with the giddy girls behind the extinguished footlights, pass flowers, and altogether hold a brisk dark scene. The flurry is distinctly heard by the unparticipating part of the audience, and sometimes a row is caused among the competitive admirers of the chorus and ballet-girls. Neither is all serene on the stage. In the confusion it is hard to tell for whom the advances are meant. Miss Somerville and Miss Montague are the Conrad and Medora of the burlesque, and are compelled to make mimic love to each other; but when, the other evening, a man in a box utilized the dark scene to pass a big bouquet, they fell out over its ownership. George Schiller, a comedian in the piece, took the flowers from the door, who remarked, "For Miss Somerville." He handed them to her, or tried to, but Miss Montague believed they were intended for her, and grabbed them. There was a ruction lively enough to be heard by many in the audience, and, when the scene was again illuminated, Conrad was weeping and Medora was trembling, while the torn bouquet lay on the floor. The encounter is not of national importance, but it shakes the foyers tremendously.

The other night at the Lyceum Theatre (says New York *Truth*) a gentleman, weary of dodging a high hat in front of him, leaned over and whispered to the escort of the fair owner of the towering head-piece: "It is impossible for me to see the stage behind that tall hat of your lady; I have been dodging it to get a view of the stage, but she moves about so much that I am almost exhausted. Now, I have three propositions to make—first, that she shall remove the hat (I'll hold it in my lap if she wishes); second, that she will keep one position so that I can crane my neck to get a view of the stage; third, if neither of these propositions suit, will she or you change seats with me?" The gentleman addressed was momentarily indignant, then, mollifying, he whispered the propositions to the lady, who shook her head negatively at each, and the fact was communicated to the plaintiff. "Well," said he, "there are two alternatives left me. I must see if I can change my seat, and if I can not, I must leave the theatre." He waited a moment to see if the lady would relent and suggest some compromise or accept his proposition to remove her hat, but she remained sulkily silent; and he left his seat, and applied at the box-office to change his seat. No other good seat could be given him, however, and he went away, without seeing the conclusion of the play. Had the matter ended here with his personal inconvenience, the incommode gentleman would possibly have soon forgotten the affair, but the next day, walking down Broadway, he chanced to pass the couple, evidently strangers in the city, and the gentleman, glaring at him, ejaculated: "You did well to get out last evening." His fair companion uttered: "You are a loafer!" The gentleman's first impulse was to pull the man's nose, or to throw him into the gutter, but he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and contemptuously proceeded on his way. He will not buy any seats in the theatre in future, unless he can be located on the front row.

A Society Event.

Miss Anita Fallon, a stylish, pretty brunette, and one of Mrs. Emily Melville Snyder's most prominent pupils, who has been studying with a view of going on the stage, has been engaged by the Sheridan Dramatic Company to play Desdemona with them in the play of "Othello" to-morrow evening, at the Bush Street Theatre. The lady is peculiarly adapted for the rôle, and it is the opinion of many that she will make a charming Desdemona. Her appearance is not a début, however, as the lady intends studying some time before launching into her chosen profession. Miss Fallon is the daughter of the late Thomas Fallon, of San José, about whose will there was quite a sensational interest recently, and whose family are well known in Santa Clara County.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.

Prudent housewives are now preparing for the coming Thanksgiving dinner, and are laying in their stores of good things for the inner man. They should bear in mind that the best place in the city for purchasing pure groceries and fine table wines is Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s large store on Pine Street, next to the California Market; they have the largest and best stock in the city, and their prices are the lowest.

—DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S "GOLD LAC SEC" Champagne, was selected for the banquet given at Brighton, by the Sussex Free Masons upon the installation of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, as their Provincial Grand Master, as well as at the banquet to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at the Grosvenor Restaurant. It was also used when Her Majesty the Queen, opened the Royal Holloway College at Egham, and on Tuesday last at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce Congress at St. James Hall. —London City Press.

The San Francisco Girl's Defect is the muddiness of her complexion, due to our sharp winds. This can be avoided, however, by using Rachel's Eoamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont streets.

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—LETTER FOR HARVARD STUDENT.

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ECHOES FROM THE SANCTUARY.

At the Church-Door.

Alice has gone to confession.
What has the girl to confess?
What little, idle transgression
Causes my sweetheart distress?
Is it her fondness for dress
That needs a priest's intercession,
And brings that pensive expression
Into her eyes' loveliness?
What has the maid to confess?

Is it some little flirtation,
Ending perhaps in a kiss?
Mine be the sin's expiation,
If I but shared in its bliss.
Is it a trifle like this,
Seeking its justification?
Was it a rash exclamation
Some one has taken amiss?
Was it a trifle like this?

She who lives always so purely
Can not so gravely transgress,
One who can smile so demurely
Can not have much to confess.
Let me for pardon address,
For I am guiltier, surely.
Sin your small sins, then, securely.
If it is I that they bless,
Mine be the task to confess.

—Harry B. Smith.

Cupid at the Keys.

Through the chapel's painted windows,
The Autumn sunshine flits,
O'er the pews to the corner
Where Daphne demurely sits.

And ever, as she listens,
Her color comes and goes,
And her lips are sweetly parted
Like the petals of a rose.

There's a spell in the swelling anthem,
A note that's full and clear,
Not caught by priest or worshipper,
Which she alone can hear.

Her heart swells with the music,
Now low and sweet and soft—
Love's fingers sport with the keyboard,
In the chapel's organ loft!

—Life.

The Girl in Front.

She sat before me down the aisle,
She looked so sweet, so free from guile,
I sat and watched her for awhile,
Thoughtless of pray'r.
She had a fashionable hat
In shape the opposite of flat,
And all that I could see was that
And her back hair.

Unheeded was the organ's noise,
The crew of small, white night-gowned boys,
While I admired her small head's poise,
Her shoulders trim;
And, meditating on her dress,
While others sang with zealousness,
I sat alone, and, I confess,
Forgot the hymn.

Such shoulders, such a perfect waist
A Grecian Venus might have graced,
Her toilette was in perfect taste
And fashion new.
"I know that she is fair," I said,
"As fair as dainty, and well-bred,"
Then, when she turned her pretty head,
She turned mine, too.

—Anon.

In Church.

The last faint echoes of the bell
Have ceased, and silence intervenes.
While I my worldly thoughts dispel
The parson from his pulpit leans.
His arms outspread—the heads go down
With rhythmic thump upon each pew,
And then—my thoughts fly back to town,
And you!

My eyes close fast—I try in vain
To hear the preacher's dreary words;
Instead, I hear the summer rain,
The singing of the summer birds.
The rustle from the solemn seats
Suggests the breeze from skies of blue—
Again I walk the village streets
With you!

"Amen!" I hear in tones subdued,
The creaking pews and long-drawn sighs.
A pause—and then an interlude
Of music. My attention dies
Away. I go again in thought
Across the meadows wet with dew
Where morning exercise I sought
With you!

"My text, beloved, you will find
In John—" Alas! the final straw
That burdens my afflicted mind!
My comfort's one eternal flaw!
For while you found your text in Jack,
You stole my heart—your summer due—
A worthless piece of bric-à-brac
To you!

—William Scoville Case in Tid-Bits.

The Stylish Maiden.

She sits besides me in the square old pew:
Two little gray-gloved hands devoutly hold
Her dainty prayer-book and her hymn-book, too.
Warm sunbeams fall alllant her head's bright gold.
The preacher's words sound very far away.
The sweet-voiced singers chant unheard by me.
I watch my darling's upward look, and say
Within myself: "Oh, would I were like thee!
All else forgot; thy thoughts have flown above;
Too pure, too high for earth and such as I."
Just then, with glinting eyes, my little love
Leaned close, and whispered with a smothered sigh:
"That girl in seal-skin just across the aisle
Thinks I don't know it's plush! Well, I should smile."

—Anon.

CCCCXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday,
November 20, 1887.

Clam Soup.
Stewed Beefsteak. Sweet Potatoes.
Macaroni. Green Peas. Cauliflower.
Roast Ducks. Currant Jelly. Lemon Sauce.
Potato Salad.
Cocoanut Pie.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Figs, Plums, Pomegranates, and
Grapes.

STEWED BEEFSTEAK.—Take two pounds of round steak;
cut in pieces the size to serve; flour them, and sprinkle with
pepper and salt; lay them in a stew-pan with two desert-
spoonfuls of vinegar, and cover closely; place the stew-pan
where it will gently cook, and leave it one hour. Then take
off the cover; put in one onion, one small carrot, one small
turnip, and pour in a half pint of hot water; cover again and
let it simmer two hours longer. Take up the meat, and keep
it hot. Stir into the gravy a teaspoonful of Worcester-shire
sauce and one of walnut catsup or Harvey sauce, with a
teaspoonful of brown thickening; strain it, rubbing all the
vegetables you can through the strainer; let it boil up, and
pour it on the meat. If preferred, the vegetables may be
left in and served with the steak.

Mrs. Quinlan—"Pfwat ails Jerry this mornin',
Mrs. Kelly? Oi see his pick aisin' itself ag'in th'
dure." Mrs. Kelly—"It's indishposed he is, Mrs.
Quinlan, since Brogan's chowder-party las' Chues-
da." Mrs. Quinlan—"Clams is bad thim fall days,
Sora th' mout'ful av wan O'd touch!" Mrs. Kelly
—"They is thot—though thim ain't pfwat hurted
Jerry. Th' doother says it's some blythin disase
nemed maniac-a puttu, he has, and Oi'm tired wid it,
Mrs. Quinlan!" Mrs. Quinlan (with warm sym-
pathy)—"Oi doan' know it, acushla, but tin to wan,
but pfwat plinty av th' good ould pfwahskyl'll bring
him out!" Mrs. Kelly—"Tanks, Mrs. Quinlan!
O'll fill him wid th' early-pot shput!" —Puck

Young Mr. Waldo—"Do you look upon a knowl-
edge of Homer and Virgil as essential to one's ad-
vancement, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—"Not
necessarily so, Mr. Waldo. Papa doesn't know one
from the other, and yet I suppose he handles more
lard than any two men in Chicago." —New York
Sun.

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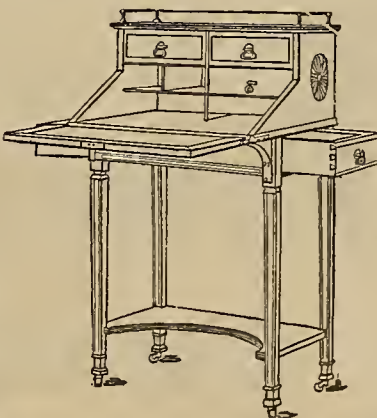
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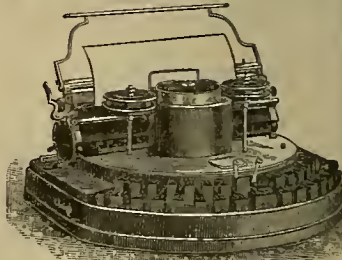
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Sometimes we wonder whether Henry George is so earnest. We have known him well. He almost always held some small paying office during the period of our acquaintance, and so far as we know he administered his official duties honestly. That Henry George is an able writer, all admit; his works have challenged the admiration of able minds throughout the world. "Land ought to be free and open to the enjoyment, use, and occupancy of every one who desires to improve or cultivate it"—we believe this. No man ought to be permitted to withhold land from improvement so that he may reap the value that comes to it from the enterprise of others, or the necessities that arise from increasing population. This we believe, and when we look from our office-windows into the thronged streets of a commercial city, we wish the lot-speculator did not exist, and we think it would be better if every unoccupied spot of ground had upon some ornamental and useful structure. We are not quite so

profoundly in love, with nor quite so overwhelmed in sympathy for the members of the poverty party as our friend Henry George and our other friend, John Swinton. If the poor were honest, industrious, temperate, prudent, and economical, there would be no poor but by reason of accident or illness, and such we could cheerfully aid. But when a man deliberately chooses to spend his life in idleness, where labor is abundant; lives in ignorance, where education is free; marries at an early age, and gets children which he can not maintain; remains in a thronged city in poverty, when the broad and boundless continent invites his occupancy; spends his money for gin, when two days of labor will purchase a barrel of flour; delights in violence, dynamite, and vitriol against the law; claims the right not only not to work himself, but to combine for strikes and boycotts in restraint of other men's working—we do not get very sympathetic over results that might be prevented and casualties that might be avoided. No man has the right to beget children for the community to support. He has no right to be idle when labor is offered, nor ignorant when education is free, nor to drink gin and get drunk and play the devil, and then present his mendicancy and misery in appeal for a division of accumulations resulting from industry, sobriety, economy, intelligence, and prudence. The criminal has no right to put his grimy hand upon the throat of innocence, and demand plunder in the name of charity. If Henry George, John Swinton, the Priest McGlynn, and the intelligent writers, orators, and thinkers whom they represent, would preach a pilgrimage to the lands that laborers hunger for; if church and state would combine to prevent the manufacture, sale, and consumption of alcoholic liquors, and furnish transportation, and if necessary, public aid to country life; if priests would cease to humbug and rob the ignorant and superstitious poor; if law-makers would restore the stocks, whipping-post, the hall and chain, with bread and water and hard labor for all the able-bodied offending rich and poor, eliminate all nonsense and sentiment from dealing with offenders against the law, poor, rich, and middle class, we could, we think, save Trafalgar Square some time longer from riots, London from ruin, New York from the Democracy, and Chicago from anarchy. So when we find ourselves all wool-gathering in the perplexities of Henry George's land philosophy, and floundering in the intricate puzzle of his complicated suggestions of reform, we get mentally so tangled and confused that we wonder whether—if poor men would stop getting children and getting drunk, stop giving their money to the Irish rebellion and to the church, would turn their attention from politics and statecraft to minding their own concerns—whether the world would need any reformation. Of one thing we are convinced, industry and sobriety would banish poverty from the world; withhold alcoholic drinks from the laboring poor, and the millennium will speedily come. If Henry George is as much pleased as he pretends to be over the result of the election in New York, he is easily satisfied. He received, only a few months ago, for mayor of the city of New York sixty-eight thousand votes. He now—after spreading himself over the entire State where one million votes are polled—obtains seventy-three thousand—in the City of New York thirty-seven thousand. If poverty is never abolished in the Empire State till the triumph of Henry George's plan of taxing land, we are convinced that the prophecy of our Savior, that the poor we shall have always have with us, is certain of fulfillment, for certainly that vote does not indicate the "amazing growth and strength of the Anti-Poverty movement" which Mr. Henry George claims for it.

That Henry George is both intelligent and conscientious we unqualifiedly admit, but he is a theorist, doing missionary work to accomplish which is to turn the human intelligence in a new direction, is to dispose of the doctrine of total depravity and bring all mankind to the same standpoint of intelligence and goodness; is to overturn the laws of landed property as they have existed since the period when Abraham first segregated a spot of God's earth in which to bury his dead; laws that were strengthened by Roman and Athenian periods, and that have been accepted as civilized common law to the English and American mind for nine centuries of time. When Mr. George reasons himself into the conviction that it is right to take landed property from the possession of

the owner who has legally acquired it, and who holds it by a legal tenure, and turn it over to a municipal government to administer, he must first subvert the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees the possession of property to its owner till deprived of it by due process of law. He must change the law of every State, for all are now working along the same line of principle. In order to change the laws concerning real property by any other process than by violence, he must do a vast missionary work in order to change men's minds, and convince them that the new system would work better than the old. Mr. George makes frequent comparison between the ownership of land and the slavery that held in bondage human chattels. We accept the simile, and assent to it in illustration of the moral doctrine that the government can not acquire the ownership of land without paying for it. The Government of the United States having legalized human slavery and recognized ownership in human chattels, had no right (morally) to deprive Southern masters without paying to them the legal value of their property. It would have been better to pay for the slaves than to have emancipated them by war. The Henry George doctrine of nationalization of land will never be realized till the end of a successful struggle between those who have nothing and those who have something. Mr. George's illustration of the impropriety of an individual receiving the "unearned increment" in value of a city or town lot which he does not improve, but holds for a value resulting from the labors of others, the growth of a city, is unadulterated rot and nonsense. Let us illustrate in San Francisco: We recall a fifty-vara lot in the Western Addition at the corner of two important thoroughfares; the owner has possessed it forty years; his title came to him by possession under the Van Ness ordinance; he paid nothing for it, but for forty years he has paid taxes upon it for carrying on the municipal and State government, to pay the police for protecting life and property; he has aided in maintaining schools, hospitals, penitentiaries, and all beneficent institutions; he has graded streets at large expense on two sides; he has graded his lot; he has made and maintained the street for the public use; he has laid and maintained a sidewalk for forty years, for all street improvements are chargeable upon property along the line of the street; he has built sewers to preserve the public health, and in order to do this—for the fifty-vara lot has paid no dollar for its use—he has been industrious, temperate, and economical; he has acquired his title by law; and now shall Mr. George be permitted to talk about "unearned increment" in order that he may turn this lot over to his long-haired, wild-eyed mob of long-tongued theorists who have spent a life of idleness in drinking gin? There is no law, human or divine, that can deprive the owner of the lot in question, except by paying him for it all that he has advanced, with compound interest for taxes and improvements upon it. If this was done, there are very few lots in town or country, that have been held for that length of time, which are worth the money they have cost. It is disingenuous and unfair to represent the owners of unimproved property as a class that has benefited by the enterprise of the labor class; the reverse is true—those who work and those who are unemployed have lived upon the taxes and the expenditures of those who have had the patience and the courage to hold suburban property. One more reflection: When Mr. Henry George, and his socialistic mob, the "have nothings," outnumber the "have somethings," and change the law, as by the majority rule they can do in a Republican government, what then? Will the millennium have come? Will poverty no longer abound in the land? Will the primal curse of toil be abolished? Will the serpent of evil no longer bite the heel of honest industry, and will the toiling gardener in the Eden of life be no longer compelled to bruise the head of crime? Will supervisors be honest, and politicians administer the affairs of municipal or State governments more satisfactorily than they do now? Will political corporations, managed by curb-stone statesmen, elected by Henry George's followers, all the rabble of the unwashed of Europe, all the ignorant and superstitious, all the idle and vicious, all the impecunious and diseased, administer public affairs more rationally or more satisfactorily than at present? Mr. George knows that the private owner of real property holds

his lands subject to the right of the government to tax it at pleasure; this is the highest privilege of sovereignty, and, with the requirements of governmental necessity, practically unlimited. We should think Mr. Henry George something more disinterested and unselfish if he was not an ever-intriguing candidate for office. Gas-inspector of San Francisco, candidate for mayor of New York city, Secretary of State in New York, and President of the United States. "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be king hereafter." This ambition is of the kind, we think, that overleaps itself and falls upon the other side. Mr. Henry George has, perhaps, made no mistake in leaving the study for the stump, and in metamorphosing himself from philosopher to politician. He may have found his profit in the change, for we can not pretend to know for what object he lives. If to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and that number is number one; if to abolish poverty from his own surroundings and make progress in his own advancement to popular favor, be the objects for which he toils, he has, perhaps, been wise, and, perhaps, he has not. The ignorant are always unappreciative and sometimes ungrateful.

Our profoundest sympathy is with Harry Dam. He is absent, defenseless, friendless, charged with the crime of selling pardons from Governor Stoneman, whose private and confidential secretary he was. Not only selling pardons but selling them cheap, and besides, his business capacity is impeached by insisting that he was oftentimes defrauded of his purchase money by his trustful confidence being imposed upon, and being induced to deliver the pardon with the great seal attached, before he got the money. This we do not believe, for Harry's business qualifications have never before been questioned; that we do not believe Harry Dam guilty of this criminal charge goes without saying. We have known him intimately and for years, not for many years, for Harry is still a boy; a boy in his simplicity and beauty of character, in the modesty that characterizes his entire deportment, and manifests itself in all his relations with his fellow-men and his fellow-women; so bashful in manner, so modest, so retiring, so diffident, so unpretending, so unobtrusive. We remember him on one occasion when General Grant, flushed with triumph from his journey round the world, stood upon the deck of his ship in our Golden Gateway, awaiting the committee authorized to welcome him back to his native shores, back in safety to the hosts of his admiring, grateful countrymen; a great fleet, laden with thousands of our excited citizens, gathered around the vessel; great guns boomed welcome greeting, martial bands mixed their music with the loud acclaim of the popular voice. It was growing dusk, and from the hills great bonfires burst forth in flames, giving beauty and grandeur to the scene. When the committee, headed by General Miller, reached the deck where General Grant stood, they found him surrounded by Harry Dam, note-book in hand, prodding him with a pencil, puncturing him as to how much he was worth, and if he had met the *Chronicle* often in his travels in foreign lands, and whether he would again be candidate for the Presidential nomination, and if he found good cigars in his circum-traveling of the earth, and if he would have a cigarette. Could such a youth as this commit a crime? Could he have seduced so great a warrior and so good a man as General Stoneman to let pardons slip his grip for the asking? Can it be supposed that a youth so innocent as we have represented the private secretary to be, could have taken advantage of the governor in his lucid intervals, and have inveigled him into signing pardons in blank for Harry to peddle at restaurants? The history of the Democratic party forbids the presumption, while the well-known characteristics of our then governor, his untarnished honor, his unquestioned intelligence, and his unchallenged sobriety, which always left his brain in clear working and well-balanced condition, all forbid the presumption of Harry Dam's criminality. Harry is a poet, and poets care not for coin. Harry is ambitious in society circles, of which he is an ornament; he is a litterateur and play-writer, and has written for the *North American Review* an article on "Practical Penology," so that a pardon-broker he can not be presumed to be. One word of sense, and we conclude. If pardons were issued without cause, and criminals were turned loose upon the community, and the morals of civilizations were violated by a governor whose brains were steeped in gin and whose faculties were benumbed by dissipation, why does not the press dare to call public attention to the real offender, and not to his private secretary with his cheek of bronze? Oh, brave and virtuous journalism that hunts moles working in moonlight beneath the grass, while pole-cats, coyotes, and grosser vermin pursue their vocations openly in the light of day.

It seems somewhat strange to us Americans, that England should, from our example, draw precepts to govern her own people. The truth is, that the United States of America is beginning to be regarded as among the respectable governments of earth. It is beginning to be looked upon as a "strong" power. Strong, not in its military force or naval equipment, for it has neither army nor navy, but strong in the intelligence and character of its people, strong in its mate-

rial resources, in its breadth of empire, and in its national vitality. Our civil war was a splendid advertisement; the exhibition of armed forces in the field, and ships of war to guard our coast and wage battle conflicts on our great interior rivers, was a notice to all the world that within the breasts of our people breathed the battle spirit, and the same valor exhibited by troops on southern or northern fields would, when united, be able to defend and guard its soil against the world in arms. The prompt payment of our debt, the vast income from revenue sources, the splendid credit we have obtained, the surplus and reserves in our bursting treasure-vaults, are better than ships of war, or great guns, and arsenals filled with battle material and engineering of defence. But better and more valuable than all these, is the law-abiding spirit which is born in the hearts of the American people, and educated into the manhood of the nation, an intelligent appreciation of the value of liberty within the law, of order in the government, and submission to authority rightfully exercised with the limits of law. This is the magnificent inheritance received from our English ancestors and from the Saxon portion of them. We have improved and cultivated the splendid sentiment of patriotism, and love of the law, respect for authority, and veneration for the noble and the good, and with these virtues we have preserved another trait of character we have inherited from our English progenitors, and that is courage to defend the institutions we have transplanted from English to American soil; institutions we have sacrificed treasure to plant, blood to water, and both blood and treasure to preserve. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a recent speech, has recognized the American mode of dealing with those who gather themselves together in mobs to violate the law and set authority at defiance, and this speech was delivered before the Chicago anarchists were offered up on the altar of American law. At a meeting held at Stockton, England, November 4th, Lord Churchill said:

I should like to bring to your notice some examples of what goes on on the other side of the Atlantic, in America, where these opinions are not held as to the iniquity of quelling disorder by force. Of course, we know that America is a country of perfect freedom—that you have in America the purest form of democratic government which you could well see. Well, now, the Americans are a very shrewd and very clever people, with a great deal of common sense, and very little sentiment about them at all. I bring this before you in order to show you the way they go to work in America when order is threatened. I happened to be looking, the other day, over an account of some riots which took place in New York in the year 1863. These riots, curiously enough, were Irish riots, and what is still more curious is that I believe—speaking from the strictly legal point of view—the Irish were justified in protesting against the action of the government which led to the riot. What took place was this—the President of the United States, in order to carry on the war, called for an extra levy of soldiers from the population.

He sent for the Provost-Marshal of the United States to go into the city of New York to superintend the levy himself. This sending one of the government officers into the territory of a State which for all State purposes was independent of the Federal Government (hear, hear) was unconstitutional; and was only justified by the great law of public safety. Well, the population of New York submitted to this forced levy, all except the Irish, and the Irish protested—not only protested, but rioted—and for four days the town of New York was in possession of a riotous Irish crowd, and an enormous quantity of property was destroyed and many lives were lost. And then the United States Government thought it would act. So they sent some troops to New York; they did not think the police were quite strong enough, so they sent some troops, and the troops came into the town, and this is how the action of the troops is described by a person who wrote an account of that riot: "The troops were commanded by Captain Putnam, and Captain Putnam placed his guns in position and swept the street with canister, which soon cleared it. Bodies lay thick on the pavement, and in the course of five days over one thousand two hundred Irishmen were killed, and the lesson has not had to be repeated in New York." Therefore, you see our friends in America are not squeamish about restoring order when they think it is forced upon them. But there is another story told about Irish riots at that time. There were some much about the same time in Pennsylvania. The police were to some extent overpowered, so General Grant sent General Sheridan into Pennsylvania with troops, and the story goes that General Grant sent for General Sheridan before he started and said: "Have you plenty of grape-shot?" General Sheridan said he had, and General Grant said, "Then you require no more instructions." [Laughter.] "You may say," "Well, that was a long time ago and under the pressure of a great civil war." So it was, but the Americans proceed in exactly the same way at the present day, in this purely democratic country, where perfect freedom is supposed to prevail, or is looked upon as the highest of all objects. I saw in the *Times* the other day, that a meeting had been announced to take place in New Jersey to protest against the sentence of death passed upon seven Socialists at Chicago. What followed is described in Reuters' telegram:—"The police were, however, forewarned, and one hundred and fifty constables occupied the hall where the meeting was to be held."—"in order to do what Mr. Gladstone decided the English Government had no right to do—"to prevent the meeting being held." That was the action of the American police. They would not allow a meeting to be held, called for the purpose of sympathizing with men who had been condemned to death. Why? Because the meeting was likely to disturb order. However, let us go on. The Socialists, being infuriated at this, made a great civil war. It was, but the men armed with knives. The police used their clubs and wounded many of their assailants, and it is feared fatally, and finally succeeded in getting possession of the hall and in preventing the meeting." Now, that shows you pretty well that the American people perfectly well understand that you can not trifle with lawlessness, especially in a country where there are large and practically unlimited democratic institutions. Everybody in America is expected to do what apparently nobody is expected to do in Ireland, and that is to obey the law. [Cheers.] And this much is pretty certain—that if any American statesman, say such a man as Mr. Blaine, had made such an attack with regard to the police as Mr. Gladstone made the other day to the Kidderminster deputation, he would probably have been driven out of American public life. [Cheers.] The fact of the matter is that the New York legislature and other American legislatures are very fond of passing resolutions sympathizing with the disturbers of order in this country, but when similar elements begin to work in their own they alter their ideas. [Laughter.] Then the police begin to use their clubs, and the military begin to get their rifles into that position which shocks Mr. Gladstone as being so terrible.

From the *Boston Home Journal*, of November 5th, we reproduce a strong statement of the public-school question. This article demonstrates that the people of Boston are waking up to the fact that one of America's most cherished institutions is being assaulted by the Roman Church, and that there is a necessity for rallying to its defense. It is an agreeable reflection that this question is receiving the attention of the Republican party, and it is a pleasure to know that the press is beginning to manifest enough of courage to champion it. The Republican party can make an American party organization unnecessary; but it can do it only one way, and that is by adopting American principles. Defense of the American school-house, amendment of the immigration laws, and repeal of the naturalization laws are the cardinal principles that underlie the American party.

The Republican party of Massachusetts has the courage of its convictions; it is determined to defend the public schools against the assaults of the Roman Catholic enemy. But the task will be by no

means an easy one. The enemy is strongly entrenched, thoroughly organized, and he means war. War he shall have! The public schools are in danger. This is no scare-cry; it is the assertion of an indubitable fact. Do not imagine for one moment that the public school system of Boston, or Massachusetts alone, is menaced by a subtle priest of a crafty papacy. All over the land, from Eastport on the one hand to San Francisco on the other; from the Canada board on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Roman Catholic Church is tightening its grip on the public schools, and preparing for the inevitable struggle.

It is a question of Americanism against foreignism; of enlightenment against ignorance; of tolerance against bigotry; of freedom against slavery; of progress against retrogression; of light against darkness. The public school is, of all institutions, the dearest to the American heart. It is the cradle of our liberties, our manly strength as a nation, of our national life itself. It is unique among the institutions of the world. You will find nothing like it outside the United States. It is the corner-stone of the Republic. It rebukes ignorance, hence is hated by the Roman Catholic Church. It is the enemy of superstition, hence it is despised by the hirelings of the Vatican. It develops individuality, and for this reason it is detested by the manufacturers' papal bulls. It inculcates a love for freedom of thought, of speech, of the press, therefore it is anathematized by the so-called successor of St. Peter and the cringing minions who dare not speak or act save in a cordance with his cunning will. It declares that the Republic is a church without a bishop, a state without a king, hence it inspires the wrath of the Roman Catholic machine. Wherever you find a system of public schools, there you will also find a liberty-loving, intelligent and progressive community. Wherever you find parochial schools you will also find stupidity, bigotry, dirt, relentless conservatism, lack of public opinion, and a community that exists solely to make priests fat. Shall the Roman Catholic Church be permitted to transform our public schools into parochial schools, or to cover the land with the parochial excrement at the expense of our public educational system? The question must be answered at the polls. The Republican party of Massachusetts has been the first to take up the cause of defense, and we declare for popular liberty as against religious slavery.

What manner of men are these Roman Catholic priests who, in our very midst, declaim against our public schools? Are they American or are they foreigners? Both!

Many, if not most of the Americans among them were educated in our public schools. Archbishop Williams; Bishop Harkins, of Providence, and formerly of Boston; and other leaders of local Romanism were educated in the public schools of this city. If public schools were good enough for these functionaries, why are they not good enough for the children of the laity? If the popular educational system is so vile a thing, why did a certain element in the school board exhibit such degree of anxiety in order that a public school building in Roxbury should be named for the Jesuit mayor, Hugh O'Brien?

Parochial schools are springing up on every hand. Their purpose is to undermine the public school system by withdrawing thousands of pupils, and turning a portion of the public funds into the so-called educational institutions that are controlled by the Roman Church. The number of Roman Catholics in the school committee is increasing rapidly. It is easier for a Roman Catholic to receive an appointment as teacher than it is for a Protestant. Roman Catholic children in the public schools are accorded privileges in the way of absenting themselves from the class-room that Protestant children do not enjoy, and for which they would never dream of asking.

The common council offered an order last week requesting the mayor to petition the legislature for the passage of a law giving to the school committee "the exclusive control of all matters relating to the public schools, including the purchase of land and the erection and maintenance of school-houses, and for fixing the amount of the annual appropriations therefor, such amount to be levied as a separate tax in the same manner that state and county taxes are now levied." Do you see the drift? It is this. The Roman Catholics intend to put forth every exertion in their power for the purpose of placing a majority of their religionists on the school committee, and thereby obtaining "exclusive control of all matters relating to the public schools" to wield the whole system according to their liking. In some of the western cities the Roman Catholics are urging the appointment of nuns and sisters as teachers in the public schools, and they have succeeded in electing priests to serve on the school committees.

How much further do you propose to allow this state of things to go? The public schools stand for everything that is best in Americanism; the parochial schools stand for everything that is narrow and weak and degrading in old world life. The Roman Catholics have a right to their public schools if they want them, but they have no right to the public funds for the support of such schools, nor have they a right to undermine the public educational system. Is Mayor O'Brien the mayor for Roman Catholics or is he mayor for all the citizens of Boston? If he is mayor for all the citizens of Boston, why does he not stand up, by virtue of his duties under the city charter, and say to the Roman Catholic priests, "Hands off! The public schools are public property and you shall not injure them." Why not? Because he dares not! He is a Roman Catholic and dares not to lift his voice against the church. His allegiance is to his church first, and to his city afterward.

Be it understood that all Roman Catholics do not believe in parochial schools. I know Romanists who have educated their children in the public schools, and who dissent from the parochial idea. But what are they to do when their priests command them to take their children from the public schools or else be denied the sacraments and the rites of the church? No man can serve two masters, and the Catholics must decide between Pope and patriotism. In Ireland the Irish protest, nay even rebel, against the "tyranny of the British." In America the Irish submit without a murmur to tyranny more absolute than any other known on earth, a tyranny which denies them freedom of thought, freedom of action, which denies them the right to govern their own children according to their own judgment. Is America to be ruled by the Pope? Are Americans to submit to the dictatorship of an Italian? That is what it amounts to, and you know it as well as we do, or you should. When falls the public school, the Republic shall fall. Too much of priestcraft makes a nation mad.

Let the Roman Catholic priests stick to the saving of souls—or the damning of them, and leave our politics and our schools alone.

If it is right to support parochial schools out of the public funds, it is equally right to support Mohammedan schools, Hebrew schools, Salvation Army schools, Mormon schools, Spiritualistic schools, Buddhist schools, and Voodoo schools, by the public tax. People who want such schools may have them, but they must pay the bills themselves.

No commentary upon the condition of the Crown Prince of Prussia could have been more significant, or more unfavorable, than the meeting between the representatives of Russian and German imperialism at Berlin, the other day. There can be little doubt that the meeting in question was due more to the critical character of the Crown Prince's malady, than the merely fortuitous accident of a member of the Czar's family having been attacked by measles at Copenhagen, thus rendering it advisable to choose the most comfortable, though hardly the most expeditious route, upon the home-journey to Russia. The marked deference and studied courtesy with which the young Prince Wilhelm, and the princess, his wife, were treated by the Czar and Czarina, is recognized upon all hands as an indication that the old Kaiser's grandson is already looked upon as heir-apparent to the German throne. While it is very difficult to arrive at the truth upon a case so intimately bound up with political and diplomatic interests as is that of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the latest private dispatches to European centres

now the final issue of the malady to a few weeks, for the reason that the cancer in the throat is of a variety the outcome of which is always speedy as well as fatal. Another feature, however, of the Berlin reception, even more significant than the formal courtesies which passed between the great imperial houses of Europe, and which may equally mean anything or nothing at all, was the ominous behavior of the masses of people thronging the streets to witness the illustrious cortege pass. The sullenness and silence which prevailed all along the line of procession, the utter lack of popular enthusiasm which characterized the whole affair, the more light upon the strained political relations existing between Germany and Russia, than any quantity of diplomatic and journalistic utterances and inferences could possibly do. While admitting that the popular silence may have been partially due to a natural feeling of depression consequent upon the present gloomy forebodings as to the fate of the Crown Prince, it is patent to all that Germany and Russia are not, in any sense, in accord at the moment; and matters mended by the obvious *rapprochement* that existed of late between the latter country and France. A suggestive feature in the proceedings may likewise be found in the extraordinary precautions taken by the police to keep the sight-seers at a safe distance from the line of equities. In spite of this, a missive, presumably a petition, thrown into the carriage containing the Czar and Prince helm. The time has evidently arrived when kings must be protected from popular approach by barriers of a more material nature than that divinity which was once popularly invoked to hedge them. The terrible effect of modern explosives has been demonstrated already in the case of one emperor. Nor did liberal acts, such as the wholesale manumission of serfs, which signalized his reign, suffice to save him. It is safe to say that the inauguration of a wide, liberal, and republican form of government would do more to stamp out the atrocious and inhuman policy of dynamite, as applied to European rulers, and most of all in Russia and Germany, the cradles of anarchy and nihilism, than all the police regulations that ever could be enforced.

But as if the matter of the Prussian royal succession were complicated enough already, a fresh rumor crops up to effect that Prince Wilhelm himself is suffering from a malady, in the shape of persistent abscesses about the region of the base of the brain, which precludes the hope of his wearing the crown, as it must, in a very limited time, lead to insanity or death. This would have the effect of throwing the government into the hands of a regency, Prince Wilhelm's oldest boy being only an infant of four. There is no said to be a sad dearth of material from which to manufacture a regent among the princely uncles and cousins of the heir direct. In addition to this, Bismarck can not be forever, and there is a sad and general conviction that he is not a single statesman of ability to succeed the Iron Chancellor. These are the days of popular progress and enlightenment. Germany is already galled by the harshness and stringency of an irresponsible and arbitrary government. The long-looked for opportunity arrived when popular opinion shall be brought face to face with a feeble regent? Will Germany be the next nation to throw off the fetters of an inequitable, unnecessary, and arbitrary regent? Has the fullness of time come when this strong and free people shall be able to assert and preserve its political freedom? Perhaps the next few years will tell.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Morrow Case.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Robert F. Morrow, a respectable citizen, engaged not in legitimate business but in the conduct of enterprises which are beneficent in nature, in that they furnish remunerative labor to and distribute prosperity among very many other citizens, is charged with what the law has considered a crime, under any and all circumstances. For the purpose of this communication of salient points, we will assume that Mr. Morrow actually did act as a juror in a case in which a certain corporation, which he, as its principal, was in duty bound to protect, had an interest. The people who enacted laws which make of bribery a crime, and who determined exactly how and at what degree this particular crime shall be punished, also established a judicial department to adjudicate the case of Mr. Morrow, and an executive department to carry out its decrees. These two departments of our government are expected to entertain no personal feelings for or against the citizen charged with offending against the law; to have no pecuniary interest in the result of his case; to add to nor to take from the severity of the punishment decreed by the law; and to treat him with the utmost impartiality. Here the people rest, and with the governmental machinery they have erected.

Now comes one who has invested his capital in a printing machine for the purpose of enriching himself by the sale of its product. He sets up the claim that the governmental machinery, constructed by the best wisdom of the people, is incomplete and, therefore, not efficient; that an institution which he calls the "Morrow Case" is necessary to supplement the machinery of government, and is indispensable to the protection of the public interest; that the private-public office, or, in other words, the office of the publisher, is the only one which can be trusted to judge, or censor who may choose to assume the incumbency of that important position by manufacturing newspapers for general sale, is charged with duties which, in their nature, are higher, holier, and more heroic than those delegated to a mere officer of the law; that his exalted semi-public position devolves upon him the tremendous responsibility of aiding the detectives in the evidence of crime, of urging the prosecuting attorney to bring his charges against the suspected of crime, of advising the judge, administering the law, deciding for the jury, and holding accountable to himself for the performance of his duties as dictated by him, the executive officers of the law; that, finally, that it comes within the vast scope of his mighty prerogatives to inflict punishment where the law fails to decree it, and to discipline judges, juries, and officers when they disregard his mandates. Wholly dissatisfied with the penalties established by law, he boasts that "this object all sublime, he achieves in time, to make the punishment fit the crime," by superadding to the penalties such further chastisement as will make his paper more spicy and more readily.

Being in mind this lofty conception of his duties as a publisher of newspapers, he sets himself to a rigid and impartial introspection, and ascertaining that he is himself in most eminent degree all the noble and sublime qualities indispensable in an autocratic ruler of men, he usefully elects himself the august and regal position he has created with his printing-machine, transpires that the qualities of mind and heart which generally lead to success in the business of publishing a newspaper are precisely those which unfit their possessor for judging fairly, respecting truth, and acting hon-

orably. In fact, they are exactly the qualities which enable him to amass wealth through his business by disregarding truth, justice, and honor.

Fortunately for Mr. Morrow, his legitimate business interests once came into conflict with the legitimate interests of the Press Imperator. As president of a railroad corporation, it became necessary for him to insist on his right as an American citizen to employ whom he pleased to work on the Sutter Street Railroad, of which right a number of foreigners not imbued with the principles of American liberty sought to deprive him. The felonious and desperate acts of these men created the only sensation reigning at that time. It was to the business interests of Mr. Morrow that law and order should be supreme, and his company's railroad be allowed to serve the public in peace and security. It was to the business interests of the Press Imperator that the sensation should continue. In accordance with those interests, the press daily, for many weeks, incited the criminal element to deeds of violence against the property of the Sutter Street and the Geary Street Railroad Companies, and against the lives of their passengers. In this struggle, unfortunately for himself, Mr. Morrow was the victor.

Because of the hostile attitude of the press toward all aggregated capital except its own, it has become next to impossible for a corporation of any sort to have justice in our courts when claims against them are set up by private parties. Insurance companies pay for losses in the most flagrant cases of incendiarism, because they know that they are almost sure to lose at the end of a lawsuit. Assuming for the present that the law governing bribery is just and wise, which it is not, if Mr. Morrow transgressed it, he should suffer the penalty. A man guilty of an ordinary crime, who committed an offense against the law in the law in the effort to protect from spoliation property which belongs only in part to himself, ought to be treated at least on a level of equality with a professional criminal, and not with far greater and unlawful rigor. The legal machinery established by the people would, if left to its own operation, so treat Mr. Morrow. He would have the benefit of the mitigating circumstances above referred to, be treated like an ordinary man charged with an offense against the law, would have ordinary kindness shown him by those who have his case in charge, would not be called vile names, would not be condemned before he was heard, would not be subjected to punishment unknown to the law and inflicted in advance of conviction, and would not have to contend against officers who have a pecuniary and personal interest in his conviction of the offense charged against him.

But, in pursuance of the business interests and prepositional claims of this newspaper publisher, and in consideration of the hatred engendered in his heart by the former business collision, he subjects Mr. Morrow to a series of outrages so unjust, so ferocious, and so brutal that it is unendurable and disgraces the community which tolerates it. Allegations which, even if true, might not be receivable in a court of justice, are spread before the public as evidence. He is condemned before he is tried, called by opprobrious names, and punished in the paper with malignant fury. Jurors, and officers are made to know what the newspaper publisher desires of them, and they are made to know what will happen to them if his desires are not regarded. The jury understood it so well that eleven of them voted for conviction without a scrap of legal evidence before them. Only one of the twelve had grit to stand by his oath, and be governed by the law and the evidence. It is made a purely personal matter between the publisher and Mr. Morrow. If the court finally decides that Mr. Morrow is not guilty, that publisher will consider himself defeated, will cease his personal campaign, and will rejoice in the satisfaction of having punished him notwithstanding his vindication by the courts.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 19, 1887.

The Dominican Monks of San Francisco.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Doubtless you have already seen, and, perhaps, paid your respects to the following monstrosity, from His Holiness the Pope, to the Dominican monks of San Francisco: "REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—In answer to the Dominican order in California, which request was approved by His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, a plenary indulgence is hereby granted to all children of the faith who shall attend the dedication ceremonies of St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco, provided they are truly penitent and have previously approached the sacrament of confession and communion. This plenary indulgence may be extended by the recipients to the souls in purgatory."

LEO XIII., per Lord Bethowsky.

But it deserves a wider comment than even your very adequate recognition. Just as there are occasions when it is necessary for the organs of power of a city to make a demonstration, so there are times when the organs of advanced public intelligence should lift its voice and speak the truth. So long as anarchy cooped itself to insane mutterings and rabid speech, the sword of law might bide in its sheath; but when that reptile showed its first fang to the body of society, the hour had come for law to draw its shining blade. And to-day the world is aweful in contemplation of its mighty stroke. Anarchy sinks to cover, while the people reject the security. And so superstition and absurdities may exist and thrive in unlighted places, and so long as they are harmless and make no noise, may demand no general animadversion. But when it occurs that such superstition or absurdity has spread till its prevalence is a menace to our intelligence as a people, or suggests a doubt of it, the advanced intellect and morality of the country should find universal voice. Clothed in her radiance, truth should come forth from her temple, and walk before the millions and be seen to convince the children of the faith who shall attend the dedication ceremonies of St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco, who will be influenced by his silly offer; it assumes that a considerable part of the American people are so abjectly superstitious that they recognize his ridiculous pretensions to divinely delegated power, and it reminds us—the heirs of men who had to combat that blasphemous doctrine with the sword, that to-day, in this century and in this country, there are thousands of people who are benighted with that monstrous delusion. It is time to take to speak our thoughts, and to act on our convictions. America does not believe in the Pope, and it is time to tell him so. The Protestant Church should denounce Catholicism in plain terms; the press should characterize its superstition, ridicule its monstrous absurdities, and lay bare this unsightly dragon that exists in the mazes of the world's ignorance. It is the fashion to call a Catholic cathedral or church a sanctuary; let that fashion cease, for we know better. It is a place where a perpetual farce is played; where impostors, who are deluded credulity bears, where superstition is incarnated in gilded mummeries, and a shameless artificiality masquerades as religion. Catholicism is too absurd to deserve any reverence, and belief in it is too ignorant to deserve our respect. Neither the culture of the priesthood nor their zeal should shield them from our contempt. Cardinal Gibbons had his omissions over the country. They were wrong. He may be a wise and a good man, but his daily occupation is to propagate a superstition, to believe what he preaches, but to believe, in that particular he is a fool. And that is what American Protestantism wants to say. A man may be wise in other things, but in religion still be a fool. And all of us who think so, want to rise up and say in words and acts that we know a belief in the monstrosities of the Catholic creed is pure folly. The ocean needs plain words. Catholicism with soft mein, in crimson robes and gilt trappings, is growing fat among us and potent. And we have contracted the habit of awarding it the courtesy and tolerance due a reasonable and holy religion. It is no such thing. It is a Paganism—a superstition, and all the sincerity in it can't make it sacred. The anarchist Parsons likely was sincere—none the less we justly hung him. Many Catholics are sincere—none the less is their church to be denounced as a fraud and an imposition.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1887.

William Dickson, leader of the District of Columbia Democracy, is the most inveterate practical joker in Washington. A runaway couple from Virginia recently entered his office while searching for the Rev. Dr. Sunderland. Dickson agreed to perform the marriage ceremony, sent word to some friends to come and see the fun, and then proceeded to execute the most remarkable wedding rites on record. He used the directory for administering the oath. The contracting parties were rather dazed by the proceedings, and did not know they had been hoaxed until taken to Dr. Sunderland, who performed a real and binding ceremony.

Miss Mary L. Seymour, who has a large type-writing and stenographic establishment in New York, says that women make better type-writers than men, and quite as good stenographers. She thinks there are at least one thousand women stenographers and type-writers in New York, the best of whom earn from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars a week. One young woman who graduated from Miss Seymour's office is now earning two thousand five hundred dollars a year with a law firm; but her case is exceptional.

Cases of piracy still occur on the Mediterranean sea. The Italian schooner *Pepino Salvo* was boarded near Gallipoli on the Tunisian coast and robbed of a sum of about one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Several similar cases have lately occurred in the neighborhood.

The silk dress-coat has reached Boston, and makes a tremendous sensation among the dudes of the Hub. It is really a handsome garment, made of heavy, corded, lustrous silk, which at a little distance looks like the richest of black cloth. It is a Paris fashion.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

Some Particulars Concerning its Discipline on the Frontier.

T. C. Crawford, London correspondent of the *New York World*, has been on the Franco-German frontier recently. Writing from Metz under date of October 18, he says: I have spent the last four or five days in the West of Germany and in Alsace-Lorraine. I have been along the danger line of the frontier between France and Germany. I have had an opportunity of talking with a large number of people, both German and French, and have learned more about the thoroughness of the German military preparations than is generally known or suspected. I have also been through Belgium, along the line of the route where it has been thought the German army might march on its road to France. The city of Antwerp, which lies in the direct path of this march, is very strongly fortified. The Belgians all believe that their territory will be in danger in the event of a war between France and Germany, and are constantly strengthening their military fortifications in the neighborhood of Antwerp. But it was on the line of the Franco-German frontier that I saw for the first time in my life an army upon an actual war footing. The Germans are working there as hard at this time as if war were actually declared. There is the same incessant drill, the same vigilance of patrols, and the constant activity of an army with a dangerous enemy very near at hand.

Metz is one of the most strongly fortified cities in Europe. It is impregnable to-day against any army that France could bring against it. I have been all around this city, and have been able to pass along under the fortifications, and to note their multiplicity and strength. No civilian has the right to ascend even one of the lowest battlements. Only the most trusted of the German superior officers have the privilege of moving around freely through these breastworks. There are but few, even among the German officers at Metz, who know the exact character and extent of these defenses. Metz is entirely surrounded by tremendous walls of earth and masonry, varying in thickness from thirty to sixty feet. The principal wall passes entirely around the town in an unbroken line, being pierced only by passages which can be closed completely by massive steel gates. These walls are strengthened by deep moats. There are three moats passing entirely around the city. These are from twenty to thirty feet wide, and are filled with water. In the front of each moat is a frieze of jagged wood, and a hedgerow of such strength as to make an impassable barrier without cutting. The capturing of one line of fortifications could only be done under the concentrated fire of the forts in the neighborhood and the further in-lying defenses. The passing of one barrier would be merely a beginning.

The great heights around Metz are covered with forts. There are nine in the immediate neighborhood. The greatest height is occupied by Fort St. Quentin. This is absolutely as impregnable as the heights at Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine. This fort stands upon a high peak, which rises alone from a wide-stretched plain. The plain is undulating, green, and luxuriant in color. The height rises abruptly from this, a rocky mass, as if it were specially prepared by the hand of nature for a fortress to command the plain. With the tremendous armament attached to this fort, no army could approach Metz from France without being utterly destroyed, unless St. Quentin could be first silenced or captured. It commands the country to the River Moselle. Upon its right, between it and Metz, is the tremendous fort of Friedrich Karl, and upon its north is Fort Plappeville. In addition to these forts, which absolutely bar the road leading to Germany, there is no elevation near the city which is not occupied by strong modern military defenses.

Once inside the city you find discipline, hard work, and the results of a perfect military system. Fully half the people you see on the streets are soldiers. In the city of Metz to-day there are twenty-six thousand men. Along the frontier, in positions where they can be concentrated upon the border within twenty-four hours, there are two hundred thousand men. In Metz, private soldiers are turned out at four o'clock in the morning. It is drill, drill, from morning till night. They are exercised in every form of evolution which could be employed in actual war. The officers wear their uniforms constantly. It is a breach of discipline, and of the most serious character, for them to appear in public in civilian dress. These officers have no time for social hospitalities. They are too occupied with their military duties, in the perfecting of this tremendous military machine which each day grows more and more formidable.

The perfection of the discipline of the German army can only be understood by witnessing its actual operation. To begin with, the private soldiers are thoroughly trained physically, as well as in the mental details of the military profession. They are all accomplished gymnasts. The German army is perfectly democratic in the placing of its men. The sons of the best families, who wish merely to serve their three years' term, have to begin in the ranks as common soldiers. I heard, when I was in Metz, of a young nobleman who was placed in the ranks as a private and under the command of his servant, a gardener.

The respect which a subordinate must pay to his superior extends throughout every hour and minute of the day. The first night of my arrival in Metz I was dining at the table d'hôte, when a heavy, thick-set German officer entered the room. A slight, aristocratic-looking German officer, also in uniform, was leisurely eating his dinner and talking to a friend when the officer entered the room. The moment the latter entered the young officer stood up from the table and saluted. He stood with his hand at the side of his head, in the attitude of salute, until the advancing officer returned the salute and told him politely to sit down. In this particular case I afterward learned that the officer superior in rank was a former tradesman in the town where the younger officer, the only son of a noble family, was one of its social leaders. The two men in civil life would not know each other socially. But in the army the tradesman's position commanded the absolute respect and obedience of the nobleman.

I did not see, during my visit along the frontier, a single case of drunkenness among the German soldiers.

A FAIR SINNER'S FATE.

How the Luckless Juanita had her Strange Mishap with Horse-shoes.

Friar Vasavilaso had not been designed by nature for the priestly vocation. To begin with, he was not a living incarnation of that time-honored policy, embracing at once the temporal considerations potent with poor weak humanity, and the spiritual advantages of a familiar advocate before the bar of heaven—he was not an object of that convenient expedient, he it reiterated, by which ancient aristocratic families, impoverished by reverses of the wheel of fortune, execute what is technically known as “a split-shot” by consigning embarrassing sons or supernumerary daughters to the service of the church—vastly to the good, no doubt, of their immortal souls, and to the elevation of the holy calling. But Juan Vasavilaso's family had been trammelled by no such social exigencies as would prompt them to this disposition of the only son and heir of their house. They were natives of Andalusia, a province at that time not inhabited by citizens apt to be overburdened with the more spiritual attributes. Juan's mother was a *galopina*, or under-kitchen-wench, at a *venta* in the suburbs of a principal town of the district, and his father was a hostler at the same establishment. His professional associations with the traveling public served to show the elder Vasavilaso the very considerable amount of wealth often conveyed in the personal possession of these wayfarers, and an inordinate desire to share in its pleasures. Therefore, while Juan was but a mahogany-hued bit of wailing humanity, his sire took to the road, and accumulated no inconsiderable store of alien worldly belongings. As his possessions increased, his ambition waxed accordingly, and the scion of his name was put to school—the fount of learning being, it needs not be said, under the management of the priesthood.

Juan loved not study nor rigorous discipline, but all his vanity yearning within him at sight of the homage and influence which appertained to the priestly persuasion, he elected to enter the clergy, and did arrive at the degree of taking holy orders, after long and sore wrestling with the difficulties which attended the preparatory stages. When he had attained that dignity, he was by no means an exemplary member of his guild, nor a shining light for the sanctification of his parishioners. Indeed, his excesses became so noted that it was deemed expedient to pack Fraile Vasavilaso off to Mexico, which province was a sort of social Botany Bay at that period. “Everything goes, in Mexico,” was virtually the spirit of Spain in those days toward her hapless dependency, whose natives were viewed but as bond-slaves, to wrest its golden treasure from the stubborn rock or reap harvests from tropical plantations, regardless of the hardships and miseries incurred in such service—suffering that was to wreak its own retribution later, in the horrors of Grenaditas and elsewhere.

So it came to pass that Fraile Vasavilaso presently found himself comfortably installed in that thoroughfare which to this day bears the name of The False Door of Santo Domingo, from an expedient employed in the architecture of the edifice where sat the Holy Inquisition. At about the time of his exile, dignified by the name of mission, the excellent friar had fallen heir to the acquired wealth of his worthy father, and this influx to the churchly revenues had contributed to his assignment to a wealthy and influential parish, whose offices were little more than a sinecure.

Thus the good friar lived in the sweetest and softest kind of clover. It must be confessed, however, that change of air and climate had done little or nothing toward the eradication of the worldly and fleshly weaknesses which had characterized this estimable man in the old world. Here on the new continent he was still a slave to the pleasures of the table to the degree of gluttony; he still had a constitutional repugnance to labor or exertion of any nature; the blood of the grape charmed his senses more than ever, from day to day; and, being a man of social instincts, and not the least bit in the world arrogant or supercilious, or inclined to hold himself above his fellows for a question of worldly station, he by no means disdained, when one of his parishioners by any chance might be carrying away a surplus from the payment of the tithings, to sit down with that lamb of his flock to a game of *malilla* or *brisca*! and if the lucre of the layman remained in the hands of his spiritual adviser, what clearer evidence could he desired that providence cares for the righteous?

But there was another propensity of this divine, beside which all his other proclivities became but as the inclinations of a dream, without strength or coloring. He was a born Lothario. It was the number and extremity of his scandals in this direction which had led directly to his expatriation. Yet could not the leopard change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his swart hue. Rankly as lay the mildew of corruption over all classes of society in those days, the most profligate gallants of the city had no greater excesses than, in the lower planes he frequented, distinguished the Friar Vasavilaso. The lesson of his banishment, however, had had its salutary effects upon him, and for a time he sought to throw over his irregularities the mantle of concealment. Nevertheless, as time slipped by, he took courage from his immunity from discipline, and also, it may be, heart of grace from his knowledge of the flagrant misbehavior of but too many of his brethren, and he grew bolder in his misdeeds. Thus it came to pass that his little world was shocked and scandalized by the installment in the friar's house of a handsome brown woman, a certain Juana, who coolly took up her abode there in open disregard of public opinion and the proprieties, without even a resort to the subterfuge of claiming to be niece, or sister-in-law, or cousin, or any of the brevet kinships commonly called into service under similar conditions. The world—his little world of Fraile Vasavilaso—albeit not overnice or censorious, was yet outraged by the audacity and scope of the priest's misdoing. But his superiors in office discreetly ignored the offense, and the offender's hardihood waxed greater, until he fairly laughed at the concern awakened by his conduct, that buzzed and hummed throughout the district, and echoed in his ears through the indefinable mediums which convey such rumors, independent of direct communication.

Now, in that year of our Lord, 1670, there lived in the street known in that day as the Rejas (or Gratings) of

Balvanera, and still so called, an honest smith, whose dwelling was beneath the same roof as the forge whereat he labored. Long years and years thereafter, his house continued to be known as The House of the Bellows, from the symbols of his craft, tongs and bellows, grippers, anvil, and what not, painted in colors high on the façade and lintels, as is the custom unto this present day in Mexico. By this good Cleofas Lerdo, the erring priest was beloved, dearly. All men have their inconsistencies, whose psychological explanation would be difficult; therefore it is not within the province of humanity to say why this stern blacksmith, himself as faithful to a clear and unwavering integrity as man could live, and keenly sensitive upon all points of honor as could be the most patrician of mortals, should have clung like a brother to the unfaithful steward of his master, yearning over his frailties and sins as a mother over the pangs of her offspring. It may have been an undefined loyalty and gratitude for the priest's condescension to intimacy with one of rank so far beneath him; whereas we have seen that the friar was by no means of aristocratic aspirations, foreign indeed to his extraction. The fact remains that, of all the indignant observers, the smith alone voiced to its object their offended sentiment.

“Yaya! God love thee, Cleofas!” the delinquent answered, chuckling unctuously; “she is a fine lass, Juana! On my soul, I believe the rascals are but jealous! Hast thou thyself not an eye over that way, Cleofas mine?” and then went off into shouts of laughter at the grim face of his interlocutor.

Lerdo's singleness of purpose was not to be turned aside by any such personality. “Thou knowest, Señor Padre,” he said, with the tone of combined respect and affection he always showed to the other, “thou knowest such course is not seemly, and briogs scandal upon the cloth. Put away this buxom Juana, I pray thee. It seems me she is but a device—aye! if thou wilt, a slightly device enough, so be it!—but, none the less, a contrivance of the devil, to lure thy soul to perdition!”

“Caray, hombre!” cried the priest most cheerily, and convinced not a whit, nor converted by the suggestion; “caray! I shall even go thither in brave company. There is the Cura Fulano, and Fraile Zutano, and the Carmelite Provincial Mengano, and a score of others I could name thee, with all their little nieces, and friends, and cousins! Methinks we will make a merry procession, going downward thither. What sayest thou, eh?”

The smith signed deeply as his own furnace, thinking the while, for he was a man of wisdom and just reflection, how ill it was like to fare with a cure of souls whose spiritual minister was of such a kidney; then he spoke again, but despondently, and in tones lower than formerly.

“To be sure, thou art master of thine own course, Señor Padre, and wilt do as it seems good to thee. But, farther than the scandal of it, and the example to the people, there is to be thought of the question of sacrilege; and not only for thyself, but for that poor creature, Juana. Thou knowest the curse on women with whom churchmen sin, and thou shouldst remember that Juana's is a soul of thy charge, for whose safe keeping and salvation thou art responsible, and must render an account at the great last day.”

For a space the priest reflected, awed into gravity in spite of himself by the solemn voice and manly dignity of his monitor. But to admit the force of this pleading was to put himself in the way of yielding and relinquishing the self-indulgence he was bent upon retaining. Therefore, he rolled for himself a cigarette of mixed tobacco and *macucha*, the ranker herb tickling his jaded palate, and responded: “On my soul, Cleofas Lerdo! we have both mistaken our calling! Thou shouldst have been the preacher—thy sermons are vigorous, stirring, and lengthy, and thou preachest, too, with gusto. While for my own part, had I to wield thy hammer, and trifle with the chary heels of *brancos*, I would get less of the paunch that so disturbs me, and seems to grow apace with each dinner of *puchera*. As for the baggage, Juana—I am vastly of the opinion of the Mussulman, that women have not souls to be saved, howsoever; and if by any chance I err, and a soul do have lodging in that lusty body, then art those still mistaken, good Cleofas, for Juana's soul is not to my charge, she being not of my parish, but of La Soledad. Therefore, must her spiritual shortcomings be saddled upon my brother in God, the Cura Gonzaga. Ha! Ha! What sayest thou, my Cleofas?”

But the smith was ill at ease, and smiled not at the other's gross jesting, albeit he was given to hearty guffaws enough at the usual gibes and jokes of his favorite, which were always, sooth to say, characterized rather by flavor than by either wit or delicacy. And the priest wended his way to the Street of the False Door of Santo Domingo.

It was, perhaps, a week or ten days later that Cleofas Lerdo, having retired some hours since, was aroused from the deep sweet sleep of the man of muscular labor, by the *mozo* that here as elsewhere in Mexico slept, wrapped in his *sarape*, on the form of masonry in the great arched *zaguan*, or street entrance-way.

“What wilt thou, Mauro?” cried Cleofas, when the servant had at last awakened him, after repeated shaking of his great arm, brown and brawny.

“My master, it is that here come people, with a mule for shoeing, and will have no excuses. They threatened to stave the door in, an' I would not waken thee.”

The smith sat up, then slowly rose to his feet, indignant. “I will go to the door, and give a word to them. What then! are the days not long enough? Is a poor artisan a slave in bondage to these fine gentry whose lordly caprices do not let them use the blessed hours of daylight? But they must come in the time of slumber, when the breath one spends in the day is hovering back again to refresh us. We will see about that. Hola! without there! what will ye? Have ye no sense of fitness, nor bowels of compassion—?”

But they who stood without cut in on his speech, laughing: “Come! come! Cleofas Lerdo, be consistent! And what if the first cock of the night is crowing? Do we not know it, as well as thou? We, who have not slept at all to-night, being at work for our master. What then, is the worth of all thy friendship vowed to the Fraile Vasavilaso, if thou hedge an hour of sleep lost in his service? He would ride to the Sierra hetimes, as the dawn is breaking, and he sends his black mule hither, that thou mayst shoe her—the mountain roads are slippery. Wilt thou open?”

Reluctantly enough, the blacksmith unhooked the massive chain, and turned in the ponderous lock the great key nearly a cubit's length, and admitted his untimely visitor while Mauro, the *mozo*, was uncovering and fanning to life-glow the covered embers of the forge-fire. When he attendants led the black mule within the red penumbra of the kindled glare, the blacksmith and his servant started in dismay, for these servitors of the friar were unknown to him, and as black as the hide of the mule that stood there, visibly trembling. Sorely perplexed, and half afraid, in spite of his stout heart, the smith made haste to prepare set of shoes and apply them to the shapely hoofs of the animal, that never, during the operation, ceased to shiver, at now and again gave forth a deep, whimpering moan, almost like the plaint of a human. And at every such wail that poor creature uttered, one or other of the black men struck heavily with a cruel lash, and “For thy sins!” adjured her.

“Why beatest thou the beast?” at last cried Cleofas angrily, being a man of tender sympathies, and pity for speechless beings.

“For her sins! dost thou not hear?” they answered laughing savagely.

“A mule sins not, being soulless,” the blacksmith retorted.

“Aye! but the sins of her species! dost thou not know Cleofas, that all mules are things accursed?”

“I am a Christian,” said Cleofas, (the black men start uneasily) “and therefore I know the story. It was Bethlehem, on the blessed birth-night.” (The black mule moved toward the court outside the forge, but the smith put himself sternly between them and the entrance, with a red hot shoe held out before them in the nippers.) “Holy Mary and sainted Joseph sat in the manger, and received the homage of the shepherds and the wise men. Then came the sheep there, and offered to the Holy Babe—” (the black men cried out as in agony, but when the smith moved toward them, one hastily muttered somewhat of a coal upon the forge floor, and the other declared that his eye had gotten cinder)—“the sheep, I say, offered the Blessed Child a bit of their fleeces. And the kine came forward, and knelt before Him—ye may see that they do it yet on old Christmas which is the true Birthday, and not that other, twelve days distant, appointed by the willful changes of man—at yielded of their milk, if so it were He should hunger. On the mule, being a cross-grained brute, and mayhap jealous minded, let out evilly with her two hind heels in a vicious kick, that would have crushed an earthly infant. But a fo away from the head of the Blessed One, those murderous hoofs were brought up short as if they had clattered against a wall of granite—the air froze solid, mind you, to withhold them. Then said Holy Mother Mary—for we all know the gentlest and meekest of women are tigresses to those who would harm their children—“Foul beast art thou, and evil thou wouldst have harmed my Son, my Savior! Therefore rest upon thee a curse forever—the sorest curse that can fall God's creatures. Never, in all time to come, shalt thou have offspring of thine own.” And that is the reason,” concluded the blacksmith practically, as he hammered home nail of which he was a little dubious, at the end of the process, “that is why mules give not birth to baby mules. At that is why, God being a just God, He will not have another curse put on the mules for the sins of them, seeing they are so heavily cursed already. Now take you away this or and see you do no more heat her!”

The black men now moved slowly and heavily, as m disabled, and their faces were drawn, and full of pain and horror. But they passed outside the great door, finally, a much relieved was the blacksmith. Yet the happening the night weighed upon him, and he could sleep no more when he had laid him down again, so that he arose again presently, wrapped himself in his *sarape*, and set out in the darkness for that quarter where was the church where at times officiated his friend, Friar Vasavilaso. It was dimly alight when he reached it, for the performance of some special service, and Cleofas Lerdo entered and knelt down, as prayed hard and fast for the soul of his friend, and for forgiveness and salvation. And his heart leaped when saw that the man himself was at the altar, doing the office. The smith returned without, and waited, and joined the priest as he saluted forth.

“I am well content to meet you, Señor Padre,” he said. “I feared I might be too late—that you might have started on your journey. And was your mule shod to your liking. Ah! but it is a shame that your black men do so beat a wretched animal. They will soon spoil her for your service. This tentatively, and by the way.

The friar looked at him in amazement. “But what journey?” he said, laughing; “and what *mulita*? and what bla men? My good Cleofas, thou hast arisen over-early. I thank thee for attending my service, but—next time, I pray thee do not until thy wits have returned to thee from wool-gathering in dreamland.”

Then the blacksmith briefly and curtly, being somewhat angered, as one who sees himself bemocked and befooltold the story of the behest that had been laid upon him the dead of night in the name of friendship.

“Now, on my life, that was good,” the priest asseverated with quakes and cries of laughter; “that was monstrous clever! Now dost thou not see, Cleofas mine, 'twas some o trading on our friendship, who made use of my name to get a mule shod gratis? The friar's mule, eh? the good friar's black men? 'tis good, I tell thee! monstrous good! I tell that to Juana. Come thou with me! we'll rouse a wench from her luxurious slumbers—what right has she lie a-snoozing when her pastors and her masters are doing holy office?—and sweeten the awakening with thy story.”

The smith shrunk from the proposition. His nicer feelings told him it was an objectionable movement, and he did not care, moreover, to seem to countenance the irregularity of the priest's household to the extent involved in such visit. But the friar, as if reading the other's motives, would take no refusal; he hurried the smith in at the great cavernous entrance-door, across the sloppy court where the woman lived on the ground floor were doing an accumulative stint of laundrying, after the same fashion that prevails in the Mexico of the present day; up the steep-pitched, narrow break-neck, stone stairway, and out upon the corridor where Doña Juanita kept her birds and pot-plants. For Juana

veloped certain luxurious tastes and habits in her present surroundings, and in gratifying them she indulged two commendable and refined tastes, common then as now, even among the lowest and most sordid of the Mexican people—love for pet animals and for flowers.

Still dragging his friend with him by the arm, the priest re-opened the door of the woman's chamber, shouting, Juana! awake and listen what I have to tell you! such a good one on this serious Cleofas!"

The stentorian volume of sound that issued from his capacious leathern lungs roared and echoed in the chamber, but Juan did not answer.

"Caramba! how she sleeps!" he cried, and groped his way the window, closed almost hermetically, as it is the custom of this people to exclude light and air, deeming the seeds of death to lurk in the air of night for a sleeper. Unclasping the clumsy basp, he threw open the massive solid wooden shutter, and turned toward the cot where Juana was lying. He covertly was drawn about her in such a manner as to conceal all but the merest outlines until the men were close beside her. Then they started back with simultaneous cries of horror.

A horse-shoe was nailed on either palm, another on the sole of the one foot that projected from beneath the covering, and in her mouth, drawn and distorted, was fitted the rude and heavy bit of a Spanish bridle, whose reins passed over her head, and lay on the pillow.

The priest gave one great cry of terror, and fell down senseless. But Cleofas Lerdo, full as he was of horror, kept his feet possession nobly, and, shutting the curious servants out of the fatal room, sent away for the well-known Francisco Antonio Ortiz, cura of San Catarina, and for José Vidal of the Company of Jesus. The two came duly, together with a Carmelite who accompanied the Cura Ortiz. By virtue of the high rank of the two first-named ecclesiastics, they had the right to proceed with the inquiry, which they forthwith held in the very death-chamber. The testimony of the blacksmith was considered to determine conclusively the nature of the fate that had overtaken Juana, all the more that, in inspecting the unfortunate creature, her back was found cut and lashed, as from the blows that had been given the blacksmith, shod by Cleofas Lerdo. And now, when at last official gnizance might have been taken of the flagrant offenses of Juan Vasarilvaso, it was deemed better, and more expedient, the interests of general morality, to pass them over as lightly as might be. By the tenets of the old law of the church, he who dies under like conditions dies as the brutes the field, and may not be laid in consecrated ground. "Therefore," said the priests in counsel, "to avoid the read of a public scandal, which must be ever hurtful to the faithful, let us even cause this unfortunate, unforgotten man to be interred here within the chamber where her piteous punishment overtook her—all the more that our pious brother is not at hand to receive the chastisement he meted out to him."

It was even so. The Friar Vasarilvaso was missing. He had never been seen since the moment when Cleofas Lerdo found him swooning, and, shutting him in with the corpse of his fellow-sinner, went to seek assistance. Had the powers evil taken their own, or had the guilty man fled to escape the temporal penalties which should replace, perhaps, in this case, the terrible doom of Juana? Who can tell? However it may have been, the fact remains that Juan Vasarilvaso was never seen or heard of after, by those who had known him.

In that awful, fatal chamber, trusted servants of the Jesuit monastery pried up the red brick tiles of the floor, and excavated a narrow grave, wherein were laid the earthly remains of the erring Juana. Though no service was said over that tomb unhallowed, the Cura of Santa Catarina, armed with a heart most tender, knelt there, and long and devoutly prayed for the sinner who lay beneath. And that same Francisco Antonio Ortiz, being unspeakably impressed by the miracle he had witnessed, entered the Company of Jesus, and, eschewing all that was evil, and seeking everything pure and holy, he died many years after, at the age of thirty-eight, the saintliest man in Mexico. Likewise in this matter redound to the sanctification of the other two tests who had been knowing to it, and, gradually filtering public knowledge, it also resulted to a general renovation of clerical habits, until the old Adam prevailed again with a lapse of time. As for Cleofas Lerdo, he died as he had lived, in the firm conviction that to love and serve his fellows was far in the worship of God.

Y. H. ADDIS.
CITY OF MEXICO, November 1, 1887.

The grave of a viking was opened recently, and in it was found the skeleton of the old warrior, who had evidently been buried in a sitting posture, with his face to the west. He had been clad in a woollen coat, clasped with a golden spang, and belted with a leather belt, with two gold buckles. Over his lap lay a wooden shield, covered with bronze and armed with iron, and by his side, in a wooden scabbard, was a two-edged iron sword, thirty inches long, and near it was an iron dagger and spear. At his feet was a bucket of food and bronze, such as the Saxons used to carry on their expeditions.

In a notice just issued the Paris post-office recommends the use of sealing-wax on ordinary letters for countries near the seas. It often happens that the wax is melted by the heat under the tropics, or by the fumigations to which letters are subjected. In La Plata, for instance, the letters are found to stick together, so that they can not be separated without injury to the address, and are in this way often lost. Ordinary letters are quite sufficiently sealed with gum or wafers, and registered letters, for which wax is required, are carefully handled on the way.

A post-office employee says that the gummed surface of a postage stamp should never be placed on the tongue. Listen the other side of the stamp and the corner of the envelope, or the latter only, and the stamp will stick for all its worth.

The venerable Simon Cameron takes great pride in his title. His present particular pet is a steer that weighs over eight feet, and weighs two thousand one hundred pounds.

OLD FAVORITES.

Bianca among the Nightingales.

The cypress stood up like a church
That night we felt our love would hold,
And saintly moonlight seemed to search
And wash the whole world clean as gold;
The olives crystallized the vales'
Broad slopes until the hills grew strong:
The fire-flies and the nightingales
Throbb'd each to either, flame and song.
The nightingales, the nightingales.

We paled with love, we shook with love,
We kissed so close we could not vow;
Till Giulio whispered, "Sweet, above
God's Ever guaranties this Now."
And through his words the nightingales
Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
And love was awful in it all.
The nightingales, the nightingales.

I think I hear him, how he cried
"My own soul's life" 'tween their notes.
Each man has but one soul supplied,
And that's immortal. Though his throat's
On fire with passion now, to her
He can't say what to me he said!
And yet he moves her, they say.
The nightingales sing through my head,
The nightingales, the nightingales.

He says to her what moves her most.
He would not name his soul within
Her hearing—rather pays her cost
With praises to her lips and chin.
Man has but one soul, 'tis ordained,
And each soul but one love, I add;
Yet souls are damned and love's profaned.
The nightingales will sing me mad!
The nightingales, the nightingales.

I marvel how the birds can sing,
There's little difference, in their view,
Betwixt our Tuscan trees that spring
As vital flames into the blue,
And dull round hots of foliage meant
Like saturated sponges here
To suck the fogs up. As content
Is he too in this land, 'tis clear,
And still they sing, the nightingales.

My native Florence! dear, foregone!
I see across the Alpine ridge
How the last feast-day of St. John
Shot rockets from Carraia bridge.
The luminous city, tall with fire,
Trod deep down in that river of ours,
While many a boat with lamp and choir
Skimmed birdlike over glittering towers.
I will not hear these nightingales.

I seem to float, we seem to float
Down Arno's stream in festive guise;
A boat strikes flame into our boat,
And up that lady seems to rise
As then she rose. The shock had flashed
A vision on us! What a head,
What leaping eyeballs!—beauty dashed
To splendor by a sudden dread.
And still they sing, the nightingales.

Too bold to sin, too weak to die;
Such women are so. As for me,
I would we had drowned there, he and I,
That moment, loving perfectly.
He had not caught her with her loosed
Gold ringlets—rarer in the south—
Nor heard the "Grazie tanto" hushed
To sweetness by her English mouth.
And still they sing, the nightingales.

She had not reached him at my heart
With her fine tongue, as snakes indeed
Kill flies; nor had I, for my part,
Yearned after, in my desperate need,
And followed him as he did her
To coasts left bitter by the tide,
Whose very nightingales elsewhere
Delighting, torture and deride!
For still they sing, the nightingales.

A worthless woman! Mere cold clay
As all false things are! hut so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware.
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks! She lied and stole,
And spat into my love's pure pyx
The rank saliva of her soul.
And still they sing, the nightingales.

I would not for her white and pink,
Though such she likes—her grace of limb,
Though such he has praised—nor yet, I think,
For life itself, though spent with him,
Commit such sacrilege, affront
God's nature which is love, intrude
Twixt two affianced souls, and hunt
Like spiders, in the altar's wood.
I can not bear these nightingales.

If she chose sin, some gentler guise
She might have sinned in, so it seems:
She might have pricked out both my eyes,
And I still seen him in my dream!
—Or drugged me in my soup or wine,
Nor left me angry afterward:
To die here with his hand in mine,
His breath upon me, were not hard.
(Our Lady hush those nightingales!)

But set a spring for him, "mio ben,"
My only good, my first last love!
Though Christ knows well what sin is, when
He sees some things done they must move
Himself to wonder. Let her pass.
I think of her by night and day.
Must I too join her—out, alas!
With Giulio, in each word I say?
And evermore the nightingales!

Giulio, my Giulio!—sing they so,
And you be silent? Do I speak,
And you not hear? An arm you throw
Round some one, and I feel so weak?
—Oh, owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
They'll sing through death who sing through night,
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
The nightingales, the nightingales!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A GERMAN JESTER.

Some of the Humorous Sayings Attributed to Saphir.

The right of his co-religionist, Heine, to rank among humorists, is often questioned in German literary coteries; but Saphir's pre-eminence is admitted by even the ponderous writers of the "Brockhaus-Lexicon." The son of a poor peddler in Hungary, he was born and reared in the Pressburg Ghetto at a time when to be a Jew was to be debarr'd from well-nigh every form of modern culture, and yet before his twenty-ninth year he was the most conspicuous journalist in Germany, as much hated as admired, and had become the founder of that lighter school of journalistic criticism that makes the ephemeral literature of the Fatherland tolerable. He came to Berlin in 1825 or thereabouts, and started the *Courier*, the wit and audacity of which took the capital by storm. But the Prussian censors did not appreciate a writer who, instead of grumbling at them, made them the butt of his irreverent jokes, and actually poked fun at them. Six weeks' imprisonment for an acrostic on Mme. Sontag, the singer, and a month for calling a would-be-dramatist named Cosmar, a "creature that writes plays," convinced Saphir that his peculiar form of humor was not likely to have fair play where Count Granow wielded the censor's pencil. So he removed to Munich, where, in 1828-29, he published the *Bazaar*. He was converted to Protestantism, and was made Hof-Theatre-Intendant. But he soon got into trouble again, and this time with a more important personage than a press censor. King Ludwig was addicted to writing bad verse and making bad jokes, and Saphir did not hesitate to express very freely his opinion as to the quality of both. It would not do to punish the critic for this, but his sins were laid up against him, and when he ventured subsequently to make some remarks about the notorious Lola Montez, he received a peremptory order to quit the Bavarian capital in twenty-four hours. The court chamberlain, commissioned by the king, waited on him and asked if he could manage to get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist; "and if my own legs can't take me quick enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his majesty's last volume of verse." His friend Jermain was always warning him about getting into debt, for he was extremely careless in money matters, and explaining the great advantages to be derived from paying cash for everything. Once he wound up his usual caution with the remark that "making debts ruins many a man." "Oh, no!" responded Saphir, "it's paying them that does the mischief." When introduced for the first time to the prompter of the Leipziger Stadt Theatre, a pompous personage too much in evidence at times, Saphir remarked: "I heard a good deal of you, Herr A"—the prompter bowed his acknowledgments of the expected compliment, while the wit added—"in the course of a performance last evening."

Saphir mortally offended the Munich citizens by speaking of them as being "beer barrels in the morning and barrels of beer in the evening." He was crossing the market-place with a friend, when a member of the comedy troupe of the Court Theatre stopped and exchanged a few words with him. "Who was that?" said Saphir's companion, when the player had gone. "Oh! that is Waldeck, the actor." "He does not look much like an actor off the stage," said the other. "Still less when he's on the stage," retorted Saphir. Of another "poor" player, a low comedian, he once remarked that, "jesting apart, he was not a bad actor."

There was some difficulty, owing to the nature of the soil, in digging the foundation for a statue to be erected in honor of an important grand duke, famous for nothing in particular. The humorist and a friend passed the men at work. "What are they doing?" asked the latter. "Oh! they are trying to find ground for raising a monument to the gross-herzog," was the reply. Driving out in the suburbs of Vienna one day, his coachman, a peppery *mieth-kutscher*, got into an altercation with a rival Jehu. Words soon led to oaths, and oaths to blows, and the pair set to in good earnest to decide which was the better man. Popping his head out of the fiacre window, Saphir mildly implored the pair to oblige him and drub each other as quickly as they could, for he had "engaged the carriage by the hour."

A young person once asked him which was the greatest miracle in the Bible, and then, without waiting for an answer, added, "That Elijah did not burn in the fiery chariot that appeared and took him to heaven?" "No," said Saphir, "it was Balaam's ass; the ass that made answer before it was questioned." A great bore, seated next to him at dinner, was excusing his evident fondness for the bottle. "Good wine," said the personage, "makes us forget trouble and vexation, and enables us to bear up against the thousands of disagreeables we encounter and have to submit to. Don't you, Herr Saphir, think it excusable in a man to drink sometimes?" "Oh, yes!" replied the wit: "quite excusable if he happens to sit next to you at dinner."

A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with empressment, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy-chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with: "Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is to be the bride." Traveling in a second-class carriage between Hamburg and Berlin, he had a little misunderstanding with a lady in reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference, Mein Herr, between the second and the third-class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh, madame," replied Saphir, "I am an old railway-traveler; I know all the class distinctions. In the first-class, the passengers behave rudely to the guard; in the third, the guard behaves rudely to the passengers; in the second"—with a how to his fellow-traveler—"the passengers behave rudely to each other." Some of his briefer sayings are extremely droll. Of a dull townlet he visited, he remarked that it was so quiet that but for an occasional death there would really be no life in the place. He was a big man, and when a little poet once threatened to run him through for an adverse criticism, he merely observed that he would thenceforth have to pull his boots up higher when he went abroad.

A NEW YORK FOP.

"Flaneur" describes a Queer Product of American Civilization.

I made the acquaintance of a tremendous fop about a year ago at Larchmont. It was during the fall yachting season. The fop's name is divided up by hyphens and things, but among them is Bellamy.

Larchmont is perhaps the most beautifully situated clubhouse in the world. It is on a terrace on a beautiful cove that runs in from the sound, the grounds are extensive and magnificently laid out, and the neighborhood for several miles around is built up in extensive villas and mansions. Not a shop or factory exists for miles around. The drives are beautiful, and the clubhouse a model of comfort. At distant summer-houses about the grounds drinks may be ordered by telephone. There are tennis-courts, bowling alleys, bathing-grounds, and, in fact, everything that the heart of the most restless yachtsman can require. There is always a fleet of a dozen or twenty beautiful craft in the harbor.

The first time I met Mr. Bellamy was on a Sunday following one of the cup races. There had been more or less poker the night before, afloat and ashore, and the loungers at the clubhouse, the visiting yachtsmen, and the guests were scattered about the grounds in easy attitudes, smoking after-breakfast cigars, talking lazily, or glancing over the papers. There were perhaps half a hundred men there, and they all wore the conventional yachting clothes. In some instances the flannels were blue, in others they were or had been white. Two-dollar white canvas shoes predominated, and the head-gear was usually a weather-beaten yachting-cap or an old Tam O'Shanter.

About half-past eleven, a wave of resentment passed over the crowd as Mr. Bellamy appeared. He was freshly shaven, his mustache had been waxed and curled, and traces of the barber's powder were still visible upon his angular chin. He wore a single glass screwed in his eye, his hair was reeking with brillianine, and his collar was so high that his face was well nigh horizontal. He wore a ribbed shirt with monstrous cuffs, a white silk waistcoat profusely figured with gold braid, baggy white trousers, and a tight-fitting white coat. His shoes were patent-leathers with white kid tops, and his hose rivalled in scarlet tints his scarf and handkerchief. He had a long, angular, and far from handsome face, and a gaunt body. As he strolled slowly toward the pier, he howed solemnly to one or two men whom he knew.

Men are very much like boys. Every one remembers the expressions of sullen contempt among boys at school when a beautifully dressed young stranger goes among them. They are not outspoken, or exactly belligerent, but they take on expressions of sorrow and misery. Some of them look at their hooks and wag their heads, others pout and examine their pudgy fists, and they all glance at the overdressed hoy with expressions that say as plainly as words:

"Jimmiey whack! how I would like to paste that feller in the neck!"

So it was at Larchmont that Sunday. Men raised their heads, glanced in a sidelong way, muttered, and said, discontentedly:

"That guy is alive yet, I see."

Mr. Bellamy walked down to the end of the pier, and took up a commanding position in the sunlight, for the purpose, as he had announced the day before, of "getting sun-burned a delicious brown." The *Fanita*, which had won a big race the day before, swung around the point, and headed for the pier. It was known that a party of New Yorkers were on her, and the loungers on the Larchmont grounds pulled themselves together, put their pipes in the corners of their mouths, and strolled down the pier. The *Fanita* ran up, came about beautifully, and drifted slowly to the pier, with her big white sails fluttering like the wings of a frightened bird. The newcomers clambered ashore, and there was an immense amount of shouting, howling, and guffing going on, when somebody happened to glance at Mr. Bellamy. In all that crowd of two-score or more howling men, Mr. Bellamy stood silently and reservedly on the corner of the pier, burning himself a "delicious brown." He was apparently utterly unconscious of the other men, and his face still bore the look of serene superiority to the world at large. Two or three men looked at him, and the attention of the crowd was drawn to him in an instant. Then, without a word of warning, and with a wild and frenzied rush, Mr. Bellamy was seized and flung out into the sound, eyeglass, boots, and all, while the crowd stood, and shrieked with hysterical delight. Nothing was ever done more suddenly, and nobody has been able since to account for the freak which seized that crowd of good-natured men. Two sailor-men jumped into a boat, rescued Mr. Bellamy, and took him to the nearest yacht. Here he lay on his back in the sun, prostrate and speechless, while the crowd went after some dry clothes, and basted to offer their services. Everybody was anxious to make some atonement, but I don't think that anybody felt sorry. He had been grating on the feelings of the men so long that they had got to a point where nothing but action could relieve them. Bellamy forgave everybody, and played on the hanjo later in the day, and, as he played very well, he became quite popular before Monday morning.

I met Mr. Bellamy again yesterday. I was walking slowly through Forty-Second Street when I met a lady from Philadelphia, whose son was a classmate of mine. She said she was going to Fifth Avenue to look up a reference.

"A Mr. Bellamy," she said, drawing a letter from her pocket: "my husband has engaged a man to do general work about the house, in the way of cleaning silver, waiting on the table, and so on. He is an Englishman, and we found him very useful after two days' trial. We thought of taking him south with us, and I came to look after his reference."

She handed me a letter which was written with many flourishes and the air of leisure which distinguishes a lover of good penmanship. It was dated at a well-known hachelors' apartment-house on Fifth Avenue, and it read as follows:

This party, Johsoo, the same which bears this note, was in my employ for one year. Got him in Eogload. Very honest, but cao't

varnish boots without getting the blackiog all over the uppers. Smiles a good deal, hut is clean and neat. With kind regards,
Yours very truly,
J. T. BELLAMY.

When we arrived at the apartment-house, Mr. Bellamy sent word by his servant that he was just out of his "hawth," and that he would see the lady as soon as he could "git into some clothes." So I went up-stairs alone. Mr. Bellamy recognized me off hand.

"Haw," he said, with a radiant grin, "you were with me when I took my lawst hawth down at Larch—no, I don't mean that, I mean, lawst time I saw you, I also took a hawth off the dock, you know."

He had three rooms, and the principal one, very much to my surprise, was used as a dressing-room. Mr. Bellamy sat in the middle of it, more or less enveloped in the bath-gowns, blankets, and rugs. Along the wall, on one side of the room, were two long brass shelves. They were about the height of a man's head from the floor. On these shelves stood about twenty pairs of boots of every conceivable design, from heavily built alligator-skio winter brogans to the lightest of dancing-pumps. There were slippers of half-a-dozen different shades, and beneath the lower shelf was an ebony stand piled half a foot high with over-gaiters. They were white duck, mauve, brown, moose-skin, blue, black, checked, and every other design known to the boot-maker. From the chandelier, in the middle of the room, there hung a huge and massive brass ring. It was about four feet in circumference, and was held in a horizontal position by brass chains from above. Over this ring were hung at least two hundred neckties of various designs. It was a remarkable exhibit of neckwear. The whole of the western side of the room was taken up by a wardrobe with glass doors—really an exact copy of a harness-case in the average stable. In it hung the harness of the man of fashion. Every coat and waistcoat was on its own wire form, and in one corner there was a series of presses that looked like young cider-mills or amateur cotton-gins. The machines consisted of two polished and well-ribbed black walnut boards, forced together and held in place by a screw and a lever. Between these boards were pressed some dozens of pairs of trousers. There were mirrors of all kinds around the room, a linen closet, an enormous chest of drawers, a rack for canes, and a sort of a show-case for hats.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Bellamy radiantly, after he had exhibited all these details.

I told him it was the most completely furnished apartment of the kind I had ever seen.

"And it's so lovely and big, you know," said Mr. Bellamy genially. "I cawnt—I literally cawnt dress anywhere else, now-a-days, since I've got accustomed to it."

"How about Johnson?" I asked.

"Good man," said Mr. Bellamy solemnly, "good man and true."

He recommended him warmly, and I carried his message down-stairs.

On the way down, it occurred to me that New York is rather a big town after all, for here is a man who certainly spends ten thousand dollars a year on his attire, who is worth a million or two, unmarried, given up to fashion and fun, and yet unknown in society or about town.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1887. BLAKEY HALL.

The Musée de l'Octroi in Paris was founded with the intention of teaching the custom-house officials some of the thousand and one stratagems by which their watchfulness is foiled. The museum consists of a long, low attic, with whitewashed walls. Six narrow windows, unprotected by shutter or blind, throw a garish light on the miscellaneous collection it contains. In one corner, a large, solid block of white Carrera marble excites some wonder as to the difficulty it must have created to reach its present position. Touch it, and it yields to the hand, weighing no more than its bulk in feathers. It was one of a number of marble blocks on a train coming from Italy, when an official, attracted by a slight, unusual deflection of the surface, chipped a piece off with his hammer, found it to be of tin, hollow, and containing one thousand pounds sterling worth of Venetian lace. Further on lies a heap of rustic-looking logs. They are shells covered with bark; the ends unscrew, and contraband cigars are packed within. Large rolls of white linen, fresh from country looms, have only a thin layer of stuff over a zinc demijohn conveying a goodly quantity of alcohol. In a corner of the attic, a tall fellow in livery, has apparently succumbed to slumber. Ascertain M. Trois Etioles was in the habit of returning every evening to Paris from the Bois de Boulogne, driving his own victoria, with a footman on the box by his side. In due time the octroi men, knowing the gentleman and his servant well, ceased to stop the carriage, and let him pass, only touching their bats. Presently M. Trois Etioles had a new footman, and took to driving furiously past the office. This burry was his perdition, for One day he came into violent contact with a huge van. The footman was thrown violently from the box, and fell to the ground with a dull thud. The octroi officials ran to his assistance, and were amazed at seeing a yellow fluid pouring from his head, and the same liquor flowing out of the shattered victoria. The servant was a cleverly constructed hollow figure able to contain many gallons of spirits, the head, face, and hands alone being admirably modelled in wax. Drawing nearer to the sleeping man in livery, the gash in the face which betrayed the secret is plainly visible. The most unlikely articles are pressed into the smuggler's service. Whetstones are tobacco boxes, bustles are brandy bottles, a capacious matronly bosom has suckled an India-rubber baby with eighteen quarts of gin for months before it was detected; two bladders and two crutches were the stock-in-trade of a poor paralytic who dragged himself wearily through the gates of Paris morning and evening. The bladders hung between his apparently infirm limbs, and with the hollow crutches carried wine. An honest-looking workman's corduroy waistcoat is double-breasted with tin, and was filled with alcohol; it was found on a stoker killed in a railway collision. An enormous pumpkin had passed with many others, for three months, on a costermonger's cart, under the scrutiny of the octroi, without eliciting any suspicion, till the pumpkin season being over, its obstinate reappearance led to its capture, and its owner was convicted of fraudulently passing cider-alcohol.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Marlborough intends to remain some time in New York and the gilt-edged "sassiety" of the metropolis is all torn up over the question whether his malodorous highness shall be "received."

Prime Minister Rouvier, of France, who has just been "fired," began life as a "drummer" for a bookseller who sold on the instalment plan voluminous books of the kind given as prizes to lads in the upper classes of the Lyceé schools. Subsequently he entered the service of a Greek merchant named Zafipoulo, who was established at Marseilles. His own master, whose principal business appears to have consisted in Russian corn speculations, did not enjoy a very enviable reputation, and was looked upon as a thoroughly unscrupulous Levantine. Rouvier, having acquired some wealth by his transactions at Constantinople, Odessa, Smyrna and Alexandria, turned his attention to politics. In 1876 an immense sensation was created in Paris by his arrest for monstrous crime alleged to have been committed in the grounds of a Palais Royal. Both the monarchical and republican papers littered with all the revolting details of the offense, and public opinion was thoroughly aroused against him. The trial ended in a most unsatisfactory manner, for the jury, unwilling to incur the enmity of a powerful republican faction by declaring him guilty, and at the same time unable, in the face of the evidence, to pronounce him innocent returned a verdict similar to that of the "not proven" of the Scotch tribunals. That is to say, they admitted that they were convinced of his guilt, but considered that the evidence in support of the charge was legally insufficient to secure conviction.

Mrs. John Minturn is worth two million dollars. Her husband was an eminent banker. Mrs. Kate Terry is worth six million dollars. She got it from her father and her husband. They got it in railways. Mr. John Jacob Astor has some eight million dollars, the aggregated rest of real estate holdings. Mrs. Edwin Stevens of New York enjoys an income of fifteen million dollars, which her husband, the banker, inherited. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott's husband left her five million dollars, which he made out of the stock of the Pennsylvania and other railways, and the Westinghouse air-brake. Hardware turned out three million hard dollars for Mrs. Robert Goellet. Mrs. Jayne, the widow of a patent medicine man, is worth three million dollars, caught by making pills. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts has eight million dollars, which the chief part of the fortune her husband made in mining. Mr. Martin Bates is the widow of a dry goods man who left her one million five hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Joseph Harrison's husband built the first railroad in Russia before he died. As a consequence she is worth four million dollars. Mrs. Jane Brown has about five million dollars, which represent some of the banking profits of her deceased husband. Mrs. Josephine M. Ayer is worth four million dollars and she still conducts the patent medicine business her husband started. Miss Garrett of Baltimore is the richest single woman in America. She has twenty million dollars, left her by her father, John Garrett, the great president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mrs. Hetty Greer has thirty million dollars, most of which she has made herself in the stock market.

Daniel Wilson, President Grévy's son-in-law, born in 1840, is the son of a canny Scot, who came to Paris in search of wealth, and realized large fortune in the speculation connected with the establishment of gas lighting in the French metropolis. During the early part of his career he indulged in the most riotous kind of living, and it was only in 1865 after he had lost the larger portion of his fortune and was obliged to dispose of his historic Château de Chenonceaux to his only sister, Madame Pelouze, that he considered it worth his while to turn his attention to politics. Elected to the Corps Législatif in 1869, he voted against the declaration of war in 1870, and in 1871 inscribed himself among the followers of M. Grévy, at that time President of the Chamber. It was only natural that he should ally himself to the latter, as the relations which formerly existed between his sister, Mme. Pelouze, and the apparently austere old statesman, were a matter of public report. The scandal was recalled to mind when, to the astonishment of every body, in 1881, the marriage of Mlle. Alice Grévy with M. Daniel Wilson was announced, a union which it was openly asserted, had been negotiated by the bridegroom's somewhat too easy-going sister. The bride was neither beautiful, nor particularly clever, being known among her friends as "*Cette déesse d'Alice*" (that goose of an Alice), and had been moreover, the heroine of an escapade which had caused considerable amusement in Paris at the time. In 1879 or 1880, she became so infatuated with the well-known operatic tenor, Capoul, that one night she made her way to his rooms, and on his return from the performance found her established there. Considerably astonished, his surprise was transformed into apprehension when the only daughter of the President of the Republic informed him that she was madly in love with him, that she intended to marry him, and that she had come for the purpose of being compromised by him in such a fashion that her father would be unable to refuse his consent to their union. Capoul, who is a clever man, immediately called for his carriage, put the young lady into it, and drove her back to the Elysée, where he confided her to the care of her father, assuring him that no harm had been done. It is needless to add that M. Wilson has been free from a model husband, and that his flagrant relations with the popular actress, Jane Hading, herself a married woman, would not have been tolerated in any other country than France.

It is evident that the aged Kaiser Wilhelm can not last much longer, and should the Crown Prince die before him, Europe can not but look with uneasiness to the prospect of Prince William ascending the throne as German Emperor. For he is only in his twenty-eighth year, and has chiefly distinguished himself as yet as a representative of the most objectionable type of the Prussian military *yonker*. He is the pride of the military party in Prussia, and the favorite of the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck, who have trained him up in a manner calculated to give him the spirit and character of a Frederick the Great. They have succeeded so far in producing a young man who bates everything that is not German, and who will be a source of danger to the peace of Europe should he come upon the throne. Only a few years ago, at a banquet given by him to the officers of his regiment, he refused to drink champagne, saying: "I drink nothing but German wine." His hatred of Russia is no less bitter than that of France. During the last fifty years, and especially since the creation of the Empire, the relations between Prussia, Germany, and Russia have been regulated to a certain degree by the family relationships existing between the two ruling families. But Prince William knows nothing of sentiment. It is even said that he has shown marked disrespect several times to his mother; for England he has no love. His boon companions are the Crown Prince of Austria, a young gentleman morally as disreputable as himself, and young Count Herbert Bismarck. Prince William, as a boy, received private instruction in the classic languages, mathematics, physics, religion, gymnastics. He was then sent to the Gymnasium at Cassel, where he passed his examination for the university with credit. He was then sent to Bonn, where he studied diligently, and was very popular with the students, joining with them in their entertainments in the *Kneipen*. A biographer of the prince chronicles the fact that he not only loved military history but black bread for his breakfast, and was in the habit of exchanging his white loaves for it on every opportunity. It is also recorded of him that he had a youthful passion for writing dramas, and had them played by his fellow-students. Finally he took his degree, and then, leaving Bonn, returned to Potsdam, where, in 1877, he was immediately placed in the military service as premier lieutenant in the First Regiment of the Guards. The prince's military rank, at present, is colonel commander of the hussars of the guard. He is very popular with the army, and doubtless has the capacity for a commander. From all reports, he is very anxious to have an opportunity of proving himself, as his grandfather wishes him to be, a second Frederick the Great. At present, however, he is only a reckless, hot-headed soldier, continually getting into scrapes. But the Emperor is very fond of him, nevertheless. He married, on February 27th, 1881, Princess Augusta Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein, to whom, however, he has not been a model husband. He has already done his share in providing for the succession to the Prussian and German thrones. His oldest son, Prince William, was born May 6th, 1882.

VANITY FAIR.

Although the curtain did not fall until after midnight at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, during the opening week of the German opera (according to the *Sun*), Delonico's dining-hall was crowded with supper-parties after the opera was over. The custom of taking ladies to a public room in a restaurant in the small hours of the morning, the ladies being in full dress, and often dispensing with their cloaks and wraps while they partake of refreshments, and hat and laugh as if they were at home, is of very doubtful propriety. To say that foreigners look askance at the women who are seen in these places, and at the men who bring them here, is no reflection whatever upon the custom, as Englishmen are the ones who most frequently offend in this way; but right-thinking men of our own country should frown upon a fashion that exposes their wives and daughters to so much unfavorable criticism.

A well-known lady of Boston was traveling in Europe not long since. She went to London for only a day or two, for the sole purpose of seeing a friend. When strongly urged to meet a few friends at dinner next evening, she declined, and on being pressed for a good reason, was frank enough to say that she had with her no suitable dress for such an occasion, but only a black silk. "Wear your black silk, and I will wear one, too, so you may feel quite at ease," said the hostess, and a promise was given to be present. What was the surprise of the Boston lady, on entering the drawing-room, to find all the ladies in black-silk gowns. Lady Dash had written her guests requesting them to "wear black silk."

It is said that Mrs. Langtry has a locket which was given her by the Prince of Wales, and which she looks upon as a sort of talisman, believing that it brings her good luck, and ears it on a thin gold chain about her throat night and day. When she wears a handsome necklace the chain is removed, and the locket fastened to the strings of pearls or diamonds which surround the stately white neck. Sometimes, however, the actress wears a costume or a necklace with which the locket does not harmonize, and then she takes it from about her throat and conceals it in her corsage. She is very particular to wear this princely gift when she appears for the first time in a new play, believing she would not be successful were she minus the talisman. It is possible that Mrs. Potter has heard this story, which may or may not be true, and has determined to try the same tactics in her own case, when she appeared upon the Fifth Avenue stage as Mrs. Langtry's successor, and made her first appeal for support and commendation to her countrymen and women, she wore the Prince of Wales's crest of three feathers, and has worn every night since. When Mrs. Potter went to London for the first time and was such a great social success, she on one occasion gave a recitation before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the heir-apparent, in token of his pleasure in her performance, sent her a little pendant which was a copy of his crest in diamonds. This Mrs. Potter wore quite frequently after her return and naturally treasured as one of the most valued trophies of the success of her brilliant London season. She did not wear it upon the night of her debut in the English capital, nor at the first representation of "Faustine de Bressier," under the title of "Civil War"; but it is said that she happened to clasp it on her necklace when she first played "Loyal Love," which was more successful than any of her previous attempts. Superstition is very common on the stage. Nearly every actor and actress as some fetish which brings him or her luck, and Mrs. Potter found that hers was the prince's gift. On the occasion of her debut she was careful not to omit the three feathers. Being dressed as an *ingénue*, of course diamonds were not permissible; but she wore her pendant at the back of her neck instead of in her front, where it looked like a diamond clasp, but could be easily discerned by those near the stage as the famous crest of England's heir.

Never have bridal festivities been so sumptuous in their appointments, or brides so costly in their apparel as they have been during the last six weeks. An afflicted father with one marriageable daughter, the eldest of whom has just been started on her wedding tour, in what is called a very simple way—that is, without large checks, houses, lands, or valuable jewels in her trousseau, calculates that twenty thousand dollars will barely furnish forth the wedding outfit and expenses, and that for each one of his sons a ranch in the West or a good business could be purchased for less than it costs to marry one girl.—*Ex.*

At a pretty home-wedding in Brooklyn recently, the guests, particularly the ladies, after the ceremony, commented on the clergyman's address to the newly married people. He reminded each of them of their duties, and in an especial address to the bride, said that she was always to remember to be proud of the fact that of all the ladies the groom had ever met she had been selected to enjoy the proud distinction of becoming his wife. The ladies didn't like this sort of an address, and suggested in audible whispers over their ices and wine that the bride had had a good many beaux too, that she had been a favorite with the young gentlemen, and that she conferred quite as much distinction upon the groom as he did when he selected her. The bride's folks were not a little cut up at the suggestion of the clergyman that the room had shown any particular graciousness in selecting their daughter, and thus on the threshold of their wedded life a neat little row has been set a-going.

A new thing has come out in overcoats for men. It is a modification, as usual, of an old form, a development of that is known as a "box-coat." The overcoats for the past three or four years have been fitted to the person. Four years ago, for instance, the fashionable overcoat was so designed that it followed the lines of the waist almost as closely as a dress-coat; now the lines of the waist are absolutely departed from. The box-coat is single-breasted, and has a narrow lapel with a silk binding showing at the seam. The novel feature in it this month, which marks it

from any other box-coat yet produced, is in the blazing of the collar with velvet, which extends around the throat and ends at the silk lining of the seam. It has a pocket on each side, without flaps, and over that portion of the anatomy where the actor usually puts his hand when he makes a declaration of love there is another pocket, cut diagonally to the lines of the box. The sleeves may be made up either in imitation of cuffs with one button, or may be made free. Tailors say, when they are asked why such an ungainly garment as the box-coat should be put upon the market, that it is the unceasing design of the tailors to originate garments that can not be easily imitated by ready-made clothiers. Now the box-coat, so the tailors say, is a garment that the ready-made clothiers will find it impossible to imitate. A ready-made box-coat put upon an ordinary man would make him look, as its name implies, as if he were clothed in a box. It not only would not fit at all, but would look like the Old Harry. They hope, therefore, to see it prevail for one or two seasons to come, or until fashionable dressers shall weary of its stiff shape and give the word for a change once more to the fashions that comply with the outlines of the human form. The material put into this coat may be of various kinds, but usually some stiff, smooth fabric will be used. Another feature of the styles sent out this month is in a heavy suit, to be worn without an overcoat. There is a certain class of swell dressers who dislike the overcoat, and many of them will go almost an entire season without wearing one, except when they put on full dress to go to a hall or an evening reception.

The hundredth anniversary of the waltz occurs on the twentieth of next month. On December 20, 1787, Vincent Martin presented an opera in Vienna which contained a new dance, which at once became popular. This dance was the waltz—a dance which bids fair to be popular until the last man and the last woman are so overcome by cold and loneliness that they have no heart for gayety.

Art should always be based on nature, and no art is true which does not take nature for its model. A perfect, symmetrical, healthy woman of five feet five inches in height must comply with the following standard: She should be one hundred and thirty-three pounds at the least, and could stand up to ten pounds more without injury to the health or artistic perfection. The distance between the tips of her two middle fingers, when the arms are extended, should be exactly the same as the height of ten times the length of her hand, or seven and a half times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of her chest from one arm-pit to the other. The distance from the junction of thighs to the ground should be the same as from the former point to the top of the head. The knee should be exactly midway from the junction of the thighs to the bottom of the heel. The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin, with the head posed naturally, should be the same as from the level of the chin to the arm-pits, or from the heel to the tip of the large toe. The bust of a woman of the height named, should be forty-three inches measurement over the arms, and the waist twenty-four. The upper part of the arm should be from thirteen and a half to fourteen inches, and the wrist six inches. The ankle should be six inches, the calf of the leg fourteen, and the thigh twenty-five. Any woman of the height mentioned, who has these measurements, can congratulate herself on having as perfect a form as the Creator ever made. Of course, the proportions vary with the height.

The American girl is thus pictured by John Habberton in a new novel: "She was the oldest child, so she had her own way; she was pretty, so she had always been petted; she was twenty, so she knew everything that she thought worth knowing. She had long before reconstructed the world (in her own mind) just as it should be, from the standpoint that it ought to exist solely for her benefit. Not had-tempered, on the contrary, cheerful and full of high spirits, she was, nevertheless, in perpetual protest against everything that was not exactly as she would have it, and not all the manners that careful breeding could impart, could restrain the unconscious insolence peculiar to young and self-satisfied natures."

"John L. Sullivan is living in a fashionable hotel at the West End, daily receiving visits from distinguished members of society, and has taken the place of Colonel Cody as the fashionable lion of the hour." This is sheer exaggeration. No doubt a certain number of persons of title have met Sullivan; possibly some of them have asked him to dinner. But in no sense can he or anybody else be called a fashionable lion. The world of English fashion is scattered over the much larger world. Very few houses are open in Mayfair or Belgravia. Colonel Cody, at one moment, really had a certain social vogue, but was dropped because people who wished only to be amused voted him dull. Sullivan's celebrity is among a totally different class.

Senator Cameron, Captain Rodgers, and others, who have been traveling by special car in the West, recently side-tracked the coach and drove to a neighboring ranch. While they were away, a gang of drunken cowboys surrounded the car, lassoed the conductor and the three colored servants, and when the senator and his company came up, stopped their horses, threatening all manner of things. It required considerable diplomacy to induce them to go away without first riddling the coach with pistol-balls, and having "more fun with the coons."

Bishop Potter of New York is credited with the following joke: A young clergyman, not far from Harlem, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his clerical brethren, wrote to the bishop inquiring if, as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit, he could marry himself. The bishop at once capped the query with another: "Could you bury yourself?" That settled it.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The nearest of kin—the napkin. It's our bosom friend.—*Ex.*

Oh, why don't more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths?—*Puck.*

It is suggested as a shrewd guess, that the first mention of playing cards is found in the Bible. It was when Nebuchadnezzar.—*Boston Transcript.*

Scientists say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. When two savages get together how they must suffer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Doctor Koch says the cholera germ is in the form of a comma. When it lays hold of a man, however, it is generally found to be a full stop.—*Syracuse Herald.*

There is no period of a girl's life at which she is not beautiful and charming, and all that, but it must be confessed that it is as a bride that she takes the cake.—*Nashville American.*

A London druggist has hit the popular taste for good bargains. In his window he displays a card that reads: "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Burlington teacher told one of her boys that the next time he wrote a composition there must be some point to it. The subject of his next disquisition was "Needles."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"The climate of New Jersey is salubrious, is it not?" he asked. "Salubrious!" repeated the enthusiastic citizen of that State, "why stranger, we have mosquitos in January."—*The Epoch.*

The *Derrick* is the only newspaper in town that had a representative on the rotten veranda yesterday when it fell eighteen feet into the creek. We always get there with both feet.—*Oil City Derrick.*

In the club library: "First swell—"Who was Chateaubriand?" "Second swell—"Blessed if I know. Oh, hold on! Wasn't he the fellow who invented some kind of a beefsteak?"—*Town Topics.*

Countryman (in gallery of Stock Exchange, to wife)—"Some o' them seats down there, Maria, cost 'bout twenty thousand dollars apiece." Wife—"Mercy me! Why don't they set down on 'em then?"—*New York Sun.*

Voice (from under sofa)—"From this time forth, I shall cease to call you wife; you have beaten me shamefully, and I have still enough of the spirit of a man left within me to remain here until you apologize for your conduct."—*Judge.*

Willing to accommodate: Miss Sangbleu (to coachman who is actually crowding her out of the cart)—"Patrick, I wish you would have the kindness to move." Green coachman—"Yes, miss. Which way, miss?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Young gentleman—"So, then, if you know of a young lady, who is good-looking, young, rich, and amiable—" Agent (interrupting him)—"Allow me to tell you sir, all that suffices me to make four matches with!"—*Paris Journal Amusant.*

A Long Island man ate seventy-five clams at one sitting and won one hundred dollars by the feat. After defraying his funeral expenses there was twenty dollars left. Twenty dollars a day, clear profit, is pretty good wages.—*Drake's Travellers Magazine.*

At the Stock Exchange. Messenger—"Dev's a gentleman wants to know if Mr. McGibney's on der floor?" McGibney (who has been punning)—"Tell him Mr. McGibney can't say until the next quotation whether there'll be any floor for him to be on!"—*Puck.*

Buffalo Bill's share of the profits of the "American Exposition" in London amounted to seventy thousand pounds sterling, and a position in English society. He would probably be willing to exchange the latter item for a plug of tobacco.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

At the Zoo.—The keeper gives the lion a large piece of meat. Poet—"Does he get that often?" Keeper—"He gets it regularly twice a day." Poet (with clasped hands)—"What a boon it would be if I could only get a position as lion here."—*From the German.*

"Pshaw," quoth De Sappy, "I don't take much stock in this man Cranium, mind-reader. You can bet he was stumped when he tackled me!" "Yes," replied Miss Breezy, "he naturally would have a hard time reading your mind—unless he used a microscope."—*Puck.*

"Well, Maria," said the candidate, "I exclaimed to bed to-night a happy and an honored man." "Oh," exclaimed his wife, "I'm so glad! You are elected?" "No," he replied, calmly, "I have been snowed under, but I have been vindicated. I ran ahead of my ticket in two out of seventeen wards."—*Burdette.*

Preoccupied Lady (whose husband has just concluded a lengthy and ponderous harangue on political economy)—"Excuse me, my dear, but I've scarcely caught a word you've said. What is it you think is a fruitful source of danger to the rising generation?" Husband (lurid)—"Huh! Green apples!"—*New York Sun.*

At the masquerade. Marguerite (Mrs. Sicard)—"I enjoyed the waltz exceedingly, Tom." Alphistophiles (Mr. Sicard)—"How did you know me, Ethel? Isn't my disguise good?" Marguerite—"Excellent, Tom; but you must remember that you are the only man in the world who mixes gin with his sherry and hitters."—*Judge.*

Cashley (on his bridal tour)—"You've no idea, darling, of the quick-wittedness of some of our lower classes. I'll speak to that barge-man, and you see if his reply isn't pat. Hi there! Where're you bound?" Canal-boat captain—"To shoel, you camel-backed dude! Go back to your cage, you long-nosed, lop-eared galoot! Yah!"—*Judge.*

Western citizen (to Gas Company official)—"How is it that the street gas was all turned off last night at midnight?" Official—"because it was bright moonlight. You don't suppose we can afford to furnish you with gaslight and moonlight at the same time, do you?" W. C.—"No, but why not turn off the moonlight?"—*Tid-Bits.*

"Yes, dear children," said the Sunday school teacher, "with God nothing is impossible." "Can He make a thing a foot long with only one end to it?" inquired Bobby, who is a small but earnest Christian. "Now, Bobby," said the teacher, with gentle reproof, "you are talking foolishly." "What's the matter with a dog's tail?" asked Bobby.—*New York Sun.*

In some St. Louis restaurants the waiters no longer bawl the orders down to the kitchen; they touch certain electric bells instead. When a St. Louis man orders a lunch of coffee and ham and eggs, the eggs cooked on both sides, he will no longer be obliged to listen to this mysterious speech: "One in the dark, white wings, hog to come along. Shipwreck them white wings."—*Ex.*

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make up." "Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear. We were both in the wrong, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."—*New York Sun.*

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily-white hand in his own, and pressed it to his lips. "Katie," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity. Will you, Kate, will you, darling, be mine?" "Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be." "Never be!" Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?" "I am sorry, Henry; but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view." "Other objects!" "Yes, Henry; I can not consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."—*Boston Transcript.*

A WASHINGTON DINNER.

"Iris" gives a Pen-Picture of One.

Every large city in the East has its own particular style of dinner, its own pet style of diner-out. At a New York dinner, fashion, and beauty, and money are all that is necessary; at a Philadelphia dinner, patrician ancestry and sterling worth; at a Boston dinner, intellectual culture and unimpeachable connections; at a Washington dinner, celebrity and fame. A real Washington dinner is a feast of lions. The lions, their tours of business and pleasure over, all haste to the capital, and, in the season, are as plentiful as dandelions in June. They find Washington more homelike than any other of the Eastern cities. Once there, they are not always expected to be on exhibition. When they are invited to dine, they are not expected to pay for their dinner by brilliant discourse. They can enjoy the rare sensation of being silent or stupid, without being set down as giant shams. And when they do speak, they are welcomed into the heart of a conversation, not forced against their will to contribute a monologue amid dead, uneasy silence. In brief, they are regarded as fellow-beings.

A short time since, in the capital, I had the fortune to attend a representative Washington dinner—one of those gastronomic millenniums where the lion lies down with the lamb. As the guests gathered in the long, low-ceiled drawing-room, a handsome, dim room, with dull blue walls wainscoted in oak, there was none of that feeling of restraint which precedes a New York dinner as surely as oysters precede soup. Everybody had plenty to say, and said it with animation and snap. The conversation sparkled and effervesced like chilled champagne. A gentle bonhomie, almost bohemian in its flavor, seemed to unite the guests as they grouped about the open fire-place, where the flames from the blazing logs were reflected in the hearth of smooth, brown tiles. Leaning against the mantel-piece, and looking intently at a little grasshopper of Japanese bronze, was Doctor Alfred Wallace, the great naturalist, who had stopped at Washington on his way to Canada, where, in company with Grant Allen, he was to deliver a series of lectures. As he stood with his elbow resting on the mantel-piece, chatting about the grasshopper to one of the pretty daughters of the house, he looked the ideal savant. A long white beard covered his shirt-front, silvery white hair fell loosely about his temples, and from under over-hanging, shaggy white brows, dark eyes gleamed, keen and penetrating. He had that appearance of health and freshness which is peculiar to the men of Great Britain, and as he talked to the young girl, who looked charmingly picturesque in her gown of orange silk with large puffs on her shoulders, and her fluffy, blonde hair shining in the fire-light, a jolly, good-humored smile lurked under his mustache, and in the wrinkles round his eyes.

Beyond them, straight, black figures standing out against the luminous glow of the fire, stood a little knot of gentlemen. There was Mr. Hudson, editor of the *Capitol*, tall and straight, with a brown Vandeyke heard and quick, brown eyes. He was talking earnestly with Mr. George Kennon, the Siberian traveler and author, and Colonel Stevenson, of cliff and cave-dweller fame. In the midst of their conversation—a hot discussion on the geysers in the Yellowstone Park—the plush portière at the end of the room was pushed aside by a small hand, white as ivory; there was a frou-frou of silks, and a pale, pretty lady, in a dress of a gleaming silver-color, with little white lights glancing down its shimmering surface, entered the room. As she greeted her hostess with extended hands, she said, laughingly:

"I'm so afraid I'm late. But you must forgive me, for I'm always late," then turned to greet the party at the fire-place with cordial hand-shakes and contagious smiles. This was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mr. Howell's most powerful rival, and, through the tenderness of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Louisiana," holding a warmer spot than the "great realist" in the sympathetic American heart. Mrs. Burnett is said to be the real Bertha in "Though One Administration," and she certainly suggests that most bewitching of social queens, not only in her light and genial wit, but in her personal appearance and general air. She reminded one instinctively of Bertha, as she stood laughing and talking, the centre of the little group round the mantel-piece—a dainty figure in her dress of pale-tinted moire and silvery, shining velvet, with a large fan of white feathers in her hand, and her light, reddish-blonde hair gathered into a loose knot on the back of her neck.

The huzz of greeting which hailed the authoress was hardly over, when the portières opened again to admit a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a full brown beard, and brilliant brown eyes gleaming behind eye-glasses. As he came forward toward the fire, a little murmur of pleasure rose from the guests, and two or three of them cried:

"Oh, General Greeley! We knew you must be coming. No dinner!"

But the rest was drowned in the enthusiastic outburst of welcome. The hero of Cape Sabine has always been a favorite among the lions. He is still a hero, surrounded by the glamour of his terrible adventures and miraculous rescue. Moreover he is a charming talker, and an exceedingly handsome man. As he paused to speak with the pretty girl in the orange dress, who, with her elbow leaning on the high mantel, and a fire-screen hanging loosely from her pointed fingers, looked like a study by Du Maurier, the most careless observer would have been struck by his courtly and aristocratic bearing.

The clock struck seven, the folding-door at the end of the room rolled back, and the colored butler announced dinner. The dining-room beyond, with old-gold walls and heavy bronze-colored curtains, was a blaze of light, which seemed to concentrate on the table, glowing with flowers, and glittering with cut-glass and silver. One of the ladies, a tall, graceful woman, in pale-gray crêpe, with a classic sort of train hanging from one of her shoulders, and odd silver handles covering her arms, took the head with the host, and Dr. Wallace the foot with the hostess. The chinks were filled with those pretty, bright girls so common in Washington, who, unlike their New York sisters, understand the art of conversing, as opposed to the art of making small talk. In truth, they are peculiar to Washington, where the large supply of lions creates a demand for girls who can talk; who are

amusing without being frivolous; clever without being blue.

At the upper end of the table, near the host, sat one of these helles of the capital. She was as elegantly dainty as the most fastidious of New York beauties, in a bouffant pale lavender gown, sprinkled with hunches of lilacs, with her dark hair drawn back loose and wavy from her forehead, and full lace ruffles falling round her dimpled elbows. As she talked with her companion on some recent cliff discoveries in Arizona, she languidly waved a fan of transparent lilac gauze powdered with silver spangles. Her face, backed by the loosely arranged dark hair, closely resembled the famous portrait of the Countess Potocka. On the other side of the table—which, by the way, was a lake of nasturtiums shading from deep reds down to the palest primrose, and edged with a fringe of drooping daffodils and the fine spray of the maiden-hair fern—sat the novelist, talking brightly while she opened and shut her big fan of white feathers, the Siberian traveler, and the Arctic explorer. During the breaks in the increasing hum of voices, one could catch detached scraps of conversations, their character designating their locality:

"I suppose you must be tired to death recounting those dreadful Arctic experiences."

"I can assure you if I hadn't appealed myself to the government for the right of preserving buffalo in the Yellowstone Park, there would not be one specimen left in the country. They have a herd there now specially preserved by the government—and, as far as I know, it's the only place where they're to be found."

"Oh, of course the scoffers laugh at spiritualism—but when you see a stick thrust through an absolutely perfect sheet and a tambourine suddenly appear on the end of it, what are you to think?"

"Aldrich?—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, yes I know him. One of the most charming men I ever met. We crossed with him last time, and rather an odd thing happened. It was a horrible night and we were all in the saloon, when suddenly arose the most unearthly sound you ever heard—a sort of snort and shriek mingled, ending in a prolonged gurgle. We rushed up on deck in a body, and came upon Aldrich smoking a pipe and looking down into the sea. 'Did you hear that noise?'—we all chorused, wildly excited, 'what was it?' Looking at us tranquilly, he removed his pipe and said slowly—'well, judging by the sound, I should think they were throttling the donkey engine.'"

"It's a hard question to answer at a blow, but in my opinion the 'Cloister and the Hearth' is the greatest novel that ever was written."

"Lewis Carroll? No—I've never met him, but he sent me a fac-simile of the first copy of 'Alice in Wonderland,' which I prize as one of my treasures."

"Did you know there was a woman in New York who teaches etiquette and manners, and they say makes lots of money?"

"It's a Spanish serenade—you hear it all over Spain. When I was there last, I used to sit at my window after dark, listening to the tinkling of the guitars, and then a voice would suddenly rise out of the darkness, and sing that very serenade—but it's so different when a Spaniard sings it—"

"What a question! A very clever girl asked me the other day what poetry was. I told her I couldn't explain, but that if she read Swinburne's 'Itylus' she would find out—"

"The person who will tell me who originally said 'Apprehation from Sir Hubert Stanley' will receive my everlasting gratitude."

"Of all the boring places, Old Point is the worst—"

"She called her mastiff 'Lord Edward' after the dog in 'Rudder Grange,' and Stockton was quite flattered—"

"That's an unanswerable conundrum like 'What color was Hannibal?' or 'Where did the Queen of Sheba come from?'"

And so on from oysters through a sensibly short and delicious dinner up to ice-cream swans in nests of spun candy, then coffee, and then the rustling withdrawal of the ladies.

NEW YORK, November 14, 1887.

IRIS.

"The common form of offensive and defensive weapon at present," said Mr. Edward Weston, the prominent electrician, "is something that will throw a solid or an explosive metal projectile—a solid shot, a shell, or a torpedo. Explosive bullets for small arms are tabooed under the laws of war because they do unnecessary damage; that is, they kill after striking, when the wounds they first cause would be sufficient. It follows that if you could overpower your enemy without either killing or wounding him, that plan would be preferable to any now existing. That is what I believe can be done. It is well-known that the nitrate of amyl possesses the power of causing insensibility very quickly in a human being breathing its fumes. The effect is equivalent temporarily to a paralytic stroke. Now, nitrate of amyl is very cheap and plentiful. I propose to fire shells filled with this chemical instead of gunpowder. It will not be necessary to penetrate a ship. A few gallons of this nitrate dashed on the deck of a war ship would soon render her crew helpless. The most powerful ironclads would be even more vulnerable than the light cruisers, for they would be sucking down great draughts of air through their artificial ventilators, and the odor would thus rapidly permeate the whole ship. The whole crew being rendered helpless for an hour or two, the ship could, of course, be towed into a safe spot, while the captors ventilated her and removed the insensible men."

John Buckley, of Meriden, Conn., caught a snapping-turtle, and took it to the telephone office, where he works. He thought that he would kill the animal by electricity, and so put the end of a wire in front of it, and the turtle snapped it, and held on. Then Buckley put another wire under the shell, and turned on the entire electric current of the office. The turtle shut his jaws tighter and closed his shell, and in five minutes was apparently as dead as Julius Cæsar, but the next morning he was walking around the office quite hearty. It had received an electric shock powerful enough to kill a man.

There is a Shakespeare Hotel in Stratford-on-Avon, and instead of numbers the names of plays are upon the room doors. "Take the gentleman's luggage up to 'Romeo and Juliet,'" is a commo order.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Major Mordecai, of North Carolina, met the Czar of Russia, and in the course of the conversation, which was carried on French, addressed him as "Monsieur." Turning to General McClan, the major said: "D—n the fellow, I called him mister." "The Czar, with a smile, remarked: 'Let us talk English, we can get along better.'" The North Carolinian didn't cuss the Czar any more during that interview.

Early one morning President Cleveland's train stopped for water at little water-station in Ohio. At the depot was an elderly farmer, who showed great curiosity to see the President. "Can't I see Mr. Cleveland?" he asked. "No, he's asleep, and no one can see him," was the response. "I would like so much to see Mr. Cleveland," persisted the old man. Something in his tone struck his interlocutor, and he asked, "Do you know Mr. Cleveland?" "No," responded the farmer, "I was well acquainted with a gentleman he hung in Buffalo some years ago."

Governor Hill, in making a speech at one of the country fairs, fell, told a story concerning his neighbor, Mark Twain of Elmira. appears that Twain, whenever he is honored by the birth of a child, erects a water-trough in the city, upon which the name of the child is chiseled. The governor was commenting upon the fact, and urging hearers to follow the good example of Mr. Twain, when some one in the audience exclaimed, "Well, governor, what are you doing for a water-trough business?" The bachelor governor could do nothing but blush.

The Earl of Fife is not only the boon companion of the heir apparent, but is also a great favorite with her majesty. The father of the present earl was a curious specimen of the killed race. He was a day dining with the queen, and attracted her attention and surprise saying: "Your majesty will be glad to hear that I have left off drinking soda and brandy." The queen, smiling said: "I am glad to hear Lord Fife." His lordship thereupon made the further remark: "Your majesty will also be pleased to learn that I have taken to soda a whisky instead."

John C. Beckman, of Texas, went with a party of friends for an outing on the river, and took his overcoat. When at the rendezvous laid the coat on a tree-stump, where it remained a greater part of the day. At night when he returned to the city, he donned his overcoat and wore it home. Next day he went to put on the overcoat, that he hung in the hall, and heard the rattle of a snake, and presently was astonished to see the reptile put his head out of the coat-pocket. The snake was of the ground variety. It had doubtless lodged in his coat for several days, and he was fortunate in not getting badly stung by it.

Edmond About had an estate at Malahri, and on a certain occasion gave a formal breakfast to a number of literary men and members some Congress that had been holding its sessions in the neighborhood. When the guests entered the dining-room it was found that the nap of each had been placed by his plate. Notwithstanding this fact took a long time for the large party to find their places and the 'b d'oeuvres' had been passed around while six or seven strangers were still hunting up their seats. Gonzales, found himself placed next to host and, leaning over to him, asked who all these people might be. "Ma foi," replied About, "you see, they are so little known as authors they scarcely recognize their own names in print."

As the audience were leaving a Paris theatre an overdressed dandy threw away the cigar he had just lighted, and, raising his hat to a charming-looking but unprotected American lady, said: "May I call a cab? A faint look of astonishment on the lady's face was followed by a snarl and a sweetly-murmured 'Merci.' When the cab was secured a gentleman, handing the lady in, asked in an insinuating tone of voice: 'Where shall we drive to?' The lady gave an address, and while male party communicated the same to the driver she stepped inside closed the door, and, telling the coachman to drive on, presented an insinuating stranger with a two-sooty piece. The horrified look on young man's face as he gazed steadily at the coin was a study for artists.

The latest baptismal incident is related by a dignified judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. A colored Baptist congregation was out on the border of a conveniently located lake, attending the immersion of a harvest of young converts gathered in at a recent revival. Among the candidates for the rite was a big strapping mulatto woman, whose ample proportions were enhanced by a bustle, itself of no me dimensions. When she went into the water, the minister found a bustling, stumbling block to his holy work. It acted as a buoy for candidate, floating her up when the minister attempted to put her under the water. After he had experimented two or three times with the candidate, each time being defeated in his purpose by the bustle, one of the dusky brethren on shore yelled out: "Crowd that ar bustle under water, parson; crowd it under; it's de wickedest thing you've got deal wid."

Some Wallachian peasants were one day working in a field near banks of the Maros. Suddenly they saw a stranger rush frantically through the field, and plunge headlong into the river. They pursued, and dragged him out, dripping; he departed, and they returned to their work. Shortly afterward he again appeared, and for the second time took a suicidal "header." Again the peasants snatched him from raging torrent, and returned to their work. Yet a third time they saw him enter the field; but on this occasion he did not make for the river, but, climbing up a tree, deliberately proceeded to hang himself from one of the branches. This time his former preservers did not interfere, and drained the cup of his fate to the last drop. Presently a crowd of relatives and friends of the deceased, from whose custody he had escaped, arrived, headed by the parish priest, and roundly abused peasants for permitting the late lamented to kill himself. The peasants naively replied that they had pulled him out of the river twice, and he was dripping wet, they thought he had hung himself up to dry.

Many deeds of reckless daring are never recorded, but here is one chronicled by no less a man than the great Duke of Wellington. was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo. "I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver. He was only a private in the artillery but, had he survived the day, he would have been an officer. A far house, with an orchard surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy, at any hazard or sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged round this point, but the English behaved well, and beat back French, though they attacked the place again and again with great fury. At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; the same time the timber in the hedges took fire, and the orchard was soon surrounded by a ring of flame. A messenger had, however, been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time loaded wagons came galloping down to the farmhouse, the gallant fenders of which were keeping up a thin and scanty fire through flames which surrounded their post. The driver of the first wagon with the reckless daring of an English boy, spurred his struggling terrified horses through the burning heap; but the flames rose fiercer round, and caught the powder, which exploded in an instant, sending wagon, horses, and rider in fragments into the air. For one instant driver of the second wagon paused, appalled by the comrade's fate, the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for the moment by explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at smouldering breach, and, amid the deafening cheers of the garris landed his terrible cargo safely within. Behind him the flames did up, and raged more fiercely than ever."

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An English edition of the Christmas Book-Buyer will appear simultaneously with its publication in America.

Mr. Brander Matthews will have another shot at the British pirate-publisher in the January *New Princeton Review*.

Among the latest books issued in Paris by the house of Hachette is "Ramona; la Conquête Américaine au Mexique," roman anglais (sic), translated, with the authorization of the author, by Mme. de Wirt, née Guizot.

It is said that among letters and presents from strangers that the late Mrs. Craik received what pleased her most was a gift from an anonymous donor, of a gold pen-holder whereon was inscribed "John Halifax."

The government of Guatemala have given Mr. T. W. Brigham's recent book on that country their endorsement, and an order for a large number of copies for governmental purposes, it is said, is about to be given the Scribes.

Miss Louisa Alcott has been writing down the pleasant record of her life for the *Youth's Companion*. She calls it "The Story of My Girlhood," and in it she gives various reminiscences of the young Emersons and Hawthornes at Concord.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's book "Triumphant Democracy," has been denounced by the grand jury of Wolverhampton, England, as a reasonable libel against the queen. No action has as yet been taken by the court, and a decision in the matter is curiously awaited.

The new republican morning daily paper about to be established in New York city by ex-postmaster-General Frank Hatton will appear early in December. Its name will be *The Press*, and its size is to be four pages, similar to the *Sun*, and the price is fixed at one cent.

Oscar Wilde's monthly journal, the *Woman's World*, is to be published in this country as well as in England. Cassell & Co. will bring it out. The first number, which is soon to appear, will have an article by Annie Thackeray Ritchie and the beginning of a serial story by George Fleming (Miss Julia Fletcher.)

Within a few days there will appear in New York a book of fairy tales written by the well-known journalist, Charles Alfred Byrne. The name given to the book is "Dreamland," and it will be composed of thirty original stories, illustrated with one hundred and fifty engravings by the celebrated artist and designer, Alfred Thompson.

Robert Louis Stevenson will winter at Saranac, in the Adirondacks, with his wife and stepson. The windless cold of the region agrees with him, and his health improves constantly. He writes every day, and expects to finish two volumes by spring. He is preparing an autobiography, a long novel, and at the same time the usual flow of short stories is uninterrupted.

While a dozen novelists, of more or less note, are willing to have their stories go around the world in a syndicate of newspapers, there is one man in England who refuses to submit to that method of publication, in spite of the pecuniary inducements which have been offered him, and which were no doubt large. He is Mr. R. D. Blackmore, author of "Laura Doone."

Wm. R. Jenkins is about to add to his Romans Choisis, Georges Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges;" to his Contes Choisis, Jules Claretie's "Boum-Boum;" and to his Théâtre Contemporain, Erckmann-Chatrian's "L'Ami Fritz." Mr. Jenkins has just issued "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" as the second of M. Cotte's Contes Tires de Molière, and promises to publish this month Lamartine's "Graziella" in the original French.

Students of Omar Khayyam will find some interesting examples of his quatrains in the November *Macmillan's*, in which the writer tries to illustrate, as well as to specify, in what ways Mr. Fitzgerald's translation is so greatly transformed from the original as almost to be read. The stanzas are generally not those chosen by the latter; they lack, too, just that touch of genius which made his "large infidel" so near in feeling to the modern spirit.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Richard H. Dana, who died only eight years ago, fell on November 15th, and the *Critic* of November 12th does what it can to revive the memory of the once illustrious poet, essayist, and romancer, by printing a leading article on him, over the signature of James Herber Morse. The elder Dana is, perhaps, better known as the father of Richard H. Dana, who wrote "Two Years before the Mast," than as the author of "The Buccaneers." He was not, by the way, an ancestor of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*.

Emanuel Gonzales, the French writer whose death has just been announced, owed his start in life to Emile de Girardin. Having the young man introduced to him, the famous editor exclaimed, the moment he heard the name: "I would like you to write a series of Spanish sketches for *La Presse*." "But," said Gonzales, "though I am of Spanish descent, I know nothing of Spain, and have never been there." "No matter! Articles signed 'Gonzales' are sure to be read," so Gonzales "read up" on Spain, and soon wrote some Spanish stories which were highly praised for their "local color."

For a year past (writes W. A. Platt in the *Epoch*) we have been flooded with Russian literature. We have had so many Ivan Dmitrievitches and Paul Nicolaitches and the like, that it seemed as if the whole literary world had got the Russian "itch." We see Tolstoi on every newstand, in every book-store, at every railway station. We read of Tolstoi in every publication that prints reviews of books. We meet with laudations of the "great Russian" in our magazines, and one of our religious contemporaries is publishing a novel by Tolstoi in serial form. Tolstoi is in the air. We can not get away from him. He is worse than fate—just as omnipresent, and not a bit more cheerful. If we thought that Mr. Howells were responsible for this Tolstoi flood, we should be ready to murder him, but we doubt whether his dictum has influence enough to give the Russian such a vogue. Some years ago there was an attempt to get up a Turgenieff "cult." For awhile it threatened to be successful, but then it subsided. This time, however, the Russo-philes have gone about it like old-fashioned revivalists at a camp-meeting. If you do not accept the literary fetish you are a publican and a sinner, an outer barbarian, a Philistine, and must be convinced of your sins. To a casual observer it seems as if this Tolstoi mania have written more copy in a given time than Mary Jane Holmes, "Ouida," or "The Duchess." There is apparently no end to the stuff. Novels, history, politics, religion, short stories, proverbs, folk-tales, aphorisms, theology—all seems to be grist that has come to the mill of this peasant-snob, for what is it but snobbery, this ostentatious semblance of a poverty that does not really exist? Now, I honestly believe that I am voicing the desire of a large number of my fellow-Philistines when I say to the publishers and reviewers, "Do give us a rest! We are tired of Tolstoi, and Russia, and pessimism, and despair, and dogged endurance, and the whole business! We want something different, and we will have it!"

Concerning American literature, Julian Hawthorne has this to say in the *American Magazine*: "American literature has always been alluded to as more or less of a valetudinarian, though it has had its vigorous moments and its robust phases. Perhaps it has never been

the object of a more widespread solicitude than now. Emerson wanted it to be as big, hearty, and fresh as the Western continent itself, and Walt Whitman perhaps tried to make it so; but, in spite of Emerson, Whitman, Bret Harte, and one or two other eminent doctors, its general tendency does not seem to be in that direction. Just at present, indeed, it seems inclined to take a leaf out of the book of our dudes, who turn up the bottoms of their trousers in Boston when it rains in London. Our literary weather is apt to be modified by conditions prevailing in St. Petersburg or Paris. It betrays a keener anxiety to be as good as any other literature than to be itself, whether for good or ill. Very few independently American books are written; and when they are written it will occasionally happen that the reader fails to regard them with much patriotic enthusiasm. On the other hand, the reader, if he be enlightened to the degree of possessing a conscience (which is, perhaps, a wild supposition, unless he happens to be also an American author) is somewhat regretful of the merits of Tolstoi, Daudet, Rider Haggard, and Stevenson, and is indignant at, while he profits by, the fact that their books are not only better reading than most of our native growth, but are also purchasable for twenty cents or less. Congress is accordingly petitioned to put a stop to the robbery of foreign authors, prominence being given to the argument that such robbery is contrary to the dictates of abstract morality. Congress, however, not being devoted to a certain kind of horse-sense, perceives that we would not be so concerned about the picking of the pockets of our trans-atlantic brethren, did it not involve a corresponding leak in our own; and, at all events, seems to be in no hurry to put the matter through. It would possibly be more to the point if we were to ask Congress to pass a law making it incumbent on American authors to write better books, or at least to prevent foreign books from being so good. And yet, having in mind our years and necessities, my only surprise is that there are any good American books at all. The sturdiest and most imaginative minds among us find other things to do than to produce literature. The genius and imagination which Mr. Edison, for example, puts into his inventions—what romances might they produce, if he turned them in that direction? But he, and the nation generally, are busy making things; whereas literature is only the ornament and significance of things; it is an aftergrowth. You might about as reasonably expect an artist, traveling on a railway train at the rate of sixty miles an hour, to paint you a truthful picture of the landscape through which he is passing as to ask an American author of to-day to write a sane novel about America. The noise, the parallax, the novelty, are too much for his judgment and equanimity. When the train arrives at its destination—when America pauses in its present headlong career of material progress—then we may look for our picture and our book."

The Thackeray Letters.

The "Collection of the Unpublished Letters of William Makepeace Thackeray," which have formed so delightful a feature of *Scribner's* during the past year, have been published in a volume such as their value deserves. It is a handsome octavo of nearly four hundred pages, printed on heavy, cream-laid paper, in a beautiful bold type, with occasional pages of manuscript here and there. These manuscript pages, with the droll little pen-and-ink sketches Thackeray used to scatter through his letters, seem to bring us nearer to the writer's self. A London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives some interesting and hitherto unpublished particulars about the letters, from which we extract the following:

The Jane Octavia Brookfield to whom the letters are chiefly addressed is a woman who, at sixty and over, retains some of the physical beauty and all the fascination of manner which distinguished her in her youth. "That cooling friend" is what Brownlow once called her, when annoyed at her share in bringing about a marriage between Thackeray's middle-aged daughter and a boy young enough to be her son. Thackeray's wife, as is well known, became permanently insane early in their married life; and he, being thus debarred from any personal share of domestic happiness, found what consolation was possible in the contemplation of the felicity of the Brookfields. The husband was an Episcopalian clergyman; but he had no vocation for the ministry, his tastes lying almost wholly in the direction of the stage; and Thackeray therefore did him and his wife a good service in inducing Lord Lansdowne to appoint him to be an inspector of state-aided schools, with a salary of from two thousand to four thousand dollars a year.

Mrs. Brookfield was the original of Amelia in "Vanity Fair," Thackeray being the Major Dobbin of the ménage. Laura, the heroine of "Pendennis," was taken from another of Thackeray's platonic loves, namely, Miss Laura Smith, the youngest daughter of Horace Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," of whom there is more than one touching and affectionate mention in the letters.

Mr. Brookfield's theatrical tastes and mimetic faculties have been transmitted in a marked degree to his son, Mr. Charles Brookfield, of the Haymarket Theatre, one of the most finished actors on the English stage. When Mrs. Brookfield found herself in "low water" in money matters, she bethought her of the desk full of Thackeray letters, and thereupon addressed a very pressing appeal to Thackeray's only surviving daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, for leave to print her hurried treasures. Thackeray, as is well known, had left solemn injunctions that his life was not to be written; and Annie Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) had interpreted this injunction as precluding her from ever publishing her father's letters to herself and her sister, the late Mrs. Leslie Stephen. She was, therefore, at first minded to refuse Mrs. Brookfield's prayer; but the importunities of the "cooling friend" were too much for her in the end, and ill and worn out with headaches, she gave way. By doing so she incurred much covert odium among her father's friends, for there are many other holders of Thackeray letters besides Mrs. Brookfield, who consider themselves aggrieved by the exceptional privilege accorded her.

Among the best of the unpublished Thackeray collections, in the hands of living persons, are probably those held by Mrs. Proctor (aged eighty-six), widow of "Barry Cornwall," Carlyle's early friend; by Miss Perry (aged seventy-one), daughter of Editor Perry of the defunct, but once famous, *Morning Chronicle*, whose name is so often mentioned in the memoirs of the first half of this century; and by the eldest surviving daughter of Horace Smith (aged eighty-one). It is not improbable that more collections will now be published, and that in the end the American and English public will possess a complete record of a singularly interesting life and character.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

It is announced that "The Earth Trembled," E. P. Roe's new story, which we have already mentioned in this column, will not be brought out in the popular paper-covered edition. The cloth-bound volume is for sale by John N. Philan & Co.

A third and revised edition of Eugene Schuyler's translation of "The Cossacks, a Tale of the Caucasus in 1832," by Count Leo Tolstoi, has been published by William S. Gotsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Ways for Boys to Make and Do Things" is the expressive title of a little book containing a number of papers by various writers describing interesting and inexpensive toys and sports. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

"The Debater's Hand-Book," containing the rules of debate, a list of questions, etc., and "Miss West's Class in Geography," by Frances C. Sparhawk, a series of kindergarten lessons, have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 30 cents each.

"Friend MacDonald" and "The Land of the Mounseer," by "Max O'Reil" (Paul Blouet), who has recently arrived in this country on a lecturing tour, have been reprinted in a single volume of the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"Uncle Rutherford's Attic," by Joanna H. Mathews, is a fairly good story for girls. It details the adventures and pleasures of a party of girls and boys who spend a summer at their Uncle Rutherford's seaside home, and find many curious relics in his attic. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

"Elocutionary Studies and New Recitation," by Mrs. Anna R. Diehl, contains a few hints for the study of elocution and a number of selections, in prose and in verse, suitable for recitation, with carefully indicated gestures, inflections, etc. Published by E. S. Werner, 48 University Place, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Border Shepherdess," by Amelia E. Barr, is another of this favorite author's tales, in which family pride and strong passion struggle with the unselfish love and scrupulous honor of the Scottish lower classes. The local coloring is good, and the tale is full of interesting incident. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

A second edition of "The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips," by George Lowell Austin, has been issued. It is merely a reprint of the first edition of 1883, which was marred by the evident hurry to get it out while the death of the great abolitionist was fresh in the public mind. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of "Our Standard Bearer," a life of General Grant by "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams), written shortly after the war and now out of print, has been published, with additional chapters on Grant's two presidential terms, his voyage around the world, and his sickness, death, and burial. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"Ringing Ballads" is the appropriate title of a volume of narrative poems by Rose Hartwick Thorpe; they all have stories to tell, and tell them vividly, though they are not all on a par with "Curfew must not Ring To-night." The book is a handsome octavo, with gilt edges and a number of full-page illustrations. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.00.

"The Look-About Club," by Mary E. Bamford, is a children's book of natural history, the purpose of the club of young people, from which the book takes its name, being to study the animal and insect life about them. Many illustrations accompany and explain the text, and the mechanical work expended on the book has produced a handsome volume. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Science Sketches," by David Starr Jordan, is a volume of essays on topics of popular science—salmon, fresh-water fishes, an ascent of the Matterhorn, Charles Darwin, the evolution of the college curriculum, and similarly diversified subjects. Three of the essays are new in this volume; the others have been revised or rewritten from articles contributed by the author to various periodicals. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"The Boyhood of Living Authors" is the title of a series of short sketches, by W. H. Riding, in which are given some interesting facts from the early life of such men as Holmes, Aldrich, Gladstone, Howells, Frank Stockton, Lowell, Boyesen, Colonel Higginson, Stedman, and their fellow-workers. The sources of information are the authors' recollections and the reminiscences of their early friends. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Outlines for the Management of Diet," by Edward Tunis Bruen, is a new volume in the Practical Nursing Series. It contains the material of a number of lectures delivered in Philadelphia to medical colleges, but technicalities have been subordinated to clearness, for the lay understanding, and the result is a handy and reliable little guide to the value of various foods, the regulation of diet in disease, how to reduce or increase flesh, etc. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"The Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary" is to a certain extent a companion volume to the "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary" which appeared some years ago. It contains no poems which were printed in that volume, its contents being chosen from the best earlier poems and the later contributions to the magazines. It is by no means a complete collection of the poems of the Cary sisters, but it is a valuable addition to the earlier volume. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, \$1.50.

The sixth volume of the International Educational Series, which Dr. William T. Harris is editing, is "Elementary Psychology and Education," by Joseph Baldwin. Psychology is ordinarily a most uninteresting study for the beginner, but Professor Baldwin has presented his subject in the happiest style; his book is clear and readily comprehensible, and will be found a valuable text-book to all students of this science, a knowledge of which is useful to the professional teacher. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

"L'Ydille Rue Plumet et L'Épopée Rue St. Denis" and "Jean Valjean," the fourth and fifth parts of the American reprint from the original French edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," have been published. They complete a work which is most welcome, for the large French edition is out of print; the paper, typography, etc., of this edition are a fitting dress for Hugo's masterpiece. As is the custom among French book-publishers, these volumes are uncut and cheaply bound, to the end that the owner may have them bound to his own taste. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey.

"A Week away from Time," written by a Boston woman who prefers the sweets of anonymity, is a set of stories arranged in the pleasant fashion that Boccaccio inaugurated in his "Decameron," though these stories are modern in all that the term implies. They show considerable ingenuity in the development of the plots, and—an unusual thing in books of this character—the prologue and interludes are brightly written and have a pleasant undercurrent of plot running through them. The book is well printed, and is bound in artistic covers of white and gold. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Southern Silhouettes," by Jeannette H. Walworth, is a volume of sketches of the social features of the South before the war. Mrs. Walworth does not have to inundate her readers in a sea of unintelligible dialects to give her local color; indeed she brings in but little of the negro dialect and provincialisms. Her sketches are faithful and vivid reproductions of distinctive scenes on the old plantations of anti-bellum days, and are welcome not only for the pleasure their perusal gives at the moment, but for their permanent value in preserving the memory of the old order of things in the South, a phase of American life which is soon passing away. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

"Drum-Beat of the Nation," by Charles Carleton Coffin, is a history of the first period of the rebellion—the conspiracy to bring about the disruption of the Union, the withdrawal of cotton-producing States and formation of the Confederacy, and the events of the war up to 1862, the time when, according Mr. Coffin, the patriotism of the North became fully aroused to action. Mr. Coffin's account is drawn largely from the official accounts, but to them are added many facts which came under his personal supervision as a war correspondent of a Boston paper. The book is a handsomely printed octavo, with a number of maps and illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Guatemala, the land of the Quetzal," by William T. Brigham, is a volume containing some four hundred and fifty pages descriptive of the natural characteristics, inhabitants, products, industries, and archeological remains of Guatemala and Honduras. Mr. Brigham has made three extended journeys through these countries, and his notes, made up from personal observation and extracts from official reports, reveal many new and interesting facts. During his travels, he took many photographic views, not only of scenery and people, but of the hieroglyphics on monuments and the carvings on ancient relics, so that the many illustrations which fill the book, both zincographs and wood-cuts, are exact reproductions of their subjects. The country Mr. Brigham visited is little known, and his record of it as it is to-day is most interesting. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$5.00.

SOCIETY.

The Miller-Jones Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Grace Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, and Mr. H. M. A. Miller, son of Mr. Albert Miller, of Oakland, was celebrated last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 1221 Pine Street. Extensive preparations were made for the event, and about four hundred invitations were issued. Only one hundred of these, however, were for the ceremony, the remainder being for the reception. The young couple have so many friends in society circles here and in Oakland, that the commodious residence hardly sufficed to contain them all. The approach to the house was by means of a double driveway leading to the curb, which acted as a protection to those coming from carriages. Inside everything was gay and bright. There were groups here and there of handsomely attired ladies, talking to their friends and escorts, and admiring the great beauty of the decorations. The centre of attraction was the main drawing-room, where the marriage ceremony was performed. In the front part of the room was stretched from wall to wall a canopy of pale-green and white tulle, intermingled in wavy, graceful folds, with a wreath of Langtry chrysanthemums pendant in the centre from ribbons of green and gold. The side-walls were hung with traceries of smilax to resemble lattice-work, with an occasional spray of chrysanthemums at intervals to brighten the green. At each of the two curtained windows hung a wreath of white chrysanthemums from cords of white silk, and the pier-mirror between them was fringed with fern sprays and white blossoms. Beneath the canopy was a beautiful *proscenium* of green-and-gold brocade, tied with white-and-green satin ribbons. In keeping with the green-and-white effects in this room was the drape of the mantel-piece, which was of crepe of the first shade and surab satin of the latter, which was banded at the left side with Langtry chrysanthemums and verdant foliage. On the right was a green basket full of white chrysanthemums, tall ferns, and umbrellas. From the top of the gilded mirror fell sprays of smilax, half-veiling the upper portion of the glass. The ribbon of Nile green and white brocade satin depended from the centre downward to the right side of the frame just above the waving umbrella grass. A cluster of white chrysanthemums and foliage hung from the silk tassels in the centre of the side window, and the heater opposite was decorated with red clover and ferns. The mantel-piece was decorated with a model of one side of the folding doors, reaching clear to the top, where scarf draperies of Nile green silk were wound among the branches, and extended over to a very large hall of pure white chrysanthemums hung in the centre. The second parlor was made very attractive also, the bay-window being especially noticeable. A drape of burgundy and yellow silk and satin striped gauze was suspended from the gilded cornice and held a tulle basket full of rare ferns, chrysanthemums, and petersburg which were tied together by ribbons of pale yellow grenadine. A rustic effect was produced on the mantel piece where red clover, bark, moss, and umbrellas grass were arranged together in a basket. Traced over the surface of the mantel piece, in a soft, amethyst-colored gauze which sustained several small representations of the four-leaved clover, wrought respectively of moss and green roses. Tubular petaled white chrysanthemums combined with hawthorn were arranged in a pretty wreath which hung at the side of the folding doors over a decoration of ferns and chrysanthemums that ornamented the heater in the corner. The mantel-piece was decorated with silk and brocade netting in two shades of ash-blue trimmed the two doorways at the rear. Tasseled, fringed, and arching ferns, tied with ribbons of greenish tints, ornamented the music room and conservatory, in addition to several attractive vases and baskets of rare flowers. The room, usually decorated with a symphony in pink. The upper portion of the mantel mirror was draped with pink silk and white silk netting, caught up with pale pink grenadine ribbons. On the mantel below was a scarf of oddly figured silk and an arrangement of red plush which held the jardiniere containing hedges, umbrellas grass, and hot-house plants. There were pink chrysanthemums and ferns in the hanging baskets at the doors, and tropical plants were set upon the sideboard and trimmed with silvered gauze and pink tulle. The side hall was adorned with a decoration of yellow and bronze-colored silk and ferns. In the front parlor is a walnut mantel-piece and mirror frame, and across the face of the glass was a diagonal drape of pale and dark blue and red corded silk, and a fringe of the folds on the mantel was an exquisite majolica vase containing tall sprays of umbrellas grass, and on the opposite side was a dainty basket full of Bon Silene roses. The fire-place below was ornamented with ferns, grasses, and a basket of velvet Jacqueminot roses. A bunch of Perle du Jardin roses reposed in a basket hung from the ceiling, and a bouquet of four-leaved clover and a basket of assorted roses were set upon the heating apparatus. Double-faced yellow and dark-red chrysanthemums ornamented a terra-cotta-colored basket that hung at the side of the entrance, and there were lemon-tinted chrysanthemums and ferns clustered opposite. The hat-rack in the hall held a large blue jardiniere at one side, holding a mass of yellow chrysanthemums tied with white grenadine ribbons. These emblems of the Japanese Empire decorated the mirror above, in conjunction with sprays of English hawthorn. Two spheres of Langtry chrysanthemums hung in the doorway leading to the main salon, and fern sprays decorated the woodwork. Clusters of yellow chrysanthemums, tied together with ribbons of grenadine, ornamented the newel-post at the foot of the stairs, and in the rear of the hall, up near the ceiling, were palm branches gilded in copper and bronzes. Then there were more chrysanthemums and foliage, draperies, and baskets of beautiful exotics, arranged here and there and set around to complete the harmonious whole. The decoration was the work of Miss Bates.

Those who had received invitations to attend the wedding were assembled before half-past eight o'clock, and at that hour the hand played the wedding march as a signal for the arrival of the bridal party. Entering the main salon from the back parlor came two little children, Master Paul Miller, in a suit of black velvet, and Miss Leslie Green, in a white dress, dressed in a pretty toilet of green tulle, and carried a little basket containing chrysanthemums. Following them came Miss Miller, the maid of honor, and the four bridesmaids, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Kate Jarboe, and Miss May P. Pe. The bride came last, escorted by her father, the groom, his best man, Mr. Chris. Miller, and the four groomsmen, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Harry Houghton, Mr. Donald V. Campbell, and Mr. George A. Newhall, entered by the side door from the hall. After all had assumed their proper positions, the ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Oakland. Then congratulations were in order, and the newly married couple received the sincere wishes of their relatives and friends for their future happiness and prosperity. The toilets worn by the ladies in the bridal party were elegant and tasteful.

The bride, a beautiful and stately blonde, was attired in a rich costume of heavy white satin, made with a long court train and trimmed with a wide band of white satin, and a diamond and sapphire ornaments, a present from the groom, and carried a bouquet of rare variegated ferns.

Miss Miller appeared in a toilet of pale green tulle, with a high-cut bodice of satin of the same shade, which was trimmed with a green tulle bertha, and encompassed by a girdle of pearls. The skirt was of white tulle, and she carried a demi-train. Her hair was dressed high, and she carried a bouquet of white Langtry chrysanthemums, tied with white moire ribbon.

Miss Hooker and Miss Pope were dressed in toilets exactly like the foregoing, except that their bodices were cut décolleté.

Miss Houghton and Miss Jarboe wore costumes similar in design to those of the other two bridesmaids, except that the color used was white instead of green, and they carried bouquets of variegated ferns tied with green moire ribbon.

The bridesmaids and groomsmen, the maid of honor, and the best man each wore a little bunch of white clover at the corsage or coat, which was in place of a diamond, representing a four-leaved clover, with a diamond dew-drop in the centre.

At nine o'clock the guests invited to the reception commenced to arrive, and in a short time the residence was well filled. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were kept busy receiving congratulations until supper was announced, and the guests conversed or listened to Ballenberg's music. The supper was served down stairs, and was elaborate in every way.

The bridal party occupied a separate apartment which was handsomely decorated, and the buffet in the adjoining room was covered with viands and fancy pieces. After supper, the happy couple left for the Palace Hotel, and those who remained made the succeeding hours merry with dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller received a beautiful and costly array of presents, all appropriate and elegant. They departed on Wednesday for a Southern trip, and will return in a few weeks.

The Howard High Tea.

Mrs. William H. Howard entertained a large number of her lady friends last Saturday afternoon at a high tea, which she held at her residence on the corner of Jackson and Gough Streets. She had caused her dwelling to be handsomely decorated with flowers and foliage. The red tones of madrone and poppy-berries and the scarfs of this shade brightened the hall-way, ornamenting the hat-rack and staircase effectively. At the first landing was a cosy bower of ferns and vines which made a snug retreat. In the reception-room were chrysanthemums in the shades of deep yellow, canary, and white, which adorned the jardiniere, tables, brackets, and vases in artistic combination. An arrangement of smilax, tulle, and white cloth, screened half of the surface of the mirror, and was tied with little yellow-satin ribbons. An effective treatment was accorded to the adjoining parlor, where large white chrysanthemums were clustered at one side of the mirror, and with them was a scarf of yellow silk and white tulle. There was a wreath of these same flowers at the other side, and below, on the table, was a basket half-filled with chrysanthemums. The portieres at the door-way leading to the conservatory were garlanded with silk ribbons of the same deep shade. In the library was an abundance of lavender and purple-tinted chrysanthemums, which were garlanded and clustered in appropriate places. The buffet in the dining-room was adorned in the centre with a mass of Japanese chrysanthemums, and around a mat of ferns and surrounding an elegant lamp, which had a yellow shade to match the color of the flowers. There were hedges and chrysanthemums on the sideboard, cabinet, and mirror to complete the pretty decoration. Mrs. Howard's guests were hospitably entertained during the two hours devoted to the reception.

Mrs. Hearst's High Tea.

An enjoyable high tea was given by Mrs. George Hearst a week ago yesterday afternoon at her home on Taylor Street. Following the custom of the guests did not arrive until quite late, and they were cordially welcomed by the hostess, who was assisted in receiving by Miss Ada Butterfield. The apartments were illuminated, and each one had been handsomely decorated. Chrysanthemums entered largely into the adornment of the rooms, and much taste was exhibited in their arrangement. Pink was the prevailing color in the mantel-piece, and the sideboard, mirror were decorated with blossoms of this shade, mingled with draperies of silk to correspond, and scarfs of pistachio-green as a delicate contrast. A beautiful white vase was set upon the plush-covered centre-table, and in it was a super cluster of La France roses. There was also a very pretty basket, overflowing with pink and white roses, on the piano. Each apartment was decorated with a color; terra-cotta for the billiard-room, cream and wine color for the hall, yellow for the library, and white for the dining-room. Music and conversation, together with the service of tea and other refreshments, were the features of the reception.

Among the present were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Barreda, Mrs. Thornburgh, Mrs. Kintner, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. S. P. Nelson, Mrs. Nancy Arnold, Mrs. Coit, Misses Barreda, Miss Ada Butterfield, Mrs. M. J. McLean, Mrs. Field, Miss Crockett, Miss McDowell, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. Willard, Dr. Harkness, Dr. Curran, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Robert Tolmie, Mr. H. E. McDowell, Mr. Gotschall, and others.

The De La Montanya-Spencer Wedding.

The most notable wedding that has occurred in San José for some time past took place last Wednesday evening, when Miss Rena Spencer, daughter of Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, of that place, was united in marriage to Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., of this city. Every possible preparation had been made for the comfort and enjoyment of the many invited guests. Decorators, musicians, caterers, and even carriages were sent from this city, and San José paid its choicest flowers to a perfect evening for the event. The guests from this city were taken down on different trains during the day, and they, and the many friends of the young couple in San José, filled Trinity Church to repletion. Organ volunteers occupied the time previous to the ceremony, and at half-past-eight o'clock the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" was played. The groom and his best man, Mr. James C. Fair, Jr., joined the bride and her father in the chancel and awaited the entrance of the bridal party. The three ushers, Mr. Charles Cole, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, and Mr. Frank Alhright came first in single file, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Grace Spencer, and the bride's maids, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Alice Mullins, and Miss Mattie Baker, of San José. Last in the cortege came the bridesmaids, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Lee in the chancel and awaited the entrance of the bridal party. The three ushers, Mr. Charles Cole, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, and Mr. Frank Alhright came first in single file, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Grace Spencer, and the bride's maids, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Alice Mullins, and Miss Mattie Baker, of San José. Last in the cortege came the bridesmaids, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Lee in the chancel and awaited the entrance of the bridal party. The three ushers, Mr. Charles Cole, Mr. Chauncey M. 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THE VOICES OF A WEDDING.

[ST. MAGGOC'S, 7:30 P. M.—Awning up and steps carpeted. Populace beginning to assemble without. Within, ushers struggling with new kids and nervously re-arranging neckties.]

Head usher (hurried and perspiring)—Relatives there—first four rows, you understand—and for heaven's sake don't make any mistake, for they'll all be down on me if you do. Harry, don't stand in front of the couple, as you did at rehearsal—keep back. Charlie and Fred, you lead up the right-hand aisle, you know. Keep your eyes on me, and don't walk too fast. You made an awful mess of it this afternoon. And—quick, there's a party!—the Sacket girls. Remember to take the wraps—you're always forgetting that.

[Guests arrive rapidly (every one wishing a seat on the centre aisle.) Ushers active—tongues of guests likewise.]

Gushing maiden—Now, Mr. Clawhammer, do give me a nice front pew, won't you? I'm so anxious to see the last of dear Milly.

Friend of the groom—St. Harry! Give me a stall—no, no, I mean a pew—few rows back, opposite centre of stall—there I go again!—chance! Why, where's my check?—oh, no, I don't need any, do I?—beg pardon—little out of my line, this!

George—Confound the luck. All the pretty girls take Charley's aisle, and I don't get anybody but old ladies and married people.

Mrs. Pusher (very calmly)—What do you say?—these seats reserved for family? Oh, what a blunder I've made! Well, never mind—one won't make much difference; and, if necessary, I can move, of course. I'll stay here for the present, thanks. (And she does as she had intended from the first.)

Sympathetic soul—Why, there's poor Bert! How could he bear to come here, feeling as he must? Ever since the cards were out, I hear, he's lived on nothing but seltzer and sandwiches—

Second sympathetic soul—And he's lost his situation at the railroad office just for writing a sonnet, "Another's Bride," on the fly-leaf of the oil and waste account!

Both (pitifully)—Poor fellow!

Slighted matron—Those Joneses have been put six rows ahead of me. Who are they, I should like to know?

Ancient person—I'm a relative? Yes. Young man, I am! I knew the family long before Caleb went into pork—and glad enough he used to be dine with his old aunt and save a meal, when he— (is left undisturbed.)

Miss Verjuice—It's reported that more than half he presents are her sister Mary's, lent for the occasion. Mrs. Pryer is sure she recognizes the French lock she gave Mary four years ago; while, as for Mr. Chine's one-thousand-dollar check, I don't believe it was ever meant to be cashed. And the groom's diamonds may or may not be rhinestones, but his much is certain—that seven different people claim to have seen them in Cohn's window, marked, "Your choice for ten dollars." I wouldn't insinuate anything for the world, but—

[Eight o'clock. Church crammed full and running over. Whereupon—]

Everybody—
They say he's
got an awful temper.
almost constantly intoxicated.
lost all his money.
some relation to Lady Simmery Axe.
been engaged nine times.
four wives living.
worth a million.
dead broke.

And she's—
jilted a French count.
never had an offer before.
acted like a fool.
crazy about Charley.
dreadfully extravagant.
meaner than the meanest.
done all the love-making.
over thirty.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi! Here dey comes! [In the vestibule. Enter bridal party, all more or less excited. Bride, carefully unwrapped, is smoothed and prinked into shape by family, who endeavor at once to lighten up her ruffles and spirits.]

The family—Come, dear, don't be frightened—it'll soon be over—and, whatever you do, don't bend too far forward, it'll muss your hair—it's a great trial, I now—and that's why I insisted on knife-plaiting—Augustus, keep your mind on the ceremony—and our feet off her dress, please—she's so sensitive—and the gathers may tear out.

The bride's mother—Now, Mr. Clawhammer!

Head usher—All ready, organ!

The bride's sister—Oh, stop, do stop a minute!

ertha, have you a pin? Just a second! There!

Head usher—All ready, or—

The bride's mother—Wait, wait! Good gracious,

lilly, one of your hair-pins shows as plainly as can

! It's right now!

Head usher—All read—

The bride—Oh, Bertha, I'm positive my train isn't

right—it pulls awfully when I move! That's better.

Head usher—All—

The bride's other sister—Oh-h-h-h-h! Milly, dar-

ing, here's your handkerchief—I almost forgot—and

bat if—

Head usher (desperate at last, and ignoring every

tempt to stop him)—All ready, organ—ready, ready

go ahead there—start—begin—play up!

[The organ begins prelude to march. Head usher,

consciously melodramatic, speaks through music,

delicately.]

Head usher (whispering)—George, keep step with

e-left foot, when I give the word—not too fast,

id look straight ahead. Now!

The organ—(Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Head usher—I For—ward!

[Enter procession, encountering cross-fire of stares,

and, criticisms, and comments.]

The ladies—Oh, isn't that dress—! Belle, she's

rainily powdered—I'm sure of it. It's Alençon,

it?—the veil, I mean—no, Chantilly—it can't be

russets—oh, tulle, after all. He's an older man

an I supposed—handsome, don't you think? Why,

is forty if a day—and bold, too! They call that

Worth, but Lou says Snipper made it on the sly.

ie's cool enough, I must say! I wouldn't marry a

an like that, if I never— Poor fellow, he's yet

see her in one of her tantrums! Her mother

oks pleased, doesn't she? Should think she would,

ter three years of struggle. How white she is!—

it becoming at all. Well, she's disposed of, at

st!

The gentlemen—Jove, she's a beauty! I could

ve had her, if I'd chosen. Rather a poor sort of

ap for the girl. How he'd squirm if he knew the

umber of times I've taken her driving! Wonder if

she remembers what a time we had together only last summer!—etc.

The clergyman—Dearly beloved—

The bride (sotto voce)—Augustus, you've the ring,

hav'n't you? Now, don't drop it, when—

The clergyman—Take this man—to love, cherish,

and to—

The bride—Be gay!

The groom—And with all my worldly goods I thee

endow.

The clergyman—Amen.

The organ—"Lohengrin" Wedding March.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi!—Manly H. Pike

in "The Daughters of America."

Anent Jeff Davis's recent utterances on the subject of prohibition, it may be observed that during his recent visit to Macon, Georgia, he received from admirers fifteen bottles of sherry, fourteen bottles of brandy, thirty-four bottles of whisky, thirteen bottles of claret, three bottles of gin, and ninety-eight miscellaneous bottles of wine and spirits.

When Gambetta left Paris by balloon, during the siege, he alighted in the forest of Favieres, near Clermont. He and his companion, M. Spuller, threw out an anchor which held in a huge oak-tree, and thus they were enabled to get out and escape from the pursuing Uhlans. The owner of the forest is a monarchist, and he now proposes to cut the tree down. Thereafter is a movement on the part of the local Republicans to purchase the tree, and preserve it forever as a historic monument.

They have invented a new ballet in England. The Birmingham Gazette describes it: "Fifteen girls clad in bright red appear on the stage in the form of a pyramid. The stage represents a hilliard table, and six girls stand on the side, each holding a net representing the pockets. The leading dancer, who is costumed in white, scatters the pyramid of fifteen 'reds' and pinquettes among them, sending one and another into the pockets."

The bicycle has been adopted in Persia. Six of the machines are in use in Teheran—two by nobles, the others by telegraph men.

The railroads in Southern Illinois have been running water trains to meet the demand for water occasioned by the excessive drought.

"Was the prisoner quite incapable, constable?" asked the magistrate. "Very nearly incapable, your worship; but I don't think that he'd been quite so bad if the lamp-posts 'ad been nearer together. They're awful wide apart in the road where I picked him up," said the good-natured officer.—*Judge*.

A TALK WITH MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

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With A Reporter.

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Is Already Assured.

(From the New York Journal.)

A reporter called on Mrs. Potter, whom the lady received in her usual queenly manner. When asked if she had anything to say to the public, she replied: "Yes; there is one thing I would especially like to explain. Certain newspapers, in the most malicious manner, have criticised the letters I wrote to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, recommending her Recamier Preparations. Now, Mrs. Ayer was a friend of mine, and a woman we all admire for her pluck and determination to support herself and children by her own efforts, after she had lost her fortune, and it was not I alone who endeavored to help her, but Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. Logan, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and a large number of other society friends of hers.

"Of course I would not have written the letter unless I had thoroughly tested the Recamier Preparations, and was convinced of their beneficial effects. I am sure no more delicious toilet preparations have ever been manufactured, and I know they do not contain any lead, bismuth, or arsenic, and it is absolutely impossible to disguise the fact that many women, through ignorance, are entirely too negligent in caring for their complexions, and it is equally undeniable that a woman afflicted with blackheads, pimples, tan, liver spots and other imperfections that are so common, many of which are caused by our climate, must sooner or later become an object of disgust to those who love her best.

"Now, all these things can be prevented by the use of the Recamier Preparations—all appearances of untidiness or uncleanness will vanish under their influence. I have used them constantly since they were first manufactured, and would not be without them at any cost; yet sensational newspaper reporters attempt to make it appear that I have written the letter to Mrs. Ayer for the sake of the notoriety which it gives me. Scores of ladies have thanked me for introducing the Recamier Preparations to them, as they declare they never would have used them if they had not seen my endorsement and I have yet to find one woman who has been disappointed or dissatisfied with them. You know the Recamier Preparations are now standard all over this country and England, and are kept by all druggists, and I am glad to say that my letter has caused many women to improve their looks most wonderfully. The English women are all using them."

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"Hold up your hands!"

The speaker was a man of slight but shapely build, with a piercing eye, a resolute look, a commanding voice, and the bearing of one who was absolute master of the situation. Attired in his robe of *nuist*, he stood in a doorway of the dining-room of his own house, an elegant mansion on the boulevard, and he held in his hand a forty-four-calibre revolver pointed straight ahead of him with an aim that varied not the smallest fraction of a hair's breadth.

The man addressed was a ruffian of powerful frame and sinister aspect. He stood in front of an elaborate sideboard, a door of which was open, exposing in the dim glare of the dark-lantern, whose rays flashed into the interior, a glittering array of costly plate, which he was about to lay his brawny hand upon when arrested by the startling command already quoted.

Taken by surprise, the stalwart marauder turned his face in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and stood for a moment irresolute. Some subtle influence by which mind sways mind, independent of physical environments or disparities, apparently mastered him, for he reluctantly raised his hands, and the two men faced each other in the darkened room amid a silence so profound that the muffled heart-beats that shook the frame of the baffled burglar could almost be heard by the calm, self-poised, relentless man who still pointed the death-dealing implement straight at his heart.

"Move a muscle, and you are a dead man," suddenly exclaimed the voice that had already smitten his herculean form as with paralysis, and the owner of that voice moved forward, and took the dark-lantern from the nerveless hand that held it. With swift and methodical movements, he placed it on the sideboard so that its rays feebly outlined the form before him, and with that terrible weapon still aimed unerringly at his heart, he thrust his hand into the pockets of the helpless wretch, one after another, and drew forth a clay pipe, a Waterbury watch, a plug of tobacco, a pint bottle, thirty-six cents in money, and a bunch of keys; and, as he led him to the outside door of the house, he handed him a card, on which was inscribed "Americus V. Gethere, President Gas Company," and hissed in the ear of the despairing man, "I'm something of an operator myself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Giving the Public Fair Notice.

A Texas journalist, who had been summer-fallowing himself on a stock ranch for a couple of years, suddenly assumed control of a rural weekly, and in the first issue after he struck the quarter-deck, he published a small and unpretentious card, in which he said:

"The former editor of this sheet is practically and politically dead, but the *Sausage* still survives. It is just as well, though, a mighty sight better, as I am a hoss at editin', and sling one of the most caustic and fluent quills west of the Red River. I have a record behind me which doesn't need a new coat of whitewash every spring, like that other editor which recently peyunked and drewed out of the game.

"At gitten up obituaries I'm a tossel top, and if there's any hitch in the program I can generally furnish a fresh corpse on short notice, and at the usual slight advance on cost of insertion. I merely throw this out as a feeler to the opposishun, which, I hear, is a-massing its forces agin me and my paper, and, by the treckle-faced, bow-legged, cock-eyed gods of war, there'll be a power of high-priced opera music floating in the air, if any of them try to clime me.

"If there is enny corte-house ring in this sweet-scented locality, I'll get on to it, sure as you're a foot high. If there is to be any munkyng with the free-born, untrammelled country delegates to the next county convention, I'll be there with my face washed and my hair combed back of my ears.

"I've licked many a good man, and I've been licked once or twice in my variegated career, but I've always noticed that them fellers who whipped me

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were not the same men afterwards, and drooped along for a while like a sun struck tomato vine, and finally dropped into the grave with a dull thud, having kinder outlived their usefulness.

"I want it distinctly remembered that I'm in from the back counties, and ain't up to the cote etiket of the strawberry blonde or the pulpy dude. If I make any miscues it will be more an error of the head than the heart, but for all that I propose to run a jam up, sizzling hot, nifty little paper, and move along with the best kind of harmony; but if harmony bucks and tries to do any sort of dirt on me, harmony will have to git off the track and let me glide right inter the confidence of the public.

"If this journal says anything out of the way and grieves any mettled-faced tender-foot, remember I'm the man he wants to see about it. There ain't no back-stairs or back-windows to this sanctum sanctorum. I'm always in. I'm ever on the tripod, and now with these few brief remarks I cordially invite everybody's coöperation and subscriptions. The tone of the paper will be pure in sentiment, chaste in expression and typographically hang up and delirious."—*Texas Siftings.*

In tearing down an old farm-house, five miles from Monticello, Ga., workmen found an old-time slave-whip between the weather-boarding and the log walls. It is made of a leather strap two inches wide and about a foot and a half long, fastened in a polished hickory handle some two feet long, with a string in the rod by which it might be attached to the wrist.

"O'Shea—"Pw'hat's thim bags on yure ears, Mullin?" "Mullin—"Thim do be miffers. Oi'm drivin' an 'th' Second Avinoo car-r." "O'Shea—"Aha! Shure Oi'tought it was goin' ter git married ag'in yez wor; wid Mrs Mullin only d'd tree wakes kim Chueda'. Rist her sowl, but she wor th' divil fer larrupin' her jaw!"—*Puck.*

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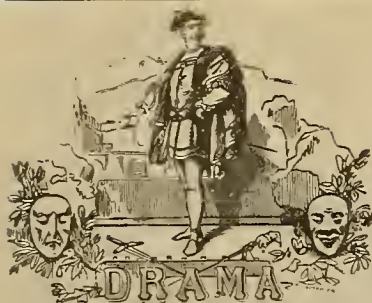
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Mr. Adonis Dixey is a very beautiful creature.

It is true that for two or three minutes he almost forfeits this title to a description of himself by injudiciously appearing in a singularly unbecoming Greek costume and his own hair. His own hair has a fatigued expression, but he does not allow this to bear itself fully in upon an audience. It seems to be rather an experiment on his part, a wonder as to how they would take him *in propria persona*, but he soon recovers his presence of mind, claps on a new wig, and is Adonis again.

No one ever thinks of Dixey as Dixey. But regarded purely as a statue come to life—or, rather, as a statuette, for he is more like one of those pretty, airy trinkets of modern art which first found their place on French consoles than a figure carved out of the noble and imperishable marble—he is really a very beautiful man.

There is no use in getting on one's high horse, and lamenting the decline of the drama, when anything like Adonis Dixey comes to town.

He does not belong to the drama, was never of it nor in it, that any one knows of. He is a bright and clever boy, who, by good luck, fell into an age when the most specious cleverness is fully appreciated. Anything that is good of its kind is good. Every one has his preference in kinds, but, in his own way, Dixey is simply and entirely delightful. It is a merry, pleasant, sunny way. He seems to have something of the temperament of Hawthorne's faun, and laughs, and sings, and dances life away because he likes to.

So much has been said of Dixey's legs that they have actually become historic, but nothing is ever said of his feet. They should not be passed thus coldly by, for, if ever a pair of feet asserted themselves, they are the patent expansion feet of the handsome Dixey, from the moment he dashes into a clever break-down on his marble pedestal till he returns to it in a pair of excessively dirty white satin slippers.

They are large, long, and limber, and they take on a new expression with every change of character. It was said in England that when Rosina Vokes's clever company—a cleverer company, too, than the admirable little group which has just gone away—first played the "Pantomime Rehearsal," a general skeleton of action was given them, which they filled in as they liked, and the result was this crystallization of pleasant absurdities, which we have been laughing over so heartily.

"Adonis" goes very much as if it had been manufactured something like that. Now and then it manufactures the mind of the spectator that there may be something consecutive in it, but this, never when Dixey appears. He is the most delightfully inconsequential of men. He is, indeed, only an etherialized variety man, if one must come to a definition, and, of course, a variety man's every appearance is an act.

The epicure likes his variety etherialized. It has come to pass that there is caste even in the much condemned variety show, and it is pleasant.

It appeals much more agreeably to the senses to see Adonis Dixey darting and skimming about the stage like a swallow in his beautiful Directoire costume, with his flying ribbons, his floating laces, and his gleaming jewels, than if he were executing the same *pas* as many others have done, in the broad comic calico trousers, the wide shirt sleeves, and the deliberately humorous waistcoat of the minstrel stage.

He is deft, quick, and graceful in everything, and as a mimic he is inimitable.

Dixey's imitation of Irving is really a compliment to Irving. It is not the fate of any one, however great, to escape ridicule. The loveliest of women, the bravest of men, are subject to the goat-like stings of their envious or hating fellow-beings. Heaven, for some inscrutable reason, has put the weapon of ridicule into every human hand. Some use it with a finished grace, as if it were a polished rapier and beelogned in a thoroughbred hand. Some sprawl it coarsely and rudely about, as if it were a ruffian's bludgeon. The one cuts to the quick, the other coarsely bruises. A clean cut requires deftness and skill. A bruise is an ugly and a brutal thing. It is not difficult to tell much of the character of man or woman from the way they wield this little weapon of ridicule.

Mr. Henry Irving, a man of scholarship, talent, and infinite ambition, has long been the subject of the play of small wits who have dismissed him with a light imitation of his voice and gait, both of which even the great manager himself must admit to be remarkable.

But Dixey has not approached his task lightly. It seems an easy, careless, playful, effervescent thing upon the surface. But though it readily calls out the passing laugh, it gives even to those who have never

seen him so exact an idea of the English actor that it is something more than a merely humorous imitation.

There is not a line that Time has scratched upon Irving's face, nor a wrinkle which study has plowed there, which Dixey does not reproduce. He does not plunge into the Irving imitation carelessly, in full sight of the audience, as he does in the dry-goods clerk or the barber, and plunge out again with a crash of discord. He does not belittle or abuse the strange man who has done so much for the English stage. He has given the very best that is in him to this imitation, and he is one of the best of imitators.

He certainly seems to approach it with all due respect for the richness of the subject, and does not disturb the harmonies by being anybody but Irving while he is on the stage.

Every one would be like every one else if there were no peculiarities. Irving's individuality is so much more strongly marked than most men's, that its accentuation easily becomes burlesque. It is in the very fineness of the accentuation that Dixey's art lies, for clever as he is, in nothing is he cleverer than in his capacity for keeping within the bounds of good judgment. He is a burlesque, not a buffo.

One of the critics remarked, very truly, that the Dixey company is a reflex of New York taste. New York is always very easily satisfied in the matter of girls. In any other of the great metropolises of the world, the stage favorite of the day must have some *suspicion* of the manner of the *grande dame*. She must assume this virtue if she have it not. Her dramatic talent may be *nil*, her voice quite as bad, her beauty something to dispute, but she must have in manner some suggestion of the upper world, or she is bad form. But the New Yorkers are always at the feet of some woman who has physical perfection, but is loud and coarse in her style. It is not probable, as is claimed, that the "Adonis" girls are the pick of New York, but they have the New York mark.

They are well formed, but they are not good form. They look handsome enough in their beautiful costumes, but they speak, one and all, with the accent of the wild, unplowed West, and they can not sing at all. In fact, no one can sing in the entire group, from Dixey down. Dixey has adopted a sort of quasi-recitative which is very effective and answers the purpose admirably, but it could not pass for singing even in a New York opera bouffe company.

One dark-eyed young woman, with the very best intentions, persisted in singing "Bid me good-bye and go" till the frightened audience almost took her at her word; another bolted into an English refrain with a French chorus which she, quite nonchalantly, rendered "T blue, T blue, T blue," which club-men eventually recognized as "P'tit bleu," a jolly wine chorus which they have been accustomed to render in their hours of ease after the banquet with rather a good accent, and they did not at first quite recognize the transposition.

The forms of the "Adonis" girls are so extensively and so candidly advertised, wherever the Dixey company goes, that it has become allowable to speak of them, even in print, quite as a matter of fact.

It is, therefore, not wrong to say that while the eye dwells with a certain pleasure upon any one of these young women until she begins to speak, there is one, a silent one, who might sit to a sculptor for a Psyche, a Pandora, or any of the long, delicate limbed goddesses—she is too fine for a Venus—and even the technique of the opera bouffe chorus, which she has down to a nicety, can not destroy the classic grace of her flowing lines.

The beauty of the others consists principally of the fact that they are all too delightfully young to have outgrown their symmetry.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, the other day, gave some very wholesome advice to those people who wish to take to the stage for a living. He bade them avoid the elocution teachers, who have never turned an artist out of their hands yet, and to study the English classics for an education. Nothing more quickly reveals itself, even in the freedom of burlesque, for one likes to see people know what they are burlesquing, and yet the hit of the "Adonis" troupe, after Dixey, is the little four, with its athletic antics. This too, though the crusty father of melodrama is a very good burlesque on old Coudock, and Miss Carrie Perkins,

a voluminous beauty, plays the village maiden only one shade less amusingly than her gigantic predecessor, Amelia Summerville, who created the rôle, so to speak.

The little tigers are quite New Yorky, and might have stepped out of *Life*, but that they are not quite natty enough to have been drawn by McVicker. They all seem rather, with their extraordinary vigor and broad open countenances, to have been perpetrated by Nast in one of his better-natured moments. They are not quite so point-device as the plumed knights, and yet everything in costume in "Adonis" is done with exceeding care.

The polished villaio is all out of drawing. The rôle has been as well conceived as the village maid or the crusty father, but the actor, a light and agile little man with a light but not agile little voice, has left out some of the polish and all of the villainy. He is by no means an unpolished actor, but the villain polish seems to be an unknown brand with him.

Still, for all slips of it, "Adonis" is a merry, tricky thing to make you laugh the hours away very pleasantly, even though you can not afterward put your finger upon what you laughed at.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The California Theatre stock company will go on a tour in the country after the conclusion of "The Main Line's" run, returning after the Kiralfy season. Rosina Vokes has been afflicted with heart disease ever since she arose from a terrible illness, a few months ago, and goes through "His 'art was true to Poll," which is a very athletic song, with the greatest distress and difficulty.

A remarkable retrograde in theatrical standing has been achieved by May Irwin, who two years ago was Augustin Daly's soubrette. She is now doing serio-comic work with the Howard Athenaeum at Tony Pastor's, in New York.

Ray Templeton, who returns to the stage, but will accept engagements nowhere but in New York City, has not yet been snapped up by a manager. She has a knack at writing songs, and is getting one up for her *rendezvous* upon the stage, from which she halted so precipitately a year or two ago.

The Kiralfy Christmas spectacle at the California will be called "Dolores," a version of Sardou's "Patrie." The Kiralfys have a system of alternation by which they give us a good show one year and a bad show the next. This is the year for a good show, and let them not dare to break the record.

Another comic opera of American origin is "The Begum," which was successfully sung for one trial night in Philadelphia, and which will be given by McCaull's company at the Fifth Avenue in New York city next Monday night. It is the work of Harry B. Smith, once the editor of the bright, but short-lived, *Chicago Rambler*.

Milton Nobles has become as tired of the chief rôle in the "The Phoenix" as any one else would who had played in it for a dozen or so years. But the light-hearted Bohemian who tells how "the villain still pursued her" and the bejeweled "phoenix" of last act are favorites with many people, and so "The Phoenix" will rise from its ashes next Monday at the Alcazar.

The post of reader of plays to such a theatre as the New York Madison Square, a few years ago, was no sinecure; but it is not without its compensations. It teaches the value of "situations" and mechanical effects, as one may see in H. C. de Mille's "The Main Line, or Rawson's Y," which was put on at the California Theatre during the week. It is a good modern melodrama, and will probably run some time.

Mr. James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" will follow Dixey at the Baldwin. Both the actor and the play have rather a chestnutty flavor for the Baldwin, but might do well at the California, where melodrama reigns, although it is novelty that has made the success of the season there. Two or three good engagements a year are not enough to maintain the prestige of the Baldwin when it is given over to stale attraction between times.

"M. B. Leavitt, the lessee of the Bush Street Theatre, has had a lucky windfall. Some months ago he inaugurated a theatrical circuit in the south, which included the City of Mexico, and, during a visit there last year, made the acquaintance of an eccentric old bachelor, Don Pedro Quintes. They became fast friends, and the Don dying a few days ago, left Leavitt a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars." So says New York *Truth*.

There are on exhibition at the White House, in a fan-shaped photograph-case, pictures of three of the most prominent women on the stage. Sarah looms up in the middle, in the costume of Roxane, unique, peculiar, artistic. Mrs. James Brown Potter, on one side, looks like a pretty little woman who has been photographed in rather theatrical style in her hall-dress; she has the surprised, open-eyed look which was in fashion last season. Mrs. Langtry, in a magnificent costume, with much frizzed hair and the charm of her sometime elegance all gone, looks like Lena Despard.

Miss Helen Dauvray was seized with such an acute attack of nervous prostration some months ago, that she was compelled to disband her company and forego a handsome set of engagements for the winter. The first symptom observed by the public was her presentation of a gold cup to the base-ball league in New York. Her attack culminated some weeks since in her marriage to Mr. John Ward, captain of the New York Giants, whom she accompanies on his starting tour to San Francisco. She is perfectly content to put her own laurels away in a trunk, with some threats that she will never take them out again.

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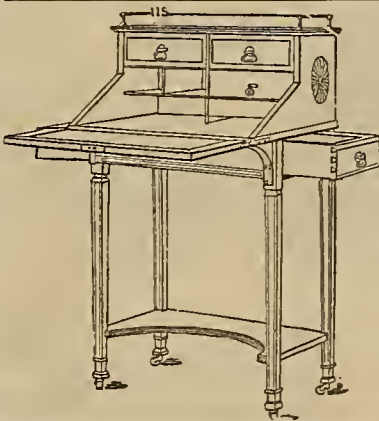
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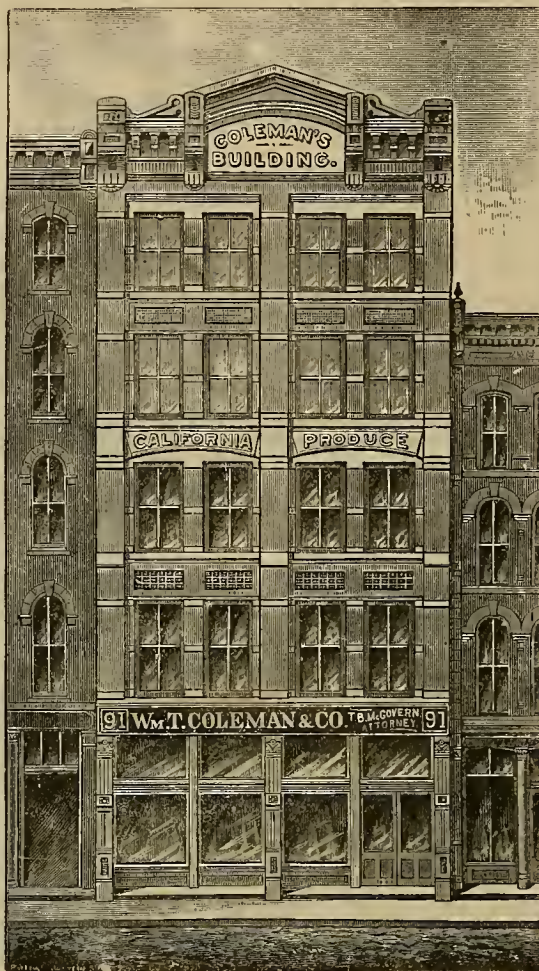
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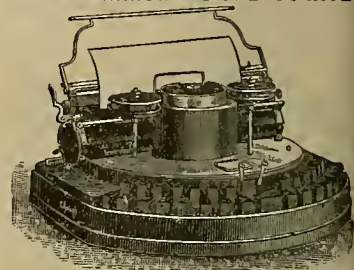
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We are informed that Mr. Blaine is on his way around the world, and that some time this coming year, and a few days before the assembling of the Republican National Convention, he will arrive in San Francisco. The *Chronicle* makes the announcement of this programme its opportunity for saying that if Mr. Blaine will but say that he will accept the nomination, he will be nominated whether on continent or ocean; that his hold upon this State is too strong to be broken by anything except his death. The position taken by Mr. Blaine upon the Chinese question and upon the revenue question commend him so strongly to the people of California, that, in the judgment of the gentleman who happens at this time to write political opinions for the *Chronicle*, Mr. Blaine will have a "walk over" the sweepstakes of the nominating convention. All this brings to our mind the time when a greater than Blaine came around the world after a triumphal journey, which the ex-candidate has not had. Grant had commanded successful armies in the great struggle of the civil war; had been twice President of the United States; had received from governments, rulers, and people such an ovation as had never been accorded to an American, and seldom to any one. He landed at San Francisco, received like a conquering Augustus laden with the trophies of conquest, and entitled to an imperial triumph. He was a candidate for renomination to the presidential office. He received the welcome, but he did not achieve the nomination. Mr. Blaine will receive, as he is entitled to receive from our citizens, a hearty reception. Bonfires will blaze for him, the

music of military bands will pour out their soul-stirring melodies, our orators will welcome him, our politicians will welcome him, our citizens will march behind his carriage, will feast him at banquets, will send up for him their loud huzzas, but, all the same, the Republican nominating convention will not make him the candidate of the Republican party for President; and if it does, he will not be elected, and under no possible combination of circumstances—not if every journal in the State was an obsequious *Chronicle*—can he receive the electoral vote of California. Mr. Blaine may be the most brilliant of Americans, the most eloquent of orators, the most magnetic of politicians, but he will never receive the votes of a Protestant, anti-Roman Catholic community till he explains the relations that exist between him and Irish politicians, between him and the Roman clergy, between him and the Clan-na-Gael; the reasons that San Francisco and every other great Northern commercial city sent so many Roman Catholic Irish Democrats from the confessional to the electoral urn to vote for him; that gave him the support of Tammany in New York city; that brought to his advocacy the *Irish World* and its editor, Patrick Ford; that make him the apologist of Irish rebels in England, and prevent him from uttering one word in protest of dynamite, anarchic, or socialistic outrages by the alien mob, with whose votes he plays the harlot, and for whose political support he has bartered or hidden all the nobler and braver qualities that make the American statesman respected and honored. Mr. Blaine can not carry California, and Governor Stanford can; Mr. Blaine can not carry Connecticut, and Mr. Hawley can; Mr. Blaine can not carry New York, and Chauncey Depew can; Mr. Blaine can not, if nominated, beat Mr. Grover Cleveland, and it is simple suicide for the Republican party to place his name again before the American people as candidate for the presidency.

The case of Jacob Sharp, the boodler, the corrupter of aldermen, the typical bad man of this day and generation, has been passed upon by the New York Court of Appeals, the decision of the lower court reversed, and a new and presumably fairer trial ordered for the broken-down, milk-nursed old man now lodged in Ludlow Street Jail. At this decision the newspapers fairly writhe in their virtuous indignation, and with hot-tempered, illogical argument, and in scandalous language, assail the very citadel of the law invoked. The Court of Appeals is attacked, its motives impugned, it is even directly charged with being in a conspiracy to make boodling a safe and profitable business, of practically having issued a mandate to acquit a criminal. Yet the court has but performed its functions, interpreted the law, certified its position by simple reference to sections of the penal code, pointed out the errors of the prosecution, given the accused his legal rights. Before the trial, and up to the conviction of Sharp, the statement of his attorneys that he was being unfairly tried, in an atmosphere fairly reeking with prejudice, was crushed by the argument of absolute fairness. A change of venue was denied. Courts and people could be trusted. Justice was glorified. And now the spectacle! The high Court of Appeals insulted; the honest interpretation of the law doubted; justice denied. In this situation let us stop and consider this most peculiar case, not as prejudiced people, paid attorneys, public-opinionated jurymen, or even as sitters on a political bench. Is this old man, Jacob Sharp, altogether a criminal? Are there any extenuating circumstances in his alleged crime? Has the community suffered—to what extent, and in what direction? These appear to be the facts. Over twenty years ago, Jacob Sharp, impressed with the idea that a street railway up the Broadway of New York city would not only be a great public convenience, but of pecuniary advantage to himself, set about getting a franchise to build. Year after year, through successive boards of aldermen, he tried and failed of his purpose. Public opinion, from the start, was against him. Property-owners objected. The "proper authorities" had either "a pull" against him or a prohibitory price. Disgusted, but not discouraged, the man turned from municipal to State politics, and appealed to the legislature. Here again his plans were thwarted. Finally, to make a long story short, he again besieged the city fathers, and one fine day the people were paralyzed to learn that for

the sum of forty thousand dollars per annum and a certain price *per capita* on each passenger carried between Fourteenth Street and the Battery, this rental to be paid the city, the indefatigable Jacob Sharp had secured from the Board of Aldermen the Broadway franchise. The newspapers fairly howled; property-owners raved; injunctions innumerable were applied for. But between a Saturday and a Monday morning, and largely by night, the rails were laid by an army of men, and the road became an accomplished fact. Cars from other roads were at once run over the tracks, and the public swarmed to them like bees. The road was a success, a great public convenience—twenty-four hours after its inauguration, a public necessity. Broadway had been made passable. Before, the "busses," which represented everything that was damnable in horseflesh, chicle, and transportation, had recklessly gone wherever an opportunity offered—the result, a continual blockade. The cars on fixed tracks kept traffic to the right and the left, admitted of steady travel, comparative comfort, and safety in reaching the curb. Everybody pronounced the road a good thing. Injunctions faded away; property-owners gracefully accepted the blessings thrust upon them; the people thankfully rode and cheerfully paid. Then came the conspiracy to steal this valuable property. Politicians joined hands with the newspapers; the getting of the franchise was investigated; the legislature organized a committee of inquiry. Boodle and bribery was cried everywhere; the courts declared the securities of the new road worthless; aldermen were arrested and railroaded to Sing Sing; politicians of every grade were scared off their feathered nests into the wilds of Canada; Sharp and his confederates indicted, the old man tried, convicted, and sentenced. And all this for what? For instance: The overcoming of an obstacle in the pathway of progress placed there by the people themselves. Admitting that Sharp or his associates bribed a majority of the New York Board of Aldermen, the fact remains that they were of a class to be bribed; they were there for that purpose. For twenty years Sharp had tried to do otherwise than deal with them. He had labored to have the road accepted on its merits. He had always been ready and willing to compensate the city for the privilege he asked, and if, after the toil and trouble of a life-time, he paid the price of the inevitable; bought what the people, by their votes, had hung up for sale, having exhausted every other possible means of attaining the desired end, is there not, under the common law of common decency, extension enough to admit at the least of a fair interpretation of the law in the offender's behalf? If Jacob Sharp is the criminal he is alleged to be, the people among whom he lived are largely responsible for his crime. Publicly surrounded with the conditions of bribery, he was driven into position, trapped into a deal with the representatives of the same community who subsequently sat in judgment on the corruption it had practically contrived and fostered. But "thus runs the world away." History repeats itself. New Yorkers now point with pride to the magnificent streets of the upper city, the boulevards, the famed Riverside drive, and the vast improvements wrought out by means of the money Tweed stole, and the indebtedness he piled up. They admit that but for "the boss" the city would have been behind in the march of progress a hundred years. Washington has Boss Shepherd to thank, not only for the forced improvements making it a beautiful city, but for the mere fact of its being habitable. And so, out of this crusade of curses against this poor old nursing street-car promoter, there may eventually come an admission that there is a credit as well as a debit side to his account—at all events, that he is entitled to fair and decent legal treatment at the hands of "the people"—who, even through the atmosphere of carelessness, indifference, and want of public spirit, can theoretically "do no wrong."

Menotti Garibaldi is a son of Italy's great Liberator. Of Roman Catholic birth and education, his patriotism has never been questioned, his intelligence is conceded, and his integrity is beyond controversy. His prominent public career, and his present position as member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, entitle his opinions to authoritative weight. He has recently communicated to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, an important letter defining the present relations be-

tween the Church of Rome and the Italian state, and clearly demonstrating that the complaints of the Pope are without foundation, and that the Italian government has dealt most generously with the Hierarchical establishment. He commences by declaring that the French press is in error, arising from lack of information regarding what it pleases to style the Roman question, which the writer asserts "does not exist in any shape or form; that it was settled by the plebiscite of 1870, in which the people of Rome decided that the temporal power of the Popes was no more, and that Rome was finally and irrevocably united to the Italian nation." The distinguished deputy thinks the church would increase its usefulness and power if it would relinquish any claim to the exercise of civil power, and return to its earlier simplicity, and by so doing would command a higher respect than now pertains to it in such countries as Germany, Holland, Scotland, and England, and he might have added America. Menotti Garibaldi declares that the situation of the church, in its relation to the Italian government under the guarantees of that government, is better than the church could have expected, and better than would have been recorded under similar circumstances from any other Catholic state. This act of the Italian government "gives an illimitable amount of liberty to the supreme Pontiff in the exercise of his spiritual functions, but also allows him the enjoyment of all the attributes of sovereignty." When the Pope lost the government of Rome and civil authority over the States of the Church, the corrupt officials surrounding the papal throne lost their opportunity to enrich themselves by plunder and oppression, and Leo XIII. will not cease bemoaning the loss of civil authority to the papal throne till he recognizes that the higher dominion of the church is its spiritual sway. The soothing effect of time, and the growing intelligence, will, in the opinion of Garibaldi, reconcile the church and its officials to the "accomplished fact of Italian unity and independence." We will give this distinguished writer's further argument in his own words, as we quote them from the *Chronicle*:

It is certainly with the utmost amazement that we assist at the spectacle of a Pope who, on so many occasions, has given so many proofs of a superior intelligence, doggedly wasting his energies in pursuing the phantom of temporal power—in other words, in desiring to return to a past which could not be but prejudicial to the best interests of his country. To whom does he do harm by these vain manifestations of temper, if not to himself? Does it or ought it not to occur to him, that by adopting such a policy, by continuing to devote encyclical after encyclical, and allocation after allocation to the old jeremiads on his dungeon in the Vatican, by affirming the grandeur and independence of his throne, or rather his rights thereto, and by proclaiming on every possible occasion that he is not free to execute the duties of his sacred ministry, he is losing that claim to seriousness which is indispensably necessary to one who assumes the directorship of so many millions of human souls?

A man at whose court the chief powers of Europe have their accredited ambassadors, with whom these diplomatic dignitaries have full and free communication; a man who is able, without the least interference from anybody, to negotiate and conclude important treaties of a political and religious character with these powers; a man, in fact, who annually receives the homages of sovereigns, and the devoted regards of thousands and thousands of pilgrims who come here as respected guests, and are more than tolerated by the entire population of Rome, demonstrates beyond yea or nay that, instead of being a prisoner, he is in full possession and enjoyment of all the prerogatives which are the exclusive property of the executive heads of States.

It is quite true, of course, that the power of declaring war is withheld from him. He can not command armies to scatter, or annihilate those whom he may consider his enemies. He can not sign a death warrant. Ought he not, however, to be the first to feel happy that such prerogatives as these are no longer within his reach, seeing that his ministry is one of mercy and his mission one of peace, according to the confessions not only of himself, but of all the other pontiffs, who, before him, sat on the Fisherman's throne.

Of late years a great deal of talk and much ink has been wasted on what is, strangely enough, termed the reconciliation of Italy with the Papacy. First of all, it is well to understand that the expression in question is altogether erroneous. The reconciliation of the Papacy with Italy is at the very furthest what is rigidly correct; for Italy has already done all she could for the Papacy, and consequently owes the Vatican nothing. Italy, through the medium of the Law of Guarantees, has been, every one must admit, sufficiently generous, and does not feel the least desire or necessity to make one step further in the direction of concessions, inasmuch as by so doing she would be acting in direct contradiction to her own best interests. The fact is, that the want of reconciliation is felt keenly by the church itself, for it is well known that it was the Pontiff who was the first to allude to its possibility and desirability in public. Italy, I repeat, can not concede more than what she has already conceded. The only solution, consequently, of existing difficulties would be the full and final acceptance on the part of the Papacy of the Law of Guarantees, to which allusion has been already made in this letter. This solution, however, I regret to have to add, is further removed from the range of practical politics than some people believe or pretend to believe.

The Pope has, in fact, through his journals, more or less ultra-montaine, made it unequivocally understood that, while he does not by any means renounce his pretended rights over what were once the Pontifical States, he is prepared to sign a pact with the new era if the city of Rome be left in his possession. This proposition, however, is not only absurd, but impracticable, for Italy—leaving out of consideration for the moment all other reasons of universal importance—could not surrender this city to the Pope without infringing on her own unity, and ruining her own future. Italy can not abandon this Rome of hers, which, so far back as 1861, was proclaimed by Cavour the capital of the new-born nation—particularly because that great statesman saw and knew that Italy without Rome would be as a body without a soul. Under these circumstances, therefore, it seems clear that a solution of the difficulty is impossible.

The question, however, so far as we liberals of every grade and party are concerned, has been already for the past seventeen years irrevocably solved. "Here we are in Rome, and here we shall remain." "Rome is intangible." Such are the two affirmations of the first and second Kings of Italy, Victor Emmanuel and Humbert; and such are the two proud national mottoes of the entire Italian people.

It is a matter of very little importance to us whether the Pope remains in the Vatican, or whether he shifts his quarters elsewhere. The Papacy it is that needs Rome, and not Rome the Papacy.

History teaches us that the Roman Pontiffs derived much of their influence and all of their splendor from the city in which they took up their abode. They laid hands on the spoils at the fall of the Empire, and established themselves in a capital, the name of which had an incontrovertible prestige for all humanity. Only outside the walls of Rome, the *clat* and glory of the Papacy would be necessarily diminished, if they would not altogether disappear.

None know this better than do the Pontiffs, and wherefore it is that

it would be extremely difficult for them to resign themselves to the calamitous alternative of abandoning the Vatican.

In conclusion, we are by no means compelled to have recourse to the services of the church under any circumstances whatsoever. The actual differences, therefore, existing between church and state in Italy are sure to last until the Pontiff accepts the conditions we have offered him, and until by useful and opportune reforms he puts his church and himself in harness with the spirit of modern progress—if, indeed, the Papacy is capable of carrying out any reforms worth speaking of. Let the Pope, therefore, how down before the omnipotence of human things and accept in all due sincerity the irrefutable logic of accomplished facts.

During the later months of General Stoneman's occupation of the gubernatorial chair, there was a general jail delivery. Pardons came with a frequency that surprised everybody. They came to criminals who did not seem to be entitled to them. During this time, Mr. Harry Dam enjoyed a subordinate position in the gubernatorial office. He was not private secretary—this place was filled by Mr. Moreland; Harry was the society young gentleman of the executive family; he had his say about the inaugural ceremonies, and was authority in hops, lunches, receptions at the executive residence; it was a joke to call him "Governor Dam," for he was the only man in the executive circle who was of sufficient value to be estimated as worth that appellation. Having written a little for the press—for his vocation was that of a reporter—he is on the press now, as society correspondent for the *New York Times*. It now turns out that pardons were sold, and the onus is thrown upon Harry Dam. He is entitled to the presumption of innocence till he has been permitted time to make a defense. It is possible and, perhaps, not improbable, that he may not be innocent; but it is not possible that Governor Stoneman and his private secretary, Mr. Moreland, are not responsible for all the pardons that were issued from the executive office, and if money was received, it is not probable that Harry Dam alone enjoyed it. In the line of argument that we would make, we quote a well-reasoned article from the *Chronicle*, which says:

Between a knave and a fool in an official position, if there be any choice, it is decidedly in favor of the knave. There are two most excellent reasons for this preference; one, that a knave works in accordance with the settled and well-understood rules of rascality; the other, that people are constantly on the lookout for a knave, and take precautions against him, and so far as possible, anticipate the consequence of his knavish acts.

The fool in office, on the contrary, is always an uncertain quantity. He usually lacks the genius to invent any schemes or plans of wickedness or corruption; he does not holdly commit misfeasance in office; in fact, he may, in a dim and shadowy sort of way, have good intentions, and even paroxysmal attacks of public virtue; but between the intervals he allows himself to be led by the nose by any and every corrupt person or combination which will flatter his vanity and self-conceit, and persuade him that he is a statesman and a great ruler. So uncertain and wavering is his mental attitude that he falls an easy prey to designing men of all sorts, and permits himself to become the instrument of every kind of wrong-doing.

During the administration of George Stoneman as Governor of California, the *Chronicle* frequently called attention to the weakness, the vacillation, and the folly of the man, and we had supposed that it was generally conceded that such were his characteristics. To our surprise we find a Democratic contemporary at this late day defending him, and showering its righteous indignation upon the head of his executive secretary, while not a drop touches the governor himself. The secretary is held up to execration, we doubt not with perfect justice, for having dealt in pardons to criminals; but the secretary's superior, the official from whom alone the pardon could emanate, is given a clean bill of health. He is spoken of as being above suspicion, but unfortunate in trusting a scoundrel, though it is admitted, somewhat reluctantly, that nothing in Stoneman's administration subjected him to more serious criticism than his policy in regard to pardons. This is now sought to be explained upon the theory the governor was hoodwinked by his executive secretary.

This naturally suggests the question, What kind of a governor is it that can be hoodwinked by an executive secretary? The question used to be asked whether Harry Dam or George Stoneman was Governor of California, and recent developments indicate that it was Harry Dam.

It is certainly no defense of an administration to say that the governor was unfortunate in trusting a scoundrel. Every official act of his was open to the governor's inspection; he saw his executive secretary every day, and could have known just what he was doing, and if he did not, he was criminally careless and manifestly unfit for the position which he held, and it is entirely too late to make a subordinate in his office a scapegoat.

The fact is, that Stoneman was not fit to be governor; that he did not possess any executive ability at all; that he was pulled and hauled this way and that by interested parties, and that he permitted his office to be run by Harry Dam and others of his kind, instead of attending to his duties himself, and he can not now escape the responsibility of the traffic in pardons and similar acts upon the plea that he was hoodwinked by his executive secretary.

We endorse the sentiments of the above quotation, and contrast the administration of this military mistake with that of Governor Bartlett, whose conduct in public office was always admirable and, in his brief occupancy of the governor's office, intelligent, honorable, and thoroughly honest. A better opportunity than this may not be presented to give our estimate of Governor Waterman. Called to the executive office by the death of Governor Bartlett, and not having experience in political affairs, he was compelled to rely upon his qualifications as a business man in administering affairs of state. We have observed his course with anxiety born of responsibility, and in his course, so far, bear cheerful testimony that his policy is characterized by wisdom, firmness, honesty, courage, and practical sense. He will not, we predict, seek to divide his responsibility with any person whom he may appoint, and endeavor to put upon the shoulders of subordinates the burden of any mistakes he may make or any casualties that may occur during his administration. His appointments have so far been good ones; they have not been made from partisanship, but because the governor is of the opinion that the appointees are qualified for the performance of duties required of them. In an interview to which he has been recently subjected by one of our morning journals, he is accredited with entertaining views that are highly credit-

able to good, sound, level-headed sense; he recognizes the necessity of party organization and of the benefits that result from intelligent and honest leadership. He is opposed to bossism; declares that it is carried on in this State for nefarious purposes. Governor Waterman favors compulsory education and compulsory voting. Two distinct propositions, in favor of both of which much may be said and in reference to one much can be said in opposition. He will disfavor and drive from office any one who will divide fees or salaries, and we have no doubt he would be equally emphatic with any official who should be detected in making money by any of the petit-larceny devices that small villain resort to for the accomplishment of small stealings. To make a thorough and careful personal investigation of all the public institutions of the State is the intention of the governor, in order that he may have personal information of the interior workings of all the machinery that draws money from the State Treasury. His position in reference to pardons is eminently wise. He is not likely to be controlled over-much by sentiment, nor to be over-influenced by the tears of wives and mothers, nor over-persuaded by the arguments of paid attorneys, but he will not close his brain an inch to the influence of a wife's devotion or a mother's love; he will not be unmoved by a criminal's reformation if he is persuaded that the contrition is genuine and the cure permanent, for he must recognize that the punishment of a criminal has for its object his reform and the protection of society till he does reform. Governor Waterman will recognize that sometimes the courts err in judgment, and accidents sometimes occur which lead to injustice, but even the pardon of criminals he submits to intelligent system notice by newspaper advertisements, open hearing upon fixed days, time for deliberation; there will be no pardon signed in blank; there will be no money obtained for the sale; there will be no accidents. Governor Waterman attitude toward Senator Stanford, whether he remains in the Senate of the United States or retires to the more honorable, and, in his case, the more important private station, is entirely creditable because it is open. Governor Waterman evidently respects Senator Stanford and admires him, and has the manliness and courage to say so, and not the meanness and cowardice to think the true road to popular esteem lies over reputations murdered by calumny and secret assassination. Senator Stanford, in the building up of his university and in its endowment with his accumulated million has a work before him exceeding his strength and outmeasuring his life if spared to the extreme limits of age. After the next National Convention of the Republican party, Governor Waterman—who has always been a Republican—will have a policy. This is significant, and marks the position at present occupied by many most intelligent and patriotic gentlemen, who have long been members of the Republican party, and who have rendered important and valuable service in its ranks. The best men of this great nation organization have belonged to it because it has been the party of patriotism, high intelligence, and genuine reform in national administration, and they will not willingly disassociate themselves from its history, nor break ranks with border men beside whom they have marched and with whom they have kept step during the civil war, the period of the reconstruction of States and reestablishment of national credit. But unless the Republican party shall recognize that it can no longer live on the recollections and achievements of the historic past, but nerve itself to meet new enemies and make further progress, keep its armor on and its aggressive weapons in hand for other conflicts. The will ask to be retired and will not answer again at roll-call. We understand that Governor Waterman will reserve to himself the privilege of determining what he will do. This sentiment we also approve, for we are keeping our Republican armor bright and our blade keen to use when and as the necessity demands, within the party and against the traitor within its ranks, if it must be so, but against the enemies of the country, its institutions, its liberty, and its laws, in any event and under any circumstances. We think Governor Waterman's administration will be a success; we hope so.

Herr Most, an anarchist in New York, who indulges himself in lurid declamation to inspire others to deeds of violence and crime, and who himself hides under his bed when dangers approach, has been tried and convicted for the offense of inciting to riot. He will be sentenced to imprisonment, which will deprive him of beer, and impose upon him manual labor for a time. This conviction demonstrates the fact that freedom of speech and freedom of press must be silenced when they degenerate into the license of black guardism, and are intended to arouse the passions of the ignorant, the vicious, and the drunken, to deeds of violence and crime. Herr Most will find no sympathy from any person or member of any class in the community who has an intelligent appreciation of our Republican institutions, or a correct estimate of their value. Our country is vast. It is generous in its welcome to alien citizens; its opportunities for well-paid labor and for ultimate independence to the provident and industrious laborer are great; the absence of

class privileges or class distinctions is manifest to all; freedom of education, absence of governmental tyranny, liberty of conscience, opinion, and expression are unrestrained; freedom under the law, and within its limits of just restriction, are so carefully provided that no rational man has just cause of complaint. Hence we say that anarchists can have no sympathy from rational and thinking minds who estimate liberty and law at their real value.

When, only a few weeks since, British-born citizens, resident in Boston, had obtained the use of Faneuil Hall by law, means to celebrate the jubilee of their queen, an Irish mob gathered around the cradle of liberty, and, howling as only the Irish can howl, prevented free speech, and would have proceeded to violence and bloodshed had it not been for the presence of armed policemen. It was a cold-blooded, dastardly act, but resulted in good, because it has aroused the English to the performance of their duty. They are becoming naturalized as American citizens, and placing themselves in condition by organization to resist, repel, and punish any further insults or indignities the Irish may attempt to put upon them, their country, or their queen. These new citizens will become Republican, and act with that party whenever it becomes sufficiently courageous to stop kissing the toe of St. Peter and his Irish. If the Republican party won't bid for their support by repudiating the Irish Roman Catholic vote, the American party will give to every adopted English Protestant who becomes a loyal American citizen a most hearty welcome.

During the Henry George spasm the Labor party started daily organ in the city of New York called the *Leader*. It is as utterly dyspeptic; it could see no good in any man who did not work with his hands, wear a dirty shirt, and smell of it. All labor was physical labor. All toil was of the kind that perspired. The men of brains, conscience, and high moral character, men of culture and study, of invention and of honest purpose and noble achievement, bold no place in the estimation of this kind of laborers, who as a rule rush to edit journals, where angels fear to tread. It is quite wonderful how many glib talkers and ready writers have been brought to the surface by the recent labor movements. Like dogs they have their day, and like dogs they die. The *Leader* has composed its form and died, and the *Leader* is only one of the innumerable caravan that is marching onward with steady steps to the inevitable repose of Mr. Pickering's journalistic grave-yard.

The lesson to be drawn from the presence among us of anarchists must not be lost, simply because we have hungur, imprisoned three, and permitted one to blow himself to pieces. We realize that it will be impossible to prevent anarchists from immigrating to the country. There is no way at Castle Garden of distinguishing an anarchist from any other kind of alien Democrat. The way to keep anarchists in restraint is to bang them when they murder, imprison them when they blatherskite talk and blackguard writing they incite to crime, and deny to the foreign born of all countries and all creeds the privilege of becoming voters at our polls. We will protect all alien residents in their persons, property, and legal rights, but we will not permit them to rule us, or to participate in making or executing laws for protecting and governing ourselves.

America was discovered in the year A. D. 1000 by Leif Erickson, a navigator from Iceland. Leif Erickson was a Lutheran, and not a papist. Iceland was at that time a public, and acknowledged no allegiance to Rome. Leif Erickson was born in Norway. His father, Erik the Red, discovered Greenland. The Church of Rome had no connection with father or son, nor with their discoveries till after they were made. The libraries of the Vatican and Propaganda are filled with manuscripts containing a detailed account of these early and subsequent events for six hundred years before Columbus sailed on his voyage from Spain. Hence the claim of the Church of Rome that its son, under the sign of the cross, was first to discover America, is false.

A great public meeting was held in Music Hall, Boston, October 24th, by the Republicans of Massachusetts in favor of the public schools. Senator Hoar, Governor Long, and other leading men made strong and eloquent speeches in opposition to church parochial schools, and in vindication of our common free schools. The Boston *Herald* and the Boston *Journal* both gave outspoken expression of the popular determination to permit no church interference with our educational methods. The little cloud that, when the *Argonaut* began its career, was not bigger than a man's hand, now signs of bursting into a tempest against the intrigues and conspiracies of the Church of Rome, and its interference with American politics.

The revenue of Pope Leo XIII., from legitimate sources: interest on papal treasure, Peter's pence, and the apostolic anarchy, according to the New York *Tribune*, amounts to one million five hundred thousand dollars. He lives in a

palace and church famous for their grandeur and magnificence, surrounded with servants, wealth, and luxury, and yet he calls himself a prisoner in a palace where five hundred persons reside, half of whom are women, and some of whom are young and attractive. This prisoner has recently had struck for himself, in commemoration of his jubilee, a medal on which he gives himself the title of "Pontifex et Rex." These baubles, we are sorry to say, the Italian Government has confiscated.

Mr. Harry Dam, having given full and complete denial to all the scandalous accusations made against him in relation to pardon-brokerage while he held office under Governor Stoneman, is entitled to the presumption of innocence till some more specific and direct charge is made against him than can come from unpardoned criminals, or from irresponsible and sensational news-reporters, or from a morbid public clamor. Mr. Harry Dam's long residence in California, and all that is known of him, entitle him to exemption from enrolment in the criminal class until something appears against him more direct than this political gossip.

We do most sincerely wish there could be elected, in the City and County of San Francisco, an honest county clerk and an honest sheriff, who would put the names of honest men into the grand jury box, so that there might be a fearless and impartial examination of all the iniquity that is going on in this county. We would be very glad to have one industrious and competent grand jury, without a knave, an idiot, or a coward upon it; not a man that could be bought, intimidated, or fooled. Its disclosures would, doubtless, make good reading.

A recent attempt was made in the Chilean Congress to send Pope Leo XIII. the sum of twenty thousand dollars as a gift in honor of his golden wedding to the priesthood. After two hours' discussion the vote was taken, seven in the affirmative and forty-four in the negative. A similar proposition would have carried in any Democratic legislature in a Northern State, except for a constitutional objection.

We are often asked what is the real controversy in the councils of the Knights of Labor? and what is the matter with Powderly? We guess the true answer to be, that the organization has fallen under the control of the Papal Church, and that Powderly is endeavoring to run it as an annex to what Doctor McGlynn styles the Roman machine.

The orphan asylum pertaining to St. Stephen's Church, where six hundred orphan children were supported by Father McGlynn without municipal aid, has been broken up, and the children scattered to other Roman Catholic institutions where the city must pay for them, and the buildings are now being used for a parochial school.

The Roman Catholic archbishop of Guatemala has been exiled from that republic, and is now, or has recently been, in San Francisco. He was banished, and his clergy with him, for excommunicating all persons who read a text-book which had been adopted and used in the public schools, and it served him right.

Father McTighe, the papist priest who, by intrigue, succeeded in securing an appointment as principal of a public school at Pittsburg, Pa., has been compelled to resign by force of an outraged and indignant public opinion.

A writer in the New York *Observer*, describing life in Russia, says there the priesthood are divided into two classes—the white and the black clergy. The white clergy are the parish priests, are obliged to marry, and have duties corresponding to those of pastors in this country. The black clergy, or, as they are called, "the black monks," hold the places of power in the church, are celibates, and live in monasteries. Their dress gives their names to the priests. Not unnaturally, the white priests and the black monks are anything but friends.

Experts say that curtains and fine laces can be made of malleable iron or steel. At the Centennial Exhibition a piece of steel rolled by a mill in Pittsburg was so thin that it weighed less than a book-leaf, and could be blown off the hand easier than paper the same size. The sheets for steel lace will be rolled down to a low gauge, and the patterns pressed into them. The lace can be made light or heavy, and is suitable for ladies' and children's underwear, and perhaps for trimming hats, wraps, and dresses.

Mr. Blakely Hall, whose breezy letters have so long figured in our columns, has been ordered to Europe on a special mission by the New York *Sun*, to the staff of which journal he is attached. This will, of course, temporarily put a stop to his New York letters. None the less, we hope to hear from him occasionally, concerning his impressions of London, Paris, and other European cities.

At the recent sessions of the Hygienic Congress, in Vienna, that distinguished savant, Pettenkofer, submitted figures to prove that scientific hygiene had reduced the death-rate in London from forty-five persons in every thousand, a year, to twenty-one in every thousand; in other words, that science has more than doubled the average life of the Londoner.

AN ELECTRIC MARVEL.

Edison's Latest Triumph with the Phonograph.

The old phonograph, Edison's first attempt at anything of the kind (says a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*) was made about 1876, and exhibited throughout the country more as a curiosity and toy than as a commercial or practical machine. For twelve years the inventor has occupied himself with the electric light, but the phonograph has always hobbled, so to speak, in his mind, and six months ago he hit upon a new idea. Within two months he was so perfected it, that the mere making of the first experimental machine was comparatively a simple matter. His present phonograph occupies less space than a type writer, and can be manufactured for sale at about sixty dollars. As a motor he uses a simple form of an electric motor, requiring only four cells of a simple battery; it works without noise, and requires so little power that the batteries will run for a month without change, and will run the motor four or five hours a day. The roller on which was the sheet of tinfoil which received impression from the needle affixed to the vibrating receiving plate is now covered with a thin cylinder of hard wax, which the inventor calls a phonogram.

In Edison's laboratory the phonograph stands on a table, with the battery cells underneath. A little switch causes the motor to begin revolving at the rate of eighty revolutions a minute. As soon as it starts, a wax roller may be placed upon the metal one, and the impinging diaphragm brought to bear upon the wax; the second the needle-point touches the wax a low singing sound can be heard from the diaphragm. The speaker can then talk to the phonograph, using a small mouthpiece somewhat like that used with telephones. On a little cylinder of wax, four inches long by one and a quarter inches in diameter, eight hundred words can be marked or imprinted. The line of dots is in a spiral, round and round the cylinder. The effort required to talk to the phonograph is about that for the telephone, and in returning the sound, comparing the voice of the phonograph to that of the telephone, it is fully three times as loud, and vastly more distinct and characteristic of the original voice of the talker.

Some experiments were made recently to show the marvellous faculty which the phonograph has of repeating or giving at the same time a number of different sounds. For instance, after reading over a few lines from a newspaper, one of Edison's assistants turned the phonograph back, and sang a few lines of doggerel into it, then turned it back again and whistled "Hail Columbia," the three communications being superimposed. The result was a curious mixture, the speaking, the singing, and the whistling being perfectly distinguished, and yet blended together. This shows the ease with which the phonograph can reproduce the music of the orchestra, each of the instruments coming out distinctly, and the voice of the singers, if there is also singing.

According to the present estimate the phonograms will cost about three cents apiece for a four-inch cylinder, and one cent apiece for a one-inch cylinder, upon which two hundred words can be written. These one-inch phonograms will be intended for ordinary business letters. Little wooden boxes, upon the cover of which can be written the address, with room for the stamp, will be used for the mails. Edison expects to get the government to carry these boxes at the same rate as ordinary letters. Attached to the phonograph is a little apparatus by which, if the message on a phonogram does not need to be filed away as a record, it can be planned off, a minute knife taking off a shaving seven-thousandths of an inch in thickness. The same operation can be done twelve times upon one phonogram. As to the possibility of repeating the same message over and over again without destroying the distinctness or lessening the volume of tone, Edison says that one of his assistants read a thousand words into the phonograph and the machine repeated them fifty-four times, the fifty-fourth time being as distinct and as clear as the first. All that is necessary to do, in order to make the phonograph repeat, is simply to touch a little spring, when it will go back ten words, fifty words, a hundred words, or five hundred words at will. While the phonograph is reading it is not necessary to touch it or watch it; nothing needs to be done but to listen, and it will go on reading until it comes to the end of its message.

The standard size for ordinary use will be the phonogram measuring four inches in length by one inch and a quarter in diameter, capable of taking one thousand words, if the speaker talks fast, or eight hundred if slowly. Outside of the business requirements of the phonograph, a special form of phonogram intended for book work, or the reproduction of long orchestral works, will be made. This will contain about eight thousand words, or perhaps more, if a fast reader is employed to make the first copy. Edison estimates that he can put the whole of "Nicolas Nickleby" upon eight cylinders of this size. The devices for making copies of a phonogram already furnished are very simple, and having once employed a professional elocutionist to read out a novel to the phonogram, the duplication and multiplication of the result will be so easy a matter that Edison is confident he can sell novels in shape of phonograms, ready to be read out a hundred times, for less than the ordinary printed books.

Three hundred men are now engaged in making the tools for the phonograph. The first five hundred instruments will be ready for the market in January next. More than that number of orders are already on the books of the manufacturing company. Edison expects to turn out about twenty-five phonographs a day, and will double the output should the demand be sufficient. He thinks that every business office will have one for letters of more than a few words, as the writer will simply have to dictate, and will have the letter finished and ready for the mail the moment he is done talking. His device for enabling the printer to set up type from the phonograph message is such that the phonograph reads out ten words at a time when a spring is touched. If the printer does not set up the ten words, he can touch a pedal with his foot, which makes the phonograph repeat the same line over again. Edison confidently believes that the phonograph will do away with the necessity of writing for the printer at all; the editor and reporter of the future will talk to the phonograph and send the phonogram up to the composing-room.

A FRONTIER BOHEMIAN.

The sun was setting on the Maverick Valley. As I walked to the door of the ranch, a few Parthian arrows from his declining bow splintered themselves among the dusky tops of the live oaks. There was a faint pink glow all around the horizon that on its western threshold lingered in feathery flecks of crimson and gold. The brief twilight of Texan latitudes was already hastening through the thin files of mesquite that stood like straggling pickets before the windows of the little cabin. A silence was falling over the hushed landscape—"vast, measureless, complete."

Certainly I had some excuse for the sudden loneliness that fell upon me. It was the first time in my border-life that I had been left upon the trackless prairie, solitary and alone. The annual shearing was just over. But an hour before, our entire "outfit" had departed for a general merry-making at a distant frontier town. As I had volunteered in accepting the position of cook during the past three weeks, and for that period had labored to fill a recurrent and appalling vacuum in eighteen able-bodied men, my efforts had naturally been somewhat debilitating. Amid that exuberance of society, in which solitude seems a myth, I had declined conviviality and elected repose. I was left behind as custodian of the ranch.

But as I stepped from the door for the purpose of penning the buck-herd, I was beginning to regret my choice. I realized that I—a "tenderfoot"—with only a three-months' residence in the State—was alone upon an area of fifty thousand acres without let or limit; that my nearest neighbor was five miles away, over a chartless, emerald sea, to be traversed only by aid of that shifting guide, the sun; that my only companions in this primitive wilderness were thirty-five merino bucks of contemplative and exclusive tendencies; a shepherd-dog which was immaturely effusive and slobberingly demonstrative upon being addressed as "Miss Flo"; and an ebony cat that wore a niangy and somewhat dissipated exterior under the soubriquet of "Miss Emma." A dearth of the consolations of female society apparently inspires the native Texan to a courteous acknowledgment of the sex of domestic pets.

When, therefore, I had driven the horned contingent of my associates into their rude brush-pen, and had fastened the hurdle-gate, I stood leaning against it and seriously regarding them. It did not add to the cheerfulness of my surroundings to notice that they bore an unmistakable resemblance to a company of hook-nosed Jews; that their knees were sprung with the rheumatism of age; that their eyes were rheumy and inflamed; and that they appeared to be unusually afflicted that evening with snuffles and chronic catarrh. Besides, they were so fresh from the shears that the air of venerable wisdom which their faces arrogated seemed to be caricatured by the rest of their bodies. They were so repulsive in appearance that I at once dubbed the most disreputable specimen "Fagin"—a baptismal inspiration that eventually achieved popularity. Then, with that hypocrisy which characterizes man when loonly, I began to patronize my much abused dog, and even the feline antique; for both had accompanied me in my pastoral duties. After which I walked back to the ranch. Here I encountered another dubious object that in my then dejected condition struck me as almost ominous. This was a pet lizard which, for the past month, had inhabited the neighboring kitchen—a long, low structure with a canvas roof—and which was now perched upon the door-step. But "Tommy" was on the present occasion very much out of luck. He was not, under the most favorable circumstances, a prepossessing object. He was brick-red, covered with polka-dots of black, and had a diabolical leer about the eye. "Tommy," however, had now unaccountably lost his tail, and was obviously so humiliated and dispirited that he unconsciously infected and aggravated my own melancholy.

I opened the door of the kitchen, into which he immediately dived and hid his diminished lizardship from view. Entering the little cabin, and acting from a feeling of generous hospitality that must have struck both as phenomenal, I invited the companionship of "Miss Flo" and "Miss Emma." Then I lighted the lamp, and drawing the solitary chair of the apartment to a convenient distance, picked up a volume of Macaulay's Essays (for we were fortunately blessed with an abundance of literature), and disposed myself to read. I remember thinking, as I settled myself into a comfortable position, that I would make amends for my enforced isolation by profound literary culture, and rather pluming myself upon how much benefit I should derive from this prairie study. But I made singularly little progress that evening. I found myself entirely unable to concentrate my attention. I was oppressed by an indefinable feeling of dread that at last culminated in a nervous sensation of being observed. I threw aside my book in disgust, and endeavored to account for it.

It was now pitch dark outside. I was sitting at a little desk that, from the poverty of our household furniture, was obliged to perform manifold duties. To-night it was somewhat overburdened with frontier bric-à-brac, conspicuous among which was a large Colt's revolver and cartridge-belt. I perceived that, as I sat, I was directly in line with the two windows of the ranch—one on the south, the other on the north side of the house. Partly from a feeling of caution which one acquires on the frontier, and partly from this nervousness I could not explain, I shifted my chair around against the wall until I faced the southern window. In effecting this change of position, I succeeded in treading on Miss Emma, and discommoding Miss Flo, who, after looking at me in a grieved fashion, accommodated herself in another quarter with the usual canine philosophy and circumspection.

As I tilted my chair against the door and assumed an aggressive attitude toward the opposite window, I noticed a few drops of water upon the panes, and was then for the first time aware that it was raining. A moment after a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the darkness without, opening up phosphorescent vistas in the mesquites with startling suddenness. Brief as was the interval for observation, it was sufficient to confirm my suspicions. Amid the loud reverberations of the thunder-clap that followed, I was confident that I had seen a man lurking in the scanty shrubbery outside.

I can not describe how much I was disconcerted by this

discovery. I was alone in a wild and lawless country, where a man might be attacked and murdered without a chance of succor. I was in a lighted room, whose unshuttered windows stared into the black night so glaringly, that practically I was as defenseless to an enemy hid in the darkness without, as if shut in a glass case. As this thought leaped to my brain, I suddenly extinguished the light and groped for the revolver and cartridge-belt, resolving to make as determined a stand as possible. Securing both, I huddled on the belt and backed against the door, in order to resist any forcible entrance. In this defiant attitude I waited, the storm continuing to rage without.

A Texan thunder-storm is at all times awe-inspiring. I do not think I ever lived a more thrilling existence than during the brief interval I crouched in the darkness of that little cabin, which was incessantly lighted by the blue flashes that seemed to leap from window to window, and which shook tremulously under the crash of the shattering reports that followed one another in quick succession. My excitement reached its height, when, during one of these sudden illuminations, I perceived pressed against the pane and peering into the room, a wild, red face, with long, gray beard and disheveled hair streaming in the wind. The apparition, seen by the lurid light, was so malevolent, that I think I was only prevented from firing at it by the brief interval of the flash. When the lightning gleamed again, the face was gone, and I was certain now I could hear some one groping his way along the side of the house, evidently supporting himself in that way against the charging gusts of wind and sharp fusillade of the driving rain. At the same time Miss Flo became uneasy, and barked loudly.

"Hulloa, here!" shouted a gruff voice.

I hastily relighted the lamp, and opened the door in some trepidation.

There entered a tall figure, so gratuitously limp and bedraggled with rain as to be almost grotesque; so worn with travel, and with such an utter weariness of life in the eyes, as to be really pathetic. The clothes that he wore were torn and abraded, exposing a sub-stratum of red flannel at the knees, which gave him a ludicrous suggestion of having worn himself down to the quick from the excess of his devotions. His strunken pantaloons encroached upon the calves of his legs, and, as he was without stockings, this lack of intimacy with his hob-nailed shoes exposed a pair of very gaunt and reluctant ankles. His beard and hair were long, straggling, and unkempt, and were surmounted by an extravagant slouch hat of the frontier pattern. Running over the scant details of my former apparition, I mentally classified him at once as a "border tramp." But I was lonely that evening, and disposed to be polite. I therefore offered him the only chair in the room, stretched myself upon the low bed, and calmly awaited developments.

"Good evening," he said, in a rather husky but pleasant voice, as he lapsed into the chair. Then he took off his broad hat with a swirl of spattering rain-drops, wiped his forehead with a red bandana handkerchief, ruminated a few minutes, replaced his hat, and finally producing a pipe and a plug of tobacco, began slowly cutting up and crumbling the latter—the usual frontier preliminaries to a smoke.

I watched his movements with absorbing interest. He reminded me so forcibly of pictures of the lamented John Brown, that I was more than ever inclined to accept the "singular conflicting conditions of that martyr's soul and body," as exemplified in the popular song.

When he had finally lighted his pipe and emitted several curling rings of smoke, this odd figure vouchsafed the information that he had come across country in the hope of assisting us in shearing. I informed him that we had just finished that day for the season. He seemed to experience some regret at this, and for a time smoked on in silence. At length, his eyes happening to fall upon my relinquished volume, he took it up, glanced over it hastily, and laid it down again.

"You have been reading Macaulay?" he said. I assented in some surprise.

"Ah!" said my strange guest; "a wonderful man! a wonderful man, that same Macaulay! What a genius, what learning, what a noble style he had, to be sure!"

Then throwing his head back and narrowing his wild eyes, he suddenly broke out:

"An acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia; the smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities; the wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy when in agonies of pain may be better than a philosophy that can assuage pain. But we know that there are remedies that will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache as little as their neighbors."

I sat up in some amazement at this effort at memory. For the past three months, having associated with individuals whose vocabularies hardly ventured beyond the possibilities of "right smart" and "away over yonder," I was somewhat startled, I admit.

"Are you a native of the State, sir?" I asked with great respect.

"No," replied he, turning full upon me for an instant those singular eyes of his; "I am, like yourself, a Northerner."

"Let me offer you a better pipe," I said, pointing out to him the case containing my best meerschaum; "you will find some excellent Cavendish in that jar."

He gave me a quick glance, as if appreciative of my hospitality, but declined, saying that long habit had given him a preference for the natural leaf.

"What is your college?" he suddenly asked, as I was filling a pipe preparatory to joining him.

"Yale," I answered with the pardonable pride of all sons of that alma mater; "and yours?"

"I seldom mistake a collegian," remarked my incongruous visitor; "Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I hail from Dartmouth."

I had made the inquiry more from politeness than any other motive, and yet, at the moment of my speaking, it flashed across me that he must be college-bred. Now that I was assured of it, I felt a sincere regret in seeing one who had enjoyed such advantages, at such wretched odds with

fortune. He must have divined what passed through my mind, for he glanced hurriedly—and half sadly, as it seemed to me—over his forlorn garments, and then raising his eyes to mine, and with a gleam of humor lurking beneath his shaggy brows, said:

"And pray, sir, how came a gentleman of your education and intelligence down in this God-forsaken country?"

I smiled, and attributed my advent to the adventurous spirit of the nineteenth century, for want of a better reason. He took my answer in the spirit in which it was given, and appeared in a sense to be relieved by it, as if it established a bond of union between us, it struck me. But he resisted all inquiries of mine into his antecedents or past history, meeting my hints and questions with adroit evasion and skillful changes of the subject.

And so, in the quiet night—for the rain had now ceased, and the moon, riding high, silvered the wao landscape, and fringed the dripping foliage with flashing gems—we drifted back to the topic with which we began, and talked of literary themes. It has been my privilege to converse with not a few cultured and learned men, and to enjoy the society of some of the most brilliant of modern conversationalists, but as I sat and listened that evening to the words that fell from the lips of this frontier bohemian, it seemed to me that my acquaintance with the nature of true eloquence had just begun. It was "like reading Homer by flashes of lightning." What a wealth of hold imagery, of keen appreciation, of suggestive analogy, of marvelous insight was there! And what a treasure-house of memory! And when he finally lapsed into monologue, and indulging in a rhapsody upon the wonders of Milton, quoted from "Paradise Lost" by paragraph and page, I thought of Macaulay's boast that if the great poet's immortal epic should by any chance be lost to men, he might hope to reproduce it; and my admiration for the attainments of the man swept over me in one vast wave of wonder. And then, as I lay there, listening to his deep voice which had grown singularly rich and sonorous, as if in sympathy with the dignity of those grand periods, pondering what strange chance or force of circumstance had compelled this incongruous being to such surroundings, his form suddenly dilated, his lips parted as if in terror, his eyes became fixed on vacancy and staring, and with a sudden spring to his feet, he stood erect and menacing.

"Avant!" he cried, gazing with a wild and frenzied stare into the empty air; "Avant! and quit my sight! Begone, I say! Think'st thou to dog my footsteps always? To hound me to the day of my death? Back! Back! G-r-r-r! Take your grip from off my neck! Avant!"

He dashed his hands to his throat, clutching it wildly, and striding to the door, flung it wide open, glaring long and fiercely out into the quiet night with a frenzied and hunted expression. Then he came slowly back to the table, tottering feebly and muttering incoherently, threw himself into his chair, and covering his haggard face with both his trembling hands, shuddered and gasped alternately. Great heads of agony stood upon his brow.

I was so startled by this sudden outburst that I could only stare and sit speechless. When he first rose I was under the impression that it was to give greater force to some terrific denunciation. Not until he tore open the door did I realize that it was the hallucination of illness, and even then my consternation was so great as to deprive me of all power to act or speak.

The paroxysm soon passed. Meanwhile, I had poured some brandy into the cup of my pocket-flask, and offered it to him. He drank it with a feverish eagerness. By degrees the stimulant seemed to overcome his nervous apprehension. He sat for a long time with listless, leaden eyes. Then he rose wearily and asked, in a bumble, deprecating fashion, if there were any place where he might sleep that night.

There was something so piteous, so unutterably wretched in this appeal, coming from one whose wonderful discourse had so delighted me, that I was indescribably touched. "Surely," said I to myself, "such abilities as I have recognized this night shall not be without shelter." I instantly placed my bed at his disposal. After much remonstrance and reluctance, I, at last, got him to bed, and he laid himself down with a long, low, agonizing sigh—the sigh of one to whom life is weariness and existence a burden.

As I stepped to the table near which he had been sitting, I observed a small tin box, something like a tobacco-box, lying in his empty chair. I picked it up mechanically. Such a singular odor rose from this box that I was tempted to open it almost unconsciously. It was half full of a grayish brown drug. I examined it curiously. *Opium!*

I glanced toward the bed. He was lying apparently in a heavy sleep. I closed the lid of the box and placed it quietly beside him. Full of conjecture for the past of the unfortunate being who occupied my bed, I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay down beneath the window. There was no sound in the quiet night save the occasional long howl of the coyote from the hill. For a long time I lay awake, pondering over the singular conversation of the evening and its startling dénouement. I wondered if his hallucination could be directly traced to opium, and what strange misfortune could have placed him under the thrall of the deadly drug. And then my thoughts recurred to his quotation from Macaulay—"But we know that there are remedies that will assuage pain." What was the pain, or what the sorrow?

Unconsciously in my long reverie I had turned toward him. He was sleeping peacefully in the wan light. The pale moon, looking over the crest of a western divide, stole through the files of sentinel mesquites in a long pencil, and rested like a ghostly arm upon his breast. I thought, "The sister of Apollo has him in her keeping;" and I fell asleep. But in the morning, the hands folded upon the breast were pulseless and cold; the face was waxen and still; and, hushed in the fearful calm of life's great mystery, the old man eloquent was dead.

HOWARD SEELY.

The world's supply of pencil wood is drawn from the Gulf Coast swamps on both sides of Cedar Keys, and the product of the mills there is shipped not only to the New York and New Jersey factories, but also to Germany and, perhaps, other countries of Europe. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives, white and black, and disburses large sums of money. That nothing may be lost, the sawdust is distilled in large retorts and the oil extracted, every ounce of which finds ready sale.

THE MUSIC OF SOCIETY.

"Iris" discusses the Amateur Players of Guitar, Banjo, and Mandolin.

It is the fashion just at present for men to be musical. The boy-about-town who can't play on something or sing something must take a back-seat. He must retire from the noble army of "boys," and become a mere, common-place, ordinary young man in square-toed shoes and reach-me-down coat. To be unable to play on some instrument is to be insignificant and of no account. The Apollo Belvidere may be cut out by a little five-foot-and-a-half clerk who can twang on the guitar or pick on the banjo. The guitar is at present at the apex of popular favor. But the art of playing on it, like the art of becoming a great scoundrel, is not awarded to the first comer. The successful guitar-player must have certain attributes. For example, a man with blonde hair and blue eyes must not play the guitar; nor a man with large, capable-looking hands; nor, again, a big, red, brawny man; nor a man who wears checks and smokes a pipe. Your guitar-man can smoke Russian cigarettes, and he must have large, soft, melancholy, dark eyes, and a black mustache that droops—if his mustache turns up at the ends he can play on the French horn, the trombone, the cornet, the Jew's-harp, the drum, even—but never on the guitar. The elegant fitness of things must be recognized and preserved. Then he must have small, delicate brown hands, and small, neatly shod feet, and in his clothes must avoid all checks, all tendency to light colors and English cuts.

As may be imagined, guitar-men are rare. But there are a few, and they are now as much sought after as Montague and Rignold used to be. They are asked everywhere, and are always expected to bring the guitar. In fact, their position is about the same as that of a professional—except that they are not paid. Summer is their harvest-time. No moonlight boating-party is complete without them. As the boats lie to, rocking languidly on the shining swells, the guitar man is called upon. From amid the cushions besides him—for he always has the best seat and the prettiest girl—he draws forth his guitar in a richly embroidered case, hangs it round his neck by a yellow ribbon, just the proper shade to accentuate the rich olive tone of his complexion, runs his slender fingers over the strings, and the thin, silvery notes vibrate on the still air. He has a large repertoire—tender, passionate Spanish serenades and love songs, heard by some musical itinerary beneath the dark shadows of olive groves, in long, Spanish twilights; the rich, melancholy cadences of the boating-songs of the Venetian gondoliers, transmitted to this country in the same way; the dashing, gay barcarolles of the Neapolitan fishermen, throbbing with the fire and color of the South; a simple, shy German ballad or two; a frivolous, dainty, French chansonette—he knows them all. And if he has any sort of a voice he will sing them. Hear a soft, rich, man's voice sing a transposition for the guitar of Schubert's "Serenade," on a white, moonlight night—then die!

His guitar is in as much demand in winter. All fashionable *hausfrauen* have artistic bits in their houses now. There is always some corner where the colors are melodies, where the divan is deep and soft, where the bric-à-brac is placed with a judicious hand, where the drooping portiere is thick, and warm, and richly-hued, where the light falls warmly through the lamp's red shade and the air is filled with the scent of "violet, dim as the lids of Juno's eyes" in twisted spirals of brown, Venetian glass. This is the place for the guitar man. He eschews the white-and-gold room, which, with its padded white satin walls, spindle-legged white and gold chairs, pompadour cabinets, and bare, polished floor, is now part of every New York house. For he is a man of artistic perceptions and knows his black coat and gleaming shirt-bosom will not show up well against those pallid, tufted walls. He can't bear the music-room, with its great convex ceiling and bare wooden floor. He goes straight for the covey corner. There, lounging among the billowing cushions, he draws out his guitar, hangs the yellow ribbon round his neck, and with his dark eyes rolled up and his claw-like fingers plucking at the strings, he warbles in a soft, throbbing voice, "The Lips of My Pepita."

The man who plays the banjo is an old favorite, but the guitar man has rather cut him out. Still, in some unromantic feminine hearts, the banjo reigns supreme. There is something contagiously jolly about banjo men. They are not particular; they are general-utility men, who will play anything anywhere. Most of them play by ear, and a week after a new operetta is produced, have all the airs at their finger-ends. They can sing "Erminie" from first to last; and there is not a college song, from that exhilarating, swagging, Bohemian "Tavern in the Town" to the sentimental "Over the Bannisters," that they don't know every verse of. At a children's party your banjo man will sing "Hush, Little Baby," or the ever-jovial "Scrub, My Mother," to the joy of the children; and after a massive dinner-party will give you the "Ole Kentucky Home," with perfect negro accent and expression, in a way to melt a heart of stone.

Then there are men who play their own accompaniments to comic songs. This is an English fashion, and if not done well is sad. The performer's talents are shown in choice of songs, most comic songs being of a melancholy tendency. And last, and decidedly least, there is the man who whistles. There is an Englishman now in New York who "whistled before the queen." He sits at the piano, plays a light waltz, and whistles the air delightfully with a bird-like brilliancy. Elaborate dance-music is the forte of this newest type of musical man. The ballet in "Faust," the famous ballet of the hours in the "Gioconda," the nun's dance in "Robert le Diable," bits of "Sylvia" and "Coppelia" are his *pièces de résistance*.

With women the banjo has gone out. There was once a time when every girl in New York had one, and drove her amily half-crazy practicing on it. Her relatives were her "poison bags," and her various achievements in the accompaniments of popular negro melodies were tried on them. But now the banjo's reign is over, and in the dainty room of each of these dear girls, cast into a corner with her last year's tennis-racket and alpenstock, is her banjo—rusty and lusty, with a faded blue ribbon, which was wont to encircle the snowy nape of her smooth neck, dangling drearily down,

and the strings, which of old were so softly touched by her flying pink finger-tips, hanging limp and unstrung.

The instrument of the moment among women is the mandolin. Oddly enough, New York women have never taken kindly to the guitar. The mandolin—a wonderfully fragile, dainty little member of the guitar family—is played better by women than men, requiring an exquisitely true and yet delicate touch in sweeping the horn instrument over the strings. When this is well done and the *staccato* jerkiness of the amateur player is avoided, a sound is produced which in its fine, mysterious delicacy is equal to the sad murmurings of an *Æolian* harp. There is something poetically sad in the thin, vibrant tones of the trembling strings, which makes songs of a tender and melancholy nature particularly appropriate. There is a simple little Spanish love-song called "Dodo" that to the mandolin is frail, pathetic, and shyly tender. It ends suddenly with a short, silvery run, as though the voice of the mandolin had quivered and broken. The Venetian songs before referred to were especially imported for the mandolin. They are full of the murmured love, the slumbering fire, the passion touched with melancholy, the moonlight and the mystery of old Venice, with her darkling, shifting currents and gloomy bridges. IRIS.

NEW YORK, November 24, 1887.

London is on the eve of another great scandal. It will doubtless be remembered that two years ago the notorious Mrs. Jeffries was arrested by an overzealous police-inspector on the charge of keeping numerous houses of ill-fame. Brought before Mr. Eddis, the judge presiding at the Middlesex Sessions, she was about to be sentenced to the term of imprisonment, with hard labor, usually imposed in such cases, when her counsel suddenly arose, and gave the judge to understand that he was instructed by his client to serve subpoenas on various high and mighty personages, who had figured at various times as Mrs. Jeffries's customers, and to call them one after the other into the witness-box. The judge, who is known in society as being very ambitious, immediately saw the scandal which would result from such an exposure, adjourned the court for a couple of hours, and summoned the counsel of Mrs. Jeffries to a confidential conference with him in the judge's private room. The upshot of the whole matter was that, when the court reassembled, the prisoner was allowed to alter her plea of "not guilty" to one of "guilty," and that instead of a term of imprisonment being imposed, the penalty was limited to a mere fine of one thousand dollars. A check was immediately given for the amount, and Mrs. Jeffries, who is a most repulsive-looking old woman of sixty-eight, drove away from the court in her handsomely appointed brougham, with liveried servants on the box. The police-inspector who had been indiscreet enough to make the arrest was shortly afterward dismissed on some frivolous pretext, and strict orders were given by Sir Edmund Henderson, and reiterated by Sir Charles Warren on assuming the chief commissionership of police, to the effect that the police should abstain from all interference with disorderly houses. Of course, there was a great outcry in the public press at the time, more especially as the name of the King of the Belgians and of several high personages in England had been either mentioned or pointedly hinted at by Mrs. Jeffries's counsel during the trial. The queen was thoroughly indignant, and notwithstanding his frequent trips to London, actually refused to receive King Leopold, who is her first cousin, until last summer on the occasion of the jubilee ceremonies. Unfortunately, Mrs. Jeffries, emboldened by her success, overrated her power and influence, and continued to pursue her infamous avocation in too brazen a manner. The police having refused to take any cognizance of the complaints against her, the vestry of the Parish of Kensington was appealed to, and forthwith undertook the prosecution of the case. The solicitor of the vestry was instructed to put forward the charges against her, and Mr. Partridge, the independent and stout old magistrate of the Westminster Police Court, immediately issued a warrant for her arrest. The latter took place the same day, and, as it was not the first offense, the magistrate committed her for trial, and sent her to jail without allowing bail. Nothing, therefore, can prevent her being brought up for trial on the criminal charge before a judge of the High Court of Justice and an independent jury at the Old Bailey about two months hence. Should Mrs. Jeffries carry out her threat of subpoenaing all her former clients to bear evidence to her character in the witness-box, a terrible scandal will be the result. It may be of interest to add that Mr. Eddis, the judge who acted with so much discretion at the time of Mrs. Jeffries's first arrest, received his reward a few months ago in the shape of a knighthood.

"How have you been impressed with the city of New York?" asked a reporter of the New York *World*, recently, of the Duke of Marlborough. His grace thus answered, and the conceit is a very curious one. He replied: "I thought, as I strolled up Broadway, the other day, that this city seemed to me like some huge antediluvian monster, some gigantic ichthyosaurus. Its head and huge jaws lay away there toward the bay, where the shipping of every part of the world is anchored. One of the fore-feet rested on Jersey City and the other on Brooklyn. Its heart, the centre of its circulatory system, was there in Wall Street and its neighborhood, while I fancied I was walking along its huge backbone. Its level, sparkling tail extended away by Riverside Park and its Riverside Drive, the future site of the most magnificent city of wealth and refinement the world has ever seen. Here will be the future financial capital and money market of this country. Its phantom sister, San Francisco, lies on the western coast, and these two great cities, like the two great silent ones in 'King Solomon's Mines,' watch calmly and silently over the destiny of this country. When Europe shall have had her day, and the classical South Sea Islander stands on the crumbled London Bridge and reviews the history of the English race, if such a day shall ever come, America and her twin cities will still flourish. Many problems lie before her, which her children will solve as we know not."

Nine cables connect Europe and America. Altogether there are now in use one hundred and thirteen thousand nautical miles of cable.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

To detach coupons properly, use a revenue cutter.—Puck.

France—"You'd better not tread on my tail!" Germany—"Well, I am treading on it." France—"Well, I mean with both feet."—*Tid-Bits*.

Miss Dewdrop—"Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Rayne (hushing violently)—"How should I know?"—*Tid-Bits*.

Miss Pittsburg—"Do you believe in marriage, Miss Chicago?" Miss Chicago—"Why, cert! How else could we ever have any divorces?"—*Tid-Bits*.

Bismarck runs a paper mill and a distillery. He also runs the German Empire, but the two former bring him the most money.—*Syracuse Herald*.

He (witnessing "Faust")—"How are you pleased with Irving, Miss Breezy?" She—"I like him immensely. And how much he is like Dixey."—*New York Sun*.

First burglar—"Wo'll I do with this burglar-alarm, Bill, take it along?" Second burglar—"Yes, slip it in the bag. We can get something fer it."—*New York Sun*.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. "Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.—*Jordan (N. Y.) Times*.

"Ikey," said Oliver Swett to his only son at dinner the other day, "What have you in the shape of pie?" "Pie plates," promptly responded Ikey.—*Stoughton Sentinel*.

A stroke of business: He (desirable to catch)—"How slender Miss Willoughby is! She—"Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs two hundred and forty now."—*Life*.

Mistress (arranging for dinner)—"Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?" Bridget—"Yis, mum, but oi sint it hack. Every wan av thim stims was impty."—*New York Sun*.

"Wine is a mocker," said a temperance advocate, gulping down about a pint of coffee. "Coffee is a Mocha, too," replied a man across the table, and called for a bottle of beer.—*Washington Critic*.

Guest—"Have you a fire-escape in this house?" Landlord—"Two of 'em, sir." Guest—"I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing."—*Lawrence American*.

Miss Follibud—"Can you tell me, Mr. Merchant, why they did not hang those two anarchists in Chicago?" Mr. Merchant—"Oh, that was trade discount, thirty-three and one-third per cent. off."—*Life*.

Train robber (on Texas express)—"Shell out now, quick." Passenger—"All my money is in this satchel." "Open it." "Look," "All in silver dollars! Keep it. We ain't no draymen."—*Omaha World*.

Father—"What's that noise in the next room?" Mother—"It's Bobby singing 'I want to be an angel,' dear little fellow." Father—"Well, you had better go and see what he is up to."—*New York Sun*.

The body of a red squirrel was found in a four-and-half pound pickrel taken at Oxford, Mass., the other day. The question now is, Do squirrels swim, or do pickrel climb trees?—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Johnny (from Boston)—"Sister, never purchase fruit from that man." Sister (with alacrity)—"No, Johnny, I never will. But why?" Johnny—"Because he expectorates on his apples to make them luminous."—*Life*.

Who says Harvard is a small place? Fair visitor—"Is that building the law school?" Dumley, 89—"Well—er, the truth is I've only been here three years, and I don't know all the buildings yet."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Gagley—"See here, Abrahams, the smoking-chair you sold me a week ago is ruined. The seat is all punched through." Abrahams—"Goot, mein friend! I told you dose schplendid springs would outlast de chair."—*Life*.

"Talk about about accidents from negligence, why it was a railroad man's negligence that saved my life once!" "How was that?" "Why, the fellow let the fire go out in the car-stove just before our train was wrecked."—*Life*.

Anxious Wife (who has been attending her stricken husband all night)—"Is it a case of pneumonia, doctor?" Doctor—"No, my dear madam, it's only half a case of 'Yellow Label.' (Husband groans anew.)"—*Tid-Bits*.

Making sure—"What makes you think Mr. Merritt is in love with me?" asked Cora. "Because," replied her mother, "he asked your little brother if it was true you would have ten thousand on the day of your marriage."—*Judge*.

Young housekeeper (to fish-dealer)—"What kind of fish have you this morning?" Fish-dealer—"How would you like some nice striped bass, mum?" Y. H. (hesitatingly)—"No; I think I would prefer something in a small check."—*Tid-Bits*.

"Mamma," said a Boston young lady, "is it proper that Clarence should kiss me before we are married?" "Certainly, you are engaged to him, and besides, if you care to have him kiss you, Penelope, you had better let him do it now."—*Tid-Bits*.

Teacher (at the Mission S. S.)—"Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared to touch him. How strange—" Pupil (scornfully)—"Aw, dat's nuthin'. I seen a duck do that act in der cirks las' year."—*Tid-Bits*.

"Pass me the butter, Charles," she said. She had been a widow, she had married again, and they, too, had gone to Washington to begin the honeymoon. "My name is George," he said, coldly, and with discriminating emphasis. "I know it, George," she replied; "you must excuse me. I was misled. It is the same butter."—*Puck*.

A Thanksgiving Fable: The greedy turkey gobbled up the goodly fare and grew fatter day by day, but the prudent turkey, suspicious of such bountiful grub, refused to eat it, and grew rapidly thinner. Finally, the master came, and said, "Better keep the fat turkey for Christmas; if we do not kill the thin turkey, he may die on our hands." Moral—Enjoy the good things of life as they come.—*Life*.

Kelly, the only, Boston's great ten-thousand-dollar beauty, is shortly to be the interlocutor of a minstrel show. We suppose this will be the kind of base-bit he will make with the end-man? "Now, Mr. Kelly, can you tell me why drinks are called balls?" "No, Julius, I can not tell you why drinks are called balls; why are drinks called balls?" "Why, because you get them on a hat." "Mr. Simkins will now sing: 'When the Roses Soltly Bloomed,' etc."—*Puck*.

"I would like a position on the editorial staff of your journal," said Mr. Slimwit, uncovering his slender head as he bowed before the great man. "There is no staff position vacant just now," said the editor, kindly; "but I can give a special assignment." "Yes?" "Yes, indeed, and you're just the man for it. I want somebody to pass himself off as an imbecile, and get into the Home for the Feeble-Minded to write up the abuses of the institution. You needn't waste time in training; go just as you are."—*Burdette*.

M. Guibollard stops his cab and alights at a restaurant, enters, and orders a glass of beer while glancing over the newspapers. Suddenly remembering his cab-driver, he orders the waiter to run outside to the cab and see what the driver wants to drink. By-and-hye he gets up and asks what he owes. "Five francs," replies the waiter. "How so? Five francs for one glass of beer! It's impossible!" "Excuse me," replied the waiter, "you forget the half a bottle of Madeira and the plate of biscuits which I served your driver!"—*Paris Voltaire*.

HAWAIIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

A Veranda Chat.

"What a superstitious lot these Kanakas are!" says Joe, who is stretched out in the bamboo chair on the veranda, the moonlight throwing the shadow of the vines over his long figure clad in white linen; "if they have the toothache, and it rains, why, heaven weeps in sympathy; if the little *keiki* steals the raw fish of his grandmother, bang goes the thunder, and heaven is angry."

"They never seem to think," says the navy officer, drowsily from the hammock, "that if heaven wept with everyone who had the headache, by Jove! this would be a pretty damp place to live in!"

I am sitting on the veranda steps, idly watching the moonlight on the mango, surely the most beautiful tree that grows, almost too perfect in shape, shadowy, with shining leaves.

"Yes," I say, reflectively—hang! falls a mango on the roof—"they are full of a thousand little superstitious tricks and mysteries; don't you know how they pound little sticks into the ground before their enemies' houses?"

"What's that for?" from the hammock.

"It brings death to any one who steps on them. Oh, they profess religion, and sing, and pray sincerely enough; but as sure as anything is the matter with them, they get frightened and send for their *kahunas*."

"And what might a *kahuna* be?"

"Oh, those *kahunas*! Joe gives an impatient kick; "they make me tired! They do the awfulest things! They are a sort of doctor and priest combined, and everything they say is all right. K D falls into the fire and gets burnt. *Kahuna* comes, eats a piece of roasted black pig—"

"It is always a black pig," I interrupt, "and then they go to sleep and pretend to dream."

"Who's telling this story?"—a man always thinks he can tell a story better than his wife—"When he finishes his mummy with the black pig, or chicken, or cat, he heats a board red hot and applies it to the burn. How on earth they explain matters, when the kid dies, I don't know."

"The strangest thing to me," I remark, in a meek snubbed way, "is the *anaana*."

"I've heard of that," said be of the brass buttons, lighting a cigarette, and giving a momentary Rembrandt effect of broad white forehead and straight nose, and then fading back into shadow; "but do you really believe it?"

"Believe it! Why, the *kahunas* have in their power every kanaka in the kingdom. If they suspect the priest is going to *anaana* them, or pray them to death, they lie right down and die, and not all the king's horses, or all the king's men, to say nothing of the white doctors, can save them."

"Well, you know," from Joe, "Doctor Thompson says that he is absolutely powerless to save a man who is being prayed to death. He says he has tried to argue with them that their disease is not fatal and they can not die, but they prove their side of the argument by giving up the ghost."

"I remember when our ship was at Hilo," said the navy officer, "we heard of a native politician who got awfully angry at three men for not voting his ticket. He paid a *kahuna* a lot of money to *anaana* them. The three men defied him for a time, and swaggered about, pretending not to care, but they gave right up to the first ailment they had; one died of a cold, another succumbed to the mumps, and the third one simply kicked the bucket because he realized that it was his fate."

"They predicted when Like-Like was going to die," I chip in. "You never saw her did you? She was young, bright, gay, and the best looking of the royal family. She dressed fashionably, was a beautiful waltzer, and spoke English fluently. She seemed to be above superstition, and yet she died when they said she would."

"And when was that?"

"When the lava flow stopped. It would not have been so strange had she known of the event, but she died, and it was after her death that the steamer came in from Hawaii with the news that the lava flow had stopped the very hour when our princess breathed her last."

"I wonder," says Joe, "if the lava flow ever yet caught Pele's finger?"

"I know," says the navy officer, "that Pele is the Goddess of Fire and lives in the volcano. I know that she used to exact human sacrifices, and that, even now, natives will go to the volcano and drop money, *poi*, and even dogs into the boiling lava—but I never knew she owned such an unromantic thing as a pig."

"Oh, she doesn't own him," I say "he is the pest of her life! She hates him. The natives say he lives in the district of Kona, and that when Pele is asleep, or, in other words, when the volcano is inactive, he comes out of his lair and roams over her premises. They say she gets hopping mad, and flares up, and bubbles, and finally chases him with streams of red-hot lava, and that accounts for all the flows down the Kona side of the mountain."

"Then how do they account for the great flow of 1868 that came so near destroying Hilo?"

"Oh that was such a blow to the missionaries!" I say with a malicious chuckle. "They try so hard to combat the native superstitions. There was a big eruption, and a great flow rolled down the mountain side toward the pretty little town of Hilo. I used to think that lava rushed down, and people had to run to get out of the way; but it is like a huge wave of molasses, rolling and curling, and sending out long, snaky tongues. It cools rapidly on top, like a crust, but keeps breaking through at the edge, and bubbling. It was eight months crawling towards Hilo, until one more day's flow would have destroyed the town."

Joe laughed. "Lord! how the people were getting out of Hilo! Especially the Portuguese, who were leaving in shoals. The missionaries prayed every day by the flow, and prayers were offered up in all the churches. It did seem as though, after all these months, on a downward slope, nothing on earth could save the town."

"They appealed to Princess Ruth," I continue, "She was the last descendant of the great Kamehamehas, you know, and the natives believed in her, so when they grew frightened they sent for her, and the huge princess—"

"Dear little thing!" laughs Joe "She only weighed four hundred and eighty pounds!"

"Well, they carried her in a litter to the place, and she stood in front of the lava, and threw in some sacrifices—"

"A black dog, some money, a bottle of gin, and a silk dress," said Joe.

"—And appealed to the Goddess Pele, begging her to save the town, and reminding her of her promise never to harm Hilo. Then she said calmly to her servants 'It will stop.'"

"Do you know what she did?" cried Joe, enthusiastically; "she went into a cottage in the very teeth of the flow, and slept. There's faith for you. And it stopped! The great, twisting, moving hideous mass of fire rolled back on itself and stopped! And there you can see to this day the black hardened lava only a few yards from the outskirts of Hilo."

"No wonder they are superstitious," says the navy officer. "A few such coincidences would affect anybody. I wonder, though, if the missionaries would have called it superstition if the flow had stopped in answer to their prayers?"

"Don't you remember when Prince Lunailo was buried?" says Joe; "that was enough to make anybody superstitious."

"What was that?" the navy officer sits up, balancing himself in the hammock so that the moonlight glitters on his blonde head. "Tell us all about it."

"Ting-a-ling—ting-a-ling!"

"It's only the telephone," I say, as I go to the instrument. "Lieutenant B. wanted on board the *Adams*."

"Oh, pshaw!" from the hammock. "That telephone is very convenient, but it is a nuisance sometimes—I say, please ring up one-forty-eight for a carriage, will you? and tell us about Prince Lunailo while it's coming."

"Well," I say, curling up comfortably in the corner of the steps, "he was an immense favorite, you know."

"Yes, I know—jolly fellow—heard lots of good stories about him."

"When he died, he was buried with great pomp, but for some reason or other his place of burial was afterward changed, and when his body was removed the natives asked the government for another salute of twenty-four guns, to which the answer came that they had already buried him with all the honors, and didn't propose to waste any more powder. The natives were hurt and indignant, and though a great storm came up, thousands followed his body to its last resting place. As the cortege passed into the gates of the cemetery, the thunder burst forth, and everybody declares that twenty four distinct claps were counted."

"Oh, take off one clap," says the lieutenant, flippantly, as he looks for his hat. "Well, I declare! is that rain? After this moonlight, who would have thought it! Well, good bye. Aloha nui, as the natives say."

"Good-bye. So sorry to have you go. You see 'Heaven weeps in sympathy.'"

NOVEMBER, 1887.

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THE MAINE STATESMAN.

HE IS ABOUT TO VISIT THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[Special to the EXAMINER.]

HERALD BUREAU,
No. 49, AVENUE DE L'OPERA,
PARIS (via HAVRE), November 27, 1887.

Mr. Blaine has been taking Turkish baths, which he finds do him a vast amount of good. He remains in the bath for ten minutes, then undergoes the massage, then comes a warm shower-bath, followed by a cold plunge. The Blaine family will leave for Marseilles on Wednesday.

One of the most remarkable historical incidents of this century was the disappearance of the First Napoleon's enormous fortune. In 1810 he was far and away the richest individual in the world. He came out of the Italian campaign, ending in 1800, with four million dollars, according to his own account. This he maintained was his private property. Taking the statements he made to his private friends and others at St. Helena, he must have hidden away when he left France the last time the enormous sum of forty million dollars, or two hundred million francs! This would make him very much the wealthiest man in the world, for the sum then was equal in influence to two hundred million dollars now. No sovereign of his time could begin to approach him in personal fortune. Marshal Soult, the last of the imperial marshals (who died in November, 1851, just about a year before his great antagonist, the Duke of Wellington), told a venerable French general officer, who repeated it to the writer, that when the emperor went to Elba he had sixty million francs covered up in Paris alone. Of the twelve million dollars hard cash paid over at one time by the United States to Napoleon as first consul in 1803, it was common rumor—not very general, you may be sure, however—that seven million five hundred thousand francs of the sum was never accounted for in vouchers. This might easily have been. Napoleon was then first consul for life. He could do just what he chose, and nobody dared to call him to account. It is not very difficult to hide money in large sums, too, so it can not be found, be the search ever so careful. Ferdinand Ward has some millions thus covered up, and no human being has ever yet found a clue to the stolen treasure. It was said, and believed by many people, too, that Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, had a large sum in his hands belonging to Napoleon I., which he would have handed over to him had he succeeded in getting away to the United States after Waterloo, as he tried to do. Louis XVIII., through his minister of finance, did all in his power to discover this hidden treasure, but those who knew would never tell. They probably took it themselves when the emperor died, in 1821. But it is a very interesting and romantic story, the disappearance absolutely of the greatest fortune in the world's history up to that time, leaving not a trace behind.

A solid cut-glass hedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that John L. Sullivan has increased his vocabulary to five hundred words. But he will never make an orator.

The following original obituary is found in a Boston newspaper "L. C. Chase, the former owner of *Hopeful*, 2.14%, is dead."

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, it is rumored, is to marry Princess Louise of Wales. In order to obtain the Prince of Wales's consent the Queen has promised, the rumor adds, to endow the princess with one million dollars.

George Keonan, who is writing the series upon Russian Nihilism in the *Century*, has had his name black-listed at every Russian custom house, and will be arrested if he attempts to cross the border, but he doesn't want to.

"Now that 'Otello' belongs to the public," said Verdi, recently, "it ceases to be mine; it separates itself from me entirely; and the place it held within me was so large that I feel an enormous vacancy, and think that I can never again fill it up."

Word has come of the death of Emile Marco de Saint-Hilaire. He was a page of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his mother was a maid-of-honor to Queen Hortense. He wrote some interesting volumes of reminiscences of the First Empire.

William D. Howells has lost caste in Boston through his endeavor in behalf of the Chicago anarchists. Says George Abbot Jones, of the city: "It is clear that Mr. Howells has so come to love the Russian nihilists, charming in fiction, that he is willing to condone, if not to defend, such deeds as theirs."

Sir Richard Burton of England, the well-known traveler, at the age of sixty-five finds himself a physical wreck. He has been a tremendous worker and an outworn student all his life. His learning is vast and varied. His rather startling translation of "The Arabian Nights" has paid him about forty-five thousand dollars.

Sam. Jones recently lectured in Hartford, Conn. The original title of his discourse was "Get There, Eli," but he said that he had learned that the people of Hartford objected to slang, and he had, therefore, left off the "Eli," and named his lecture "Get There." He got there to such an extent that some of his audience went away.

To an admiring correspondent at New London, John Greenleaf Whittier recently wrote that "Maud Muller" was not composed as a story of his own life, as has sometimes been intimated. But "Maud" had a real prototype in a country girl of whom he obtained a drink while riding by and who modestly raked the hay up about her bare ankles while he was drinking the water.

Harry Oelrichs, the millionaire cow-boy, who has been leading a wild life on his cattle ranch in Dakota, is now in New York, under the care of his physician. Mr. Oelrichs's athletic training and remarkable physique have led him to believe that his constitution could stand more than that of most men, and so it can, but he put it to too severe a test. The cow-boy life led by most of these young New-Yorkers is more picturesque than practical.

With characteristic delicacy of taste, Mr. Labouchère sets down the recent tributes to the memory of Jenny Lind as "gush"; pays his own tribute by saying that "Jenny Lind was a lady of no very great personal attractions, who had a brilliant high voice, and sang sometimes out of tune, but who was a thoroughly good woman, and had the luck to be 'exploited' in a fashion which would nowadays make the fortune of a speculative gold-mining company."

Lord Lyons is a great authority in all matters of etiquette, and on one occasion, some years back, was consulted by the Prince of Wales on the possibility of his royal highness's fighting a duel, the princess having been grossly insulted. Lord Lyons pointed out rather bluntly the fact that such a combat would be unequal, for that the adversary could only defend himself, any attack upon the person of the heir apparent constituting high treason. The prince acted on this advice, and concluded to let the matter drop.

M. Dimitrios Antipha has recently died in Constantinople, at the age of one hundred and fifteen, retaining his faculties to the last. M. Antipha was a lad in Paris during the awful days of the Revolution. He knew Marat, Danton, and Robespierre personally; he saw Marie Antoinette murdered on the scaffold, and danced the Carmagnole and sang "Ca Ira" in Madame Tallien's salon. His great age will be better appreciated by Americans when they remember that he was five years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Edward Atkinson has been examining the records in ready-made clothing establishments, to discover whether the white man in the United States is deteriorating in size and weight. The general result is that the average height of New Englanders is found to be five feet eight and one-half inches, and of Southerners, five feet ten inches. The average weight of Americans is between one hundred and fifty five and one hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Atkinson also discovered that the average height and weight of men in this country have increased perceptibly since the war. He is convinced that Americans are increasing rather than decreasing in size.

Alfred Domatt, who died in London a few days ago at the age of seventy-seven years, was a son of one of Nelson's captains, and in early life was one of the handsomest and most popular men in London society. He became a wanderer at thirty and visited, among other lands, the United States. Finally, he settled in New Zealand, and became premier of that colony. After a long and most valuable public career there, he returned, in 1871, to London, where he was often to be seen at meetings of the Browning Society. He was married to an American; and one of his many clever poems, a Christmas hymn, has attained great popularity in this country.

Fontainebleau is about two hours' distance from Paris by the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean road, and situated on the border of the forest of Fontainebleau, between Thonery and Moret, is the village of By. There, in a house called by some a castle, by others *chalet*, lives the artist who painted the "Horse Fair." The studio is simple, without ornament, and has none of the *mille riens* which decorate the *ateliers* of artists who have perhaps the fiftieth part of her talent. From the artistic world of Paris, Rosa Bonheur disappeared years ago; none of her works is exhibited by the great art dealers, and she says that only in youth should one send to the Salon. However, this does not mean that Rosa Bonheur has finished her work: on the contrary, like a bird that sings only for its nestlings, she paints for herself and her assured admirers. Mr. McLean's winter exhibition in London has for its chief attraction "Head of a Lioness," by Rosa Bonheur, and many of her smaller pictures are bought by Americans.

Probably the most respectable member of the French presidential household is Mme. Grévy. In bygone ages she is asserted to have filled the position either of laundress, housekeeper, or cook—or, perhaps, of all three combined—in M. Grévy's bachelor household. In a moment of pardonable weakness, inasmuch as she was the mother of his only daughter, Mme. Alice Wilson, he married her; but not finding her presence as a wife as congenial as that of a favorite menial, he insisted that she should live apart from him. When, in 1871, he was elected President of the National Assembly, hardly any one was aware of his marriage, and his friends were only apprised thereof when, having chaffingly urged that the French nation would never stand a bachelor president, he replied, somewhat plaintively: "But I am married!" Mme. Grévy was quickly summoned from her retirement in the provinces, and apart from her saying the wrong thing in the wrong place, is, on the whole, a good-natured, respectable old soul, though somewhat mean and stingy in money matters. One of her peculiarities is that she is so utterly unable to cope with long names and titles. The Duchess of Frman-Nunez, one of the proudest *grandes dames* of Europe, was Spanish Ambassador a few years ago at Paris. It was absolutely impossible to get Mme. *la Presidente* to address her correctly in conversation. Refusing to call her either "duchess" or "ambassadress," she insisted on speaking to her part of the time as Mme. Fernan, and the remainder of the time as Mme. Nunez.

VANITY FAIR.

An article headed "English Miladies and American Chits," in a recent number of *London Truth*, is attributed to Henry Labouchère. It runs as follows: "English people of fortune and high station have been rare for the last two years in Paris. Our medical and clerical compatriots are in despair at their scarcity. The few British wanderers whom I have met ascribe this state of things to the land crisis and to trade depression—the one keeping the aristocracy tied to the glebe, and the other preventing the merchant princes from cutting a dash abroad. I am told that the Americans alone kept up the price of lodgings in London during the Jubilee, and that but for them West-End hotel-keepers would have had difficulty in making both ends meet. Honorable Mauds and Beatrices are sore at finding themselves outshone in the highest circles by American chits, who, before coming abroad, were just ordinary misses in small provincial towns in the United States. It is a hard case to be thrown into the shade by these fair invaders. But soreness about it will only spoil good looks. Why not rather learn the art of war from the invading belles, who were not reared in hot-houses but in public free schools? In a great degree, they have conquered because they are in the habit of thinking themselves as good as no matter whom, and of not being shame-faced in the presence of mortals of uppermost rank. I don't think it occurs to the Mauds and Beatrices that very few uppermost personages, in no matter what country, have, or can have, much conversation. Having had allowances from their cradles upwards, there is no strenuous effort in their lives, and so that intensity of thought, feeling, and will, which makes a man a man, and sublimates a woman, is wanting in them. Etiquette throws on them the onus of starting subjects of conversation. Having to talk *de haut en bas*, there is no quiet interchange of ideas; as it was three hundred years ago, so it is now. There are few rose-huds in etiquette-ridden courts who can converse. But the United States free schools produce them in thousands. Originality in America is not confined to the unornamental sex. The conditions of life are so different there from what they are in England, and there is such emancipation from cant in most of the forms in which it tyrannizes us, that the beauty from Ohio, Illinois, or Delaware is startlingly novel, and whatever piquancy there is in her talk comes home with double force. As to the etiquette invented by the Lord Chamberlain, those flowers from over the Atlantic are in happy ignorance. So they start topics in colloquies with royal personages instead of waiting for them to be started, and, when they find they please, they go ahead. The personages are not bored with hearing 'Sir,' or 'Madam,' or 'Your Royal Highness' used as commas are in the conversation of ordinary persons. Then the young and fair Americans neglect no advantage which is derived from attention to personal appearance. They know how to dress, and they grudge no money that they can give to the best dentists. Being in the habit of dancing from infancy, their gestures are easy and not angular, and they always talk distinctly, and if sometimes with a slight twang, in an audible voice. Our girls often mumble or run on in chirruping jabber that really is not speech. They too often deal in set phrases which soon get exhausted. I think when a British girl is nice she's the nicest of any; and many more than there are could be charming, if they could only learn how to speak, and to move about in an easy, graceful way. The American girl has neat features, a delicate skin, and a fine nervous system. But in the rest of the organization, nature has been wanting in generosity. The Western woman or girl is a finer human being than the Eastern. In the Southern States, womanhood is nearest to perfection. Women there are reposeful, not precisely amusing, but intelligent, sweet, and interesting."

A decree has gone forth from the highest authority in these matters, that soiled and wrinkled gloves, which had their origin in Sarah Bernhardt's "go-as-you-please" style, are no longer good form. The present fashion of trim and dainty skirts, and a partial return to the time of the *Directoire* in ladies' dress, demands a fresh, well-fitted glove, or the whole significance of the costume is lost. The reappearance of the neat, closely buttoned glove, which outlines a pretty hand so becomingly, will be welcomed by all who value finish and completeness in a lady's evening toilet.

Appropos of the published announcement that silk dress-coats have come into fashion at Paris, and the old broadcloth is relegated to the gray-beards and the waiters, the Listener of the Boston *Transcript* recalls meeting a gentleman at an evening entertainment a short time ago who wore one of these silk coats. There is no denying that the garment was very handsome; it was made, of course, not of shiny cloth, but of heavy, corded silk, which, at a little distance, gave no other impression than that of rich, black broadcloth. A day or two afterward the Listener chanced to meet his tailor. In the course of the conversation he took occasion to ask about the silk coat. "Yes," said the tailor, "it is the latest Parisian agony. I suppose we shall have them presently. The head of our house brought one over from Paris on his last trip. The suit is superb." What a harvest, by the way, the change of style will make for the tailors if it is generally adopted! It would have the advantage, at first, of serving to distinguish guests from waiters, but that distinction it would not possess long. Before many months the waiters would blossom out in silk coats.

A stout woman has recently been complaining that the fashion newspapers and magazines print no plates that give fleshy women any satisfaction. She avers that none but women of slender, graceful figures can study these plates to any advantage, and declares that a foreigner who saw these periodicals would suppose that all women in America were of willowy proportions. And yet the number of such is said by modistes and dealers in the wearing apparel of women to be a small minority. American women, especially those who have the means to dress in accordance with fashion's decrees, are inclined to decided plumpness, and the regret of such, when they examine the elaborate plates displaying hand-

some garments on supple-formed women, may be imagined. But the makers of these magazines smile when these complaints are brought to their ears, and declare that to print realistic plates for stout women would cause others to smile, too.

One of the most beautiful specimens of Bostonian contempt is "Social Customs," by Florence Howe Hall. This book was written for the latitude of Beacon Hill, and is calculated to make Chicago and St. Louis shiver. For the thousands of rich New Yorkers, who are pining to leave the dullness and stupidity of the metropolis for the entrancing gaieties of Boston, the following significant warnings are given: "The fashionable society of the grand old Puritan city can not but have something of the sternness which characterizes the native land of conscience. New people have found their way into the most aristocratic circles of Boston, but they have got in through the back-door of Europe, or gone around by the way of Newport or Mount Desert. No one ever yet went holdly up to the front-door of Beacon Street, and struck with the lance's point on the shield which hangs there ever ready for the fray—no one ever did this, and lived to tell the tale. It is a proud boast of Boston that she does not allow her most exclusive circles to be invaded as readily as do other cities; and more than one ambitious family has left her precincts in despair of ever achieving social success there." It is comforting to believe that, perhaps, those who can not enter Boston's "exclusive circles" may yet have a chance in that other city to which the gate is straight, and the way narrow. We throw out this suggestion with fear and trembling, lest Boston may claim that the only terrestrial terminus of that road is on Beacon Hill.—*Life*.

Very picturesque in her becoming Russian peasant costume will the girl of fashion look as she sits behind the Russian samovar this winter and dispenses tea as it is served in the land of the Czar, very hot, and with its delicate slices of lemon floating atop. The only opportunity given young women to dress in artistic and characteristic garments is at the "five o'clock," which meets the demand in a very satisfactory manner, for there is liberal license in the modes and models which it allows of. The Russian peasant's costume is one which is particularly suited to the beauty of youth.

Thackeray has a very delightful essay included in his *Roundabout Papers*, entitled "Written on Club Paper," and makes some very fascinating reflections on the subject. Some members of the Union Club, of New York, seem disposed lately to furnish material for an essay on this same subject, which may not have quite the literary character of Thackeray's, but will have more of what Mr. Daly describes as contemporaneous human interest. It seems that Mr. Lorillard has had some kind of a difference with Mrs. James Brown-Potter, which has ruptured the pleasant relations which existed between them last winter, and the cause of it is stated to be Mr. Lorillard's objection to Mrs. Potter using Tuxedo Club paper, with Tuxedo Club printed on the date-line, for the purpose of writing indorsements for face powders and complexion lotions, fac-similes of which, heading and all, are afterward placarded on the dead-walls around town. In the case of the Langtry-Hilliard trouble, also, Union Club-men are reported to be extremely sensitive over the fact that Mr. Gebhard, in writing his explanatory note to Mr. Hilliard, was so forgetful of the dignity of the Union Club as to use its headed note-paper for the communication. The ground of these club-men's objections does not seem to be quite clear, but it is understood that some talk has been had in the club about disciplining Mr. Gebhard for what they regard as his fault in this matter.

A depressing intimation comes to us from over the ocean (says the New York *World*) that Scotch pipers will soon be the rage with fashionable New York society. If such is the case, the rage will extend generally throughout the community, and very few pipers will escape it alive. It is charged that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has employed a family piper with the malice prepense of bringing him here, and it is predicted that the example thus set will be followed by many. Fuel will be added to the fire for pipers when the wealthy Anglo-manics discover, what most people have known for a long time, that the Prince of Wales has at least one piper, and perhaps more. As a curiosity, a Scotch piper may be for a short time tolerated in the haunts of civilization. But he belongs to the mountain and the moor and the past, and leaves them, if he comes to this country, at his peril.

It is difficult to find theatrical people of prominence who do not feel disgusted at the Gebhard-Hilliard-Langtry affair. Resentment at what is thought to have been grossly improper conduct toward two unprotected ladies is tempered with regret that the whole affair has resulted in nothing more than wholesale theatrical advertising. It is a mistake, as managers say, and theatre-goers are learning, to suppose that ladies may not safely go to New York theatres without male escorts. The exceptions now and then prove the widening force of the rule. Ladies may go unattended by the other sex almost anywhere in this country, or out of it either. The foreign system of couriers is replaced here by a system of agencies which transfer a fair traveler from hotel to steamer, and from steamer to railroad, with perfect comfort and security, and at a minimum of cost. A party of fourteen young ladies went over to Europe this summer without other masculine assistance than that of Edwin H. Low, the human-freight agent, who saw them safely into their staterooms, provided them with railroad tickets to various points on the Continent, changed their money in francs and florins, checked their trunks to their hotels on the other side, and made them comfortable generally. As the various sections of the party met here from various sections of the country, he met them at their trains and drove them straight aboard the steamship. Among them were a daughter and niece of ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland; a daughter of General Lawton, our minister to Vienna; Mrs. Leonard C. Mackail of Philadelphia; Mrs. and Miss Tarleton, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Alice A. Barnard of New York, a niece of General Sherman, who has a studio in Brussels.

THE BARONESS BLANC.

"Flaneur" discusses the Participants in the Gebhard-Hilliard Row.

Of course, you have read about the row in the box at the Harlem Theatre, the other night. It has been telegraphed all over the country. However, some particulars about some of the participants may be of interest.

As you know, Hilliard took his wife and Mrs. Dixey up to see the play, placed them in a box, and went on the stage to play the part of Sir George Osmond in "A Wife's Peril." A short time after the curtain went up, a party consisting of four men and a rather striking-looking woman entered the box which adjoined that occupied by Mrs. Dixey and Mrs. Hilliard.

The feminine member of the group was a notable figure in New York. She was formerly known as Mrs. Betty Riegel of Philadelphia. She had considerable money in her own right, and she set the Quaker town agog for a time. Mr. Riegel had some well-defined and vigorous ideas about the duties and relations of married people, and a divorce suit was instituted. The developments were exceedingly sensational. After the divorce had been granted, Mrs. Riegel went on the stage in an opera by Sidney Rosenfeld, called "The Mystic Isle." She was managed on the Langtry plan. People talked about nothing but her beauty, and Philadelphia was inundated by her photographs. She looked handsome and attractive on the stage, but her voice had no carrying power, and she could not act. After a time, she left the stage, and came to New York. She set the town agog in a week. She is a perfect horsewoman, and extravagantly fond of open-air exercise. To it she owes her color and the brightness of her eyes. She resembles Mrs. Langtry very much in face, though she has a far better figure than the Englishwoman has now. All sorts of stories flew about town concerning the wealth and brilliancy of Mrs. Riegel. She rode a thoroughbred chestnut mare in the park in the morning, and in the afternoon she drove a spanking pair of perfectly matched bays. She held the reins herself, and she was a picture as she sat on the high seat of the mail-cart with her chin in the air, and the reins held down. She is the best whip I ever saw. She invariably drove at a clipping fast pace, and she swirled in and out among the tremendous rush of carts, drays, stages, and carriages on Fifth Avenue, in a fashion that made her the idol of every driver in town. The hubs of her cart would swirl by wheel-rims and other hubs with such marvelous accuracy that there was at times scarcely a hair's breadth between them. But there was never a collision. Mrs. Riegel was fond of the theatre, and she soon became a well-known figure in public places. One day, everybody was astonished to hear that she had married the Baron Blanc.

Baron Blanc is quite as noted a figure in his way as Betty Riegel. He is a man of gigantic physique and handsome proportions. He does not look athletic, powerful, or courageous, but he has the length and breadth for all of these qualities. He stands about six feet four, and has a regularly handsome face, shaded by a slight mustache; his proclivities are dudish. He is a civil engineer by profession, and he was seen about town always with the Gebhard set that frequents Delmonico's. He was never very liberally supplied with funds until he married Mrs. Riegel. The pair seem perfectly happy now. He sits beside her in her little mail-cart while she drives him about town, and they attend first nights with great regularity. The Baron's title is not an exalted one, though it is his legitimately. He and the baroness are decidedly a handsome couple, as are Freddie Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry, though the latter has grown *passée* within the past six months. Freddie Gebhard's aunt married the baron's father many years ago. A family group dining at Delmonico's made up Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Freddie Gebhard, and the Baron and Baroness Blanc always provoked a series of odd smirks and smiles among other habitués of the place.

Mrs. Langtry is not the sensation she was. She has stained her hair a muddy sort of red, her complexion is completely gone, and she rouges clumsily. Like most Englishwomen of large frame, she is becoming bony and angular, now that she has passed beyond her thirtieth year.

There were at least two well-founded rumors last week about the Langtry-Gebhard alliance. One was that a long-legged and blond English guardsman had caused a rupture between the Lily and her faithful Fred. The pair certainly quarrelled and were certainly not seen together in public for a week, and then Mrs. Langtry went on her tour without him. When she returned to town a week later, however, they went to luncheon to Delmonico's together, and their differences were all healed. The other story was to the effect that Mr. Gebhard's guardian had called that gentleman down to his office, and given him a financial statement that rather startled him. It showed that Mr. Gebhard had been spending his income and principal at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year for three years. The income is less than sixty thousand.

Gebhard has grown stout. It looks as if he ate too much, and he is more self-contained and placid than he was. He weighs two hundred pounds, is solemn, oils his hair lavishly, and divides his time between the Union Club, Delmonico's, and the park. Among his friends are a man named Willcock, and a chum of his, Mr. Evelyn, who has a forehead that extends clear to the back of his neck, a long, drooping mustache, a fondness for playing rackets, and a habit of looking at women who have been blessed or cursed, as the case may be, with beauty. Two other members of this amiable little Gebhard coterie are Mr. George De Forrest Grant, who pronounces it "Grawnt," and who is the brother of Adèle Grant, and Mr. Ned Wight, who has achieved distinction by eliminating the "r" in his name. There is a popular impression among the members of the crowd that they are wild and rakish men of the world, and a menace to the virtue of the town. I have seen them at various times during the past ten years exhibit their ill-breeding in public places by staring fixedly, steadfastly, and openly at women, very often to the intense annoyance of the latter. This, together with calling the ladies in the adjoining box "babies," etc., was what caused the row at the Harlem Theatre. What a crew of dreary prigs these fellows are! They make up the most obnoxious and annoying gang that afflicts New York.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1887. BLAKELY HALL

EARL CAIRNS'S NEW FIANCÉE.

"Cockaigne" on "Lord Gumboll's" Engagement to Miss Berens.

Lord Cairns is really going to be married this time. So people say, and so people think. Number three is a Miss Berens. She is a bright, lively, piquant little woman of about nineteen, and has been looked upon as a beauty. Her father is well off, I believe; and, barring the title, need not want a rich man for his daughter's husband. But as the rich man, on the present occasion, is one of the star blackguards of the British peerage—and the force of language can no further go—it becomes a wonder, if not a downright shame, how any right-minded father could let his child marry such a man. He does not lack companions, however. The fathers of Lady Mandeville, the Duchess of Hamilton (the Duke of Manchester, by-the bye, no small wonder in his case), and several other papas of rank-sold girls, can bear him congenial company. Mrs. Berens was herself a beauty, if, indeed, we can not still speak of her in the present, with the favorable combination of dark hair and blue eyes. She is a sister of the Egyptian hero, Sir Herbert Stewart, so that Miss Berens, with her other attractions, can claim the honor of being the famous Sir Herbert's niece.

It is doubtful, to the verge of impossibility, if Lord Cairns cares a button for any such honor as that in his wife. He is too much of an animal to value anything but Miss Berens's beauty as a whet to an already sated appetite. It is positively painful to think of a pretty, innocent, young, and attractive girl like that being sacrificed to the beastly lust of a libertine, because he can confer upon her the title of countess. Instead of being ashamed of the marriage, as they ought to be, her family are standing on tip-toe in delight at it. It is thought the greatest thing in the world, by them. How Miss Fortescue and Miss Grant (numbers one and two) must laugh! The funniest thing about it is, that no one appears to be surprised or disgusted. They would be, no doubt, if, instead of earl, the Cairns person was simple Mr. Cairns, as his father began by being. That is, if he hadn't a lot of money. It is curious how fond of titles and money English papas and mammas are, and how they strive to get one or other, if not both, for their daughters. They are very much given to sneering at American parents for letting their daughters marry English noblemen and baronets. It is only envy, hatred, and malice at the thought that another big fish in the matrimonial stream has been landed by a foreign angler, instead of by themselves. The mothers are most to blame. I don't mean that the fathers are not as great tuft and money-bunters as any. But they don't follow up rich and titled matches for their daughters as their mothers do. Perhaps they won't give up the same amount of time to the chase. It may be that; but anyhow I don't think one out of ten fathers, when it came to the scratch, would let their daughters marry the men they do, were it not for the mothers. They never relent. And you'll find them what the world—their world—calls good. It is curious, too, how unknowingly inconsistent they are in other matters, and how they mingle what they are pleased to consider religion with it all. Their religion, however, never interferes with a careful attention to the main chance. In short, their religion, like the honor, honesty, principle, and truth upon which it is supposed to be based, is merely one of degree, dependent solely upon the worldly weight of opposing interests.

If one can go by what one reads in the society papers, livery upon servants in America seems now to be a well-established rule and custom. Curiously enough, I can remember when I was there, not so many years ago either, that such a thing as livery upon a man-servant was an exception. Indeed, I am not quite certain if the appearance of a coachman in livery (footmen were almost unknown then) did not attract semi-wondering, and semi-disgusted crowds of citizens and small boys in the streets. But now anglomania, then but a tender shoot, has "like the banyan-tree, extended her branches o'er the land of true men and free," and is no doubt answerable for the decidedly un-republican innovation. It is like a good many other things from this side of the Atlantic, which have sprung from the same source, and are equally misunderstood and misapplied. I can not conceive how the liverying of servants in the States is managed. What can be the nationality of the men who are content to wear this badge of servitude—for such it is, neither more nor less—in a free country, where all men are equal? They certainly can not be Americans, I should imagine. Irishmen or Germans, no doubt, who, while they have the effrontery to consider themselves Americans simply because they possess the mistakenly yielded privilege of voting, are willing to degrade themselves into the publicly advertised inferiors of some fortune-made stock speculator.

In England, of course, it is different. Here there are settled, recognized, class distinctions, and the people who have their servants in livery are their established and admitted betters. There is where it is. The people who wear the livery are really the inferiors of those whose livery it is. Of course, there are many exceptions among the snobs and newly rich, who, save in the mere possession of money, are no better than their servants. But I don't refer to them. They make themselves ridiculous enough in aping the customs and assuming the privileges which good taste admits to belong exclusively to the nobility and gentry. They need no comment or criticism. Their absurdity and bad form are too patent. Good form never imitates. There are such things as real livery and mock livery. Every family of position and standing in England has a family livery. The proper cut, style, trimming, buttons, facings, and decoration generally of real livery are as much a science as is the correct emblazoning of arms. No one of any standing—people who belong to the families of the nobility and country gentry—would dream of having any livery on their servants but that they are entitled to. Some families have blue cloth, others brown, others claret-color, others drab, and so on. Collars and cuffs (where they are worn so) are of other different colors. Some have gold or silver bands round the men's hats—"gravel paths" I have heard them called by an old gentleman belonging to one of the established families. A plain black hat, with a cockade—if the master be entitled to have one—is the best form, all things considered. No gentleman in England would have a cockade

on his servants' hats unless he were entitled to it. I don't mean to say that there are not lots of English people who put cockades on their servants' hats who have no right to them. But they show at once what they are by doing so. There is nothing—no law—to prevent a person using a cockade, but good taste. The people who are entitled to cockades in England are army officers, active and retired, high-sheriffs, deputy-lieutenants, etc. The royal family have a cockade of their own. It is really a misnomer to call it a cockade, for it is simply a black leather rosette, without the fan or cockade. Whenever you see this plain rosette on the top of a servant's hat you know he is a royal domestic. I daresay it is not unlikely that these rosettes have, before now, made their appearance at Newport or Long Branch.

There are a few settled rules about liveries which every one should know. Only coachmen and grooms wear top boots. A footman wears trousers. Only coachmen and grooms wear single-breasted frock-coats. Footmen wear double-breasted dress-coats. The tails of all the coats are short. Overcoats are double-breasted and very long. Fur capes are only worn on cold days. I saw a picture the other day of a scene in Central Park, New York—a summer scene, evidently—and the coachman and footman of one "equipage" had fur capes on! Of course people are entitled to do what they like in a free country with what they are able to pay for. But, like the man who preferred dining in his shirt-sleeves, though he had a perfect right to do it, it can not be called good breeding, good taste, or good form.

Crests are another thing grievously misappropriated, misapplied, and misused except by the people who have a real right to them. Unmarried ladies never use a crest on anything—note-paper, servants' buttons, smelling-bottle tops, walking-sticks, brushes, or anything. Crests on china and glass are—well, you can tell the sort of person the owner is, immediately. China and glass dealers will tell you otherwise, no doubt. Monograms seem to be considerably gone out. I should say that nothing would look better on a carriage door or a servant's livery-buttons than a monogram. I think it will be found to be a rule applicable to crests and coats-of-arms, as well as to many other things, that the people best entitled to them make the least use and display of them. One day it chanced that Lady Longline took Mrs. Cashinbank home from a garden party in her carriage. Mrs. Cashinbank, whose blue-satin-lined brougham, owing to a mistake, had not come for her in time, looked about her in amazement at the dingy, well worn, and almost shabby cushions of Lady Longline's victoria. She could hardly believe her eyes. With that delightful straightforwardness which so often marks the recently elevated, she said:

"How dreadfully out of repair your carriage is, Lady Longline."

"Yes," replied her ladyship, quietly; "it is. But, then, you see, I've had it a long time."

There are one or two other fundamental principles connected with liveries, beside those already mentioned, strict adherence to which is indispensable with all those who wish their servants to appear "smart." In the first place, no liveried servant should wear either a mustache or beard. Short, well-cropped whiskers comprise the only "hirsute appendage" permissible upon the face of coachman, groom, or footman. A greater latitude is allowed to butlers. They are not liveried servants. Beards they may have now and then, but I do not remember ever seeing a mustache on an English butler in my life. Liveries should fit the servants. Nothing looks worse than a small coachman swallowed up in a coat two sizes too big for him and that conveys the idea of having been made for the man who preceded him. That is the secret of the look of finish that pervades English men-servants. Their liveries are made for them, and fit them. A slovenly livery is worse than none at all, and an unbrushed hat as bad as an ill-groomed horse, or dingy harness. Servants should be made to hold up straight, especially when sitting on the box of a carriage. A stoop-backed coachman or round-shouldered footman will spoil any turnout, no matter how complete its other appointments may be. Overcoats, when not in use, should be folded, placed on the box, and sat upon in such a way that the double row of plated buttons on the breast hangs down in view behind the seat.

Coachmen and footmen should not be seen to carry on loud or mirth-provoking conversation with each other. What they may have to say to each other should be said in an undertone, and without looking round. Where there is a footman, the coachman never leaves the box. People without footmen generally let themselves out of and into their carriages. A footman should be at the door of the carriage the moment it stops, and never fail to touch his bat when replying to or taking a final order. Fast-driving and whip-cracking should never be indulged in, and it is the sign of a gentleman's servant—on the principle of "like master, like man"—that he touch his hat when passing any gentleman or lady friend of his master that he knows. Much depends on the little things, the seeming trifles, for they make our English liveried turnout the envy of and model for the rest of the world.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 4, 1887.

It would seem that the fortune of the Rothschild dynasty is getting scattered by the recent marriages of the young people. Now it is Mlle. Aline who marries a Sassoon; the other day it was her elder sister who married M. Lambert, of Brussels, and her cousin, Mlle. Hélène who married a Dutch diplomat, Baron van Zuylen; not long ago a Mlle. de Rothschild became Princess de Wagram, another Duchesse de Gramont, another simple Mme. Ephrussi, and another Lady Roseberry. Tradition says that the old Baron James left a fortune of eight hundred and thirty million francs, which was divided among his children, four sons and a daughter, the Baroness Nathaniel. Thus each inherited one hundred and seventy-five million francs, which have doubtless increased and multiplied.

It is impossible to put electric wires under ground in New Orleans because the water level is but three feet below the surface. So strong towers, one hundred and fifty feet high, are erected, and on these telegraph and telephone wires are carried above the public streets. These towers are also used to sustain stand-pipes, which have nozzles at different elevations where hose can be attached in case of fire.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

A Song to the Lute.

When first I came to Court:

Fa la!

When first I came to Court,
I deemed Dan Cupid but a boy,
And Love an idle sport,
A sport whereat a man might toy
With little heart and mickle joy—
When first I came to Court!

Too soon I found my fault,

Fa la!

Too soon I found my fault;
The fairest of the fair brigade
Advanced to mine assault,
Alas! against an adverse maid
Nor fosse can serve, nor palisade—
Too soon I found my fault!

When INORA's eyes assail,

Fa la!

When INORA's eyes assail,
No feint the arts of war can show,
No counterstroke avail;
Naught skills but arms away to throw,
And kneel before that lovely foe,
When INORA's eyes assail!

Yet is all truce in vain,

Fa la!

Yet is all truce in vain,
Since she that spares doth still pursue
'To vanquish once again;
And naught remains for man to do
But fight once more to yield anew,
And so all truce is vain!

—Austin Dobson in December Scribner's

From Heinrich Heine.

("Wer zum ersten male liebt.")

Who loves a first time is a god,
Though he should be forsaken;
Who hapless loves a second time,
Must for a fool be taken.

And such a fool, who loves without

Response of love, am I:

Sun, moon, and stars they laugh at me;

And I laugh too—and die.

—William Black in December Harper's.

Another Way.

Ah, come to me in dreams, and then,
One saith, "I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay
The weary longing of the day.

Nay, come not thou in dreams, my sweet,
With shadowy robes, and silent feet,
And with the voice, and with the eyes
That greet me in a soft surprise.

Last night, last night, in dreams we met,
And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain
Mine incommunicable pain?

Nay, where thy folk and country are,
Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep
The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break,
If dreams depart, and men awake,
If face to face at length we see,
Be thou the first to welcome me.

*Matthew Arnold.

—Andrew Lang in December Harper's.

At the Funeral of a Minor Poet.

[One of the Bearers soliloquizes.]

Well, yes, we liked his verses, thought them good,
Quite good, indeed; perhaps too much technique,
Too much laborious finish, and all that.
He took such pains! But then he scorned to write
Long odds when certain tiresome persons died,
And gave no song to cattle-shows and fairs,
And so was not a poet of the day—
A twilight poet, groping in the dusk.
Belated, with the great ones gone ahead.
This we may say, and say it hand on heart—
Since he is dead—he had a certain touch.
A touch that's lacking. We've no verse to-day,
No verse to speak of—chiefly triotlets,
And smooth fantastic copies of Old French.
The mighty Zolaistic Movement now
Engrosses us; we paint things as they are
(Or as we think they are) unflinchingly.
Eve with her foliage was over-dressed:
The rose has scent and thorn, we take the thorn;
The truest art is to leave nothing out
Likely to prove offensive. Will it last?
It is so hard to know what thing will last.
There's Suckling's lyric, fresh as yesterday,
And there's Lovelace's love-note to Althaea—
Too much technique, too much high finish, and yet—
They have outlasted thrones and dynasties.
These Poets are so odd! You bury one
With all his music, in six feet of earth,
And black oblivion shrouds him; presently,
After perhaps a hundred years or so,
The world is suddenly conscious of a flower
Sprung from the mould of a forgotten name.
'Tis said the seeds wrapt up among the balms
And hieroglyphics of Egyptian kings
Hold strange vitality, and planted, grow
After the lapse of thrice a thousand years.
Some day—who knows?—some unregarded note
Of our poor friend there—some sweet minor chord
That failed to lure our more accustomed ear—
May with the fancy of an unborn age.
Who knows, since seeds have such tenacity?
Meanwhile, he's dead, with scantiest laurel leaf
And little of our Nineteenth Century gold.
Well, well, poor fellow! let us bury him.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in December Atlantic.

When William Lawrence was arrested in Chicago, the other day, for obtaining money under false pretenses, he had a long flowing mustache. When he was taken from his cell to court even the policeman hardly recognized him. He had sharpened one edge of his watch case, and with it shaved off his mustache, hoping thus to escape identification.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unsolicited MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Burnett's charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has reached its fiftieth thousand.

"A Chapter on Dreams" is the title of the paper in which Mr. Stevenson has told the world how he happened to write "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is to be printed in *Scribner's*.

The New York *Evening Post* remarks that "the quarrels of newspaper editors are no more interesting to the public than the quarrels of rival clothiers. If, whenever one went to buy something in a store, the proprietor insisted on one's waiting to hear what a scoundrel his competitor over the way was, how long would he keep any custom?"

Mr. T. A. Trollope, in his new book, says a curious thing about Walter Savage Landor—that he "always dropped his aspirates." "He was, I think, the only man in his position of life whom I ever heard do so. That a man who was not only by birth a gentleman, but by genius and culture—and such culture!—very much more, should do this, seemed to me an incomprehensible thing. I do not think he ever introduced the aspirate where it was not needed, but he habitually spoke of 'and, 'ead, and 'ouse."

The following advertisement appears in the New York *Journalist*: "Commercial Verse—Realizing the increasing demand for rhymes and verses for advertising purposes, we have made arrangements with a number of clever versifiers and are ready to furnish poems to order, suitable for any line of business or trade. Advertising cuts designed and legends furnished. Advertising jingles—Verses written for pictures, and pictures made for verses. Rates reasonable. Terms cash. Address, Metrical Bureau, 177 Nassau Street, New York."

A writer in the *Critic* has this to say: "Of late years the printers have raced to get out their holiday publications first. Some of the Christmas numbers of the monthlies appear in mid-November. One can not be expected to lay aside the magazine for five weeks; and so it comes to pass that the Christmas stories and essays are read, and perhaps forgotten, long before the holiday arrives. The weeklies used to issue their holiday numbers in Christmas week; but they, too, have joined the race, and load up the newsmen's counter weeks in advance. Never before did so many journals issue Christmas numbers, and never before did they come out so early. Even *The Illustrated London*, which used sometimes to be belated and get here after New Year's, now makes up for it by arriving on the first of the month, and being sold at every station, in highly-colored rolls resembling gigantic Roman candles. And to complete the record, a daily paper issues a Christmas number ten days in advance of the day."

In the forthcoming "Victoria Editon" of "The Pickwick Papers" will appear the suppressed Buss plates. It is stated that more than nine hundred thousand copies of "Pickwick" have been put into circulation by the original publishers alone. Many of the plates bear memoranda in Dickens's own writing that go to show what a careful worker he was, even down to the smallest details. The following are some of his jottings: "I think the sergeant should look younger, and a great deal more sly and knowing—he should be looking at Pickwick, too, smiling compassionately at his innocence. The other fellows are noble.—C. D. I think it would be better if Pickwick had held of the Bandit's arm. If Minerva tried to look a little younger (more like Mrs. Putt, who is perfect), I think it would be an additional improvement. Winkle should be holding the candlestick above his head, I think. It looks more comical, the light having gone out. A fat chairman so short as our friend here never drew breath in Bath. I would have him where he is, decidedly. Is the lady full dressed? She ought to be.—C. D."

There is a common impression, says the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, that everybody connected with a newspaper office is at all times, and under all circumstances, skirmishing after "items." The young woman who astonished Whitelaw Reid, the millionaire editor of the New York *Tribune*, whom she met at a Murray Hill ball, by asking him to "be sure to spell her name right in his paper," has numerous cousins. Two Washington journalists had a similar experience once. It was a muddy, sloppy New Year's Day, and they were making calls in company with a friend, who was also a friend of Senator Don Cameron's. They called at the senator's residence, and were hospitably received. When they arose to go, the senator urged them not to be in a hurry, and insisted that they should take another glass of wine. "You must find it tough work to slobber around after items on a day like this," he said. When it is stated that his visitors were John Russell Young, afterward Minister to China, and the chief owner of one of the Washington papers, whose check of fifty thousand dollars would go at any of the Washington hanks without question, the effect of his sympathetic remark may be imagined.

New Publications.

The sixth part of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" (1666-1667), has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

The authorized edition of W. E. Norris's new story, "Major and Minor," is published in the Leisure Moment Series by Henry Holt & Co., New York. For sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

"The Siege and Fall of Constantinople," by Fidelin F. Canuti, is a little brochure describing the last struggle of Rome in the East. Published and for sale by J. N. Ludwig, Pittsburgh, Pa.; price, 25 cents.

"Some Italian Authors," by George E. Vincent, is a little hand-book for students of literature which comprises much information in little space. The authors treated are eleven in number, ranging from Catu to Alfieri. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

"The Wealth and Poverty of Nations," by W. N. Griswold, A. M., M. D., is a development of certain rather new ideas in political economy, embracing also a study of the evolution of industry and its outcome. Published by the Bancroft Company, San Francisco; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

"A Woman's Reason," by W. D. Howells, originally published in the *Century* in 1882, has been republished in the Ticknor Paper Series. It is one of Howells's best novels, containing in a few chapters more meat, so to speak, than has served him for a whole novel since. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Tennyson's popular poem, "The Brook," has been made the subject of a little holiday book, consisting of a score or so of pages on which are printed a line or two of the poem beneath a delicately designed and prettily colored vignette by A. Woodruff, suggested by the accompanying text. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Notes for Boys (and Their Fathers)," by "An Old Boy," is a little volume of sensible essays on morals, mind, and manners. Though written originally for English boys, there is much in them that will aid American lads to become right-minded, honorable, and generous men. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price \$1.00.

Stories, sketches, poems, pictures, and departments, all such as children understand and enjoy, make up the attractions of the volume of *The Pansy* for 1887, which has just appeared. It is an excellent pub-

lication for little children, and, bound in prettily designed covers, it will be a welcome holiday book. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Henry George versus Henry George," by R. C. Rutherford, is a clever review of George's "Progress and Poverty." Its plan is to bring together remote statements and deductions from like facts, showing wherein they contradict each other, and without entering into the technicalities of political economy, to show the fallacies of George's principles. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Old Homestead Poems" is the title of a handsome book of poems by Wallace Bruce. The poems are chiefly narrative and pictures of home life, fluently rhymed and with touches of gentle pathos, such as are favorites for recitation. The book is filled with rather fine illustrations, many of which, however, are recognizable as having done duty before in other emergencies. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"The Story of the American Indian," by Elbridge S. Brooks, is a history of the aborigines of this country, from the legendary period of the Mound-Builders down to recent times. It deals chiefly with the time when the Indians still possessed the greater part of the continent, with some consideration of the policy now pursued toward them. The book is handsomely illustrated. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.50.

"Men and Letters," by Horace E. Scudder, is a volume of essays in characterization and criticism. It is a book to take up in the study and read at leisure, for it is the leisurely work of a busy man, the labor of love of a professional reviewer. The topics are all literary, being in the nature of reviews, biographical sketches of writers, and abstract considerations of various branches of belles lettres. "Longfellow and His Art" shows a deep insight into the workings of the poet's mind; "Dr. Muhlenberg" is a thoughtful study of a remarkable character, a man who held an almost unique position among modern men of religion; and the others—"Landar as a Classic," "Emerson's Self," "American History on the Stage," etc., are all scholarly and charmingly written papers. The book is printed in large, hand type, with wide margins, and is tastefully bound. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.25.

The set of pocket maps recently published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, may be reckoned among the most complete, convenient, and inexpensive that modern facilities for compilation and manufacture can afford. Among them are "Colorado," with a convenient index showing the entire railroad system, the cities, towns, stations, counties, islands, rivers, lakes, etc., the population according to the latest census, the nearest mailing and express offices in all local points, etc.; "Tennessee," "Nevada," "Virginia," "New South Wales," "New Brunswick," and "Prince Edward Island," and "Idaho," are treated in a similar manner; a large "Sectional Map of Colorado," showing townships and sections, water courses, railroads, towns, etc., on a scale of twelve miles to the inch; a "Railroad and County Map of Tennessee," showing post-offices, towns, counties, railroads, proposed railroads, postal routes, and common roads, etc., on a scale of ten miles to the inch; and a similar large map of New York, provided with the valuable index. These maps are printed on parchment paper and folded into convenient cloth or flexible covers. For sale by the news-dealers.

Those who say that French humor can not exist without suggestiveness will find a refutation in every page of Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon." Daudet, acknowledged to be one of the most thoughtful and graceful of living French novelists, could safely rest his reputation among Anglo-Saxon readers on this book; it is full of comical absurdities and gentle banter, from the character of the hero to the least of the incidents. Tartarin's nature is cleverly sketched in the little vignette on the title-page of the translation recently brought out in *fac simile* of the new French edition; it shows an heroic personage, booted and spurred, armed with gun, sword, and pistol, and with the wings of great ambition, dragging, in the impetuous manner peculiar to French heroes, a meekly protesting counterpart of himself, in slippers and cotton cap, unwillingly to great deeds. That is the key of the story—a comfort-loving, submissive *bourgeois* led through unheard of adventures and exploits by his other self, a reckless blade who has no thought of self where glory may be gained. How Tartarin is torn by these two conflicting spirits at home, in his travels, and among Arabs and lions, whoever is fond of genial humor should read from the book. This book, too, is a pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind. It is beautiful in typography and paper, and on almost every page are exquisite little vignette illustrations from designs by Montégut, de Myrbach, Picard, and Rossi, executed by some process which preserves the strength of the original sketches admirably. Another volume of Daudet's, uniform with this, is "La Belle Nivernaise," containing, besides the charming sketch of an old boat and her crew, "The Fig and the Idler," "My First Dress-Coat," "The Three Low Masses," and "The New Master." The illustrations in this volume are all by Montégut. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50 each.

Some Magazines.

The December number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens with a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, which does not strike us as particularly good. Three full-page engravings, after drawings by William Hole, and Will H. Low, illustrate the poem. There is a story by Bret Harte entitled "A Drift from Redwood Camp." The extraordinary geography which has characterized Mr. Harte's later stories is here particularly noticeable. Redwood is a mining camp, yet apparently near the seacoast; it is washed away by the "Minyo River," a mighty stream which runs into the Pacific Ocean; a feud exists between Redwood and a camp of Digger Indians, who live "amid sand-dunes overlooking the vast Pacific." We can perhaps pardon these geographical slips—the literary artist is allowed that license—but oh, Mr. Harte, why try to dignify the poor, pitiful, abject, malodorous, and verminiferous Digger? Even a Pi-Ute outranks him—and not in smell. "The Zodiac Pine Labor Union" by H. C. Bunner, is an antidote to the wild theories and methods which foreign laborers have introduced in this country. "Law Lane," by Sarah Orne Jewett, is a New England Christmas story. The most fully illustrated article is "In Florence with Romola," by E. H. Blashfield and his wife, with sixteen drawings by the former. "In Dickens-Land" is a posthumous essay by Edwin Percy Whipple. "The Water Witch," a ballad by Elizabeth Akers, is decorated with many illustrations by R. Swain Gifford, F. S. Church, and others. Two handsomely illustrated poems in different veins are "Tarpeia," a legend of ancient Rome, by Louise Imogen Guiney, with a full-page engraving after a drawing by Howard Pyle; and "A Song to the Lute," by Austin Dobson.

The leading article of the December *Harper's* is on "Old Garden Flowers," by F. W. Burrill, of the Dublin Botanical Gardens. Edwin A. Abbey furnishes ten large illustrations for the poem by W. M. Praed, portraying "The Vicar" of two generations ago. "Pauline Pavlovna" is a dramatic poem by T. B. Aldrich, the scene of which is laid at a Russian masquerade ball. Reinhardt illustrates it by two full-page drawings. Neither artist nor poet appears at his best. There is a colored plate of American gems, illustrating an article on "Precious Stones in the United States," by George F. Kunz. This plate required twenty separate printings. Will Carleton contributes a poem called "The Convict's Christmas Eve." A poem by Harriet Lewis Bradley on "Anthony of Padua" is accompanied by an engraving by Closson from Murillo's painting of that subject. There are also short poems by Andrew Lang and William Black. Among the short stories are: "Inia," a Virginia story, by Amelie Rives, illustrated by Frederick Dielman; "His Day in Court," a Tennessee story, by Charles Egbert Cradock, with five drawings by A. B. Frost; "Captain Santa Claus," a Frontier Christmas story, by Captain Charles King, illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum; "Annie Laurie," a story of the Massachusetts stone quarries, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; and "Cradock's Heldest," the story of a London waltz, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, illustrated by Frederick Barnard. Mr. Howells has a farce, "Five O'Clock Tea," and there is a humorous illustrated musical drama by Edward Everett Hale. There is a piece of rather heavy humor by Mark Twain, entitled "A Petition to the Queen," and the departments are up to their average.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The errors into which strangers fall are usually logically enough. For instance, it was by no means strange that in a land where butter-nuts abound, an English girl should make the mistake which so mightily tickled Bostonians last winter. "At what season," she asked, innocently, "are doughnuts ripe?"

Years ago, when the New York Central and the Erie Railroads were engaged in a desperate and destructive battle of cut rates, Jim Fisk played a shrewd dodge on Commodore Vanderbilt. The freight rates from Chicago to New York city were so low that there was no profit in transportation. Fisk seized the golden opportunity to buy cattle; shipped the cattle over the commodore's road, and so blocked the commodore's transportation facilities that the Central was obliged to refuse all other freight. Fisk then put up the price of freight on the Erie, and was not only able to do a lucrative business while the Central was carrying cows at a loss, but was also able to get his cattle to the market, via the commodore's line, at such low terms that he made a profit on every head.

A rather old-fashioned village minister recently made Rev. C. M. Morton, the Chicago evangelist, a visit. He saw a great many things in the city, particularly on the Sabbath, that shocked his sense of propriety and morality. His righteous indignation finally reached the point of explosion when he read an item in the paper in regard to the Woman's Exchange. "Is it true that there is a Woman's Exchange in Chicago?" he asked of Mr. Morton. That gentleman saw, from the excitement of his guest, that he misapprehended the use of that worthy institution, but he did not undeceive him. "I believe there is," he replied. "Can it have come to this in a Christian city!" exclaimed the indignant clergyman. "A public place, openly advertised, where men change their wives! I tell you that all theimps of hell are loose in your city, sir."

D. C. Shepherd, the Minnesota railway contractor, has the reputation of looking after the minor and trifling details of his great business with a very keen eye. One morning, while out inspecting the work on a railroad he was building, he picked up a stray spike lying by the side of the track. Then he walked to where the men were working on the road. "Look here," he called out to one of the workmen; "how is it that I find spikes lying along the track, wasted? I have in pay for these things right along." "Why, where did you get that, Mr. Shepherd?" "I found it a little way up the road here." "Oh, did you?" cried the workman; "I'm real glad, for I've been hunting for that spike all the forenoon; I knew there was one missing." The august contractor concluded he could give that workman no points on economy, and "came off" immediately.

Some time ago in a Washington department there were found among the accounts of an officer which were forwarded for audit forty dollars for postage stamps. This last item was disallowed, for, said the Dogberry who wrote in the office, "the law requires that an offer for bids should be made for all supplies and the contract given to the lowest bidder." In reply the following answer was sent: "As counterfeits are the only competitors with the government for furnishing postage stamps, I thought it best not to open bids with them." Another case: General Poe is stationed at Detroit. In a violent gale he saw a government vessel wrecked with all aboard. He quickly chartered a tug and sent it to rescue the men. When he sent the bill to Washington to pay for the services of the tug, the account was returned as disallowed, owing to the fact "that no bids had been opened for the furnishing of a tug to rescue the drowning seamen."

While Mr. C. R. Lewis (M. Quad) of the *Detroit Free Press*, who has been on a visit of a week to Eufaula, Ala., was sitting in front of the St. Julien Hotel, in conversation with a local newspaper man, they were approached by a stranger from the country, who asked: "Which is M. Quad?" "This is," Mr. Lewis answered, pointing with a smile to the local newspaper man. "All right," said the stranger, addressing the Eufaulan; "I beard you wuz in town, an' I've walked fourteen miles ter-day just ter get er chance to lick yer." It appears that the countryman had once written a communication in M. Quad, the plans and specifications of which the humorist criticised or made fun of, and so won the countryman's lasting enmity. After the affair, the two scribes rescued their tall hats from the sand, and arm in arm they walked up the street, while the countryman was recovered and detained long enough to be fined four dollars and costs for assault and battery.

Sir Thomas Lennard Barrett, who lived at Brighton, was one morning informed by his son that he (the son) was madly in love with the housemaid, and intended to marry her forthwith. The father was horror-stricken, but, being a wise man in his generation, decided not to quarrel with the boy. He therefore sent for his butler and offered him £200 if he would marry the housemaid by the following Thursday, to which proposal the butler assented with suspicious alacrity. On the fateful Thursday the haronet sat in his study all day, in feverish anxiety for news that the marriage was an accomplished fact. As the day wore on, and no news was heard, he rang the bell and asked the footman whether the butler had returned. "No, sir," was the reply. "But he took the check for £200?" "Yes, sir, and please, sir, he's took all the contents of the plate-chest as well." "Ah, that's a bad job; but at any rate he has married Molly, the housemaid?" "Oh, yes, sir. He's married Molly. But please, sir, he mentioned as 'ow he'd got a wife and six children in the north of England."

William Wordsworth was once going to Lowther Castle, to be present at a dinner given in his honor. Mr. Justice Coleridge and the present lord chief justice being of the company. They passed down Patterdale by Ullswater, and, leaving the chaise, they struck across some fields toward the castle. Suddenly the path ended in a blind wall. The poet muttered something, and attacked the fence as if it were a living enemy, and crying out, "This is the way, an ancient right of way, too," passed on. That evening, after the ladies had left the room, Mr. Justice Coleridge said to Sir John Wallace, who was a near resident and a guest, "Sir John, I fear we committed trespass to-day; we came over a broken-down wall on your estate." Sir John seemed nettled, and said that he wished he could have caught the man who broke it down; he would horsewhip him. The grave old hard at the end of the table heard the words, the fire flashed into his eyes, and, rising to his feet, he answered: "I broke your wall down, Sir John. It was obstructing an ancient right of way, and I will do it again. I am a Tory, but scratch me on the back deep enough, and you will find the Whig in me yet."

Battles are not always conducted with that extreme precision which is generally supposed to characterize military manoeuvres. Confusion sometimes reigns, especially when the fighting is carried on in thick brush, or continued after dusk. Here, for instance, is an extract from the history of a New York regiment: Major Livingston's horse had been shot, and the major's hip injured by the fall. He was very anxious to change the retreat into an advance, and thus, on foot, swinging his sword, he ordered everybody to "Right about, face!" But his orders were unheeded. At last, coming up to a regiment marching in tolerable order, in the same direction with the general current, and concluding that they were sufficiently strong at least to cover the retreat of the wounded and exhausted, he ordered them to halt and face to the front, giving emphasis to the command by earnest gesticulations with his sword, and insisting that it was a shame to see a whole regiment running away. At this juncture an officer demanded: "Who are you, sir?" "Major Livingston, of the Seventy-Sixth." "Seventy-Sixth what?" asked the stranger. "Seventy-Sixth New York," replied the major. "Well, then, you are my prisoner, for you are attempting to rally the Second Mississippi!"

SOCIETY

The Robinson Reception.

One of the most delightful events of the season was the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, last Monday evening, at the Palace Hotel. Every feature of it was enjoyable. It was given principally to their young friends, about two hundred of whom were invited, and the regrets were but few. The invitations called for attendance at nine o'clock, but it was fully an hour and a half after that time before all of the guests were assembled. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by Miss Minnie Corbitt. They occupied positions in front of the tall mirror in the main salon, and behind, on the centre pedestal, was an enormous basket filled with Langtry chrysanthemums, and trimmed with a wide yellow-silk sash, through which was embossed pattern. Ornamenting the woodwork at the side and top of the mirror were large gilded palms, showing all of the bright autumnal tints, and draped in between them were scarfs of colored silk in seven different shades of green and copper. All of the chandelier rods were trimmed with garlands of chrysanthemums, and, diverging from the central one to those in each corner, were narrow ribbons of yellow, canary, and orange-colored silk, arranged in loops and bows, and mingled with smilax and begonias. In one corner, draped over the pictures and doors, was a large net of yellow cords, trimmed with Chinese reflex chrysanthemums and long sprays of pepper foliage in berry. Over the painting of Mount Shasta, between the two main entrances, were immense discs of terra cotta and yellow chrysanthemums, with garlands of these blossoms trailing to the floor. The mantel mirror was adorned at the right-hand side with a wreath of yellow chrysanthemums, and tied through it was some bright yellow embroidered net, which extended downward and was caught in a basket of yellow and terra cotta chrysanthemums which rested on the mantel. A cotta chrysanthemum vase, ornate with the beautifully shaded leaves of the begonia plant, occupied a central position on this shelf, and the fire-place below was screened with holly. Turquoise blue and deep cream-colored silk trimmed the mantel mirror in the north parlor, and the draperies were caught with sprays of bright red berries. A large blue jardiniere full of marguerites stood upon the mantel, and these same flowers mingled with red berries, filled the fire-place. The south parlor was more elaborately decorated, and was in the tones of pink and green. Here the mantel mirror was trimmed with pale-pink and pistachio-green raw silk at the upper corner, and mixed among the folds were pale-pink and pistachio-green chrysanthemums. On the opposite side were fern sprays and silver-gray foliage tied around the upright columns with green and pink-silk ribbons. One of the tall mirrors on the other side of the room had tied at the centre a tale basket filled with foliage and adorned with pale-green, pink, and silver-gray ribbons. Over the face of the adjoining mirror was a scarf of silk of these shades, which ended in a mass of chrysanthemums. This decoration made the three parlors exceedingly attractive. The carpet in the main room had been raised and the floor polished for dancing, while the two smaller rooms were canvased.

Dancing was enjoyed to Ballenberg's music until midnight, when an elaborate supper was served in the dining hall on the floor. At the conclusion came the feature of the evening, the cotillion. It was led by Mr. T. Carey Friedlander and Mrs. Robinson, assisted by Mr. E. D. Beylard and Mrs. F. Yznaga. Of the six figures four were new and all were very pretty. One was an improvement on the regular position figure; in another colored scarfs were effectively used; but the most original was a hit upon the popular craze, the base-ball. The ladies stood at one side of the room armed with a formidable looking bat and a ball with the gentlemen facing them. The former threw the balls at the crowd and those who succeeded in catching them, claimed the pitcher as his partner, and exchanged the trophies which made quite unique favors. There were also other original games, such as ribbons and bells, buttonholes, and miniature monkeys, etc., all pleasant souvenirs of the dance. It was almost three o'clock before the guests departed from the scene of so much enjoyment and all have the most pleasant remembrances of it.

Miss Low's Lunch Party.

Miss Flora Low gave an exceedingly pleasant lunch party last Thursday at her home on Gough Street, in honor of Mrs. Hammond, of Boston, who is in the city as the guest of Mrs. William H. Howard. Covers were laid for sixteen ladies at a beautifully decorated table. Large yellow chrysanthemums ornamented three elegant silver cypresses, making in all a very tasteful display, and at each cover was a dainty horseshoe, popular in the shape of a chrysanthemum. Miss Low occupied the head of the table in an elegant toilet of pale yellow silk, made décolleté, and trimmed elaborately with point de Venise lace. Her guests were most hospitably entertained, and passed the afternoon in a delightful manner.

Those present were: Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Mrs. Chauncey McKeever, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. L. Laurence Poole, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. William E. Collier, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss McDowell, and Miss Low.

The Crocker Luncheon.

Mr. Charles Crocker gave an elaborate luncheon party at his residence, on California Street, last Saturday, in honor of the visiting members of the National Soldiers' Home Commission. Three hours were devoted to the luncheon, during which Ballenberg's hand played sweet selections. The dining-table was ornamented with beautiful chrysanthemums, and a sumptuous menu was provided. Mrs. William H. Crocker acted as hostess in the absence of Mr. Charles Crocker. Among the prominent guests were Mr. Charles Crocker, General and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, General and Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. S. W. Sperry, Mrs. David Brown, Miss Ada Butterfield, Mr. W. E. Brown, and a few others.

The Boggs Musicales.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boggs issued about sixty invitations recently to a musicale and reception in their parlors at the Palace Hotel, in commemoration of their wedding anniversary. The feature of the evening was the violin playing of Miss Grace Barstow, an Oakland young lady sixteen years of age, who is a pupil of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. Her execution promises well for the future. She was admirably accompanied on the piano by her mother, who sang alone later. Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Chamberlain also sang, the latter being accompanied on the flute by Mr. Shattuck. Mr. Tucker gave a bass solo, accompanied by Miss Lawrie. Handsome programmes were presented to each guest, refreshments were served, and soon after midnight the party broke up.

Mrs. John Boggs appeared in an elegant black lace costume, en train, finished with a white watered silk sash; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. George Hearst wore a toilet of flame-colored satin combined with black lace, en train; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Adam Grant wore a rich robe of crimson and black broadcloth velvet; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. E. B. Pond appeared in a white imported costume embroidered elaborately; ornaments, sapphires.

Mrs. Sampson Tams appeared in ecru satin trimmed with shrimp pink.

Mrs. Beach wore a black satin toilet trimmed with orange colored velvet.

Mrs. Wetmore was dressed in white silk and wore pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Fackler, of Kentucky, appeared in a toilet of white crepe.

Mrs. de Roode wore a robe of black velvet.

Miss Louise Holladay was attired in red crepe, cut décolleté.

Miss Banning, of Los Angeles, appeared in blue silk trimmed with yellow chrysanthemums.

Miss Taylor was dressed in white silk and wore La France roses.

Miss Alice Boggs appeared in white nuns veiling.

Miss Grace Barstow was attired in white with a sash of blue silk.

Among others invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D.

Grant, Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanwood, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel More, Mr. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Tewksbury, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss May Ives, Miss Garber, Miss Hood, Miss Irwin, Mr. Harry Houghton, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Keith, Mr. Folsom, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Garber, and Dr. C. T. Deane.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their second german of this season last night, at B'val B'ith Hall. Everyone had become familiarized with the figures, and they danced even better than before. Mr. Edward M. Greenway led the german alone, but will be the very able assistance of Mr. Edward H. Sheldon and Miss Elsie McKeever, Lieutenant Eugene W. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., and Miss Tessie Fair. Handsome draperies of light colors, combined with Japanese lanterns and balloons, formed the attractive decoration of the ball-room, and Ballenberg's band provided its best music. The dancing ceased at midnight, and then an elaborate wine-supper was served in the dining-hall, which was tastefully decorated with smilax and chrysanthemums.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. Frank Johnson, of San Rafael, have come over to the city to pass the winter, and are residing at the Hotel Bella Vista. Commodore Glass is expected to arrive soon from Japan.

Mr. Monroe Salisbury returned from Montana last Wednesday.

General George Stoneman was in the city several days this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Hues have returned from a tour of Europe, and are located at the Hotel Bella Vista for awhile, previous to their departure for Southern California.

Mrs. Lansing and Mr. Gerrit Lansing have returned from a six weeks' visit in the East, and are at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Governor Waterman and Mr. Marcus D. Boruck have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel. Miss Louise Vail, of Boston, has not yet departed for Los Angeles, as was previously announced, but will be the guest of Mrs. George S. Ladd for a couple of weeks longer.

Miss Kittie Hope arrived here from Santa Barbara last Monday, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bigley, on Golden Gate Avenue.

Mr. George S. Ladd will leave the city to-day, for an extended Eastern trip.

Miss Anna B. Garsden, of Scranton, Pa., is visiting Miss Jessie V. Howe, at the residence of Captain J. W. Howe, 1922 Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker will return from the East in a few days.

Miss Edith McAllister is expected home soon after a long absence in Europe.

Mrs. William J. Adams and Miss Lou Adams have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles G. Toland is going East to pass the winter with relatives.

Dr. E. George will leave in a few days for Los Angeles, to reside there permanently.

Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer has gone East for a visit of a couple of months.

Mrs. Cook and the Misses Cook, of New York, are out here to pass the winter, and are stopping at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. W. E. Sharon arrived here from Virginia, Nev., last Monday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. J. B. Chrystal has returned from Port Townsend, where he has been located for the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan came up from Redwood City on Monday, and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of San Rafael, intend passing the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Miss Mary Dowsett has arrived from Honolulu, and is the guest of Miss Kate Van Norden.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart went to Los Angeles this week, and will make that city their future home.

Miss Juliet Shafter will pass the winter in the Eastern States.

Francis G. Newlands has returned from his Eastern and European tour.

Mrs. C. T. Ryland and the Misses Ryland, of San José, will remain here during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Mollie Stege are expected home next week, after a prolonged visit in the East.

Mrs. C. B. Hutchins will go to Los Angeles last Saturday, where she will visit friends for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Maynard have apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. George Duval has gone to New York and, in a short time, will proceed to Peru to assume the management of the business of Grace & Co.

Miss Ina Short, of Los Angeles, will soon be the guest of Miss Carrie Gwin.

Miss Bessie Shreve has gone to Los Angeles to visit friends.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin are expected to return from the East in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Charles Lux has returned from a visit to Eastern friends.

Miss Leonora Irwin, of Honolulu, has been visiting Mrs. Kutz at Mare Island.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright and Miss Roberta Wright are in Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have returned from their Eastern trip.

Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart, with their daughters, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, will occupy the home of Mrs. Selfridge in Washington, D. C., during the winter.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. Susie Williams have gone to Southern California to remain several weeks.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Oakland, was recently the guest of the Misses Lillie and Ruby Dore in this city.

Mr. Raphael Weil has returned to the city, after a stay in Paris of a number of months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith returned from their European tour on Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina returned from Paris on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John C. Hays, of Tulare, has been in the city for the past few days.

Mrs. L. M. Côté arrived here from Larkmead on Wednesday, on a visit to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Miss Kate Felton came up from Menlo Park on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Gregory have been seriously ill for the past three weeks with typhoid fever, at 1720 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller have returned to the city, and are occupying apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Cards will soon be issued by them for receptions in January at the residence of the bride's parents on Pine Street.

Mrs. Alfred Poett, who has been on an eight months' tour of the Eastern States, will return to the city in a few weeks.

Mrs. Hendrix, widow of the late D. B. Hendrix, President, has been recently the guest of Hon. Newton Booth at Sacramento.

Mr. John D. Spreckels has returned from his visit to Honolulu.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick have departed for an Eastern and European tour.

Notes and Gossip

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan gave an elegant dinner party last week, at their residence on Valencia Street, in honor of Mr. George Duval. Among others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Miss Phelan, and Mrs. D. B. Hendrix.

Mrs. John Conner entertained a number of ladies at her residence on Franklin Street, a week ago yesterday at a tea given in honor of Miss Emma Pierson.

Mrs. George Hearst gave a pleasant dinner party at her residence on Taylor Street last Saturday evening in compliment to General and Mrs. Black, of Washington, D. C.

Exquisite chrysanthemums were used in the decoration of the dining-room and a sumptuous menu was provided. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jasper McDonald, Mrs. Kincaid, and Miss Ada Butterfield.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe gave an enjoyable high tea at her residence last Saturday, in honor of her daughter, Miss Pettie Ashe. The house was handsomely decorated, and the many callers were hospitably entertained throughout the afternoon.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin gave an enjoyable dinner party last Thursday evening at her home on California Street. Chrysanthemums of assorted shades adorned the table, and a delicious repast was served. The programme was an extended and interesting one, and was listened to with pleasure. The various numbers were as follows: Piano Quartet, Overture to Tannhauser, Wagner, Miss Amelia Bohl, Miss Albert Elkus, Miss Mamie Barrett, Miss May Oatman, Piano Solo, Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, Vocal Solo, (a) Recit: Thus saith the Lord, Messiah, (b) Largo: But who may abide, Messiah, (c) Prestissimo: For he is like a refiner's fire, Messiah, Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins; Piano Solos, (a) Nocturne, F. Chopin, (b) Prelude, A. minor, Bach, (c) Waldesrauschen (in the forest), Liszt, Mrs. Albert Elkus; Violin Solo, Air Variée, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Charles Goffie; Piano Solos, (a) Study in Thirds, Chopin, (b) Minuet, Bizet, (c) Fugue, Rheinberger; Piano Quartet, Caprice héroïque, Kontski, Miss May Oatman, Miss Mamie Barrett, Miss Amelia Bohl, Miss Albert Elkus; Songs, (a) Angelo mio, Guglielmo, (b) God guard thee, love, from "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," Nessler, Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins; Piano Octet, Coprice Brillante, Liszt; Miss Henrietta Kahn, Miss Lillie Stern, Miss Juliet Newman, Miss Minnie Newman, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Ina Lawson, Miss Edith Hughson; Piano Solos, (a) Ave Maria, Liszt, (b) Berceuse, Chopin, (c) Campanella (the little bell), Liszt, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Trio, Piano, Violin, Cello, Reissiger, Miss Julia Newman, Piano; Mr. Charles Goffie, Violin; Mr. Ernst Leibnitz, Cello.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave the second concert of his third series last Tuesday evening, at Irving Hall, which was crowded with the many invited guests. The programme was an extended and interesting one, and was listened to with pleasure. The various numbers were as follows:

Piano Quartet, Overture to Tannhauser, Wagner, Miss Amelia Bohl, Miss Albert Elkus, Miss Mamie Barrett, Miss May Oatman, Piano Solo, Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, Vocal Solo, (a) Recit: Thus saith the Lord, Messiah, (b) Largo: But who may abide, Messiah, (c) Prestissimo: For he is like a refiner's fire, Messiah, Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins; Piano Solos, (a) Nocturne, F. Chopin, (b) Prelude, A. minor, Bach, (c) Waldesrauschen (in the forest), Liszt, Mrs. Albert Elkus; Violin Solo, Air Variée, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Charles Goffie; Piano Solos, (a) Study in Thirds, Chopin, (b) Minuet, Bizet, (c) Fugue, Rheinberger; Piano Quartet, Caprice héroïque, Kontski, Miss May Oatman, Miss Mamie Barrett, Miss Amelia Bohl, Miss Albert Elkus; Songs, (a) Angelo mio, Guglielmo, (b) God guard thee, love, from "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," Nessler, Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins; Piano Octet, Coprice Brillante, Liszt; Miss Henrietta Kahn, Miss Lillie Stern, Miss Juliet Newman, Miss Minnie Newman, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Ina Lawson, Miss Edith Hughson; Piano Solos, (a) Ave Maria, Liszt, (b) Berceuse, Chopin, (c) Campanella (the little bell), Liszt, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Trio, Piano, Violin, Cello, Reissiger, Miss Julia Newman, Piano; Mr. Charles Goffie, Violin; Mr. Ernst Leibnitz, Cello.

The Rosewald-Fabian Recital.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald and Mr. S. Monroe Fabian gave their third chronological musical recital last Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. They were assisted by Mme. Julie Rosewald, soprano, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The Italian, English, French and German schools were represented by composers who were prominent during the period of romantic music, comprising the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries. The selections were of a high order, and were prefaced by explanatory remarks made by Mr. Rosewald.

The following programme was enjoyed by the large audience:

Rondo in E flat, Field, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian; songs, a. "The Almond Tree" Schumann, b. "Impatience," Schubert, Mme. Julie Rosewald; 2nd concerto (first movement) Viotti, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; scherzo in B minor, Chopin, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian; concert aria (Infelice), Mendelssohn, Mme. Julie Rosewald; scherzo (Salustick No. 50), Mr. J. H. Rosewald; momento capriccioso, Weber, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian.

The fourth recital will take place on Wednesday evening, December 14th.

The Pyk Concert.

Mme. Louise Pyk, a noted Swedish soprano, gave her first concert on this coast, last night at Irving Hall, with the assistance of Signor Roselli, primo baritone, Mr. Henry H. Hagan, violinist, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist. A critical audience was in attendance and the following programme was presented:

Duo (violin and piano), Heller-Ernst, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Henry Heyman; recit and aria "Der Freischütz," Weber, Mme. Louise Pyk; harcarola "Sulla Popola," Ricci, Signor Roselli; Norwegian songs, Mme. Louise Pyk; songs, a. "The Almond Tree," Schumann, b. "Impatience," Schubert, Mme. Louise Pyk; 2nd concerto (first movement) Viotti, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; scherzo in B minor, Chopin, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian; concert aria (Infelice), Mendelssohn, Mme. Julie Rosewald; scherzo (Salustick No. 50), Mr. J. H. Rosewald; momento capriccioso, Weber, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian.

The fourth recital will take place on Wednesday evening, December 14th.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

The members of the Handel and Haydn Society gave their second concert of this season on Thursday evening at Metropolitan Hall. The concert was under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, and was given with the assistance of Ritard's complete orchestra, and a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. The special vocalists of the evening were: Miss Nora Connell, Miss Mary D. Barnard, Mr. Ben Clark, and Mr. W. H. Kinross. Mrs. H. J. Stewart presided at the organ and piano. The programme comprised J. F. Barnett's cantata, "The Ancient Mariner"; Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," op. 22, by Mrs. H. J. Stewart and orchestra; Sir George A. MacFarren's cantata, "My Day." The concert was listened to by a large and attentive audience.

A series of promenade concerts will commence this evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion, to continue until January 23rd. A full and stately musical programme under the leadership of Mr. Frederick Innes, will provide the music, assisted by Mme. Louise Pyk, soprano. Levy and Liberti, the cornet virtuosi, will appear during the season. The pavilion will be handsomely fitted up, and heated by steam.

The third concert for the organ fund of the First Presbyterian Church will take place next Tuesday evening, in the church parlors. The vocalists are Mrs. Ten Bosch, Mlle. Aldini, Miss Beresford Joy, Mr. George Brenner, and Mr. A. W. Hall; violinist, Mr. H. Hagan; pianist, Miss Estelle Hanchette; and directors and organists, Messrs. Kartzenbach and Stewart.

The Orpheus Instrumental Club, of Oakland, will give its second concert of the series next Tuesday evening. The club will be assisted by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, cello, and Mr. J. C. Hughes, harp.

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Three Brooklyn Ladies Try to Improve Their Complexions by an Internal Remedy and Are Compelled to Call a Doctor to Save Their Lives.

A startling account of the narrow escape from poisoning of three young and beautiful Brooklyn girls was recounted in nearly a column of particulars in the Brooklyn Eagle of the 16th inst. A month or so ago, a Western paper published the escape from death in a similar manner of two young girls in Iowa. It is certainly an extraordinary thing that women, old or young, will run such risks in the face of all of these well-authenticated reports of danger to life.

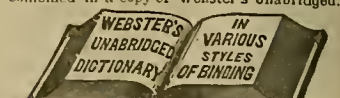
It is an exploded theory that internal remedies will cure defects which are produced simply by wind, sun, or climate. If you receive a wound from an external cause you certainly do not take a dose of medicine for it. It is just as absurd to take an internal remedy for freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, blackheads, or any other defect of the skin. External causes produce these repulsive defects. External remedies alone will cure them.

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ART NOTES.

Theodore Wores, who has been spending nearly three years in Japan, returned to this city on the last steamer. During his stay in the Mikado's empire he has been studying the tendencies of Japanese art as well as making a large number of sketches and studies of the people and the architectural and artistic beauties of Tokyo, Niko, Kioto, and other cities. He has had some frames made by Japanese wood carvers, which he describes as of exceeding beauty, and strikingly Japanese. In addition to his own pictures, Mr. Wores has brought back with him some very curious specimens of Japanese art. All will be exhibited at the Art Association soon—probably during the week before the holidays. Mr. Wores has certain ideas for the arrangement of the exhibition which will be unique. It will be looked forward to with much interest.

The Art Association announces that it has "decided to change the character of the entertainment proposed to be given by the association, from a series of tableaux, etc., to an artists' ball, to be given at the Grand Opera House, the last week in February. The committees appointed in charge of the tableaux and entertainment will be continued in charge of the artists' ball."

The sale of Edward Deakin's paintings, including landscapes, figure-pieces, studies in still life, etc., will take place at Irving Hall, next Thursday at noon. The pictures will be placed on exhibition at Irving Hall next Monday evening, remaining open to the public, day and evening, until after the sale.

The California School of Design announces the fourteenth annual free exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils, which will commence next Wednesday. The prizes will be awarded on Friday evening, December 9th, at eight o'clock. The public are invited.

Henry Raschen and Carl von Perbandt will hold an art sale during Christmas week at the rooms of the Art Association.

Etching is perhaps the least practised of the arts in San Francisco, but it is being helped along by W. K. Vickery, the art publisher of this city. Some time ago he began the publication of a series of etchings of California scenes, endeavoring to make them as far as possible after the work of California artists. The first was by Edith Loring Pierce, and paintings by Keith and others have been laid under contribution for the series. "Chinatown, Monterey," a plate by Eugene Dillaye, from a sketch by W. A. Reaser, is the fifth of the series, and printed on satin. It is a very creditable piece of work. Those who, while at Monterey have driven by that somewhat malodorous place, Chinatown, will be surprised to see how picturesque it appears in this etching. Both artist and etcher have been successful, and the warm tone of the ink is extremely effective.

The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has raised a pretty rumpus in art circles, through its agent, Anthony Comstock. The other day an agent of this intelligent gentleman visited a well-known art establishment on Fifth Avenue, and selected one hundred and seventeen photographs of original paintings by such artists as Cabanel, Boudgureau, Gérôme, Le Fevre, Henner, and others of the modern French school there, and had a receipted bill given for them by the firm. Upon these Mr. Comstock based a charge of trafficking in improper pictures. The *Evening Telegram* printed a number of pictures on its front page, that afternoon, declaring them to be chosen from among the photographs in question, thus throwing down the gauntlet to Mr. Comstock. It is said that Comstock is afraid to tackle a newspaper; however that may be, he has declared that the *Telegram* pictures are not the same. The Society of American Artists has issued a preamble and set of resolutions in which it strongly condemns Comstock's position. *Life* laconically says of him: "This man would put trousers on Apollo."

A meeting of the Music Teachers' Association of California will take place at Irving Hall, on Sunday, December 4th, at half-past two o'clock P. M.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Nye on the Future of the Race.

Without wishing to alarm the American people, or create a panic, I desire briefly and seriously to discuss the great question, "Whither are we drifting," and what is to be the condition of the coming man?

Food itself has been the subject of change, both in the matter of material and preparation. This must affect the consumer in such a way as to some day bring about great changes. Take, for instance, the oyster, one of our comparatively modern food and game fishes, and watch the effects of science upon him. At one time the oyster browsed around and ate what he could find in Neptune's back yard, and we had to take him as we found him. Now we take a herd of oysters off the trail, all run down, and feed them artificially till they swell up to a fancy size, and bring a fancy price. The simple oyster is perverted, and instead of allowing him to fatten up in the fall on acorns and ancient mariners, flesh is artificially put on his bones by the artificial osmosis and dialysis of our advanced civilization.

I only use the oyster as an illustration, and I do not wish to cause alarm, but I say that if we stimulate the oyster artificially and swell him up by scientific means we not only do so at the expense of his better nature and keep him away from his family, but we are making our mark on the future race of men. Oyster-fattening is now, of course, in its infancy. Only a few years ago an effort was made to fatten cove oysters at St. Louis while in the can, but the system was not well understood, and those who had it in charge only succeeded in making the can itself more plump. But now oysters are kept on ground feed and given nothing to do for a few weeks, and even the older and overworked swabbed and rickety oysters of the dim and murky past are made to fill out, and many of them have to put a gore in the waistband of their shells. I only speak of the oyster incidentally as one of the objects toward which science has turned its attention, and I assert with the utmost confidence that the time will come, unless science should get a set-back, when the present hunting-case oyster will give place to the open-face oyster, grafted on the octopus and big enough to feed a hotel. Further than that, the oyster of the future will carry in a hip-pocket a flask of vinegar, half a dozen lemons, and two little Japanese bottles, one of which will contain salt and the other pepper, and there will be some way provided by which you can tell which is which. But are we improving the oyster now? Is this a healthy fat which we are putting on him or is it blot? And what will be the result in the home life of the oyster? We take him from all home influences whatever in order to make a swell of him by our modern methods, but do we improve his condition morally, and what is to be the great final result on man?

The reader will see by the questions I ask that I am a true scientist. Give me an overcoat-pocket full of lower case interrogation marks and a medical report to run to, and I can speak on the matter of science and advancement till Reason totters on her throne.

But food and oysters do not alone affect the great, pregnant future. Our race is being tampered with not only by means of adulterations, political combinations and climatic changes, but even our methods of relaxation are productive of peculiar physical conditions, malformations and some more things of the kind.

Cigarette-smoking produces a flabby and endogenous condition of the optic nerve, and constant list-

ening at a telephone, and always with the same ear, gradually decreases the power of the other ear, till it finally just stands around drawing its salary, but actually refusing to hear anything. Carrying an eight-pound cane makes a man lopsided, and the muscular and nervous strain that is necessary to retain a single eye-glass and keep it out of the soup, year after year, draws the mental stimulus that should go to the thinker itself, until, at last, the mind wanders away and forgets to come back, or becomes atrophied, and the great mental strain incident to the work of coming in when it rains is more than it is equal to.

Playing billiards, accompanied by the vicious habit of pounding on the floor with the butt of the cue ever and anon, produces at last optical illusions, phantasmagoria, and visions of pink spiders with navy-blue abdomens. Base-ball is not alone highly injurious to the umpire, but it also induces crooked fingers, bone spavin, and hives among habitual players. Jumping the rope induces heart disease. Poker is unduly sedentary in its nature. Bicycling is highly injurious, especially to skittish horses. Boating induces malaria. Lawn-tennis can not be played in the house. Archery is injurious to those who stand around and watch the game, and pugilism is a relaxation that jars heavily on some natures.

Foot-ball produces what may be called the endogenous or in-growing toe-nail, spring halt, and mania. Copenhagen induces melancholy, and the game of bean-bags is unduly exciting. Horse-racing is too brief and transitory as an outdoor game, requiring weeks and months for preparation, and lasting only long enough for a quick person to ejaculate "Seat!" The pitcher's arm is a new disease, the outgrowth of base-ball; the lawn tennis elbow is another result of a popular open-air game, and it begins to look as though the coming American would hear with one overgrown telephonic ear, while the other will be rudimentary only. He will have an abnormal base-ball arm with a lawn-tennis elbow, a powerful, football-kicking leg with the superior toe driven back into the palm of his foot. He will have a highly trained biceps muscle over his eye to retain his glass, and that eye will be trained to shoot a curved glance over a high hat and witness anything on the stage.

Other features will grow abnormal or shrink up from lack of use as a result of our customs. For instance, the man whose business it is to get along a crowded street with the utmost speed will have, finally, a hard, sharp horn growing on each elbow, and a pair of spurs growing out of each ankle. These will enable him to climb over a crowd and get there early. Constant exposure to these weapons on the part of the pedestrian will harden the walls of the thorax and abdomen, until the coming man will be an impervious man. The citizen who avails himself of all modern methods of conveyance will ride from his door on the horse-car to the elevated station, where an elevator will elevate him to the train, a revolving platform will swing him on board, or possibly the street-car will be lifted from the surface track to the elevated track, and the passenger will retain his seat all the time. Then a man will simply hang out a red card, like an express card, at his door, and a combination car will call for him, take him to the nearest elevated station, elevate him, car and all, to the track, take him where he wants to go, and call for him at any hour of the night to bring him home.

—Bill Nye in *New York World*.

M. Meissonier, who is afflicted with incipient paralysis, was told the other day that a friend had sprained his ankle. "Lucky man!" he exclaimed, "if I only could have broken both legs, and had my thumbs free, how happy I should be. I could make some attempt to paint in my bed. But not able to paint at all! I would willingly give everything I possess in this world for the use of my right thumb!"

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Seen on the Bridge-Path.

Two men who had been playing poker all night emerged from a bachelor apartment house on lower Fifth Avenue one morning, and stood irresolutely on the sidewalk. They were fashionably and correctly dressed, and perfectly suave in manner, though they had both lost money and were sadly in need of sleep. The elder was a well-known man-about-town, a captain of militia, and a good fellow generally. The other was the rather dissipated younger son of a wealthy New York family.

"Are you going down town now?" asked the captain, as he buttoned his gloves and flicked a speck of lint from his coat-sleeve.

"Nope," said the other, carelessly. "I'm not due till half-past ten, and it would never do to startle them by arriving so far ahead of time. It isn't eight yet, is it?"

"Just eight," said the captain.

"Well," said the other, "it's no use going to sleep, for a short nap only breaks me up for the day after being up all night; so we'd better go to breakfast."

"Ough!" shuddered the captain. "I wouldn't encounter the smell of a restaurant for anything on earth now."

A bright idea struck the younger man and he said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Jim. If you're game for a walk, we'll start and foot it from here up to the park, and breakfast at the restaurant there on the terrace, right in the open air. It's a good three miles, and we can get a little frozen absinthe on the corner just as an appetizer before we start. You'll feel as fit as a fiddle afterward."

Five minutes later they started, and the clerks and the salesmen who were hurrying down town encountered two well-dressed, pallid, and energetic New Yorkers pounding away to the northward.

At half-past eight the two men sat on the sunny side of a terrace, with a beautiful bit of woodland scenery stretched out below them, facing a table covered with snowy linen. They drank strong tea, ate eggs, Windsor herring, and tripe cooked with chopped peppers and other biting and appetizing vegetables. About nine o'clock they started in a leisurely way, with lighted cigars, toward the entrance to the park. They had just crossed a small stone bridge when the captain called the attention of his companion to the bridge-path which ran under the bridge and through a heavy thicket of woods.

"Good place to meet a girl on the quiet," he said, shortly.

The other man smiled significantly and nodded his head. Suddenly his face grew pale, his jaw dropped, and his eyebrows came together in a scowl. His companion stared at him for a moment in silence, followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a beautiful girl on horseback just in the turn of the bridge-path above the bridge. She leaned back on her horse, resting one hand on the horse's back, and looked with extraordinary earnestness at her companion—a square jawed, powerfully built, and handsome English groom. The mistress was leaning so close to the man that their faces were not three inches apart. His face was a remarkable one in many respects. It was perfectly colorless and smooth-shaven. The eyes were big, black, and deep-set. The man talked with the impetuosity of a lover, and the earnestness of the two loiterers in the bridge-path was so pronounced that they were utterly unconscious of time and place. The younger of the two men on the bridge said, half huskily:

"That's my sister taking her ride. We've chanced along at exactly the right time."

There was a moment's silence.

"Can I be of any service to you?" asked the captain, softly.

"Thanks, no," said the other, shortly; "I'll take the little fool home."

"Don't frighten her," said the captain, squeezing the boy's arm paternally; "that's a nasty-looking nag she's on."

The younger man nodded, and the captain strode on a few paces and stood in the brush, waiting in case his assistance was needed.

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On the bridge the white-faced brother stood and hit his lips as he watched the tableau. Presently he struck his cane with terrific force across the stone balustrade, breaking it into a hundred pieces, and shouting his sister's name in a voice that was husky and hoarse. The pair started and rode slowly forward. The groom dismounted from his horse, and the brother stepped forward and dealt him a stunning blow in the face. The groom reeled, but stood aside with his hands clinched. The other man—he was scarcely more than a boy in years—looked at him quietly for a minute, bounded into the saddle of the groom's horse, and cantered off, his sister riding beside him. She had not uttered a word. The boy had not even looked at her. The groom stalked away, and the coatman, who had seen it all, shrugged his shoulders, lighted a fresh cigar, and pursued his way tranquilly down town.—*Savannah News.*The chap who finds a carpet nail in his uncooked oysters is among those who wish the tax taken off raw material.—*Boston Bulletin.*"Yes," said the landlady, sadly, "appearances are deceitful, but disappearances are still more so."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Beward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robotine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the elite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A week which is full of notes is full of crime. At least, it has come to pass that when there are no crimes on the docket to discuss, the newspapers are voted a bore, and conversation drags.

Society does not afford that material for discussion here which it does in larger cities.

To begin with, we have not many celebrities among us whose sayings and doings are worth chronicling, and we rarely have social affairs of any considerable importance.

We have millionaires and heiresses by the score, but our millionaires are all married, and our heiresses, as a rule, avoid marriages; therefore, we have little in the way of those great weddings which convulse the concentric circles of the great cities in which they take place, and even ripple the waters of interest far out to the boundaries of the civilized world.

There is no joining of two great houses, rarely the joining of two great fortunes. Some surface philosopher, Lena Despard perhaps — it sounds rather like that tactful woman — has said that there is really no society outside of diplomatic circles, and it seems to be true that there is never really a nucleus, excepting at the diplomatic centres. At all events, though there is some delightful material in San Francisco, there is no central rallying point. There are several nebulous cliques, which intermingle pleasantly enough, but there is no absolute centre, no leader, no recognized head. Thus it has come to pass that the desirable men, men familiar with the forms and usages of society as it exists in older forms, citizens of the world, after seeking vainly for the element in which they breathe most naturally, bury themselves completely in the clubs and refuse to be routed out.

This course, on the part of the men, has driven some lovely women into complete hermitage from a society point of view. They go abroad into other cities for their society pleasures, but when they come home to San Francisco, they go into retirement and recuperate. Therefore, it has come to pass that all the rare women hug their own hearthstones, and all the rare men toast their toes at the club fender.

Under the circumstances, social assemblies have resolved themselves into what the Widow Bedott, or Josiah Allen's wife, would call "young folks' parties."

"Young folks' parties," anywhere outside of San Francisco, are peculiar to the rural districts. They do not obtain in the great cities. Excepting in the details of costume and manners, "young folks' parties" are upon the same principles as "apple-parin's" and "huskin'-bees." The chaperon, one of the products of the highest type of modern civilization, has been, metaphorically, kicked bigger than a kite.

The magnificent "dowagers," with the glory of their gay locks, the blaze of their big diamonds, and the rich rustle of their brocades, who gave a certain courtliness to the atmosphere, and formed such a splendor of background for the fresh beauty of the girls, have been banished the ball-room altogether.

For a time, every one was harried out who was neither a dowager nor a rose-bud, and "young folks' parties" were regarded as an assertion of independence on the part of the girls, as against the manoeuvres of the frisky matron. But it was soon discovered that the frisky men would not come unless the frisky matrons were invited, and so the girls were obliged to submit.

The frisky man is as great an autocrat, in our little community, as "Tummy" in the wide arena of London social life. As for the frisky matron, she reminds one of the spirit of the refrain of Charley Reed's little poems, which he used to sing, with a noble disregard for rhyme, but with infinite pathos, to the air of "La Mandolinata":

"You turn, you twist, you wriggle,
A view of the stage to get,
But the girl in front with the Gainsborough hat,
She gets there just the same."

The queer part of all this is, the San Francisco girl as she stands evolved from this rural condition of society.

There is a bad speck in it, here and there, but in all the nation there is no lovelier galaxy of girls than our own.

Taking her compositely, as the photographers do, she has all the aplomb of the Washington girl trained by several seasons, the esprit and intelligence of the Boston girl without her air of pedantry, and almost the style of the New York girl. Where does she get it all?

In the cause of religion the gentlest bred maiden is permitted to cry "stand and deliver," and no one thinks anything about it.

The French, who rear their girls behind a barbed fence of propriety, never loose the reins until the marriage day, except in the cause of religion. No grim, hard-visaged old deacon who bullies you into giving your silver piece, while he almost scares you out of the power of giving, passes the plate in the French churches. A young, blushing, modest girl almost says "do as you like" as she shrinkingly indicates that you may drop your mite in her little basket if you feel inclined.

But, with all her modesty, French enterprise never misses its opportunity; and one of the duties of the white-clad bridesmaid is to pass her little arm-bag

among the spectators of the marriage service, and make a collection for the poor.

"Pour les Pauvres" has become a joke and a hy-word among the gay matrons of Paris, but when M. Henri Symet wishes to ingratiate himself with the good and gentle Annette de Riverolles, he slips a little package of money into her hand and says "pour vos pauvres, mademoiselle." Annette may not remain in the drawing-room after coffee, because modern fashionable conversation is likely to take a risky turn in the presence of a young girl, but she may accept the money in the good cause, and it is perfectly conventional.

When a man in any country deliberately steps into a church bazar he knows very well that he is to be attacked by a battery of bright glances and young loveliness.

A certain millionaire—a millionaire many times over—strolled into the great Catholic Cathedral Bazar last week, with a heart full of kind intentions, and a pocket full of money.

Before he had strolled long he got his eye upon a beautiful bouquet at one end of the room.

"Five hundred dollars is the price of that bouquet," whispered the matron who pulled the strings behind the leaves in that particular booth as she read the intention of the millionaire's eye aright, and warned the maiden carrying it, who was coming.

"How much do you ask for your little nosegay?" he said quite jocularly, as he came with his hand in his pocket closed upon an eagle, and without any ulterior idea of change.

"Five hundred dollars," was the response of the tutored maiden, as coolly and unconsciously spoken as though she had said fifty cents.

The millionaire permitted himself just the flicker of an eyelash in surprise, then drew out his check-book, wrote out a check for the amount, and handed it over, quite as coolly as the maiden had asked it.

There is a point to the story, but it would not be fair to put it in a newspaper paragraph.

The telegrams say that the little Westfall boy in Los Angeles, whose father took him into a tunnel, beat him almost to death to get rid of him, and left him for dead, has been nursed back to life in the hospital. Why have they been so cruel to the poor little wail? Why did they not let him drift comfortably out through "clean beds, and orange, and lemon, and broth, and chicking" as poor Maggy says in "Little Dorrit," to Paradise? Officious people are always calling somebody back who is trying to get out of life when the good of it is all over.

There's a poor creature living somewhere over there in those purlieus of town which no one talks about, who has been pumped back to life three several times by the official pumper. Her companions have visited her with one of those awful nicknames which speak for themselves of the depth to which a human creature has fallen, and it is only the recurrence of this fearful name which reminds the careless reader that it is the same unhappy creature who has been trying so hard to die.

Why can they not officially let her drift away to peace and oblivion? The world is none the better for her coming back to it, and heaven, they say is none the worse if St. Peter slide a penitent sinner in. They let so many good and useful people die for want of nursing and of care, but give a surplus, useless life a little notoriety, and no exotic was ever more tenderly guarded.

What will they do with the little Westfall, now that they have dragged him out of Charon's boat?

He is a child of tender years, with an inky, black future before him, and an awful background behind him. What should a child know of murder, "murder most foul as in the best it is, but this most foul and unnatural"? And yet, in all his life, the time will never come when he can forget that awful scene in the black tunnel, with his fiery-eyed father standing over him, beating his little life out with slow, deliberate blows. It will come to his daylight visions, it will start and affright him out of his midnight dreams.

Perhaps, worse yet, by the fatal law of inheritance, this beast father has planted the seed of his own sin in the innocent heart of his child. Poor little Westfall! It is rather a sad horoscope, whose one bit of light seems to be a "hospital with lemon and chicking."

People find Dixey's talent a very indefinite thing to describe. The little boys in the chorus have gone straight to the heart of it, and a homely word enough tells what it is. He is handy. There are other ways of saying it. People may call him deft, quick, skillful, graceful. To be all these, means to be handy in homely lore. Handy people are always graceful. A young woman describing the Delsarte system the other day, said that it could be brought to hear upon so simple a thing as taking the pepper—that if you took it according to Delsarte, you must not holt at it in a straight line as in ordinary life, but must undulate toward it.

Mr. Henry Dixey undulates toward everything, so to speak, and he finishes everything off roundly. When he has completed his short-hand work he drops his bit of chalk on a blue-satin heel, skits it lightly in the air, and a chorus girl catches it as it comes down—if she can. He has half a hundred little finishes like this, and the chorus boys watch each trick with the very vitality of interest. One can

almost feel them groan in the flies if, for some reason, his wrist be unsteady, and he fail. They give him that sincerest of flattery, imitation, and try a trick or two on their own account now and then.

But the handiest of them is a little fellow who is in dead, honest earnest, but has not yet tried a trick with which to catch the gallery. There is promise in the skillful trim of his wrist as he touches his hat in the tiger song, and in the ease with which he swings his meagre little leg out at an angle of forty-five degrees. Fifteen years hence he will not be singing:

"I thought to fill the world with wonder,
But in the chorus still I be."

Mrs. James Brown-Potter contemplated having Dumas's "Franchillon" put into English for the New York stage. But she found that to fit it for American digestion she would be obliged to leave out all the rattling dialogue of the first act, the dénouement in the second act, and the explanation in the third. This crippled the play so seriously that she abandoned the project, and it is not at all probable that it will ever be rendered in English.

But it has lately been done in Greek. The Greeks first gave us the theatre, and it is a queer whirl in the wheel of destiny that should make "Franchillon" the dramatic sensation of the day in that same Athens where the first Greek actor strutted his little hour in his marble arena.

"Franchillon" was given to the Greeks in an unadulterated form, every word of the author being retained as far as the Greek language would admit.

But as the name of the lady who played the rôle of Francine was Mme. Evangelie Paraskevopoulos, and the name of the translator was M. Pantaléon J. Tsiticelis, people who are obliged to spend so much of their lives in calling each other by name, can scarcely have had time to fully grasp the raffineries of "Franchillon."

The usual crop of anecdotes springs thickly up over the grave of the Swedish Nightingale. The news of her death seems just to have reached the French papers—they are a long time getting news from the outside world in Paris—and the graybeards have been browsing around for anecdotes. But they only recall that Jenny Lind sang in Paris while her fame was yet a new thing, and was severely criticised by the French press for her lack of dramatic fire. It is a creed with the French that the cold daughters of the North have no dramatic fire, sing they never so well. Whereupon Jenny Lind shook the dust of the French Academy of Music from her feet, and swore by Odin and Thor that she would never sing upon its boards again. And she kept her word.

And so, says one expostulatory French writer, she has very foolishly left Paris without any reminiscences.

Has every one read "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure"? It is not a very moral or a very comfortable book. Mr. Edgar Saltus is a professional pessimist, unfortunately. For, when a man is so good and so strong a writer as he, it is a pity for the human race that he can not find the sweetness in life to help reconcile us to it, since it must be lived out.

But he does not. He has saturated himself with Balzac, and has a strong, scholarly power of his own, but he does not seem to know much about pleasant people.

The most curious feature of "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" is, that the heroine is rather a dull, commonplace, uninteresting, unlovable girl, who seems to be merely subjective in this strange tale. The tale itself is told with curious abrupt directness, and yet, when the reader lays the book down, he finds it to be full of subtlety. For no two persons ever seem to agree upon their idea of Maida, and yet each one backs himself up with the author's own words, "What do you think of her?"

Perhaps the best thing about "The Main Line" is the perfect sincerity of its author.

The next best thing is the perfect sincerity of Lewis Morrison.

They have both lashed themselves into a fury of railroad poetry, and can not look at an engine, a rail, a brake, even an oil-can, except through a poetic haze. There is railroad enough in "The Main Line" to span the continent a score of times, and make a short cut to Asia by way of Alaska.

Honesty of purpose is communicative, and Morrison and De Mille have wrought the California clientele up to thinking that they are seeing rather a good play.

When the serpent took his tail into his mouth he became the Talmudic symbol of eternity.

From Saturday to Saturday is a little of eternity, if you like, and the notes of one uneventful week will be found inside the twist of the serpent's tail.

BETSY B.

A lot of Oriental art goods, consisting of rugs, portieres, antique arms, bronzes, silver ornaments, etc., will be sold at auction by Bovee, Toy & Co., next Thursday and Friday, the sale commencing at eleven o'clock each day. The goods will be on exhibition at Bovee, Toy & Co.'s sales-rooms from Tuesday until after the sale.

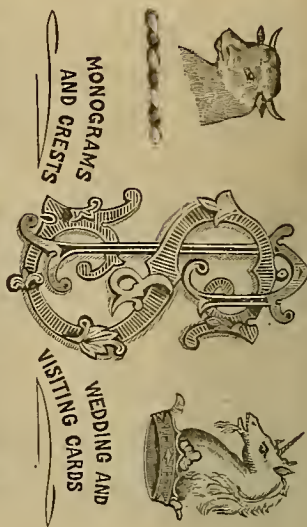
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Neil Burgess will play "The Widow Bedott" at the Bush Street next week.

Lewis Morrison will play Jean Renaud, in "A Celebrated Case," at the California next week.

"Adonis," with occasional changes in some of the specialties, will hold the boards at the Baldwin for two weeks.

The Osbourne & Stockwell Company, which has been out on a tour of the southern counties, comes back to the Alcazar next week. The opening attraction will be "The Shadows of a Great City."

Among the jewels that glitter on Dixey's hands, he values none more highly than the plain gold band with a ruby and sapphire sunk in it that encircles his left thumb. It is a present from a bosom friend of Dixey's, a Boston banker, who wears an exact duplicate of it.

At least one member of the Dixey company is not a stranger to many San Franciscans. Her pretty face leavens the average beauty of the chorus just now, but a few months ago it was a familiar one on Kearny Street. Suddenly it disappeared, and the rumor went forth that its owner had gone to New York to try her fortune on the stage. Her return has not been heralded with beat of drum, but she shows enough ability to indicate that her life will not be spent in the rôle of a figurante.

Signor de Vivo, the operatic impresario, is in town arranging for the Campanini concerts, which will take place at the Grand Opera House, on the evenings of December 12th, 14th, and 16th, and on the following Saturday afternoon. The company comprises, besides the great tenor, who has never visited this coast before, Madame Repetto, soprano; Madame Scalchi, contralto; Madame Torricelli, violinist; and Signors Baldin, tenor, Galassi, baritone, Nounetti, basso, Corsini, buffo, and Gore, conductor.

The *Overland Monthly* for December is out. Its contents are: "To Shasta's Feet," by Ninetta Eames; the second instalment of "X, An Unknown Quantity," by Marshall Graham; "Down the Noot-sack," by Eldridge Morse; "A Mexican Lover," by Jonas Bolivar; "Midwinter Days at Monterey," by M. H. Field; "Ogalalla," by John Milton Hoffman; "Sundry Observations of an Excursionist," by Juliet A. Owen; "A Newly Discovered Land," by J. S. Van Dyke; the seventh of General O. O. Howard's "Indian War Papers"; a number of short poems, including one by Charles Warren Stoddard; "Etc.," and the book reviews.

Lively for the Settler.

We were driving past a Dakota settler's house when he came out and said:

"Surveyin' 'nother railroad?"

"No."

"Ain't? I swar, I told the old woman we got to move the house ag'in."

"Had trouble with the railroad surveyors?"

"Yes—been snakin' my house 'round all summer. First some men come along in a buggy, set up some long, slim, barber-pole-lookin' sticks, stuck up a three-legged dunny, bumped down an' squinted through it, an' then says they: 'Old hoss, you got to move your house 'bout four rods, 'cause we're goin' to run the track of the Dakota and Gum Weed Fork Railroad right through here!'"

"So you moved it?"

"Pulled her right out o' the way. I ain't the man to hinder no public improvements! Then some more come along an' squinted an' peeked around, an' says they: 'Mister Granger, we're sorry, but we'll have to trouble you to yank your house 'round 'bout six rods to the south.' I made a bee an' you yanked her."

"Didn't that settle it?"

"No. In 'bout a week I caught some more men a-squintin', an' I called the boys an' we put jackscrews under the house, an' then I asked the fellers where she should go. 'Jes' haul her 'bout a quarter of a mile due west, old man,' says they, an' 'fore night me 'n' the boys had her hauled. I left the wheels right under it that time an' told Ike not to unyoke the oxen."

"You didn't have to move again?"

"Yes, but I did. Next mornin' fore we was up 'long come a committee from town an' condemned the house an' ordered me to move it inside of ten minutes to make room for the Great Dakota an' North Pole route. We hooked up an' was snakin' it along while my wife got breakfast, when down come a big fat man with half a dozen double-chains an' begun givin' me Hail Columbia fer drivin' 'cross the right o' way of the Great Dakota an' Oshkosh road, an' while I was poundin' the oxen the sheriff threatened to arrest me for obstructin' the depot grounds of the Great Dakota Open-Air Blizzard line. I jes' managed to git my house off onto a piece o' government land an' then set an' watched the surveyors comin' on the run fer the next week."—*Chicago News*.

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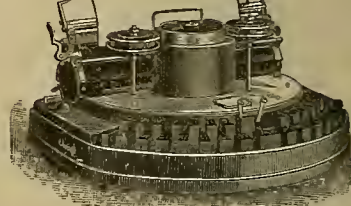
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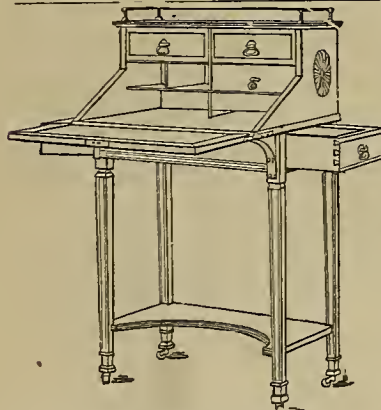
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HANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Americans do not, as a rule, take as lively an interest in such as in English, Irish, or German politics; with the other countries we are compelled to know of their agitations and excitements, because their conflicts are carried on largely in our own community, and it is impossible to close our ears to the clamor and din of transplanted discussions that are being wrangled over in our very midst. Our French migration is limited, and in point of character for loyalty and law-abiding qualities it has no superior. The French never bring French politics into public gaze in our country, whether they be, in sympathy, Royalist or Republican, whether they are Orleanist, Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Democratic, they do not so cast their votes at our elections as to influence results or give direction to public affairs in their adopted land; nor does the Frenchman mingle his church affairs with affairs political, nor does he mix his beer with public concerns. The French citizen, when he becomes an American, minds his own business, and does not endeavor to introduce anarchy, socialism, Romanism, or riot into the political administration of the American Republic, and hence we think the French more endurable than some other of the foreign classes. France has passed through a curious experience, within the past few months, and, in emerging successfully from the political muddle in which she has deposited herself, reconstructed her administration, composed her political quarrels to some extent, she has demonstrated the capacity of France to pass a political crisis without riot, revolution, or bloodshed. Sadi-Carnot has become President of the Republic of France, removed from a modest suite of upstairs rooms over a banking-house, in the Rue des Capucins, to the Palace of the Elysee, with less of agitation,

passion, bad blood, and expenditure of coin than occur when, by constitutional modes, we change Presidents in the bappy land of our model Republic. True, this change came about somewhat irregularly, and the people had less direct band in it than the American Republic would have been content with under similar circumstances. Judging from results, we are not disposed to criticize overmuch the way they were accomplished. The revolution has been worked out; Grevy, and his son-in-law with an American name (Wilsoo) and qualities of the American politician—viz., selling things that do not belong to him—have been turned out of office, and a man with an illustrious name and honorable public career has been chosen and inaugurated in his place, by the almost unanimous consent of all the Republican representatives in the legislative assembly of France. Carnot has been, during the Presidency of Grevy, a member of his cabinet, managing the financial department of his administration, and, as all understand, administering it honestly and satisfactorily; he is as we learn a man of simple life, domestic habits, retiring, modest, and fond of books, and his election is accepted as indicating a peace policy and strengthening the lines of the Republican party in France. The new president is a most pronounced Republican, has rendered military service to the government during the German war, and, in connection with Gambetta, Freycinet, and Jules Ferry, organized the government of national defense in 1871. Carnot comes of an illustrious family; his grandfather was the great Carnot, who had a most brilliant career in the military annals of France, from the year 1791, when, as a member of the committee of public safety under Robespierre, he advised the seizure of the property of the church, the overthrow of the nobility, and the execution of the king. He described himself as the "irreconcilable enemy of kings," and was always faithful to the Republic of France till the final end of his public career in 1814, the time of Napoleon, with whose history after the Russian campaign he was identified. Carnot was named "Sadi" after the Persian poet, as in the days of the revolution it was not permissible to give the name of a saint to any one intended for a military career. It is quite apparent that the new President of France inherits the Republican principles of his distinguished family. Some months since he aided with his vote, in the legislative assembly of France, to deny to the priests of the Church of Rome the privilege of being teachers in the schools of France; later he cast his vote in favor of compelling the students of ecclesiastical seminaries and all other clericals to submit to enrollment for military service in the army of the country. While Carnot is a nominal Roman Catholic, as are the great majority of French citizens, he is a deistic-spiritualist in belief. So it would seem that the Roman Catholic Church has the born in its belly. France is drifting away to infidelity. Republican government is the enemy of the Church of Rome, as the Church of Rome is from its very organization the enemy of republican government, and of all governments that recognize complete liberty under the law, education that is non-sectarian, freedom of conscience, liberty of speech and of the press. France is no longer the favorite son of the church, no longer defender of its faith, no longer upholds its civil power by an army in Rome. France has become republican and anti-papistical, for France is free. *Vive la France! Vive la République!*

When a man or a set of men, by dint of brains and money, succeed in running a railway where no railway ran before, their grateful fellow-citizens heap blessings on their heads; when the road reaches a town, bonfires are built, arches erected, and triumphal celebrations follow. The burghers toss up their caps with joy; breeding mothers name their children after those benefactors of their kind, the railroad men. A year elapses. The farmers, who previously hauled their produce over miles of country roads, make more money now when it is hauled by rail. But they would make still more. They say the railroad rates are too high. They grow cool toward the railroad men. Another year passes by. The rejoicing citizens of some years back have become hostile. They insinuate that the railroad men are thieves, grinding the faces of the poor, and robbing the honest farmer of what is his due. Still another year goes by. The voice of the demagogue is heard in the land. He

convinces the discontented granger that the railroad men are unhung scoundrels, and in the square where, years before, bonfires blazed, and triumphal arches were erected, the railroad men are now hanged in effigy. This is the history of most railroads. Within the last few years a new transcontinental railway has pierced the boundaries of California. The Atchison road brought with it balm for bruised spirits. It has given Southern California a colossal boom; towns have sprung up where before only the jack-rabbit bounded over the dusty plains. Everybody (they say) is growing wealthy in Southern California. But a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is appearing on the horizon of Boom Land. The first mutterings of a storm resound like distant thunder from the Sierra San Fernando to the Cuyamaca Range. The people are growing dissatisfied with the Atchison Company. Pasadena (which that company practically created) is sore because a cut-off in the road has left the town two miles from the main line. Further, there are nearly a hundred freight cars in Los Angeles awaiting transportation to Pasadena; the Atchison Company can not haul them, because it has no place in Pasadena to put them on. The citizens of Pasadena have held a mass-meeting to discuss the wrongs done them by this big-banded corporation. San Diego merchants are complaining bitterly because there is a freight-blockade on the road. A mass-meeting is called there. Los Angeles is in the same predicament; over a thousand freight-cars destined for Southern California points are blockaded, and its Board of Trade and its people abuse the Atchison road. What makes this condition of things seem most serious is the fact that the complaints made against the completed roads are mingled with the applause that greets the construction of new ones. The Alpine horn, that sends its mellow challenge from goitred throat to echoing glens and mountain-tops, scarce gets back from its tuneful journey till the same solitudes are mingling with the roar of storms and the flash of lightnings. So when, on this distant coast, we listened somewhat incredulously to the promise of a transcontinental road to connect the oceans, exploit the great central valleys, and climb the mountain-heights that divided us from civilization, we awaited developments, and when we saw the consummation of this marvelous and gigantic work that gave comfort to our homes, value to our property, and made life upon the Pacific Coast endurable, we placed the railroad-builders upon pedestals, we gilded them with gold, we worshiped them as all humanity worships success, and then we tore them down and trampled upon them, and in their places we erected other images, and gilded them, and worshiped them, till in turn others came and tumbled them into the chaos of unpopularity. An invitation from the "California State Board of Trade" lies before us, to visit Oregon and participate in the driving of the last, the golden spike, by Colonel Frederick Crocker. It is the golden link that is to weld us to the Atlantic of the north. Sleeping-cars and sumptuous fare are to be provided, and we are to dead-head from our Golden Gate to where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing; champagne, cigars, and grub to be paid for in appreciative descriptions of the country, of the great, rich valley of the Sacramento, the glistening snows of Shasta, the splendid scenery of the mountain-ranges under which we tunnel and over which we steam, the splendid, rich, and fertile valley of the Willamette, till we can see the trinity of mountains, Baker, Hood, and Rainier, lifting their proud heads above the clouds in the worship of Him that rules the valleys, mountains, rivers, clouds, and with His creative hand upon the throttle-valve of the great engine of the universe, keeps all things in harmonious motion. We shall meet the web-foot, and swap clatter with him over this wedding ceremony of our two grand States; we shall congratulate the older railroad-builders and the younger generation that inherits the enterprise and genius of the one that is passing away; and when the ceremony is over, and we have returned, and the hot-spiced courses of the marriage-feast are compelled to do service as cold funeral-baked meats—that is, when we have to pay our respective fares and our freights are not marked down, when the Interstate Commerce Law grasps our purses with its unrelenting fangs, makes us walk, ride the axle-beam, or pay, then we will grumble, and we will grumble all the

louder and more effectually because we can, in remembrance of the fact that we helped to open their road, reproach its builders for ingratitude in compelling us to pay to keep it open. Then merchants and farmers will damn the tyrannous extortion of the bloated monopoly, and we men of the press, holding the impartial position upon the judicial tribune that decides between the controversies of capital and labor, will decide for the mob, and the mob will throw up its greasy caps, and we shall blush with conscious convictions of our own most virtuous emotions. We recall the driving of the golden spike that united the Central and the Union Pacific Railroads; it was the golden noon of the popularity of our railroad kings; we remember how their popularity waned, departed, and finally went down in the gloomy night of a popular insurrection. We recall the time, scarce passed, when in all our South land the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé held the position due the Trinity; their popularity has not yet altogether passed, for the company is still building, but when the iron-track has passed, the murmuring wail is already in the air; and when the work is done and the harvest is being gathered, this murmur will burst forth into a very tempest of reproach for promises unredeemed and expectations unrealized. The most popular railroad company is the one that is ever building, ever extending, ever giving, because the populace is ever greedy, never satisfied, and always exacting. The connection of California and Oregon by rail is the best achievement of the railroad service since the completion of the first transcontinental road. We mean best for the city of San Francisco and Northern California, and when along the coast counties the southern portion of our State is reached, the harbor of San Francisco becomes the emporium of a vast commerce, which will be embarrassed by no serious rivalry of any other harbor washed by the waters of the North Pacific Ocean. Nature has given our city a position which the indolence and stupidity of our people can not destroy. Lack of enterprise may hinder and delay its prosperity, but the physical construction of ocean shores and inland valleys makes this bay the place where the commerce of the Pacific meets and interchanges with the productions of the continent. Until ships can travel by land and trains can navigate the sea, there need be no apprehension that the progress of the city of San Francisco will be arrested.

The President's message is a surprise—not because it is a very wonderful state paper, nor because it presents anything new or startling in the one question it contains. It is a surprise because it is a departure from a course made imperative by the Constitution, and made honorable as a tradition from which no other President has departed. It is a surprise, because it makes a political issue which the Democratic party is not in position to decline, and the one which the Republican party is most anxious to contest. This message makes the issue of free trade *vs.* a tariff for the protection of American labor and American manufactures—it makes this issue so distinct that it can not be avoided. It divides the Democratic party, and it consolidates the Republican party. It has a tendency to postpone to a great extent the contest over other and less important questions, and to concentrate the political forces upon one point. All this is the more of a surprise, because Mr. Cleveland had the presidential nomination within his grasp, and to us it seemed that the Democratic party had before it a most encouraging prospect of success. The course of the President surprises us, because we are not quite confident whether it is a recognition by the President that a financial-and-tariff question is one of such absorbing interest as to justify him in giving it a precedence over all others—a position which, in our judgment, is entirely untenable—or whether it was intended for a grand political *coup d'état*. Our estimate of President Cleveland has been a very high one, and we are not prepared to admit that the reasons which impelled him to this somewhat sensational act of statecraft have not been from the most pure and patriotic of motives. We are, however, reminded, when we peruse this document, that Mr. Cleveland is a son and citizen of New York; that his tastes have seemed to lead him in the direction of friendly alliance with the free-trade merchants of its metropolis, who have desired unrestricted commercial intercourse with Europe; of alliance with national and other bankers, with great corporations and financial concerns, who can see no other mode of disposing of the treasury surplus than by postponing the payment of the national debt. Mr. Cleveland, save upon a pleasure junket, has never been west of Buffalo, so that his horizon has been bounded by that of his native State, and all that he will ever know regarding the greater West he has yet to learn. It is in no disparagement of his intelligence that we thus write, but this vast imperial domain of ours has other localities in it than New York or Buffalo. It has other interests than are involved in merchandise or banking. It has other and more important questions than who shall be the Presidential nominee, or what the political motive that actuates any political party. We are not quite disposed to forgive the President for the eccentricity of his new departure in withholding from the people such information as they have the right to receive

though the annual Presidential message. What are our foreign relations? What our domestic conditions? What the policy of the administration? and if party issues may be made up in an executive message, what attitude will the Democratic party and the Democratic administration take upon such questions as within the year have caused great national anxiety? It seems more important to us to know what the President thinks, and what position he and his Cabinet will take toward foreign governments who are disposed to question our rights of fishing upon our shores, or trading within the jurisdiction of other nationalities; what he thinks about the anarchists, socialists, paupers, criminals, and political adventurers from other lands, who are invading our country, and interfering with the execution of its laws and the administration of its affairs; what he has done in reference to a reciprocal treaty with the Hawaiian government; what, if any, negotiations are pending with Mexico, or any of the States of South America; what about the necessities of a navy, and coast defenses; an increased military force; internal improvements; a levee upon the Mississippi; dredging the mouth of the Columbia; taking snags from the Sacramento; public buildings in our cities; the disposition of public lands; the preservation of forests; it seems more important to be informed upon these and such other questions as intelligent citizens delight to receive information upon, than to consider the disasters to be apprehended from having too much money in the national treasury. The President has done one thing for which we are grateful—he has given us the opportunity to write about and think about our own affairs, and has distracted our attention for a time from the sore throat of the German Prince, the traffic in red ribbons and medals by the French administration, and the rebellion of the Pope's Irish and the Papal priesthood against the English Parliament, its laws and empire.

By way of the New York *Herald* and the San Francisco *Examiner* we learn that the Irish rebellion does not wear the smiling aspect it did before Parliament passed its coercion law, and before the government undertook to enforce the law in the most distressful country of the shamrock and the harp. "The ministry is having a run of good luck." "The Irish National League is evidently making no headway." "The home-rule leaders are mysteriously silent or absent, and internal dissensions are not likely to be lessened." Parnell is in ambush under an assumed name; O'Brien is in jail, and refuses to wash himself with government soap, or dress himself in the garments of his prison residence. Parliament is to be subject to new rules; will meet at two P. M.; an intermission at seven for dinner, and adjournment at twelve o'clock midnight; willful disregard of rules will be punished; general business will be referred to committees, as in our Congress; the cloture will be enforced; long speeches and the interminable yawp of the Irish members will be controlled, in order that the affairs of the empire may be considered. The Lord Mayor of Dublin is in jail at Tullamore for aiding political agitation; Pyne is in Lisfing Castle defying arrest; Gilhooly, M. P., is with him in hiding; Harrington will soon be in jail, and most of the other leaders are singing very low. O'Donnell has brought suit against the *London Times*, and threatens to summon witnesses to prove the falsity of the *Times's* accusations in its most terrible indictment against the Parnell conspiracy, in which it demonstrates the intimate relations existing between the Irish leaders and the murderers, dynamitards, and criminals who assassinated Lord Cavendish and his secretary, Burke, and who endeavored to destroy the Houses of Parliament, London Bridge, railway stations and public buildings in the city of London. This suit, the Parnell leaders think, is part of a plan in which O'Donnell proposes to turn informer and expose all the secrets of the conspiracy against the English Government. Gladstone refuses to open another campaign, and immures himself in his library to write a book upon the future life, which his advancing years admonish him be must soon enter upon. The demonstrations against the government in London have all failed, and in the desperate endeavor to occupy Trafalgar Square on a Sabbath day to defy the authority of the law, the police, aided by the cavalry arm of the service, prevented any man from placing his foot upon the pavement that surrounds the column and statue of Nelson. The last conspiracy of Fenians to murder Hartington and Balfour has been exposed and defeated. While order does not yet prevail in Ireland, nor is the queen's writ yet able to be served without meeting violence, vitriol, and sick women, it is clearly evident that the force of the Irish rebellion is broken, and there is prospect that before long the political discontents will be brought in subjection to the law.

On a recent return from Los Angeles, we met upon the cars two gentlemen on their way from the peninsula of Lower California to the city of San Francisco. They were men of apparent intelligence, truthfulness, and practical knowledge of the country they so eloquently described. They told of great, fruitful valleys, watered with generous streams; of mining placers rich in gold; of opportunities to make vast wealth by bringing water to dry mesas abounding in nuggets; a climate surpassing in excellence anything we

had known; the country healthful beyond comparison with any other upon the Pacific Coast; the harbors of Ensenada and San Quentin well protected, easy of access, large enough for great fleets to ride safely at their anchorage. According to them, the "National" or "International" Company had obtained from the Mexican Government the most wonderful concessions of land, mines, industrial and commercial privileges. These gentlemen—whose names we do not remember, whose character we do not know—hung their alabaster lamps in such gorgeous marble halls that we were captivated with their description, so captivated, that if we could have divested ourselves of our years, our wife, our home, our *Argonaut*, and our expectations, we would have gone directly to the peninsula of Lower California and acquired a fortune if it took all summer. We have visited the southernmost portion of this land, and ridden for a few leagues through cactus deserts. We have visited the God-forsaken desolate lands across the Gulf near Guaymas, in Sonora. We have been at the head-waters of the Gulf of California where there is nothing attractive. We have steamed along the ocean coast of Lower California, and with a glass could see nothing to make us regard this place as a paradise. But we have never been at Ensenada, never at San Quentin, we have not written and do not intend to write in disparagement of a country we have not visited, but to all who have occupations, homes, wives, property, and expectations in other places, we say: Do not trust the representations of corporations or syndicates engaged in exploiting strange countries, for their interests lie in the direction of misrepresentation; do not trust the subsidized journal which is rescued from starvation by the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; the journalistic temptation is great to under all circumstances—with the opportunity of being paid to lie, the temptation is irresistible. The man who desires to emigrate from this country to the Republic of Mexico is willing to withdraw from the protection of the laws of the United States, and place himself, his family, his property and his future at the mercy of such institutions as for hundreds of years the central power of the Mexican Republic has been able to extend to its most remote frontier—the privilege of doing so without asking the consent of the *Argonaut* or its writers, but there is a manlier, and more honorable and a better way to answer suggestions of inquiry as to resources of a new country to which immigration is invited than by newspaper blackguardism and personal assault upon the supposed writer of an article that questions in courtly manner the business propositions involved in a speculative enterprise by a syndicate of financial gamblers. We put to-day a communication from Ensenada de Todos Santos, the truth of which we do not vouch and which we will permit any one to deny who is disinterested, and has a knowledge of the facts. The author of this communication is a stranger to the *Argonaut*, but has the manliness to write over his own name.

ENSENADA, Lower California, December 1, 1889.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: In reading the subsidized paper published here by the immigration concern, I have noticed that the publisher editors take exception to your wholesome remarks in regard to the veiling of the unsophisticated with the view to animate them to come here. As it may be of interest to you as well as to your readers, I the liberty of sending you the following résumé of personal observation which you may publish or not, according to your own views. That will render a service to would-be immigrants if they are intelligent enough to read and understand your paper, I do not doubt, as it will save to many a one who wishes to better himself the loss of his hard-earned gains. The unhealthy boom which pervaded the southern part of Upper California has reached this peninsula. You find a company of which claims to hold concessions, as we call them here, of the Mexican Government for the sale, gift, or distribution of lands which, *de facto* do not belong to the government, but to private individuals. The consequence would be a savory crop of lawsuits, which, to the actual settler, will be not only a source of expense but of actual loss. I fortunately your journal is not read by that class of people who mean to try the improvement of their condition on immigrating but means it sufficient to state that the land is barren, and with all the occasional rains incapable of yielding even the necessities of subsistence without mentioning that even if there was a surplus of production, market could be found for the disposal of the produce. You have given them warning. From ocular observation I endorse that warning. The South Sea Bubble, in its time, was nothing in comparison to this enterprise, which may pay the shareholders of the concern the expense of many a hard-working man who is beguiled to cast lot here. I do not write in the humor of a malcontent, but look at affairs calmly and coolly. Continue to dissuade would-be immigrants who have done heretofore; if they have sufficient intelligence they will follow your advice, and save themselves heart and purse-pangs. Yours, EDWARD NEWMANN

Once, in a sermon, the great Cardinal Newman of the Roman Catholic Church said: "Better were it for sun a moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremity, than that one should tell one wilful untruth though it harmed no one, steal one farthing without excuse." This beats Father Sassa, the Jesuit priest, in his sermon over the corner-stone of a school-house at Oakland. Such utterances from the priests of the Roman Catholic Church seem sublime and absurd to one who does not believe in it, and who thinks were better for humanity and civilization that the whole ecclesiastical debris of Rome should tumble in the abyss of annihilation than that the snub-nosed, freckled-faced, barefooted Irish boy should stub his toe on his way to a godless non-ecclesiastical free school upon a summer morning. There is a deal of buncombe in this round world of ours.

THE GLADSTONIANS AND THE LAND.

From the London "Economist."

The London *Economist* is a financial journal, and treats business questions with great candor. The question of rent in Ireland is one that affects all classes in England, and it is decided in this contest, so it will be in all countries where the principles of the English law underlie the government. If landlords in Ireland can not collect rents for the value of their lands, it will be but a brief period when there will be no rent collected in England, Wales, or Scotland, and only a short time before land rents can not be enforced in America, nor, indeed, in any civilized country. The tenant in Ireland has had his rent adjusted twice by property and legally constituted tribunals. He refuses not only to pay these rents, but repudiates the contract he has freely entered into with his landlord. The Irish contest is plainly adding up to the entire confiscation of land values, leaving a non-rent-paying tenant in possession as against his landlord, and leaving the farm-laborer in possession of the field against the tenant. We submit the following extract, from the London *Economist*, as well calculated to set reflecting minds to a more careful and serious consideration of the questions involved in the Irish no-rent agitation than as yet prevails. The Hibernia Bank and its depositors, its officers, directors, has encouraged the Irish agitation in San Francisco by acting as vice-presidents, and by contributing money to the Irish cause, well knowing that if their acts of eviction and foreclosures of mortgages were treated in Ireland, the bank would be rendered insolvent, and could not be able to pay its depositors ten cents on the dollar. Nearly all its loans are secured upon real estate at San Francisco, and upon farming property under rental. There have been more evictions in the city of New York alone than in Ireland, and there are more in San Francisco every year than in any part of Ireland with an equal number of inhabitants. If Mr. Gladstone and his party should be required to power, or if Ireland should obtain an independent parliament, the necessity of paying rent would still exist. The Parliament of England, or Ireland, can not refuse to maintain the legal rights of the land-owner in the County of Wick, or in the most riotous part of Ireland, without confessing that government no longer exists in the British realm. When that confession is made, the government of the United States of America will recognize that its days of actual existence are numbered. When England and America submit to the rule of the mob, civilization will have disappeared from the earth, and universal anarchy will prevail.

The Gladstonian Liberals will, within a very few months, or, if they even weeks, be face to face with a rather serious political difficulty. They will be obliged to say what they really mean as to the justice of enforcing the payment of rent. Do they mean that such payment is to be enforced at all, or that the action of law is only to be suspended when the rent is exorbitant? Hitherto they have been enabled to avoid a decision on this point, by declaring that those landlords in and who levy their rents are grasping landlords who, in England, should be compelled, by opinion and by traditional custom, to make remissions. The prices of produce having fallen, rent, they say, is too high; and for a landlord to evict, rather than to make remissions, is oppressive. That argument is not sound, unless it is applied to all contracts made during a period of falling prices, and unless landlords is also allowed the benefit of a rise, but it serves to enable Englishmen, for party reasons, to complain of Irish evictions. Certain justice in it was, moreover, admitted by Parliament, when last it passed a new Land Act, enabling the commissioners to reduce rents in Ireland even below the judicial rent, if the absence of profits justifies such a step. Now, however, the commissioners are acting under statute, and are arranging a basis for rent that will constitute them "irresponsible" in the very sense in which the Gladstonian Liberals understand the word. There are, however, few signs that the Irish tenants are more willing to pay, and Mr. Dillon, of Limerick, on Sunday, openly urged them not to do it. He said: "Now the landlords are making proposals for a settlement. We have brought them to their knees, but I want to give this piece of advice to the people of Ireland. Do not be in a hurry to settle, and, above all things, do not be in a hurry to buy. Believe me, time is working on the side of the tenants. The landlords' associations are broken, and these men would speak fair words or ask for settlement if they did not know and feel that their power is gone, or almost gone. They showed you in the past, when they had the power, that they had no mercy, and if they talk to you about seeing peace in Ireland again, it is because they are beaten, and they feel that the hour of judgment is arriving, and that the people of this country will be able to dictate their own terms." Mr. Dillon continued: "The plan of campaign can be better worked this year than ever before; the police can not touch the tenantry, and no estate in Ireland this winter need pay more than a just rent, and if the tenants pay more, let the landlords rob them as much as they please. Above all, do not consent to buy your farms upon the landlords' terms." Mr. Dillon was enthusiastically cheered by his audience, and there is, therefore, little doubt that his advice will be accepted, and that the rents twice reduced by an impartial tribunal will be resisted strongly as the rents fixed by free contract. That resistance can be met only by eviction, and the question is: whether the Gladstonian Liberals will, or will not, under these circumstances, support resistance to the law; that is, whether they will justify resistance to eviction even when the rent has been lowered to the point which they consider fair? They have justified it hitherto, and the great body of persons interested in the question wish to know if they will continue to do so.

The question is a serious one for them, for it involves the very existence of property in land. If rent is not to be settled by free contract, but not to be settled by a public tribunal, the only remaining method is one Mr. Dillon suggests, namely, that the rent shall be settled by the tenant alone, who, of course will pay just as little as he can, and in accordance with his own needs and those of his family. That is to say, as ordinarily understood will cease to exist altogether, and with it property in land, for it is impossible to sell land so situated, and impossible, also, to pay the public dues which were fixed when rent was paid. The value of the land, if evictions are prohibited by opinion, is, in fact, transferred to the tenant, avowedly because of the fall of price. That, however, extends equally to England and Scotland, and in England, where greater, because we have here so much land growing wheat, in which the fall in price has been the greatest of all. If, therefore, just to resist evictions in Ireland because prices are low, it is just in England; and we may be sure that justice will not, for any length of time, be localized in a single division of the United Kingdom. The movement against rent, except when fixed at the tenant's discretion, must spread, and it becomes important to know if the Gladstonian

Liberals are prepared to give it their approval. If we may judge from the speeches of some of their more hot-headed partisans, they are—Mr. Herbert Gladstone for example, declaring this week, that a landlord who evicts commits a murder. But is that the opinion of the gravest members of the party? They will shortly be asked the question in a substantial form, for in Wales the agitation against rent gathers strength daily, and it is essential, for the sake of the poorer farmers there, that the party should speak out. Indeed, it is essential for other interests less strictly agricultural. Very large sums have been invested in this country upon mortgages, especially by the insurance companies; and if the tenants are to settle what rent is to be paid, and evictions are to be regarded as social crimes, that mass of property, most of which is really held by the widows and children, for whose benefit insurances are kept up, becomes comparatively worthless. Those interested must have many hundreds of thousands in number. In the present state of the law, eviction is the only guaranty for the landlord, and the question whether it is to be maintained is for all interested in land, whether as owners, or reversioners, or mortgagees, or dealers, one of vital moment, more especially, as the Gladstonian Liberals declare they expect to be in power next year. Undoubtedly, one main factor in the present depression of land is a belief that, as the Liberals must act on the same principles in England and Ireland, they may, in England also, shortly condemn evictions, and insist that landlords should depend for their rents upon their tenants' kindly feeling. That is what the wilder Liberals practically preach in Ireland, and in England that preaching would affect a great many hundred millions' worth of property.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 11, 1887.

MR. PIXLEY: You must excuse me writing to you. I am a poor widow trying to bring my four girls and two boys up respectfully and in full fellowship with the Holy Catholic Church. Some twenty of us Catholic ladies have come together to pray to the Holy Mother that she may intercede for you, and have your eyes opened. If you should be converted and come into the Catholic Church, I believe you would be a second St. Paul. May the scales fall from your eyes, and may you, like St. Paul, be led to see the errors into which you have fallen, and, instead of using your God-given talents to aid the Devil in all his schemes, may you speedily be brought to understand your awful position, and spend the remaining years in the cause of our most Holy Church. I read your paper almost weekly, and know, if your blindness were once removed, your conversion would cause a sensation second only to that of St. Paul while on the road to Damascus to persecute the early Christians. We ladies have handed together for one object—the conversion of your soul. And we have decided to mingle our prayers together. As you had the manliness, after investigation, to admit your error in saying that no American family could live comfortably off a twenty-acre farm, so may we Catholics hope you will soon admit your greater error of bounding and believing the only true Church of God, if you but investigate. Satan seems to possess you when you write about us. Two weeks ago the priests told their parishioners to refrain from purchasing your paper. Last week, however, I disobeyed the father and bought one, and the priest told me it would only bring me harm. Will you believe it, the very night after the father told me this, four of my cows either broke out of the corral, or were taken out by the poundman, and I had much trouble and expense to get my property again? Never will I let one of your vile papers darken my house again—without your repent.

In addition to being on the wrong side of the church question, you don't understand the land question in Ireland. I wish you would visit Ireland some time, and with as unbiased a mind as you could command, make a tour of that English-rudden country. There is now being portrayed in this city in not too vivid colors, an Irish eviction. I refer to the play, "Eviction, or Ireland as it is." My grandfather was evicted from the house in which I was born, and I have often heard him relate the terrible and heart-rending times we had. I send you a ticket to this excellent entertainment, and, if you are honest, and I believe you to be as honest as your benighted soul will allow, you can not see this truthful illustration of Ireland's woes without being convinced that she is being ruthlessly ground under the heel of English landlords. The power for evil which you wield is great, and I trust you will go and see for yourself just how our poor relatives in Ireland are being abused and ill-treated. If this little piece of pasteboard will cause you to look further into the English landlords' selfish schemes I shall have great hopes that our little band's prayers will be answered in regard to your most grievous of all sins—your perversion of the truth in relation to the Holy Father and the Catholic Church. May the Holy Mother have your case in mind. Respectfully, MRS. CATHERINE BRADY, BERNAL HEIGHTS.

The following epigram, written on a half-sheet of newspaper, has been found attached to the fly-leaf of a copy of Forster's "W. Savage Landor," 1869:

The "Last Days of Pompeii."
If aught so damping and so dull were
As these "last days" of Dandy Bulwer,
And had been cast upon the pluvius
Rockets that issued from Vesuvius,
They would no more have reached Pompeii
Than Rome or Tusculum or Veii.

W. S. LANDOR.

The Osage Indians are about the only example now left in the United States of a real aristocracy. They do not depend upon government rations, as do the Cheyennes and others, at all, but have enough as their own undisputed property to make them the wealthiest community in the country. Besides the land of the reservation, which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about seven million dollars bearing five per cent. interest in the hands of the government. They are paid about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in cash. The entire tribe numbers only one thousand six hundred, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have. The Osages have all the attributes of an aristocracy. They own the land, do absolutely no work, have plenty of money, know nothing of barter and sale. They envy nobody and are satisfied with themselves and their customs. With the virtues of aristocracy they have its vices. With generosity they have shiftlessness and laziness in perfection. Though magnificent pastures lie before them for miles, few of them take the trouble to own cattle, the majority preferring to buy beef already slaughtered and cut up from the traders. They are not even hunters and fishers. Their lives are spent in lying around under tents and shanties, eating to repletion and filling their blood with impurities which they do not take exercise enough to get rid of. Bad habits have brought on bronchial and scrofulous diseases, which are helping to reduce still further their numbers. They have no faith in white physicians, and their own medicine men have as much influence as a hundred years ago. The government puts a premium on reproduction by the system of distribution adopted. Each member of the tribe, including women and children, receives about one hundred and sixty dollars every year. The more wives and children an Osage has, therefore, the richer he is. In spite of this encouragement the tribe is decreasing. A white physician at the agency estimates that the rate of decrease is not less than two per cent. a year among the full-bloods. The half-breeds are increasing. It can be at once reckoned that in another half century the full-bloods will have gone, and the splendid inheritance will be in the possession of white men and their children. Other tribes not so well provided with worldly goods are fond of visiting the Osages, and on these occasions the custom of "smoking" presents works to the disadvantage of the wealthier. Several hundred ponies and large amounts of various property have thus been given to the Kaws and other poorer tribes within a few years. The local government of the Osages is communistic. The lands are held by the tribe at large, and their affairs are administered by a chief, a council, a judiciary, and a police force.

PILES OF MONEY.

Some of the Trials of Tellers in the London Banks.

A London bank-teller always experiences a feeling of relief when he finds his money correct at the close of Friday's work, and the rest of the staff can not leave the bank until he either discovers his error, or satisfies himself as to the actual shortage. The great bulk of the shortages made across bank-counters in England are believed to occur on that day. The belief is recorded as an acknowledged and experienced fact. Next in order of bad days for the teller, or cashier, as he is designated in London, comes Saturday, but there the bad luck is intelligible. Saturday is wages day, and no sooner has the teller filled his till, and loaded up his shelves with silver in £5 and £10 bags, than the day's work sets in like a flood. Until twelve o'clock he is paying away with both hands; after that hour, if he is a receiving clerk as well, he begins to receive heavily, for Saturday is also the last day of the week, and every one elects that the bank should receive his deposits rather than that he should keep them in his own less secure custody over Sunday.

In beginning work on Saturday, the London teller faces an open mahogany counter, of which the portion controlled by his desk is probably six feet long, by three feet wide. He likes to have a good square view of his customer, and it is one of the canons of British banking that the eyes of the staff shall command the counter.

The London teller is probably the quickest manipulator of coin in the world. This is largely owing to the fact that the smallest note issued in London is of the value of five pence, or twenty-five dollars. When asked for gold in a greater amount than his eye can count at a glance, the teller, after counting it quickly with a pianoforte action, throws it with his copper scoop into his faithful scales, and so checks his count. The teller also checks the gold which he receives, by weight. One hundred new sovereigns are of full weight, rather more, in fact, but the same number taken at haphazard will be found to be nearly half a sovereign (or 1 1/2 per cent) short in weight, while one hundred pounds in ordinary half sovereigns are sometimes twenty shillings (or 1 per cent) short in value. The teller can quickly satisfy himself as to whether the deficiency is caused by shortage in the weight or the count, by dividing the amount and weighing one moiety against the other. If they balance evenly, the count is correct and the difference is due to underweight. If the latter exceeds the average stated, the coin will need to be specially examined; there is probably something wrong. This question of light gold is an important one. One large London joint-stock bank paid to the Bank of England £30,000 (\$150,000) for deficient weight in its gold for one year.

The edge of the English bank-counter is provided with a lip to prevent the coin from rolling over and to aid the teller in scooping up the money. The teller usually counts with the first two fingers of both hands, simultaneously; sometimes he uses six fingers, and a teller has been known to count four hundred and fifty sovereigns in one minute, working against time. An expert teller will count one hundred pounds value of silver in seven minutes. When it is remembered that the coin are always mixing, consist of sixpences, shillings, florins, half-crowns and crowns with never a decimal convenience among them, this will reasonably be considered as a remarkable feat. Selection of coins possible in such a count would take fully thirty minutes. The four fingers of the teller seize all the coins as they come, and if their action is bewilderingly quick, what must be that of the eye and brain which can so promptly assess and add up those disjointed values so as to keep pace with the mechanical action of the hands? And all the time an outlook is kept for base coin, of which such an expert will sometimes throw out fully half a dozen in counting a hundred pounds.

One great advantage which the English teller possesses over the American teller lies in the fact that he issues clean notes only. The Bank of England has the exclusive privilege of note issue in London and within a radius of sixty miles, a right conferred for a certain valuable consideration granted to the government in years gone by. All the notes received by the London teller are sent into the Bank of England, and they are not reissued. The average life of a £5 bank-note is two or three weeks, that of a £100 bank-note three days—that is, the interval between its issue and return to the bank, and finally death. "The Bank," be it noted, always refers in London to one institution, "the Bank of England." The advantage in issuing clean notes is this: They are all numbered consecutively, therefore all that the teller has to do in recording the numbers is to enter the first and the last—thus, 87,560 to 87,574 18 6-87 £10, would represent £150 in ten-pound notes. The smaller numbers represent the date, June 18, 1887. The London teller has the trouble of entering the numbers of his notes, but if he gives away too much, he can usually locate his error at the close of the day, and generally recover the money.

A teller who made a "short" and paid it out of his own pocket without reporting it, would be infringing the rules. He may inadvertently be cloaking an office thief by doing so. But although he does not always pay for his own losses they appear regularly in the weekly returns to the directors with his name against them, until they become a very weariness to the flesh. They are written off against the profit and loss account on quarter-day when the books are made up, but not before the directors know all about Mr. Jones's mishap. But the mere question of mechanical correctness in his cash would not—in the absence of other qualifications—lead to the promotion of a teller. He must be possessed of a suave yet dignified manner, a temper not readily ruffled, and be an accurate judge of the human countenance. He must be infallible in the matter of signatures. He must also have an excellent memory for customers' balances, and he must be fully alive to what is going on around him all the day long. And in London, at least, he must be conversant with all public and especially financial matters, and with the value of stocks. While thus engaged in front, there is a force alongside of him which never permits itself to be forgotten, and that is the potency of the managerial eye.

"Mr. Jones, I'll take up your till," is a quiet remark which the teller usually hears once a week in a well-regulated office, but for which he must always be prepared, for it is just as possible as not that it may occur two days in succession.

THE WILD TRAIN.

A Stirring Railway Story.

"Yes, sir! the boy there, though but five years old and not knowing a dash from a dot, stands upon the company's pay-roll as telegraph-operator, at fifty dollars per month. How did it come about?" you ask. Just wait a few moments until my relief comes, and as we walk to the house for supper, I will give you the story."

The speaker was an old school-friend of mine, whom I had hunted up after a long absence from my native city, and found busily employed in the train-dispatcher's office of the Railroad, as chief operator. Upon his instruments rested the cabinet photograph of a little boy, and my remarking upon the smart appearance of the little fellow elicited the above reply.

Here followed an introduction to the relief, a pleasant-looking young man of twenty one or two, whose duty it was to remain all night at the post my friend was just vacating, to whom was given some general information as to how the trains were running upon his division, and what orders had been issued; then, with a pleasant good night, we were off.

"Now for the story!" continued my friend, as we emerged upon the street, and turned our steps toward his home.

"One year ago I was discharged from the very position I now hold, for having, as was charged, caused the wreck of two freight-trains at C—, a small station upon our line about thirty miles east of here.

"You must know that all regular trains upon our road are run upon schedule time, or, in other words, upon that laid down in the time-tables of the company. But extras of any sort, or regular trains when off their schedule time, must be helped along by telegraphic orders, issued by, or in the name of, the train-dispatcher. This, upon a single-track road, carrying so much traffic as ours, is constantly occurring.

"As I might weary you by details, if I entered into too minute an explanation of how this is done, I will give you the system in as few words as possible.

"For an example: we will say the regular crossing point for No. 34 going west and No. 35 going east is B—. Now all trains are reported by telegraph from each station as they pass. We are on the lookout for these reports, and before us is the train-sheet upon which must be noted the time of departure of each train from any station. Thus we can tell, at a glance, the position of every train upon the road. We will say these reports show No. 35, going east, to be thirty minutes late. Since No. 34 would be obliged to wait at the usual crossing point for the laggard, we give it an order to proceed to C—, ten miles beyond, and cross No. 35 there, thus keeping it on time while causing no further delay to the delinquent. Of course, it is necessary to notify both trains of the change in crossing-points, and right here is where my trouble occurred.

"One day, sitting at my instruments, busily employed as you saw me a few moments ago, I discovered that freight No. 102 was losing time. Soon it was thirty minutes behind, and wishing to help along freight No. 65, which usually crossed it at B—, I concluded to push it along to C— for a crossing. Accordingly I called up D—, the next station beyond the usual crossing-point, and upon receiving the response went ahead with this order:

"To Conductor and Engineer No. 65:
"You will proceed to C— and cross No. 102 there."
(Signed) Hobbs, Dispatcher.

"The next move was to protect them in thus passing their usual crossing-point, by giving the same order to No. 102 at A—.

"Calling up A—, I said in the cipher used on such occasions: '14 for No. 102,' which means, 'Put out blue signal to hold No. 102.' This blue signal, a flag by day and a lantern by night, conspicuously displayed in front of a station, means telegraphic orders, and by this signal no train is allowed to pass. Instantly came back the reply from the operator at A—, '15 for 102.'

"Now every operator's duty is to put out the signal before replying with 15, which means: 'blue signal is displayed, and will hold the train.' You see the use of the cipher figures is a great saving of time and space. The most imperative orders are issued, and the utmost care taken in moving trains by telegraph; and to answer with 15 before the signal is displayed is contrary to all rule, as in so doing there is a chance that some duty will come up, in the performance of which the signal will be neglected, until too late.

"Well, upon receiving the assurance that the flag was out at A—, I gave the order corresponding to the one above, but addressed to No. 102. Thus I had all arranged according to rule, for a crossing at C—. Soon came the answer from No. 65:

"To Hobbs, Dispatcher:
"We understand we are to proceed to C—, and cross No. 102 there."
(Signed) Bruce, Conductor, No. 65.
Costar, Engineer, No. 65.

"To this I promptly gave O. K., and they were dispatched. As No. 102 had not arrived at A—, and no reply could be received from them until conductor and engineer had signed the order, which, of course, the blue flag would notify them was there, I turned my attention to other duties, and thought no more of that crossing, until some time after, it occurred to me that No. 102 was slow about replying.

"So calling the operator at A—, I asked: 'Has No. 102 arrived?'

"Arrived and gone," was the reply.

"Gone without receiving the orders I gave you? impossible! Did you not display your blue flag?'

"No!" was the reply. "Having received no orders to do so, I did not."

"The operator at A— was comparatively a new man, a nephew of an influential member of our board of directors, through whom he had obtained his position, and through whose influence I was soon to lose mine. His deliberate falsehood astounded me, as well it might, for allowing the train to proceed without the orders meant for them to run by C— and endeavor to reach their usual crossing-place at B—, as soon as possible, to save delay to 65, which was pushing along expecting to reach them at C—. The result must be collision.

"The thought drove me nearly frantic. Further question-

ing only resulted in further denial from the operator of having received any orders to hold the train, which orders he accused me of having failed to send.

"With fast-beating heart, and a terrible faintness upon me, I dropped my head upon the instruments and prayed for the poor fellows upon the trains. How many of them would survive the wreck, which now it was impossible to prevent, for between the two heavy trains rushing toward each other so swiftly, no operator was on duty with busily clicking instruments to warn them of their fate.

"Noticing my actions the dispatcher eagerly inquired the trouble. I could not reply in words, but noticing my instruments calling, I grasped a pen, and with my trembling fingers copied this message. It was addressed to the superintendent from the conductor of No. 65, and ran thus:

"Freights Nos. 65 and 102 met in head collision one mile east of C—, speed of fifteen miles per hour. Crews of both trains escaped uninjured. Fifteen cars derailed, five of them wrecked completely, badly blocking the main line. Will report in person by first train."

"My greatest fear had been that loss of life would result.

"As is usual in such cases, all the participants in the affair were called before the superintendent. Each man told his story. The operator at A— firmly adhered to his falsehood, and I as firmly to the truth, but to no purpose. The influence of his director uncle saved for him his position, the blame was attached to me, and I was discharged, forced to give up my position, and move. Some time before this, trusting in the security of my position, I had put all our little savings together and purchased a small house and lot in the pleasantest part of our city. I had borrowed from our savings-bank the sum of two thousand dollars, and placed a mortgage for that amount upon the place, believing that with prudence and economy we should be able to repay and lift the mortgage in due course of time.

"A pleasant little place it was, and much pleasure we took in fixing it up with flowers and vines, until it presented a most attractive appearance, and to ourselves, at least, was the very perfection of taste and home comfort. Now it must all be given up. This made the blow doubly hard, for where could I obtain a position at my business, with the knowledge that I had caused a wreck?

"No! I must give it all up, and commence at the foot of the ladder again.

"The company, having decided to put in the wires and open a station at C—, as a measure for guarding against further trouble, very kindly offered the situation to me. I could but accept. Soon we were moved into our new quarters—in a modest house near my station.

"Day after day came and passed now, so uneventfully as nearly to destroy all ambition. Duties, there were none to speak of. My station was what is termed a 'flag station.' Trains made no regular stop there, and when an occasional passenger wished to take the train, a very unusual occurrence by the way, my red flag by day, or red light at night, 'hauled up' the desired train. I grew despondent. Every day I sat in my little den of an office, listening to the business passing upon the wire, business in which I took no active part, for few, indeed, were the opportunities I had to open the wire.

"My little boy was my almost constant companion. He took great delight in the rural life which we were obliged to lead, grew stout and brown as any little rustic, and his delight knew no bounds, as he stood upon the platform when the heavy freights went rolling by, or the fast express, with a rush and a scream of the whistle, passed like a flash; and he would watch them out of sight with great round eyes, laughing and clapping his hands with delight.

"We used to watch him in silence, my wife and I, for she often came to sit with us, and cheer me by her presence; and thoughts of the opportunities he would miss, and the privileges of schooling he would be debarred from by my misfortune, were not calculated to make us cheerful.

"One beautiful summer day, when I had been some three months at my station, sitting as usual watching and listening at my instruments, for want of something better to do, I heard the dispatcher's office calling A—, heard him answer, followed by an order from the office to '14 for special freight passing east,' heard the reply exactly as the operator had given it to me on the day of the wreck—'15 for special freight'—then this order:

"To Conductor and Engineer Special Freight:
"You will not leave A— until special passenger train, Fairfield, conductor, has arrived."

"The special passenger train referred to was, as I knew, for I had heard it reported by wire, composed of an engine, superintendent's private car, and directors' car, filled with the officers of the road with their wives, all of whom had been down the line on a pleasure trip, to inspect the new station and grounds at our eastern terminus, and were now returning with all haste.

"I heard the superintendent's telegraphic request to the dispatcher to give them the right of way as far as practicable, and in accordance with this instruction he was now holding back the freight.

"I sat idly watching the approach of the special, and marking the quick time they were making, as the telegraphic reports, one by one, succeeded each other, as the train passed station after station—and still bemoaning my hard fate.

"No mistakes this time, I thought, only for me was the ill-luck reserved; for surely the operator at A— would not, could not, commit the same fault twice. This time there would be no poor assistant to attach the blame to, but the chief dispatcher.

"I sat there some time filled with these ungrateful and useless thoughts, until I was disturbed by the entrance of the little boy, who had been busy at play outside. He came in high glee, exclaiming: 'Papa! Papa! Train coming!'

"No, dear, not just yet. Wait five minutes, and then we will see them go flying by," I answered him with a smile, knowing how pleased he would be to see the rushing train.

"No! now, papa, now! I can see the smoke—come out, quick! To please him I complied, and looked up the line in the direction of the approaching special, which had passed the last station east of me, and must now be within five miles of our station.

"That, that way, papa! Look through the trees—see?" I turned, and saw, rising above the trees, the black smoke which denoted the approach of a train. In an instant I understood the situation. The freight was approaching, the

freight which was ordered to remain at A— to cross the passenger train. For a moment I was dazed, but only for a moment, for I knew something must be done, and that quickly, to avert an awful catastrophe.

"Below my station, some hundred yards or so, round curve which hid it from sight, was a switch which opened up a side track running by the station for another hundred yards, and which would hold the freight could I but reach and open it before the freight arrived there. But I must stop the passenger train for fear the freight would not get in time.

"Rushing into the station I grasped my signal flags, the blue in its proper place, but not daring to trust to that stop them, for fear the engineer, having his orders to run past my station, and at the high rate of speed he was coming might not see it, I took the red flag and the boy in my arm and placing him in the middle of the platform, put the flag in his hands.

"Arthur! I said sternly, 'do just as papa says, now, as we will save the trains. Stand right here! Do not move except to wave this flag, so!' giving him the up-and-down motion. 'Wave it, my brave boy, and do not stop till papa gets back!'

"His blue eyes filled with tears at my manner, and giving him a kiss to reassure him, I turned and ran for the switch. Could I reach it in time? I must! Over the ties I ran for life, for lives; for if the trains came in collision at that high rate of speed, many lives must be sacrificed.

"As I turned the curve I looked back at the station. There the little fellow stood, just where I had placed him and the flag, yes! the flag was waving, up and down, up and down, as fast as the stout little arms could move it, away down the line as far as the eye could reach, I could see the special passenger train coming. Now for it! Looking and running ahead again I saw the freight.

"Thank God! I shall reach the switch first," I cried, as I ran on. My switch-key was out of my pocket as I ran, as in my hand. A moment more and the switch was reached and the train a thousand feet behind in the race for life. To insert the key, unlock and throw the rails upon the siding, was the work of an instant.

"Yes! I was discovered by the engineer of the train—heard the shrill whistle for brakes, the danger signal, saw the engine reversed, the brakemen scrambling over the top of the cars setting the brakes, and knew all was done that could possibly be done to slacken the speed of the heavy train—standing at the switch, ready to throw the rails back as soon as they had passed upon the siding.

"In a moment they were within hailing distance, the firm man was upon my side, down upon the steps of his engine making ready to jump.

"Stick to your engine," I cried. 'Run upon the siding. Tell the engineer to stick and stop her for his life.'

"It is wonderful that he heard me, much more comprehended my meaning through the rush and roar of the train and hiss of escaping steam, as the engine rolled by greatly reduced speed; but I saw him climb back and commence setting the brake of the tender. With a terrible roar and grinding of the brakes upon the wheels, the train passed.

"I closed and locked the switch upon the main line, as started back for the station. I knew the special must have stopped there, else, ere this, it would have been upon us. Yes! Sure enough—coming in sight of the station—the she stood, safe and sound, and upon the siding beside stood the freight, now come to a full stop.

"The platform in front of the little depot was filled with the passengers of the special and train-men. I saw the boy still holding the red flag, in the arms of the superintendent. Crowded about him were president, board of directors, and other notables, invited guests of the road, with their ladies numbering full twenty-five people, who certainly, some of them, if not all, owed their life to the little fellow. Upon reaching the station I was at once the centre of the excitement, all eager for an explanation. In as few words as possible I gave, in answer to the superintendent's inquiry, a story—how the baby had discovered the approach of freight, how I had instantly placed him with the flag, which it seems, had been the means of stopping them, how I had hastened to the switch, arriving just in time to put the freight upon the siding, and that was all.

"All?—no! This was followed by an impromptu directors' meeting in my little seven-by-nine station—a directors' meeting in which ladies took a prominent part. I was called with my wife, who had run to the station alarmed, by the usual excitement—and the boy. Speeches were made which brought the blush to my cheeks and tears to my wife's eyes, tears of joy and pride in the boy.

"Yes, sir! They voted me two thousand dollars for prompt action and heroic conduct in time of danger, and the suggestion of the ladies—who but a woman would have thought of anything so romantic?—also voted to place the boy upon the pay-roll as a telegraph operator.

"A happy household we were that evening, and with many a kiss the boy was put to bed at night. The next day I was called to the general offices, and the dispatcher having told his story, how the orders had been promptly given to hold the freight, there were no doubts now as the person who had been remiss in duty upon both occasions. I was reinstated in my old position, and we immediately moved back into the little house you see yonder, which the company gift allowed me to free from debt; and, yes, that is the boy running to meet us now—a proud little fellow upon pay-day as he goes with me to the office, and stands among the men taking their turn to receive their pay—the pet of all.

"The operator? Oh! Without stopping to learn the result of his second blunder he deserted his post and fled. I have no knowledge of his future career. His error lay in replying that the blue was displayed before putting it out, and then neglecting it. When he saw the train pass, he deliberately tore up the orders, trusting in his ability to shift the blame upon me, in the first instance, but the second was too much."

W. D. HOLMAN.

Julian Hawthorne says that the boxing-glove is not let injurious to the person struck than the bare fist is. The fist cuts, but the glove stuns, like a sand-club, and is not apt to produce congestion.

AFTER THE HOUNDS.

"Cockaigne" discusses Fox-Hunting in the Fields of Merrie England.

Fox hunting has begun in downright, real, sober earnest. To people living out of England, this is a condition of things but vaguely, if at all, comprehended. No one, except he be an Englishman, can have any conception of what it all means. It is true that but a small portion of the inhabitants of the kingdom can afford to indulge in the pleasure and luxury of "following the hounds" as a regular annual custom. The proportion of regular fox-hunters to the aggregate population is indeed almost infinitesimal—about thirty thousand out of a grand total of over forty millions, I believe I have seen it stated somewhere. Yet, so influential are those who do hunt regularly, so prominent in their rank, position, property, and means, that their acts possess an importance sufficient to give a national character to whatever they may choose to do as a general habit. Whatever railers and scoffers may say, "society" in its confined sense, rules everywhere. What "society" does, is sure to be followed sooner or later, even by people who are not in it. Or, if not followed, to be silently and tacitly acquiesced in, and acknowledged as correct. Fox-hunting is a social custom. "Society" hunts. Of course, lots of people who haven't anything to do with society, hunt too. But it is society which keeps hunting up, and supplies the sinews of war, in the shape of large annual subscriptions to the different hunts. The Prince of Wales gives two hundred guineas a year to the support of the Norfolk hounds. He used to give a hundred, but hearing they were in need of further support, he ordered Sir Francis Knollys (a gentleman whose name, by the bye, is pronounced *Knoules*) to write a strong letter in favor of the noble sport, and to say he would henceforth double his subscription. The prince is an ardent fox-hunter. The Duke of Beaufort in one of his volumes of the recently published Badminton Library of Sport, hutters up "Tummy" considerably as a thorough knowing hand after hounds. The duke is no doubt a good judge. But we mustn't forget that the prince is one of his pals. "My dear boys, he's a friend o' mine," as doubtless the duke has sung many a time in his younger days, when he and "Tummy," and Captain Shaw, and young Marjoribanks, and the Duke of Hamilton, and the Marquis of Hastings, used to go to fires together. So long as the prince goes in for the sport, so long will it be fashionable, were there any need of giving it a royal tone, which there is not.

In one or two of my previous letters I have given the *Argonaut's* readers some of the statistics of hunting in England, so far as the number of packs of hounds, expense of keeping them up, etc., were concerned, so I need not repeat, except to say that the total number of dogs maintained in the United Kingdom for hunting purposes is over nineteen thousand! This includes fox-hounds, stag-hounds, and harriers (used for hunting hares), but no other dogs. In English parlance, hunting only means following the hounds on horseback. It does not mean shooting, or "gunning," nor yet coursing, as it does in America. So that the grand total of dogs just mentioned does not embrace either greyhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels, or retrievers (commonly called "hunting-dogs" in the States) which are kept by individuals for field-sports of a different character, and which must in the aggregate run up into several hundreds of thousands. I only speak of hunting as it is understood in England, and that means (as I have said) the chasing on horseback of foxes, with fox-hounds; stags or bucks with stag or buck hounds; and hares with harriers. The most general and common of the three is fox-hunting, and hence, when hunting "in general terms is spoken of or referred to without any qualification, fox-hunting is understood to be the port meant. I venture to suppose that it has occurred to some people to suspect that the word hunt is really a corruption of the German (Saxon) *hund*, a hound; and that hunting actually means no more nor less than *hounding*. Certain it is that in England there can be no hunting without hounds.

The first week in November is the hunting starting-point, and it continues all through the winter, until March, without top, check, impediment, or interruption, save by one inexorable enemy. That enemy is a gentleman popularly known as Jack Frost. No weather, be it wind, fog, hail, frost, or rain, will hinder hunting. Indeed a wet day is not otherwise than propitious. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky bespeak a hunting morning" sings the old song, and no man (or woman who hunts) would dream of staying away on a meet because it is raining or "looks like it." It is a curious thing that following the hounds should offer such incitements to get a wetting without minding it. At other meets the average English lady or gentleman of hunting propensities is as much against going out in the rain as they are in favor of it, or rather indifferent to it. Except when hunting is on the *tapis* they certainly "know enough to go when it rains." Generally, a wet day keeps every one indoors, huddled about the fire, peering out of the windows, watching for "enough blue in the sky to make a sailor a pair of trousers;" wandering aimlessly from room to room; sitting gossiping in the smoking-room, or knocking the balls out at pool or pyramids in the billiard-room. The ladies at no end of crochet and crewel-work done, and work off a vast stock of long-neglected correspondence and unanswered letters. Foreigners are wont to laugh at the inevitable umbrella which to their eyes every Englishman carries rolled tightly up in his hand, ready for any shower down-pour that may come up unawares. There are people in the world so afraid of getting wet; but if in doesn't put a stopper on hunting, frost does. There is no hunting, there can be no hunting, when there is frost. And for two reasons: First, the ground would be too hard for the horses' hoofs, and jumping very dangerous; second, there is no scent, and without scent the hounds wouldn't know where the fox had gone. A long spell of frost is therefore a disastrous condition of things for fox-hunters. Days and weeks go by, sometimes, waiting for a thaw, or in hopes that "this heastly weather would break up, n't you know." Last winter was a particularly hard one, more than one respect, on hunting. One frost lasted for six weeks or more, and you should have heard the howls growl and stamp. The horses did nothing but stand

in their stalls and loose boxes eating their heads off. Thus far this year the weather has kept right, and, on the off days, and in the mornings, the roads are full of blanketed and hooded nags exercising with their grooms.

I have said that about thirty thousand people hunt regularly in England. I daresay some people will differ with me at first glance. But I wish to lay stress on the word *regularly*. Off and on, as occasion offers, business and occupation permits, or good fortune enables, there are thousands of others who hunt. But they only hunt when they can. They don't necessarily keep hunters. They hunt whatever nags they may possess, from carriage-horses to ponies. Some people hire a horse now and then, others get their friends or relatives to give them a mount, say half a dozen times in the season, and army officers, on occasion, may so utilize their chargers. But such irregular proceedings can not be dignified by the term "hunting," or considered so, when hunting as a regular systematic custom is under discussion. Did hunting depend upon such people, I am afraid it would very soon fall into disuse. Yet, I venture to say, and I think most men who know anything about it will agree with me, if you want to hear hunting talked up, descanted upon, praised, upheld, and defended, you'll find it among these spasmodic sportsmen.

To judge of hunting, and determine whether its observance as an annual custom is beneficial or injurious, one must weigh all the *pros* and *cons* worth considering. Judged by the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, it must fall to the ground. It affords a certain kind of sport; there is a vast amount of exhilarating excitement in a good run across country, if you are well mounted; and there is much that is pleasant in the social character of a meet. You are thrown in almost daily contact with your neighbors; riding across country is said to give a man nerve, though for my part, I believe one must possess the nerve to begin with—and you get to know people better and find out their good and bad points. It is a healthful exercise. "Everybody likes it, my dear boy," the old squire will tell you, as they smack their port after dinner; "we like it, the horses like it, the hounds like it; yes, and egad, I believe the fox likes it, too." In this country, there are some men, in high places, who discountenance hunting. They are few, it is true, but they are of too high a rank and position to attempt to ostracize them. The last Earl of Ashburnham was one, and the present Lord Ashburton is another. The latter, I believe, will not permit the hounds to meet upon or hunt over his property. He is cordially disliked, of course. But he is too great a man to have any one show him openly what, were he a poor man, would compel him to leave England.

I see that a few devotees of anglomania in America are trying to introduce hunting in the States. It is a pity. In the first place, it is not suited to the tastes of the people; and, in the next, it can never be followed out properly, and fox-hunting, unless properly carried out, becomes a screaming farce. You might as well expect to introduce and establish buffalo-hunting (as it used to be on the plains) in England.

LONDON, November 11, 1887.

The amphitheatre of the Charité Hospital in Paris, was on October 20th, crowded with persons who had been invited to witness the experiment of hypnotism made by Doctor Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine and doctor at the Salpêtrière. Before introducing Mlle. Esther, his subject, the doctor showed his auditors photographs illustrating the effects produced on her in his laboratory. Mlle. Esther was then brought forward. By the means of magnetic passes, the doctor threw her from a state of lethargy into a cataleptic condition, and then into a state of lucid somnambulism. Doctor Luys placed a tube containing hashish on her neck, and she seemed instantly to feel the effect of the narcotic preparation. She assumed a natural air, and soon went straight toward Doctor Reclus, who was present, and proposed to perform the "Mascotte" with him. The doctor was rather annoyed by the preference shown him by Mlle. Esther, so Doctor Luys diverted her attention from him to Doctor Segond, who consented to play the part of Pippo, while Mlle. Esther took that of the Mascotte. He sat down beside her, whereupon she promptly kissed him. "Now sing," said Doctor Luys, holding the tube to her neck, and she began at once, stopping short when the tube was withdrawn. Doctor Luys then begged Doctor Reclus to place himself behind the young woman, and to put the tube on her neck and then gradually take it away. Mlle. Esther began again to sing; but in proportion as the tube was taken further and further from her, her voice became fainter and fainter till it died away entirely. She then fell, in a cataleptic condition, into the arms of the hospital assistants who were behind her. Doctor Luys made other experiments upon Mlle. Esther. By looking at her he made her follow with her eyes an imaginary bird in the air, and at last she thought she had caught it in her hands. Then, by making her look down, the doctor frightened her by making her imagine there was a serpent at her feet. The most remarkable display was when Doctor Luys placed a tube containing ten grammes of essence of thyme on Mlle. Esther's neck. In a few moments her face became purple, her arms and hands stiff, and the neck swelled out in a most extraordinary manner. From thirty-one centimetres it grew, by the contraction of the muscles, to thirty-five. The suffering seemed to be intense, and when the tube was taken away the patient was two minutes at least before returning to a state of lethargy. Doctor Luys has for many years been studying hypnotism, and no one can for a moment imagine there is anything like charlatanism in his experiments.

The trainmen on the train that carried the crowd to the McAuliffe-Carney fight had a hard time of it. The conductor and brakemen lost their watches, and had their pockets picked of their change besides. Many of the passengers had no tickets and refused to pay any fare. At New London the train was ferried over on a big boat that had a lunch-room up-stairs. The passengers cleaned out the lunch-room, taking cakes, pie, fruit, sandwiches, chicken, and everything without paying for it. The cigar-stand was cleaned out. At the stations the mob swooped out of the train and made war upon the villagers. The police were helpless. The man in charge of the lunch-counter on the ferryboat threatened to have a company of militia to protect him.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Two old friends meet. "How's your wife?" "Don't know—she's dead."—*Town Topics*.

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.—*Ex.*

When a musician goes fishing does he castanet in the hope of catching a bassoon?—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Boulanger has been arrested. Can it be that he was whistling his own march?—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Barbed wire is not popular in Kentucky unless it is in the form of a corkscrew.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Marriage certificates with divorce-clippings are being introduced in Chicago, and are becoming very popular.—*Tid-Bits*.

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-nail.—*Boston Bulletin*.

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he also gets more pay.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Husband (dressing)—"Where in the world are my boots, my dear?" Wife—"On the mantel-piece, where you left them last night."—*New York Sun*.

Statistics prove that there are fewer lovers' quarrels at this season of the year than at any other time. After December 25th it will be different.—*Tid-Bits*.

Mamma—"Edith, can you tell me what faith is?" Edith (at six)—"Oh, yes; it's believing what you know isn't true." [Fact].—*Harvard Lampoon*.

The Russian town that has been inundated by coal-oil would like to hear of a good site near a river that overflows once a year.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Russia has placed a tax of one kopeck each, on every egg sold in the kingdom, and the hens keeplng around with every mark of dissatisfaction.—*Epoch*.

When one of Swinburne's poems is being transmitted by submarine telegraph, the mermaids retire into the deepest coral caves where they can blush unseen.—*Puck*.

It is an Irishman who defines a rich man as a man who bites off more than he can chew, and a poor man as a man who chews more than he can bite off.—*New York Tribune*.

Young Mr. Sissy—"I am afraid that I am making rather a long call, Miss Smith. Are you tired?" Miss Smith (politely)—"Oh, no, Mr. Sissy, not physically tired."—*Tid-Bits*.

Patient (in contortions of agony)—"Great Scott, doctor! I thought you extracted teeth without pain." Dentist—"So I do, sir; I haven't been hurt the least bit, I assure you."—*Tid-Bits*.

Old Lady (on her way to church)—"Don't you know, little boys, that it is wicked to play ball on Sunday?" Little Boy—"We ain't playin'; we're only practicin' for ter-mornin's game."—*New York Sun*.

Miss Ethel (in restaurant)—"Oh, Clara, let us have some crabs; I've never eaten any." Miss Clara—"What kind shall we order?" Miss E.—"Haggard's, I think. I've heard them spoken of."—*Tid-Bits*.

Patrolman O'Karrish (who has brought home his night-stick for the first time)—"Where's me club?" Mrs. O'Karrish—"Club, is it? Sure Oi t'ought it was wan o' them Ditch sabbages; an' it's 'blin' it is!"—*Puck*.

A New York firm left a nine-thousand-pound boiler outdoors overnight, and in the morning it was gone. The only thing that can safely be left out overnight in New York is a six-story building.—*Omaha World*.

Counsel (to witness)—"Is it possible, Uncle 'Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?" Uncle 'Rastus (indignantly)—"No, sah; de gemman giv me two dollars."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Brown—"Do you know how long Robinsons has been keeping house?" Smith—"No; but it must be a good many years. I took dinner with him the other day, and he carved a duck without spilling it on the floor."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Irate passenger on cable-car: "Conductor, there are fifty-five people on this car." Conductor—"Fifty-five? Thank you." Stops the car at street corner. "Now then, hurry up. Room for fifteen more people on this car."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"George," she said, and her manner betrayed anxiety, "what has come over papa of late? He treats you coldly, and evidently tries to avoid you." "He borrowed ten dollars of me a couple of weeks ago," explained George.—*New York Sun*.

Julius Cesar (in Thracian elevator-boy in capitol at Rome, ante kal., Aug. IV., B. C. 22)—"Salve, puer, how many trips have you to-day made?" Elevator Puer—"Salve, Cesar, I have two hundred and fifty up made. I have the downs not counted."—*Puck*.

A Chicago correspondent writes as follows, concerning a wedding in what is known in local circles as "high-toned, gilt-edged society": "The groom, Mr. Hilderbrand Maginnis, is well known as a young man of fine æsthetic tastes. He has been reared in the lap of luxury, and never had a shoe-trush in his hand."—*Puck*.

Gus (who has been making an evening call)—"What a very cold and distant girl Miss Waldn is, Jack. When I bade her good-night, she only gave me three fingers. I actually had a chill." Jack—"And what did you do, Gus?" Gus—"I stopped on my way home two or three times, and got three fingers more."—*New York Sun*.

"Jasper," she said, severely, as he returned from the usual between-the-acts digression, "why do you go out of the theatre and down-stairs to see a man, when the house is full of them?" "Maria," he replied, with the earnestness of an injured man, "why do you always look under the bed to see a man, when you know the only man in the house is in it?"—*Burdette*.

Featherly (to Dumley, who has been to the races)—"You look as though you had had bad luck, Dumley." Dumley (bitterly)—"Bad luck? I borrowed twenty dollars from Brown to put on the election, and I'm a Mugwump if I didn't lose every cent of it." Featherly (soothingly)—"Oh, well, old man, it isn't as if the money came out of your own pocket, you know."—*Tid-Bits*.

Mrs. Densuade—"I judge from your actions, William, that your candidate has won!" Mr. D.—"No; he has been overwhelmingly defeated." Mrs. D.—"Why this spasm of laughing then?" Mr. D.—"You remember that sixty-day note of mine that Dabney held, and that was due to-day?" Mrs. D.—"Yes." Mr. D.—"He made a mistake and put it in the box in place of his ballot. Can't get it out."—*Tid-Bits*.

Young Mr. Waldo (to Miss Breezy, of Chicago, who is visiting Boston friends)—"Well, I will bid you good-evening, Miss Breezy; I am very glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you. You will soon return home, I suppose?" Miss Breezy (gently)—"Yes, very soon. If you ever get out our way, Mr. Waldo, you must drop in and see us." Young Mr. W.—"Thanks. Good-night." Miss B.—"Nighty-night."—*Tid-Bits*.

Rural Cobbler (to friend)—"D'you know, Mr. Hotchkiss, kinder queer thing happened this mornin'—sorter queer customer I had. He came in, an' wanted a pair of boots with extry thick uppers—double heavy." "What fer d'you want them uppers so heavy?" sez I. "I'm an actor," sez he; an' then he lafs fit in hust, and chuckles and goes all over the shop. Now, what d'you s'pose wuz that feller?" Dern 'f I can see!—*Puck*.

VANITY FAIR.

Quaker City dudes are in a great state of mind. Their chests are agitated by a grave and momentous question. This is it: Shall the bosom of the full-dress shirt be shiny or dead-white? For years the beaux of Philadelphia have worn their linen lustreless, or as brilliant as polished marble, just as individual taste might suggest. But presto! of a sudden the matter has risen to almost the dignity of an article of faith, and since there is so much dispute, fashion will presently be turning its eyes, or rather its ears, to some social high priest for a definition. Fashion is already divided into "shiners" and "anti-shiners" with few conservatives who are amiably disposed to let every one do as he pleases with his bosoms, so long as they are not plicated, speckled, "pique'd," or embroidered. To the cry of the "dead-whites" that shiny bosoms are vulgar, the "shiners" answer that dead-white is only a symptom of anglomania.

It has been calculated that to put a New York woman on horseback in correct shape for Central Park costs, exclusive of the horse, something like five hundred dollars. This explains why equestrianism is not as common as women would like to make it. A habit consists of three pieces—trousers, skirt and bodice—and, when made by a good tailor, of the best Melton cloth, costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars. With it the tailor furnishes usually a special satin corset, which of course is charged as extra. The trousers are lined in the seat with buckskin and furnished with straps, being finished at the belt with a heavy quality of black satin, the same material lining the bodice throughout. The boots are made of patent leather, and cost from twenty-five to thirty dollars, the trousers being strapped down over them. The English saddle and bridle, the spur, crop, stiff silk hat, and gloves, bring the whole bill pretty well toward half a thousand. In England, women who are pretty sure of themselves and their position wear a pink coat in the hunting-field, but it has not appeared frequently here. The Empress of Austria and the Duchesse de Chartres, the two most noted horsewomen in Europe, both affect dark green for their habits, and sometimes indulge a little gold braid to relieve the severe plainness of their hunting-dress, but in England such departures from strict conventionalities are very much frowned upon.

"New York is gradually attracting Lena Despard from all over the country," said a Broadway bonnet-maker. "I know them as soon as I set eyes on them. I have never seen one as handsome as Mrs. Langtry made the original on the stage. The lines around their eyes and the corners of their mouths are too hard, and the upper lip seems to drag down in an unlovely way. The most dangerous ones are those who retain their ex-husband's names, or calmly assume a matronly appellation to which they are not entitled. It's twice as easy for 'Mrs. Smith' to get credit as for 'Miss Smith,' other things being equal. 'Mrs.' Smith, for example, can rent a flat in a quiet block, where an unmarried woman, supporting a solitary *ménage*, would not be tolerated."

It is true that this is the day of tea-gowns—writes a society woman—but tea-gowns, though they are all easy robes and abundantly draped this winter, are so well shaped to the figure, and so daintily finished with white laces and white China silk, that they convey no idea of anything approaching untidiness. No one has any excuse for appearing, when summoned in a hurry, in a shabby dress, or, worse than all, in a dressing-gown; for the art of making loose dresses all in one, which can be put on in an instant, and which are yet thoroughly handsome and finished, is now carried to its height. There are some stern people, even yet, who draw their ideas from the fashions of the last generation, and look upon tea-gowns as wear fit only for the lazy and slatternly; but, as a matter of fact, if their minds are probed to the bottom, it is found that their idea of a loose dress is inextricably associated with that old-fashioned borer, the dressing-gown. The mere word suggests curl-papers, slippers down at heel, and a wicked novel under the sofa-pillow like Lydia Languish's. Those days are over, and people are quite candid about their little vices. "Sappo," in a beautiful binding, lies on the boudoir-table, beside a very innocent-looking cigarette-box; and the owner of these things, in a rich silken wrapper, suggestive rather of the gorgeous Cleopatra waiting a call from Antony, than of anything like *déshabillé*, puts a pair of perfect little slippers on the fender, and is quite happy. She is corsetless, and comfortable enough to go to sleep; and dressed enough to receive visitors.

What is the whole duty of a bridegroom when, after the wedding and the breakfast, he finds himself alone with his bride in an empty railway compartment? One would imagine that a few terms of endearment, and possibly an occasional caress, would not be considered quite out of place. This seems to have been the opinion of a young lady who was married at Accrington, the other day, to a Mr. John Smith. The blushing bride had not been married before, but she was naturally surprised and distressed by the proceedings of her husband. They had scarcely left Accrington, when Mr. Smith settled himself in a corner, yawned once or twice, and fell into deep slumber. It is possible that Mr. Smith in repose is not a pleasing spectacle. It is possible that Mrs. Smith was merely hurt by the stolidity of his demeanor under conditions favorable to cheerfulness, not to say enthusiasm. But it is certain that, for one or both of these reasons, the maiden slipped quietly out of the carriage at the first station, leaving behind her only a slip of paper attached to Mr. Smith's coat-tail, and bearing these words: "Tired of matrimony. Had enough of it and gone home to my ma. Mary."

A gentleman who was invited out to dine at a Delaware Avenue residence lately (says the *Buffalo Courier*) observed that the chandelier over the dining-room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red, and some blue. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess. "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea,

one must invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now last Tuesday I gave a supper and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them, or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby-colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So, you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything." The gentleman looked up. He was under a blue light.

When last season a young *débutante* in London appeared at a fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about with parrots' heads glaring at the beholder from all parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought that fashion could not go much farther in its use of the "dumb creation." The summit, however, was not reached, as the following item of news from Paris plainly shows: "A favorite dress at fancy-dress balls this winter will undoubtedly be the black-cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cut in one, in the princess style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tail curving over the wearer's shoulder, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the elbows, gold-yellow silk stockings, and black satin slippers complete the toilet." It is bad enough to butcher the birds of the air in the service of fashion, but there is, at least, some beauty in brilliant and gracefully arranged feathers, while the "large black cat" calls forth nothing but thoughts of ghastly tales of witches and sorcerers.

Just now there is a good deal of absurd discussion as to what is the "proper" thing in shirt-studs—one, two, or three. For some time past one stud has been used very largely, with two studs a good second. Now it is declared that this is all wrong, and that three studs only are correct. The fact as to shirt-studs is that in New York some very fashionable men wear three; many more wear one, and a respectable number wear two, while the great mass who don't worry about such trifles, wear what their furnishers see fit to make their shirts with, which is usually one. Beyond question, they are at present all correct and all fashionable, in the sense that all are worn by people of good sense and good taste. The slow drift, however, will be toward three studs, and away from one.

A batch of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters from Turkey are being reprinted, and though over a hundred years old, they are still full of contemporary interest. She, describing a visit to the bath-building used by the ladies of the Sultan's harem, says: "I was in my traveling-habit, which is a riding-dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. In the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles or satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies when anybody appears who is not dressed exactly in fashion. The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies, and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in a state of nature—that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture among them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace which Milton describes of our general mother. There were many among them as exactly proportionate as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of Guido or Titian—and most of their skins shinningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair, divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the graces. I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I had often made, that if it was the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived that the ladies with the finest skins and most delicate shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. I fancy it would have very much improved the art of any master to see so many fine women naked in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my dress and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well, for I saw they believed I was so locked up in that machine that it was not in my power to open it, which they attributed to my husband. One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me—another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you when they lock you thus up in a box.' The ladies of the Zenana are a little wiser regarding the use of corsets nowadays, and many of them are clothed in accordance with Parisian fashion-plates; but compression of the waist has never been looked upon with favor, or regarded as beautifying by either sex among the Sultan's subjects.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Polydore de Keyser, the new Lord Mayor of London, is a Roman Catholic, a Freemason, and a Liberal Unionist. He is a Belgian, and speaks fluently English, German, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French.

Mr. T. A. Trollope recalls that his maternal grandfather, a country vicar, could not endure the sound made by a knife-edge on a dinner-plate. So he had some plates made for himself with disks of silver set in the centres, and on those he cut his meat, without having his teeth set on edge.

Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire, like most millionaires, began his business career at the very bottom of the ladder. He earned his first salary as a clerk in a Pennsylvania country store, and probably thought himself well paid when he drew his ten dollars on the first of each month. Mr. Palmer made his fortune by judicious investment in Chicago real estate. He managed to keep just ahead of the "boom,"

Mrs. Hancock, the general's widow, is, after all, to have a house given her by her own and her husband's friends in Washington. The delay was caused by a real-estate agent, who advanced the price of the house in proportion to the anxiety of the purchasing committee to close the bargain. The original price was fifteen thousand dollars, which was raised to twenty thousand dollars, at which the negotiations are said to have been completed.

Mr. Labouchère tells that when he was a theatre manager he once produced a play by Charles Reade. The opening night the author and the manager sat together in a box. The play did not take well. "They seem to be hissing, Mr. Reade," said "Labby" when the audience became particularly demonstrative in their hostility. "What of that?" returned the illustrious writer; "if you want to please such a public as this you should not come to me for a play."

Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the famous "globe-trotter" and author delivered a lecture in New York recently upon the subject of "How to Travel." "A light heart and a thin pair of trousers," said this experienced traveler, "are the prime requisites of a journey, together with a pair of eyes open to every impression, and a mind susceptible of gaining liberal views." The genial colonel might have added to his thin pair of trousers a pocket well filled with coppers, for there is nothing more useful during a European trip.

Of Carlyle, Charles Darwin once wrote in a private letter: "His talk was very racy and interesting, just like his writings, but he some times went on too long on the same subject. I remember a funny dinner at my brother's, where, among a few others, were Babbage and Lyell, both of whom liked to talk. Carlyle, however, silenced every one by haranguing during the whole dinner on the advantage of silence. After dinner, Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle to his very interesting lecture on silence."

The late Lord Wolverton was a famous sportsman and an inveterate theatre-goer, with a special fondness for French comedies. It is told that his first intimation that he was to become a peer came to him on day when in attendance on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville at the Treasury, upon the occasion of their drawing up their first list of "honors" for submission to the queen. In the middle of the conference, Lord Granville said to him, in rather a shy voice: "Glyn, would you mind leaving Gladstone and me alone for a minute? We want to confer alone." Glyn, rather surprised, retired in an undignified manner to the passage. After a brief space, Lord Granville called him in again, and then Mr. Gladstone, looking at him with great dignity and severity, asked him if he thought his father would like to be a peer. Glyn laughed, and declared that he supposed that such an idea had never entered the old gentleman's head, but that he would like about all things to have the peerage in his turn, and that, therefore he would accept on his behalf. The elder Glyn was accordingly ennobled, much to his own bewilderment.

Emile Marco Saint-Hilaire, page of Napoleon I., has just died at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, aged ninety-four years. Notwithstanding his many publications concerning Napoleon I. and the illustrious me of his time, Marco Saint-Hilaire was not treated with much respect by the third Napoleon. But when Napoleon became emperor, Saint-Hilaire was made librarian of the Château of St. Cloud, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. The appointment was a singular one, as, long before, all the books had been carried from Strasbourg to the Louvre Library. However, the librarian without a library lived for fifteen years at Strasbourg, and there wrote his last work, "History of the French army since 1792." During the war of 1870 Saint-Hilaire was captured by the Germans, and, for six months, kept in prison. The Prussian officers listened with interest to their prisoner's stories of the great Napoleon, and treated him as a friend, much to his displeasure. When liberated, he returned to France, and asked Gambetta for an office and pension: "An office, a pension! Tell him he should be thankful not to have been shot." As a dinner-guest, a companion in pleasure, Marco Saint-Hilaire was without an equal. Only in 1825 began the real literary life of Napoleon's page. The revolution gave him the opportunity of publishing his "Souvenirs of the First Empire," "Souvenirs of Napoleon's Private Life," "The Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor," "Napoleon at the Tuileries," "History of the Russian Campaign," etc. Perhaps Marco Saint-Hilaire was the most prolific writer of this century, but since 1870 he has lived in poverty and of security, neglected and forgotten. Born almost at the moment when the son of Saint Louis ascended to heaven; baptized in the blood of his relatives, Marco Saint-Hilaire was familiar with the horrors of the revolution of 1793, the splendors of the empire of Napoleon I., the deceptions of the citizen-king's reign, the ingratitude of Little Napoleon, and the ill-treatment of the third republic. When his death was announced the exclamation was: "Ah! I thought him dead years ago."

From a private letter, the following interesting sketch is taken: "We received a note from Meissonier appointing an hour for our call. The great artist met us at the door. He is of the average height of French men, which is rather less than our Americans average, and is not stout. His beard is long, nearly to the waist, white and bifurcated, his eyes brown heavy and gray. His costume was a cardinal's robe of scarlet covering him from head to foot. The atelier is composed of two rooms. They are both heaped with all sorts of *bric-à-brac*. Pictures were lying about in all positions. I was surprised to see how many large ones accompanied the regulation Meissonier miniatures. The one he was working upon, then upon an easel, was one of his usual far-away men, lying in an easy chair, with picturesque drapery. The '1808' was upon another easel, but had evidently received no recent touches. Meissonier told me that he approves of putting *gouache* into all water colors, lights and shadows alike. When I demurred, he laughingly insisted that my work would not be at its best till I did. The great artist was charming to us in every way. When we made our adieux his words were: 'N'oubliez pas de mettre toujours de la gouache dans vos aquarelles!' Long before, I had made another call. I accompanied an English girl to Cabanel's studio, she, armed with a note of introduction from the artist who was her teacher. Cabanel's studio was the pink of neatness. We had not much time to look about, being then on business, not pleasure, and my charge (exactly my own age, but unwedded) was all the time engaged with the famous artist, which requires my duennship to hover near. Cabanel admired the English maiden fair, golden-haired beauty excessively. It was as plain as day that he had found a picture. When he knew her errand, he smiled admiringly and asked, abruptly: 'Quel âge avez-vous?' 'J'ai vingt-neuf ans, monsieur,' replied the startled girl. 'Dieu! I did not think it so much or I would not have been indiscreet!' murmured the great man. Why do you think our errand was? Talk of the impartiality and unprejudiced of Salon juries! talk of the recognition of merit, the hopelessness of anything else, Cabanel was of that jury, and our errand was to ask him to 'jeter un coup d'œil' on the English girl's picture when should come before the jury. The picture went in, of course. It was an unspeakably childish, worthless thing, showing neither talent nor teaching. But then, one of the jury had given it a 'coup d'œil,' and never knew that the goldenness of its fair author's beauty was bought at ten francs the bottle."



There is an old German in Santa Monica, who earns a most excellent living as a taxidermist, but who is very unhappy because he sighs for the simple pleasures of Fatherland. While he is doing up your owl, or your white heron, or your blue-breasted gull—a process which takes him some time, because he puts in more pins to the inch in a piece of brown wrapping-paper than any other salesman in the world—he will confide to you the depth of his *ennui*.

"Vere is de moosic?" is his most frequent and most unanswerable appeal. "De rich man don't do noddings, and de poor man he got noddings to do. Vere I can go ven my work is done? Vere I take my supper efer night, efer Sunday? I got no moosic for my supper, nefer. I got noddings, *gar nichts, gar nichts*."

All the world knows the pleasant, simple habits of the German people, their out-door life, their gardens, and their world of music, which every one loves—from the Kaiser to the peasant. If there be any one left who does not understand how thoroughly music saturates the every-day life of these simple, easy-going people, so easily amused and so lost without their amusements, let him read the "Frau Bucholz" papers. They were the Spooendyke papers of a great Berlin Journal for many a day, and it was thought all Germany had laughed itself tired. But, the Germans having got into the habit of laughing over the good Frau, could not give her up, so the sheaves were gathered together and put into a book, and all Germany still contentedly chuckles over it at intervals.

The hungry translators, too, have discovered the good Frau Bucholz, whose shrewish temper never turned quite sweet under all the music she heard in her daily life, but one may read the very innermost inness of German life between the lines of her scoldings, and it is easy to forgive her. It makes one understand the homesickness of the old taxidermist, and realize to the full how necessary music is to the German.

"Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

sang the poet laureate of England to welcome the bride from the north. It was a strange admission for a Briton, and it would be indignantly scouted if put in plain prose to the mass of them, but in America we are very much such a jumble as that. And, if we are becoming French in our tastes and appetites, English in our social forms, and Irish in our politics, we are quite as certainly becoming German in our simpler amusements. Music is a necessity to us. We pay the most extravagant prices when we are obliged, but when we can get it at once cheap and good, we are correspondingly happy.

The Pavilion is the most delightful place to be imagined, just now, for any one with an odd hour or two on his hands. There is a pungent, aromatic breath from the woods in the warm, pleasant air, for every one who does not take his Pavilion cold instantly that he enters, is advised that the deadly, penetrating, old-time chill of the place has given way before heated pipes. There is the rush of waters and a huge back-ground of very cold scenery, which prevents the comfortable fact that you are really warm enough being borne fully in upon you, but it is an indisputable fact that he sneeze chorus is missing.

The programme has been artfully arranged to suit all tastes. The lion lies down with the lamb, and Verdi and Rossini are mixed up in the most neighborly manner with Schubert and Wagner. Thus the everest classicists are let down by such easy stages that they don't quite know that they have relaxed, and the most enthusiastic melodists are bathed in leep and abstruse harmonies, and enjoying themselves thoroughly, without stopping to think that they are not resting their ears on a tangible tune.

It is a better plan, upon the whole, than being hurried into classicism by Mr. Theodore Thomas. Perhaps the ease of a promenade concert had something to do with the pleasure of it, and with the yielding of the factions. The very ones who had listened with deepest delight to the splendid music of the "Aida" number—for there is a certain splendor in the music of Verdi's great Egyptian opera—yielded first to the noble spell of the Rienzi overture.

As for the quadrille of all nations, why, of course, that sort of thing invariably stirs the patriotism in so many breasts, and so many kinds of breasts, that it always goes with a snap. And when the stage is ranged in tiers, and the nations are all grouped beneath the American flag which looms up high and bright above them in the red of the calcium, ten, buncombe and spectacle though it be, there is a certain something comes into the throat that one likes to be choked with.

Madame Louisa Pyk, the Swedish singer, was practically introduced to the public at the Pavilion. It is true she gave a concert last week, but then no one ever goes to that kind of concert, and she was unknown except to a handful of people. Mme. Pyk has that strange charm which belongs to the women of the north. The cold blue of her eye is contradicted by the curve of a warm sympathetic mouth, and her face is interesting. These northern women are rarely beautiful, even in a statuesque way, but they always suggest a reserve force, and fascinate by what they do not reveal. One naturally expects a peculiar brittleness in the northern voice, like the clink of breaking ice. Christine Nilsson has it in the jewel song in Faust. But Mme. Pyk's voice is rather warm and velvety than not, and she sings well. Curiously enough, she conquered her audience with two Swedish Folk songs of which perhaps not half a dozen people in the house understood a word, but every one wished to understand, for that there was something very arch in one of them was evident enough, and no one likes to lose that sort of thing.

As for the "Last Rose of Summer," it was sung very sweetly and simply, but it seemed to have had its tail banded, with the little florid tag cut off, which has been put there so long that it seemed to have grown there in the beginning.

Mme. Pyk was not accompanied. Accompanying is an art by itself, a gift, a musical tact, an intuition, and the young lady at the piano has it not. She executed several unimportant solos quite vigorously, and Mme. Pyk attempted vainly to keep up with them.

Signor Roselli, the other debutant, has a good method, and only needs a physique and a voice to be a singer. As it was, though he writhed considerably to produce tone, his faint, far-away little voice seemed to come from somewhere in the neighborhood of San Bruno. He struggled not altogether unsuccessfully with Rossini, but he was totally wrecked in "The White Squall."

As for the Innes Band, it is not yet great, but it is a very very good one, and it will give a world of pleasure.

When every one is asked which is the prettiest woman in the Adonis group—and there are not two ugly ones among them—every one replies promptly and cheerfully, "Why the Merry Little Mountain Maid, of course." As she is. When a woman tips the beam at the unmentionable figure with which the Merry Little Mountain Maid is familiar, it generally comes to pass that the pleasing curves of beauty are so overlaid with tissue that they are imbedded and lost. It is not thus with the village maiden in "Adonis." The fat is subordinate to her beauty. Furthermore, she has a sense of humor, and gets at the meat of her rôle. And, perhaps, no one realizes how very funny her funny little fat hands are, than she does herself. They are so automatic, so helpless, so babyish, so dollish, that they are delightfully ridiculous. It seems absurd that they could have tapered off from the arm above them, and the Merry Little Mountain Maid has pointed this absurdity with the funny little bows which make the funny little hands look as if they were tied on.

When "Adonis" is once wound up and going in whatsoever city, "men may come and men may go, but he goes on forever."

The ridiculous fascination which New York experienced for this pretty trifle seems to work everywhere. Even if the stories lose their point, and the songs become over-familiar, even if Dixey himself should stale, which never has happened yet, the costumes are always a study. The Robinson Crusoes with their little Men Friday—what a well-drilled group of boys that is, to be sure—are always a striking picture on a stage, but the less familiar combinations of color, grouping, posing, materials, peoples, and ideas, are really wonderful. The garnet dudes are point-device from top to toe, and their costumes are exceedingly pretty, and the girls are exceedingly snappy too, but there is some dash, some sparkle, some snap, some zip, some chic, some something which they lack altogether, and which their beauty does not compensate for.

"Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives."

If the Italian opera is to die, it will die hard. It will not die while Verdi lives, and when he is gone, if it take to giving these little throbs like Freedom, we shall begin by pitying it, glide from that to loving it again, and so end by nursing it back to life.

But it is not yet dead. All the great tenors are still singing, and Campanini, he of the massive throat and powerful chest, is coming this way to give us a test of his quality.

His company is purely Italian, from A to Izzard. There is not an American with an Italianized name, there is not a sublimated German among them. Each and every one is a child of sunny Italy, and the music will all be of the pure, unadulterated, Italian school. Its votaries will have a feast of the old music, with two, at least, of the celebrated voices of the century—Scalchi and Galassi. The others have their bow to make and their way to win in San Francisco.

The violinist, Signora Toncelli, a beautiful young girl, is said to come only after Tia, and, indeed, it

seems strange enough that the violin should have come back through all the ages to two of Italy's daughters, when its virtuosity has lain so long among the Germans. And yet, the greatest German of them all loves best to play upon a violin of Italian fashioning.

The muses were good friends among themselves. They are always dancing hand in hand upon the frescoes, or come by twos and threes in marble. It is only their votaries who quarrel. BETSY B.

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THE MASCULINE DECOY.

A Correspondent discusses a Curious Phase of New York Society.

I am not much of a swell myself, but I have a friend, living in New York, whose wife is. Whenever I am in that city, I am accustomed to visit at this friend's elegant Madison Avenue mansion, and thus for the space of a few days and nights I enjoy, to the top of my bent, the satisfaction of contemplating *le grand pschutt* in its native lair. For some reason, perhaps because I look distinguished and keep quiet, or perhaps merely because I happen to have such large business interests in common with her husband, my friend's wife treats me with decided consideration. Invitations are obtained for every evening of my stay, some sort of an affair always takes place at the house; and while I am not embarrassed with attentions, at least nothing occurs to make me feel that I "lag superfluous," the sensation which the small-town man is apt to experience at his swell host's in the city.

I am enough of a philosopher to make the most of the opportunity for anthropological study which this near contact with the world of wealth and fashion affords. Several years usually elapse between these visits, and I seem to meet an entirely new lot of people each time. Thus it happens that I make no intimate acquaintances, and merely contemplate the thing from the outside. To me these people are like characters in some novel or drama, attracting the attention for an instant, and then vanishing from remembrance. They move in a sphere so utterly unlike and so far removed from the commonplace existence to which I am destined, that it is easy for me to regard them in this unreal light. My friend, it must be admitted, humors this impression by often letting fall scraps of curious and romantic information about the characters we meet. As his fund of gossip, however, is very limited, he usually manages to put me in the hands of some one who will tell me enough to stimulate my imagination to a degree that is acutely satisfying.

In accordance with this custom, I was introduced on a recent visit to Colonel Cadder, a man whom I put down, as soon as I saw him, as belonging to that class of habitual club-men of which Major Pendennis is the great prototype. His long gray mustache partly concealed a cynical smile which played on his lips, and he spoke with the slow, contemptuous drawl, characteristic of the blasé man of the world in his last years of life, when sin has lost its savor and nothing remains but vicarious enjoyment of the wickedness of others.

It was a musicale at Mrs. Vanderbrink's. We, Colonel Cadder and myself, sat in a small alcove, far from the piano, and almost hidden from the rest of the company by flowers and drapery. It was possible to converse in an undertone without annoying others, and as I am not "up to" the severe species of music now in vogue, I encouraged my companion to talk about the people whose faces attracted my notice. I think he found me a satisfactory listener. I chuckled at the right places, but said nothing myself, except what was necessary to draw him on.

He had pretty well gone the rounds of the company, mentioning some interesting detail about each one, calculated to impress me with the trite fact that this is a very queer world, when a young man walked slowly down the staircase and seated himself facing us, but at a considerable distance.

Colonel Cadder started as he espied him, and said, "Aha! There is Wentworth!"

I observed the new-comer carefully, but said nothing.

"Do you know him?" the colonel asked, presently.

"Not at all," I replied.

"Have you ever heard anyone speak of him?"

"Never. Whatever secret you may have to tell about him is perfectly safe with me, I assure you."

The colonel was silent for a minute or two, stroking the gloves which lay upon his knee.

"There are only a few men," he said, presently, "who have any suspicions of that young man's true sphere in life. He is the most interesting and mysterious character that I know. Inquire about him at random, and you will be told that he is the son of the late George Wentworth, well known in Wall Street ten years ago, who left a snug little fortune to his widow and this youth. His mother, they would explain, lives in a quiet sort of a way on Thirty-Eighth Street, and Hugh himself passes the easy, indolent life of the average society young man. You would find him well liked everywhere, and those who know him well would, perhaps, speak enthusiastically of his brilliant conversation and charming manners."

"Yes," I assented; "he looks all that you say."

I scrutinized the young man's face more carefully. I call him young, though I suppose he was in the neighborhood of thirty. To a man who has toiled through half a century of existence, every man not forty is *jeune encore*. His countenance showed rather more character than was to be observed in most of the young men who frequented Mrs. Vanderbrink's parlors, but it was not striking in any way.

"And wherein is the world laboring under an error?" I asked.

"In supposing that he has any property. Old Wentworth was not as rich as people imagined, and what money he left was so ill-invested that it finally all disappeared—by evaporation."

"So this elegant young man is compelled to live upon the charity of his relatives?" said I, inquiringly.

"No, his degradation is infinitely greater than that. He has no wealthy relatives, and is, therefore, forced to earn a living for himself and those dependent upon him. No one suspects him of it, yet he enjoys a very handsome income from a profoundly mysterious source."

"Is he a private detective?" I hazarded; this being the only mysterious business that I knew anything about.

The colonel shook his head.

"Perhaps he leads Germans for the *nouveaux riches*," I continued, "or begs Wall Street pointers from the wives of brokers who talk in their sleep."

"Neither of those," said the colonel. Then, leaning over, he whispered in my ear: "He is a Decoy!"

"Indeed!" I said, with fortunate presence of mind. "I would not have expected it."

Presently, as the colonel showed no disposition to proceed, I was compelled to ask humbly for explanations.

"The Decoy is a new idea," he said, "recently introduced from Paris, where all our bright ideas originate. Society in Paris, however, does not present the opportunities for the display of the Decoy's genius which are offered here. In France, a girl marries to suit her parents; in America, she arbitrates her own destiny. The French girl has plainly the advantage, because she has some one else on whom to lay the blame."

"Of course," I said, "but the Decoy?"

"The Decoy," repeated the colonel, impressively, "it is the business of the Decoy to prevent those *mesalliances* which are the bane of our social system."

I continued to look mystified, and the colonel resumed.

"It is safe to say that out of every five engagements which take place in society, two on an average are unsatisfactory to the parents. Let us have statistics. In one of these two cases, we may refer the disapproval to the man's side of the house; in the other, to the woman's. For the man, nothing can be done; but for the girl, there is always hope—that she may change—*mutabile semper*, you understand."

"Exactly," I assented, "and the Decoy?"

"The Decoy does the business gracefully and pleasantly, without attracting attention, destroying the girl's happiness, or hurting anybody's feelings, except, perhaps, those of the superfluous lover, who proceeds to get over it, with the promptness characteristic of his sex."

"But the *modus*!" I exclaimed. "I don't comprehend how all this is accomplished."

"You must understand, in the first place, that the Decoy is a man who possesses a veritable genius for making love, and to this is added unlimited experience in *affaires de cœur*. There is no field, by the way, where experience ought to count for less, and does count for more, than in love-making. Not that women are alike, but that they are so widely different, and only long practice in this delightful art prevents a man from making mistakes. In general conversation, the Decoy takes pains not to make himself in any way prominent, though for his profession he must be thoroughly educated, of strong intellect, and a brilliant talker; but when alone with the woman upon whom his operations are directed, he works with lightning rapidity and resistless force. Not at first, however. Oh no! Then he is quiet, reserved, almost diffident, inviting his victim to draw him out. Women are always kind-hearted, and I am inclined to think that, in matters of intellect, they are more conceited than men. As the campaign proceeds, and the Decoy develops into something little short of a genius, the woman begins to be profoundly interested in him. This is the particular time when she should hunt cover; but does she ever do it? Of course, I need not say that in every social accomplishment he is perfection itself. Take Wentworth, for example: he is like one of Ouida's heroes; he does everything, and does it better than anybody else. His music, now, is a great card, though he seldom uses it; and he writes delicious little love poems, which, after they have done duty as skirmishers in one campaign, assist the commissary in the next by appearing at so much a line in the Decade. In tennis, dancing, riding, rowing, he is all that could be asked, and in the most delicate matter of etiquette, he is never known to make a *faux pas*—unless it is solely for the purpose of producing some effect. He possesses, moreover, a quiet, cool nerve, which carries him through scenes as intense as any that Sardou ever imagined. He never loses his head, though he often pretends that he does. He does nothing in a hurry. Before he opens the siege, he studies the situation carefully from every point of view, and gains a complete knowledge of the fortifications. Of course, his system of polemics varies to suit the occasion. Sometimes, by a bold, brilliant dash, he storms the barriers and takes possession; but more often, after having carefully placed all his forces, he makes the attack, apparently against his will. He is easily routed, with fearful slaughter. Then, as the enemy pauses, horrified, perhaps, at the carnage she has wrought, by an unexpected flank movement the captures the neglected citadel, and looks smilingly down upon her. It is one of his aphorisms, that with a woman you may look for failure out of success and success out of failure."

"But hold!" I said. "What is the rightful heir doing all this time? Does not he appear in the affair at all?"

"L'autre homme?" said the colonel. "Certainly he appears. It is usually one of the stipulations which the Decoy puts into the treaty with the parents, that perfect freedom be allowed the lovers, on their agreeing to postpone indefinitely the marriage ceremony. But you must not imagine the Decoy to be merely a ladies' man. He is very popular among men, also. When he makes a point of becoming thoroughly acquainted with a man, he usually captivates him, in much the same way that he does a woman. It is pretty much the same to him whether the Orlando of the affair waxes jealous or remains unconcerned; he will manage to turn either to his advantage. The fact that a man loves a woman does not insure his understanding her. The secret of the Decoy's success lies in his comprehending the girl better than her lover does, and in making the latter always appear at a disadvantage. In most respects few men can stand a comparison with the Decoy, and in the matter of love-making he is without a rival. If his opponent happens to be a fortune-hunter, who possesses considerable skill in the art, it is Greek against Greek."

"Then he does not always succeed?"

"Does the lawyer always win his case, or the physician save his patient? The Decoy occasionally fails, but it is more often, I imagine, through the clumsiness of the parents than his own mistakes. I never knew of a case where Wentworth failed. He undertakes no forlorn hopes, you understand. Once I knew him to refuse a job on the ground that the effort to break the engagement was not justifiable (for he has a conscience, you know, just like a character in a story), and I understand that the marriage resulted in a very comfortable state of misery for both concerned. The Decoy usually carries on negotiations with the father alone, having had too much experience to trust women with secrets. Of course, if the nature of his operations are suspected by society at large, Othello's occupation's gone! He drifts into the work gradually, each man whom he assisted having some friend in a similar position, to whom the secret was revealed. He works, of course,

only among the very wealthy classes, and his fees are enormous. Two or three affairs a year are all he needs for a handsome income, whereas he can handle half-a-dozen or more. Hawkins, of Hawkins & Brown, I know paid Wentworth five thousand for ridding his daughter Inez of that cad of a Williams. It took him just one month."

"A month!" I exclaimed; "that seems to me quick work."

"My dear sir," said the colonel, sententiously, "if you know how to make love to a woman, a month is plenty long enough, and if you don't, a life time is all too short. However, he usually takes much longer. He has been working with Clara Epgerde, now, for nearly a year. She is hopelessly stupid, as well as obstinate; but he will succeed, and when he does, you may depend upon it, old Egarde will come down handsomely. During the same time, however, Wentworth has attended to various other cases."

"Still I do not quite comprehend," I objected, "how he winds up the affair. Are there no broken hearts and ruined lives to appear in the last scene of this eventful history?"

"Ah," said the colonel, with a deep sigh; "now you have touched upon the hardest part of the Decoy's work. To make a woman love you, when her attentions are fixed upon somebody else, seems like a difficult undertaking; but it is nothing to the task of making her *unlove* you. You must understand, however, that this game is, for the most part, played with india-rubber hearts, which sustain little risk of being injured. In other cases, it is the Decoy's cue to make the girl believe she is jilting him, as she has jilted his predecessor. He grows dull and unsatisfactory; the flower which she has picked so rapturously wilts in her hands, and she is brought, by a process which she can not fathom, to fling it away, experiencing a sense of relief, as she does so. This is usually the point when the desirable *parti* is pushed forward by the parents, and every one is rendered happy by the proper kind of a union."

As Colonel Cadder unfolded these astonishing facts to me, I sat with my eyes fastened upon Mr. Wentworth's face. To this youth, Machiavelli was a simpleton, and Talleyrand a clumsy blunderer. Looking upon him in the light of the colonel's revelation, I began to see plainly, back of the smooth, clean-cut features, and the languid outlines of his face, the resistless, relentless force which had been described. I shuddered.

At that moment, I saw my friend and host gradually working his way through the crowd toward us.

"One thing more," I said, hastily; "does it never happen in the Decoy's play with the hearts of women that his own is touched? And why is it that when he wins the affections of some heiress he does not marry her, and end this nefarious occupation?"

"One answer does for both questions," said my companion, rising as I did. He leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Wentworth was secretly married five years ago. He has a wife and two children living in Harlem." Then, pushing aside the portière, he disappeared, after pressing his finger significantly upon his lips.

As I rode with my friend and his wife back to Madison Avenue, he asked me what kind of company I found Colonel Cadder.

"Very pleasant," I answered, enthusiastically; "he seems to have a limitless fund of interesting information about society and the people one meets."

My friend looked at his wife, who smiled slightly. "Yes," he said, slowly; "it is, as you say, very interesting and quite—ah—limitless." C. D. WILLARD.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1887.

In the National Library at Paris there is a seventeenth-century map of South America, drawn by the Jesuit missionaries. On Patagonia, as delineated in this chart, Indians, guanacos, and ostriches are exhibited; while the island of Tierra del Fuego is adorned with the figure of an Indian possessing a most curious prolongation of the backbone, explained by the inscription, *Caudati homines hic*—here are men with tails. Half-a-dozen years ago, Chili and the Argentine Republic quarreled over the ownership of Tierra del Fuego, and almost went to war. The dispute was settled by a convention dividing this mysterious island into two nearly equal portions. Chili took the western and the Argentine Government the eastern half. Since that time, both countries have made efforts to ascertain something about the topography, natural resources, and ethnology of the land which the Jesuit fathers supposed to be inhabited by tailed men, and which successive generations of sailors, credulous travelers, and romance-makers have peopled with cannibals, fantastically shaped beasts of prey, and strange marine monsters, ever since Magellan sailed in 1520 through the strait that bears his name. While Tierra del Fuego is by no means appropriately styled the land of fire, the climate is far from being as inhospitable as the old explorers represented. Don Ramon Lista asserts that the north-eastern region "enjoys an agreeable temperature, with very little snow in the winter." The country further south he compares to Switzerland. Mr. Brydges says that frosts are almost unknown in the humid regions of the western part. There is a diversity of climate, owing to difference of elevation and other conditions, but on the whole, we gather that the island is as habitable as Maine or Minnesota; certainly no bleaker than Newfoundland. Rich valleys, magnificent forests, navigable rivers, extensive pampas with luxuriant grasses, and abundant indications of mineral wealth are reported by all these travelers. The picture they draw of Tierra del Fuego is very different from the idea of the island generally accepted during the past three centuries and a half.

According to an official report, which has just been issued, the annual cost of the attempt to exterminate the Australian rabbits in Victoria has risen from one thousand two hundred and eighty pounds in 1878, to twenty thousand two hundred pounds last year, while in New South Wales no less a sum than three hundred and sixty thousand pounds has been expended during the last four years; and although in some districts they are considerably reduced in numbers, yet there is no general improvement, and it is now suspected that the rabbit-destroyers have not been acting honestly, as, although hundreds of thousands have been killed, yet in a few months they are as abundant as ever.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. James Russell Lowell will contribute several papers to the *Atlantic* during the coming year.

M. Kasdagil, a Greek gentleman, has rendered all "Paradise Lost" into Greek verse, and is said to have performed his task with surprising fidelity to the original.

Mr. James Payn, at one time a prolific novelist, but who has almost abandoned story-telling since he became the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is about to publish another bit of fiction with the title "A Prince of the Blood."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are about to publish a volume by Colonel T. W. Higginson, with the inverted title of "Women and Men," containing a selection from the papers which have appeared under that heading during the last few years in *Harper's Bazar*. The subjects are such as have a joint interest for both sexes.

A new version of "Don Quixote" is on its way to the public. Mr. H. E. Watts is the translator, and Mr. Quaritch will bring out the two hundred and fifty copies in fine quarto volumes. Every word of the original will be translated, if possible, by a corresponding English word; if not possible, by an English equivalent or analogous word.

The *Athenaeum* hears that in a forthcoming collection of portraits of Charles Dickens will appear, among other facsimiles, one of the first page of a burlesque drama, which was written by the future novelist for representation at home, in 1835, three or four years before the days of "Pickwick." The burlesque is called "O'Thelo, (part of the Great Unpaid)," and is written in rhyme.

A critical "Life" of Francis Bacon is in course of preparation by the Rev. Edward C. Thorne. The second volume of his work will be a complete hand-book of the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion, and will demonstrate the absurdity of the delusion that Bacon either did write or could have written the plays and poems of Shakespeare. A third volume will be a critical "Life" of Shakespeare.

Delmonico's chef, Filippini, has prepared for the press a voluminous work on the subject of cooking and serving. It will fill several hundred pages, and will contain bills-of-fare for every day in the year, and specimen menus of some of the most elegant dinners he has served in Europe, as well as at Delmonico's. Nearly one hundred recipes for soups will be given. The book will be published by subscription, in the spring, by Chas. L. Webster & Co.

Mr. Howells has the plates of his novels made in Edinburgh by Mr. David Douglas, who ships them to this country. They cost him, after paying duty and expressage, about one-half what they would cost in this country. The press-work and binding is, of course, done here, and the imprint of his American publishers appears on the title-page, but Mr. Howells owns the plates, and makes more by this arrangement than an ordinary percentage would bring him in. Mr. Douglas publishes the authorized editions of Mr. Howells's stories in England and Scotland.

The recent assertion that Mr. Bret Harte remains in England to secure the English copyright on his books seems not to be justified by the facts. "The truth is," says the *Literary World*, "that any American author can practically obtain copyright on his books in England by publishing them first in that country. Fifteen years ago a case came up for decision before a bench of five judges, involving the question of residence on British soil as a requisite for obtaining copyright in England; and while three of the judges decided in the affirmative, two of them held strongly to the negative. Since then a copyright secured in London by proper registration and priority of publication has never been interfered with.

The following is from the Chicago *Medical Standard*: The latest contribution to the physician in fiction is the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Stevenson. Here are illustrated the varied phenomena presented by circular insanity, complicated by epilepsy. The peculiar drink used to effect the change between two states, the benevolent but weak physician, the incarnation of malignancy (Hyde), and the exaggerated physical changes, are but dramatic touches. The convulsion which precedes the change is very true to nature. The picture of a patient described by Dr. Clouston ("Mental Diseases") would answer well for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, if it were added the malignancy of epilepsy, and the tendency to moral deterioration therefrom. In the exalted stage, the patient was a spendthrift, dirty, disorderly, and malignant. Scarcely anything was incongruous or disgusting to him, and he sought all sorts of low company. In the depressed state, he was scrupulous about dress, reticent, penurious, benevolent, moral, and religious. In mental epilepsy, the difference is still more marked, and is often attended by what, to the populace, seem as marked physical changes as those occurring in Dr. Jekyll's case.

The popularity and industry of our college professors, in the way of current periodical literature, is shown by a glance at the magazine indexes of the past year. In the January *Scribner's*, Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, published a paper on "Socialism"; and in March were Professor Shaler, of Harvard, upon "The Stability of the Earth," and William Jones upon "What is Instinct?"; in April came Professor Adams Sherman Hall, of Harvard, on "English in Our Colleges"; in May, Professor Shaler again, upon "The Forests of North America." In July came Professor Boyesen, of Columbia, with a piece of fiction, and Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, on "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man." In August appear two professors again, Dr. Shaler, upon "The Instability of the Atmosphere"; and Professor Boyesen with the conclusion of his "Perilous Incognito." In September, college-professors are paired again, and we have Professor Hill, upon "English in Newspapers and Novels"; and Professor Ladd, of Yale, upon the "Development of the American University." In October, Professor Shaler wrote upon "Caverns and Cavern Life"; and in November Dr. Sargent continued his papers upon "Physical Man." In six numbers there are thirteen papers by college professors. We can imagine (says the *Art Age*) the seedy Herren of German universities looking with sad envy upon this outlet of thought and inlet of lucre, possible to their American brethren but impossible to themselves. Theirs is a life of grotesque economies and pinching needs, starving even the intellectual life. Our American professors are lapped in luxury compared with them, not only luxury of food, drink, and raiment, but with the added luxury of leisure to tell the world what they know, and how solidly they know it.

New Publications.

"Mère Suzanne and Other Stories," by Katharine S. Macquoid, a collection of half-a-dozen short tales of life on the Continent, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 20 cents.

"The Life and Death of King John," by William Shakespeare, with an introductory note by Professor Henry Morley, and the text of the old play which so helped Shakespeare, "The Troublesome Reign of King John," has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A new volume of the "Lives of the Presidents," by William O. Stoddard, has been completed, containing biographies of Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. The series is an excellent one, presenting, besides the main incidents of the subjects' public and private lives, a clear view of the political questions and situation at the various periods.

A fairly good portrait of the subject precedes each biography. Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, \$1.25.

"Bodyke: A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism," by Henry Norman, has been reprinted in the Questions of the Day Series, with several additional chapters, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the book being illustrated with sketches made from instantaneous photographs taken by the author. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, 75 cents.

Goethe's "Faust," translated by John Anster is published by the Harpers in a convenient duodecimo volume. It is notable that the first part is printed with the introduction by the Rev. Hugh R. Haweis which accompanied the publication of the same work in Routledge's World Library, and that the second part is published with the introduction Professor Henry Morley wrote for its publication in Cassell's National Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Harper's Young People for 1887, which has just been completed, makes a large volume of nearly eight hundred and fifty pages, full of stories and sketches, instructive articles, splendid illustrations, and puzzle, correspondents', and other departments. Lucy C. Lillie, Howard Pyle, Kirk Munroe, W. J. Henderson, and other favorite young folks' authors are among the contributors, and its list of contents is large enough and entertaining enough almost to keep the children in good reading matter until another volume is ready. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Hittell's Handbook of Pacific Coast Travel," by John S. Hittell, is a convenient, comprehensive, and reliable guide for health and pleasure-seekers from the East. It describes the scenery and other advantages of the various routes hither from New York; discusses the climates and attractions of the various parts of California and the Pacific Coast, with a chapter on the Hawaiian Islands; and gives valuable information about hunting, camping, distances, the expenses of travel, etc. A folding map of California and Nevada, on a scale of fifty miles to the inch, accompanies the book. Published and for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks, is a companion to his recently published book, "Historic Boys." It is a series of biographical sketches of girls who have influenced the history of their times, from Zenobia in far-off Palmyra to Ma-ta-oka, or, as she is more generally known, Pocahontas, in our Virginian forests. Such books as these impart a personal interest to the periods of history of which they treat, and Mr. Brooks's narratives are vividly and strikingly told. The book is handsomely printed, with illustrations which accompanied the sketches when they originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$2.00.

"Down the Islands," by William Agnew Paton, is a description of a voyage to the Caribbees. The author has traveled extensively in this interesting corner of the world, mingling among the people in their daily life, and his observations make a valuable addition to the long list of books of travel. Mr. Paton shows considerable literary skill in the presentation of his facts, and the text is further enlivened with a large number of sketches and process-engravings of people and scenery. A portion of the subject-matter of the volume appeared some months ago in newspaper letters, but these have been rewritten and filled out with additional facts. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

George P. Upton, who has written a number of excellent books on music, considering the art historically rather than critically has just published his third volume on the great musical works, which is printed with the title "The Standard Cantatas." The book contains an excellent little essay on the cantata as a form of musical composition, and then, proceeding alphabetically through the list of composers, enumerates all the great cantatas, telling their stories, discussing their music, and giving a few interesting facts about the composers' lives. In an appendix is given a list of other cantatas by well-known composers, giving the date of composition; and the book is carefully indexed. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

F. Marion Crawford's latest work, "Marzio's Crucifix," which has been running serially in one of the magazines, has just appeared in book form. In this volume, Mr. Crawford discusses the middle-class life of modern Rome, with the same skill which he displayed in painting patriars in "Saracinesca." Marzio is a worker in metals, a sort of artistic silversmith. He has a family who are bourgeois and religious, while he is a hater of priests, and a fierce socialist. One of his workmen becomes enamored of Marzio's daughter, and as Gianbattista, the workman, has become infected with his master's doctrines, Marzio consents to the match. But the influence of his wife, his daughter, and his brother Don Paolo, a priest, has such influence upon Gianbattista that he becomes lukewarm in his socialism, and Marzio breaks off the match in disgust. How matters were settled, and the lovers' troubles brought to a happy ending, the reader must go to the book to find out. Concerning socialists, Mr. Crawford has this to say: "There is a scale in the meaning of the word socialist. In France it means about the same thing as a communist when one uses plain language. In England, a socialist is equal to a French Conservative-Republican. In America, it means a thief. In Germany, it means an ingenious individual of restricted financial resources, who generally fails to blow up some important personage with wet dynamite. In Italy, a socialist is an anarchist pure and simple, who wishes to destroy everything existing for the sake of dividing a wealth which does not exist at all. It also means a young man who orders a glass of water and a toothpick at a café, and is able to talk politics for some time on this slender nourishment." The book abounds in graphic passages. Perhaps the best are those in the workshop, where the author lingers lovingly with the artist over his masterpieces. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London; for sale by John N. Philan and by Strickland & Pierson; price, \$1.50.

Some Magazines.

The *Atlantic* for December contains the following articles: "The Thraldom of Japan," by E. H. House; "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Sophie Kirk; "At Chrystemess-Tyde," by Willis Boyd Allen; "Some Aspects of Pessimism," by Agnes Repplier; "French and English," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; "At Pinney's Ranch," by Edward Bellamy; "On a Photograph received from a friend in Rome," by T. W. Parsons; "Paul Jones and the Armed Neutrality," by John Fiske; "Island Democracy in the Caspian," by Edmund Noble; "Of One who is Deaf," by Edith M. Thomas; "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell; "At the Funeral of a Minor Poet," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Dr. Holmes's Progress," "Thackeray's Letters," together with the usual departments and the serials.

The December *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln from a photograph made about the time of his inauguration, which event is the subject of the present part of the Lincoln History. The narrative begins with Mr. Lincoln's departure from Springfield. An exact statement of the facts in regard to Lincoln's secret night-journey through Baltimore is given. Accompanying the paper are portraits of Seward, Frederick W. Seward, and Ward H. Lamon, together with a sketch of the inaugural scene. Mr. Kennan's second paper deals with the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists." An illustrated paper on the Sea of Galilee is contributed by Edward L. Wilson. A large number of photographs have been utilized in illustrations which accompany the article. Mr. Brander Matthews contributes an interesting study of journalism entitled "Notes on Parisian Newspapers," in which are characterized various leading journals. Among the portraits are those of Albert Wolff, Rochefort, Clémenceau, Claretie, and Sarcey. The fiction of the number embraces the second part of "The Graysons," a novel of Western life by Edward Eggleston; the second fourth of George W. Cable's novelette of the Teche country, "Au Large"; and the first part of "The Dusantes," Frank R. Stockton's sequel to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." There is also a short story by J. G. Perkins, entitled "After the War." Mr. Irving's Faust is the subject of two papers. The number contains no battle-paper, but, as announced, a few pages of "Memoranda on the Civil War."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Looking the other day at a portrait of the late Justice Clifford, in which that jurist's characteristic huge neckcloth was faithfully portrayed, "The last time I saw Clifford," said Senator Evarts, "was when I was making my argument before the Electoral Commission. Right in the middle of it I looked up at him, and could not help saying to myself: 'Mens sibi conscia necktie!'"

The old Rothschild, at an evening gathering, requested Saphir to write something in his autograph book, but it was to be something characteristic. In two minutes the financier received the volume back with the following entry: "Oblige me, dear baron, with the loan of ten thousand gulden; and forget, for ever after, your obedient servant, M. G. Saphir." The man of money saw the point of the joke, and paid generously for the humorist's signature.

Sydney Smith, the prince of dicers-out, said, in one of his letters to Jeffrey: "Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham, the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and though I saw three distinct brown rills of aimal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her! Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

M. Coquelin is very proud, perhaps as proud as Delaunay. On one occasion he was assigned a rather minor rôle in a play. Meeting him at rehearsal, some one remarked to him that it must seem odd for him not to have the leading part. "But I have the leading part," said he. "How is that? Are you not cast for the character of —?" "Certainly. That is the leading part. Whatever part I take is always the leading part."

While a theatrical version of "Les Mousquetaires" was being rehearsed at the Ambigu, the helmet on one of the firemen was seen stationary over the screen which shut off a part of the stage during the first acts. At the beginning of the last it disappeared. As soon as he could get away Dumas rushed after the fireman and asked him why he had not remained to the end. "Because it did not interest me," was the reply. Dumas went back, tore off his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, as was his wont when going to work, called for the last act, and tore it into shreds.

The slowness with which the mural paintings in the Paris Pantheon are being executed is being much commented upon in the artistic world. At the same time, the official world is thinking of filling the vaults with illustrious graves. But whose remains shall receive the honors of the Pantheon? Wanted, some great men to be buried in the Pantheon, and to justify the inscription on the façade: "Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante." The story runs in the Latin Quarter that at night the shade of Victor Hugo quits its dwelling in the lonely vaults, and wanders across the Place du Pantheon, pointing to the inscription and murmuring, "Aux grands hommes. Great men, indeed! Why this plural?"

Mr. W. A. Smith, in his "Benderlock," relates the following encounter between a large earth-worm and a very hungry frog. The frog made repeated and desperate efforts to swallow the worm by great gulps, the worm taking advantage of the periodically relaxed hold to withdraw its already engulfed end as far as possible. After a lengthened struggle, the half-suffocated frog had managed to gorge about one-half the wriggling and struggling creature, when the latter reached the stem of a rose-bush, despite the strenuous endeavor of the frog to prevent it. No sooner had the worm reached this, than, using it as a point of support, it carefully and gradually wound itself around it, until it succeeded in withdrawing its whole length from the "livid tomb," and coiling itself in safety round the stem. Froggy sat still for some seconds, disturbed in his mind and his interior, and then hopped disconsolately away.

The widow Fitz-Simmons became possessed of a town-lot in Delano, which lot was in juxtaposition to another lot owned by the body politic of Kern County. The authorities of the county deemed it necessary to build on their Delano town-lot a calaboose wherein to subdue the ardor of those who came under the baleful influence of "shepherd's delight," and they so ordered. The builders of the edifice, however, erected it on the wrong lot, and the widow Fitz-Simmons said naught to discourage them, with the acuteness for which widows are famous. When the builders had finished their labors, they were astonished to see the old lady walk into the "jug" and take possession thereof. She expressed her gratitude that the county should feel so deeply interested in her welfare as to build her this nice, new, burglar-proof domicile. All efforts so far, to oust her, have been unavailing, and she remains queen of the calaboose.

The father of General E., of Virginia, had a body-servant who was an inveterate toper. His master tried every means in his power to break him of drinking. Persuasion was useless, advice wasted, and whipping but temporary in effect. Sam had been to a dance, had imbibed freely, returned home at break of day, and at breakfast was rather the worse for wear. His master thought to try the effect of frightening him by apparently reading from the morning paper the death of a drunkard in Rome. "Spontaneous combustion! Horrible death of a drunkard! Last night Michael McGinnis was in a beastly state of intoxication; he retired to his room, and in blowing out the candle his breath caught fire. He was entirely consumed, and nothing left of him but the ashes in his shoes." Sam stood with eyes agog and hands raised. "Fore Gord, fore Gord, Marse John, dis nigger neber blow out a candle ez long ez he lib, shuah!"

The author of "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life" says that he once saw three young tigers, larger than Newfoundland dogs, loose on the deck of a British India steamer, crowded with several hundred Mecca pilgrims. The cage in which they were confined was large, and barred on each side, with a partition running along its middle, which had a drop-door. The man who had charge of the animals would drive them over to one side of the cage, close the partition, and clean out the other side at his leisure; then haring up the clean side, he would open the partition and drive the tigers back, while he went through the same performance on the other side. One morning he neglected to put up the bars on the side he had finished, and so drove the tigers out of the opposite side of the open cage. The animals, on obtaining their liberty, took different directions, and, crouching in the nearest corners, lay snarling and exposing their teeth, showing unmistakable signs of a most dangerous fear. That side of the deck was deserted, and the crowd gazed in interest at a respectful distance. Mr. Fleuse, the third officer, the second officer, and the keeper each placed themselves before a tiger, barring their exit, should they attempt to move away. Fleuse inquired if the tigers had been fed that day. They had not; they had always been fed on living fowls. Fleuse called for three chickens from the hen-coop. Taking these, he threw one in the face of each tiger. The chickens seemed simply motionless, glided to the spot, so instantaneous was the fixing of teeth and claws. Fleuse then went deliberately up to a tiger, coolly took the loose skin of the back of the neck with one hand, and the root of the tail with the other, and putting out his full strength, dragged the heavy brute along the deck to the cage, and forced it through the open bars. The chicken diversion acted perfectly. The brute had no object but that of retaining its prey. It growled fearfully; its eyes blazed; its teeth crushed through the chicken; its unsheathed claws clapped and pierced its quivering body. Red-hot irons would hardly have made it loose its grip of the bird. Then the tigers and the others helped Fleuse in carrying the remaining tiger to the cage.

SOCIETY.

The Coleman Reception.

The most prominent event of the week was the reception given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, at her residence, 450 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Inez Shorb, of the San Gabriel Mission, who made her debut in society here on that occasion. Over two hundred invitations were issued, and the preparations in general were on an elaborate scale. The entire residence was canvassed for dancing, and fragrant flowers perfumed every apartment. A canvas-covered awning protected the incoming guests from the somewhat inclement weather, and the guests, from their carriages, and ample dressing-rooms were provided on the second floor. It was fully ten o'clock before the festivities of the evening were well under way, and as the guests entered the library they in turn were welcomed by the hostess and the pretty debutante, who were assisted in receiving by Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Virginia, Miss Maggie Gwin, and Miss Wilson of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Coleman was attired in an elegant toilet of pale pink satin, made with a court train, and covered with an overdrift of Chantilly lace. The corsage was cut décolleté, with short sleeves, which met the gloves of white undressed kid at the elbows. Her hair was dressed high, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Miss Inez Shorb appeared in a becoming costume of white corded silk made with a demi-train, a la Princesse. The front of the skirt was trimmed with tulle to match, and white lilacs, and was caught up with hands of white and green velvet. The corsage was pointed back and front, and trimmed tastefully with tulle and lilacs. Her hair was arranged high and adorned with lilacs and green and white velvet.

Mrs. William M. Gwin wore a rich toilet of black silk and crepe, with a train, a la cour; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Gwin was dressed in an exquisite costume of shell-pink brocade silk, with a demi-train. The bodice front was of crimson velvet brocade in shaded pink floral designs. The V-shaped corsage was neatly trimmed with crimson velvet, and a band of broderie Romane ornamented the edges back and front.

Miss Maggie Gwin wore a pretty costume of pink-silk draped effectively with pink tulle and a matching demi-train. The corsage was square and with elbow sleeves.

Miss Wilson was attired in a toilet of white faille Française made a la Princesse. Trimmings of white tulle adorned with clusters of delicately shaded red tulips ornamented the front of the skirt, and the corsage was pointed back and front and trimmed similarly.

The toilets of all of the ladies were of elegant design and material, and in combination with the tasteful decorations and bright illumination made the scene one of much beauty. The library or reception room was decorated in blue and yellow, these tints being combined in flowers and draperies that adorned the large book-case and other portions of the apartment, and they were toned down somewhat by arrangements of fern sprays in the bay-window and corners.

The mirror was especially attractive with its loose draperies of pale blue raw silk and gauze ribbon of the same shade, mingled with garlands of yellow Japanese chrysanthemums. Two immense silver bowls of iced punch and lemonade were set on tables near by, and the contents were generously dispensed. Hanging between the folding doors at the rear was a large gayly colored wicker hamper full of red and yellow daisy faced chrysanthemums with projecting sprays of fern at the sides. This led to the dining-room proper where the sideboard was daintily trimmed with pink chrysanthemums and scarfs of old pink flowered brocade. These flowers were also clustered over the mantel mirror, where they were caught with ribbons of pale pink grenadine, while a scarf of pink silk was wound in among the flowers. At one side of the large doorway was a bunch of white and pink chrysanthemums, and on the opposite side hung a pretty basket of chrysanthemums of the same shades and foliage, encased by ribbons of pink and green silk. The commodious parlor adjoining was probably more attractive than either of the other rooms, for its furnishings are rich and the decorations harmonized perfectly. The two chandeliers were trimmed with spreading fern sprays tied with pale green ribbons and the lights shone lightly through the leaves. Fringing the lace curtains in the front bay-window were tall ferns, caught with ribbons of fawnish-green silk, and on the etagere were vases containing the foliage of the eucalyptus-tree, with green-silk ribbons wound around them. Suspended by bands of pale-green silk from the cornice, was a wreath of Langley chrysanthemums ornamented with a bow-knot of light-green silk. An elegant Dresden vase, resting on the cabinet in the bay-window at the side and it was filled with white chrysanthemums, while the curtains above were trimmed with these flowers and a scarf of white crepe. Fern-sprays and draperies of green-brocaded and lemon-colored crepe ornamented the top of the large mirror at the end of the room, and on the golden-colored velvet lamp-stands, which covered the mantel, were two beautiful Parisian quins, containing white chrysanthemums and ferns. Pendant at the side of the main entrance, was a quaint wicker-basket full of white chrysanthemums and foliage, and sustained by a scarf of green silk. The bronze statuette surmounting the newel-post in the hall was trimmed with fronds of fern, and the banisters were garlanded with white chrysanthemums and ferns, and the walls were decorated with gold-colored silk. Added to all of this there were several baskets of beautiful roses and flowers that had been sent to the debutante by admiring friends. Miss Mary Bates had charge of the decorations.

Dancing was the principal pleasure of the evening, and almost every one participated in its delights. Ballenberg's band played the latest in music with but slight intermissions until midnight, when supper was served on the upper floor. The buffet was decorated with a large center-piece of yellow and flame-colored chrysanthemums mingled among tall sprays of fern, and draped with apricot-colored silk. A bounteous menu was provided, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. After the supper, more dances, and it was almost two o'clock before the delightful event came to an end.

Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Judge and Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, General and Mrs. Chauncey McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Gaud, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Page, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Dr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Brummagin, Mr. and Mrs. C. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. L. Best, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Kallston, Captain and Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. D. G. Atherton, Mrs. Bessie Thornton, Mrs. James Thornton, Mrs. Van de Water, Mrs. T. W. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. Welcker, Mrs. Loughborough, Mrs. Martine, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Irwin McDowell, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Walcott, Mrs. Maria Coleman, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. Thomas Selby, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. F. H. Key, Mrs. J. H. Lake, Mrs. H. H. Kemp, Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Scott Wilson, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Inez Shorb, Miss Gwin, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Wilson, Misses Ashe, Miss Selby, Miss Jessie Bowie, Misses McKee, Miss Miller, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Hays, Miss Ella Goad, Miss L. Lake, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Margaret M. Heath, Miss Hutchinson, Misses Friedlander, Miss McDowell, Misses Brummagin, Miss A. Walcott, Miss Grace Bradley, Miss Jennie Flood, Misses Rose and Bebe Jones, Misses Tompkins, Miss Donahoe, Misses Brooks, Misses Thornton, Miss Virginia Thornton, Miss Nicholoso, Miss Minnie Mizner,

Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Bahette Howard, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Blanding, Miss Welcker, Miss Tevis, Miss Craig, Miss Thompson, Miss Loyal, Miss Garber, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, Paymaster Burton, U. S. N., Mr. Brennan, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Dr. Woods, U. S. N., Mr. J. V. Coleman, Dr. E. W. Auzal, U. S. N., Mr. Hugo Toland, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Carter Tevis, Dr. Dean, U. S. N., Mr. Bell, Mr. William Stone, Mr. C. T. Hamilton, Mr. Duff Maynard, Mr. Welcker, Mr. H. Cresswell, Colonel Henry I. Thornton, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Mr. Eugene Garber, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Dr. Sherman, Mr. A. J. Casserly, Mr. Fred B. Lake, Mr. Gork Meinecke, Mr. Davidson, Mr. F. P. Desiring, Mr. W. R. Hearst, Mr. J. E. de Ruyter, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. W. S. Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. William Fisher, Mr. Edgar Parker, Mr. W. G. Mizner, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. George T. Mayre, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. J. W. Dillenhaut, U. S. N., Mr. E. Norrict, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant Oscar Straub, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles I. Menohor, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank S. Harlow, Lieutenant Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., and the officers of the H. B. M. corvette Caroline.

At Mare Island.

There have been ten days of gaiety at Mare Island, quite an awakening for that sleepy station. The commandant recently gave a reception, a musicale, and several dinners, which were responded to by the officers of the French flagship *Duquesne*. Elaborate breakfasts and dinners on the vessel were of daily occurrence, and at occasional hop too, place in the evening. Receptions were also given to the French officers by Captain J. B. Coghlan, "executive of the yard," and Surgeon Woods. At all of these entertainments there were many guests from San Francisco. The most noticeable features were the admirable music furnished by the bands of the *Independence* and *Duquesne*, and the superb singing of Mrs. Philip, wife of the commanding officer of the former vessel, and of Mrs. Carl Jungen, wife of Lieutenant Jungen of the *Ranger*. There was a tremendous struggle with the language of La Belle France during this period of excitement, the honors being carried off by Mrs. Belknap, Mrs. Coghlan and the Misses McDougal.

The McBean Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean gave a pleasant dinner party last Thursday evening at their residence, 201 Pacific Avenue. The dining-room was prettily decorated in tones of yellow with chrysanthemums and silk draperies, and a dainty menu was provided. At each cover were neat name cards of thin sheets of redwood handpainted. Their guests were: Rev. and Mrs. Charles D. Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Knowles, of Boston, Miss Adams and Miss Fay.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are once more occupying their home on Franklin Street, having returned from a two-years' tour of Europe.

Major R. P. Hammond and Miss Hammond will leave for an Eastern trip next week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Mollie Stege have returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Mr. Raoul Martinez has returned from Europe, but will visit there again in the spring to join Mrs. Martinez, who will pass the winter with his mother in the south of France.

Mrs. H. H. Pearson and Miss Emma Pearson have gone to Santa Monica to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd departed for an Eastern visit last Saturday.

Mr. Louis T. Haggin has returned from his European trip, but Mrs. Haggin will remain abroad for several months owing to her ill-health.

Colonel Harry I. Thornton, Mrs. Thornton, and the Misses Lucille and Mary Thornton are occupying the former residence of Colonel Stuart M. Taylor on the corner of Hyde and Sacramento Streets, and will remain there during the winter.

Mrs. E. E. Sutherland and her daughter, Miss E. K. Sutherland, who have been in Germany for some time past, are passing the season at Brighton, England, whence they will proceed to New York.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin, who have been enjoying an extended Eastern and European trip, have returned home.

Mr. Truxton Beale has returned from a visit to his father, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles G. Toland has gone East, and will visit relatives in Baltimore and New York during the winter.

Mrs. Maria Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, and Mr. James V. Coleman have returned from an extended European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Miss Jessie Newlands will pass the winter in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. Porter, at the Hotel Pleasanton and Mrs. R. B. Spence at San José, for several weeks has returned to Arizona. Captain and Mrs. Mason will soon proceed from there to the East where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Maud Estee are at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mrs. D. G. Atherton and Miss Florence Atherton are at their home on California Street for the winter season, having returned from Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins will occupy the residence of Mr. R. C. Hooker, 1311 Hyde Street, during the winter.

Miss Bessie Shreve, who is visiting friends in Santa Barbara, is expected to return to Los Angeles.

Mrs. O. W. Childs, the Misses Childs and Mr. William Childs have returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott have returned to the city for the winter and are at their residence on Washington Street.

Miss Inez Shorb is the guest of Miss Carrie Gwin, and will remain here several weeks.

Miss Annie Buckbee, who has been visiting in the East for the past eight months, returned to the city last Saturday.

Ma and Mrs. Isaac Hecht left Stuttgart on November 25th for Egypt, and will return by way of Constantinople.

Hon. Frank J. Sullivan departed for Washington, D. C. last Monday.

Colonel C. F. Crocker went to Oregon this week.

Mr. T. H. Goodman and Mr. Richard Gray returned from Chicago on Monday.

Mrs. Alexander B. Forbes and the Misses Maud and Edith Forbes are in the city on a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Reddington are at the San Marcus Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beyerland, and Miss Bahette Howard are occupying the Norris residence on Sacramento Street.

Mr. George H. Redding is now in London, but expects to return to San Francisco.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis are in Paris.

Mrs. A. A. Taft, of New York, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were at the Palace Hotel several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw have returned from their Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, are located at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Schroeder are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington and Miss Yerrington, of Carson City, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. Malpas, of Saratoga, was in the city on Wednesday, visiting her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon have returned to the city, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Banning, and the Misses Mary and Lucy Banning, of Los Angeles, have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, of the Mission San Gabriel, is expected here in January.

Mr. Henry C. Hyde and family, of San Rafael, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill came up from Madrone on Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant went to San Luis Obispo on Tuesday, to remain about ten days.

Mrs. Susie Williams is the guest of the Misses Laura and Louisa Rountree.

Notes and Gossip

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman gave a charming dinner-party last Saturday evening, at her home, 1450 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Inez Shorb of Los Angeles. Covers were laid for ten at a handsomely appointed table, and an elaborate menu was enjoyed.

Miss Maud Howard contemplates having an amateur private theatrical entertainment soon at her residence.

The Reliance Club will give a party at Saratoga Hall next Monday evening.

The third german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a reception next Thursday evening, at their residence on Octavia Street.

The tournament of the California Lawn-Tennis Club will commence next Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard gave an elaborate dinner-party, at their residence, last Thursday evening.

An elegant dinner-party was given on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker will give a large reception soon, at her home on Sutter Street.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant will give a high-tea to-day, at her residence on Rush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott entertained a party of friends at dinner, on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Sr., have issued invitations for a reception which they will give at their residence, 1250 Taylor Street, on Tuesday evening, December 26th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., né Spencer.

Army and Navy News.

Major Eugene B. Beaumont, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two month's leave of absence to commence December 20th.

Lieutenant Thomas Cruise, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., is enjoying two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, First Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to the city on leave of absence.

Captain William M. Wallace and Captain A. R. Chaffee, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., have each been granted an extension of one month on their leave of absence.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., of Mare Island, passed several days at the Grand Hotel this week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Orchestral Union.

The members of the Orchestral Union gave their second concert of the ninth season last Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The orchestra was directed by Mr. Hermann Brandt, and had the assistance of Mme. Billoni-Zifferer, soprano. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Raymond Overture, Thomas; Melodie, Moszkowski; Song, Scene and Aria from Traviata, Verdi, Mme. Zifferer; Andante from 1st Symphony, Beethoven; Lorely Paraphrase, Nesvadba; Bolero, Sicilian Vesper, Verdi, Mme. Zifferer; Two Evening Songs, Goetze, String Orchestra; Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Overture, Bronze Horse, Auber.

The Schumann Club.

There was a large and fashionable audience assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall last Thursday evening on the occasion of the first concert given this season by the Schumann Club. Mr. David W. Loring was the musical director, and the club was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Clarence A. Howland and Mr. F. H. Loring, violinist. The programme was executed to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and was as follows:

On the Land afar Extending, G. Bartel; Serenade, Franz Schubert; Barcarole, Hans Huber; Frithof at his Father's Grave, Max Bruch; Summer Eve, J. L. Hatton; Through Murn's Leaves, G. Bartel; Spring Night, W. Bargiel; Reveries, Gustave Hollander; Slumber Song, Rubinstein; Morning Sweet Cuckoo Greet, G. Bartel.

The fourth and last of the series of chronological musical recitals will take place at Irving Hall, on the evening of December 14th. They have been of great interest to the students of music, who will be glad to know that the best has been kept for the last as a *bonne bouche*. Mr. Rosewald has hitherto confined his interesting explanations to a small field each evening. But the programme for the last evening embraces no less than several nationalities, and will give a particularly good opportunity to hear Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, the favorite pianist of San Francisco. The vocalists will be Miss Alvin Heuer and Miss Mary D. Barnard.

Mrs. Washington Berry, a lady well-known in San Francisco society, and who is a daughter of the late General De Russy of the U. S. Engineer Corps, will on Tuesday evening, December 20th, give a drawing-room concert at Pioneer Hall. Her piano will be assisted by Miss Mary Shafter (daughter of Colonel Shafter, U. S. A.), and other well-known ladies and gentlemen of this city. The concert will be an event, both musically and socially.

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The great dissolution sale now in progress at the well-known Freud's Corset House has created a furore? Every lady now has an opportunity to secure the best corsets in the world at marvelously low prices. Remember, there is but one Freud's Corset House. It is at 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. We close daily at six P. M., except Saturdays. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders: Freud & Sons, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

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— THE APPROPRIATENESS OF A FINE PORTRAIT as a Christmas gift is now conceded by all people in society; its inexpensiveness makes it an admissible present among acquaintances, and nothing could be more satisfactory to giver and recipient. To be really in the fashion, one's photographs should bear the signature of Flaglor, for the artistic posing and exquisite finish of his work have made his photograph parlors, at the corner of Ninth and Market Streets, the best patronized by all the leaders of San Francisco society.

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THREE LADIES POISONED.

The Danger of Using an Internal Remedy for the Complexion.

Three Brooklyn Ladies Try to Improve Their Complexions by an Internal Remedy

and Are Compelled to Call a Doctor to Save Their Lives.

A startling account of the narrow escape from poisoning of three young and beautiful Brooklyn girls was recounted in nearly a column of particulars in the Brooklyn Eagle of the 16th inst. A month or so ago, a Western paper published the escape from death in a similar manner of two young girls in Iowa. It is certainly an extraordinary fact that women, old or young, will run such risks in the face of all these well-authenticated reports of danger to life.

It is an exploded theory that internal remedies will cure defects which are produced simply by wind, sun, or climate. If you receive a wound from an external cause you certainly do not take a dose of medicine for it. It is just as absurd to take an internal remedy for freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, blackheads, or any other defect of the skin. External causes produce these repulsive defects. External remedies alone will cure them.

The Recamier Preparations are not articles made by an unknown person, with indorsements by unknown people, living in unknown places. They are made, on the contrary, by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, well known in the best circles some years ago as a woman of the fashionable world, more recently as the manufacturer and proprietor of the most wonderful and efficacious preparations for the skin ever put before the public. Think of the women who recommend the Recamier Preparations. Members of every leading family in the great metropolis. Among them such names as Gould, Astor, Vanderbilt, Van Rensselaer, Suyvesant, Golet, Beckwith, Lorillard, Payson, Kernochan, Huntington, Jewett, Jerome, &c., &c. Besides these, every great artist and professional woman of our times: Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Mme. Adeline Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Helen Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, Helen Daubray, Agnes Reethy, the Misses Maud Harrison, Virginia Dreher, Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Verona Jarboe, Gertrude Griswold, Madeline Lacette. These are the women who make the preservation of their beauty one of the objects of their lives, and they, without one exception, use and indorse the Recamier Preparations, and will have no other.

Compare these names, these facts, with the names of the people who indorse other articles, and can you hesitate? Surely not. Take the matter in hand now. You cannot be attractive while your complexion is bad. How will you look at opera or ball with those red spots, those pimples? The fates forbid! The matter is in your own hands. Recamier Cream will cure blotches and pimples. Recamier Lotion will cure freckles and liver spots, and should also be used in place of water to remove the dust from the face during the day. Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple, for day and evening. Recamier Powder is the finest Powder ever manufactured. Recamier Soap—medicated and unexcelsed. All are made on the same basis and contain the healing ingredients which have made Recamier Cream, in the shortest space of time, the best known emollient in the world. The absolute purity and freedom from lead, bismuth, arsenic, or any other cheap or harmful article, is guaranteed by the affidavit of Mrs. Ayer, and by the analysis of these preparations by Prof. Stillman and other well-known chemists.

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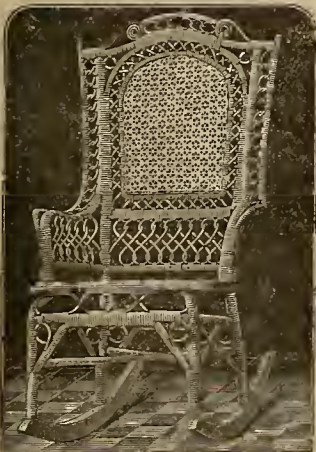
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ART NOTES.

The pupils of the California School of Design gave their annual free exhibition of their drawings and studies, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of this week. There are about two hundred specimens of their work. The Alvord gold medal for drawing, and the Avery gold medal for painting were awarded last night.

Stanton is at work on a cartoon of the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club, of which Peter Robinson was, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of this week. It represents the Burial of Care, showing St. John of Nepomuc, the patron saint of Bohemia and of the club, who is being received by the committee. A death's-head is displayed in the background, and also a number of odd figures, all vainly clutching for the almighty dollars that are flying about. The portrait of the committee in the foreground are very cleverly done.

Theodore Wores has all of his pictures at the Art Students' League, and will give an exhibition of them at the rooms of the Art Association during the second week in January. He has some twenty-five paintings displaying the characteristics of Japan, the people, and the native flora. All the paintings are beautifully framed. These frames are exquisite specimens of the wood-carving for which Japan is renowned.

Miss Matilda Lotz is again at her studio, 728 Montgomery Street, and is engaged on a number of sketches she made recently while on a visit to the Willamette Valley, in Oregon. She has quite a collection of attractive pastoral scenes, groups of sheep, cows, and other animal studies. She will leave for New York next month to establish a studio there for about a year, and will then go to Paris.

Fred Yates recently completed a portrait of Mr. Henry Heyman, two-thirds length, which is on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard (Nellie Hopps) has arrived safely in Yokohama with her Jersey cow.

Charles Peters is studying in Paris under Bouguereau and Le Fevre, and stands seventh in his class.

A. C. Rodriguez has returned from a four months' absence in Ensenada and Mexico, where he has been sketching for the International Company. He also brought back a number of attractive studies of Mexican scenery for his own use. His trip was one of much pleasure and interest.

Raehen and Carl von Perhandt will have an auction sale at the rooms of the Art Association on Thursday, December 22d. An exhibition of the pictures will open on the Monday previous. The subjects are nearly all Californian, comprising Indian sketches, landscapes, and genre pictures, many of which were taken at Fort Ross and in its picturesque vicinity.

William Keith went to Los Angeles on Tuesday for a fortnight's outing, and took a dozen pictures with him.

Brookes has just completed a "portrait of a gentleman" sitting at his ease in a shooting-box on the Alviso marshes. Among the new pictures at Morris & Kennedy's gallery is a painting of the Seal Rocks under peculiar effects, a plaque of La France roses by Miss Alice Vincent, of Oakland, and a panel of these same flowers by Miss Alice Chittenden.

Joulin is working on a still-life picture showing a carved brass armoire, set against a white skin with a white silk background, and containing a large cluster of La France roses. A mandolin is standing at the side. He is also laying in a cartoon of the Bohemian Club Christmas jinks, with Doctor Swan as the Sire.

An Irish setter dog, the property of Mr. W. R. Hearst, has been portrayed by Miss Matilda Lotz and can be seen at Morris & Kennedy's.

W. A. Coulter has several marine sketches under way, including an Arctic whaler, a rocky coast scene with the waves heating against the cliffs, and a wreck scene, showing a boat coming in through the heavy breakers. He is also laying in a sketch of Liverpool and the fort. His studio is made attractive by his European sketches which were recently exhibited at the Art Association.

The members of the Art Students' League are showing much progress in their recent work.

The following is from *Town Topics*, of New York: "What European art can do with Oriental subjects is shown at the present exhibition at the Academy of Design. There is a white Arabian, and a curious, big interior, with figures, from Chinatown, in San Francisco. The artist is Mr. Henry Alexander, a native San Franciscan, who got his art-schooling in Munich."

R. D. Velland has returned to the city after an eighteen month's absence in the East and Europe.

Edward Deakin held a successful sale of his paintings last Thursday at Irving Hall.

The Christmas and New Year cards, published by Prang & Co., of Boston, comprise a wider variety of styles than those of last year, and the designs are fully as good. Among the artists who have been called on for designs, are Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, Thad. Welch, Miss Nellie Littlehale, Mrs. J. F. Murphy, Newton MacKintosh, Miss M. von Langen, and J. F. Murphy, for landscape and flower pieces; G. S. Hill, E. B. Williams, and Miss Fidelia Bridges, in animal life; and Walter Satterlee, Miss Virginia Gerson, F. S. Church, Miss L. B. Comins, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Miss Maud Humphrey, and others, for figure pieces. Mrs. Celia Thaxter contributes a very pretty card with autograph reproduction of one of her own verses. It is astonishing to note the variety of ways in which satin, cardboard, tinsel, and lithographic printing, and a new material, called metaline (which gives an excellent imitation of decorative metal-work) are utilized to produce new and pretty effects. The mounted cards, the satin prints, booklets, and the calendars are all marvels of ingenuity and applied art.

The Pacific Coast Amateur Photographic Association have issued invitations for their second exhibition, which takes place next Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the rooms of the Art Association. The invitation is a very pretty affair, each being decorated with a finely executed reproduction of a member's work. The exhibition last year was so successful in every way that there will, no doubt, be a great demand for the present invitations.

The Society of American Wood-Engravers has issued a volume of "Engravings on Wood," which marks in a striking manner the present high position of the engraver's art in this country. It is a large folio volume of nearly two score pages, containing an introduction and descriptive text by William M. Laffan, and twenty-five engravings by members of the society. In his introduction Mr. Laffan reviews the progress of wood-engraving in this country in the past ten years, comparing the new American school most eulogistically with those of France, Germany, and England; he gives the American school too great a superiority, perhaps, but there is more ground than mere patriotism for his boasts. Indeed, one could not hope to find elsewhere such perfect reproduction of the artists' original creations, such boldness and artistic perception in the methods employed, as in these blocks; they neither servilely follow each line and mark, nor transform the original by imposing on it their own characteristic style. The list of the plates is as follows: "The Mystery of Life," engraved from the drawing of Karl Marx by Victor Bernstrom; "The Quadroon Girl," after George Fuller, and "The Listeners," after William M. Hunt, by W. B. Closson; "The Entombment," after a fresco by Giotto, by Timothy Cole; "Among the Old Poets," after Walter Shirlaw, and "The Cobblers," after Edgar M. Ward, by John P. Davis; "Lending the Saddle," after F. D. Millard; and "In the Enemy's Country," after Gilbert Gaul, by Frank French; "Portrait of a Child," after J. W. Alexander, by T. Johnson; "The Sibyl," after F. S. Church, and "A Difference," after E. H. Blandfield, by E. H. King; "A Morning," after George Inness, and "The Flying Dutchman," after A. P. Ryder, by Elbridge Kingsley; "William M. Hunt's 'Portrait' of himself," and "Rembrandt," after Alfred Apples, by Gustav Kruehl; "I'm Perfectly Happy," after J. G. Brown, by R. A. Muller; "The Three Marys," after John Lafarge, and "The Lady and Horse," after A. H. Thayer, by C. A. Powell; "Identity," after Elhu Vedder, and "A Waterfall by Moonlight," after R. A. Blake, by S. G. Putnam; "Exchanging Confidence," after Francis C. Jones, by John Tinney; "One Day in June," after W. T. Smalley, and "Niles Standish's Challenge," after E. A. Abbey, by F. H. Wellington; and "The New England Peddler," after Eastman Johnson, and "The Roadside," after R. Swain Gifford, by Henry Wolf. The printers have not been behind in their department, and the heavy paper, large, bold type, delicate print-work, and rich binding speak as highly for the mechanical share of the work. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, and may be seen at the establishment of the Bancroft Company.

It was our fortune to stray into a studio the other afternoon, which, for harmony of color in drapery and general arrangement, made it very fascinating and worthy of description. Miss Eva Withrow has recently returned from Munich after four years' study with Currier, settled in this city, and established her studio at 925 Pine Street. She has brought with her, not only her pictures, which are among the happiest results of the impressionist school, but innumerable articles of vertu. The place of honor on the easel is given to a large full-length portrait, a symphony in white, which has been already exhibited, and commended for its delicacy of tone and freedom in handling. A half-finished portrait of the Rev. Dr. Barrows gives promise of a fine fulfillment. Miss Withrow seems especially to excel in portraiture, the most difficult and highest branch of art. In one corner she has installed a portrait of her master as the presiding genius. The head is painted with dash and spirit, and stands out in wonderful relief. Underneath it is draped a gorgeous piece of old-rose brocade, and the model near by is covered with a soft combination of olive, gold, and Persian-blue. On it are pieces of Japanese bronze, pewter tankards, curious colored glasses, and tall beer-mugs, the latter gathered from Bavarian peasants' cottages during summer sketching trips. In an opposite corner a most beautiful, high, carved cabinet from Verona carries up back to the fifteenth century, and on top of it rests a quaint Jewish candelabrum, a spoil from Prague. At the foot of the cabinet is a mellow-toned Persian rug and a carved ebony stool. Around the room are scattered queer old chairs, and odd pieces of furniture of such different origin, that in looking them over one becomes queerly jumbled as to centuries and localities. Back of the large easel, the wall is draped with portieres from Tunis. Across the rich drapery extends a frieze of exquisitely carved wood. It was once the front of an old chest, and insensitively reminds one of Geneva. Below it is a large bronze plaque of Shakespeare, and a brass sconce. A modern chest is on the floor beneath, littered with photos, etchings and sketches, tantalizing in their quantity and quality, when the eye greedily wants to absorb them all in one afternoon. One's mind is a confused mass of old Rotterdam church interiors, hits of shrines, delicious dashes of spring blossoms and greco, curious street views, odd faces, old and young, dear little German habes, quaint and solemn, and many more subjects the artist has done full justice to in her long sojourn abroad. The farther corner of the studio is draped in an olive-green silk brocade worked in gold thread, and there the artist has stored an interesting collection of German head-gear, a bride's bonnet, a halo of gold wire, and various other bonnets, many of which are so old that they have been kept for a century. The heirlooms of ancient customs in the peasant families from which she obtained them. Near by stands a spinning-wheel two hundred years old, and a jeweled censer swings above which was once the top of a virgin's crown in an old church. Quaint bits of carving, curious pitchers, hits of crockery, Persian rugs, odd lamps, stained glass, and curios too numerous to mention, occupy shelf, wall, and floor. Miss Withrow has brought home with her also sketches by various artist friends, many studies of Currier, Koehler, Fitz, Bell, Burger, and others, which are interesting for their broad handling and depth of color. She also has a large number of beautiful sketches in pastel. Some exquisite hits are from Lake Constance, Rome, and different parts of Germany made memorable by poet and historian. G.

The Wine Par Excellence.

An interesting article which recently appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, on "Champagne and its Manufacture," says of Pommery & Greno, the great French firm; "Their establishment at Reims is immense, and they have six miles of galleries in their cellar. Madame Pommery, widow of the late senior partner of the firm, is now head of the house. She formerly resided in an imposing mansion situated near where tradition says the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots dwelt when she was the ward of her uncle, the Archbishop of Reims. Madame Pommery now resides in a handsome villa near Chigny, not far distant." This lady comes of a fine old Normandy family, and it has ever been her ambition to produce a wine which should be the royal beverage of Europe. This motive combined with the zeal and energy of her directors, has secured the present unparalleled results; and this brand of champagne has become the cherished favorite of the aristocracy of Europe and America, and now on the strength of the Pommery, whenever a new brand of champagne is being introduced the Prince of Wales is claimed to favor it.

The Scottish Earl of Carnwath, who succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle a few days ago, is the fifth Earl within twenty years. The family are proverbially unhappy.

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Boiled Marmosets.
Genuine Westphalian Hams, 30 cts. a pound.
Belgian Irish Bacon.
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Little Josef Hofmann, the marvelous boy-pianist, who is now in New York, appears to be something of a misogynist. He was recently invited to a soiree at the mansion of a rich manufacturer at Hull, England. "I won't go," he said. "Why not?" "Because there are too many ladies in English houses. They cut locks from my hair, make me write my name in their albums, and are continually kissing me. I hate all that. It annoys me."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Dixey is twenty-nine years of age.

"The Shadows of a Great City" will be repeated at the Alcazar next week.

Dixey runs one week more at The Baldwin, and will be followed by James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo."

"The Pirates of Penzance" will be revived at the Tivoli next week, and following it, during the holidays, will come "A Trip to the Moon."

Irving and Terry are not coming to San Francisco with "Faust." Irving dreads the transcontinental journey, and Terry refuses downright to try it.

"Natural Gas," a farce comedy which has been well received in the East, will come to the Bush Street Theatre next week, remaining until the arrival of the Howard Athenæum Company, which will fill the holiday season.

Miss Stella Chase-Ainsworth will make a double début this week at the California Theatre, appearing in both a comedy and tragedy of Shakespeare. Her rôles, Juliet and Rosalind, are two of the most exigent the bard has written. Miss Ainsworth played Juliet on Friday night, and plays Rosalind twice on Saturday, an arduous piece of work for a beginner, counting only the physical exertion.

Italo Campanini is at present traveling across the continent in gorgeous state. Like all truly great singers, he has his special car, but this is adorned with a real Italian cook, with reservoirs of *macaroni*, *tagliarini*, and *spaghetti*, and a renowned pug, Black. His concerts take place at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon of next week.

Campanini is to give a season of Italian opera in New York at the close of his concert season. His *pièce de résistance* will be Verdi's "Otello," magnificently mounted and costumed, he promises. If his promises be not true, his season will end disastrously and ignominiously the first week, for the New Yorkers now demand a luxury of *mise en scène* such as is only to be found in the great subsidized opera-bouses of the old world. The future of Italian opera in New York hangs upon the Campanini season.

"A Celebrated Case" has not been a success at the California Theatre. The company as now organized, is entirely too light-weighted for a melodrama of such serious interest as "A Celebrated Case." The California combination went very well for a while, but its strength was too materially lessened to run melodrama against the Alcazar, where there is really a great deal of talent. The houses speak for this drop in the company. They were crowded for "Her Attonement"; they are half-empty now.

A new comedy has lately been brought out in France, by Pailleron, the author of the comedy which the Palmer company plays under the name of "Our Society." The closing words of the new comedy were, "Merci, mon gendre." It is too early yet to find how the context bears upon these simple words, but they nightly raised such a disturbance in the theatre that it became necessary to suppress them. It is fair to suppose that, since Grévy has resigned and his son-in-law has become a nonentity, M. Pailleron has been able to restore the tag to his play.

W. T. Carleton is coming to the Baldwin in January, with "Erminie," "Nanon," and "The Mikado," and also with "Dorothy," the new English opera, in his repertoire. "Dorothy" is by Alfred Cellier, a graceful and pleasing English composer, who was musical director of Barton Key's comic opera company, and who signalized his visit to San Francisco by producing a cantata at Platt's Hall, one dark and rainy day, when no one went to hear it. The cantata has never been a favorite musical form in San Francisco, but is much liked in London, where Cellier's music has had a great success. "Dorothy" has been eminently successful, both in London and New York.

It is computed that the average cost of a plain, ordinary, formal début, a Juliet, Julia, or Camille, is from thirty-five hundred to five thousand dollars. This, for an obscure person who is obliged to pay for a little preliminary notoriety. Mrs. James Brown Potter's début is reputed to have cost a round twenty thousand dollars, though notoriety did not cost her a penny. Being naturally a luxurious person, she was bound to do things up in good style, and the demands of middle-men have put her considerably out of pocket. She has not yet got back into her own hands one-fourth of the money expended. Mrs. Langtry's costume for her début cost five pounds. She utilized an old party-dress for one scene, but her har-maid's costume of gray cashmere she had made by Kate Riley, the great London dressmaker, for the sake of the fit. The Labouchères did the rest, and the Lily had no bill to pay. Mary Anderson's début cost five hundred hard-earned dollars; she is now reputed to be worth a million. Lotta's début cost her a new banjo and a little short red dress. She, too, is worth a million. Most of the successful actresses have not made formal débuts, for the very good reason that they had not four or five thousand dollars to make them with.

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They Never Stop.

It is this kind of a wife that makes some men old and gray before their time.

"William," she says, after William is curled snugly up under the blankets for the night, "did you lock the front door?"

"Yes," says William, briefly.

"You're sure you did?"

"Yes, sure."

"And you slipped the bolt, too?"

"Yes."

"You know you forgot it once, and it gave me such a turn when I found it out in the morning. I didn't get over it for a week. We haven't much anybody'd want to steal, I know, but I don't want the little we have taken, for—"

"I tell you I attended to the doors."

"Well I hope so, for goodness' sake. You attended to the basement door?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Because if you hadn't, you or I, one or the other, would have to get up and attend to it now. I read, to-day of—"

"I don't care what you read."

"It is said that a man down on B— Street forgot to—"

"I don't care if he did."

"And in the middle of the night a burglar walked right in and—"

"I don't believe it."

"I've a notion to get up and see if you have locked the door. You're sure?"

"How many times have I got to tell you that I did lock it?"

"Well, you thought you'd locked it that time when you left it unlocked."

"Will you be quiet?"

"I don't care, William, you know yourself how careless you are, and—"

"See here, Mary Jane, this has got to end right here."

But it doesn't end there; and it doesn't end for an hour, and William arises in the morning with the lines on his brow a little deeper, and the hopeless, desperate look still in his face.—*Tid-Bits.*

Did Not Need a Gun.

A gentleman was conversing with an Idaho minister whom he happened to meet on a railroad train.

"You have been preaching in the West for several years, I understood you to say, did I not?" he inquired.

"Yes, for the last twenty years," replied the minister.

"You know," continued the Eastern man, "how we sometimes read of ministers in your country frequently having to go into the pulpit with a revolver to use in maintaining order in a turbulent congregation. Is there anything in it?"

"Oh, yes, I have known ministers to do it, but I consider it entirely unnecessary."

"That was always my idea, too."

"Oh, yes; yes, altogether unnecessary," returned the preacher. "Besides, it always seemed to me in very poor taste for a minister of the gospel, preaching peace on earth and good-will towards men, to go around tied to a hip-cannon. Yes, a gun is wholly uncalled for," continued the good man, as he took the roll of sermons in his left hand and reached down with his right hand and extracted a fourteen-inch knife from his boot-leg; "yes, wholly uncalled for; give me this howie in my boot-leg, and a good pair of brass-knuckles, and a hymn-book in my coat-tail pocket, and I will agree to carry the gospel to any man that ever looked through a collar! The shooting-iron has had its day as a method of evangelization."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. O. A. Stevens relates that, some years ago, he met the Rev. Dr. Edward Eggleston in Switzerland, and went with him to a diligence bureau to secure him a place to Chamounix. "I acted," says Mr. Stevens, "as interpreter, and noticed the clerks looking with awe at Dr. Eggleston's tall form, long hair, sombrero, and novel cut of clothes, for he affected the Western air then. 'What is that man there, an American?' the clerk asked me in French. 'Yes,' I answered. He hesitated a moment and continued, looking again at the hair and hat: 'Is it that he is a savage?' 'Savage? not at all.' 'I beg ten thousand pardons, but it to me occurred that he is by hazard an Indian.' 'Ah, not exactly!' I replied: 'he is not an Indian, but an Indianian.' 'Ah! precisely. I thought so.' And, thanks to the man's mystification, Dr. Eggleston got a seat in the imperial that had already been engaged.

Among the stores which lately were shipped at Naples for use in the expedition against Abyssinia was an ironclad wall, or movable ironclad tower, which has been built at the military steel factory of Terni. This wall may be extended over a length of four hundred meters, and has three rows of loopholes. In case of a sudden attack the wall may be rolled up into a tower, inside of which a number of troops can find shelter. Two hundred camels are required to carry the wall, which is in reality a movable fortress.

A lease of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, made in the days of King Alfred, has just expired in England. The land was leased by the Church to the Crown, and reverts now to the Church of England after a thousand years—a striking illustration of the stability of the law in that little isle.

A device has been patented for killing beef, which consists of a mask or plate, to which is fastened a short steel gun. A tap with a hammer discharges this gun in such a manner that the bullet pierces the centre of the brain and is buried in the spinal marrow, causing instantaneous and painless death.

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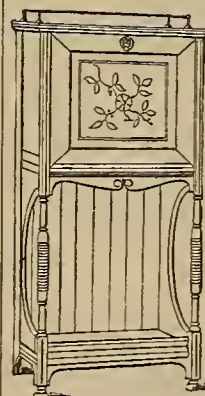
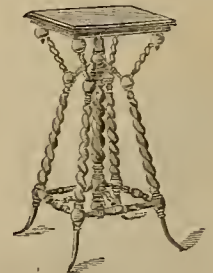
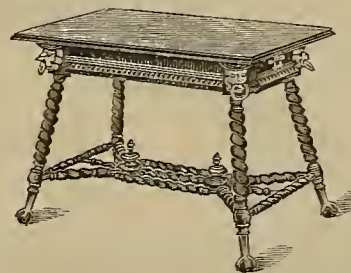
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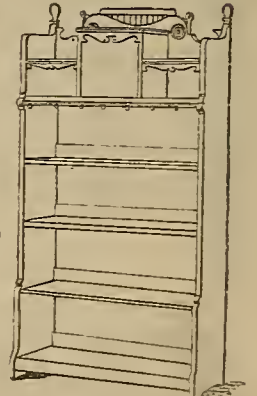
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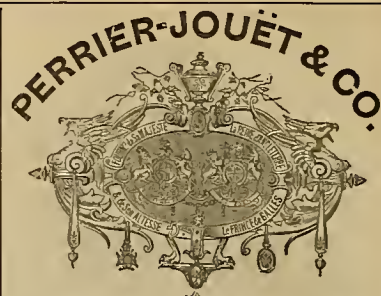
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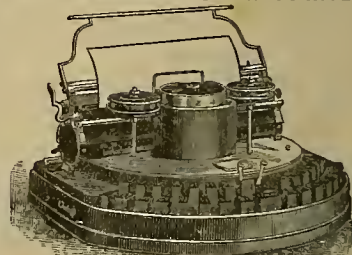
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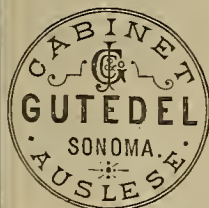


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Letters of inquiry pour in upon us from California and from Eastern States asking information in reference to the American party—questions we find it very difficult to answer. The air is filled with American sentiment, American principles abound, and there is an almost universal expression of sympathy with the American party, and an earnest desire for its more perfect organization and for its ultimate success. We find in our State this embarrassment, we have no local elections to occur between now and the Presidential. Will the American party put a Presidential candidate in the field? This question we can not answer, because it will depend upon whether there will be enough States sufficiently organized to call a national convention and place electoral tickets in enough States with sufficient probability of success to justify the endeavor. As for our individual self, we reply, that we are personally in favor of an American ticket at every future election. We would place the American party upon a broad national basis, and though in a minority would make its presence felt at every ballot-box where we could command a single vote. This we would do without stopping to inquire what would be the effect upon either of the national parties. We might select candidates in all State and municipal elections from the other tickets, to make an impression upon the nominating conventions of Republicans and Democrats. We would so hold and so wield the balance of power that no party should dare to place a Pope's Irishman, or a

German anarchist, or any other son of a foreign sea-cook up as a candidate for office. We would marshal our forces that we could strike effective blows at every cowardly political combination that should endeavor to command political success by toadying to the alien vote, but we would always mass our forces upon an American platform, fight our battle under an American party banner, and stand together as a distinct American party organization. The American party is organized in California and Colorado. It is organized in Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania, and the sentiment is so universal for the necessity of restricting foreign immigration and amending the naturalization laws, that it is clearly evident that the country is in readiness to avail itself of any indifference or cowardice that either national party may exhibit toward this national feeling. Platforms will be watched with interest in this direction, and there is no candidate so popular that his opinions will not be challenged upon the questions of immigration, naturalization, and his attitude toward our common schools, the Church of Rome and its priests, and the Clan-na-gael must be clearly and satisfactorily defined.

Last week the Duke of Norfolk left England for Rome, as bearer of a congratulatory message from Queen Victoria to the Pope, on the occasion of that old gentleman's jubilee, and the English Catholics are correspondingly jubilant over the event. They affect to consider this thoroughly unofficial mission, which is, in effect, nothing but a return of the compliment paid by the Pope to the queen, at the latter's jubilee in May, as tantamount to a renewal of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican, or at least as, in a measure, paving the way thereto. In order to show upon what slender grounds this fanciful hypothesis rests, it is only necessary to glance at the character of the emissary to whom this complimentary mission is entrusted. The Duke of Norfolk, though premier peer of England, by virtue of fortuitous rank—for there are several baronial houses that antedate the Howards by centuries—is, in point of fact, a political nonentity. He never raises his voice in the House of Peers, and takes no interest in the politics of the realm. Being, besides this, a staunch and zealous adherent of the Catholic Church—the only institution he seems to take any interest in—the selection of such a man for such a mission is as admirable as its grim irony is apparent. This polite introduction of hutter to cheese is a stroke of diplomatic finesse worthy of a Disraeli. The astute Italian on the pontifical chair must perforce appreciate the compliment paid to him in the person of England's noblest and, perhaps, politically, weakest peer—and the harrenness of it. But the arch-tenants of the Vatican have become accustomed to so many polite snubs, and deferential but meaningless courtesies, in these latter days, that they occupy almost the position of the typical eel in relation to its skin. The Czar, however, has gone a step further and administered a cut more unkind even than the most courteous snub, in that it is a cut that hits his boliness where he lives—on the pocket. He has forbidden his Polish Catholic subjects either to send presents to the Pope or to visit Rome during the jubilee. Still, it is probable that the poor little attempt to get up a jubilee at Rome—jubilees being at the moment in fashion—on the somewhat slender claim of a fifty years' tenure by Leo XIII., not of the pontifical throne, but of the priesthood, will not be seriously frustrated by reason of the enforced detention of the Polish votaries and Polish money from the city of the Holy See; but that calice, and chasuble, and bejeweled tiara, and Peter's pence may come drifting in galore to the pontifical coffers.

Governor Stanford has introduced, or given notice of the introduction of, a bill into the Senate of the United States to so change the naturalization law that a twenty-one years' residence shall be required before the man of alien birth can clothe himself in the habiliments of American citizenship. This is, we believe, the first step taken by any statesman of prominent position in the direction of this indispensable reform. Governor Stanford thoroughly recognizes the great danger that threatens our republican institutions from the immigration of a horde of aliens who are ignorant of our theories, and who are not disposed to acquiesce in the ad-

ministration of our laws. He has had the courage to introduce a bill declaring that American citizenship is a privilege too valuable to be looser offered as an inducement for European mendicants, criminals, political adventurers, crack-brained theorists, ecclesiastical bigots, and ignorant fools to come to this country and govern it. He has the courage to think and the boldness to declare that Americans have the intelligence, the patriotism, and the right to rule the American republic without the meddling interference of the men of any other nationality. In doing this he voices the sentiment of all intelligent persons of every nationality. The American people have given generous welcome to foreign immigrants till they have abused it beyond endurance, till they have formed a dangerous class, and become an element of peril to the country whose laws they disobey and whose traditions they willfully, and with premeditated intention, violate. From Germany we acquire a set of fanatical philosophers who would secure to themselves the property of others by violence and murder, and when we hang them, their countrymen parade their impudent protests in Chicago and New York by great public demonstrations of sympathy. The Irish obtrude their religion of Rome and their home-rule, land-league, no-rent politics offensively into our public gaze, till they have debauched our journals and made cowards of our politicians; other nationalities are only less objectionable because their emigrating class is less numerous, and, as a rule, they are not in numbers sufficient to overcome the embarrassment of not understanding the English language. It ought to be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, for anybody to print a journal in America in other than the English language; it ought to be a crime, punishable by imprisonment, for any school-master to teach any other language in the public free schools than the English. Any German, Italian, Dutchman, Frenchman, Portuguese, Austrian, Belgian, Swede, Norwegian, Slavonian, Russian, Pole, Greek, Scandinavian, or any other alien of any land, who should make a political speech in any other language than English, should be presumed to be talking treason, and should have enough stripes laid upon his bare back to make him welcome a banishment to his native land. The member of any church, or the native of any foreign land, who acknowledges to its Pope, primate, metropolitan, or any other ecclesiastic, a higher allegiance in civil affairs than he owes to the Constitution and laws of the United States of America, should be tried for treason and, if found guilty, should suffer death upon the gallows. With this simple code of laws, and their strict enforcement, the passage of Governor Stanford's bill, and a few enactments for protecting the ballot and punishing political hosses, the United States of America might be regarded as an agreeable place of residence for some years yet to come.

To know the truth concerning the specially and intensely political character of the Roman Catholic Church, we need not go back to the past history of its life, but may fully, painfully, and apprehensively realize the dangerous truth by the record it is daily making before our very sleepy American eyes. Never before in the life of this nation have the newspapers been so filled with the doings of the Roman Catholic alleged church. Close upon the heels of the hoastful declaration that this Roman alleged church is gaining ground in our country with marvelous rapidity comes this most remarkable, this most offensive, and this most impolitic obtrusiveness. It is well for the American people, it is well for human freedom that this Roman establishment thus indulges itself in its vainglorious and unwise obtrusion. There seems to be a providential implanting of extreme unwisdom in every wicked and hurtful human institution. Our Southern States might easily have been in full possession of their slaves to this very day if they had not themselves brought on the ruin and extinction of their cherished system of labor. The Roman political party will happily work out its own ruin and extinction in our country by means of its stupendous, overweening folly. Of the incidents showing the political character of this pretended church which have been crowding themselves upon our attention recently, we will make note of only a few. In a recent issue of the *Alta* a long article on the coming golden jubilee of the Pope of Rome embodied an account of those acts of two of the

popes that entitled them to be honored, and an account of the tremendous growth of the American branch of the papal dominions. We will quote as briefly as possible to show how wholly political are the meritorious acts which entitle the popes to special honor, and to show both how vast a power the Roman Pope wields in our country, and how wholly temporal and pecuniary is that power:

It is just a few months more than ten years ago, that the Catholic world was called upon to participate in the Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius IX. The present pageant will occur under circumstances very different from those which attended the former one. In 1877, the position of the Catholic Church was a difficult one. Pius Nono had been stripped of his temporal power; he had been an exile, and he could not forget the indignities that had been heaped upon his church and himself. His hand was against nearly all of the ruling powers of Europe, and they in turn bore heavily upon the church. Almost his last act was to issue a protest on the seventeenth of January, 1878, against the succession of Humbert to the crown that had just fallen from the dead brow of Victor Emmanuel. The pale-faced prelate, Joachim Vincent Pecci, had long ruled over the ancient See of Perugia, had ruled that of Spoleto as well, and had been Papal Nuncio to Belgium. He was known as a scholar and a diplomatist. He was elected on February 20, 1878, and was crowned with all the pomp of Rome in the famous Basilica, and took upon himself the title of Leo XIII. Less than ten years have passed away since Leo mounted the chair of Peter. Pope Leo has not temporized with any enemy, yet he has carried his policy out. He has sent the reactionaries to the rear, and has brought about an era of good-feeling. He has brought Bismarck as near to Canossa as he could reasonably be expected to go, and the Falk laws no longer harass the German bishops. He has reconciled the factions in the Eastern Church. By his wisdom he has reduced the Old Catholic and other movements to a minimum importance. He has softened the unfriendly feelings with which the French Republic, largely through the influence of the late Paul Bert, had regarded the Vatican. He has held Ireland loyal, and at the same time increased his influence in England. He has prevented international ill-feeling by his arbitration of the Caroline Islands dispute, and while he has conceded nothing to the Italian Government, there is, nevertheless, a better feeling between the Vatican and the Quirinal than has ever existed since the first rupture between Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel. The foregoing explains why Catholics are taking so large an interest in the coming Jubilee. It will tell why Cardinal Gibbons, the Primate of the American Church, has already taken the initiative in the matter of having the United States play an important part in the coming pageant. American Catholicity is the youngest element in the church, but it is the sturdiest, and the cardinal believes that it should be shown in full strength. The more sanguine Catholic statisticians claim there are fully ten million Catholics in the United States. The census shows that there are about seven millions. At this time when the American Catholics are preparing to do honor to the Pope, it will be interesting to note the progress that they have made. Less than a century ago there was not a Catholic bishop in the United States. A few black-cassocked Jesuits and white-robed Dominicans wandered over the republic preaching to scattering congregations here and there. And that was all. Even in 1852, when the first Plenary Council of the American Church was held in Baltimore, the church was insignificant in point of numbers and influence. But when the council met in 1852, there sat in it twelve archbishops, fifty-seven bishops, seventy-two procurators, ninety abbots, domestic prelates of the Pope, and supervisors of theological seminaries, and nearly one hundred priests of minor degree. At the same time the church had so thrived that it had well on to seven thousand priests ministering in over six thousand churches and three thousand chapels and stations. It had thirty-one ecclesiastical seminaries, and one thousand five hundred sacerdotal students. It supported about seven hundred colleges and academies, and nearly five hundred hospitals and asylums. It maintained also about two thousand five hundred parochial schools, in which upwards of five hundred thousand pupils were taught. This was within the United States alone, and the figures have since been swelled. The value of the property owned by the church in the United States can scarcely be estimated. Aside from the churches, colleges, seminaries and the like, there are scores of religious communities and convents, and great quantities of land, some of the most fertile soil in the land. The Trappists, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and other orders are great land-holders. The value of the property owned in a great city like New York, with its more than two hundred churches, one hundred and fifty parochial schools, and other valuable real estate, can be imagined more easily than it can be estimated. The same may be said of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and other large cities.

We do not need to seek for evidence that the Roman Catholic Church is a political establishment. The daily papers teem with such evidence.

The translation of Mr. Vilas from the Post-Office Department to that of the Interior seems to be a fixed fact. This is, of course, another move in the scheme to control the oest Democratic National Convention. His task will be lightened now that there is no Mr. Commissioner Sparks to hamper him with officious and absurd efforts to protect honest settlers and prevent fraudulent land-grabbing, but he will not find it easy to equal his record in the Post-Office Department for discommoding the public by maladministration and arbitrary misruling for the sake of a fraudulent showing of a little pennywise economy. His valedictory, being his annual report as Postmaster-General, is a humorous document worthy to be classed with some of the work of Mark Twain or Bill Nye. In it he congratulates himself that the service has been practically self-sustaining, since the deficiency will not be more than the amount which might have been charged upon government mail matter which was carried free. He states that "the paramount duty of the government is to furnish the most perfect and useful postal facilities which the skill of man can provide;" "the postal service ought to be executed with unflinching frugality, but without parsimony." He takes credit for "the inauguration of measures of justice to postal servants, improvement in appliances and methods, and expansion of facilities." He recommends the provision of post-office buildings in communities of such size as to require an office independent of private affairs, and states that the large increase in postal business pressed for unexpected additional clerical service to post-offices, so that he was compelled to authorize the expenditure by postmasters of \$235,812.74, for which a deficiency appropriation is solicited. We of the Pacific Coast can keenly appreciate the wit of this, our official humorist, but it is hard to laugh at our own expense. Our ideas of "the most perfect facilities which the skill of man can provide" differ somewhat from his, but we have experienced his "unflinching frugality," which hardly seemed to us "without parsimony." We have seen nothing of his "expansion of facilities," but the sincerity of his desire to provide suitable quarters for post-offices he has shown by his refusal to pay rent for a post-office in San José. There is no section or locality in the United States where the increase in postal business has been at all comparable to that in Southern California, yet we have not heard of a single instance of his authorizing the employment of an extra clerk there. In Los Angeles and San Diego the force of extra clerks necessary to handle the mail is paid by private subscription, while in Pasadena the postmaster abandoned his situation, locked up the office and went home, through his ut-

ter inability to cope with the amount of mail matter received. Mr. Vilas makes no reference, in his report, to his most recent ruling concerning third and fourth class matter. It has heretofore been customary for the sender of a package of third or fourth class mail matter, containing newspapers, samples, circulars, or what not, to affix his name, profession, and address upon the package. Now, Mr. Vilas has decided that while the name and address of a merchant may be allowed to appear upon a package, the introduction of the profession or calling of the sender is not permissible. It is allowable, for instance, to put on the covering of mailable matter, "Messrs. Smith & Smithson, Smithville, California," but the insertion of the word "grocers" after the firm name would subject the receiver of the package to pay letter postage. Now while, in individual instances, this may not amount to much, when the aggregate of commercial packages mailed throughout all the States of the Union is taken into consideration, the sum in which commercial men, as a class, are mulcted has already footed up something like a million dollars, without any prospect of immediate decrease. If there were any sense or reason in the restriction, it would then bear a different complexion, but it is evident upon its surface that it is purely arbitrary. Neither is this all. There exists such a lack of unanimity in the ideas of local postmasters throughout the country, and such an apparent lack of central control, that a mode of mailing, so far as regards the superscription on a package, which is considered formal and regular by one postmaster, is considered illegal by another, and subjected to a fine in consequence. One postmaster, for example, rules that it is sufficient, for all purposes of law, to erase the surplus words of the address with a colored pencil, while another maintains that the law is not satisfied unless paper is pasted over the objectionable phrase. We repeat that such silly trifling upon the part of the officials of the most important department, commercially considered, of our government, is unworthy of the common sense of the nation. And while we are on the subject of post-office malpractices, it must be admitted that this is by no means the first occasion on which Mr. Vilas's peculiar economy has caused great annoyance to the public. Still recent enough to be within the memory of the reader is the very sorry figure Mr. Vilas cut in the matter of the United States mail contracts with certain foreign countries, not very long ago—ootably South America. It was highly discreditable to our government that the delivery of our South American mails should, through economy, have been confided to the tender mercies of a British tramp steamer, upon one occasion, and dumped like so much worthless stuff upon the wharves of Rio Janeiro, till such time as some friendly steamer should come along and pick up these castaway United States mails. This "tin-horn" Postmaster-General, in order to make a false show of economy for political effect, reduced his estimates for appropriations below the absolute needs of the service, and has ever since been trying to justify his estimates at the expense of the public. In his new position he will not be able to do so much harm to the general public, but he will probably cost the government much more money. *Vale, Vilas!*

Recently, though the San Gabriel Valley, and other parts of Southern California, there roamed a zephyr. This zephyr, instead of going around intervening objects, went through them. It was the kind of zephyr which in Kansas is called a cyclone. This wind is wonder wist whither it might go, so it wandered by Pasadena (at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour) blowing down several buildings, and taking a number of roofs with it. Through Pomona, Lordsburg, Colton, San Bernardino, and other towns it passed, turning improved real estate into personal property. It blew down several hotels, and laid low one of the railway stations of the California Central. All of this, of course, has figured in the telegraphic columns of the dailies. But what impels us to mention it is the extraordinary silence of our Southern California contemporaries. Concerning the freaks of their zephyr, they are as dumb as oysters. Can this be part of a preconceived plan to boycott Boreas? Is it the intention of our southern contemporaries to muzzle the winds? It is true that when a glorious climate moves by you at the rate of sixty miles an hour it is difficult to sift the ozone out of your teeth. But a decent regard for the eternal verities should move our esteemed southern contemporaries to admit that—as all flesh is grass—so, all climate is weather.

Peoding the actioo of the Senate aont the nomioatioo of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar to be Justice of the Supreme Court, the fitness of the nomination is properly open to public discussion, and it is not improper that the organs of the public should endeavor to influence the Senate's action by the presentation of such arguments for or against as may accurately voice the public sentiment, which they interpret. The character and duties of the position to be filled lift the nomination out of the range of practical politics, and permit the widest range in the discussion of the question of suitability. This question resolves itself into the qualifications of the candidate as to character, temperament, ability, and educa-

tion, technical and general, and, these being proved satisfactorily, the one thing further which the nation has the right to demand and expect is, that the judicial robes shall not be exposed to the possibility of being trailed in the mire of politics. How, then, does Mr. Lamar pass scrutiny upon these points? Of his character there is, perhaps, nothing to be said, save that his intemperance in language in public—notably, his coarse and vulgar abuse of Abraham Lincoln—is scarcely compatible with the dignity of the office to which he aspires. His temperament even his warmest admirers would hardly claim to be judicial; on the contrary, in his legal course he has been noted as being violent, illogical, and prejudiced in his interpretation of the law. As for ability his display has been so entirely confined to the political arena that any other talent he may possess has been profoundly hidden: certainly nothing has been shown in his administration of the Department of the Interior to indicate ability, other than political and partisan. Of his legal qualifications, his reputation at home is the best gauge, and he has never been rated among the great lawyers of the country, nor of the South, nor known as a constitutional lawyer but only as a special pleader before juries. There is still another light in which this nomination of Mr. Lamar must be viewed, which, while it may be termed sectional, is for that very reason of vital importance to the nation. The question of States' Rights, the definition of the status of the country, whether as a nation or a confederation of States, was forever settled by the result of the War of the Rebellion. The appeal to arms—to that final tribunal whose decision there is no gainsaying—resulted adversely to the upholders of the doctrine of States' Rights, and they abandoned their claims by swearing allegiance to the government as thus interpreted. As one of these, Mr. Lamar's practice has been so at variance with his profession as to brand him as an unrepentant rebel, who only wants an opportunity to join again in an attempt to pull down the established government. Not so very long ago, he aired his sentiments as a States' Rights man of the most offensive type, in his eulogies of Jeff Davis and Calhoun on the floor of the Senate, while his vote against the legality of the adoption of the constitutional amendments stamped and sealed those sentiments. And this is the man whom President Cleveland requests the Senate to entrust with the interpretation of the Constitution as the law of the land. It may suit Mr. Cleveland's political plan to throw out this bait to catch the Southern vote, but the Supreme Court is not to be made a part of the Democratic political machine, not to be used in the interest of any party nor of any candidate, but must stand as the safeguard of the people against infraction of the law as defined by the Constitution, which they have sworn to uphold. The press of the South, with its bitterly sectional tone, and its enduring devotion to the "lost cause," can hardly be expected to oppose Mr. Lamar's confirmation, but we hold it to be the duty of every Northern journal of whatever political proclivities, of every journal which accepts the result of the war as having established a principle, firmly to protest against the confirmation. Even an exaggerated notion of the "courtesy of the Senate" can not justify senators in voting in favor of the confirmation of a man who, as one of their number, has proved himself conspicuously unfit for a place upon the Supreme Bench.

The President's message, and the inevitable tariff legislation of the present Congress, have naturally brought out protests from all parties interested in protected industries. One of the ablest of these has been sent to Congress from the manufacturers of lumber on the Pacific Coast. They claim that if the duty on lumber be removed, it will result in the transfer of our lumber interests to British Columbia, also stating that if it is removed they shall demand a reciprocal removal of the duties on iron, cordage, and other things which go to make up the cost of manufactured lumber. From what might be termed the individual standpoint, their protest is founded upon just grounds, since the duty is, theoretically, not imposed upon the lumber itself, but on the cost of manufacturing, or the labor and expense of sawing it into boards and plank. From the broader standpoint of general utility, however, in view of the fact that timber once cut away does not grow again, it is claimed the public interest is best served by preserving our own forests (which are increasing in value year by year) at the expense of our neighbors, and offering them inducements to waste their forests that our own may be more valuable in future. The time is fast approaching when there will be a timber famine the world over, and our coast will reap due advantage by postponing the evil day, locally, as long as possible. The second proposition, that of removing the duties on iron, cordage, sugar, etc., is reasonable enough to merit consideration. American iron is now produced cheaply enough to compete with the world on equal terms, while of the other commodities, our production is not sufficient to supply our wants. It should be borne in mind that the removal of the duty on lumber means only that on rough lumber; lumber planed or prepared in any way for specific use should still retain a duty adequate for protection. As regards the President's message, he is now reported as denying that he made any suggestions looking to the removal of any duties, but simply argued in

the interest of tariff reform. He may be able to read between the lines, but it certainly was not so interpreted by the majority of readers.

The occasion of uniting the California and Oregon railroads was celebrated during the last week by Mr. Charles Crocker driving the last spike at Ashland, on the northern slope of Siskiyou Mountain. To this ceremony he was attended with a train of representative gentlemen and ladies from our State, something more than two hundred in number, and there met by a train of Oregonians. The California party, escorted by Oregonians, were conducted to Portland, where they received most cordial welcome and experienced most generous hospitality. From every side-station of the road, going and coming from Sacramento, there was exhibited a genuine enthusiasm that indicated a full appreciation of the benefits anticipated from this through connection by rail. An excursion to the Cascade gave our people a most delightful day in viewing the splendid scenery of the Columbia. The weather was agreeable, without rain, and attended with no other discomfort than occasional fogs that did not permit a full enjoyment of scenic effects. We were all impressed with the importance of the railroad connection, with the great agricultural and mineral resources of a State as yet undeveloped, and with the advantages that were likely to inure to both States by the trade intercourse that will necessarily grow up between them. The road from Reading to Roseburg is one of the most picturesque in America, we may say the world, for we have seen no other railway so long through a country so wholly beautiful. The scenery of the Denver and Rio Grande, and here and there a bit upon the Sierra is more startling and sensational, higher elevations of rocks, scenery more abrupt, but for sustained and varying beauty, mountains, valleys, farms, fields, forests, and streams, great mountains, grand rivers, we recall nothing comparable with the trip we have recently taken. Our own Mount Shasta, with the snow-covered Buttes of the Lassen Mounts Hood, Rainer, St. Helens, Baker, Jefferson, and Adams together form a group not exceeded for beauty and grandeur elsewhere in the world. There are a hundred miles of forest lying along the upper Sacramento, and thence to the summit of the Siskiyou Mountain, that by some coöperation between Congress and the railroad company, should be preserved as a national park. The saw-mill is already doing its devilish work in demolishing the beauty of the forests.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Ultramontanism in the United States.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I belong to that class of German free-thinkers to whom the idea of amalgamation of political liberty and religious slavery appears something strange, and nearly inconceivable, although such is represented in countries of English tongue by many, so-called, champions of liberty. I freely confess that my appreciation of Ireland's struggle for political liberty always was counterbalanced by consideration of the fact that, under existing circumstances, Irish home-rule amounts to Irish *Rome-rule*, an exchange merely of kissing the hand of the Lady Queen for kneeling before the ultramontane Infallible Master. Having the choice only between these two situations, I should think that such exchange amounts to very little in value; the price for getting rid of the British yoke seems to me, at least, too high, when it warrants the use of dynamite, and excuses—as did the great Irish leader, Mr. Michael Davitt, in his farewell reception at New York last January—the shooting, by evicted tenants, of subordinate bailiffs who are acting under the hard pressure of official duty.

Irish Democracy has its two peculiar moral codes, as well as its exceptional idea of home-rule; they are claiming the right of home-rule for themselves, and, at the same time, advising the citizens of other countries to renounce it.

Such is the case in the notorious affair of the Reverend Dr. McGlynn, the suspended pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, who was ordered by the church authorities to go to Rome, and make a defense for his speeches on the land question and for supporting the Henry George party. Mr. Henry George, in advising Dr. McGlynn not to go to Rome, gave his reasons as follows:

"An American citizen should not allow himself to be subjected, as to the rights or duties of his citizenship, to foreign command. In matters of faith, the Catholic holds that he must submit to the church, but in matters beyond the sphere of faith, the dictum of ecclesiastical authority has no more importance than is due to the character of the man and the reasonableness of the opinion."

In opposition to Mr. Henry George's advice, Mr. Michael Davitt deemed it imperative that the suspended pastor should go to Rome to present his case and defend his cause before the papal authority.

The difference between Mr. George's and Mr. Davitt's standpoints may be defined thus: Mr. George takes the dignified stand of a conscientious American citizen, but his view is contradictory to true Catholicism; while, in Mr. Davitt's opinion, religious devotion is paramount to all other rights and duties. Mr. George demands *American home-rule*, while the celebrated leader of Irish home-rule has the kindness to suggest that we should supplant, in this country, *Rome rule* for home-rule.

So the difference between George and Davitt comes to the question: Shall we have, in this country, *American home-rule* or *Irish Rome-rule*?

In Ireland, Mr. Davitt's mother-country, he is struggling for home-rule, and to this country, which has enjoyed home-rule for more than one hundred years, he recommends an exchange of *Rome-rule* for home-rule. How can a political leader, such as Mr. Davitt, ever think for a moment that Americans can become such fools?

I wish to state here why Mr. George's opinion is un-Catholic and Mr. Davitt's view un-American, and between those two positions I wish to erect, as a mark to those doubting as to what line may be the right one, the *United States statute law*, overlooked by Mr. George and unknown to Mr. Davitt.

Dr. McGlynn and Mr. George believe that the land belongs to the people, while the Church, based on the principle that it is God who makes the one rich and happy, and the other ones poor, sick, and shiftless, can not stand such a dangerous theory as represented by Mr. George's land-communism. If it were God's will to have let all His children enjoy an equal share of the fortunes of nature and the commodities afforded by them, He scarcely would have forgotten it so many thousand years and waited for Mr. George's advice. It is God who consented to the social state of inequality, otherwise He would have changed it ere this, by inspiring the infallible chief of the Church, to model the social world after a new fashion.

Such is the logic of Roman Catholicism, and no man deviating from these conclusions, can pretend to be a Catholic in the sense adopted by

the infallible Church authority. From the standpoint of Roman Catholicism the action of the Propaganda, censuring Rev. McGlynn for his political behavior, is fully justifiable. Catholicism can not suffer to be divided in "stalwarts" and "half-breeds." There is only one Catholicism, unite and indivisible, dependent upon the word of God as commented upon by His infallible representative on earth. If this representative, the Pope, as chief of the Propaganda Society, declares common ownership in land a nuisance to religion, because that theory would lead to rank communism, and destroy the inequality of men, such as instituted and maintained by God's will, such proclamation of the Pope must be valid to all true Roman Catholics.

Mr. George, to the contrary, invents an artificial division between "matters of faith," which a Roman Catholic must submit to church authority, and "matters beyond the sphere of faith," left with the free judgment of any Catholic. But, in reality, *Roman Catholicism comprises and involves all conditions of life, moral, social, and political.* Roman Catholicism can not afford to let men distinguish religious duties from other ones, because *all human duties are religious*; what you are doing, you have to do in accordance with religion, nothing contrary to religion; if your purposes be incompatible with true religion, you should have left them undone. From this standpoint Catholicism can not acknowledge that boundary, erected by Mr. George, between "religious duties" and the "rights of American citizenship." For God is the King of the Kings and States, and obedience to Him, that is to say, to His infallible chief representative on earth, the Pope, is *paramount to all other rights and duties.* Since common ownership in land and supporting Mr. George, the advocate of that theory, for majority of New York, is contrary to the interests of the Catholic Church, Rev. Dr. McGlynn was justly suspended from his pastorate. Roman Catholicism means no joke, but business. As far as the action of the Roman Church in suspending Rev. McGlynn is concerned, the church is not wanting in logic. If Catholics choose to have an infallible Pope, they must also undergo the infallible consequences of their choice.

Yet, whether or not Dr. McGlynn should go to Rome, to account for his behavior, is a question that concerns not only Catholics, but all interested in maintaining the dignity of American citizenship. It amounts to the question, whether or not an American citizen could and should be enjoined, by a *foreign power*, from exercising his rights of citizenship; it amounts to the question, whether or not an American citizen could and should be punished by a *foreign power* for so doing.

Rome has, at all times, assumed that power of ruling the Catholicism of all countries, not only as to their creed, but as far as social and political life is concerned. And according to the above stated principles of Roman Catholicism, such a course is quite natural. Mr. George, thus, though right in denying Rome's usurpatory demands, failed to hit the mark, so far as he admitted Rome's right to rule Americans, even as to their faith. If such right be admitted, all other demands of Rome must be conceded, too; for all our actions may be referred to religious statutes.

There is no other chance of getting rid of Rome-rule, than by denying Rome all right of interference with American affairs, both as to political actions of the citizens as well as to the control of the immense church property. To those doubting the legality of such a course, I should like to show, that the delineators and signers of the "Declaration of Independence," who they declared that this country should be "free and independent," did not mean to exchange British yoke for Roman. They did not entertain for a moment the idea that a country could be "independent" and at the same time millions of its citizens be "dependent" upon Rome. Independence of the country without independence of its citizens from a foreign power, is too ridiculous a farce as to be instituted by the great creators of this Republic. I wish to prove, that the United States have the right to legislate for wholly excluding from this country the power of Rome to appoint persons, who owe allegiance to the United States, as bishops and priests when, on account of their papal commission, they must be subject to strict obedience to the Vatican.

I say, *Ultramontanism is unlawful in the United States*, and in proof thereof refer to Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, dealing with the oath of allegiance, which must be taken by all foreigners making an application for naturalization.

When I made the first application for naturalization, I had to take, according to Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes, the following oath: "I do declare on oath, that it is my *bona fide* intention, to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the Emperor of Germany, of whom I am a subject." This oath, provided for by Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes, implies, that no person is to be admitted to American citizenship, unless he or she "renounces forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign sovereignty." This oath is to be repeated by the applicant for naturalization at the time he is getting the certificate of citizenship, as may be seen from the following form:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Be it remembered, that at the Court of the County of _____ held at _____ in the Commonwealth of _____, in the United States of America, on the _____ day of _____, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, N. N., a native of X., exhibited a petition, praying to be admitted to become a citizen of the United States; and it appearing to the said Court, that he had declared an oath, before the Clerk of the Court of _____, on the _____ day of _____, A. D. 1887, that it was his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the _____ of _____, of whom he was at that time a subject; and the said N. N., having on his solemn oath declared and also made proof thereof agreeably to law, to the satisfaction of the Court, that he resided one year and upward within the State of _____, and within the United States of America upward of five years immediately preceding his application; and that during that time he had behaved himself as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same; and having declared on his solemn oath before the said Court, that he would support the Constitution of the United States, and that he did absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the _____ of _____, of whom he was before a subject; and being in all respects conformed with the laws in regard to naturalization, thereupon the Court admitted the said N. N., to become a citizen of the United States, and ordered all the proceedings aforesaid to be recorded by the Prothonotary of the said Court, which was done accordingly.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed the seal of the said Court, at _____, this _____ day of _____, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and eleventh.

And the disavowance of allegiance and fidelity to any foreign sovereignty is applicable to the citizen much more than to the candidate for citizenship, and to the native-born citizen much more than to the foreign-born.

As the case now stands, a foreign sovereignty, the Pope, summoned Rev. Dr. McGlynn to Rome, to make a defense for his political speeches, his political creed, and his political action as an advocate of Henry George's candidacy for the majority of New York. It is no matter whether or not Dr. McGlynn by his behavior offended against statutes of Roman Catholicism. I should think he is an offender in that sense as explained above. But as an American citizen he should be enjoined on account of Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes, from going to Rome in obedience to the papal order, as I might be enjoined from going to Berlin, should the Emperor of Germany summon me there. The point is not as Mr. George states, whether or not an American citizen should be subjected, as to his political attitude, to foreign command, but whether or not American citizens be allowed to be subjected to any command whatsoever of a foreign sovereign, irrespective of the matter concerned. Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes makes no difference between orders pertaining to politics and to other conditions of life. It simply restrains us from submitting to any order whatever from a foreign prince, potentate, sovereign or state, whether that order may refer to politics or to religion.

I know I am likely to be met with the objection that: "The Pope is not a sovereign in the sense of Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes." But he certainly is.

The United States, of course, do not maintain diplomatic relations with the Vatican, but other States do so, recognizing the Pope as a sovereign, just the same as at the time he was in possession of "temporal power." The Pope has his ambassadors, called "Nuncios," accredited to governments of Roman Catholic States, and receives ambassadors of the powers, accredited at the Vatican, like any other sovereign. It is generally known that the Pope, two years ago, endeavored to institute diplomatic intercourse between the Government of the United States and the Vatican, and that his American bishops are yet

confident of finally accomplishing that purpose. On the other side, Great Britain is about to restore her diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican.

The decision of the question, whether or not the Pope is to be considered a sovereign, does not depend on the attitude, toward the Vatican, of the United States alone, but on international public opinion, that is to say, on the attitude of the powers in general.

And in this respect it may be noted, that the Pope, by mutual diplomatic intercourse, is considered a sovereign by the following States: Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, Prussia, Belgium, France, Portugal, Spain, also Bolivia, Brazil, Costa Rica, Ecuador, and Peru.

Moreover, the Pope never acknowledged the present state of things, that is to say, his deposement of territory, but in all his official allocations gave expression to the hope of being restored to the former temporal power of the papacy. That deposement of territory notwithstanding, the Pope is acknowledged, as to his sovereignty, by a dozen of European and American States, considers himself a sovereign; and in this capacity or dignity he is acknowledged by many millions of believers in all countries, and by at least a million of American citizens. By reason of these facts it must be held, that the Pope, according to international law, is to be considered a sovereign.

As to the actual state of the political condition of the Pope, the following may serve for explanation: Although the Pope is now deposement of territory, it was expressly declared by the Italian Government, in the terms of the Royal Decree of October 9, 1870, that the "Pope should preserve the honors of a sovereign and all other prerogatives of a reigning Prince." So he contends yet upon citizens of all countries the rank of "nobility," the title of "monsignore," and four degrees of orders. After Rome was taken possession of by the Italian troops, the Pope was guaranteed his sovereign rights, allowed to retain his guard and provided with an income of three million two hundred and twenty-five thousand francs a year. He was to keep the Vatican, the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Castel Gondolfo, and their dependencies. These places were exempted from taxation and from common law jurisdiction. The Pope's correspondence is free. Seminars and other Roman Catholic institutions, derive their authority from the Pope alone.

Dr. Geffken, professor of international law at the University of Strassburg, Alsace, in his newest edition of Heffter's "International Law" (*Völkerrecht*), from the fact that the above alleged decree of the Italian Government lacks any international guarantee of the powers, concludes that such decree is far from preserving to the Pope his former sovereignty. That decree, depending upon the good will of the Italian Government alone, no foreign government could prevent the Italian power from rescinding it.

To this I have to reply that the fact that twelve States are yet holding diplomatic intercourse with the Pope, his deposement of territory notwithstanding, shows that before the year 1870, his legations at the Vatican were not required on account of political or commercial relations with that small Church State of seven hundred and fifty square miles, and seven hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, but because of the Pope's potential and supreme control of millions of people beyond the borders of the Church State. And that state of things—the Pope's capacity of a *Potentate*, since he was declared "infallible"—not only did not weaken, but, to the contrary, was strengthened in every way, as we clearly saw in the struggle of the Prussian Government with Ultramontanism for fifteen years.

The Pope's sovereignty was not arrogated or acquired by his being deposement of territory, because that so-called temporal power was not the main qualification of his sovereignty, but it was his capacity as head of the church.

That capacity secured to him the precedence over all sovereigns—not only Roman Catholic ones—a precedence that is extended yet to his nuncios over all ambassadors.

The exemption of the Pope and of his surroundings from common law jurisdiction, that is to say, his extra-territoriality, connected with the continuance of his right to send and receive ambassadors, constitute, in the fullest sense of the traditional international term, his sovereignty. The extension or restriction of the political or military power of the Pope has nothing to do with his sovereignty, because the latter is due to his spiritual power, to the fact that he rules millions of people without assistance of temporal power.

I can not agree with Dr. Geffken's opinion that the Pope's sovereignty is now of no international character, but is at the mercy of the Italian Government, because the powers do not guarantee Italy's promise of further respecting his sovereign rights.

The powers then, as now, diplomatically represented at the Vatican, did not guarantee that Italian decree, because there was no need for any such step. The powers certainly do not wish to eternalize the Pope's sovereignty. They are merely compelled, in behalf of their own interests, to remain on good terms with the Vatican, and to use, for their political purpose, his influence over his followers.

At the moment the sovereigns should think themselves able to control the Catholic population of their States without papal assistance, they will certainly bid him good-bye, just as England, to the contrary, in her endeavor of completely subduing Ireland, is now thinking of restoring diplomatic intercourse with the Pope.

By reason of this consideration, said powers yet adhere to the Pope's sovereignty. They do not want to guarantee to the Pope his sovereignty, in order to be at liberty to deny his sovereignty in future time. And they do not need guarantee his sovereignty, because the continuance of their diplomatic intercourse with him constitutes in itself a full guarantee during the maintenance of such intercourse. Should Italy try to deprive the Pope of his extra-territoriality, she would have to defend her course against twelve States, the legations of which are enjoying there the right of extra-territoriality, too; a venture, the outcome of which Italy will hardly care to risk.

I am, therefore of the opinion that the lack of international guarantee can not, at this time, be held prejudicial to the continuance of the Pope's sovereignty in every sense of international law. And after due consideration of the evidence that the Pope is a sovereign, I recur to my assertion:

Ultramontanism is unlawful in the United States on account of Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes, and any person acting under papal order, may be enjoined by our Federal courts.

First—An attempt should be made by one of Dr. McGlynn's New York friends, by Mr. H. George, for instance, to cause the issue of an order of the United States Court to Dr. McGlynn, whereby the latter would have to show why he should not be enjoined, on account of Section 2165 of the Revised Statutes, from going to Rome in obedience to the papal order.

Second—The case of Dr. McGlynn shall, and must be the first and altogether the last attempt to supplant *Rome rule* for home-rule in this country.

Third—When the chief advocate of Irish home-rule, Mr. Michael Davitt, suggested inoculation of Rome-rule to the United States; to this country of a rather classical type of home-rule; to this country of the celebrated "Monroe doctrine"—he certainly misapprehended the gravity of the question.

But as to citizens—non Catholic, native-born citizens—of this country, rejoicing in the summons of Rev. Dr. McGlynn to Rome, and his being punished for having dared to exercise the right of American citizenship—I, a "foreign-born" citizen, have only one expression to apply to them: *Traitors to the independence of the country!*

ADOLPH HEPNER.

The latest London rogue's device is to drive a hansom, and, from that elevated position, to pick out from the roofs of four-wheelers such articles of luggage as seem most promising. These he places on the roof of his own cab, and drives away with them, presumably to some railway station. The proceeding is of the neatest kind, and every precaution is taken that forethought can suggest. In order that the spectacle of luggage on an empty cab should not excite suspicion, a temporary fare is provided, called a "buck"; he has nothing to do but look as if he owned the property over his head, though in reality he knows nothing about it, and is speculating in his own mind as to whether it is a carpet-bag or a portmanteau.

EVERYBODY'S DOUBLE.

The Cosmopolitanism of Mr. George Arthur Stevens.

I am suffering untold misery. I am just twenty-eight, of moderate height, with spare mustache and side-whiskers of a sandy hue. It is not that, though, which worries me, it is the unfortunate resemblance I hear to half of mankind (the half that I do not take after being the weaker sex).

When I was two years old, I was the living image of my mother; at three, I was a miniature edition of my father, and a few years later might have passed for the re-incarnation of the first Napoleon. I did not, of course, offer any objections at that time, but when I got older it was extremely unpleasant to have every caller see in me the likeness to some great man. Even my actions were apparently copied after some one, and the family tired of hearing that I walked like General Grant, that I held my head like the Prince of Wales, or that I played the piano as Mozart did when a boy. I gave up playing the piano, but unfortunately could not dispense with walking, or holding my head in any other way than nature made me.

At school, if I carried off a prize, it was in the same unaccountable manner that a former pupil had done, or, if I was lazy, I was just like some confounded drone that had preceded me. It has always been a mystery to me why people could not have acted or done differently before I was placed upon this mundane sphere, where I seem to follow their idiosyncrasies.

OCTOBER 3, 1887.

This thing has been going on for some time, but it is only recently that the dreadful state of my existence has fully dawned upon me. Before, I could not realize it—it all seemed some horrible mistake—but now the blow falls with crushing force, and it is all too, too cruel.

Last week, the time hanging heavy on my hands, I crossed over to Long Island City to take the train to Far Rockaway, where several of my friends are spending the early fall. As I stood in the long, dingy waiting-room, a man, flashily dressed in a check suit, heavy jewelry, and all that goes to make up a "sport," rushed up to me, and thrusting a twenty-dollar bill into my hands, muttered some excuse about being so long in paying, and was off. Perhaps I did not exert myself to stop him, for the rarity of such an occurrence rendered me speechless for the moment, and when at last I recovered myself, my unknown debtor was out of sight.

All the way down to the beach I ruminated over the strange way in which I became twenty dollars richer, and I am afraid that I responded in an abstracted manner to the warm greetings of my friend who met me at the depot. For a day or two I had plenty to do, and life was as serene and pleasant as possible. But my Nemesis still pursued me, and yesterday as I lay on the shore, watching the restless waves, and indulging in peaceful dreams, I heard a sound of subdued sobbing near me, and looking up, beheld two old ladies gazing intently at me, and hatched in tears. It occurred to me that I might be the innocent cause of their grief, and as it was the first time in my experience that I had occasioned anything of the kind, I immediately inquired the reason. Great heavens! I learned that one of them saw in me the features of her departed son, and the other wept because I was the counterpart of her first husband. My apologies availed nothing. I don't see how I was to blame anyhow, as their symptoms increased at each word of mine, and, finally, I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. Long Island with two old ladies, each of whom wished to claim me as a deceased relative, was too much for me. I invented some sort of excuse to my friends, packed my valise, and took the train for the city, stopping long enough in the village to have my whiskers shaved off.

As I got out at the Twenty-Fourth Street ferry, a young and pretty girl espied me from the other end, and rushed across the room. Before I could guard myself, her two arms were around my neck, and she had kissed me heartily two or three times, thinking, as I soon discovered, that I was her betrothed for whom she was waiting. I would not have cared much for that, but the real fellow turned up just then, and I barely escaped a thrashing. Indeed, I think he would have whipped me then and there, but for the fact that I was larger than he.

When I reached my room, my mind was in a state bordering on distraction. I felt like a doomed man. The dread reality had suddenly come upon me, and I paced up and down like a caged beast. Could nothing be done? I felt as though I were under a spell, and I really wished for the good old days when witches were burned at the stake. I might then have picked out an enemy as having bewitched me, and had the pleasure of seeing her slowly sizzle in a broiling fire. These were my feelings then, but I am usually an uncommonly peaceful man, and haven't an enemy, to my knowledge, living or dead. A black cloud seemed to have gathered about me, and I felt as though I were living in an uncertain existence like that ascribed to Buddha, neither sleeping, waking, nor in a trance. I rang the bell at this juncture for the porter, who acted as a sort of valet. He came up smiling and bowing. After giving him some trivial order, I dismissed him, feeling somewhat quieted, for he, at least, had recognized me.

At the dinner-table I seemed to everybody to be the same as usual and improved greatly in spirits. I decided to go out that evening. Strange chance caused me to pick up an invitation that I had received to an impromptu party given that night, and I decided to accept it. Some little time was consumed in dressing, and I got to the house late. The hostess, Mrs. Parker, greeted me warmly. "By-the-way, Mr. Stevens," she said, after her welcome, "there is some one here I want you to meet—Miss Earle, a charming girl—I will introduce you later." Another arrival then claimed her attention, and I was left to myself. Glancing over the large parlors, I saw that I knew nearly every one there, and decided that a particularly striking girl, standing to one side, was Miss Earle. She was not very tall, she was rather *petite* in fact, with a charming, animated manner, and a most lovely face, bright and enchanting to look upon. As I caught her eyes for an instant, I was dumbfounded. Such radiant eyes I had never seen before, and they affected me strangely.

Then and there I registered a vow to make her my wife. I suppose you will laugh at this. I do now as I write it twenty-four hours later, but I know of such cases that have turned out exactly as prophesied. I wonder how mine will end? Although I am supposed to show all my inmost thoughts to the world on this paper, I find it impossible to describe just how I felt. But you, who may have passed through some such experience, can imagine what my state of mind was: a sort of love at first sight, you might call it. I was standing alone, lost in my resolve, when a voice intended only for the person to whom it was addressed, interrupted my reverie:

"Why, I can scarcely believe my eyes, May, but there is the waiter who attended to us last night at the café after the theatre. It must be true what the paper said about fashionable houses hiring those fellows to stand around and act as private detectives and look pleasant. I didn't believe it then, but it must be so," and there was a sound of maidens giggling. I turned to look at the person referred to, but seeing no one around, it flashed upon me that I was the individual. Horrors! To resemble a waiter as well! But no time was allowed me for contemplation, as Mrs. Parker came up at that moment and took my arm.

"Come now," she said, "let me introduce you to Miss Earle. I know you will like her. Ah! Miss Earle, Mr. Stevens," and I found myself howling to the young lady whom I had fixed upon in my mind as the future Mrs. S. Self-possession is my great pride, but I must confess I felt nervous as Miss Earle's eyes were turned upon me. Would she see in me a deceased father or uncle? The music came to my rescue then—how I blessed it!—and in a moment we were lost in a waltz. Lost; yes, actually lost. All my doubts and fears vanished as I sped over the floor as lightly as—as I am unable to supply a suitable metaphor. I was going to say dream, but that is so hackneyed.

We danced as long as the music held out, and after a little promenade and chat upon minor subjects, I suggested a seat in the conservatory just off the parlor, where we could watch the lively scene. She accepted, and I led the way. From our seat we could see a portrait that hung over the mantel of the parlor. It was a picture of the most horrible-looking young man, or boy, that I had ever seen, and Miss Earle, glancing at it, began to remark upon its lack of beauty. Suddenly she stopped short.

"I beg your pardon," she said earnestly, "but that is not—the caricature was *never* meant for you, was it? As I spoke, something in your look made me fear that it was." My face must have exhibited some fear, for she started, and then hurrying into a merry laugh, cried, "*How ridiculous!*" I am certainly crazy; of course I see that it wasn't. Pray, pardon me, Mr. Stevens," and she bowed in mock humility.

My Nemesis again! I tried to laugh it off, but my heart was heavy and my tongue unmanageable. I really felt relieved when a few moments later Mrs. Parker announced that her chaperon was waiting for her. I saw Miss Earle to the carriage, and when seated inside she held out her hand, saying:

"Forgive my unfortunate remark about the picture, please." I held her hand for a moment, and with a strange sensation I watched the carriage disappear in the darkness. No, it was not indigestion, I have experienced that before.

One thing I have really discovered. Late last night I sat in my great chair smoking and thinking. I was in love; I knew it; I was positive of it; and although I have never been that way before, there is something that tells a man when he is in love, as surely as he knows there is a man with a hill around. "To plead for love deserves more," wrote the Bard of Avon (I don't commit myself as to what his name was), but as yet my love is untold. The bare idea of it is preposterous! I know nothing of Miss Earle. She may have been engaged a hundred times over, for aught I know, and for me to be in love with her is a folly. But I did not weigh these dread "may-have-beens" last night; I only realized my infatuation.

Such were my pessimistic midnight thoughts, and my dreams, when I finally got to sleep, were disturbed by a thing as horrible as which tortured Zanol. It haunted me with the persistency of an advertising agent, and the dreadful indefinable shadow had the face of Miss Earle.

I write this now with no such fears: The day is pure and bright, and the only thought of last night that remains is that *I am in love with Miss Earle.*

OCTOBER 10th, 1887.

Last evening I was too tired to write of the day's events. I tried it, but my first few pages were so dreadfully one-sided that I gave it up.

After I had written my record yesterday, I started out for a short stroll. There was a lurking hope that I might meet Miss Earle. Perhaps it was a lover's presentiment; who knows? At any rate, as I walked down the avenue a carriage stopped near Twentieth Street, and the object of my thoughts alighted. She gave a careless glance in my direction, paying no attention whatsoever to me, and entered the store. I was transfixed, for in my anxiety to bow, I had raised my hand half-way to my hat. Several persons who chanced to notice the movement and my sudden flush, could not refrain from smiling at the way in which I had been cut! Yes, that was the way the plebeian crowd put it! I knew better. I felt that I was some one else at that moment with whom Miss Earle was unacquainted, but who I was I did not know. Rather unpleasant situation to be placed in, you think, but it was far, far worse than you imagine. At least it seemed magnified to me, and full of bitter reflections I strolled aimlessly on.

As I passed beneath the portico of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I felt an affectionate pat on the back and a cheery voice cried in my ear, "Hello, old man. Bah Jawve, glad to see you." I turned and looked at the speaker. He was an Englishman; his speech had told me that, and his dress confirmed it. He was attired in the ultra-Anglican fashion that the weak-minded of this country affect so much. He was a big, red-faced man, and at his side stood another specimen of the same class.

"Hello, how are you?" cried Number Two, extending his hand. "Come with us. We're just going to get a bite near by. Will you join us in a bottle of wine?" I stood amazed.

"Really, gentleman——" I began. Then the first man broke

in: "Come now, old chap, we are aware that Sir Lionel is travelling *incog.*; but we won't peach on you. Bah Jawve, but you *have* got the American style down very well, hasn't he, Cyril?" Cyril, thus appealed to, answered by a vigorous nod, and locking his arm in mine, dragged me along. "Come now, Leon, drink one glass with me in memory of Margaret." I strove to speak, but Cyril went on.

"What queer freak are you up to now, old man? When Boh and I heard that you were in New York, we determined to find you. I was confident that I could pierce any blasted disguise that you got into. Knew you too well at Somers's for that. Going back, I suppose, in time for the extra debate in the House? That was a lucky chance by which you got in, wasn't it? And, I say, what in the name of—Great Castor and Pollux! what have we here?" and my loquacious friend stopped short. Confronting us was a man of about my build, dressed nearly as I was. I saw no resemblance in the newcomer's features to me, but I knew that my unfortunate trait had shown forth and that I had encountered my double—or, rather, he had met his. The two Englishmen stared in open-mouthed wonder.

"Great Cæsar, Lionel, which is you, and who is the other fellow?" asked Cyril, looking from one side to the other.

"Demmy if I know," said the real Sir Lionel. I drew forth my card—the first time that the chance had been offered, for the two had held my arms—and banded it to him. At the sound of the other's voice the illusion departed, for the three men burst into a laugh, and one of them cried:

"We beg your pardon, Mr. Stevens, but really at first the likeness was wonderful. Of course, we see our mistake now. Will you not join us, however? Funniest thing I ever saw."

I pleaded an engagement, and accepted the profuse apologies of Cyril and Bob. I watched them go off with the genuine article, looking back now and then to make sure that they had really found the right man.

To look like a waiter one day and the next like a scion of Britain's nobility completely upset me, and hailing a cab I jumped in and gave my address. In a few minutes I was at my house, and as I was about to pay the cabman, he inquired, in an injured tone, "Shan't I wait for you, Mr. Graham?"

I was used to that sort of thing by this time, so I told him that I was uncertain how long I would be detained, and gave him his fare.

It was almost a surprise to me that the front door opened with my latch key, and entering my room I looked distrustfully about, half doubting that it was my own sanctum, and expecting to see another George Arthur Stevens reclining in my arm-chair. I even touched the familiar objects on the mantel-piece, and ran my fingers over the notes of the piano, before I was absolutely sure that I was at home.

Then sinking into my great chair I ran over the events of the day and concluded that I was crazy. Raving, stark mad, I thought myself, and the story of the man who knew that he was insane, and kept it to himself, came to my mind. I decided that I must act as that man did, and dissimulate, in order to conceal my disordered condition, for I felt that I was but a harmless lunatic at worst.

Now, at the present moment, I conclude that it is Nemesis. Confound it!

OCTOBER 13, 1887.

For some days after my last meeting, I was quite myself. I went out, met Miss Earle several times, and each time grew deeper and deeper in love with her; and she—it seems almost a sacrilege to mention it—she has grown very different of late, and her manner toward me has changed. Were it not for that, life would be worthless. Ah, when I win her, I feel as though there would be no such thing as trouble. I imagine myself a knight-errant striving against the powers of enchantment to gain my fairy princess. But shall I win? By the way, I know her full name now. It is Gladys Murray Earle. Isn't that a pretty name? It just suits her.

Well, as I have said, the first few days were uneventful. A slight incident occurred at a dinner-party that was somewhat unpleasant, and a forerunner of other trials. Before we went down to the table a strange old gentleman rushed up to me, and grasped me by the hand, keeping up a most terrific string of questions on matters I knew nothing at all of. To avoid any unpleasant explanation and to preserve the peace, I answered in a preoccupied manner. At the dinner-table, however, the old gentleman was my *vis-à-vis*, and once in a while broke in on my conversation with Miss Earle, at whose right hand I sat. Suddenly, during a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed:

"By the way, how is Miss Rothmer? Oh, you sly fellow, you; the last time I heard from Hampton, you were engaged to her. Pretty girl; lots of money; I suppose it is still on, isn't it? You were pretty well gone, as I remember. You should have seen him, Miss Earle," continued the old fogey, addressing my partner, "head-over-heels in love with a pretty girl this summer. I didn't believe it possible for a fellow like him to be so utterly crushed. He went about all day with the most woe-begone expression. No doubt he has told you all about it." The amiable old fool had been saying this in a loud tone which had attracted the attention of all the other guests, and seeing that he held an interested audience he went on:

"Miss Rothmer, you know, was in love with him all the time, too. Look how red he gets. Nothing to be ashamed of, my boy, and she used to tell my daughter that she would not confess that she liked him, because she enjoyed making him miserable. Ah, girls have hard hearts, sometimes, Miss Earle. By the way, Markham, when will the cards be out?"

"Markham?" cried the hostess from the other end of the table. "Why, Mr. Brown, you must be mistaken. That is Mr. Stevens."

My *vis-à-vis* elevated his glasses and stared at me for a moment. "Stevens!" he muttered. "Stevens? Humph! how long since?" The host, seeing that matters were getting uncomfortable, broke in at that juncture.

"You're getting old, Brown, and can't see well. I've known Mr. Stevens for the last ten years." Brown got mad at the allusion to his age and kept quiet, while Miss Earle looked at me for a moment and then laughingly remarked:

"How is it to have a double, Mr. Stevens?"

A double. I wouldn't have minded a double; it was the hundreds that I objected to.

It may have been a fancy, but Miss Earle seemed somewhat distant and reserved the rest of the evening.

The next day, however, all my fears were set at rest by receiving an invitation to a five-o'clock tea at her aunt's house. The tea was yesterday, and I went of course. I got there very early, before the crowd came, and had half-an-hour's quiet chat with my love. She looked sweeter than ever, and was exceedingly agreeable. Ah, shall I ever dare to tell my love? When the rest of the guests began pouring in, I beat a retreat, and walked slowly toward my rooms, building castles in the air as fair as the sunset—which was particularly brilliant.

As I got about three blocks from home, I passed beneath an awning that was stretched, from a church-door to the street, for a wedding. I had scarcely got past the door when an usher ran down the steps, and roughly caught my arm, destroying a most beautiful thought.

"Where are you going?" he asked, burriedly. The man was a stranger to me, but I knew Nemesis had a hand in it. Before I could answer, a couple of other men ran down to where I was.

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered a particularly irate old gentleman in a dress-suit; "explain yourself, sir!"

"Yes, that's the groom," I heard a lady, who had just joined the group, whisper to a companion.

That settled it. I understood it all, but I wasn't going to be dragged into any wedding-ceremony because I chanced to look like the errant bridegroom. I shook the man off who had hold of me, and turned to the old gentleman.

"Oh, Tom! Oh, papa," sobbed a voice from the church-door. It was the bride. Papa grew actually purple with rage.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Rothmer, calm yourself," whispered another man, as papa threatened to burst.

"Calm the devil!" cried Mr. Rothmer. "What do you mean, sir?" This was to me.

The bright buttons and blue coat of a policeman arrived on the scene.

"What's this?" he inquired, hoarsely.

"Just what I'm trying to find out, officer," I answered, getting my speech for the first time. "This is evidently a lunatic asylum that has got loose." I stepped back a step, expecting Mr. R. to collapse with anger.

The officer looked at me, as I spoke, and then touched his hat respectfully.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Thompson, I didn't recognize you at first," he said, and then turning to the coterie, growled in that tone that characterizes a New York policeman:

"Can't yer stop yer fuss? That gentleman's all right. I'll take the last one of yez in, ef yer don't get away."

A carriage rattled up to the door at that moment, and a young man—the same one who had threatened to whip me at the Thirty-Fourth Street ferry—jumped out.

"So you are here at last," thundered Mr. Rothmer. I didn't wait to see or hear any more; I had had quite enough, so I beat a hasty retreat in the direction of my rooms, wondering who this Mr. Thompson was that the policeman referred to.

When I was again secure and had recovered my soher senses, I saw through the whole affair. That was evidently the Miss Rothmer about whom the old gentleman at the dining-table had spoken, and the groom was Markham. I pitied the poor chap after a while, and hoped that I didn't interfere with the ceremony, for the father was a decidedly unpleasant customer to deal with, I imagined. But it is all right. To-day's paper has among the marriages the names "Markham—Rothmer."

Do you not pardon the opening sentences of this record. Think of what I escaped, what I went through with, and then do you not wonder that I am not really distracted? By the way, I wonder if Gladys has a father. I hope not. —Epoch.

There was a queer scene on the Bowery a day or two ago (writes Julian Ralph in the Providence Journal), when one of the clothing-bouses gave away one thousand overcoats to poor boys, demanding a quarter from each boy, for some wise reason not clearly explained. The little gamins who sell the papers got most of them. Possibly you think that was good, and that they would be snug and warm this winter. Well, I don't know. They are, heyond and above all other, the strangest part of our population. They are like little rats or foxes. Their origin is easy to get at: they are the children of love, of paupers, of vagabonds, and of the squalid tenement districts. Thousands either have no homes or else don't go to them, but live in lodgings, newsboys' homes, and in wagons, garrets, cellars, and the general poke-holes of the city. The bootblacks are their brothers and chums, and live in the same way. They all smoke—either stumps, picked up, or cigarettes at two for a cent. Their stoves are the gratings over boilers under the streets; their dissipation is attendance in the galleries of the cheapest variety shows; their best fun is found in fighting. "They are wild beasts," said the clerk in the publication office of a newspaper the other day. "They are devoid of affection and gratitude. They swear at you if you speak kindly to them, run away from you if you offer them advice, jeer at you if you are well dressed and pass a group of them. If we take pity on them, and invite them into the press-room in cold weather, they break the windows, hack the woodwork, and even go so far as to take stones or weights and break the heaviest iron-work. While they wait in the office to buy papers they dig trenches in the counters with the steel pens, and break the holders in two. One day one of the clerks gave one of these boys a good Derby hat that he had tired of. Another clerk asked the boy why he did not say 'thank you.' 'A-a-a-h,' the boy replied, 'go chuck your mother overboard.' 'What are you going to do with the hat?' the clerk asked. 'Sell it in Baxter Street for fifteen cents,' he replied, 'and play cruso wid de money.'"

The sailors on the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* have been detected in smuggling. The customs officers discovered a large amount of plug tobacco and cigars concealed in various parts of the vessel.

OLD FAVORITES.

Etiquette.

The *Ballyshannon* foudered off the coast of Cariboo, And down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew; Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured: Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew, The passengers were also dowered excepting only two: Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co., And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported idogio.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast, Upon a desert island were eventually cast. They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used, But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though certainly in trade, Were properly particular about the friends they made; And somehow thus they settled it without a word of mouth— That Gray should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy rare, But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear. On Somers side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick, Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore. The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved, For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in the south, For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his mouth. He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff; He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had When on board the *Ballyshannon*! And it drove them nearly mad To think how very friendly with each other they might get, If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette!

One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*, Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus: "I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on, 'McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?'"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be— Old chummies at the Charterhouse were Robinson and he! He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely red, Hesitated, hummed and hawed a hit, then cleared his throat, and said:

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold, But you have breathe a name I knew familiarly of old. You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by. You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me, so do I."

It was enough: they felt they could more pleasantly get on. For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each knew Robinson! And Mr. Somers turtle was at Peter's service quite, And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-beds all night.

They soon became, like brothers from community of wrongs; They wrote each other little odes and sang each other soogs; They told each other anecdotes disparaging their wives; On several occasions, too, they saved each other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night, And got up in the morning soon as ever it was light; Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon, And all because it happened that they both knew Robinson!

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore, And day by day they learned to love each other more and more. At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day, They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred. "Suppose we cross the main? So good an opportunity may not be found again." And Somers thought a minute, then ejaculated, "Done! I wonder how my business in the city's getting on?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter: "when in England, as you know, I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop & Co., I may be superseded—my employers think me dead!" "Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment when they found The vessel was a convict ship from Portland outward bound; When a boat came off to fetch them, though they felt it very kind, To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke, They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke: 'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming frock! Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock!!!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been rather rash In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash; And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard; They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word; The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head, And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth, And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south; And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick, And Somers has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.

—William S. Gilbert.

Among Browning's smaller poems the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" is perhaps the most striking, though certainly not the most attractive. It suggests the ever-increasing hate with which two people, who are unfriendly to begin with, may come to regard one another when shut up together within a limited space. There is at all events no doubt about one of them, the speaker—"Gr-r-r—there, go, my heart's abhorrence; water your damned flower-pots, do," etc. The picture seems overdrawn, and yet last week there was a replica of it in England on the canvas of real life. The scene, indeed, was not in the cell of a monastery, but it was in a signal box of a railway, the inmates of which are cut off as completely from the rest of their kind. Two men dwelt there, literally more than half their lives, alone together, and hated each other very cordially. Among other amenities each was wont, in the other's absence, "to pour boiling water and paraffin over his flowers." At last one of them is found dead, and the other is accused of putting poison in the filter which held the water for his coffee. What a life those wretched men must have led together; and how very alarming (if they had but known it) to the passengers whose trains they signaled!

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Labouchère graciously remarks that the royal family of England treat the ex-Empress Eugénie kindly, only because they hope to be remembered largely in her will.

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris to the *London Truth*: "I asked Mme. Limousin was he (M. Wilson) a knave? 'No; but anything on which flies gather must soon be fouled and tainted. Nobody at the Elysée ever noticed to what a degree human beings of the fly sort flocked round Wilson, and so they were suffered to alight upon him.'"

It is contended by society and club-men that Mr. A. Wright Sanford pays annually enough in club dues to support half-a-dozen families. Mr. Sanford belongs to the Union, New York, Manhattan, Knickerbocker, Racquet, Lambs, New York Athletic, Coney Island Jockey, American Jockey, the Country Club of Pelham, the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Hunts, and half-a-dozen others. His favorite clubs are the Manhattan and the New York.

William D. Howells, the novelist, was in the White Mountains for a time last summer. Henry Rogers, a well known Boston lawyer, was present at a Tavern Club dinner at the Hub not long ago, when the subject of the modesty shown by authors was under discussion. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I know something about that. I saw Howells up at the White Mountains last summer. He was then posing as the Star of Bethlehem." Howells, who was present, did not join in the laugh which followed.

Sarah Ulrich Kelly, "The Bard of Shanty Hill," has started on a campaign for the presidency. She will make a tour of the country, and she expects to win many votes by her personal magnetism. Her name was originally Sarah A. Kelly, but when she decided to become a politician, she changed it to Sarah Ulrich Kelly. The name Sarah, she thinks, will please the Yankees, Ulrich will capture the German vote, and Kelly will win favor among the oatives of the Emerald Isle. Mrs. Kelly is convinced that she will poll a larger vote in 1888 than did Belva Lockwood in 1884.

The "Carnots" are in one respect like the three generations of the Mendelssohns. When Abraham Mendelssohn was a young man, he was spoken of as the son of "the great Mendelssohn," meaning Moses Mendelssohn; and when he was an old man, he was renowned as the father of "the great Mendelssohn," meaning Felix Mendelssohn, the composer. So when Lazare Hyppolyte Carnot was a young man, he was famed as the son of the illustrious Carnot, the organizer of victory; and now he will be more widely known as the father of the distinguished Sadi-Carnot, President of the French Republic.

Charles Darwin found backgammon a great mental relaxation, and he was very fond of novels for the same purpose. The great naturalist did most of his writing sitting in a large horse-hair chair by the fire, upon a board stretched across the arms. When he had many or long letters to write, he dictated them from rough copies written on the backs of manuscripts or proof-sheets. He kept all the letters he received—a habit caught from his father. When his letters were finished, he lay on a sofa in his bedroom and had novels read to him, while he smoked a cigarette or regaled his nostrils with snuff.

According to its family statutes no member of the house of Hohenzollern is to undergo an operation dangerous to life, save on the battle-field or under like urgent circumstances, without the formal consent of the King of Prussia for the time being and his Ministry of State. This is the reason of the state council which was held at Berlin to consider the case of the crown prince, at which the Prince Regent of Brunswick and the Grand Duke of Baden were present—Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, Minister of the Household, presiding. The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have, of course, requested the crown prince to act as he pleases.

The nervous system of the Princess of Wales has been so worn and tried by recent events that not only her favorite bromide has ceased to have any effect, but a maid is forced to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by her royal highness. Like all highly sensitive and very deaf people, she often imagines extraordinary noises, and this peculiarity, is now a torment. Her royal highness's great terror is of fire, and the late catastrophe at Exeter, following that of the Opéra Comique in Paris, so upset her that she vowed she would never enter a theatre again. Her constant terror is that Prince George, her pet, will be burned to death at sea, and that wicked youth has on more than one occasion taken advantage of his mother's nervousness in this particular to spin yarns which would make the best seasoned salt pale with envy.

Beginning his eighty-third year, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps can look around and see but very few men of anything like equal eminence who are as old as he. The German emperor is ninety, Doctor Döllinger is eighty-eight, Moltke, and Bancroft the historian, are each eighty-seven, Kossuth is eighty-five, and Professor Owen is eighty-three; but it is not easy to extend the list. Yet it is not astonishing to note the large number of living great men who have passed the ordinary limit of human life. Of sovereigns, the Pope is seventy-seven, and King William of the Netherlands is well on in his seventy-first year. Of statesmen, Mr. Gladstone will be seventy-nine next month, Mr. Bright is seventy-six, Prince Bismarck is seventy-two, M. Jules Grévy is seventy-four, M. Léon Say and M. Leroyer are each seventy-one, Lord Shelburne is seventy-five, Sir Rutherford Alcock is seventy-eight, Lord Sherbrooke is seventy-six, and Lord Granville is seventy-two. Of generals, MacMahon is seventy-nine, Leboeuf is seventy-eight, and Bazaine and Cialdini are each seventy-six. Of poets, Lord Tennyson is seventy-eight, Mr. Browning is seventy-five, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is seventy-eight. Of musicians, Verdi is seventy-three. Of engineers, Lord Armstrong is seventy-seven, and Sir John Hawkshaw is seventy-six. Of painters, Meissonier is seventy-two; and finally of showmen, Barnum is seventy-seven. Perhaps, however, M. Chevreul, who is fairly started upon his one hundred and second year, ought not to be omitted.

AN ANGLOMANIAC ABROAD.

"Cockaigne" describes the Discomfiture of a New Yorker in London.

I was a good deal amused the other day, although my amusement may justly be said to have been painfully dampened by shame. I happened to be in the smoking-room of the Raleigh Club, whither I had gone to write a letter. The Raleigh is one of the few London clubs which admits strangers (foreigners of distinction chiefly) to a three months' honorary membership. While there I witnessed the apparent first appearance at the club of a young American gentleman from New York, in the capacity of visiting member. I had seen his name down on the books for several weeks, and I would like to give it, for his people are (as I happen to know) among the best in the "Empire City;" but I don't think I should be justified, out of regard for either social or club propriety, in drawing attention to him publicly, except under the friendly cover of an alias. We will call him, then, Mr. Philip Van Schemervelt. His proposer was an earl, and his seconder a baronet. I had, I may say, been on the lookout for him every time I dropped in at the club. I didn't know him even by sight, but I knew I should be able to spot him at once, nevertheless. I think I can tell an American at sight, let his anglo-maniac disguise be the most perfect that Poole could devise. There is a something about Americans which to me is unmistakable. I don't intend this as in the slightest degree a thing to be ashamed of, by Americans. Who that has proper feeling would wish to be thought other than he is? I don't think there are many Frenchmen who would like to be taken for Germans, or Germans who would like to be thought Frenchmen. Nor yet Englishmen who would consider it a compliment to be told they were "just like Russians," or Spaniards, or Portuguese, or Italians. Anglo-maniac Americans are the only exception I know.

There is sure to be something sooner or later which will lay bare the fraud. There are dozens of expressions which give the anglo-maniac away at once. I do not mean "Why, certainly," "Once in a while," "Real nice," "Right away," "Sherry wine," "Sack-coat," "Underwear," or "Rare meat"; all of which are now so well known as to make their serious use by man, woman, or child equivalent to printed notice on their backs: "I'm an American." Anglo-maniacs know all of these expressions from long study and experience, and avoid them as the devil does holy water. You'll never bear a real out-and-out old seasoned anglo-maniac use one of them. There are others that the anglo-maniac does not know, which, though not so glaring as those mentioned, are quite as destructive to the success of his English assumption.

I will just mention two to show what I mean. An Anglo-maniac of the most approved New York pattern, who, as he sails from the Cunard wharf for Queenstown and Liverpool every summer, is thought by the crowd to be some returning English tourist of high rank—an earl at the very least—will say to an English friend at whose country-house he is staying, "So Lord Henry has got married since I was here last." Now tell me, Anglo-maniacs all, where is the flaw in that? Think well, Newport crest and livery-sporters, Philadelphia "Covert-coat," and Boston "Norfolk-jacket" wearers. And call to your aid if need be, the members of the New York Coaching Club, the Newport fox-hunters, and the customers of Redfern, the English tailor. You don't see any? No, I thought you wouldn't. I'll tell you, then. It's in the word *got*. An English person would say: "So Lord Henry has *married* since I was last, etc." Again: The Anglo-maniac visitor picks up a magazine from the table, and says: "So you take the *Fortnightly* (Century, Harper, Scribner, Good Words, or what you will) regularly, do you?" Once more, wherein lurks America there? Or if not where in lurks America, wherein is England absent? In not adding the word *in* after take. In England magazines, periodicals, and newspapers are all "taken *in*."

But about Mr. Philip Van Schemervelt [and his reception at the Raleigh Club. There are about half a dozen men besides myself in the room, as he enters. Two are elderly men (they would be called old in the States, especially California.) They sit at different windows. One is smoking and reading, the other smoking only. The other four are young men, ranging from two to eight-and-twenty. Two are sitting talking together, the third stands on the hearth-rug, the fourth is watching a waiter pour a bottle of soda-water into his half-glass of brandy. All, both young and old, wear black homespun morning-coats, and high hats, that is to say the hats hang on the pegs in the hall, hats in an English club being doffed on entering a room. The young men are noticeable as having white scarves (Voilà! another Anglicism—the plural of scarf), the elders wearing darker shades. As Mr. Philip Van Schemervelt walks in there is (most naturally) an air of loneliness about him, try as he may to conceal it. Utter silence greets him. I don't mean to say that a salvo of artillery ought to have been fired to welcome him. The regular members wouldn't have that. But not a sound, save the occasional rattling of a newspaper and the scratching of my quill pen, with now and then a more audible "puff" of smoke from the smokers, is to be heard. The two chaps talking give no audible sign of their conversation; their lips move in the formation of words and their faces pucker into well-bred smiles at times, but that is all. As Van Schemervelt comes to a stand in the middle of the room, oppressed by the absence of sound, it suddenly occurs to the others to look at him. He is not an Englishman they see at a glance. At all events, he is a new member—a stranger. Up go six eye-glasses, and he is favored with a well-bred stare from twelve aristocratic eyes. He winces a bit, turns red, then pale, coughs slightly, looks as if he wants to run away, then braces up, sets his teeth and walks over to a sofa near by the two talkers, and sits down. The two stop talking. He doesn't know what to do next. He wishes to avoid doing differently from the custom of members, and there is no one to show him. No one is doing anything. At last one of the old men leaves his window and goes and rings the bell. Van S. waits to see what he will do next. The waiters comes in and creep up to the old gentleman noiselessly. The old man's lips move. He orders something or other, and the waiter goes away. Presently he returns with a tray of cigars covered by a glazed lid, and

held before him by a strap round his neck. The old gentleman is about five minutes selecting one cigar, for which he pays the waiter. Van S. thinks he will get a cigar too. He has half a dozen in his case in his pocket, better than any to be bought in London; but he thinks he'll try a club one this time, to make himself feel at home. He calls: "Waiter!"

In a second he wishes he hadn't. All the glasses are screwed into the eyes again, and he is regarded with well-bred amazement. The waiter pays no heed. One of the young men stops him by a sign as he passes, and purchases a cigarette; the other man to whom the first is talking buys a cigar. Van S. tries the sign language, and the waiter forces up to him. He selects a cigar from the first compartment his hand goes over, and, without observing the price marked on them, hands the man half a sovereign. While the waiter goes for the change, Van S. thinks he'll be sociable (at least, I have no doubt that was his idea), and first biting the end off his cigar (the necessary ejection of the bit of rolled tobacco from between his lips causing more looks of dismay), he leans forward to one of the young men near by—the one with a cigar—and says: "May I ask you for a light, please?"

His voice is no louder than the ordinary human male voice on common occasions, yet in this club smoking-room it sounds like a clap of thunder. The young man with the cigar, after he recovers from the shock of Van S.'s voice, looks vacantly back at him; an expression of blank surprise gradually dawning in his eyes.

Van S. looks (and doubtless feels) painfully awkward. He clears his throat to cover up the strain. Every one looks at him again, amazement giving place to disgust.

"Here," says the young man, handing his cigar with a long ash on it, and, as Van S. takes it and lights up, remarks, for the first time, in an audible tone, "I thought there were spills on the chimney-piece."

Van S. is happily ignorant of what "spills" are, so the remark falls flat on him. He feels encouraged. Englishmen are not so confoundedly offish and cold to strangers as people say, he thinks. Here is one who has given him a light from his cigar! All they need is bringing out—some one to take the lead. He gets up and rings the bell, and, as he knocks against a chair in doing so, every one looks at him again. But he doesn't mind. Buoyed up by the thought that he has at last reached the warmth of the British heart in a British club, and is about to probe its depths deeper still, the exuberance of his spirits makes him put a kind construction on everything. When the waiter comes, Van S. bows to the two young men politely, and says:

"Won't you join me?" He doesn't notice the glance of contemptuous disdain, mingled with mute surprise, which greets his question, but goes on: "Awfully dull day, isn't it? There isn't much else to do but smoke and drink, is there?" Still no answer. "What will you have?"

The two exchange glances. Is he suffering from D. T.'s? Or what is it? Such a thing was never heard of before in a London club—that is, a West End Club. One whispers to the other:

"Perhaps he'll make a row if we don't."

"I'll be blown if I do," says the other. "No, thank you," to Van S.

And that's every word he gets out of them. They begin to talk to each other, and leave Van S. standing there like a fool. He frowns to himself, and then turns very red. I can see in his face he wants to say something sharp, but with an effort refrains. He starts to the door. I have made up my mind, I will come to his rescue, and do so. I catch him in the doorway.

"Pardon me—is this Mr. Van Schemervelt?"

He turns round with the eager look of a shipwrecked mariner on a raft at sight of a sail in the offing.

"It is. That is my name."

I tell him I know his people in New York, having been on more than one occasion the recipient of their hospitality. "I'm afraid you find our clubs very different from yours," I say. "I'm sure I wish we could learn to be more sociable, and at all events be more civil to strangers. You don't know any one here?"

"No one except Lord Easterly. He proposed me, and got some friend to second me. That was a couple of weeks ago, and I haven't seen his lordship since. I thought, perhaps, I should find him if I came in to-day." I can't help laughing to myself at the poor chap's credulity. That was the last place he'd be likely to find Lord Easterly for three months to come, though I don't like to hurt his feelings by telling him so.

"You knew Lord Easterly in New York, then?"

"Knew him? Why he lived at our house, you might say. We thought him such an awfully nice chap. So unaffected and indifferent to rank."

"In America? Have you seen much of him here?"

"Well, no. You see he's been out of town a good deal, and my letters to him went astray. I wrote three or four times, and they all miscarried, strange to say."

"It would be stranger if they hadn't."

"Why I thought the English mails were the surest in the world."

"So they are, except when they carry letters from Americans in England to English noblemen to whom they have been kind in America," I say.

"I don't quite understand," he replies. I can see he doesn't want to be awakened too rudely from the national delusion.

"You will some day, no doubt. In the meantime, where's Lord Easterly?"

"Oh, he said he was going out to the Cape for six months' lion-shooting soon, and I expect he must have gone."

"My dear sir," I tell him, "don't you know that Lord Easterly is in the Blues, and six months' absence from his regiment would be an unheard-of leave, unless she were ill?"

"Is that so? It certainly has a queer look."

"Queer look? From my observation, and the experience of American gentlemen in general who have entertained lords and ladies in their homes, I should say that it had a decidedly common look."

LONDON, December 2, 1887.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

If the remains of Lot's wife are ever found and exhibited in a museum, they will doubtless be placed in the salt rheum. —*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

A man the other day was complaining to his butcher that the piece of meat sent him was so tough that his mother could not even chew the gravy. —*Calcutta Sun*.

"Do you think the night air is unhealthy?" asked Mrs. Cumso of her husband. "People who have been on a night tear tell me it is," was the reply. —*New York Sun*.

"Waiter, take away this beer; it's muddy." The waiter (without stirring)—"You are deceived, sir. It is the glass which is dirty, the beer is excellent. Taste it." —*Judge*.

"I can not say yes, Walter. I shall always be a sis—" "Sister to me? No you won't." "Yes, Walter; your brother Charles proposed to me last night, and I accepted him." —*Life*.

"Well, I declare, arter I spen' all on my monny on you studdyin' art, you draw a cow 'dout any tail!" "Well, ma, de book say strive for effect, an' not for detail." —*Harper's Bazar*.

Jack—"Well, old man, how did you like 'Tristram and Isolde'?" Unmusical party—"Ugh! No good. Only caught one air. Got that in the back of my neck, and it's there yet." —*Life*.

Maud (awakening suddenly at three A. M.)—"Mother, there's a man trying to break into the house." Mother (wearily)—"Hush, my child; it's your father; he's afraid to ring the door-bell." —*Birmingham Herald*.

In the high school of 1900: Principal—"Who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen?" Chorus (by the entire school, standing and with uncovered heads)—"John L. Sullivan!" —*Ex*.

Customer (in grocery store, picking away at the raisin-box)—"What are these raisins worth, boy?" Boy—"Fif' cents." Customer—"What, only five cents a pound?" Boy—"No; fi' cents fer wot you've eat." —*New York Sun*.

"Betting on the races is on the increase. Did you ever back a horse, Darringer?" "Only once, Bromley." "Did you win?" "I lost five hundred dollars. I backed him into a shop-window on Chestnut Street." —*Philadelphia Call*.

Brown (to Robinson, who is reading a telegram with a look of anguish on his face)—"What's the matter, old fellow? Somebody dead?" Robinson (crushing telegram with both hands)—"No; somebody alive, b' thunder. Twins!" —*New York Sun*.

The Graphic says that "since George Francis Train has been preaching the uses of the Turkish bath, he has lost ground with the anarchists." If the anarchists were to adopt the uses of the Turkish bath, they would lose ground, too. —*Norristown Herald*.

"I wish to know how to prevent my hair from falling out," said a wife one day, to her husband. "Well, I wish you could prevent it from falling in," said the husband, as he drew one about a foot long out of the buckwheat cake he was eating. —*Danville Breeze*.

Charles (looking into Angelina's eyes with a sad, but determined gaze)—"And so I am to take this as a formal and final dismissal?" Angelina (toying with her fan and his feelings)—"Well, you know I am changeable." Charles—"Yes; but I am not." —*Puck*.

New member (to Washington hotel-clerk)—"What are your regular rates?" Clerk—"Four dollars a day, sir; payable weekly. New member—"You have different rates for members, of course?" Clerk—"Yes, sir. Four dollars a day, in advance." —*New York Sun*.

Miss Blanche—"Have you made any conquests this summer?" Miss Lillian—"Oh, yes; Mr. Jones proposed the day before we came away." Miss Blanche—"Doesn't he pop the question in the most awkward manner imaginable?" [They meet as strangers.] —*Life*.

Higgins—"For goodness' sake, Wiggins, why do you wobble around the sidewalk so? Go home, you're flustered!" Wiggins (indignantly)—"I'm not! But I can't manage these new baggy trousers in a headwind, you know, and have to tack to get the wind on my beam." —*Life*.

Husband (who has a little engagement on hand)—"I shall be at the office very late to-night, my dear, posting my books, and you had better not sit up for me." Wife—"Very well, John. When I get ready to go to bed, I'll just say good-night to you through the telephone." —*New York Sun*.

Father (trying to read the paper)—"What was that awful racket in the hall just now?" Mother—"One of the children fell down the stairs." Father (irascibly)—"Well, you tell those children that if they can not fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all." —*New York Sun*.

Traveling alone, and able to: Hotel dining-room masher (who has made himself a little previous in his efforts to get everything on the table for his fair neighbor)—"Is there nothing else you'll have?" Neighbor (rising)—"Thank you, no!" (Hands him a quarter, and leaves him to his thoughts.) —*Puck*.

He (at Chicago evening entertainment)—"Do you know that very brilliant looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—"Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo." He—"Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady?" Miss Breezy—"Yes, she has been unmarried twice." —*New York Sun*.

Policeman (late at night)—"Here, my friend, what are you cooling your eye at that key-hole for?" His friend (warningly)—"Sh! m' wife is (hic) on the other side this key-hole, an' I've got to (hic) tell her that fool story 'bout Peter Piper pickin' a (hic) pick o' peckled peppers or sthay out all (hic) night." —*New York Sun*.

"So you have got a wife," said Jones to a newly married man. "Don't know, don't know," replied the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the blamed combination is going to turn out." —*Washington Critic*.

Teacher—"Yes, children, the hairs of our head are all numbered." Smart boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—"Well, what's the number of this hair?" Teacher—"Number one, Johnny; and [pulling out several more] these are numbers two, three, four, five, and six. Anything else you want to know?" Smart boy—"N-no, sir." —*Harper's Bazar*.

Brown was abusing Smith violently on the sidewalk one night. Jones, who was Smith's friend, heard it from an upper window, and yelled to Smith. "Knock him down!" The next day Jones and Smith met. "Why didn't you knock that man down?" asked Jones. "I hollered to you to do it." "Yes," replied Smith, "and I would have hollered the same thing had I been up where you were." —*Texas Siftings*.

Young wife (at dinner-table, sobbing)—"I think you—you are just as mean as—as you can be. I made that—that apple-dumpling as a pleasant surprise for you, and—and now—you want me to bring a handsaw to cut it in two with." Young husband—"Good heavens, Maria! Is that a dumpling? I took it for a coconut. (With desperate firmness.) I'll eat it now, Maria, if it kills me." —*Chicago Tribune*.

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember so distant and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. That active boy, Billy, that high-leaping Billy; that loud-shouting Billy who sat on a pin." —*Ex*.

VANITY FAIR.

An open letter to the open-handed: My dear Cræsus: Christmas is coming around again, and I feel as if I must write and tell you what is on my mind. You have been very kind to my wife, my children and myself in the past. Last year you gave Mrs. Pauper a handsome peach-blow vase; you gave each of my three boys a velocipede; to the baby you sent a silver-mounted rattle, and the scarf-pin which I now wear came to me from Tiffany's at your instance. Many thanks, my dear Cræsus, for your kindness to me and mine. You have been so good that I do not hesitate to ask you to do me one more good turn. Don't send us anything this year, or if you must, let it be something more moderate than your presents were last year. I'll tell you why. Mrs. Pauper is a sensitive woman, and when I stopped on my way home from my office on the 24th of last December, and bought a volume of Herrick's poems for you at a cost of one dollar, Mrs. Pauper declared I should not send it to you. Said she: "My dear George, Mr. Cræsus sent you a ring last year that must have cost him seventy-five dollars at the very least; how can you think of sending him a dollar hook? Let me get the present for you." I acceded, and the silver-mounted wallet you now carry cost my oldest boy a pair of shoes, cost me my winter gloves, and deprived Mrs. Pauper of a small anniversary dinner-party she contemplated giving in January. For your two boys Mrs. Pauper purchased an organ and a small printing-press, because you had sent her boys the velocipedes. She was not content to return your generosity either with thanks or with so modest a gift as my income would permit—our presents to you and yours must be as good as your presents to me and mine, and I assure you, my dear fellow, that while I would willingly give you the most beautiful and costly thing on the face of this earth, could I afford it, I can not afford this year, any more than I could last, to send you such presents as yours have hitherto required me to make. Please regard this letter as confidential and accede to my request. It is nothing short of ruin—hankruptcy—that impels me to write thus; there is nothing of disloyalty to my wife herein; all women are alike in this respect—and many men. Have pity on me, and believe me ever your friend, George C. Pauper.—*Life*.

I hear (says a New York writer) that a determined effort will be made this winter to keep the very young men sober at halls, but I hope with better results than were obtained at a small dance in a private house on Fifth Avenue the other evening. It seems that the ladies of the family locked the dining-room door some time before supper, in order that none of the youngsters should get at the champagne ahead of time. When the doors were opened and the usual overture announced supper, the head of the house was found in the dining room in a heastly state of intoxication. He had been locked in, and, preferring oblivion to solitude, had drunk long and deep.

The gavotte became highly fashionable in the first Napoleon's reign; now, when it is introduced as a character-dance at fancy halls, the costume of the Empire is correctly worn by its devotees. In former days the dresses of the dancers were of velvet and satin, with silken long hose or tights, diamond huckles, and lace ruffles for the men; of soft, silken, gauzy stuffs and crêpes for the women. Nowadays the gentlemen follow the fashion of the earlier period, even in the materials of their garments, but India silks, China crêpes, broché and plain, and *peau de soie*, soft and clinging, with rich laces and jewels, compose the gowns of the ladies who dance the gavotte in character costumes. The colors of the passing season, the dull blues, *acajou* and tapestry-green shades, the heliotrope and old-rose tints, and silver-grays, with gold tinsel, are used for these gavotte gowns, and beautiful toilets do they make when carefully designed and thought out. The winter or Christmas costume is composed of greenish-white satin, the color of an iceberg, and crystal-dotted lace, with a rain fringe of crystal beads broken at intervals with glass icicles. Holly-leaves and berries compose the *avot* garnitures, diamonds the jewel ornaments, with a pendant necklace of pale aquamarine and diamonds, bracelets and earrings to match. Even the fan, the shoes, and the gloves are matched to the costume in colors and ornaments. Diamond hair-powder throws a glittering frost over the coiffure, and icicles of fine glass decorate all parts of the toilet, along with real diamond ornaments. "The Sea" is a gown of sea-green moiré, lustrous, not dull, covered with a film of white tulle, rippled occasionally into "white-caps." The fishes that form the decorations on the skirt and corsage are embroidered in the tulle net of silver with darning-stitches, producing a rippling, vanishing effect. The shells are thin scallops and cockles of silver. The other garnitures are fine artificials, imitations of sea-weeds holding in their meshes slender branches of pink coral, and at regular intervals pendants of large pear shaped pearls. A necklace of diamonds and pear-shaped pearls, with bracelets and ear-rings to match, the fan, the handkerchief, the shoes, and stockings, all in keeping, finish the toilet, the colors and decorations all being strictly marine. In the dress of a bayadere, or oriental dancing-girl, the bodice and first skirt of tunic are brilliant yellow Tussock silk, embroidered in red and gold. The scarf around the hips is pale-blue. So is the bottom flounce, while the flounce dividing the yellow tunic and blue flounce is light-red. The shoes are red morocco-leather, the stockings red silk, embroidered with gold. The cap is a turban of bright-red and pale-blue silk. The tambourine is decked with red and blue ribbons. The hoop ear-rings and head necklace are of gold filagree. Three other costumes represent Primrose, Lady Bird, and Morning, or Aurora. Primrose wears a dress of pale yellow—scallop on the bottom to represent the petals of her flower. Bright-yellow primroses are embroidered on it above the scallops. The tunic and bodice are formed of large imitation leaves of the primrose, worked on green silk with green arrasene. Chains of primroses form the girdle, the necklace, and epaulettes. The hair is adorned with a primrose pompon, and she carries a bouquet of the same flowers. The jewels are diamonds and emeralds, or aquamarine stones. The gloves of primrose-yellow Suède are scalloped into petals at the top. This is an admirable costume for a rosy blonde or bright-eyed brunette, who has

a good color. Blue-gray-red, and black are "Lady Bird" colors. Blue-gray tulle net forms the skirt. Scarlet feather plush gauze the side panels, the wings, and skull cap. The bodice is of black velvet. A belt of garnets encircles the waist. Garnet ornaments loop the shoulder-straps of the same, and garnets on long spiral silver wires form the aigrettes that decorate the cap. A necklace, armlets, bracelets, ear-rings of rubies and diamonds are the jewels to be worn. The shoes and stockings are red, but the shoes are foxed with black patent-leather, for a red bird has red legs and black toes, for this is a semi-realistic, symbolic red "lady bird." Aurora, or Morning, wears a gown composed of alternate broad stripes of pale-blue and pale rose, dotted with golden stars. Her girdle, necklace, and bracelets are of gold stars, with brilliants for the centres. The sun-hurst that confines her tulle veil is of gold set with brilliants. Her tunic is pink, her gloves pale-yellow. Her shoes are purple, with golden stars for huckles.

A woman will shop all day in a sealskin coat, remarks the New York *Sun*, frequenting hot, crowded stores, and then go home, and for the evening wear a tailor-made jacket or a handsome opera-cloak or plush wrap, and for the coldest of the twenty-four hours she will be perishing like a frog in a garment utterly insufficient after the gorgeous warmth of her sealskin coat. In this way, some of the active diphtheritic, pneumatic, and pulmonic diseases often find comfortable quarters in American throats and lungs. With a wet, raw atmosphere and a soggy state of affairs under foot, the English women are far more robust than their Yankee cousins; because they invariably wear their sealskin clothes from the beginning to the end of the season. One might as well say all the year round, for you will find in July and August, British maids and matrons draped in muslin, and sporting white berege and lawn gowns, and wearing seal-sacks on top. Then the English foot is a source of great merriment to the thin-booted Americans; but the English walking-shoe has a sole fit for puddles, and is much heavier than anything a shoemaker can sell in this country. American girls will not wear clumsy hoots, and you can not have a strong, serviceable, warm hoot made that will be small to the eye. It may be tight enough to pinch like the mischief inside, but the hulk will be there, and a number two foot is to all intents and purposes in a four boot.

It is now ten years (writes an Italian correspondent of the *American Register*) since a former consul of the United States in Italy said: "American parents and guardians ought never to allow their daughters or wards to come over and pass one, two, or three years, as the case may be, in the study of music for the opera, or other professional singing, without some elderly female relative to accompany and protect them, and also that they may appear respectable in the eyes of respectable people here." This same consul told of instances where great trials, and, in one case, how positive harm had come to those either neglecting or being ignorant of European manners and customs. But a word of caution and warning might be raised for the benefit of marriageable young American ladies and widows, who do not come here to study. Many such come accompanied by a weak maternal relative, who is dazzled by the title and the show of some baron, count or duke, who, ten to one, is an impecunious younger son of some old family run to seed. Some of our readers may have seen an account of the way one of our consuls in Tuscany found, in a mad house, an American lady who had truly given her heart and money to one of these impecunious adventurers, who then had had her shut up in an asylum, when she was no more insane than the soundest person in Florence. All Italian husbands are not bad men; but as a whole, the standard of family life and happiness, from the very manner of contracting marriage, is far below that of Anglo-Saxon countries. The impecunious dandies with a romantic noble title have found out the weakness of the American and the English girl, and they take advantage of it. Only this year a respectable American widow lady, residing in Naples, allowed herself to be carried away by the attentions and the polite hearing toward her of an Italian gentleman. She consulted more than one person, and among others Mr. Camphausen, our present American consul, and they all, in answer to her question—"Shall I marry him?"—responded in the language of Mr. Punch's celebrated letter, "Don't." It was, however, of no use; she "went and did it," and in less than a month the scoundrel tried to strangle her, and has since heaped all manner of indignities upon her. She did not assign him her money, and hence the great ire of Mr. Impecunious.

The day of the professional beauty in London is over, and one by one they disappear. Mrs. Langtry is now getting rich on the stage; Mrs. Cornwallis West is but seldom heard of; Mrs. Wheeler is reduced to keeping a hric-à-brac-shop in partnership with Mrs. Hussey Vivian, and is making a good thing of it, too. A number of well-known names in London society are now disguised behind French pseudonyms and the titles of companies. Lady Granville Gordon, daughter of the Dublin whisky man, who paid some three hundred thousand pounds to restore a Dublin cathedral, gains a livelihood by selling bonnets, while her husband, Lord Granville, turns the honest or dishonest penny on the nearest racetrack. Mrs. Pocklington, once a household name to Belgravia, is transmogrified into Mme. Lili, the milliner, while Mrs. Learmouth, reduced to poverty by the colonel's utter smash, is her assistant. Mrs. Gurney now fits dresses, and does it well, too, under the name of Mme. Valentine, and better still, Bertie Stoford and Algy Maude, two of the smartest men in London, have turned themselves into the firm of Rouy & Felise in St. George Place.

Mrs. Morris's ball is still the talk of the town. In many ways it was probably the most beautiful private ball ever given in New York. Careful estimates place its cost at fifteen thousand dollars, and that this is not an extravagant computation may be judged from the statement, which is made on good authority, that the leasing of the entire Delmonico establishment for the night, including the supper, service, and appointments, cost ten thousand dollars alone. To this must be added the decorations, which were unusually lavish, the music, and the thousand and one other things

which were necessary, and which in the aggregate amounted to a large sum. Never was an invitation list so carefully compiled. The ancestral traditions of the Morris family sat pen in hand personified over blue-books, social registers, and visiting lists, for days and nights previous to the issuance of the cards. There was not the slightest doubt that every person present had at least a grandmother. If New York has any old families and any aristocracy, which can be called such from length of residence and respectability, it may now be known that it numbers about one thousand and five hundred persons, this being the number of cards sent out by the descendants of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. About three to four hundred of those invited were present, from which it must be inferred that two-thirds of New York's aristocracy are in mourning, in the country, or too old or too poor to attend balls. The majority of those present were young, and, as one young girl remarked, rather irreverently, it was not a "corpe party," as she had feared. The music could not have been better, and the flirtation parlors were well occupied the entire evening. The upper rooms of the house were given up to smoking and card parties, and the café, which it had been intended to use as annex to the restaurant, was comparatively deserted on account of the small number of guests that had been expected. Mr. Henry Coster, whose daughter makes her début this winter, led the cotillon in a quiet and dignified, if somewhat slow, manner. Miss Morris, the débutante, who was the recipient of this magnificent entertainment, received with her mother. She was dressed simply in white silk and faille française, and had sixty bouquets. She is a tall, interesting-looking, and graceful blonde. She is somewhat near-sighted, but uses her lorgnette gracefully. The absence of most of the noted belles at this ball was widely remarked.

Pleasant promenade days always exhibit the peculiarities of the glove-wearing American. He invariably covers his hands with dog-skins on a cold day; but when the air is warm enough he discards them altogether, or carries them, half the time, in his cane hand. There'll have to be another generation of fashion in the United States before it becomes a man's second nature to glove himself before leaving home. The society writers invariably make their heroes come to the notch on the glove question, and the fashion articles earnestly insist on its importance. But careless men, men with fine hands and white tapering fingers, men with high rings, men in a hurry, and men who like to wash their hands often, won't wear gloves if they can help it. Yet they recognize it as a sign manual of the mode. The fashionable novelty in tint, as seen in the shop windows, is a rosy brickdust, bursting into sunset pink.

Oscar Wilde's new illustrated magazine, the *Woman's World*, is a handsome periodical of the size of the *Magazine of Art*, profusely illustrated. The topics are, of course, matters of general interest to women. The opening article is entitled "The Woodland Gods," and in it the forest heroes and heroines of the poets are described at length with pen and pencil. This is followed by a paper on "The Position of Women." "Madame de Sévigné's Grandmother" is the subject of the next paper, and Annie Thackeray, the daughter of the novelist, is the author. Violet Fane follows with verses, and then come the first chapters of a new serial, "The Truth about Clement Ker." "Above the Cloud Line," is a description of the Engadine by Marie S. Bancroft. The first of a series of papers on "The Children of a Great City" is given, then there is a short story, and a paper on "The Oxford Ladies' Colleges," by a member of one of them. Then comes a batch of "Literary and other Notes" by Mr. Oscar Wilde, the editor, and finally are given the London and Paris fashions for the month. Among the ladies who have already promised to contribute are: Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Fawcett, the Countess of Portsmouth, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Dowager Countess of Caithness, Lady Archibald Campbell, Lady Dore, by Nevill, Miss Emily Faithful, Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane), Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, Lady Margaret Majendie, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Comyns Carr, Lady Grenville, Lady Dilke, The Baroness Blaise de Bury, Mrs. Kenal, Lady Wilde, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Lady Constance Howard, Miss Mabel Robinson, Miss Phoebe Allen, Miss Clementina Black, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the Viscountess Harberton, Mrs. Westlake, Miss Christabel Coleridge, Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mrs. Ernest Hart, Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Mulholland, and Mrs. W. W. Story.

Odd cranks come to New York young ladies no less than to the people of other centres. The very latest fad is to address letters as follows: "To John Smithkins, Esq., 922 West Fiftieth Street, Town." In the old days the word "city" designated the destination. Now it is "town." By and by, no doubt, the sweet creatures will be sending letters to people addressed to a given street, "village."

The girls are going to have a hard time of it this winter (says a writer in the New York *Star*), and the young married women will carry everything before them. Here are seven reasons why: *First*—The young married women are more beautiful than the girls, because by a simple law of nature the best-looking maidens are in the best demand for wives. *Second*—The young married women are better dressed than the girls, because they have the infinite resources of a trousseau to draw from. *Third*—The young married women are more independent than the girls, because they have no chaperon to watch them, and their husbands rather like to sit and smoke while they dance the german. *Fourth*—Young married women are more interesting than the girls, because they have taken a step which every fellow contemplates, and can give one points. *Fifth*—Young married women are better fun than the girls, because they can be spooned without entanglement. *Sixth*—Young married women are better social investments than the girls, because they have establishments and opera-boxes of their own, and can give invitations without asking mamma. *Seventh*—Young married women are more tantalizing than the girls, because they belong to other fellows. Given, then, that a woman is beautiful, well-dressed, independent, interesting, good fun, sociable, and tantalizing, and we need go no further for the cause of her utter and complete success.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have played sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

George Augustus Sala will write for *Myra's Journal* a series of articles on "Curiosities of Fashion," to be illustrated with designs, taken from the author's valuable library on this subject.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, have just published a new story, "One Traveler Returns," by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman. The scene is laid in Britain, in the first century, and the authors describe it as "an experiment in imaginative art."

Mr. G. P. Lathrop has received from Mr. Gosse the following: "I have been excessively diverted with your article on 'Stop Careless Youthe.' Indubitably you prove your point. You have selected the proper way to treat this folly. Ridicule, and criticism by parody, are the only weapons fit to be used against such adversaries. I was talking a few days ago about the whole matter with our Shakespeare veteran, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and found that he quite agreed with me that either entire silence or a peal of Rabelaisian laughter was the only notice they deserve. These Malvolos of criticism, as you will have noticed, are so puffed up with their tricky ingenuity that they forget that they know nothing of the literature or the biography in which the work and career of Shakespeare are set. They know nothing of Ben Jonson, whose existing statements absolutely knock their theories on the head; they do not seem to have even seen a real Elizabethan book; in short, they are engaging in a fight without swords or guns or powder. Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons who believe that we are the ten tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of 'In Memoriam'—people for whom evidence does not exist, and who love paradox for its own sake—form the whole Baconian schism over here. How is it with you?"

I wish (writes James Payn) I had a sovereign in my pocket for every time I have been asked to recommend people "a course of reading." This literary persecution began long before "the Hundred Best Books" craze was started. I confess I don't see much good in all this advice. An intelligent man knows what sort of reading is good for him better than even a good critic can tell him. The use of reading is to lighten the load of life, and to open vistas of thought which otherwise would be closed to us. Nobody who has any sense wants to go to school again and "stodge" himself with mere information. There are, of course, persons who yearn to learn the names of the kings of Judah in their proper order, and to hear how blamings is made; but they are no better for it when they have acquired the knowledge, even if (as often happens) they are not seized with a distressing desire to impart it to their fellow-creatures. It has been whispered to me by persons moving in intellectual circles, that the effect of even "the higher culture" is not necessarily exhilarating; it may improve the mind without improving the man, and, as a companion, in fact, it often leaves him duller than it found him, because he has been educated beyond his wits. What makes me laugh, and lecturers all lash themselves because nine readers out of ten will persist in taking fiction out of the lending libraries instead of "improving literature." In connection with this subject it is pleasant to learn that Darwin was a devourer of novels. After middle-life he lost his taste for music, painting, and even poetry. "On the other hand," he writes, "novels which are works of imagination—and even those which have nothing remarkable about them—have, for some years, afforded me prodigious relaxation and pleasure, and I often lose the race of novelists. A large number of novels have been read aloud to me, and I love them all, even if they are only middling, especially if they end well. A law ought to be passed prohibiting them to end badly." There is unmistakable truth and honesty in this "expression" as most people (not Carlyle's "most people") will call it. In that last sentence I cordially agree with him; a bad ending prevents one's reading ever so good a book ("The Bride of Lammermoor," or "The Mill on the Floss," for instance) for the second time. As for the rest, it was only last week that I was talking on this same matter in the sick-room of one of the most popular writers in England. "And what do you do with yourself here all day?" "My good fellow," he laughed, "I read novels. You can't imagine how fond I am of them." "But where do you get them from. There are not so many good novels." "I don't care about their being good," he whispered. "I can read almost anybody's novels except—" But I must leave the reader to fill that in for himself.

New Publications.

The first of a series of California Ballads, "Shall Bess Come Home?" by Fred Emerson Brooks, has been published, and is for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Faith's Festivals," by Mary Lakeman, is a short religious story, which is published in an elaborately gorgeous little book, suitable for a holiday gift, by Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Poems by John Milton," containing a half-dozen of his longer poems, a metrical epistle, and "Alexander's Feast," is published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Juan and Juanita," Frances Courtenay Baylor's pretty tale of the adventures of two little Mexican children who are stolen by the Indians, which we noticed some weeks ago, is published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, and for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"For Her Daily Bread," by Litere, is a story of a shop-girl's struggles against poverty in a large metropolitan city. It is preceded by a lengthy introduction by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"In Thralldom: A Psychological Romance," by Leon Mead, is an ordinary love story into which considerable interest is infused by the introduction of mesmerism. Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado" is a volume of short stories and sketches of the natural and social features of the Colorado highlands, by L. B. France ("Bourgeoisie") Published by Chain, Hardy & Co., Denver; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$r.50.

"Dialect Recitations," "Yankee Dialect Recitations," "Irish Dialect Recitations," "Negro Dialect Recitations," "Grand Army Speaker," and "Reading Club, No. 18," edited by George M. Baker, have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Big Wages and How to Earn Them" is a little book which discusses a number of the economical and political questions which affect the condition of the workingman. The author claims to be "a foreman." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"The City of Sarraz," a novel by U. A. Taylor; and "Major Lawrence, F. L. S.," an English story by Hon. Emily Lawless, are the latest issues of the Leisure Moment Series published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company and Strickland & Pierson; price, 30 cents each.

"Dilly and the Captain," by Margaret Sidney, is an amusing and instructive story for little children, detailing the adventures of a little boy

and girl who set off on a journey on a bicycle and a tricycle. It is copiously illustrated. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$r.00.

"Andv Merrigan's Great Discovery" and a half dozen other Irish tales by F. M. Allen, with illustrations by M. Fitzgerald, chiefly notable for a broad style of humor which is now nearly obsolete, have been published in a paper-covered book by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson; price, 50 cents.

"Free Joe," "Little Compton," "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," "Trouble on Lost Mountain," and "Aliza," five of Joel Chandler Harris's most successful magazine stories of Georgian life, have been republished, in a slightly volume entitled "Free Joe," by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Pierson.

"Twelve Times One" is a book containing a dozen pictures of children, ranging from one to twelve years old, made by *fac-simile* in twelve colors from water-color designs by Miss M. A. Lathbury. The pictures are accompanied by appropriate and well-chosen selections from favorite poets. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.75.

The last part of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" has been issued in the original French in the admirable edition of the work which the house of William Jenkins, of New York, is publishing. The edition, which is now complete, is most welcome, for its clear typography and general satisfactory appearance entitle it to succeed in popular favor the original large edition, now almost out of print. For sale by William Doxey.

"Rondab; or, Thirty-three Years in a Star," by Florence Carpenter Dieudonné, is an imaginative novel which narrates the adventures of three men and a woman who are cast from the earth to a small star. The star is in a volcanic state and but partially cooled, so that the movement of the story is particularly lively. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

In "Natural Law in the Business World," by Henry Wood, the author's aim has been to "trace out the working and application of natural law as it runs through the social and economic fabric." The book shows wide reading, but also much original and careful thought, and is an excellent antidote to the unhealthy vapors of sophistical labor agitators. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"The Old South and the New," by Hon. William D. Kelley, a series of sensible letters on the present social and industrial condition of the South, as compared with what it was twenty years ago; and "Slav or Saxon," by William D. Foulke, A. M., a study of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization, have been published in the Questions of the Day Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$r.25 each.

"Captain Macdonald's Daughter," by Archibald Campbell, is a Scotch story in which are mingled several love affairs which the heroine sets straight by voluntary acts of self-abnegation, while she herself is taught a hard lesson of the sinfulness of pride. The scene is laid partly in Scotland and partly in America, of which latter country the writer seems to know but little. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

The series of entertaining papers on social topics which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has been contributing to *Harper's Bazar* during the past year, several of which were reprinted in the *Argonaut*, have been published in a little book, entitled "Women and Men." As the title suggests, the articles were written more for women than for men, but they deserve to find a wide circle of readers of both sexes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Two Years in Europe," by Professor Rodney Glisan, M. D., is an excellent book of travels. It describes the principal incidents of the writer's journey from Portland, Oregon, to the International Medical Congress in London in 1881, to which he was a delegate, and thence among the capitals of Europe. Dr. Glisan saw much during his trip that ordinarily does not come under the observation of the pleasure-seeking traveler, and he describes many interesting and unusual features of European life. The book contains a number of illustrations, reproduced by zincography from photographs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

"Eudora: A Tale of Love," by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, is an idyl of the nineteenth century, told in rhymed pentameters, with occasional diversions from that settled form in songs, letters, etc. The story is prettily conceived. The book is a very handsome specimen of the book-maker's art. There are thirteen illustrations from designs by H. Siddons Mowbray and W. Hamilton Gibson, and decorative headpieces for each page by L. S. Ipsen; the paper and typography are in excellent taste; and the gray linen cover is tooled out in a fanciful design of scroll-work and flying cupids in gold and pink, with the title stamped in gold in the centre. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph W. Hofmann; price, \$2.50; ivory surface or morocco, \$3.00.

James Payn is always an entertaining writer; he is somewhat prolix for a novelist, but he imparts so much interest to the most trivial incident that the reader does not tire till the story is told. In his new novel, "A Prince of the Blood," he narrates the adventures of a party of English people who are wrecked in the Indian Archipelago. A native prince falls in love with a young lady in the party, but, with a purity of devotion seldom found in men of his race, he finally restores her to her betrothed in England. There is much opportunity for exciting incident in this plan, and Mr. Payn makes the most of it, adding clever dissection of character and well-written description enough to make a very readable book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

The first volume of Henry Charles Lea's "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages," to be completed in three volumes, has just been published. It treats of the origin and organization of the Inquisition, discussing the domination of the church in the twelfth century; the awakening of the human intellect and the consequent heresy; and the origin, officers, powers, and methods of procedure of that dread institution. The completeness of detail, the strict impartiality, and the clear and vivid style of narration which characterize Mr. Lea's work would alone make it most welcome, even if it were not—as we believe it is—the first historical treatment of the subject as a whole. Numerous and valuable authorities and documents are given in the copious foot-notes and appendix. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

The January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* has among its contributors: Brander Matthews, Edgar Saltus, Alhion W. Tourgee, Edgar Fawcett, Irmie Rives, W. H. Furness, John James Piatt, and Nora Perry. Edgar Saltus contributes a story, entitled "The Grand Duke's Rubies." In this number Mr. Edgar Fawcett proposes to demolish "The Browning Craze."

In the January *Scribner's* is the first of a series of essays, by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled "A Chapter on Dreams." The origin of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Ollala" is incidentally related. The leading article of the number—"The Man at Arms," by E. H. Bashfield and E. W. Bashfield—is very richly illustrated by the former. The paper describes the man at arms from the time of Charlemagne (800) to the perfection of armor (1450). Mr. Edward L. Wilson contributes an account of "The Great Pyramid" of Cheops, with a series of beautiful illustrations. Another attractive illustrated article is "Japanese Art, Artists, and Artisans," by William Elliot Griffis, the well-known author of "The Mikado's Empire." The pictures are made from drawings by a Japanese artist. The fiction includes stories by H. C. Bunner, George A. Hibbard, and F. J. Stinson. Among the essays is "A New Light on Balzac," by Edward S. Holden, President of the University of California, who is a thorough Balzac scholar.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Recently in a Washington horse-car, a colored dude was seated among the passengers. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose, and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said, "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply; "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand."

Bavarian horses are celebrated for their general worthlessness. A dealer sold one to a German officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterward in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled. "And how?" said the dealer. "Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war-horse." "Yes, I did, and by George! he is a good war-horse; he'd sooner die than run."

She is a stout, hearty dame, whose passion for the metaphysical seems altogether out of proper relation with her large and almost unwieldy figure. She has believed in ghosts, in spiritualists, in mind-cures, in Christian scientists, and in all sorts of abnormal people and things, with as easy and ingenuous credulity as a child's. Her name came up in chat among friends the other day. "Would you believe it?" said one; "Mrs. X., has turned Buddhist." "I can believe it, and I do," replied Madame; "I can believe her turning anything—except a somersault!"

In Madrid there was a queer character, Maceehan, the American dentist, who had lived there so long that no one remembered his arrival, and who had been successfully the attendant of every royal and notable personage, and is as proud as the proudest Spaniard of them all. One day Castelar offended the dentist by telling him that he had got hold of the wrong tooth. "So you have come here to teach me my business?" said the Pennsylvanian; "I will thank you to leave the room, señor;" and although the suffering minister made the most abject apologies, Maceehan made him wait twenty-four hours before he would condescend to resume the operation.

When the poet Scheffel was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health he received a letter from a friend in Germany—an unfranked letter—containing nothing but the words, "I am well. With kind regards.—Yours, etc." Annoyed at having to pay double postage for such an insignificant piece of news, the poet determined to serve his friend out. He procured a large stone of immense weight, packed it in a box, and sent it to his correspondent, "Carriage collect." The latter, in the belief that the contents of the parcel were valuable, gladly paid the heavy charge for carriage, opened the box, and found, to his horror, nothing but an ordinary stone, bearing a label on which was written: "On receipt of the news that you were in good health, the accompanying load rolled off my heart!"

A London lawyer engaged a new boy recently, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of his former lad, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He therefore placed a five-pound note under a weight on his desk, and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone and half a crown in silver had taken its place. "Boy, when I went out I left five pounds under this weight." "Yes, sir; but you see, you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for four pounds seventeen and sixpence. I believe the change is correct." "You paid a bill?" "Yes, sir; there it is all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years, and so—" But the lawyer was stricken insensible with horror. When he recovered, the boy was discharged instantly.

The *Transcript* tells some interesting stories of a venerable Boston capitalist. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England minuteness. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top-buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to Faneuil Hall Market to bargain for and get his turkey. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier arriving, on foot. "Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?" "Going to market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier. "Yes? Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in here, and if you'll hold my horses, I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper to us than if we bought them separately." "All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horse's heads, while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curb-stone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses, and save the five cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses! The old man was gone for a long time, looking for a bargain, no doubt. After a while he hove in sight through the door, and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper under his arm. "No use, Smith," said he, "I couldn't make it go. We can do just as well to live on our own account. Seem that that was the case, I thought probably you'd want to buy your turkey yourself." He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had, at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire five cents.

Poker is one of the curses of national legislation. I have several times heard prominent foreigners say, in their own language—thinking, no doubt that I could not understand them—that the members of the American Congress did not betray any emotion on their countenances. One foreigner from Liverpool, who thought I could not understand his language, said that our congressmen had a way of looking as though they did not know very much. When he afterwards played poker with those same men he saw that the look was acquired. One man told me that his vacant look had been as good as fifty thousand dollars to him, whether he stood pat or drew to an ostensible flush while really holding four bullets.—*Bill Nye.*

At the Baptist Ministers' Conference in New York city recently, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Taylor, of East Orange, said: "In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Central Park, is a picture called 'Susanna and the Elders,' which is worse than Titian's Venus, and Mark Twain, who knew, said that Titian's Venus is the worst picture, morally, that he ever saw. Those dancing pictures on the title-page of the publication called *Life* are lewd pictures, and they suggest lewd thoughts, and they are commonly understood to suggest lewd thoughts. Where the body is only partly clothed is the danger." The pictures in *Life* are two of Mr. J. A. Mitchell's graceful little cherubs.

The fourth John Jacob Astor has just wound up his career as a student. He is not the son of John Jacob Astor the third, but a son of that John Jacob's brother William. In spite of his famous name and of the incredible millions that will be all his own when his father shuffles off, the new John Jacob is not regarded as the hope of the family.

While the queen's hounds recently were chasing a deer in England, the animal took to a railroad-track, and presently rounded a curve right in the face of an express going forty-five miles an hour. The deer swerved in time to save its life, but the pack following close behind ran square into the locomotive, and several of them were cut to pieces.

A contemporary asks: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" If our contemporary asks this with a sincere desire for information, we would reply that a preponderance of evidence would point to Adam's being the gentleman.—*Life.*

VIRGINIA RAZOR-BACKS.

One of the most wonderful animals yet evolved is the Razor-back Hog of West Virginia.

My attention was first drawn to this species of quadruped on the 2d day of September, 1881, when one ate the tail of my horse, the saddle, both stirrups, and the hitching strap, then gave a squeal that scared my horse, so that I was compelled to take a long walk home when a ride was intended. This fixed the date in my mind, and induced a careful study of this omnivorous animal, the results of which I here record:

Genus, Sus.

Species, Razor-back.

This species of hog takes its name from its likeness to a razor with the thin edge up, the sharpness of its vertebral column, its constant habit of whetting itself against saplings, wagon-wheels, fence-posts, and its fellows.

Anatomy: Several of the neck vertebrae are transferred to the tail, and the posterior quarters are slid up the backbone an unusual distance, leaving a caudal appendage about two feet long in full-grown specimens, with the proverbial curl absent, but having instead thereof a brush like a cow's. Ribs of extraordinary size, length, and distinctness; compressed, united below, and propping up the spinal column into the shape of a pot-handle.

Nose: Of prodigious length and searching capabilities, it being able to clean out half a mile of potato rows in a single night and split the fence-rails to get out of the patch in the morning. When this animal is put into a pen of just its width, to fatten, it puts its nose on the ground, throws up its hind-quarters, and uses it as a pivot to turn around upon.

Head: Massive. I am informed by the natives that when a Razor-back is in prime order for killing, its head just balances its body when laid over a pole. Owing to the size of their heads and jaws, and un-failing habit of going backward when they ought to go forward, they are captured in gill-nets like shad and white fish.

Ears: Notched in from one to fifteen places, sometimes slit, sometimes punctured like a colander; often absent. I am informed that the notches and punctures are made by whoever catches the pig first, and are private marks to establish ownership—pork signatures, as it were, of the natives. The slits are caused by domestic difficulties, and the absence of both ears is due to a desire upon the part of non-owners to destroy the record, so that they may be stolen with impunity.

Eyes: Small, and so inexpressibly mean in expression that they are set close together, in order that they may watch each other. A Razor-back Hog left alone with Vesuvius for a week would set it going.

Hind-legs: Of great activity, extension, and endurance, enabling these animals to gather corn from the stalk at the height of six feet for hours at a time; and when chased, to jump a fence having eight rails and a rider, leaving a charge of number ten shot to follow.

Viviparous: In lots of from eleven to twenty-three, the young showing great instinct for concealment. They are provided at birth with six-inch lactometers.

Omnivorous: Glass, tin-cans, hoop-skirts, gum shoes—I have failed to ascertain from the oldest justice of the peace in the State that Razor-backs ever refused to eat any article from a lady's friz to a wheelbarrow.

My entire photographic apparatus—camera, tent, camp stool and chemicals—were consumed by a flock of them while I was fixing a young mountain maid properly in the landscape for a picture.

Habits: Nocturnal, diurnal, weekly, monthly, annual, cycles-infinite, undefinable.

Their young are very active. I once stopped at a log cabin having the usual surroundings of a bit of garden, a dead branch for firewood, thirteen white-headed children under marriageable age, and an antiquated thorough-bred Razor-back Hog, with the maximum number of little Razor-backs.

The absence of a dog from usual cabin surroundings is accounted for in this way: A dog is never seen where there is a Razor-back, unless there is something defective in the dog; he then lives on the cabin roof, in the stable-loft, or some other elevated place. The Razor-back is the dog's natural enemy. I once had a fine, brave dog to flush a flock of Razor-backs nine miles from my home; I did not see him again for four days, when he put in a woeful appearance, with the whole flock after him. He had been abridged by some six inches, lost one ear, a hack scalp, and several teeth. His stump did not leave its retreat between his legs for many days afterward. To this day if I go sideways at him with one shoulder humped up, and my mouth caught up in one corner, after the manner of Razor-backs, he goes straight to the garret and hides.

"Joe," screamed a woman with a voice like a rip-saw; "Joe, come yere quick! That pesky little pig has done got inter the garden again, an's chawen the cabbage an' tomatoes. Forty times sen meetin' day I've had to drop the baby an' run that pig 'til I wuz nearly done dead. Why don't you yoke him, like you said you would, an' keep him out?"

"Yo—yo—yoke him?" Joe stuttered. "Give me a clo—clo—clothes pin, an' I will; nothen else'll fit his neck. I'll sti—sti—stick it on crossways."

Joe started to catch the invader; not in a hurry—the hereditary transmission of qualities precludes that in a native of West Virginia—but with an all-day mountain-trot sure to win some time. The pursued pig deliberately took a tomato in its mouth for future consumption, and started on the same leisurely jog; in half an hour Joe and the pig had made a map of the chase over the garden-beds, as intricate as the scroll-work upon a dollar greenback. The pig was finally captured by his lactometer as he was going between the fence palings, and was by it carried into the cabin, squealing, biting, and kicking, to be measured for a yoke.

The cabin had a one-light window of eight by ten glass, before which Joe took his stand with the pig under his arm and rule in hand, ready to measure his neck with great nicety. The situation afforded Mrs. Joe the opportunity she long had sought to punish the juvenile Razor-back; she slipped up behind and savagely stabbed him in the region of his lactometer with a darning-needle. He gave a wild shriek and went square through the window, taking out a pane of glass clean. Joe gazed a moment in astonishment, first after the flying pig; next at the empty sash; then he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be doggone if I ever seen a Razor-back fly afore!"—*American Magazine.*

A Swiss watchmaker has invented an electric illuminator for watch dials. A small electric lamp is fitted in the watch-case, where it will light up the dial when connected with a small battery carried in the waistcoat pocket.

THE LATEST VERSE.

In Bohemia.

I am rich; who says me nay?
I have bread to eat each day,
Water from the mountain rill,
Woman's lips to kiss at will,
Russet garb, and couch of moss,
Treasures free from rust or loss—
Why should not my life be gay?
I am rich; who says me nay?

I am rich; who says me nay?
Friends have I in long array—
Sun, and rain, and cloud, and dew,
Fields of green and skies of blue;
Pictures drawn by nature's hand;
Books the soul may understand,
And a life-long holiday—
I am rich; who says me nay?

I am rich; who says me nay?
Whom have I to envy, pray?
Crown-encumbered king? or sage
Poring o'er the midnight page?
Midas starving with his gold?
Better far, a thousand fold,
Is Bohemia than Cathay!
I am rich; who says me nay?

ENVOY.

Prince, thy hounty I decline!
Quaff with me this rustic wine!
Equals thou and I to-day—
I am rich; who says me nay?
—W. F. Johnson.

The Ship.

A king, a pope, and a kaiser,
And a queen—most fair was she—
Went sailing, sailing, sailing,
Over a sunny sea.
And amid them sat a beggar,
A churl of low degree;
And they all went sailing, sailing,
Over the sunny sea.

And the king said to the kaiser
And his comrades fair and free,
"Let us turn adrift this beggar,
This churl of low degree:
For he taints the balmy odors
That blow to you and me,
As we travel, sailing, sailing,
Over the sunny sea."

"The ship is mine," said the beggar,
That churl of low degree;
And we're all of us sailing, sailing,
To the grave, o'er the sunny sea.
And you may not and you can not
Get rid of mine or me;
No, not for your crowns and sceptres—
My name is Death!" quoth he.
—C. Mackay.

Song.

"Had I wist,"
Quoth Spring to the Swallow,
"That Earth could forget me, kissed
By Summer, and lured me to follow
Down ways that I knew not, not I,
My heart should have waxed not high,
Midmarch would have seen me die—
Had I wist!"

"Had I wist,"
O Spring," said the Swallow,
"That hope was a sunlit mist,
And the faint light heart of it hollow,
The woods had not heard me sing,
Thy winds had not known my wing,
It had faltered ere thine did, Spring—
Had I wist!"

—A. C. Swinburne in "Lozine: A Tragedy."

The Grave-Digger's Song.

The crab, the bullock, and the sloe,
They burgeon in the spring;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redbirds start and sing.
But Death's at work at rind and root,
And loves the green buds best;
And when the pairing music speaks;
He spares the empty nest.

Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about,
And trickle down the chin;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,
O, then it is that Death is lilted,
And saps among the sheaves.

Death? Death?
Lower the coffin and slip the cord;
Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And faggots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook.
Sits down and dozes and speaks;
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
And she tingles in the cheek.

Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

—Alfred Austin in "Prince Lucifer."

The Opium-Smoker.

I am engulfed, and drown deliciously,
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odors exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause, and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night,
I drain a million ages of delight.

I hold the future in my memory.
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This crust, of which the rats have eaten part.

This pipe of opium—rage, remorse, despair—
This soul at pawn, and this delicious heart.
—Arthur Symonds in the Academy.

A Legacy.

Friend of my many years
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave, to pain and sadden thee,
A memory of tears,

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense;

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And beals without a sign;

Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.
—John G. Whittier in the Independent.

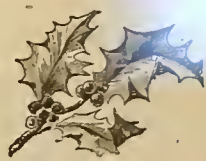
White Edith.

White Edith, reading in a Book of Queens,
Looked suddenly up across the printed page,
And asked me—then, not waiting for reply,
Let her eyes drop upon the text again—
"Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"
I thought me of that lady long ago
(I know not in what chronicle I read
The legend of that lady who was crowned
Queen by mistake, and through an April day
Held court in her bright palace over-sea,
Gave gifts and pardons, and reached forth her hand
For kisses, and was worshiped; then, at dawn,
Upon a scaffold paid the price for it—
The roses from her cheeks; for he who claimed
The crown by right, a grasping sort of king,
Would take no less; so to the block needs go
The clustered ringlets and the slender throat.

A very grievous price it seemed and yet—
To rule the world between two sunny dawns,
Just to taste life one time at life's high best,
And then, with no foreshadowing of the doom,
To have the rose struck from one's cheek, and so
Escape the daggers that are set in crowns
As surely as the jewels; never to know
Ingratitude or treason, or false love,
Or any blackness of the human heart;
Never to know the pangs that women bear,
Being yet a woman to the finger-tips—
That were indeed to have a happy reign,
That were to be the very queen of queens.
And so, sweet old-world maiden, dead in truth,
Or dead in fiction only, sleep well, sleep.
Full many a queen of other fate than yours,
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!
I turned to Edith with her Book of Queens
At the warm hearth-side, while the treacherous March
Darkened the casement with swift whirling flakes—
White Edith, all too delicate for earth—
"Dear child," I said, "the humbleness place is best.
I never read in history or rhyme
Of queen, save one, that had a happy reign.
And she—she reigned but for a single day."
And then I told the story of that one,
A flower that died upon the break of May,
With all its sweetness gathered undefiled;
And stooping over Edith's hand, to show
How courtiers stoop to kiss the hands of queens,
I suddenly could not see for my tears—
The thin white hand that Death had touched, and claimed
Before the violet or the crocus came.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in January Scribner's.

Wild Tiger Lily.

Isolate in her conscious grandeur, creature of a royal blood,
She doth rule, the one unrivaled Cleopatra of the wood.
Something in her regal stature,
In her fierce and fervid nature,
Brings to mind a vivid vision of the Lady of the Nile.
How the splendor of her presence, bow her sudden flashing
smile
Glories the slumorous spaces of the dusky forest aisle;
And a face of Orient oval, olive-browed, and midnight-
eyed,
Looks from flowing, flame-hued draperies in its dark, imper-
ial pride.
While a figure fancy fashions, faultless in its mold and mien,
Supple, sinuous, seductive as some tawny jungle queen.
Then, as though a gathering tempest smote athwart Æolian
wires,
All a-thrill with pride and passion, sad as death, a voice in-
quires:
"Do you wonder at my Roman? do you marvel how I died?"
—Julia Beynton in "Lines and Interlines."



THE BANCROFT COMPANY.

Have now ready for inspection their
Large and Elegant Stock of
HOLIDAY BOOKS AND NOVELTIES.

FINE ART AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.
STANDARD AND JUVENILE BOOKS.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

Complete line of Pacific Coast Diaries for 1888.

Agents for the celebrated

MILLER PIANOS.

The Leading Instrument of the age.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,

HISTORY BUILDING,

Market Street, San Francisco.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL JAN. 1st.



This Label is on the Best Ribbon Made.

HOLIDAY STYLE HATS

In an endless variety, and at prices as low as possible consistent with
the high standard of our goods,

OPENED THIS WEEK.

C. HERRMANN & CO.,

(HERRMANN, THE HATTER),

332-336 KEARNY ST., AND 1212-1214 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 10 P. M.

From New York Tribune, December 7, 1887.

\$1,000 CHALLENGE.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

We claim for our machine the following points of superiority: EASE OF MANIPULATION, DURABILITY, and SPEED—the essential qualities in a writing-machine.

Its ease of manipulation is unquestioned. To test its durability requires many years of actual use. But its SUPERIOR SPEED can be demonstrated in a few minutes.

WE CHALLENGE ALL OTHER WRITING-MACHINES to a speed test, as follows:

THE UMPIRE TO BE SELECTED BY OUR COMPETITORS.

DEPOSIT. Each competitor to deposit with the umpire a certified check, payable to his order, for \$1,000.

COMPETING MACHINES to write capitals and small letters.

TIME. Before March 1st, 1888. The test to take place not earlier than one month after the first acceptance of this challenge.

PLACE. NEW YORK CITY, IN SOME CONVENIENT HALL; TO BE SELECTED BY OUR COM- PETITORS AND TO BE PAID FOR BY OURSELVES.

NUMBER OF OPERATORS. Each competing machine to be represented by three operators, with an instrument for each. The aggregate time of each team to be considered in making the award.

MATTER TO BE WRITTEN. The Declaration of Independence. This may be committed to memory, or written from dictation. If dictated, each operator may select his or her own reader.

TRIALS. Each operator to have the privilege of three trials.

DEDUCTIONS FOR ERRORS. A deduction of one second for every omitted, mis-pelled, or misplaced word.

A deduction of one-fifth second for every omitted punctuation mark or capital letter.

DISPOSAL OF PROCEEDS. \$500 to be equally divided among the operators of the winning team. The balance to be donated to the Grant Monument Fund.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 339 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Pacific Coast Agents, G. G. WICKSON & CO., 3 and 5 Front Street, S. F.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. George Hearst is settled in Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Mrs. Alexander B. Forbes and the Misses Forbes have gone to Santa Barbara to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hall, of St. Paul, Minn., are at the Hotel Bella Vista for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have returned from a visit to their Clear Lake home and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald will pass the Christmas holidays at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown are now located at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. F. L. Castle, the Misses Eva and Blanche Castle, and Mr. Arthur Castle are in New York city.

Doctor Herbert W. Yemans has gone to San Diego to reside and will be joined in a couple of weeks by Mrs. Yemans.

Miss Ella Jennings has fully recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. Susie Williams are in Los Angeles.

Senator James G. Fair is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have returned from Los Angeles, and will spend the holidays here.

Mrs. W. H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith have returned from Southern California, and will be at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Randolph Tatum, of Richmond, Va., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum. They intend passing the winter in this city.

Miss Elsie McKeever has been quite ill during the past week.

Misses Ida and Maud Bourn and their cousin Miss Bashford have returned from the East and are the guests of Mrs. W. B. Bourn.

Lieutenant Lang of the Royal Engineers is in the city on a leave of absence from Victoria, B. C., where he has been engaged during the past year preparing a system of coast defenses. He will be the guest of the officers of the *Triumph* as far as San Diego, and will return in January to pass a few more weeks here.

Miss Mattie Baker, of San José, has been visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes are at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara, where they will remain a few weeks.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will go to Del Monte next Saturday for a brief outing.

Miss Grace Spencer, of San José, is the guest of Miss Alice Mullins.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., will be at Del Monte during the New Year holidays.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker are expected to return from the East soon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Mrs. Arques, of San José, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, of San José, were in the city during the early part of the week.

Miss Pierce and Miss S. Pierce, of Santa Clara, have been visiting here this week.

Mr. Ben C. Truman returned from an Eastern and European trip last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour came up from San Mateo on Tuesday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark S. Severance, of Salt Lake City, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John P. Jones, Jr., and Mrs. S. F. White, of Gold Hill, Nev., are in the city on a visit.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, passed most of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin and Miss Irwin are en route from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mirner, of Benicia, came to the city on Wednesday, and passed several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kutz, of Mare Island, were in the city a few days this week.

Notes and Gossip.

The guests at the Hotel Bella Vista will give a hop this evening. A pleasant time is anticipated by the many who will attend.

The German Club will give a cotillion at Union Square Hall next Friday evening. Carriages may be ordered for half-past one o'clock. The rainbow figure, with colored lights and fancy scarfs, will be repeated by general request, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will lead.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Ensign John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., to Miss Annie Williams, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. F. Williams, of Mare Island. The ceremony will take place at the Navy Yard Chapel, on Thursday, December 29th.

Army and Navy News.

Mrs. Rnsh, wife of Passed Assistant Surgeon C. W. Rush, U. S. N., is about to join her husband in Alaska. Dr. Rush is attached to the U. S. steamer *Pinta*.

Commodore and Mrs. G. E. Belknap, U. S. N., of Mare Island, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Lieutenant Daniel Price, U. S. A., who was here several years ago, has returned from a four-years' detail in the Department of Tactics at West Point, and is at the Palace Hotel with his bride, *de Hargoes*, who is a niece of General Martin T. McMahon. He will be stationed at the Presidio.

Dr. Wood, U. S. A., of General Miles's staff, is in the city on a visit from Los Angeles.

CCCCLXIV.—Bill of Fare, Twelve Persons, Xmas, 1887.

Oysters on the Shell.
Clear Soup.
Cheese Straws. Olives Farcée. Mortadella.
Deviled Crabs in Silver Shells.
Boiled Turkey. Oyster Dressing and Sauce.
Cranberries.
Fillet of Beef, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Mashed Potatoes.
Green Peas. String Beans.
Roman Punch.
Roast Pig. Mushroom Dressing.
Apple Sauce.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Mince Pie.
Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Candied Fruits.
Raisins, Figs, Dates, and Nuts.
Wines. Coffee.

Doctors Seguin and Godfrey have secured and examined the stomach of Alice, Jumbo's widow. It has proved a perfect bonanza, and possesses all the treasures of a curiosity shop. Little did this particular elephant dream, when she demurely stole and swallowed pennies one by one, cutlery, etc., that they would be recovered. The stomach was found full of hay, and in the hay was found between three and four hundred pennies, part of a jack-knife, a job lot of cane-ferrules, a coil of lead pipe, and a collection of assorted pebbles.

On all the German railroads—the emperor, be it stated, always travels by extra train—he pays the regular tariff fare for his person and suite, as well as for the baggage. The average rate is six marks per kilometre for every axle, and in view of the fact that his majesty travels many thousand kilometres in the course of a year, the railroads have a good customer in him.

HENRY'S HOME.

Being the Story of a "Pleasant Call."

Dramatis Personæ.
Mrs. Youngwife (a June bride, just in her new quarters, and not out of the honeymoon's last quarter).
The caller (of no consequence whatever).
Henry (incontestably the principal character, although he doesn't appear at all).
Scene—Mrs. Youngwife's parlor. Crayon of Henry over mantel. Photograph of Henry on the table. Henry's slippers by the fire-place. Henry's lingering cigar-smoke in the air—in short, suggestions of Henry everywhere. *Caller en scène.* To her:
[Enter Mrs. Youngwife, somehow giving the impression of being more Henryish than anything else in the whole Henryified house.]
Mrs. Youngwife (vivaciously)—Why, how do you do? I'm awfully glad to see you—but, oh, I'm so sorry that Henry isn't at home—I truly am! He's detained at the office by extra work, poor fellow. He's so industrious, Henry is!
The caller—Yes, I—
Mrs. Youngwife—And, of course, you haven't seen his last picture; here it is. It's an excellent likeness, don't you think? And yet it really doesn't do him justice—the artist said his expression was very unusual. He's so peculiar, Henry is!
The caller—Yes—
Mrs. Youngwife—So, perhaps, you'll like his cabinet better—Henry does. But he says he thinks it's a case of six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other—ha, ha, ha! He's so epigrammatic, Henry is!
The caller (seizing her opportunity)—It's extremely warm this afternoon.
Mrs. Youngwife—There! Exactly as Henry predicted! This very morning he said: "Now, Julia, see if we don't have a roaster—a regular sizzler"—in that humorous way of his, you know; and now it's turned out just as he said. He always was so meteorological!
The caller (stolidly continuing)—And I notice that almost every body seems preparing to leave town.
Mrs. Youngwife (scoffingly)—Henry isn't. When we arrived home the other day, he said: "Julie" (you know how abbreviating he is!)—"Julie, not a step do I stir out of the city this blessed summer." That shows how inhabitable Henry is!
(Pause, during which Mrs. Youngwife caressingly dusts photograph and tenderly rearranges slippers. Then—)
Mrs. Youngwife—Henry—
The caller (desperately)—Oh, have you read Tolstoy's last? I—
Mrs. Youngwife—Henry bas. And he doesn't like it at all. "Why," he said, only yesterday: "it's just nothing but highblown flumadiddle, and that's flat!" He really did. He's so condemnatory, Henry is!
The caller—Many people speak very highly of the book.
Mrs. Youngwife (with decision)—Henry—
The caller (persevering)—What do you think?
Mrs. Youngwife (slightly ruffled)—Why, I've just told you Henry's opinion of it!
The caller (finding situation dangerous)—I think I shall run down to Bar Harbor next week.
Mrs. Youngwife—Goodness gracious, how can you? Now, Henry hates Bar Harbor. He says he's no use for the place in his business—not the least. He's so metaphorical, Henry is!
The caller—I didn't know he'd ever been there.
Mrs. Youngwife—He never has.
The caller—Then, how—
Mrs. Youngwife—And that's just why I wonder at your going.
(This subject being evidently settled beyond dispute—)
The caller—I hear Dr. Chasuble is to resign the rectory of St. Polysperchion.
Mrs. Youngwife—Well I should think he would! Henry has been very much dissatisfied with him for a long time; he doesn't like the doctor's views on open communion a particle. He takes great interest in the discussion—he's so theological, Henry is!
The caller—The doctor is reluctant to resign, I understand.
Mrs. Youngwife—He wouldn't be if he knew what Henry—
The caller—And the parish is nearly unanimous in desiring him to remain.
Mrs. Youngwife—Unanimous! Unanimous! I'm surprised that you should say "unanimous" when Henry—
The caller (hastily)—I said "nearly unanimous."
Mrs. Youngwife (severely)—Very far from it, I should say. Henry isn't unanimous a bit!
The caller (again getting out of danger)—The Social Club had a delightful meeting last evening.
Mrs. Youngwife (coldly)—Ah, indeed? Henry didn't go.
The caller (persisting in iniquity)—Even more delightful than the last.
Mrs. Youngwife (icily)—Than the last? Why, Henry went to that!
The caller—You probably know that there was an election of officers—
Mrs. Youngwife (spitefully)—And they made a great mistake in not choosing Henry for president. He's so parliamentary, Henry is!
The caller—But—
Mrs. Youngwife (tossing her head)—Though, of course, he wouldn't have taken the position. "I don't want any part of their old club," said he. He's so unambitious, Henry is!
The caller (finding every topic beset with perils, and concluding to escape)—Well, really, I must—(rises).
Mrs. Youngwife—What? Going? You haven't seen—
The caller—I know I have n't—
Mrs. Youngwife—You'd enjoy yourself immensely with him. He's so entertaining, Henry is!
The caller—Yes.
Mrs. Youngwife—And so conversational!
The caller—Certainly.
Mrs. Youngwife—And so—
The caller (beating a disorderly retreat)—Indeed he is, and more, too. (At the door.) Oh! It's raining hard, and I've no umbrella!
Mrs. Youngwife (in great agitation)—Neither has Henry! Here are five umbrellas in the rack and none—not even one—at the office! Oh, dear me! I'm awfully afraid he'll get wet and be ill—he's so delicate, Henry is! And do you suppose he'll wait till it stops, or take a car, or he'll be wild enough to walk up in the rain? He's so adventurous!—and if you had an umbrella I'd ask you to walk down and meet him; but, as you haven't any—

The caller (hoping for one of the five, but seeing no prospect of getting it)—Good afternoon!
Mrs. Youngwife—Good afternoon—oh, there's Henry! Henry! Wait one moment, and I'll run to meet you with the umbrella! Henry—
[Caller sneaks away unnoticed and forgotten.]—
Manley H. Pike in *Puck*.

The following are the rules of a club in a small Russian town in the Tchernizeff district: 1. It is prohibited to enter the club with greased boots. 2. Tradesmen are not allowed to enter the club in their working clothes, which exale the disagreeable odor of fish, grease, or leather. 3. A dress-coat must be worn at all New Year or Easter dances; any one appearing in a velvet waistcoat or a green necktie is fined one rouble; the fines cover the expenses of the band. 4. The members are especially requested not to use the window-curtains as pocket-handkerchiefs; offenders of this sort will be expelled from the club. 5. During the dances, members smoking in the ladies' room will be fined twenty-five kopecks, the fines to be expended in toilet powder and eau de cologne for the ladies. 6. During quadrilles flirting is prohibited, and no one is allowed to step over the bounds of decency. 7. It is strictly prohibited to get indecently drunk, as has happened before now. 8. It is prohibited to strike a partner in the face. 9. In case of disagreement at billiards, it is strictly prohibited to hit a partner with a cue.

A number of pretty Christmas cards may be selected from the celluloid novelties published by Baldwin, Gleason & Co., of New York. They consist of thin sheets of celluloid on which are printed various designs with seasonal legends, mounted in a variety of ways on cardboard and satin ribbons. One of the prettiest is a booklet, with decorated covers, containing Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells."

The Crown Prince of Germany and his suite took luncheon at the railroad restaurant at Alesandrio, on their way to San Remo, recently. For stimulation for twelve they were charged seventy-two dollars, or six dollars a head. The crown prince refused to pay such an exorbitant bill, and left the matter to the arbitration of the British consul.

—THE GRANT MONUMENT FUND IS LIKELY TO receive several thousand dollars from an unexpected source. Funds for the Monument have been coming in slowly of late, though encouragingly. Of the whole amount desired (about \$250,000) there has been received to date, about \$135,000. Now, Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, the proprietors of the Remington Standard Typewriter, have challenged all other writing machines to a contest, in which it is proposed to decide the question as to which is the superior machine. They propose to deposit \$7,000, in the hands of the umpire (who, by the way, is to be appointed by their competitors); each competitor also to deposit \$1,000. After paying \$500 for the expense of operators, the whole sum thus deposited is to go to the Grant Monument Fund. It is to be hoped that at least several of these typewriters will accept the challenge. It will be seen that should this challenge be accepted by three of the competitors of the Remington, the result would be, not only to establish the superiority of one of the competing machines, but at the same time to give the Grant Monument Fund the sum of \$3,500. —*New York Times*, Dec. 9, 1887.

—CHRISTMAS WOULD BE THE VERIEST FARCE, if the little ones did not find their stockings full of candies as they take them down from the mantel where they hung them for Santa Claus's midnight visit; but many parents are afraid lest the children become ill. Now such a catastrophe is impossible if the candy is made from pure, unadulterated material, and by experienced makers. To obtain the best of candy, pure, sweet, and wholesome, the best place in the city to go to is Roberts' Candy Store, at the corner of Bush and Polk Streets. Not only are the materials good and well put together, but their variety is something astonishing. From the barber-pole sticks to the most delicate and newest French confections they have all kinds, and their stock of bonbons and fancy candy-boxes is practically unlimited.

—NEW ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, WATER COLORS, Pastels, Christmas Cards, Music Stands, Easels, Fine Frames, and Odd Things to paint on, are the latest attraction at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s, No. 857 Market Street, San Francisco; and No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

Champagne Importations.

According to the *Wine and Spirit Review* the importations at the port of New York for the last half of November were as follows:

Pommery Sec.	4,700 cases
Piper Heidsieck	2,500 cases
G. H. Mumm & Co.	2,025 cases
Vve Cliquet	1,275 cases
Jules Mumm	601 cases
Moët & Chandon	530 cases
Various brands	640 cases

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

CAMPANINI GRAND ITALIAN OPERA!

A CHRISTMAS OPERA FESTIVAL

—BY THE MATCHLESS—

CAMPANINI OPERATIC ORGANIZATION.

Tuesday Evening, December 27th.
"RIGOLETTO."

Wednesday Evening, December 28th.
"FAVORITA."

Friday Evening, December 30th.
"FAUST."

Saturday Afternoon, Farewell Matinee.

SECOND ACTS OF

"SEMIRAMIDE" AND "LINDA."

TICKET OFFICE AT SHERMAN CLAY & CO'S.

SEASONABLE DELICACIES!

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

1, 2, and 4 lb. tins.

FRESH FRUIT-JAMS,

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, CURRANTS, BLACKBERRY, ETC.
1 lb. corked glass jars.

MEINHOLD'S EASTERN CIDER,

Desirable for Mince Pies.

FINE LUCCA OIL.

Quart, pint, ½ pt., and ¼ pt. bottles.

PICKLES, PURE MALT VINEGAR, ETC.

See that corks and capsules bear the signature of

CROSSE & BLACKWELL.

All first-class grocers keep these goods in stock.

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, SOLE AGENTS, Union Block, San Francisco.

CUT GLASSWARE,

Many elegant patterns AT LOW PRICES. As we do not intend to keep this hereafter, we will close out our present stock AT LOW PRICES.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

112 to 120 PINE STREET.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See *Medical Press, Lancet*, etc.

Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across the label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all storekeepers, grocers, and chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England. Sold wholesale by SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, and LANGLEY & MICHAELS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, For the half-year ending December 31, 1887, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum, on term deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, and payable on and after the 3rd day of January, 1888.

By order.

GEO. LEETE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31st, 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending 31st, December 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32/100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60/100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE ARGONAUT.

VOLUMES I TO XX, INCLUSIVE.

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office No. 213 Grant Avenue (Dupont Street).

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus\$4,000,000

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTE, Vice-Prest. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. O'Connell, C. F. Crocker, H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

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TWO FRAGMENTS.

To MR. ALFRED HORNER, Cincinnati.

VENICE, November 20, 1887.

You never will realize, dear Alfred, how it grieves me to tell you what I know is my duty. . . . It is horrid to break an engagement, and I shall not blame you if you despise me, but . . . Be assured I shall always regard you as my dearest friend. Most sincerely yours, CORA PENDEXTER.

To MR. THOMAS CRAYTON, New York.

VENICE, November 20, 1887.

DEAR TOM: I am having no end of fun over here. . . . Stunning girl from Cincinnati at same hotel; she thinks I am mashed. . . . made a dead set for me from the start, probably with an eye to my shekels. . . . Shall leave next week on my way around the globe. Ever yours, H. SWIFT.

—Life.

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Young Mr. Breezy (from the West)—"I love your daughter, sir, madly, passionately; my father is enormously rich, and his health is poor and getting more so every day."

Boston father—"Do not speak of money, my young friend; mere wealth would never make my daughter happy. Do you know Socrates?"

Mr. Breezy (reflectively)—"Socrates? Seems to me I do. What's his first name?"

Boston father—"H—m! Have you ever heard of Plato?"

Mr. Breezy—"I had a dog of that name once, sir; but he got so full of fleas I gave him to a friend."

Boston father—"H—m! Can you tell Saturn from the milky way?"

Mr. Breezy—"No, sir; I never studied botany."

Boston father—"H—m! Do you care for Shakespeare?"

Mr. Breezy—"I have never seen but one of his plays, 'Adonis.' I liked that, sir."

Boston father—"H—m! I am afraid, my young friend, that I shall have to withhold my consent."

Mr. Breezy—"I'm sorry, sir. Do you know which train I had better take for the West?"

Boston father—"Yes; the first train."—Life.

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"Yes, sir," replied John. "Very well, then," said the Deacon, "go out behind the barn and read it aloud, from beginning to end, as forcibly as you know how, and charge it up to my account."

—Life.

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Illustrated London News of October 1st, and No. 1592 of

Le Monde Illustré, of Paris, gave a page engraving of this

masterpiece.

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When one listens to Wagner music in its home, as produced under the guiding hand of the master himself, or as it is now under that of Frau Cosima, his wife and disciple, it strikes the stranger curiously, because it is not noisy.

There was nothing which Wagner himself so thoroughly detested as a noise, and when the singers in Bayreuth or Munich chant comfortably along in the tuneless harmonies of his operas they seem to be doing nothing more than carrying on musical conversations, which is precisely the effect the composer wished to produce.

It never occurred to him that ambitious orchestra leaders would try and choke his singers down with the blare of sound, or that unhappy singers would crack their throats with trying to knock the orchestra out with a shriek.

But then, also, it never occurred to him that the might and fullness of his musical ideas would ever be compressed into the compass of the piano, the thin, pale, struggling sound of the ineffectual piano.

One naturally says "Wagner's ideas" though it is "Otello" we have been listening to, for the old Italian is so completely saturated with Wagner in his later and grander works, that the harmony of them confuses the identities. Cynicus remarked the other night, when Campanini, Repetto, and Gallassi were obseely struggling with the warring passions in the great trio, that he could not discover anything thin upon the stage except the piano accompaniment. Cynicus ought not to be encouraged in a way he has of looking at the seamy side of things, but he spoke the dire truth.

Goré coaxed the piano with all the skill that is in his fat, nimble, wonderful little fingers, but it only whined a feeble and impotent reply. Now and then he struck a key with such immense force that the strings jangled, and shivered, and protested, and tried to do something in the brass way, and redeem the piano's reputation for orchestral effects, but it struggled down to impotence again.

It was rather a cool thing to palm piano accompaniments on the public in high-priced concerts anyhow, and mutterings have been loud and deep. But a piano accompaniment for the "Otello" numbers was musical vandalism.

Nor were the "Otello" numbers themselves suitable concert numbers. We thronged impetuously to hear them, for upon good authority the public is an ass, but we might have known that there could not be two musical fragments which more absolutely required their *entourage*.

The opera having been written and produced entirely upon the Wagnerian idea, everything in and around and about it was in consonance. The great Italian illustrated periodical got out a most sumptuous number, devoted entirely to the splendors of "Otello." There were full-length portraits of Tamagno and all his fellow-artists, and their magnificent costumes were reproduced down to the last particular. Even the costumes of the pages and ladies-in-waiting had been dug up out of history, and each one was a study for an artist as given on the illuminated page.

Antiquaries from all over the world revelled in the settings of the stage, which reproduced strange, beautiful things in the way of tables and chairs, mural decorations, and drinking-vessels, such as had long sunk out of sight under the drifting sand of innovation. There was an orchestra of one hundred picked musicians, and a chorus of more than one hundred picked voices. It was the *opus vita* of Verdi, and all Italy was ears.

What then could we hope to know of it in a little concert, on a bald, undraped stage, with a tenor who can sing the music of the past with a throb of its old sweetness, but is helpless and insufficient before the Titanic music of the future; with a baritone who must read the villainy of Iago from the score; with a soprano who, though a well-schooled musician, has failed to charm; with a miserable, tinkling piano for the orchestra; with a score so involved that Verdi himself was obliged to invent instruments to produce certain effects of sound? What wonder that we lost something of the grandeur of the great "Otello," and that the feature of the concert season rather missed fire.

And Verdi. How strange that his strong dramatic mind—which has closed so unerringly upon all the great stories of the century for his operas—how strange that he should not have felt that Otello ought never to have been a tenor. Fancy this great, strong, lusty Moorish soldier shrieking "Sangue! sangue! sangue!" in the light, silver-sweet notes of the high register. It seems strange and incongruous only to think of it; how much more so to hear it!

As for Iago, does not all the world know that crafty, scheming men have generally light, high-pitched voices?—yet here is the subtle Venetian maddening Otello in the rich baritone which should belong to the Moor himself. Shakespeare made the Moor a big man, and tradition has upheld him. Otello with his mighty jealousy has been likened to everything that is big and strong. Why should this great physical frame be furnished with the pretty bleat of a tenor voice?

Operatic tenors are beautiful creatures who die gracefully of heartbreak, by fire, by poison, or from the thrust of too keen a rapier. It seems inconceivable that an Otello, with his mighty passions let loose, could give the full force of them in a tenor voice.

A tenor voice has an incomparable sweetness, a certain penetrating something, like nothing else in the world of sound, but it has not dramatic power, and it never implies great strength.

Strength is one of the great features of the Moor of Venice, who does not mind bragging about it a little, as all strong men have a way of doing, and even in his dying hour can not forbear to relate how neatly he smote "the circumcised dog" in the streets of Aleppo.

It is curious, therefore, that Verdi, who has a lot of common sense in addition to his genius, should have made Otello a tenor.

As for the music, the two fragments that we had go far to show how grand a thing the opera must be in its entirety; but in its pitiful surroundings it was like the wearing of purple velvet and ermine in a log cabin.

Although "La Tosca" is running to crowded houses in Paris, it is universally condemned as a literary work by the critics, and Sardou, who always bites his nails when he is annoyed, has chewed them down to the quick under the fire of condemnation.

They accuse him of being given over to the lust of spectacle since the success of "Théodora," and of writing up to the lime-lights in a way unworthy of one of the Forty Immortals.

Jules Favre says that a stranger dropping in would have suspected it to be D'Ennery, De Busnach, or even Joseph de Bouchardy. Literary condemnation could no further go—in Paris. It is objected that the melodrama is of such profound gloom that there is not a ray of illuminating light in it, except the great Sarah. But it has been mounted with the very excess of splendor, and it is cast in a picturesque period.

It takes place in Rome in the year 1800, when the Baron Scarpia, a man as cruel as Nero himself, was Prefect of Police. He has been informed that Mario Covaradosi, a young artist, has given shelter to a Republican conspirator. Scarpia puts Mario to the torture to make him reveal the name of the man whom he has sheltered; but Mario, though suffering the most exquisite agony, does not betray his secret.

Even in his melodramatic frenzy, Sardou has had the good taste not to put the torture scene upon the stage. It is from the *coulisses* that the cries of the victim are heard, although all but the tortured man are before the audience.

In the group is La Tosca, a celebrated singer and the mistress of Mario, who has hastened to her lover's side upon news of his arrest. And the Parisians say that never has Sarah looked so lovely and so unlike every one else, as in the wonderful pink costumes which she wears in this act.

Scarpia demands of her the name of the refugee. She knows it, and knows that if she speaks the sufferings of Mario will cease. Listening only to her love, and heedless of the agonized entreaties of her lover, she lets the name of the unhappy man fall from her lips.

The police hasten to the indicated retreat, but find there only a corpse. The conspirator, knowing himself to be discovered, has taken poison.

Scarpia is enraged at not having secured his victim alive, and determines to put Mario to death. But the sight of La Belle Tosca has made him mad with love, and he determines to possess her. His brutal taste discovers an ineffable pleasure in taking his prisoner's mistress from him, and he drives a hard bargain with her.

"Be mine," he says, "and your lover is saved. The soldiers shall fire at him with empty guns, he shall feign to die, and when all have gone away, I shall give him safe conduct with which to quit Italy."

La Tosca accepts. But when the miscreant, whom she hates with most sufficient reason, turns his back to give the order, she sees a knife near by, seizes it, and, when they are left alone, kills the brute who has held them in his power.

Thereupon she hastens to the prison, but finds that Scarpia has given the order for a veritable execution, and it is the body of her dead lover that she embraces. La Tosca ends the drama by throwing herself into the Tiber.

It is a little gloomy, is it not? Dark as an oven, one of the critics expressively says.

And yet our criticisms and our objections will be of no good, and Sardou and Duquesnel (the stage decorator) know that they will not, for they have the trump-card in their game, they have Sarah Bernhardt.

It was always complained that Sardou gave no flavor of the time to his "Théodora." The complaint is even greater over "La Tosca." For, to quote once again from Jules Favre: "But let us cover Sarah Bernhardt with flowers. There are not words to praise, as they deserve, her pantomime, her gestures, her attitudes, her cries, the vitality and power in short, which she has known how to give to this vulgar play, *sans intrigue, sans caractères, sans mœurs*."

A correspondent who writes conservatively "please don't make a complaint, just a little suggestion," is one of the many to whom the library is an absolute necessity.

Three of the most expensive things in life are simplicity, cleanliness, and the literature of the day. There are very few people who can afford to keep themselves posted in the later without the help of the library. The good periodicals cost each four dollars a year, and who is ever satisfied with any one of them, and who is not happy to get a peep at all of them?

The Mechanics' Library is one of the cosiest and pleasantest nooks in the city. It is a very curious place, too, in that good manners have long prevailed there; that, while apparently no favoritism is shown, you can get a difficult book without wringing soul and body with the anguish of waiting; that the thoughtfulness and courtesy of a postal-card always announce to you that your much desired book is in; and that in several other ways they make your library a pleasure to you.

Still, says the correspondent, upon the ladies' reading table are to be found only the following periodicals: *Town Topics*, *Household Magazine*, *Life*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Chicago Current*, and *Harper's Bazar*. A good list as far as it goes. What people want is that it should go further.

How is one to keep up with the age pictorially without a glimpse of *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, and other illustrated periodicals? One must know what is going on in New York, therefore a newspaper is necessary, like the *New York World* or something of that ilk. And the monthly magazines are simply bread and wine to the regular reader.

They give them out freely to the members, which is a great accommodation, but it takes a long time to get through the list, and there are many readers who like to read in the library, and who hunger for the *Nineteenth Century*, the *North American Review*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*.

Now and then a desperate woman will make her way to the door of the general reading-room with a fixed resolve in her mind to enter boldly and find what she seeks. She stands a moment trembling, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, and then she turns and flees precipitately. For every man jack in the room turns and gazes upon her with a look of intense surprise. They never do anything rude or inhospitable, they never try to keep her out, they have never been heard to object to her coming in. But with the silent free-masonry of the sex, they have boycotted her with this most effectual look of surprise. And no one can stand up against a look of surprise without feeling that there is something going wrong.

Every one who did not take bronchitis, influenza, lumbago, or croup, at the concerts last week, is preparing for a season of opera next week.

We are to have "Rigoletto," which every one loves, "La Favorita," which, for some reason, never goes well, though the noble Scalchi may redeem it this time, dear old "Faust," and "Linda," with a dash at the "Semiramide" duet to give Mme. Repetto a chance, and the little Toricelli, with her fiddle, sandwiched in between the acts. It is rather mixed, but still it will be opera, and we have arrived at that point when we can not get comfortably through a winter without a little opera with which to preserve our musical self-respect.

We are like the old ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, who have had the family diamonds, which they have been obliged to sacrifice, reproduced in paste. They wear them with as strong family pride as they wore the real dazlers, and are quite comfortable at an evening party.

Let us forget the splendors of the mountings of the National Opera Company and the glories of great prima donnas, and settle down to the comfortable enjoyment of some rare old-fashioned Italian opera.

Some grumblers have been objecting that this troupe is all school and no voice. It is true there is a great deal of school about Campanini and Repetto.

But, there is also a great deal of voice without much school in Scalchi, Gallassi, and Baldini. As for Nannetti, he has both voice and school, and was evidently intended by destiny for the part of Mephistopheles. If, therefore, you will swathe yourself in your heaviest furs and take a foot-warmer with you, there is every prospect of a pleasant week of opera.

BUTTS B.

Barnum & Bailey do business rapidly. In one day not only were all the valuable animals lost in the recent fire at Bridgeport duplicated, but other rare ones were purchased, and an entire menagerie has been gathered in a wondrously short time. Cable messages were sent to Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Hamburg, and Vienna, requesting full descriptive lists and prices of all animals for sale in Europe.

These figures were sent to the main foreign office, at 446 Strand, London, and from there cabled to New York. A refusal of purchase was had up to noon of December 31. Before that time had expired, a selection was telegraphed to London, and as quickly as electricity could travel a menagerie was purchased, exceeding in size the one destroyed.

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STAGE GOSSIP

The theatres will give Christmas matinees on Monday afternoon.

There will be thirty-four people in the cast of "The Romany Rye" at the Alcazar next week.

The "Romany Rye" will be played at the Alcazar during holiday week by the Osbourne & Stockwell Company.

The Panorama of the Battles of Chattanooga and the Storming of Missionary Ridge seems to lose no jot of its interest, and a large number of visitors are expected during the holidays.

When Augustin Daly's company was at the Bush Street Theatre three years ago, the souhrette was May Irwin. She will appear at the same theatre next week with the Howard Athenaeum Company.

Rose Coghlan now owns the play, "Jocelyn" which was written by her brother, Charles Coghlan, for Mrs. Langtry. Whether she intends to wear the youth's costume and fence with rapiers, the principal features of the play when Mrs. Langtry was to produce it, has not yet been announced.

Blossy Kiralfy's troupe will begin their holiday season at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The play, "Dolores," is a tragic story for the festive season, being a version of Sardou's "Patrie"; but ballets, pantomimists, and gorgeous costuming and stage pictures will give the requisite spectacular effect.

The Howard Athenaeum Company, one of the cleverest troupes of variety specialists now on the stage, will succeed "Natural Gas" at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday night. When they were here before the box-office receipts were almost the best the theatre has known in years, even exceeding the Harigan Company.

Mrs. Shelley's remarkable story has been dramatized in England, and is played as a Christmas piece under the title of "Frankenstein; or, The Vampire's Victim." The slumbers of "hoxing night" must be particularly refreshing after an English dinner with English plum-pudding, topped off with "Frankenstein; or, The Vampire's Victim."

The predicted season of Italian opera will be a fact, for the Grand Opera House will be used by the Campanini organization on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, of next week. The bills for the respective evenings are: "Rigoletto," "La Favorita," "Faust," and a double bill consisting of "Semiramide" and "Linda."

"A Trip to the Moon," a burlesque in which Tom Keene, Alice Harrison, W. A. Mestayer, and other members of the old California company played for one remarkable fortnight about ten years ago, will be the holiday attraction at the Tivoli, beginning this (Saturday) evening. Miss Bertie Crawford will make her debut; and the house will be lighted by electricity, which is something new this side of the Rockies.

James O'Neill will be at the Baldwin during the holidays with his version of "Monte Cristo," beginning next Monday night. He has already, it is said, made nearly a quarter of a million dollars out of the vengeful Dantes, but he dislikes the part, and when he has made a little more money he will go in for Shakespearean characters. But he has the good sense to know that a quarter of a million is none too large a capital to undertake Shakespeare.

Still another version of "She" has appeared, this time by W. A. Brady, of the Webster-Brady Company, a company of local players who have been traveling about the Pacific Coast for some months. Miss Charlotte Tittle will be the Ayesha at the first production, which takes place in Los Angeles this (Saturday) evening, and Miss Laura Rigger, Miss Margaret Marshall, J. W. McConnell, George P. Webster, W. A. Brady, and others are in the cast.

San Francisco's judgment of McKee Rankin's production of "Machete," with Edgar J. Kelley's music, has been confirmed by the New York critics. "Nym Crinkle" devotes more than a column to it in the *World*, judiciously praising the several elements of the performance. "As presented last night," he says, "the familiar play had just that measure of enhancement that intelligent realism can give it, and the performance taken as a whole was a remarkable one in its departure from the tiresome and servile stage trappings and stage business." And, speaking of the music, he continues: "It is enough to say now that this music shows Mr. Kelley to be animated not alone by a true artistic and dramatic instinct, but by a creative imagination that, when disciplined and chastened, will surely give us something more virile and more spiritual at the same time than the genius of song is at present pouring out for us."

Mrs. Langtry is not the only actress whom the rage for fencing has attacked. Exercise with the rapier has been introduced into several of the dramatic schools in New York, and among the most promising pupils of Professor Barneau were Miss Emma Hagger and Miss Nanette Comstock. When Miss Hagger came to this city, three months ago, to play Carrie Story—the girl who says "My missus says," and then borrows something—in "The Tin Soldier," her bosom friend, Miss Comstock, accompanied the troupe as understudy; and when, one night, Miss Hagger was ill, Miss Comstock took her part and achieved a distinct success. Here was an end to their friendship, and, though they spoke as they passed by the fires of jealousy smouldered in Miss Hagger's breast until they were fanned into flame by a repetition in Milwaukee of Miss Comstock's success in Miss Hagger's part. Miss Hagger immediately resigned from the company, and divers mysterious nods and defiant shakes of the head showed that the future was pregnant with great events. All went well until the time came for the company to leave the city. Then Miss Comstock was not to be found. Manager and messengers flew about until they came together before Miss Comstock's apartment at the hotel, whence issued hurried footsteps, heavy breathing, and the clash of steel. Taking his life in his hands, the manager hurst open the door, and there found the panting rivals, rapiers in hand and costumed like the fair combatants of "Une Affaire d'Honneur." At sight of a man there was a rush for another room, and presently they came forth again and shook hands in true French duelling style. Miss Hagger had sustained a slight cut in her right hand, and Miss Comstock's wrist was strained from holding her sword; but the wounds of jealousy and honor were healed.



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RANK M. PINLEY, EDITOR.

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One of the incidents that will remain longest and most pleasantly in our mind will be the trip to Oregon from which we have recently returned. How far the comfort of a special car, with a private room, broad soft bed, personal toilet, excellent cook, attentive waiters, good company, and not a cent pay, may have contributed to our exaltation of mind, we leave our readers to conjecture. To those distant subscribers to our journal who do not read our daily press, and who may not be presumed to be overmuch interested in affairs that are merely personal, we may be permitted to say that the State of Oregon is our nearest neighbor; its people are exactly like our own so far as they are of American birth. California is of more cosmopolitan characteristics the make-up of its population. In this respect, Oregon is the best of us, and so far in her history has had no riots of any importance; has had no sand-lot insurrection, or other such rebellion; no uprising against the Chinese, because, as we know, they are more competent, and as members of the community, more law-abiding and orderly, and more cleanly than their persons and dwellings, and more industrious than any foreign nationality that spends its time and earnings in gin, gambling, superstition, and politics. Oregon lies to the north of California, and is bounded on the west by the Pacific and by the Coast Range that runs parallel to the ocean's shore, and, like the hills and valleys, is covered with the same grasses, and the same forests. Our eastern boundary, the Sierra, extends southward, under a different name, to the Columbia—which Oregon's northern boundary—clad with primeval forests, in some respects, challenge rivalry with ours; these mountains abound in rich mines of gold, silver, and less pre-

cious metals. Oregon has for its southern boundary, separating the State from California, the Siskiyou range of mountains, practically impassable. A stage route has carried passengers over its snow-clad heights in summer, but the productions of Oregon found no market in California, and there was less of intercourse between the people of California and Oregon than between any other States of the American Union; we knew less of Oregonians and they knew less of us than of the people of any other State. The object of our visit was to accompany Mr. Charles Crocker, and his object was to drive the golden spike that should link our States in golden bonds of social union and in still stronger bands of commercial intercourse, for Mr. Crocker and his associates have broken down the barrier of the Siskiyou, have clambered its precipitous sides, have dug through its spurs, leaped its gorges and cañons, pierced its rock-ribbed sides with a tunnel, and in the heart of the great mountain the cars wend up their circular stairway till they look forth upon the beautiful valleys of the newly discovered State. As we entered the tunnel we looked backward and down the winding valley of our hitherto Sacramento. Had Moses been permitted to occupy the heights of Siskiyou instead of those of Pisgah his eyes would have been gladdened by overlooking two promised lands, both flowing with milk and honey, both burdened with corn and wine. In its climatic conditions Oregon is unlike California; it is the horderland where the four seasons meet the two; where summer, fall, autumn, and winter, with their frosts and snows, their falling leaves, their buds and blossoms, their April showers and summer rains, meet the realm where it rains only in winter and is dry in summer; where beautiful meadows in eternal verdure, and forests ever green fade away to great arid valleys, looking sear and brown, and desolate in their summer undress. Oregon is more beautiful than California. Its valleys of Rogue River, the Umpqua, and the Willamette, through which we passed, are all fertile and productive; their soil equals, if it does not excel, the average richness of our State. Oregon produces apples superior to any that come to our market; they are hard, crisp, luscious, and juicy. Plums, pears, prunes, potatoes, roots of all kinds, grains of all the coarser varieties, onions, and other vegetables were presented at several of the villages through which we passed. We saw most excellent and well-earned corn. Oregon ought to be, and we believe is, a first-class dairy State. It is a country of grass from the bed of its streams to the summit of its hills; of rich, nutritious grasses, with strong sod, that never die down under the burning sun; grasses that must be cut, dried, turned to hay, and covered from rain to carry the milking stock through the winter. The grasses of Oregon are like those of New York—timothy, red-top, herds-grass, and clover; and, by reason of the frequent rains, crops of great abundance are produced. We can imagine no better country for the production of stall-fed beef, as hay, oats, grains, and cattle-feed of all kinds is cheap and abundant. The stock of cattle and horses can be greatly improved. We saw, as we passed in our flying trip, no blooded animals, and, in service at Portland and the other towns, few fine-bred horses. In butter and cheese-making the Oregonian farmer has almost everything to learn. The State is already producing cheese that is favored at our clubs, and butter of most excellent quality. It would be a good thing if an octroi gate could be fixed at the mountain-pass connecting our States, admitting free all productions of a superior quality, and rejecting, with a prohibitory duty, the productions of ignorance, carelessness, and uncleanness. These are a vast wealth of profit to the Oregon farmer if he will send us his butter and cheese, his chickens and eggs, his apples and cider, and all the lesser productions of his industry, in good and cleanly condition. There ought to be no device of cheese-making, practical in Switzerland or France, that the Oregon farmer could not improve; there ought to be no trick in butter-making that the Oregon dairyman does not understand. There is a fortune to be made in fat chickens and barn-yard fowls, for, as a rule, our chickens are lean, dry, and unfit to eat. We import cider in bottles from New Jersey, and make it from dried apples with acids. We should get it fresh and pure from Oregon orchards; and we would suggest to the Oregon farmer that he spade the earth loose about the roots of his old ne-

glected fruit-trees, and let the sunlight and the air in upon their roots. The average Oregon sheep is, we think, better bred, larger, and finer-fleeced than our California flocks; at all events, they look cleaner and more comfortable on their green meadows than on our brown dusty plains. There are no large landed estates in Oregon, so far as we know; at all events, the country through which we passed is divided into small holdings, and the farms look as though they were occupied and tilled by the men and women who owned them. The houses are mostly cottages, the fields are usually small, well fenced, and well tilled; children swing on gates and go bare-footed, giving promise to grow up industrious and virtuous; and, outside of Portland, we did not find small boys smoking cigarettes, we saw no hoodlum girls, and we said to ourselves if Oregon does not, in future generations, produce men more stalwart, and women more womanly, from her population so largely and genuinely American, than California from her cosmopolitan and undigested mass of aliens, we shall be without honor in our State, for thus we prophesy. The religious sentiment is more general in Oregon than California, and in all respects—both good and bad—her people resemble a simple farming population more than the Californian does. We should expect to find the Argonaut in more Oregon country farming-houses than in California, for there are more rainy days, more cold days and evenings requiring the capacious fire-place, where great logs send out their inviting warmth and blaze, and around which the family reads. All building and fencing material is cheap and abundant in Oregon—lime, stone, brick, lumber; it has no redwood, but of pine and spruce an infinite variety, and enough of oaks for firewood. To what extent coal exists we are not advised, but in Washington Territory and British Columbia coal underlies the earth in inexhaustible quantity, and of most excellent quality, and its transportation is cheap. Oregon seems to supplement everything that California lacks, and each State appears to the other a market in which to exchange its productions. Oregon should supply California with hams and bacon, as the country is admirably adapted for the raising of swine, and its climate better than ours for curing pork. There is no rigorous climate in the northern State, and though its grander mountain ranges, with their loftier peaks wrapped in mantles of eternal snows, present a landscape that is most attractive, there is very little of ice and snow in the lower valleys. Cattle unhoused do very well during the winter months, and sheep unsheltered in lambing-time do not yield to the inclement season. Water is, of course, abundant, for Oregon is a country of frequent rains, and it abounds in rivulets, brooks, and larger streams. In every part of Oregon, in the lesser and greater valleys, all are abundantly supplied with living streams of the kind that furnish ample constant power for running all kinds of mills and machinery. Saw-mills, flouring-mills, woolen-mills abound, furnishing cheap dwellings, cheap food, and cheap clothing and bedding. At Oregon Falls, on the Willamette, there is a splendid water-power, as this great river leaps a direct fall of forty-five feet, and either bank of the stream is admirably adapted for canals, mills, and machinery. There are little streamlets that murmur through grassy meadows, and sing their songs in harmony with the lark and the red-breasted robin; the Willamette, that bears upon its broad bosom steam and sail; the broader Columbia, bursting the rocky barrier of the Cascade Range, makes the grandest march of waters of any river upon the American continent, and all are beautiful. The scenery of the Columbia River is more grand than that of the Hudson, and the onward movement of its waters to the Pacific Ocean has no equal for majesty and dignity. In comparison with the Columbia, the Ohio, Delaware, and Tennessee are mere chatterboxes, the Missouri is a turbid, restless, nervous stream, and Mississippi—the Father of Waters—gets angry as he receives the discolored accumulation of his dirty Missouri, and in annual rage overflows his muddy banks, while the Columbia, from the lower Cascades unvexed by any important additions, moves forward for his encounter with the Pacific, and gives battle behind barricades of his own creation, brought from the mountains to form a bar which the storms and tempests have not had the strength to remove, and this great river is for six hundred miles navigable. The Willamette is navigable

for one hundred and twenty-six miles through its broad and fertile valley. Oregon is a great State, with great resources, and destined to become the home of a great people. It can not compete with California in the production of many varieties of the more tropical fruits, but of the colder belt it has some advantages over our State, for cold, frost, and snow are not without their uses. So far as we have been able to learn, there are no codling-moths or borers in their apple-trees, no scales, no phylloxera at the roots of their vines, no fruit pests of any kind, and we have no doubt of the capacity and adaptability of Oregon soils and climate to produce the most excellent wines, and with less alcohol than the average wines of California, for Oregon is not as far north as the vine-growing belt of the Rhine. We have no doubt, either, that the State will produce the olive, for the olive is a hardy tree, and its production of fruit and oil makes it the most profitable of the many trees that are furnished for supplying the substantial wants of the human family. It is well worth the Oregon farmer's while to experiment with all the nut-bearing trees. No agriculturist can live more profitably for his children than by planting trees for their benefit, and if the boys of Oregon's begetting shall be as fond of gathering nuts in the fall season as were we, they will prove grateful to any one who will provide for them the walnut, beech, hickory, chestnut, butternut, and pecan. Oregon is raising its boys and girls barefoot, and no American boy or girl amounts to much who has not gone barefooted in youth. So far, the American has not been an overwhelming success who has not been either born or reared upon a farm, or from whose father, or mother, or both, have not been inherited the virtues that associate themselves with country life. To us there are inexpressible charms in what we saw above our northern border; to the man of humble life who looks forward to the career of working farmer, to the man of less generous means who depends upon his daily labor for his daily bread, and who contents himself among green elms in cottage home to seek for the rest that is found in a life of content and peaceful toil, Oregon will always prove an attractive and safe home; to the man of limited means who has no other source of support than from his own health and strength, his own brawn and muscle, and who determines to drag from soil and mine, forest and quarry, the promised gifts that will support wife and little ones, and give the wife comfort in age, and children the opportunity of an education to fit them for the battle and contest for bread, Oregon offers many attractions. Oregon is a safer country in which to farm than California, for, disguise it as we may, though Paul may plant, and Apollos may water it, it is gambling with God whether or not he gives the increase.

On the twenty-ninth of last month there assembled in the Great Hall of Leinster, in Dublin, the largest, best, and most representative audience that Ireland has ever gathered under a roof since its peasants, priests, and political adventurers inaugurated an aggressive war against property, and a rebellion against the Government of Great Britain. It was the occasion of the visit of those eminent English statesmen, Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, to meet the loyal men of Ireland, and discuss with them and in their presence the question of the preservation of the integrity of the British Empire and maintenance of the union of Ireland and England, and whether the loyal minority was willing to sustain the government in its attempt to grapple with and subdue the forces of anarchy and disorder. The meeting in its numbers and enthusiasm, and in the character of the classes that rallied to the support of government, property, and law, must have been a surprise to the visiting English orators. It was presided over by the secretary of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, in place of the president, who was absent on account of a personal bereavement. This commercial body is composed of thirteen hundred gentlemen who are representatives of the brains, wealth, and business push of the commercial metropolis of Ireland. Upon the platform were seated two hundred and fifty gentlemen embracing peers, bishops, and other dignitaries; presidents and professors of colleges, leading members of all the learned professions, men of science and learning, with merchants and tradesmen of brains, genius, wealth, and high character, representing all that is best and most patriotic in Ireland, assembled to testify their allegiance to the empire, and their loyalty to the queen. Had this meeting accomplished nothing more than to have brought together in the capital of Ireland eight thousand of its representative men who were willing to give testimony by their presence and their cheers of their desire to uphold the government of the empire in its war with intriguing and crafty politicians, demagogues like Gladstone, adventurers like Parnell, Dillon, and O'Brien, criminals like O'Donovan Rossa, and the dynamite fiends who plot assassination and secret murder, cowardly boycotters, and those who mangle dumb brutes, those who pay their rent by resisting evictions with vitriol and boiling water, those hypocritical priests at Rome's altars who play upon the superstition, ignorance, and poverty of their deluded followers till they are excited to resist the law, it would have been worth the effort it cost to make it. It has given the lie to that oft repeated falsehood that Ireland, in all parts save Ulster, was unani-

mous in favor of home rule. This meeting, and other recent events, has decided that when peasants, day laborers, paupers, priests, and politicians are counted, home-rule is in the ascendant; when the higher and more useful classes are enumerated, there is a large majority in favor of maintaining the union of Great Britain and Ireland. The representation in Parliament is a fraud resulting from public passion, violence, and mob terror. San Francisco sends twenty-eight men to the legislature whose nominations are dictated by two Irishmen; Buckley for the Democracy, and Higgins for the Republican party. Ireland has, in round numbers, five millions of people, three of whom belong to the ignorant, impecunious, discontented, criminal, and bigoted class, and this is about the number that represents the present rebellious conspiracy against the laws of the British Empire. There are two millions embracing the brains, courage, conscience, wealth, enterprise, social respectability, and moral qualities of Ireland, partly Catholic and mostly Protestant, who are not in favor of home-rule, non-payment of rent, and agrarian revolution. The chairman of the Leinster Hall meeting, speaking for the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, said its members had always refrained from interfering in party politics but confined their attention to matters strictly commercial, but when proposals were made involving the dissolution of the Imperial Union, the council of the Chamber felt that the interests of trade and commerce would be so disastrously affected by the proposed legislation, that they were bound to raise their voices in earnest remonstrance against it. It was in this spirit, and not with any political bias, that the Chamber of Commerce of Dublin had taken its position as a determined opponent of any attempt to weaken or destroy the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Upon the platform and around the chairman, applauding this sentiment, were seated men of all grades and positions in society, noble dukes, noble lords, men of title and members of honored professions, men of letters, men of science, the highest and brightest intellects of Ireland, mercantile men representing every branch of industry and trade, and with them a dense mass of workmen, the bone and sinew of the country, working together to maintain the union and the law. The Marquis of Hartington recognized the importance of the meeting in the heart of Dublin, as giving the lie to the persistent, unblushing, and oft-repeated assertion that Irishmen detested the legislative union, and were desirous of setting up for themselves a parliament in which they could rule themselves. His lordship, by a calm and masterly statement, made it clear that Ireland could have and was having fair and just treatment in the Parliament of the British Empire, and that in the struggle to maintain the authority of Parliament against the forces of anarchy and disorder, the higher and better interests of Ireland were involved on the side of authority and law. "For us it is a question affecting the continued greatness of the empire. For us it is a question how it will work upon the position of Great Britain in the world, on its estimation in Europe, on the opinion of foreign nations, what effect it will have upon the allegiance and respect of our colonies, and what effect it may have upon our great Indian Empire. For us it is a question of the maintenance of our constitution as it at present exists. For us it is a question whether parliamentary government, the supremacy of Parliament, as we have hitherto known it, can survive the blow which is sought to be inflicted upon it, whether our parliamentary institutions and our parliamentary system of government can survive this commencement and introduction into our system of the principle of disintegration. For us it is a question of honor whether it is competent to us—the Parliament of Great Britain—to abandon engagements on which we have deliberately entered, and to intrust to others the fulfilment of engagements to which the honor and the credit of Parliament are pledged. For us it is a question of duty whether we are entitled to abandon to the care of any other or inferior assembly the lives, the liberties, and the property of the subjects of the queen, who have obeyed the laws of Parliament, and who have shown themselves as loyal and devoted citizens of the British Empire as any who are to be found in the remainder of the United Kingdom. To us, gentlemen, all these questions present themselves; and you, also, in Ireland, who are proud of the title of British citizens, who are not willing to surrender any of the rights which you possess as British citizens, you, no doubt, will also look on these questions from the same imperial point of view as we strive to do." The orator, continuing, proved that Irish agitation was stirred, not for a limited home-rule with a parliament of restricted powers, but for unconditional national sovereignty that should make of Ireland or the Irish an independent nation, and under this state of affairs, he contended that Ireland's condition would not only not be improved, but be rendered worse than at present. In speaking of Ireland as depending mainly upon agricultural products, the Marquis of Hartington had the courage to represent Ireland as not the most fertile of any land in its soil, nor the most desirable in climate, and said: "If Ireland is going to remain for ever a purely agricultural country you may settle the land question as you like;

"you may expel the landlords from Ireland if you please; you may hope whatever you like from the stimulus to agricultural industry which, not very reasonably, you expect to follow the process of an act of confiscation; you may hope what you like from agricultural changes and agrarian changes. But I maintain that, if Ireland would remain for ever dependent upon her agricultural industry alone, Ireland must remain a poor country. If her population is maintained at its present level she must remain a discontented, disaffected country, and if her population is reduced in proportion to the means of subsistence, she must remain for ever a weak, an insignificant country. No patriotic Irishman is satisfied with such a prospect as this, and if every patriotic Irishman desires, as he does, to see Ireland no longer dependent on one industry alone, to see her population increasing instead of diminishing, to see her means of subsistence for that population increasing more than in proportion to the population itself, if he expects and desires to see the quick brains and the undoubted industry of the Irish people taking their proper place in the future competitions of the world, what is he to look to, what is he to hope for, except that Ireland shall cease to be purely dependent upon agriculture, and that she shall include within her borders the manufactures and the industries which have raised the neighboring countries of the world? If you want to see Irish industrial enterprise and manufactures and commerce developed in Ireland, have not manufactures, have not capitalists, have not traders and merchants, have not the leaders of your great industrial enterprises something to say to it? If you are going altogether to neglect the opinions of those men, if you are going to ridicule their fears, perhaps to cast them out from among you, to deprive them of any share of influence in the government of your country, do you think that that will be an inducement to them to employ their capital, their intellect, and their labor in the service of the country which treats their advice and their fears in this manner? I maintain that the minority which is opposed to this policy largely includes those classes upon whom the future prosperity of Ireland mainly depends." The argument of his lordship was direct to the point that the interests of Ireland would be more intelligently and honestly legislated upon in the Parliament of the British Empire, than if left to the control of the home-rule politicians who were now scrambling for political and party power in Ireland. The present members in Parliament do not represent any considerable percentage of the property, or the respectability, or the social and moral responsibility of Ireland itself. The Marquis of Hartington concluded his very admirable address as follows: "National aspirations, national sentiment, national patriotism do not necessarily require a separate parliament or an inferior and subordinate system of parliamentary government in order to give expression to them. No one denies that. We have an instance of this within the limits of the United Kingdom. No one can deny the existence of national feeling and national aspirations in the Kingdom of Scotland. No one can say that the love of Scotland, and the pride in Scottish traditions and Scottish history burn less strongly in the hearts of Scotchmen than the love of Ireland does in the hearts of Irish patriots. But Scotch national sentiment does not require a separate parliament or government in order to give effect to its aspirations. In the case of Scotland, one parliament and one executive government have been found to be compatible with the existence of a totally independent system of law, with an independent and separate national church, with an independent and distinct system of national education, and with the administration of all Scotch offices by Scotchmen, and the only condition which has been attached to this recognition of national feeling and national sentiment, even, it may be, of national prejudice of Scotland, is that Scotchmen should acknowledge one parliament as the supreme legislative authority, and one government as the supreme executive. The case has been very different in Ireland. If less deference has been paid in the case of Ireland to the opinions and the feelings of Irishmen, and if they have less influence in the councils of the Imperial Parliament, if they have less influence in the administration of their own affairs, that has arisen mainly, I believe, from the fact that Irishmen have in times past, as they are, unfortunately, doing now, shown their unwillingness to conform to the law of Parliament, even when it is a just law, or to respect the authority of the Imperial Executive Government. But, gentlemen, whatever may have been the case in times past, I believe that now—when the democracy of Great Britain is fully and fairly represented in the Imperial Parliament, when no other desire exists in the mind of any subject of Great Britain than to do fair and equal justice to Ireland, it is in the power of Ireland, and of the leaders of the Irish people, to obtain for themselves and for their constituencies equal deference to their opinions and an equal share in the government of their own country, equal attention to their own grievances, equal attention to every representation which they may make, not by means of rebellion, not by means of forcible resistance to the law, not by obstruct-

tion in Parliament, but by simply acknowledging the existence of facts which have taken place and which are irrevocable, and by reposing in the people of the sister island that measure of confidence which we, on our part, are only too willing and too ready to extend in a full measure to the people of Ireland." Mr. Goschen rounded off this most successful meeting in his characteristic and masterly style, opening his address, and for it receiving the most enthusiastic applause, with the following: "Fellow-Unionists, and loyal fellow-subjects of Her Majesty the Queen." He paid a high compliment to the Honorable Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Balfour, which was applauded to the echo, while Sir William Harcourt was held up to ridicule; the "picturesque" Trevelyan and the "didactic" Morley came in for their share of his sarcastic and not malevolent wit. One of his most effective points was when he contrasted the lack of unanimity in Irish counsels upon the question of home-rule and national unity in other countries where the contest had been waged for independence. He said: "What I wish to bring home as the lesson of this meeting to-night is the essential position of the commercial, the mercantile, the professional, and the industrial classes in this question. Attempts are made to minimize their importance, and in a kind of way to throw opprobrium upon them. But these are the men who, by organizing steam packets, assist to facilitate communication to the advantage of all, and for the purpose of carrying men and merchandise to and fro. These are the men who, by putting their capital into railroads, facilitate communication all over Ireland. They are the bankers who receive the deposits of all classes of the community, and spread them again over the whole of Ireland. They are the men who import the commodities which are necessary for the food and sustenance of the country. They are the men who export the produce by which, unless it is sold, and sold advantageously, the agriculturists can scarcely exist. They are the employers of labor; they are the captains of industry; they discharge functions which are recognized as most essential and most honorable in all communities. And are these the men whose political existence is not to be recognized, and whose votes and opinions are to count as nothing beside that class alone which is regarded by home-rulers as entitled to political respect? I should like to ask the manufacturing and industrial members of these associations across the channel whether they would be prepared to put aside the whole significance of the vote and the opinion of the mercantile and industrial classes which, as we know, not in Ulster alone, but in Dublin, the capital of Ireland, are cast on the side of the integrity of the empire. Sir George Trevelyan and others spoke of the unparalleled unanimity of this home-rule movement, and they contend that in no other case, and in no other country, has there been greater unanimity when the sympathies of that country have gone forward to countenance a national movement. That is absolutely untrue. There has been no national movement in Italy or in Hungary, or in any other place that I can remember, where you could have got together against a national movement a gathering such as this to-night. I should like to know whether in Milan, or in Venice, or any other Italian city you could have got a meeting together in favor of maintaining Austria, at which the merchants, the bankers, and the whole Italian wealth and intelligence, and all the professional classes would have been present. I should like to know whether in Pesth it would have been possible to unite together such a gathering as this in favor of continued subordination to Austria. In no case that could be cited is it imaginable that against a national movement could be brought such a preponderating and peaceful protest as you are making here to-night. I say it is impossible, and I would ask whether such a meeting ever took place in any of these countries. (Cries of 'Never!') Well, you say 'Never.' I should like to know if the Gladstonians would not be compelled to answer 'Never' too. They count among themselves a number of eminent historians; but I should like to know whether the picturesque Trevelyan or the didactic Morley, or whether the profound researches of the learned historians, if all of them together would be able to produce from all the annals of the national movement the fact that such a gathering as this has ever taken place to protest against it. While in this splendid meeting the fairest women and the bravest gentlemen of Ireland were decorously listening to these distinguished orators, the streets outside were filled with a clamorous, yelling, unwashed mob of peasant clowns who had not succeeded in securing admission to the hall by forged tickets, illustrating their fitness to rule a great country, by an attempt to produce riot, disorder, violence, and bloodshed whenever and wherever an attempt is made to uphold law, property, personal rights, and civil liberty. The Marquis of Hartington was interrupted, hooted, and hissed when arriving in Dublin, and on entering the private carriage of his friend, the Earl of Powerscourt. His brother was murdered by the assassins of Dublin. Home-rule means for Ireland the ascendancy of savagery and a recurrence to the barbaric period, when Ireland was reveling in blood and

rioting in superstitious bigotry, and this is what the Irish priests and the Democratic politicians are encouraging in San Francisco by public meetings and the raising of money by public solicitation. These are the kind of men that Blaine, Sherman, Hawley, Ingalls, and other politicians, Democratic and Republican, are endeavoring to conciliate, with a view to securing their votes. It is in the overthrow and upon the ruins of such men and their demagoguery that we would build an American party. On the evening following the great mass meeting at Leinster the Marquis of Hartington gave a banquet to something more than six hundred gentlemen, at which speeches were made and sentiments of loyalty to the crown and fidelity to the Imperial Union uttered which met the hearty concurrence of every gentleman present, and demonstrated the utter and undeniable falsity of the statements of the separatist leaders when they declare that Ireland outside of Ulster is unanimously for home-rule. In his last speech at Dover, where Mr. Gladstone was hooted at and snowballed, he asserted the unanimity of Ireland for home-control, while it is becoming apparent that a majority of the better classes, even in the south of Ireland, and certainly in the city of Dublin, are in favor of maintaining the present union between Great Britain and Ireland. If this question could be submitted to the decision of the intelligent professional and property classes of Ireland, without the interference of the impecunious and pauper element, the ignorant labor element, the priests of the Roman Church, or politicians of the agitating school, there is no doubt that the decision would favor existing political conditions. If the same question could find expression by the respectable and intelligent non-political class in San Francisco, we should not be disturbed with the shriek of the Irish banshee or the yawp of home-rule. Except for the Pope's Irish vote there is not an American in America who would shed a feather if every Roman Catholic Irish politician in the United States would choke himself to death in an attempt to swallow the bronze toe of Saint Peter. The Irish politician in America is an offensive and unmitigated nuisance, fast becoming insupportable, and, in view of the priestly conspiracy against our public schools, is a danger that demands correction by the unconditional repeal of all naturalization laws, and a radical reform of the laws governing immigration to the country.

The *Chronicle* is writing itself into a fever over the Tariff Bill, and its threatened injury to California industries. It affects to think that the President is especially inimical to our State and to our people. There should be no tariff upon the necessities of life which are imported because we do not produce them; for illustration, coffee ought to come in free so long as there are enough other commodities to raise the taxes necessary for the support of the government. The tax should be very low upon all indispensable articles, whether we produce them or not. Our importations of canned fruits from Germany, France, Italy, and England amount altogether to little more than half a million of dollars in value, and are usually of such fruits as we do not produce at all, or in quantities not sufficient to supply our own market. There seems to be no very convincing argument that our fruit-growers should be permitted to embarrass our Eastern fruit market till they can supply it. There is a duty of two dollars a thousand upon lumber imported into California from British Columbia, and our lumber-men are not only grumbling, but threatening. If there is any class of merchants who deserve no sympathy, it is the lumber-men. They have cornered the market, and, by conspiring, are keeping the price of lumber at prices not justified by its cost of manufacture. At common law, this "forestalling" of the market is a crime; and punishable as a penal offense. We shall be glad, and so will every builder, farmer, and everybody that requires house or fence lumber, when this monopoly is broken down and we are enabled to bring the forests of Vancouver Island into competition with our own. Such a law will have a tendency to preserve our forests, and we regard this as more important than that our lumber-dealers should enjoy the privilege of robbing the community by punishing it in a lumber-corner. The same argument can be made in reference to coal. A coal-corner now exists, and the coal-conspirators are sweating lest they should lose the assistance of the government to the extent of seventy-five cents per ton. We think it better to have free coal than to give seventy-five cents per ton to the men who have cornered our cook-stoves and parlor-grates. This whole tariff discussion is likely to be considered this winter in Congress, and throughout the country by the partisan press, more with reference to its effect upon the next presidential election than upon its merits as an economical or revenue proposition. There is one view of this business that we sincerely hope will not be lost sight of, and that is this: the less protection our manufacturing industries obtain, the less inducement will they have to import foreign laborers to the country. Free trade will have a tendency to keep foreign artisans at home, and if they must starve in Europe, or, coming to America, enroll themselves in trade guilds and labor leagues, to engage in boycotts, strikes, and political conspiracies, we very much prefer that they should starve. There is only one position

we feel safe to stand upon, and that is, that we ought not to curtail our revenue, nor attempt to reduce our surplus, except by payment of the national debt, and expending the money in providing for our national wants. Let us maintain the tax so long as we do not feel the burden of its collection; so long as we have any use for money; so long as the nation owes a dollar of debt, and so long as we lack anything that will add to our national safety, comfort, or dignity.

The foundation of the new Starr King Church was laid on Christmas Day by planting the corner-stone of the old Starr King Church, on Geary Street, for the foundation of the new structure that is to become the monument of the scholar and patriot whose name and memory are forever united with the Unitarian Church in San Francisco, wherever it may be erected, or whoever may be temporarily connected with its service. The new church is, as we are informed, to be a very elegant one, and in its grounds is to be deposited the sarcophagus that holds all that is mortal of its loved and honored pastor. Its location at the corner of Franklin and Geary Streets is very desirable, and all will wish it prosperity because its history is so intimately connected with the clergyman who, more than any other that ever lived in our city, was esteemed and honored by all classes of its people. We do not quite understand why Christmas Day was deemed appropriate for laying the corner-stone of an Unitarian Church, but the Presbyterian and Methodist meeting-houses are built in style of Gothic architecture, and we shall not be surprised if, in time, the quaint, plain Quaker structure gives way to gaudy windows of stained glass and cathedral spires of ambitious height.

After something more than ten years of laborious effort, we have succeeded in obtaining for the *Argonaut* a circulation of less than eleven thousand copies. Into this enterprise we have put enough of time and labor (with all the ability we possess) to indicate a fixed and serious purpose; for it we have abandoned a more lucrative profession, the leisure of agreeable pursuits, the pleasure of travel, and the rest which advancing years would welcome. During this time we have endeavored to advocate patriotic principle, to uphold the law, and to assist in exposing and defeating a foreign ecclesiastical conspiracy against republican government and free institutions. During these years we have never made appeal for aid, for the *Argonaut* in the steadiness of its purpose and the directness of its aim can not turn aside for money-getting. The advertisements of very large and prosperous alien classes it never receives. From political parties nothing comes, and it is just beginning to overcome the cowardice that has prevented its friends from giving it open recognition. If we had a larger circulation we should be placed in a condition of greater financial ease, and could accomplish greater good, for the cost of circulation is not maintained in the ratio of its increase. We have condescended to none of the tricks of modern journalism to make the name and purpose of our publication known; we have depended upon none other than legitimate means to secure advertisements and circulation. We have no chromos, or lexicons, or maps to give away; we have no pistols, or sewing-machines, or second-hand clothing to part with as an inducement for paying subscribers. We run no extra trains. We do not beg for patronage, nor do we sell our journal to secure it. We do not abuse or black-mail individuals if they do not subscribe to our paper, and while we abstain from doing these things, we sometimes think the *Argonaut* is not supported as it deserves to be by the classes in whose interests it is being maintained. If we were engaged in an enterprise that had profit for its object, and if zeal to increase our circulation could be honestly interpreted as an effort to make more money; if we were personally ambitious, and had some ultimate object of a selfish character in view, we would make no appeal for aid, nor do we do so now, but we desire to say this: If the *Argonaut* is doing good service in the direction of maintaining the interest of society, in preserving order, in defending property rights and personal liberty; if it is maintaining the dignity of American citizenship; if it is engaging in a war with an alien conspiracy, it is shameful and cowardly injustice if it does not receive all the recognition that it deserves, and recognition comes to a journalistic enterprise in the shape of subscriptions and advertisements. We look for support and approval to the American sentiment of the country, and when that fails us, the *Argonaut* will close its career. If every reader—now that the holidays have closed and the new year opened with its promises—would exert himself to assist in making the *Argonaut* that which it ought to be, fearless, independent, and of wider and more general circulation, so that it may increase its pages of reading matter, and by the expenditure of more money make it more valuable and more useful, we should feel most grateful. If every reader would give us one additional subscriber, and every business man would estimate the *Argonaut* for what it is worth as a medium for their announcements, it would make the coming twelfth year of our enterprise a profitable one.

IN THE RUINS OF MEMPHIS.

A Mystery of Egypt.

"L'eau vaste et froide au nord, au sud le sable ardent,
Se disputent l'Égypte: elle rit cependant,
Entre ces deux mers qui la rongent."

It was in the year 187—, in the month of October, that the yacht of the Earl of Freemont arrived at Alexandria. Our party consisted of myself, a physician; Dr. Stonehouse, a clergyman, tutor to young Lord Estcourt; that young gentleman himself; and a traveling-companion, by name Robert Dunbar, a graduate of Oxford, second son of a writer to the *Signet*, Edinburgh. He accompanied Lord Freemont as amanuensis and artist, for he sketched most rapidly, in addition to his other attainments; in short, he was that nobleman's right hand. In his youth, Lord Freemont had been considered the handsomest man in London, and the most elegant; but, in the decline of life, he could not keep up that prestige, so he became a "genius," and determined to write a really good book upon Egyptian antiquities, something more interesting than Murray's *Hand-books*, but not prosy, like Dénon. The manner in which he planned his book was ingenious. He sought out Dunbar, a young man who had over-studied, and was glad of a trip to the East, and could write well on any subject. Mr. Stonehouse was to contribute the characteristics of worship and religious system. I had to supply the physical character, and he himself was, as he observed, the main-spring, to set us going; and certainly he kept us all hard at work—almost at high pressure. Dunbar sketched according to direction, his drawing to be reproduced in chromo-lithography, as illustrations to this wonderful work.

Robert Dunbar was twenty-five years of age, tall and slender in figure, with a slight stoop, acquired by bending over his desk and books. His countenance was intelligent, with a high, smooth forehead, straight eye-brows, overshadowing dark, gray eyes, full of genius. Like most very clever men, he generally was quiet, and rather serious in manner, but, with strange inconsistency, would occasionally wake up to a brilliant flow of conversation upon any theme interesting to him, expressing himself in such vivid and excited terms, that once I said to him:

"If you do not take care, and enter less deeply into sights that interest you, I am afraid, Dunbar, you will some time or other go out of your mind."

"Never fear, doctor; there never was madness in our family. It is only my admiration for the sublime and beautiful. I have never been abroad before, remember."

"Ah! but it is not admiration alone," observed Lord Freemont, who was within hearing on the deck of the yacht; "it is the manner in which you excite yourself over things. We must all keep our equipoise, that our perceptive faculties may be clear to the relations of external objects. I wish my book to be one of fact, not of sentiment or imagination."

This conversation took place as we cast anchor off Alexandria, at sunset; and, in truth, the scene was very beautiful with all the vivid coloring of a splendid picture, and full of life and animation. We did not remain long at Alexandria, Lord Freemont making only a few notes. All the books of travel in the land of Mizraim, as Egypt is called in Genesis, begin at Alexandria, he observed, and he intended to notice it at the last, and dive at once into the antiquities, commencing at Memphis. So we took up our residence at Metrahenny, a village surrounded by magnificent palm-trees, built on the site of the once proud city of Memphis, and about ten miles south from the pyramids of Jizeh. Here we set to work in earnest, exploring and writing descriptions of what we had seen. Dunbar was indefatigable, throwing his whole soul into the undertaking. He executed some beautiful sketches, but caused us much anxiety by his fearless intrepidity. We had a large staff of guides, for Lord Freemont spared no expense, and none of us ventured far into the ruins without them. Dunbar said he found them stupid and indolent, and was accustomed to wander away alone, and remain for hours absent. He had studied, it seemed, the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians for some years past. He was enthusiastic over some inscription he was translating, bidding us have no fear for his safety, as he carried a revolver.

"Doctor," he said, "I am on the road to a grand discovery." Then he whispered in my ear: "I am on the track of finding much knowledge of the ancient priests, whose written archives were registered in the great temples of Thebes and Memphis, extending over a period of five thousand years of the human race. The secret of the mechanical power by which they raised these enormous edifices was *electricity*. My discovery, when complete, will startle the world!"

"Dunbar," I said, gravely, taking him by the arm, and gazing into his pale, thin face, and wide-open, excited eyes, "You are overdoing this—deceiving yourself! Such discoveries are impossible."

"Ignorance is blind and incredulous!" cried he. "The same was said of steam-power. There is knowledge to be yet revealed to us, which will appear almost miraculous!" I let go his arm, and sighed. What could I do to calm this excited imagination?

Lord Freemont, industriously idle, and his party, all of us hard-working, made Metrahenny our headquarters until December. The earl and myself, with his attendants, stayed at the caravanserai; the others were billeted in the village. A nobleman with so large a suite, and liberal with his money, was a godsend to the natives. By this time we had scribbled upon almost every subject in the neighborhood. Robert Dunbar had lost much of his excitability, and became calm and contemplative. Still he was always among the ruins, remaining out when he ought to have been taking a siesta, sketching in the heat of the day, till I wondered that he did not have a sunstroke.

Just as Lord Freemont was arranging to leave, and proceed to Thebes, who should make his appearance but a magician of repute. He came one evening, about sunset, from across the desert, mounted upon a camel, another following, bearing his tent. He was accompanied by several Arah attendants, and a very handsome Persian youth, his slave. He did not enter the village, but pitched his tent amid the ruins. All the inhabitants of Metrahenny were soon astir, hurrying to consult him concerning lost goats, absent friends, etc. From what I heard, the magician appeared not a little

capricious. Sometimes he declined remuneration; at other times, he reentered his tent abruptly, or refused any interview. After three days' varying reports of him, we became rather curious, the host of the caravanserai informing us that Ibrahim Zamet was the greatest magician in the world; that he was anxiously expected by the great people of Cairo, as he only made his appearance there once every three years; and that he believed that it was quite safe to consult him, as he dealt chiefly with "good" spirits. He was so obliging as to say that, if we wished to visit him, he himself would accompany us, as he wished to know what had become of his first three wives, whom he divorced five and seven years ago.

The following evening our party, accompanied by our host, set out to visit the seer. It was sunset; a vivid glow of liquid gold lighted up the massive ruins, throwing long, sombre shadows upon the sand. The palm-trees reared their tall heads, half hiding the small village of Metrahenny with their shade. We found the magician seated upon a rich carpet, spread in front of the tent; he was taking his coffee, his Persian slave in attendance, holding his jeweled pipe.

Never before or since have I seen the equal to that dignified old man; his white beard descended to his waist, his features, although the skin was yellow and much wrinkled, were classical, and eminently handsome. Although he must have been perfectly aware of our presence, he did not deign to notice us until he had finished his coffee; then he made a sign to his slave, who furnished us each with a cup of the same beverage. When we had partaken of this hospitality, he gravely waved his hand, and said, in a dignified manner the single word, "Welcome," spoken in Italian. As he had broken the long silence, Lord Freemont approached him, informing him in the same language and in his usual rather prosy manner, of the object of our visit. But the seer interrupted him somewhat impolitely.

"Enough," he said, in liquid Italian, which we found he spoke with great fluency. "Think you that I who can divine what is passing in yonder great city," waving his hand in the direction of Cairo, "know not why thou comest hither! Who wishes first to look into the past and the future?"

Here our host, Abdallah, who had hitherto lagged in the rear, pushed himself forward anxiously.

"Back!" cried Ibrahim Zamet, repulsing him, "defile not my carpet. I deal not with fools."

Poor Abdallah, quite crest-fallen, was retiring very humbly, when the magician said loudly:

"Stay—I take pity on thee. Thou wishest to know of thy former wives—so absurdly divorced; he it a comfort, or be it a curse to thee, know that thy first wife is dead. Thy second is the favorite of the rich merchant Isma'el of Bassora. Thy third, the once beloved Tuleida, inherited the fortune of her wealthy uncle, and is now the wife of the Bassa Ahmdad."

Here Abdallah set up a long wail.

"Grieve not, Abdallah," said our dragoman, good-naturedly, "thou hast still three or four wives left to thee. Mourn not for her who is dead."

"Allah Kereem!" replied Abdallah, with a groan. "It is not for the dead Sofie I weep—but oh! to think of Tuleida inheriting a fortune! Wife to a Bassa—oh, oh, what a fool I have been!" And throwing his mantle over his head, he returned to the village, wailing as if he had met with a severe misfortune.

We were all a little startled by Ibrahim telling our host things we knew he meant to ask about; but Abdallah was not a particularly silent person, so the seer's knowledge might be very easily obtained.

Lord Freemont now advanced; the magician received him with urbanity, and motioned him to a cushion at his side. The first thing he told the earl was, that the wish of his heart would never be accomplished. After that, their conversation being in whispers, the purport failed to reach me. When he arose from the divan his lordship looked rather dejected; he left a purse behind him, saying as he passed me: "That money pays for you all—never heard such rubbish in my life." He walked back to the village with much dignity, accompanied by his son, and Mr. Stonehouse, who, as a clergyman, very much disapproved of the whole affair. As I wished to hear something more of this strange old man's words, I yielded precedence to Robert Dunbar, who then advanced toward the magician.

But scarcely had the young man set his foot upon the carpet, when Ibrahim sprung up with an activity that belied his years—seized his hand, gazing long and eagerly into Dunbar's intellectual face, as if he would read his very soul. He then sunk back on his cushion, buried his face in his hands, rocking his body to and fro, as if in profound sorrow. This proceeding on his part was so totally unexpected, that both Dunbar and myself were struck with surprise. After a long silence, the young man ventured to ask him, what he had seen in his countenance to affect him thus? The seer removed his hands from his face, which was working convulsively.

"Son," he said, "respect my advice, as if it were thy father's. Begone from this land of the sun. Stay not another night in yonder village. Leave at once. Return to thine own snowy mountains!"

"Wherefore?" demanded Dunbar, wonderiog.

"In the north, fame and honor await thee. If to-morrow's sun sees thee still at Memphis, thou art lost."

"You must give me an explicit reason," replied Dunbar. "Your words are too vague."

"In your knowledge of this country," said I, in my turn, "do you see any danger to this gentleman?"

"To his soul—yes," answered the seer. "My son, listen. In the dark recesses of these temples is stored the vast learning of an extinct race: guarded by Efreets, for many thousand years. Thou hast, in thy daring search for knowledge, penetrated the mazes of the labyrinth within these ruins. Thou standest on the threshold of a tomb, where it lies hidden. Without an Invocation of Protection, the mortal entering these, gains the knowledge of the universe—but loses his soul."

Ibrahim Zamet, rising abruptly, entered his tent, dropping the silken curtain at its entrance.

Neither Dunbar nor I spoke, but took our way back to the village. We had not proceeded far, however, when the young slave came bounding after us.

His master, he told Dunbar, had sent him the purse left by the great lord, and implored him to use its contents, and in

Allah's name to speed in leaving the village that night. Before we could speak to him the youth had turned and fled.

"This is extraordinary!" exclaimed Dunbar. "Why, he must be mad."

"Do you intend visiting those ruins again?" I asked. "Doubtless there is some mischief within them—not supernatural, of course, but he appears to be in earnest. I shouldn't go again without guides, if I were you. He must have some motive in warning you."

"I shall not change my plans one whit, but to-morrow morning politely revisit the old man, and return him his purse. I think I see his drift, he wants to perform his magical incantation over me to protect me from these dwellers on the threshold, who guard the knowledge so long lost to the world. I wonder whether it is carved on stone or written on papyrus. Stone, I should think—the arrow-headed character, perhaps—and I am not so well up in it as in hieroglyphics. He says I have penetrated the labyrinth. Have I actually done so in the ruins unwittingly; or is it metaphor? Well, we shall see to-morrow," said he.

In the course of the next day, Dunbar knocked at my room-door, wishing to speak with me in private. He asked if I had any objection to accompany him in the evening to the ruins. He had seen Ibrahim Zamet, who had wished to perform some spell to which he had consented; it would be a good story to recount at home, Dunbar said. I consented, though reluctantly; he was young, I thought to myself, and of an adventurous spirit. Knowing that deeply plotted robberies had taken place under similar circumstances, I arranged with my own and two of Lord Freemont's servants, to follow us at a little distance, unknown to Dunbar, and if they heard my signal (a pistol-shot) to rush to us at once.

The moon had arisen in the cloudless sky, changing the golden sands of the desert to silver, in her radiance. The ruins of Memphis stood out in bold relief of light and shade, when Ibrahim, who awaited us at a mound of earth beside some fallen columns, beckoned us silently to follow him. After having wound some ten minutes amid the massive blocks of stone, he turned to a narrow entrance, leading into a vast hall, lighted by torches, throwing their crimson glare upon the darkness which existed around them, and formed a halo. The roof could not be seen, but six vacant spaces between six columns indicated the former positions of as many statues, now broken or removed. When we entered, the young slave stood motionless beside a brazier upon which burnt an incense of fine perfume. A carpet was spread upon the ground, upon which the seer motioned Dunbar to seat himself.

"You must leave us, it appears," said Dunbar, after exchanging a few words with Ibrahim; "but he within call."

I retraced my steps to the doorway, not a little disappointed, as I wished to see the proceedings. I sat down on a fragment of granite, with my hand on my pistol, in case of a surprise. I waited with great patience for, perhaps, half an hour. Everything lay hushed in perfect silence, I never met with tranquillity to resemble it, unless on the ocean at midnight; even then there is the murmur of the waves and dash of the spray. I watched the silver moon as she slowly made her way through the starry heavens, and thought how strange it was that I should be sitting alone, amid the ruins of Memphis, gazing at the same silver disk that had shone down on the once splendid populous city, centuries and centuries gone by.

Thus I mused in melancholy contemplation, when looking upward I observed a few clouds had arisen. This was so unusual on such a night, in such a climate, that I watched them, apprehending a storm. On they came very swiftly, although I did not feel a breath of wind. As they crossed the moon I could almost have fancied them shapes of human beings, so clearly defined were their outlines. I counted six clouds, like six men following each other with bended heads; a tall column of mist rose up immediately before me—these cloudlets passed behind it. As they did not re-appear on the other side, I arose and walked to where I could behold the expanse of sky; strange—they had vanished, the heavens were clear as ever! I could not help thinking this a curious phenomenon, and returned to my seat to wait patiently for about a quarter of an hour longer, when I was startled to my feet by a piercing shriek which rang out upon the night, with peculiar shrillness. For one moment I stood transfixed, then discharged my pistol, as the signal for assistance, and rushed into the temple where I had left Dunbar. Horrible thoughts of robbery and murder chased through my brain. I was glad to hear the footsteps of the servants running behind me. But a different scene met my sight from that I had anticipated. Stretched upon the carpet lay my young friend, senseless, his hands and teeth clenched, and kneeling beside him was Ibrahim Zamet, anxiously bathing his temples; the Persian slave held a vessel with water; the brazier was overturned.

"The ordeal has been too much," said the seer. "The youth has fainted."

We carried the insensible young man to the outer air, trying every expedient to restore animation. It was a long time ere we succeeded, and when sensible he appeared so extremely weak that he had to be supported, walking at a slow pace to the village. As he departed, assisted by the servants, the seer raised both his arms toward heaven, saying some words in Arabic—a blessing probably.

I asked him what had happened to overcome my friend to such an extent.

"Alas!" he replied, "thy friend has obtained forbidden knowledge; would that I had met him sooner. If protected from the evil he has invoked, he would have enlightened this world of ignorance; I fear he is lost."

"I entirely disagree with you," said I, angrily. "My young companion is a Christian, and as for knowledge, that is open to all who can attain it."

The old man seized my arm, whispering in my ear, "Is he a Christian? Is he even a believer? Farewell. I have tried to save him. My heart warmed to the youth as my eyes first fell upon him, for I partly read his fate. I fear—I fear he is lost!"

Throwing his mantle over his head, he turned from me. As it was useless endeavouring to gain a rational answer from him, I followed the party, who were proceeding slowly in the moonlight to our quarters. I was angry with Ibrahim and his gibberish; angry with Dunbar; and very angry

with myself for having abetted him in this silly expedition.

For hours he never spoke, and was almost as inanimate as if he had been struck by lightning. From this state he changed to delirium, and his ravings were so wild that Lord Freemont was alarmed, setting off at daybreak with an interpreter, and a strong party of attendants, to visit Ibrahim Zamet, and compel him to relate what had passed the preceding evening. But the tents were struck, the camels gone; we never heard of the magician again.

The unfortunate young man continued delirious for days, sometimes calling for mercy in the most heartrending manner, or laughing and struggling so violently that we had to tie him down to the bed. The doctor from the British Embassy at Cairo was sent for, and he agreed with me that this fever had been threatening him for some time, the effects of close study, over-excitement, and perhaps sunstroke, acting on a highly sensitive, imaginative organization. Without his amanuensis, Lord Freemont's work came to a sudden stop, the noble author declaring his intention to sail homeward as soon as Dunbar could be removed, and come out to the East again in a year or two.

"We have plenty of material to work out in the interim," observed his lordship, "I do not wish to bury my hook."

I had had much experience as a physician, but had never met with a similar case. Robert Dunbar returned to consciousness another person, both in mind and appearance. Mentally he was like one buried in profound thought; in appearance he resembled a statue endowed with life, for every vestige of color had left his face, while it had gained a nobility not there before. He had also a dignity of deportment that was new. He now beld himself erect; and his step, instead of his former rapid locomotion, was slow, and almost majestic.

Lord Freemont, in spite of his eccentricities, was a most conscientious man where his family and suite were concerned. He felt himself, in some way, answerable for the malady of Duobar, and was very uneasy about him; he much wished that I should question him respecting what had actually taken place on the night he visited Ibrahim Zamet (as I must own I longed to do myself), but at present it appeared imprudent to recur to the subject; a relapse would prove most fatal to him. One day, Lord Freemont placed a check for a large amount in my hand, saying, "Doctor, you must take that poor lad home, and see him in the hands of his family as quickly as possible; take passage by the next steamer, they communicate twice a month with Marseilles. The yacht will be too tedious, especially as we shall stop both at Athens and Naples. If that sum is not sufficient, draw upon me for any amount you may require—let him want for nothing; and if you stay in Paris, consult an eminent French physician."

The voyage was very beneficial to Dunbar, although he was in his cabin nearly all the time; the vessel had not her full complement of passengers, so that a private cabin for him and me was procured without any difficulty. This was fortunate, as it would have been most annoying to other occupants to hear his muttering and cries in his sleep, for he talked in a (to me) unknown language the better part of the night. It disturbed my rest, as he seemed to be carrying on a conversation, even imitating the voice of a second person so well that I could have declared that a third passenger was with us, had I not known to the contrary. On the whole, he gave me very little trouble; he was certainly gaining strength, and I entertained little doubt of his ultimate recovery. He never attended the breakfast or dining-table, and only went on deck for an hour or two in the cool of the day, wrapped up in coats or plaids, when he would sit in silence, abstractedly watching the waves. Naturally he excited great interest on board, and received much kindness from all, more especially the ladies, on account of his youth and handsome person, rendered more interesting than ever by the paleness of his complexion and the delicacy of his wasted countenance.

But Dunbar did not respond to their advances; I wish he had, it would have diverted his mind to listen, if not to join in their conversation; and I tried to induce him to come to table occasionally for that very purpose, as the talk was sometimes extremely amusing in its variety of topics, but he always refused.

"I wish to address a few words to you, ladies and gentlemen, if you please," said the captain, one morning, standing up, a fine portly figure, at the head of the breakfast-table, as if he were going to make a speech at a wedding. "I'm a plain sailor, as you know, and I'm a straightforward man, so to come to the point at once. Will any one be so good as to inform me who it is that goes masquerading about this vessel at night-time?"

Although there was a general murmur of surprise at the announcement, no one replied to his question.

"It's a fact," continued the captain, "I caught a glimpse of him myself on deck a few nights ago. Swaby has seen him twice. Swaby, tell the company here what you told me."

Hereupon the steward advanced to the captain's elbow. He was a small, active man, with a long face, and light-colored protruding eyes, much resembling those of a fish—on this occasion they were extra wide open. He beld a plate in one hand and a breakfast-napkin in the other, and nervously continued polishing the plate while he spoke.

"Ladies and gents, all. The night afore last, baving come on deck for a breath of hair, after a-toasting the captain and this bere good bark, and naturally thinking that at twelve o'clock at night all our passengers were reposiog in the harms of Orpheus—what was my surprise when a tall man, wrapped up in a striped shawl, passed along within a couple of yards of me. The moon was a-setting just above the black water-line, it wasn't exactly dark, and the red sparks blown down from the funnel upon the sea on the lea-beam made a light of their own; so I seen him well enough; as he looked at me, his beyes glittered; he passed afore me, and then out of sight, wether down to this here cabin or not, I can't say; he looked like somebody dressed up, and, if so, after no good. So I sung out to Daws at the wheel: 'Do you keep your weatber eye open?' says I. 'Ay, ay,' says he. 'Then who's been on deck?' says I. 'Nobody but you,' says be. Well, ladies and gents, after that I thought I'd been mistaken, and seen a shadder. But last night Luigi came a-running to me, with his eyes ready to jump out of his bead, and saying, a tall man wrapped up in a striped

'abba'yeh,' a stranger he'd never seen aboard, was a-standing alongside the berth of the invalid gent. 'And there he goes now!' said he, a-pinting. And, sure enough, there was the individual, if individual he be, a-walking across the deck behind the funnel, and we didn't see him no more. 'There's somebody a-playing their games,' thought I; so I went and told the captain—and that's all about it."

As the steward concluded his extraordinary statement, the captain turned to me: "Perhaps you, sir, can throw a little light on the subject," said he. No, indeed, I could not. I had neither seen nor heard any one in the cabin. A gentleman suggested it might be a stowaway; but this was declared an impossibility. The passengers, one and all, denied all knowledge of any person answering the description; the ladies looked a little scared, an officer's wife remarking that she should advise every one with watches and trinkets to lock them up of a night. For myself I feared mentioning the subject to Dunbar, for he had been restless of late in the night-time, and this might prey on his imagination. Nothing more transpired for two or three days respecting this mysterious passenger, but of course the subject was the talk of the ship, and every one was keeping a sharp look-out after dark. When we arrived at Malta, Dunbar had evidently rallied; I could therefore leave him for a few hours while I went on shore in order to purchase some medicines and other necessities obtainable at Valetta, and to assist in carrying these articles I was accompanied by my servant, Watson. Visiting the shops, however, took longer than I had reckoned on; besides, most of the passengers had also made the excursion; we were always meeting each other, and much talk necessarily ensued, so that it was quite dark—that is, as dark as it usually is on the lovely Mediterranean—when our large and merry party returned to the vessel. We gained the silent deck, and were making for our respective cabins, when simultaneously two or three persons exclaimed: "There he is!" And I myself saw the indistinct figure of a man muffled in drapery, pass between us and the entrance to the steps descending below, where he disappeared. Watson, who was at my side, suddenly threw down the packages he was carrying, and darted after him; he returned quickly, very well satisfied with his exploit, whispering to me: "He is in your cabin, sir; I saw him pass by, so I've locked him in. Now we shall find out who's been running this rig!" Of course we sought the captain, who came with the steward and several gentlemen, so as to capture this unknown intruder easily.

"Hark!" said the captain, listening at the door, "I hear two voices; one is that of your patient, doctor."

Yes, I distinctly heard Dunbar's voice, talking much the same as he did during his broken nights.

"Now, then," said the captain, "we'll see who this rascal is!" and he threw open the door.

Excepting Dunbar, no one was there!

Dunbar lay in his berth quietly enough apparently. A bright light suspended in the middle of the cabin showed quite plainly that no person could possibly be there. He raised himself on his elbow, looking very much surprised at the influx of so many persons; he was very pale.

"Here's a pretty mistake you've made!" exclaimed the captain angrily to Watson, who looked more astonished than any one. "In future, don't you come disturbing me unless you're quite sure. You've been taking a little too much rosolio, my man!"

"Indeed, sir," replied Watson, earnestly, "I did see the person come in here, and I locked the door myself."

"Well, then, look round and see for yourself—the cabin is empty, and there is no hiding-place."

"But you heard Mr. Dunbar talking, sir," said Watson, who was quite dumfounded.

"That counts for nothing," said I, "for when he is excited he talks and answers himself sometimes all night long."

Here my poor patient gave a long sigh, and fell back on his pillow, as if wearied.

Four or five of us had certainly seen a person unfamiliar to us pass across the deck, but whoever it was, that night terminated his perambulations—be was seen no more. Watson was very much puzzled, and very contrite in baving caused such confusion.

"I suppose my eyes deceived me, sir," said be, "and it was only a shadder I saw in the cabin."

By the time we arrived at Marseilles, Dunbar was decidedly better, and the railway journey to Paris brightened him up from his dreary state considerably. He was very anxious to get home; the cold air of the north, he said, would cure him—he should not return to college, be intended to go to Edinburgh and work. "My portmanteau is full of the inscriptions I have copied; when I get home I shall devote myself to translating them. Doctor" be whispered, seizing my arm, "I have obtained such wonderful knowledge—such discoveries, if I succeeded in working out the problems unknown to Hesiod, Columella, or Pliny. Thales knew somewhat of the subject, for did he not measure the height and extent of the pyramids? Electricity is in its infancy—those vast blocks of granite were raised by its agency—those gigantic sculptures were carved by no human implements, but by the lightning from the heavens. Listen—he sunk his voice still lower—"they were traced out by a process I have yet to discover, but when the real lightning came, it fused with that produced by man—in one moment, in one flash, the face of the rock was peeled off, and those wondrous carvings were produced, as they remain now." His eyes flashed with his old excitement, it was a return of his mania. I took care not to dissent from him, and gradually quieted him. These attacks did not recur so often as a few weeks before; and as they decreased, so surely would he regain strength.

We remained a fortnight in Paris, and here I consulted a famous physician, who devoted himself to the study of the nervous system, and his impression was similar to my own convictions—namely, that over-excitement, and possibly sunstroke, had combined in causing partial insanity in a highly sensitive nervous system; that he would be liable to a relapse on receiving any sudden shock; and that this should be carefully impressed upon his family.

In accompanying me to see the sights of Paris, and to places of amusement, Duobar's former tone of mood began to return; but he never was cheerful. The kindness we received from the English residing at Paris was great. Lord Freemont had written to many friends recommending Dunbar to their consideration. One lady in particular, a very

rich widow, a cousin of Freemont, interested herself much in him. She invited us to her hotel; she took us drives in her carriage; she sent Dunbar dainties to tempt him to eat, for his appetite was bad; she talked to him, as only a charming woman can talk, trying to interest him in the affairs of life, and succeeded in gradually awakening him from his fits of apathy. Fascinating, kind-hearted, and clever, the Countess of Tregelles might possibly with time have effected his cure, had it not been for an unexpected incident.

On the last night of the year this lady gave a large fancy ball at her beautiful hotel; upwards of two hundred invitations were issued; Dunbar and I were included. Never did I see a more brilliant assemblage; the ball-room, with its floral decorations and lamps, was like Aladdin's Palace, and there were groups attired in every imaginable costume, dancing to exquisite music. Neither I nor Dunbar assumed characters; we went more as spectators than to take an active share in the festivity. Dunbar sat upon a couch placed in a small conservatory, which was a bower of flowers; over the entrance were festooned delicate lace curtains, through which he could gaze on this scene of enchantment without being himself observed. I took up my position within the ball-room, on the other side of the opening, where I could chat with my acquaintances, and yet be near my patient.

In the course of the evening, Lady Tregelles, who was richly attired as a Spanish *gitana*, came and took a seat on the sofa beside the young man. She had been dancing, and fanned herself assiduously as she chatted with Dunbar. Exertion had given color to her ordinarily pale cheeks. Her dark eyes sparkled with excitement. She was a delightful picture, sitting there with the camellias and azaleas for a background.

"Well, Mr. Dunbar," said Lady Tregelles, "do you consider my ball a success? Does watching the dances amuse you?"

Dunbar woke up as from a reverie.

"The scene is like fairyland, Lady Tregelles," said the young man; "as an animated tableau it is a success—there it stops."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady. "Do you only look upon it as a *scène du théâtre*, and no pleasure, no enjoyment to my guests? Pray be more explicit."

"You, Lady Tregelles, who are a clever, beautiful woman of the world" [our hostess nodded a little bow at each comma], "know better than to suppose these people come just for the pleasure of twisting round the room like teetotums. Young people are naturally giddy enough without such a fantastic stimulus."

"And yet, Mr. Dunbar, you are young yourself, in spite of your philosophical observation. Will you—that is, if you feel strong enough—dance the next quadrille with me?"

"I!" exclaimed Dunbar, with a shudder. "I dance—no, never again. Why, does not a French author say that the *pas*, called the *gargouillade*, is the admittance of demons and evil spirits into our companionship?"

"What nonsense!" replied Lady Tregelles, "though, perhaps, like the Waldenses, you believe that every step a man makes in dancing is another leap toward—" [here she pointed downward significantly]. "For my part, I consider that dancing is an innocent recreation."

"For silly children it may be; but for men and women, excepting those driven to it for their livelihood, to find nothing better than to waste precious time, for which they will have to give an account hereafter—to waste precious moments in such frivolity, when there is so much misery and poverty in this world, if it is truly for their amusement, proves them fools. But often they come to the ball-room with other motives—to vie with others, to show their beauty, their diamonds, or else to eclipse a rival. Sometimes a fortune-hunter, to spin round the room like a billiard-ball to reach the pocket of his partner—a rich heiress."

"So you sit and moralize thus, do you, Mr. Dunbar, looking on the shady side of us poor mortals—silly moths and worse. But, if I mistake not, did not David dance? I think I have seen it mentioned that every psalm was accompanied by a dance."

"Yes, the dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law, to take place at their solemn feasts, is the most ancient upon record."

"Then there are the Jumpers," said Lady Tregelles, maliciously, "who solemnize their religious meetings by jumping like kangaroos—but," interrupting herself, she added in a kinder tone, "forgive me, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; better to be sensible like you, than shallow like me. When did you imbibe these severe notions—not in Scotland, for they are devoted dancers? Was it in Egypt you became so philosophical?"

"Egypt!" exclaimed Dunbar, in a low, dream-like tone. "Ah, I did indeed look behind the veil there, I—"

"Stay, Mr. Dunbar," interrupted his fair companion, laying her fan on his arm. "We are not alone; some one is hiding behind us among the myrtles and azaleas. Don't you see dark eyes glistening through the leaves?"

As the tone of the countess was that of alarm, I arose hurriedly. Dunbar had arisen also; he looked white as death, his eyes glancing wildly. He immediately plunged into the bower of flowers, behind which a small door opened from the conservatory to the lobby. I followed him, but had scarcely reached him when he gave a groan, and fell heavily to the ground. The countess cried aloud for help, then rushed back through the lace curtains, amid the dancers, until she gained the landing-place overlooking the vestibule. "Shut the doors," she cried to those below. "Let no one leave the house!"

The doors were shut with a loud clang at her command; she then returned to the ball-room, where the dancing had ceased, and the guests stood in groups, alarmed at they knew not what. She next ordered that all the cards of invitation that had been given in that night should be brought to her.

"They have the character and costume written upon them," she said. "Gentlemen, be so kind as to look them through, I wish to know if any person be here in the dress of the ancient Egyptians."

Many eager hands soon accomplished the task, and several voices exclaimed that they had noticed no such costume during the evening. The cards were read—no, there was no Egyptian garb entered upon them.

In the meantime, I and the servants had carried the un-

conscious Dunbar from the room, and it was some time before our restoratives had effect; it was a fainting fit of a similar nature to that he first had at Memphis.

It was perfectly inexplicable, Lady Tregelles explained to her guests, who clustered round her with many questions. While talking to Mr. Dunbar, she fancied she heard a rustling amid the plants and shrubs in the rear of the conservatory, and had that strange sensation, that, although unseen, a person is near. Upon turning round she saw a pair of dark eyes glistening between the festoons of creepers; calling her companion's attention to this fact, he instantly arose, and it was then she distinctly beheld, standing in the shade at the back entrance, in the doorway leading out to the vestibule, a tall, dark man, dressed after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. Dunbar had rushed toward him, then, uttering a groan, fallen to the ground: she owned that her first impression was of assassination, which caused her to issue orders that no one was to leave the house. No ball could survive so mysterious an incident. An attempt was made to keep up the dancing, but within an hour the last guest had taken his departure. No satisfactory explanation was ever put forward; though the strange finale of her ladyship's reception caused a great amount of talk in Parisian circles for a time that winter; but no one marveled at it, as I did, when my mind flew back to the nocturnal visitor on board the ship. Lady Tregelles and Swaby, the steward, had each particularly mentioned "eyes that glistened." I could not understand it.

It was by the advice of the French physician that, as soon as he was able to travel, I brought poor Dunbar to London. This second shock had enfeebled him very much, but, though quiet, he appeared quite rational, in so much that he took a grateful farewell of Lady Tregelles, expressing sincere regret for being the cause of so much confusion at her hall; but he volunteered no account of what he himself had seen or heard.

It was now the end of January; intense cold had set in; we crossed the channel in a snow-storm; he certainly could not be taken to Edinburgh; therefore, at the urgent request of a maternal uncle residing in Bloomsbury Square, we went straight to his house. Mr. Christie was an architect, and it was while spending many vacations with this relative that Dunbar had acquired his knowledge of drawing, and opportunities of studying the hieroglyphic system at the British Museum. I believe that Mr. Christie loved the poor young man as a son (his own family consisting of daughters); he received him with affectionate concern, and everything was arranged for his comfort by Mrs. Christie and his cousins. The house was not large, so I took up my quarters at a private hotel in Great Russell Street. The room allotted to the invalid was a pleasant one, the only spare room the house contained; and was used as a studio by the girls, who studied drawing at the Museum. This room, having been prepared and got ready for him at short notice, still contained many large crayon drawings, which they had nailed upon the walls. Many of these were from the Egyptian gallery, and one was a very fairly executed study of the Memnon, very large, drawn upon dark-gray paper, and taking up the whole centre of one wall; had they been given longer time for preparation, no doubt the girls would have removed them. His relatives were greatly shocked at the altered appearance of Dunbar; he was much wasted; indeed, it was evident to me that he had fallen into a decline, and my former sanguine expectations of his ultimate recovery faded. He employed himself with assiduity to sort and translate the inscriptions he had obtained in the ruins of Memphis—at, as one may say, the cost of his life; he was quite enthusiastic over his work, emphatically declaring that he had found much of the lost knowledge of the ancient world.

But his strength declined day by day; at last he had to be supported in his chair by pillows, then he took to his bed, but still writing, writing incessantly, the counterpane of the bed covered with sheets of paper; possessed with a great fear of losing the ideas transmitted to manuscript, noting down his transcriptions in a shorthand of his own.

Every possible care and attention was given him, yet when March came, he began to sink rapidly; he had no pain, no illness; in fact, he was dying because he could not live. It was an unaccountable malady, not consumption, but a rapid fading out of vital force. One evening I sat alone with him at his bedside; as the daylight waned he desired that the blind might be raised. The sky was clear, but of the sickly green hue it possesses in early spring. Dunbar gazed upward a long time in silence; I did not disturb him, as he appeared so tranquil. Then the moon rose above the roofs on the opposite side of the square in silver radiance—and he spoke.

"Doctor," he said, "does not that sky and moon remind you of the night we visited Ibrahim Zamet?"

I was startled at this allusion, the first he had made to it since his fatal seizure.

"Yes," I replied, wishing to hear more, yet fearing the result.

"My course is nearly run," he continued, quite rationally, and in the tone of voice of earlier days, but with a mournful cadence that thrilled through it, "and my purpose unaccomplished. Philosophers—how they would prize my knowledge!" Fearing a return of his mania, I suggested ringing for lights.

"Not yet," he said, "let us remain in this gloaming a little longer—I wish to speak with you, it would be but a poor return for all your devotion if I did not state the cause of my illness. You, when I die, will be the only person in the world acquainted with my horrible story—yes—there is one other—Ibrahim Zamet!"

"I look upon that old juggler as the originator of it," I said.

"Not so—the magician was sincere—do you not remember how he urged me to leave Egypt at once? Would to heaven I had done so, and not been tempted by my fatal curiosity to learn the secrets of the past! The knowledge carved in stone, and hurried in the inner labyrinth of a temple, a temple into which I had penetrated by chance in the course of my explorations—it is in the heart of the ruins, and guarded, as Ibrahim said, by spirits. Only the ancient kings of Egypt knew the cipher thickly carved on the blocks of stone. By some wonderful chance I discovered the method. I could scarcely believe it, as I translated and noted down. Wonders!—Give me some water."

"Do not continue, dear Dunbar," said I soothingly, for there was a return of the delirium.

"A lost soul! A lost soul—alas! Ibrahim declared—unless I had the approved consent of the King Sesostri, the last of those monarchs who added to this storehouse of knowledge. By practicing a potent spell, Ibrahim could conjure up the long departed king."

"You had better defer this narrative until to-morrow," said I, noticing that he began to tremble, but he would not heed me.

"That night Ibrahim Zamet was to recall him to this world that I might hear my fate. After you had left us the magician placed me on his carpet beside him, throwing ambergris and divers other perfumes into his chafing-dish, slips of parchment covered with hieroglyphics, and a light-gray powder, which ignited and ascended in a spiral body of flame to the roof; a light vapor filled the hall and completely enveloped us—all was silent for some minutes, when a faint sound was heard from across the desert, as of distant music—then suddenly, the loud clash of arms. 'He comes!' cried Ibrahim Zamet, kneeling and covering his face with his mantle. As for me, my nerves were strung to their utmost pitch, my heart beat as if it would leap from my breast, at the sight that met my eyes, for there, in the clear moonlight, advancing from the desert, in a slow majestic manner, came six figures—one behind the other, with heads drooping, their hair plaited in the ancient manner of the Egyptians. They were in warlike attire, each carried a shield and spear, and they appeared to me of tall stature, and to glide rather than to walk through the hall, till each king stood before the deserted pedestal where once his statue had been placed. The moonlight shone upon their dark faces, and burning black eyes. Ibrahim howled to the earth six times to the awful visitors, speaking in a tongue unknown to me. Then one after another these apparitions raised an arm, throwing his phantom javelin straight at my heart. I felt them enter—oh—and the sixth—the young King Sesostri advanced toward me as I lay prostrate, for I had fallen. I felt him bending over me, he whispered in a musical voice, that went and came in tremulous accents, and then died away like the wind, and in a language which spoke to my soul, that tongue I know not, but which I understood: 'Child of earth, thou hast gained the knowledge for which thou hast yearned, but thy soul is mine for eternity.' I suppose I fainted, for on regaining my consciousness you were with me, hating my face with water. I can not tell you what I have since endured. Every now and then he comes to me, he piles up knowledge, he gives me clues to what I imperfectly comprehend. He was with me in the ship from Alexandria; it was he Lady Tregelles saw in Paris; but since coming North, his visits have been fewer. You have thought me mad, morbid, yet I am sane, sane as yourself, only lost. My soul died when their spears entered my heart." He fell back on his pillow exhausted.

I rang for lights, gave him tonics and other restoratives; my opinion of his disorder not altered one whit by his wild story. That the visitation of spectral phenomena is incidental to certain inflammatory disorders of the brain is well established as a fact; and that such illnesses have been experienced, and ended fatally, there can be no doubt. Poor young fellow! He fell into a calm sleep like a tired child, and I continued my watch beside him, resolved not to leave him that night.

The night-nurse had arrived from St. Thomas's Hospital, but I sent her down-stairs to prepare beef-tea for the patient. The lamp was shaded, a warm glow from a good fire in the grate produced a soporific effect upon me; I leant back in my arm-chair and fell asleep. How long I slept I can not tell—I do not think it could have more than half an hour—when I was suddenly awakened by a frantic exclamation from Dunbar, who was sitting up in bed.

"Look, doctor, look there, do you see nothing?"

I looked in the direction to which he pointed—it was toward Miss Christie's chalk drawing, before mentioned, which was nailed up upon the side wall of the room. Suddenly awakened from my sleep, I could not at first see very distinctly. Then, did my eyes deceive me, or was it imagination roused by the previous train of ideas? I felt as in a nightmare, suffocated and oppressed, for between the shaded lamp and the paper on the wall there stood the shadow of an ancient Egyptian, as if the outline of the drawing had taken form, and become tangible, standing motionless, regarding us with dark, solemn eyes that glistened!

I thought I must be dreaming, and tried to rouse myself.

"Doctor, doctor," cried Dunbar, "there he stands. He has come for me; do you not see him?"

"I do," I said, rising from my chair.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the unfortunate young man, "that is proof to you that I am not mad. I go—to solve the last problem."

I caught him in my arms as he swayed, and laid him gently down, then rushed to where the drawing hung against the wall—the space before it was void. Glancing upward at the moon, which had ascended higher in the clear sky, I remarked some portions of dark clouds suddenly approach—I distinctly counted six—the very counterparts in shape and size of those I saw when keeping my solitary watch amid the ruins of Memphis, but now lingering behind there followed a smaller one, a seventh! Awe-stricken, I rushed back to the bed-side. Robert Dunbar was dead.

The unemployed, as represented in Trafalgar Square, are not, as a rule, men in search of work. That they don't want bread, was made plain. A gentleman took one of them into a baker's shop and gave him a threepenny loaf. The recipient hugged it to his breast as though it were salvation, till the donor was out of sight, then he went over to the crossing-sweeper on the other side of the road, and disposed of it to him for twopence, and, furnished with that capital, immediately entered a public house. A loafer such as those who hang about Trafalgar Square, does not want a loaf.

A young Boston woman attempting to cross a crowded street quietly held her way against a pair of horses, saying to the driver, who violently motioned her away, "Pedestrians have the right of way." "Oh, Boston women are so smart!" returned the irreful driver, reining back his horses. But he reined them back, nevertheless.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William K. Vaoderbilt (says the *Chicago Tribune*) will take up his permanent abode in Europe, probably in England, visiting America only at occasional periods, as his interests or pleasure may dictate.

According to the new city directory of Hartford, Conn., "Mark Twain, author," and "Samuel L. Clemens, author," both live at No. 321 Farmington Avenue. The *Hartford Times* remarks: "Really, these Twain are one flesh."

Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, has no hesitancy in expressing opinion of the "sweets" of power. He recently told a correspondent of the *Paris Debats* that he had aged two years between July 1st and September 15th, and that he was ever left to peace for a single moment.

James H. Johnsoo of Pittsburg, has sued James O. Flower, a dentist, for twenty thousand dollars damages. Two years ago Flower pulled Johnson's tooth and broke his jaw at the same time. The victim has spent two thousand dollars in doctor's bills since then, and is a confirmed invalid yet.

One of the strange coincidences of nomenclature is that the daughter of General Logan married a Mr. Tucker, while the daughter of ex-Representative Randolph Tucker married a Mr. Logan. Each couple have a son. The name of one is Tucker Logan and the other is Logao Tucker. The boys are about the same age.

South Carolina has only two legs in the United States Senate. Butler has one of them, and Hampton the other. Butler lost his at the battle of Brandy Station. He is out the first or only senator who lost his legs at the same station, or "got off his pins," as Riddleberger expresses it, knowing whereof he speaks. Hampton lost his through a disagreement he had with a mule since the war.

Seator Palmer, of Michigan, has one hundred thousand dollars worth of Percheron horses on his farm near Detroit, and he has just sent an agent to Damascus to purchase some Arabian stock for him. Seator Palmer's farm consists of six hundred and fifty-seven acres, and a log cabin which cost twelve thousand dollars. His specialties are Percheron horses, Jersey cows, and Blenheim spaniels.

Of the thirty-eight widows of revolutionary soldiers one the peesioo list, Nancy A. Green, of Versailles, Ind., is the youngest. She was born in 1818. The revolutionary war ended in 1783. Assuming that her husband was twenty-one when he was mustered out, he would have been fifty-six when his bride was born. If he had married her when she was eighteen, he would have been a venerable bridegroom of seventy-four.

A Washington correspondent says that the best real-estate speculation in that city during the last summer was that of Gardner Hubbard, the father-in-law of Bell, of telephone notoriety. He paid sixty thousand dollars for a tract of hill and hollow on the line of the Massachusetts Avenue extension; put three hundred men at work with carts, shovels, and barrows; spent one hundred thousand dollars to improve his property; has already sold four hundred thousand dollars' worth of lots, and has some of the original tract on hand.

The circus-rider, Miss Lillie Ruzky, had for many years been a favorite with the English public, which overwhelmed her with applause when she rode her beloved gray horse Blanco. But the horse was taken sick, and Lillie attended to him day and night. A more conscientious or tender nurse was never seen. But it availed not. Poor Blanco joined the great majority on November 16. Lillie was in despair. She was deaf to every word of consolation or remonstrance. She hastened out of the stable, and, seizing a revolver, sent a bullet through her heart.

The home of Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, in the little town of Beaver, is conspicuous for the large number of books it contains. The whole house is a library. There are book-shelves in every room and in the halls, many of them rare editions, and all intended for use. The house itself is a plain old-fashioned brick, standing back from the street, with a lawn in front dotted with shrubs and shade trees. Senator Quay was Governor Curtin's private secretary at the breaking out of the rebellion, a position he resigned to become Colonel of the 134th Regiment.

Amateur photographers are said to be much cleverer at inventing improvements in photographic instruments than professionals. Dr. H. G. Piffard, of New York, has invented a process which is almost quicker than "instantaneous," and the photographs can be taken at night as easily as during the day. Fred Waugh, a young Philadelphia painter, makes all his own cameras, and has them fitted up with endless improvements of his own contrivance. But then, young Waugh is a genius. He can make machines that look as though they had just come from Spain, and he can play on them with the skill of a Spanish student.

Mme. Patti is not the only singer with a castle to call her home. Minnie Hauk owns a castle among the Swiss mountains, where she spends her vacations. It was at one time used as a fortress, and the stout walls are six to eight feet thick. The rooms are large, but are so well-filled with furniture, and the walls so thickly hung with pictures, that they seem quite cozy. Here Mme. Hauk keeps the trophies of her career, and here her husband stores his ethnographical collection. Three fine dogs are Mme. Hauk's especial pets, and she is very fond of roaming the mountains, while they follow at her heels or bound up the steep paths in front of her.

The Congressional Directory is always an interesting work. A mao's autobiography, no matter how short it may be, is certain to give some insight into his character. The life sketches made by the members of the Fifty-third Congress are full of quaint things. Congressman Marion Biggs, of California, says he is "a farmer by profession." E. Burnett, of Massachusetts, informs the curious that he "married the only child of James Russell Lowell in 1872." H. F. Finley, of Kentucky, says that he "began life for himself without an education sufficient to transact business, and penitence." Ira Davenport says he was opposed for governor of New York State by David B. Hill.

James Whitcomb Riley's great success at the Author's Readings in New York city, a few weeks ago, has called attention to his early life. Riley as a youth was a journeyman sign-painter, his signs were grotesque from an artistic standpoint, and often witty as far as their literary features were concerned. Riley has peculiar eyes, and used to feign blindness, pretending that he could paint a sign by inspiration, as it were. The country-folk, who were thus deluded, looked upon Riley as a kind of miracle-worker. Once Riley joined a vendor of patent medicine, and traveled about singing comic songs and playing on a banjo. In this way he acquired his wonderful knowledge of "Hoosier dialect," and learned to know "the people" in all their varying phases.

A Port Elizabeth correspondent writes giving some particulars of Lady Brassey's death. The party on the yacht consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, Hon. Mr. Brassey, and the three Hoo. Misses Brassey. They had a delightful cruise. Lady Brassey was continuing her book, and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the seventh of September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The *Sunbeam* went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever which frequently prevails in that region. Until the eleventh of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent that her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the twelfth of September, it became evident that her recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. Next day the scene aboard the *Sunbeam* was an affecting one. Feeling that her end was near, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book upon which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterward she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Horsely New York in its Cutters, Sleighs, and Sledges.

Twelve was on the stroke when we turned in to supper last night. It had been snowing hard all the evening, and now the growing blast was pelting the town with what seemed to be a shower of rock-salt. We sat long over our cigars, for the fusillade upon the panes of the tall window behind its double curtains of damask and lace did not tempt one forth. At three in the morning some one remarked that the rattling on the glass had ceased, and when we went out the town lay dead and shrouded as for the grave, under a sky as cold and clear as steel. So intense was the silence that we could hear the snow drop from the branches of the trees in Madison Square, across the way, and catch the ruffle of the wind along the ground quite plainly, as one hears the grass ripple on a breezy summer day.

We broke up at the first corner, and my cigar and I went down the Avenue alone. We plodded slowly enough, for the road was heavy and the snow was soft and deep. The desertion of the street was absolute. The lights were out at the Lotus and the Union Clubs. No policeman was visible. The cats that make their nocturnal rendezvous on our most aristocratic street, as if the vices its human denizens are credited with had infected them, were for the moment modestly retired from observation. Only the hissing whisper of the carbons in the electric lights, and the murmur of the wind, disturbed the quiet. Suddenly a long, shrill, hideous scream rang through the air. It came so suddenly, and was so piercing and unearthly, that it fairly made my nerves jump. Another followed, louder, more conglomerate and discordant, mingled with a jangling of bells, and then, with a Comanche yell, a sleighful of men and women, hurried under blankets, buffalo robes, and bearskins, spinning behind two frantic horses that the driver was lashing into fury with whip and voice, whisked around a corner and slid up the Avenue, greeting me with a derisive invitation to join them as they went by.

Before I got to bed I had encountered half-a-dozen of these vociferous turnouts. Even after I was under cover I heard them going by outside. They were New York's tribute to the first snow of the season, a tribute so invariable that no one nowadays wonders what entertainment men and women can find in tearing through the small hours, at the risk of winding their journey up at a station-house. There must be some fun in it. Perhaps it is condensed within the bottles that form part of the heating apparatus of the sleighs. Where these parties start from and where they terminate I have never been able exactly to define, but I fancy I could make a fairly close guess. That distinctive class of metropolites that lives its life by lamplight and would scarcely know the town if it saw it with the sun gilding its angles, is after all not difficult to analyze or locate, and it would not be true to itself if it did not take the promptest advantage of such a new sensation as the first snowfall that cushions the street for the straps of steel.

Sunday is an off day with the upper ten. It is the worst of bad form with us to drive on the Lord's day. Weather permitting, Dives even goes to church afoot, as if to emphasize his humility by the most ostentatiously unnecessary exhibition of it. Nevertheless, the Avenue to-day was packed with drivers. The snow was soft, and before noon a mizzling thaw began; but snow is snow in New York, and a snowy Sunday must have honor done it. So the milkman got out his sledge, and the grocer set his wagon upon runners, and every livery-stable gave up its store of antiquities for the service of the hour. By noon the plaster on the Avenue was churned into a black paste through which returning turnouts ground their ways painfully over the stones; and I may remark, parenthetically, that although the sale of liquor is forbidden in New York on Sundays, there was no lack of hilarity among the holiday-makers. But perhaps the moisture of the atmosphere may have carried some stimulating property that was acquirable by absorption.

Before New York grew into the enormous furnace it at present is, good sleighing was common enough with us. The snow gets no show now. Formerly it fell and lay where it fell, and packed hard and grew by repeated additions, until it formed a roadbed so smooth and compact that the huge caravan-sleighs that carried you for half a dime up Broadway, sped over it behind their six horses as airily as the lightest cutter can spin behind its mettled team. But, with the spouting of heat from the town's thousand chimneys, the chances of good sleighing-weather now depend entirely on the accident of a cold snap so severe that even the artificial heat of the city and the artificial atmosphere the city creates and envelopes itself in, must yield to its penetrating bitterness. Consequently, a good deal of the winter glory of New York has departed, for though most people who keep their carriages keep a sleigh or two, they do not find it worth their while to preserve the same state on runners that they do on wheels. We may never come to the sleighless condition of London, and we probably never shall. But we shall never see again the barbarically splendid days of the double-decker, and of the afternoon brushes, between crack teams, up the Avenue, that we used to watch behind the windows of old Delmonico's, now, alas! a shop where you may buy cheap furniture on installments, and warranted Turkish carpets for the price of oilcloth.

Oce in a while, during the winter, one of the young fellows from the Russian Legation whizzes through the Park in a native sleigh, whose only recommendation, I should imagine, is that it is different from any sleighs that are built here. Occasionally, you may see the Fyregillts, who are nothing if not picturesque, pelt along in a huge family turnout, with footmen and driver in gorgeous livery, and the fat horses snowballing the passers-by right merrily. On a brisk afternoon, it may be your rare fortune to observe Mrs. Stewpans, or Mrs. Tintag, buried in furs, airing her fortuitous splendors in a pretentious vehicle that shines of money all over, and is as ugly as a sleigh could be made—even as a circus advertisement. For the rest, however, the cutter and the makeshift rule the town.

The cutter provides the horseman with his only substitute for a huggy or road-wagon when the ground is not favorable to wheels. It is a godsend to that numerous class of New

Yorkers, which runs through all grades, from the Vanderbilts and Bonners down to the fourth-ward gin-shop keepers, who could not live without a daily smell of the stable as a tonic and an appetizer. There are big cutters and little ones, handsome and ugly, costly and cheap; but when they get together on the road above the Harlem River, with the snow powdering up in a mist of crystal, and the flash of motion and of color making your eyes twitch as you watch them, they furnish a panorama that is part of the life of the town, and that makes up to spirit and dash for what it lacks of elegance and grace. And when the butcher's sledge, pulled by a high-stepping little horse with a vicious eye, and packed with applefaces swaddled in straw, old bed-quilts, and cast-off stable-blankets, falls in line and commences to tangle the speeders up, you may become conversant with the fact that the fine art of oburgation did not perish with the race of teamsters who showed the railroad the way across the plains and the Sierras. There is excellent reason for this ebullition of ill-humor, though. Considering the amount of evil one of these intruders can work in a pack of spirited beasts, gone wild with the exhilarating stimulus of fresh air and rapid action, one can imagine that the recording angel summons up the convenient tear on many occasions of this sort. Next to the thumping and hammering of the makeshift sleigh, a cutter driven by a woman means most mischief. Among the speeders, I have known old horsemen to draw deliberately out of the line when one of the fair sex made her appearance, handling her horse as she might a lap-dog, and blandly unconscious of the fact that only luck and the beast's good-nature stood between her and wreck. As rare a whip as Commodore Vanderbilt was not ashamed to admit that he would rather meet an elephant on the road than a woman driving in a sleigh, and his son shared the same prejudice.

I remember sitting one afternoon in the glazed balcony at Gabe Case's watching the passing show. The road was in superb condition, and the parade was magnificent. The whole race of horsemen was out. The Bonners, the Vanderbilts, the Jeromes, Russell Sage, Frank Work, Charley Osborne, August Belmont, the Dwyers, the Lorillards, Fred Gehard—in brief it was what the actor might call a full cast. The rhythmic movement of the double line of turnouts was perfect. They went up and came down the broad, level road, that gleamed as if inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in two swift streams that had the perfect harmony of mechanical motion. Of a sudden, a sort of shudder ran through the line. A strange undulation convulsed it and broke its symmetry. Arms went up in excitement, and equipages began to turn out of the ranks. Then a cutter dashed by on one runner, without a driver, and the horse smashed his breast against an eight-foot fence that he had tried to climb like a cat. The road was black with people, and a mounted policeman galloped up and forced a passage between the ranks of sleighs, which were now all in a tangle of snorting and struggling horses, and cursing and shouting drivers. Presently out he came, leading by the head a natty black horse, harnessed to a natty little cutter, in which sat two natty little women, one of them driving with a whip tied with a natty bow of pink ribbon, and both of them smiling their sweetest to the frowning throng. They had only tried to turn out of the inside of the line going up into the line going down, and were amazingly indifferent to the fact that they had started a panic which had killed and wounded as many men's beasts as a Gatling gun might.

The most sweeping raid I ever saw made on the road happened in sleighing time on a fine, crisp, and sunny Sunday. A couple of us had driven out to Judge Smith's for a noonday breakfast, and were waiting for the cutter to be brought around, when along came a milkman's sledge, full of typical toughs. The New York tough is as perfectly defined a type as the San Francisco hoodlum. He may be a thief or only a ruffian, but he is always the incarnation of recklessness and blind indifference to everything but his own brutal and lawless whims. These young fellows, not one of them over twenty, sprawled about the sledge, which was well wadded with straw, hooting their drunken derision to right and left. It took two of them to drive. One held the reins while the other beat the horse—a wretched junk-wagon hack—with the stump of a worn-out whip. The poor beast, goaded to fury by a more severe blow, flung up his heels and kicked his driver off his seat. Then, with the bit between his few remaining teeth, and the lines trailing on the snow, he set off down Jerome Avenue. He mowed the speeders down like grass. Before he was pulled up, the road was scattered thick with wreckage, and half-a-dozen spirited teams had taken fright and started to run amuck on their own account. Not one of the toughs was hurt, of course, and they got off with a night at the station-house, and a police-court fine next day.

Since the institution of the mounted police, things are not as bad in this line as they were. The day was when these marauding hands owned the road if they chose to do so. Just as one sees the coster's harrow and the sweep's cart going to Epsom among the four-in-hands on the Derby Day, so could one see the equipages of the junk-shop and the market, of the butcher's stall and the licensed vendor's list, raising the dust on the road to Jerome among the turnouts of the Avenue. Moreover, these geotry, especially when the cups of the day had been dutifully quaffed, developed a sturdy republican independence that invariably led to trouble on the home trip, and often to serious mishaps. Jakey and Mose are not as numerous with us as they were. Indeed, most of them went into politics or saloons, and now own snappy turnouts of their own. Their successors are a nondescript breed, compounded of the tenement-house and docks, and while they are infinitely worse, they are not so aggressively apparent. You were liable to have a brush with Mose or Jakey any afternoon you took the road. Mickey and Paddy ooly turn out on Sundays, or on such holiday occasions as the first snow constitutes. Then they prime themselves with distillery spirits, ballast their sledge with a supply sufficient to ensure the same number of average citizens a fatal attack of delirium tremens; and if they have higher aspirations to style, qualify their company with the gentler society of any tobacco young ladies or paper-hox factory belles whom they may condescend to honor with their heroic favor. Thus accoutered and arrayed for the fray, you can back ooe horse-load of New York toughs to produce an equivalent result to all the dynamite bombs thrown at the

Haymarket, if it has the opportunity and happens to be in the mood.

There is an ancient rite of the road that belongs with the first snow, and that will go out of use this year, if, indeed it has not already. This is the ceremonial instituted by Gabe Case of rewarding the arrival of the first speeder over the snow with a magnum of champagne. Gabe Case is a publican, and a shrewd one. His house, planted at the side of the road, and with commodious stables and a fair kitchen, has earned a fortune in its day. Summer or winter its harvest has kept up, and it has almost made the name of its host part of our own civic history. Apart from its utility to the driving public, Case's has been a convenience to a very numerous class that enjoys its horsemanship on foot. At all the road-houses there is a regular gathering of pedestrians, who sip their grog, and smoke, and watch the parade, and talk horse as learnedly as if they had rival stables to the magnates of the turf. The first snow brings them in unusual force, probably because the keen weather breeds a certain spirit of geniality in the drivers, conducive to more than usual liberality in that off-hand hospitality which is epitomized by the inquiry, "What'll you take, boys?" The announcement that Gabe Case was to go out of business at the old stand has cast a pall of gloom over these gentry, for it involves the possibility that his successor may not recognize them as valuable accessories to the establishment, so that whatever pleasure the first snow may bring to New York this season, it is not, as you will perceive, without a compensating pain.

However, as we have not had enough of the first snow yet to pass for more than a fair sample, the melancholy of utter desolation may still not have settled on the humbler devotees of the road.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, December 18, 1887.

The analogy between the organ of vision and that of thought is so obvious and familiar that it does not require illustration, (writes Oliver Wendell Holmes in the *Atlantic*.) Now, just at the entrance of the optic nerve is a small circular area, known as the *blind spot*. Certain essential anatomical elements are wanting in this little space; and though the visual image is painted on it, the picture is a blank to the perception. Is there not a blind spot in the organ of intellect as well as that of vision—an *idiotic area*, where ideas are represented, but not transmitted to the intelligent centre? "Think a moment!" we say to a friend who is entertaining some (to us) self-evident absurdity. Paraphrased, this would be: You have got a bit of nonsense on your mental blind spot, your idiotic area. Shift it, if you can, into a place where the mental elements are not deficient, as in that empty region. I must appeal to the experience of others, if they are not conscious of such a blind spot in their intelligence. If they recognize it as a fact that they have such a spot, they can account for many absurdities and contradictions in their own field of thought and that of others. For this idiotic area is the vacant lot where inconsistent, incoherent, unrelated ideas come together and disport themselves, or lie loose, scattered over it. Many simple puzzles and idle fancies find their way there, and claim a right of domicile, until awakened reflection drives them away. Let me give an instance or two. "Excuse me," said the harber to the lantern-jawed man, "if I put my finger in your mouth to press your cheek out." "No, no," said the man he was shaving, "I am afraid you'll bite me." Dean Swift mentions in one of his letters to Stella an odd whim of his own: "I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, 'How could I write when my mouth was full?'" In the persons we call "absent-minded," the idiotic area extends over a wider space than it covers in most individuals. When John Stuart Mill suggested the possibility of a universe where two and two would make five, I should have wished to hint in a modest and civil way that this supposition had the idiotic area as its natural habitat.

The Chinese question is becoming troublesome, and is assuming a secondary form. Collector Hager has broken out with it, and Mayor Pond, Tom Cluioe, Mr. Kern, Mr. Joost, Max Popper, and Herman Gutstadt are all covered with political pimples, which indicate internal fevers and threaten eruptive sores. The collector of customs and the newspapers have succeeded in getting up enough of false clamor over the admission of Chinese by the Federal judges, to make it profitable for a small class of small politicians to attempt the renewal of political agitation by playing second fiddle to Denis Kearney, and proclaiming over again that the Chinese must go. We do not so much object to parting with the Chinese, as we do to the retention of the political Dutch and the Pope's Irish. Only think of Herman Gutstadt and Max Popper objecting to any nationality having the same privileges upon American soil as they enjoy themselves. Governor Waterman, in response to an invitation to appear in this Democratic dress-rehearsal, conveyed rather a sarcastic hint when he suggested that there was another immigration coming to our shores "more deleterious," "worse," and "more objectionable" than that from the Chinese Empire, and that it was coming from the native land of Herman Gutstadt and Max Popper. If Mr. Hager and his mutual admiration society do not call off their dogs from the Federal Judges it may become necessary to treat this new Chinese agitation more seriously, and analyze the motives that lie beneath the movement more seriously than we have yet been felt called upon to do.

A Pittsburg married man proposes to take out a patent on a little device of his for getting rid of ugly domestics. His wife, like so many of her sex, has a horror for a pretty parlor-maid, and stocks her house with servants remarkable for their ill-looks. Now, when she engages a girl of unusual ferocity and hideousness, her husband remarks in the stilly watches of the night: "My dear, where did you get that new girl? She is as pretty as Hebe. What an arm she has, and what an ankle!" That settles it; the new girl goes next day.

A chief of division in the Pension Office, hailing from Indiana, several days ago posted the following notice in a conspicuous place in his office: "Hereafter I don't want one of my hands to walk about the corduroys during office hours."

POLITICS IN FRANCE.

"Parisina" describes Paris in the Delirium of a Political Fever.

Paris, this last week, has been suffering from a sharp, severe attack of political fever. It took the malady in its most virulent form, which not only paralyzed its members and rendered it incapable of transacting the usual business of life, but sent its blood capering madly through its veins to the brain, obscuring the mental vision, and causing delirium and the most extraordinary hallucinations. The disease was at its height on Saturday; on Sunday morning the crisis had passed, and the patient pronounced to be in a fair way to recovery, thanks to the marvellous cure wrought by a new physician—Sadi-Carnot by name.

In the first place, a gentleman who for ten years had been respected and honored as the President of the French Republic, is attacked on all sides at once. The Chambers enter into a conspiracy against him. Not a single man of them all can be found to form a cabinet, they all refuse with admirable ensemble to serve under him, to have anything to do with him any more, although, search as they will, they actually find nothing against him, save the fact that he married his only daughter to one Daniel Wilson, accused, though not convicted, of having accepted payment for favors awarded. They no longer hesitate to tell him plainly that he no longer suits them, that he must resign then and there. He does not see it of course; who would? Grévy is constitutional if he is anything, and he questions the loyalty of these proceedings. Again—who would not? He tells them, politely, he will see them further. They retreat in good order, but not a whit less determined. Then it is the turn of the press and the mob. The most infamous libels are printed and circulated. The same men who found excuses for Generals d'Audlan and Caffarel and their ignoble associates, and who entertained La Limousin at breakfast—laughed at her jokes and asked her opinion of men high in office, and believed everything she chose to gull them with—came the high-minded, moral dodge, when the president was concerned. Oh, I assure you, it was delightful to hear them wield the adjectives. The crowd took up the hue and cry, and society chimed in. Whenever one went into conservative or republican drawing-rooms it was the same: "Why does he not go? Was there ever anyone so hard to dislodge?" Surprise, astonishment, derision, were manifest right and left. He wanted a month's notice! And to hear them you might have supposed President Grévy was the paid servant of each Paris citizen. On the Boulevards your ears were assailed with moans and groans, wretched beings in rags presumed to personify the chief of the state, and recite doggerel verses anent the miseries of having a son-in-law. The word *gendre* would not be used save in reference to Wilson, only Daniel was forgotten in the much greater unpopularity of the father-in-law. At last, human nature could not long withstand the united forces of the Chambers backed by public opinion, and, as you know, Grévy was persuaded into promising to send a message which should contain his resignation. You all know how the Parliament met on that fateful Thursday, and how when anticipation had reached its highest pitch, M. Rouvier appeared *without* the message. I daresay you are wondering what was the meaning of this little shake of policy, and why President Grévy came to disappoint his enemies in this way. I will give you the key of the mystery.

Rochefort, for reasons best known to himself, has, for a long time past, vowed an undying hatred to Ferry. For months and months after his fall, *L'Intransigeant* appeared every morning with a fulminating article against *l'homme du Tonquin*, and his ferocity, instead of wearing itself out, fed on the food its own bitterness provided. It is only quite lately that Grévy was elevated to the dignity of Turk's head in the place of Ferry. When the message was announced, and Rochefort discovered that his mortal enemy had a very good chance of becoming president, his wrath knew no bounds. What, that man! No, a thousand times, no! It was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire with a vengeance, to have got rid of President Grévy only to place Ferry on the vacant throne. Quick! there was no time to be lost. Out went invitations to dinner to half-a-dozen of his cronies; Clemenceau and General Boulanger accepted with the rest, and the conspirators met at Durand's—the restaurant on the Place de la Madeleine. A plot must be hatched out quickly, Grévy must be persuaded to keep back his resignation, he must be communicated with forthwith. It was ticklish work, because, you see, the attack had been so extremely virulent. It was not possible for *L'Intransigeant* to turn its coat from one day to another, it would really seem too barefaced, though Rochefort is not one to stick at such trifles as honor and dignity. Yet to-morrow's paper, redolent of invectives, was ready for the press. "Here, *garçon!* a telegraph blank!" cries the host, and immediately writes, "Suppress the epithets," and addressed it to his sub-editor. So M. Grévy, in the ensuing issue of the paper, instead of being described as that "drivelling old man," became an unqualified "old man," the Elysée a palace, not a "fox's lair," and when M. Rouvier called to fetch the message, he found that the president had "been assured of a very decided reaction in his favor." True, in the meantime, the ball thrown by M. Rochefort had been caught and tossed anew by the *Figaro* and other *soi-disant* Conservative organs, always glad of an excuse for making mischief and setting Republicans by the ears, and there was a show of relenting toward M. Grévy outside the walls of the Chamber of Deputies. None inside, however. Even Clemenceau and the member for Belleville dared not openly espouse his cause in the face of their colleagues. So that, when Rouvier appeared empty-handed, the House was very wroth, and it would adjourn until the president thought fit to fulfill his promise, anent the message.

Thursday was dubbed the "Day of Dupes." It is never pleasant to feel that you have been "done," and the deputies chose to consider M. Grévy had tricked them; befooled them with his smooth promises. The fact was, it was diamond cut diamond. You see, the ex-president is an old hand. He knows all the parliamentary tricks, and perhaps he thought if he could only hold the Elysée under for forty-eight hours or so, the tide might turn altogether in his favor.

His last card was certainly the hatred of the Radicals for Ferry. However, M. Rouvier and the rest of the ministers were peremptory. They must and would have the message with the resignation, and before the sun set on that memorable Day of Dupes, Rouvier, slapping his pockets, told the friends he met that he had got it all safe there.

Then up rose Ferry's enemies, hydra-headed. That arch-agitator Deroulède shrieked himself hoarse. "A bas Ferry!" sounded from one end of Paris to another. Not an urchin in the city but what took up the cry. "A bas Ferry," and "A l'eau Ferry!" "Duck him!" "Drown him!" The Municipal Council—radicals and anti-Ferrists almost to a man—did not mince matters; if Ferry was elected President, they would proclaim the Commune. Deroulède carried the cry into the lobbies of the house. "Give your voice to *l'homme du Tonquin*, and I will myself invade the Chambers at the head of the people!" He had to be called to order by the officials on duty. And while this crack-brained politician was inveighing against the principal candidate, another half-witted enthusiast, Louise Michel, suddenly popped down from a tram-car and was vociferating on the same air at the door; and when the police forced her to move on she reappeared by the staircase which leads from the quays and began again. Again she was beaten off, to return a third time by an omnibus from an opposite direction. Anything more ludicrous than this persistence on the part of Louise can hardly be imagined. In the end the police lost patience, and had she not consented at last to go away in earnest, she would have been carried off again to St. Lazare prison.

So the message was read at last, and M. Grévy was no longer President of the Republic. The wretched beings in rags ceased to groan on the boulevards, and the whole attention of "La Rue" was given to Ferry. All that day no one talked of Grévy. Several hours before he quitted the palace he had ceased to interest the Parisians, who were thinking only of who should be his successor.

Mme. Grévy, a notable housewife, had made all preparations for departure. She drove away herself early in the afternoon, but it was not before five o'clock that the ex-president, wrapped in a thick overcoat, went his way out into the cold. A pair of prancing bays were drawn up in the courtyard, the military household was assembled in the vestibule, a few loiterers were hanging about outside in the street. Twenty minutes later the bays had whirled M. Grévy and his fortunes to the Trocadéro, and the father-in-law and *le gendre* were once more under one roof.

The constitution does not allow much time for canvassing on the part of possible candidates. Immediately upon the retirement or death of the president, a Congress must be called and some one elected in his place. The Congress meets at Versailles. Most of the deputies and senators went off early in the morning, though the meeting was fixed for two o'clock, and we in Paris were left with our anxieties, our hopes, and fears. Not exactly at the mercy of the rabble, for the garrison had been strengthened and the troops, who had had skirmishes with the mob the previous evening, were on foot and watchful.

At midday we learned that Ferry was the favored candidate. Even the Right had determined to vote for him, because—as Mgr. Freppel put it, patriotically—his nomination would be sure to lead to anarchy, and therefore it was the duty of all true-hearted conservatives to give him their votes.

This was hardly reassuring. Freycinet stood next best. Sadi-Carnot was fourth or fifth on the list. Then when the time came for the opening of the Congress, we were informed that Carnot was ahead of all his compeers.

The fact was, "La Rue" had gained the day. In the face of possible revolution, the courage of the Chambers had failed them. Freycinet was passed over, and Sadi-Carnot, a man who has never played any conspicuous part in politics, was chosen. It is a severe blow both to Ferry and Freycinet. The latter feels it most. He has always hoped to be President one day, all his policy has been toward that end, and it has led him to *ménager la chèvre et le chou*—to curry favors with the goat and the cabbage, so that he has managed to lose the friendship of both.

When the result of the elections was known, we all felt rather ashamed of our fears. Was there really revolution in the air, or was it a false alarm? Had Ferry been the happy man, would there be fighting now on the barricades? Was that imposing display of military all for nothing? Our fever fit was over; and, having regained our presence of mind, we began to wonder what kind of man we had got for a President. An honest man, says every one. The wags declare that Sadi-Carnot was that *rara avis*, and, having that inestimable boon, a single honest man, vouchsafed to us, it was quite right and proper that he should have the reins placed in his hands.

Physically, Carnot—in becoming President he drops the curious, unchristian name of Sadi—is rather below the middle height, his hair is dark, his beard thick and black. In manner he is extremely diffident. At school he carried off all the prizes; he reaped honors at the Ecole Polytechnique; he was a very excellent Minister of Public Works, and an equally excellent Minister of Finance. Yet no one would ever have dreamed of electing him President, if it had not been for the late scandals, and for the determined stand made by the Radicals against Ferry.

Sadi is the grandson of the Conventiennal Carnot, the man whom Lord Brougham admired above all the men of the First Revolution. His father, who played a part in '48, is still alive—the oldest man in the French Senate. He is married—his wife is the daughter of the economist, Dupont White—and he has two children, a son in the army, and a married daughter. So there is a *gendre* after all! I fancy I have said all there is to say about Sadi-Carnot—or rather President Carnot—when I have added that he is a man of means. Carnot, the grandfather, left some money which, by care and economy, has grown into a tolerable fortune. There will be no influx of impecunious relatives to fear. But somehow I doubt whether the palace will be any the gayer for the change of hosts. Carnot is not a man of the world, and Mme. Carnot does not seem, from all accounts, to be much fonder of society than Mme. Grévy. Had Mme. Ferry queneed it at the Elysée, there would have been some hope for the young folks. But it is hard to please both "La Rue" and "Le Salon."

PARIS, December 3, 1887.

OLD FAVORITES.

Holy-Cross Day.

On which the Jews were forced to attend an annual mass and sermon in Rome.

Fee, faw, fum! hubble and squeak!
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week.
Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savory, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-time!

Boh, here's Barnabas! Job, that's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?
Shame, man! greedy beyond your years
To handsel the bishop's shaving-shears.
Fair play's a jewel! Leave friends in the lurch?
Stand on a line ere you start for the church!

Higgledy piggedly, packed we lie,
Kats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve.
Hist! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog!
I liken his Grace to an acorned hog.
What, a hoy at his side, with the bloom of a lass,
To help and handle my lord's hour-glass!
Didst ever behold so lithe a chine?
His cheek hath laps like a fresh-singed swine.

Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,
Or somebody deal him a dig in the paunch!
Look at the purse with the tassel and knob,
At the gown with the angel and thingumbob!
What's he at, quotha? reading his text!
Now you've his cursey—and what comes next?

See to our converts—you doomed black dozen—
No stealing away—nor cog nor cozen!
You five, that were thieves, deserve it fairly;
You seven, that were heggars, will live less sparsely;
You took your turn and dipped in the hat,
Got fortune—and fortune gets you; mind that!

Give your first groan—compunction's at work;
And soft! from a Jew you mount to a Turk.
Lo, Micah—the selfsame heard on chin
He was four times already converted in!
Here's a knife, clip quick—it's a sign of grace—
Or he ruins us all with his hanging-face.

Whom now is the bishop a-leering at?
I know a point where his text falls pat.
I'll tell him to-morrow, a word just now
Went to my heart and made me vow
I meddle no more with the worst of trades—
Let somebody else pay his serenades.

Groan all together now, whee—hee—hee!
It's a-work, it's a-work, ah, woe is me!
It began when a herd of us, picked and placed,
Were spurred through the Congo, stripped to the waist;
Jew bruises, with sweat and blood well spent
To usher in worthily Christian Lent.

It gelled, when the hangman entered our bounds,
Yelled, pricked us out to his church like hounds:
It got to a pitch, when the hand indeed
Which gutted my purse, would throttle my creed:
And it overflows, when, to even the odd,
Men I helped to their sins, help me to their God.

But now, while the scapegoats leave our flock,
And the rest sit silent and count the clock,
Since forced to muse the appointed time—
On these precious facts and truths sublime—
Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,
In saying Ben Ezra's Song of Death.

For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,
Called sons and sons' sons to his side,
And spoke, "This world has been harsh and strange;
Something is wrong; there needeth a change.
But what, or where? at the last or first?
In one point only we sinned, at worst."

"The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.
When Judah beholds Jerusalem,
The stranger-seed shall be joined to them:
To Jacob's House shall the Gentiles cleave.
So the Prophet saith, and his sons believe."

"Ay, the children of the chosen race
Shall carry and bring them to their place:
In the land of the Lord shall lead the same,
Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall blame,
When the slaves enslave, the oppressed ones o'er
The oppressor triumph forevermore?"

"God spoke, and gave us the word to keep:
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
Mid a faithless word—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was set:
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet."

"Thou! if thou wast he, who at mid-watch came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious name!
And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
With fear—O thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—"

"Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause! and not more thine
Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine.
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain thee in word, and defy thee in deed!"

"We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstood Barnabas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared,
To have called these—Christians, had we dared!
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!"

"By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship—"

"We boast our proof that at least the Jew
Would wrest Christ's name from the Devil's crew.
Thy face took never so deep a shade
But we fought them in it, God our aid!
A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band,
South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land!"

—Robert Browning.

VANITY FAIR.

The postmaster of one of the three great cities that practically compose New York was spoken to by the father of a young girl, modest, but a little inclined toward rebellion because forbidden to correspond with a young man of her acquaintance. The parents, seeing no more letters come to the house, supposed their daughter was all obedience, but she had confessed that she was still exchanging letters. "Well," said the postmaster, "there it is again—that satanic dial window. You do not begin to appreciate the harm it does. But what can we do? There must be a window, call it what you will, where men and women and boys and girls having no permanent address can call for letters addressed simply in the care of the post-office. It is necessary and good that the convenience be kept up, my dear sir. The clerk at that window in this office is trying to lessen the harm of that window, and what he is doing has my approval, but every such effort is unwarranted in law. He says to the girls and married women who give different names of different persons as their own names. 'You can have the letters for Sarah Stewart, but you must always be Sarah Stewart after this if you take them. You can not come to-morrow and ask for letters for Sarah Watkins.' He does that, and holds back lots of letters, but he has no right to. In your relative's case, if she is under age and her parents or guardian ask us not to deliver letters to her we can hold them back or deliver them to her elders, but all the women who are of age can keep on misusing the government's service, and there is no lawful way to stop them."

A great deal has been said about Washington belles, but in point of fact nearly all of them are to be found among the married women. Marriageable men at the capital are in the minority, and all the society beaux may fairly be styled detriments. Being too poor to marry, they fear to compromise themselves by attentions to pretty but portionless girls, and therefore devote themselves to maturer sirens who are already safely appropriated.

Since Tolstoi's works grew popular the rage for everything Russian has been steadily growing, and now Russomania is threatening to rival Anglomania. Mrs. Willie Vanderhilt's sister wore a Russian peasant's dress at Narragansett Pier two summers ago, and at that time it was called "perfectly hideous," but now it is being widely copied. It is made of dark-blue cambric, with a narrow plain skirt embroidered in red cross-stitch. The bodice is gathered full at the throat and waist, and has a broad embroidered belt, and the long, open sleeves are entirely covered with needle-work. An apron, so large that it is almost an over-dress, is made in the same fashion, and drawn high on one side with full red bows. These are the dresses young girls will wear at teas, where the beverage will be poured from a *samovar* into cut-glass tumblers instead of cups, and with thin slices of lemon floating in them. The married women when they serve tea will wear Russian tea-gowns, which are trailing robes of white silk, trimmed down the front and around the neck and heels with a broad band of black fur. They will call their teas *brassnick*, and will serve the drink boiling hot, as is the fashion in the land of the Czar. Russian music will be all the rage, too, and the hands which play at receptions are already practicing the compositions of Dvorak and the other Russian composers. Small and select ladies' luncheons will be intensely Russian, and this is the manner of them: After the usual consommé, hird, salad, and ice are served, boiling hot coffee in little jugs, with a spoon, a package of Turkish cigarettes, and a Russian torch on a small individual tray. The idea is to sip the coffee between the puffs of the cigarette.

Mrs. Robert Goelet, two or three years ago, attempted to introduce an innovation in the way of selecting the guests for a ball. This was to ask only men to her hall who had called on her. Mrs. Charles Worthington gave a ball the same night, asking all the men she knew, and the consequence was that the girls at Mrs. Goelet's sat on the stairs and in the dressing-room in rows, and longed for their carriages, while those at Mrs. Worthington's ball danced themselves into a state of coma, there being at least six men to every woman, while at the Goelet dance there were about six women to every man.

Théo, whose great charm is that she can sing the most *risqué* concert-hall songs with the innocent guilelessness of a sucking dove, has just appeared in a new play at the Gaieté in Paris, in which she is more merrily and artlessly naughty than ever. Though she must be nearing forty, it is said that she looks purely girlish in the costume in which she makes her first entrance. She is supposed to be on her way to Biarritz, and as she appears her dress is hidden under a *cache-poussière* of changeable turquoise-blue silk. She throws this aside at once and displays herself arrayed in a soft silver-gray silk. The plain skirt is bunched up near the waist, making the latter look particularly slender. Around the edge of the skirt there is a wide embroidery of white silken Marguerites and with black and gold centres. The sleeves are puffed, and over the bosom is crossed a little white silk-mull 'kerchief, also worked with daisies. She wears long, wrinkled, gray gloves, and a wide straw hat trimmed with black lace and a long wreath of the white hlosoms, and looks hewitchingly girlish from under the brim. In the next act she appears in a costume of the palest blue gauze striped with silver. It is confined about the waist with a broad silver girdle; the high heels of her blue satin slippers are silvered, and she wears between forty and fifty bangles on her arms, each but the merest silver thread.

There are a few well-defined rules of procedure (says the New York *Star*) which, if carefully observed, will spare the man in search of a wife much sorrow and remorse. In the first place, see the girl you intend to honor as early in the morning as possible, and note whether she is fresh and tidy or limp and frowzy. Watch how she treats her pets—her dog, her canary, her little sisters. Discover what she eats and drinks, and make yourself certain whether she bathes frequently or uses perfumery. Remember if she makes a habit of walking or driving. Inform yourself whether she

notes upon Owen Meredith and Henry James, or reads Longfellow and Fenimore Cooper. Walk her up a hill as fast as you can and dance a whole waltz through with her, and mark if she allows herself breathing room, and wears tight slippers. Familiarize yourself with her father's affairs and her mother's temper; and then, when you've found a girl who is neat, trim, true, healthy, wealthy, and wise, sail in and win her.

There was a case in the paper the other day (says London *Truth*), in which it appeared that a lady's maid, named Vincent, had been dismissed for refusing to lace her mistress's hoots. Now, it seems to my unsophisticated mind, that this valeting, whether male or female, and whether the valet be a prison-warder or not, is a very poor business on both sides, and quite as degrading to the valeted as to the valet. I don't think that I should like to be stripped or dressed by another person. I have never known which to pity more accurately, Morgan setting up Major Pendennis, or the Major being set up by Morgan. I remember once at a little inn in the north of Italy I asked for a cigar, and the obliging waiter brought it to me lit. I thought this was going too far at the time. But, after all, it was only the principle of valeting carried to its logical conclusion.

From present appearances, the dances this winter (says the New York *Sun*) promise to keep more unreasonable hours than ever before. Midnight is well advanced before carriages begin to arrive at Delmonico's door, and supper is seldom over before two o'clock in the morning. Then comes the cotillion, with its innumerable figures, and the young feet which fly through its mazes are seldom at rest before five o'clock. This is literally killing work, and the consequence will be complete exhaustion for the women before the season is half over, and the gradual retirement of the young men, who have their way to make in the world, from all dancing duties or pleasures. To go to bed at five and rise again at eight o'clock refreshed, is a physical impossibility, and what is gained to society or individuals by the introduction of foreign customs into a community whose habits of life are so widely divergent, it would puzzle a social autocrat to say. The hour for dining has been growing later for several years, and seven o'clock for family dinners and eight o'clock for formal banquets are now fashionable. But even so, the margin is wider than it used to be for the hall-goers. No dinner can spread itself over more than two hours without detriment to the cheerfulness and enjoyment of the guests—so that where a party propose to go together to a hall either a dreary interval of waiting must occur, or the dinner must be delayed till nine o'clock, all of which is very silly.

The new Parisian lingerie for trousseaux is pure white and made of the very finest possible lawn, finer than even the most fastidious and extravagant among us have ever yet been able to obtain, (writes a lady from the French capital.) Once more the laundress will have her rightful duty to perform. Those heliotrope and vieux-rose under-garments were, of course, very smart, but were, none the less, a horror to all right-minded persons. Washing-day seemed a date non-existent with regard to either of them, or at all events placed in the remote past and the dim future. The climax was reached by black baptiste trimmed with black lace. A well-known milliner says that she nearly fainted one day when a lady who had come to be "tried on" revealed herself as clothed in black below her finery. The sight caused a sort of mental shock; all that seems natural, all ideas of cleanliness and freshness, vanished before it. Now the change has come, and it is welcome. In a magnificent trousseau just lately turned out in Paris, the lingerie was all pure white, made of this soft fine lawn, and with no lace or embroidery on it whatever. The sleeves were full and tied with colored ribbons, and the *sacs de nuit* had wide sailor collars—not flat, but rolled over at the neck, which is much more becoming—and full fronts tied with ribbons.

Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the secretary, when she went to Washington, promptly invented one of the greatest labor-saving devices in existence, and she hasn't taken out any patent on it either. She calls this invention "the professional visitor." The heaviest duty falling upon a woman in society anywhere, but more particularly in Washington, is that of making calls. A wife of one of the ministers has on her own day an average of six hundred callers. They live at the four points of the compass, and when the day is done there is a mountain of pasteboard in the card-receiver in the hall, which no tired hostess has any time to look over and balance with her visiting-book. But the young woman who is hired for this purpose arrives just about the time the last caller departs, and carries off the pasteboards and the visiting-book. When she returns next day, the latter is carefully balanced, all new names and addresses neatly inscribed, and on two or three type-written sheets are grouped the names of all the people who live near each other or have similar days for being at home, and with this list in her carriage the cabinet lady can economize tremendously both in time and labor in returning all her calls. Sometimes the young woman, who is generally a pleasant, presentable person—a lady in reduced circumstances—undertakes the work of going and strewing these pasteboards about town when her employer is too tired or busy to make her own calls; but when she can, Mrs. Whitney endeavors to do this work herself. She invented it when driven by the pressure of social duties in Washington, but many of the New York women have taken it up, to find it an infinite relief. These young women keep themselves carefully informed on all social matters, and are of the greatest assistance in making out lists and directing cards when there is to be a marriage, a dance, or a big tea or reception in the house of her employer. Her services can be extended indefinitely, and the longer one has a professional visitor the more uses she can be put to.

Once upon a time the Duke of Wellington, when accused of being an Irishman, made a stiff denial of the accusation. "But weren't you born in Ireland?" asked his accuser. "I was," replied his grace, "but if a man happened to be born in a stable, do you call him a horse? I am an Englishman!" cried the duke, "wherever I was born."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tin Horn—"Hello, Drum, I hear that you've been beaten?" *Drum*—"Oh, you be blowed!"—*Life*.

"Shall we stick to the farm?" asks a rural exchange. You will be likely to in wet weather, unless you pave it.—*Omaha World*.

One way for this country to reduce its cash surplus would be to buy a foot or two of Kansas City ground.—*Nebraska State Journal*.

At the museum. *Mrs. N.*—"My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apollinaris."—*Life*.

Of Amherst's ninety-three freshmen, but seventeen smoke tobacco. It is inferred that the other seventy-six smoke cigarettes.—*Norristown Herald*.

Proud father—"I believe, my dear, that that baby knows as much as I do." *Mother* (gazing at the infant)—"Yes, poor little fellow."—*New York Sun*.

A few wealthy Chinamen are trying to control the laundry business of a far western city, we are told by an exchange. It should be called an Ah Syndicate.—*Puck*.

The old, old story boiled down: *She* (early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." *Same she* (late in the evening)—"Good night, George."—*New York Sun*.

"Papa," asked little Bobby McSwilligen, "what is a railroad pool?" "A railroad pool, Johnny," replied McSwilligen, "is where they water the stock."—*Boston Budget*.

Boston mamma—"You mustn't speak of your legs, Flossie, when we have company, it isn't polite." *Flossie*—"What should I say, mamma, drum-sticks?"—*New York Sun*.

Young Mr. Sissy (on board of the *Fleetwing*)—"Yesh, Miss Maude, this is (hic) centreboard yacht. Didn't you (hic) know that?" *Miss Maude*—"No, I was under the impressio that it is a sideboard yacht."—*New York Sun*.

According to an old superstition of the Mediaeval Church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crows so persistently in the early morning hours is because the morning papers are being set up.—*Life*.

An exchange has an article headed "How to Make a Japanese Fan." "One good way would be to dress a Japanese in a buffalo-robe, put a mustard-plaster on his scalp, and then stand him over the register."—*Somerville Journal*.

Woman (to tramp, sharply)—"You don't seem to like that soup. Ain't it good?" *Tramp*—"Yes, it's good-flavored, mum, but there ain't quite hody enough to it. Could't you wash a couple more dishes in it?"—*New York Sun*.

Smith—"Hello, Jones! you don't look very well this morning." *Jones*—"And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar-buttoes before I found out the mistake."—*Judge*.

She (to George, who is taking her out for a ride and whose horse has balked)—"Don't be annoyed, George; have patience, and he will move on presently." *He*—"Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for this measly horse by the hour."—*New York Sun*.

Muggers is one of those cast-iron foundry floods who will insist on decorating their grounds with examples of their production. *Friend*—(who has been invited to pass the night)—"Pleasant little place, my boy; but isn't it a trifle near the graveyard?"—*Puck*.

"Give me some particulars about the fauna and flora of your region," said a Boston lady to a Florida hotel-keeper. And the poor man hemmed and hawed, and finally said: "We get all our meats direct from New York, and set the best table ever seen in the place."—*Hotel Gazette*.

He (just introduced)—"What a very homely man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson." *Mrs. Hobson*—"Why! That is Mr. Hobson." *He* (equal to the occasion)—"Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives."—*New York Sun*.

"Come, John, get up," said his wife, briskly, "it's seven o'clock. You said you would get up at seven." "I kn—know it, my dear," acquiesced sleepy John, "but it was last night when I said it. It's easy enough to get up early the night before; and he turned over and went to sleep again."—*Puck*.

Mr. Bonnavaur—"I can't be mistaken. Isn't this Mrs. Coolbroth of Chicago?" *Mrs. J.-K.-C.-W.-L.*—"It was when I was introduced to you, but the Coolbroth came in after the second divorce proceedings, and there have been two since. I am now Mrs. Jenkins-Killingly-Coolbroth-Wilkins-Laker."—*Judge*.

Eastern hotel clerk—"What did 938 want?" *Hall boy*—"Nothin'. He didn't ring. Must be some other number, sir. He said he didn't ring, and didn't want anything, and he says he's very comfortable, sir." "Very comfortable! He's got one of the cheapest rooms in the house. Go turo the heat off."—*Omaha World*.

Friend—"Why, Wheeler, what a state you're in! Had an accident?" *Bicyclist*—"Yes, slightly. In that race against time yesterday. I broke my machine, my head, two fingers, a rib—" *Friend*—"Hold on, for heaven's sake! Was there anything you didn't break?" *Bicyclist* (sadly)—"Yes, the record!"—*Tid Bits*.

Mother—"And if I tell you the story about the babe in the manager and the wise meo from the East, Bobby, will you go to sleep?" *Bobby* (after studying for a moment)—"No, ma, you tell me the story about Jack the Giant Killer first, and I'll go to sleep while you're telling about the babe in the manager."—*Texas Siftings*.

Husband (to wife)—"Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling-block to the advancement of his son in life?" *Wife*—"I certainly do. Thank heaven, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way. But what are you looking for, my dear?" *Husband*—"My hat."—*New York Sun*.

Wife—"I am afraid, my dear, that Clara's quarrel with young Mr. Sampson is a very serious matter." *Husband*—"Nonsense; they will be as devoted as ever in a few days." *Wife*—"No, John. I think you are mistaken. No girl will quarrel with her lover just before Christmas, unless there are good and sufficient reasons for it."—*New York Sun*.

"Speaking of mushrooms and toadstools, gentlemen," chimed in Dumley, "a friend of mine not long ago gathered a quantity of what he supposed were mushrooms, and took 'em home. His wife cooked 'em, and the whole family ate heartily of 'em." "And did they all die?" inquired the crowd, very much shocked. "No, they happened to be mushrooms, you see," replied Dumley, with a far-away look in his eyes, "but it was a narrow escape."—*New York Sun*.

"You will come to our fair to-morrow evening, Mr. Sampson, of course," she said, with a hewitching smile, "and you must bring lots of money with you." Mr. Sampson was so overcome by the smile that he was on his knees before he knew it, and presently everything was as it should be. "George, dear," the girl said, later on, and she said it thoughtfully, "perhaps it will be as well for you not to bring too much money to-morrow evening. We ought both to practice economy, you know."—*New York Sun*.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of reference, "the hookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he can't get at his books." "Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember." "Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?" "Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know." "And is the other all right?" "Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is to the safe, sir."—*Boston Transcript*.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have played sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

New Publications.

"Winklebach's Hotel," a California story by A. M. Fleming, of Old Coto, Inyo County, California, has been published and is for sale by the Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"Katharine Regina," a novel by Walter Besant, has been published in the Franklin Square Library, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

Robert Southey's "Colloquies on Society" is the latest reprint of the English classics in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Only a Year and What it Brought," by Jane Andrews, an absorbing story for children, has been published in book form, with illustrations, by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, \$1.00.

"Baker's Humorous Speaker," comprising recitations in Yankee, English, Irish, negro, and other dialects, edited by George M. Baker, and a second edition of "Vocal and Action-Language," by E. N. Kirby, have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.00 and \$1.25, respectively.

"Lotus and Jewel" is the title of Edwin Arnold's latest book of poems. It contains "In an Indian Temple," a long dramatic poem; "A Casket of Gems," a collection of verses arranged to form an anagram; and a number of shorter poems, chiefly Oriental in subject, with translations from Victor Hugo and Eastern poets. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

The series of papers on "Family Living on \$500 a Year," which Miss Juliet Corson has been contributing to *Harper's Bazar*, have been collected and published in book-form. The book is intended as a "daily reference-book for young and inexperienced housekeepers," and many matrons will find in it valuable hints on domestic management. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Benjamin Franklin," by John Bach McMaster, is the latest volume in the series of American Men of Letters. Professor McMaster's thorough knowledge of the times in which Franklin lived gave him a peculiar fitness to be "Poor Richard's" biographer, and though the field has been pretty thoroughly worked, he has presented Franklin's life, chiefly considering his career as a man of letters, in a fresh and pleasing manner. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, \$1.25.

Two more books have been added to the already long list of translations from the Russian, "A Russian Proprietor" and "The Vagrant." The first contains a number of short stories and an unfinished novel by Tolstoy, translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. The second introduces to America a new writer, Vladimir Korolenko, a realist of the Gogol school; it contains a biographical sketch of the writer and a half-dozen Siberian sketches, translated by Mrs. Aline Delano. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50 and \$1.25, respectively.

"The Blue-Jackets of 1812," by Willis J. Abbott, is a naval history of our last war with Great Britain, growing out of the impressment of Americans into the British navy, preceded by some account of the war with France in 1798. While not bringing to light anything absolutely new, Mr. Abbott has culled material from widely scattered sources, and made a valuable addition to one of the special branches of our history. The book is vividly written, and the text is aided by a number of illustrations; the latter are odd and striking in style, some being photographic reproductions of W. C. Jackson's designs, apparently originally in water-colors, while others are after McVickar's delicate pen drawings. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$3.00.

A new collection of the poems of the late Edward Rowland Sill has been published. In 1868, Mr. Sill published his first collection of verses, but he regarded them with disfavor and did not include any of them, we believe, in the "Venus of Milo and Other Poems" which he had printed for private circulation just before he left California for the last time, in 1883. The present collection comprises five from the first volume, a large portion of the contents of the second, and a few selected from among the many poems Mr. Sill contributed, over his own name and anonymously, to various periodicals during the past four or five years. Care has been taken to select the best of Mr. Sill's poems, and the result is an excellent book. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.00.

Several papers from E. B. Washburne's "Recollections of a Minister to France" were an important factor in the success of the new *Scribner's* magazine. The "recollections" have now appeared, complete, in two large and handsome volumes. Minister Washburne was neither a brilliant man of the world nor a crafty diplomatist, but he was a honest man of solid parts; and his character and his official position gave him the best opportunities to watch the hurried drama of French history, from the fall of the Empire in 1869 to the death of Thiers in 1877. The siege of Paris and the Commune are the most interesting periods of this history; but Mr. Washburne has made it all vivid and absorbing by bringing before us distinctly the circumstances and the personalities that at that time focused the eyes of the world upon Paris. The illustrations, portraits, and fac-simile reproductions of manuscripts are numerous, and the paper and typography are all a book-lover could wish. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

There is always a large public interest in the personality of any popular writer, and that alone would make Robert Louis Stevenson's "Memories and Portraits" widely read, for the book, though a volume of essays, is in reality a autobiography. These sixteen sketches are pictures of his early home, his friends among men and books, and the many influences that have contributed to make him what he is—a writer of such poetical and imaginative qualities, of such originality and purity of style, as is hard to match in these times. The last chapter, "A Humble Remonstrance," is avowedly not closely connected with its predecessors; but it is a welcome complement to them, for in it Mr. Stevenson exhibits some of his ideas of fiction writing. This book is published in the new Author's Edition, which includes two other volumes of essays, "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," and "Virginian Puerique," and two of his books of short stories, "The New Arabian Nights" and "More New Arabian Nights," the latter written in collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson—thought what part the good lady could have played in their construction it is difficult to guess from the story she published in a magazine a few months ago. The books are excellently printed, and are bound in handsome red cloth covers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company and by Strickland & Pierson.

Some Magazines.

A steel portrait of Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") forms the frontispiece of the *Atlantic* for January. The number opens with the first chapter of "Yone Sinto: A Child of Japan," a new serial story by Edward H. House. "The Secret," a poem by Mr. Lowell, will attract attention. Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Franklin, to his brother printer, Strahan, of England, are full of value and significance, and throw a new light upon provincial politics and society. "The Despot of Broomfield Cove," a new story by Charles Egbert Craddock, is begun in this number. There are descriptive articles on Southern California, by Charles Dudley Warner, and on Constantinople by

Theodore Child. There is a postscript to his charming "Huddled Days in Europe," by Dr. Holmes, and a short story of farm-life and character, entitled "Judson's Remorse," by Lillie Chace Wyman.

The second paper on "To Shasta's Feet," by Ninetta Eames, with wood-cut and photograph illustrations, is the opening article of the January *Overland*. "Kanai, the Garden Island of Hawaii," by Bertha F. Herrick, is illustrated also. Other papers are: "Earthquakes in California and Elsewhere," by President E. S. Holden; "Hunting in Hawaii," the ninth of General Howard's "Indian War Papers"; and in fiction, the conclusion of Marshall Graham's "X, An Unknown Quantity"; "The Story of the Pozzolan House," by Flora Haines Loughhead; "The Seven Nimrods of the Sierras," by Dan de Quille; "In Blunderland," by Leonard Kip; and the opening chapters of "The Barzaiton Experiment," by Rebecca Rogers. Verses by Miss Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, M. W. Shinn and others, and the departments complete the number.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The editorial supervision of the Anglo-American edition of *Les Lettres et les Arts* has been intrusted to M. P. Villars, the London correspondent of the *Journal des Debats*, of Paris.

Professor McMaster has been rebuked by Mr. O. P. Hubbard in the current number of the entertaining *Magazine of American History*. The professor mentions the treadmill as an extreme symbol of our barbarous penal system a hundred years ago; and Mr. Hubbard proceeds to point out that the treadmill was not invented until 1817 or 1818, and was not introduced in this country until 1822.

Serials like the Franklin Square Library and the Handy Volume Series will probably take some other form at the beginning of the new year, for the principal reason that the public has had a surfeit of the broadside editions. Joseph W. Harper, Jr., of Harper & Brothers, says that the public taste is capricious, and something novel must be designed to keep in the swim. Forty or fifty years ago broadside editions were the craze, and at a future date the demand would probably come again. Perhaps the very cheap price, as well as the form, had made the people tired. The price of composition had been increased, and the advance was sufficient of itself to make that form of publication a less desirable enterprise than it was. There was a question also as to rates of postage, which was to be considered.

American methods are sometimes strongly successful, even in England, where all things American are more or less derided. About six years ago there was in New York a tall, brawny young man, named Harry Marks. He wrote for newspapers, played Wall Street, and did the best he could generally. Finally, he went to England. Life was unpleasant here. With a capital of just one hundred and twenty-five dollars he started a stock-market newspaper in London. He called it the *Financial News*. How he kept it alive nobody knows. But he did. In the end it made a great hit. Last summer Marks bought him a private residence for sixty thousand dollars cash, and he purchased the plant of *Bell's Life* for seventy-five thousand dollars more, both of which sums he paid in cash. It is reported that the gross earnings of his paper for the year reached three hundred thousand dollars. Now he proposes to give London an illustrated Sunday paper, and the chances seem to point to the proposition that even London journalism is to be revolutionized to follow the American pattern.

A great deal has recently been said about the genesis of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and, as might be expected, continual charges of plagiarism have been exploited in this, that, and the other journal. Mr. Stevenson himself explained the origin of the story, as follows: "At night I dreamed the story, not precisely as it is written, for of course there are always stupidities in dreams, but practically it came to me as a gift. All I dreamed about Dr. Jekyll was that one man was being pressed into a cabinet, when he swallowed a drug and changed into another being. I awoke and said at once that I had found the missing link for which I have been looking so long, and before I went to sleep almost every detail of the story, as it stands, was clear to me. Of course, writing it was another thing." This is very interesting. Nevertheless, if the story came to Mr. Stevenson not so much as a gift but rather as an inheritance from a long line of former possessors, there is still no flaw in his title. Absolute originality of incident is nowadays out of the question; the few possible germinal conceptions were long ago seized and appropriated by the early masters in fiction. The possible combinations and methods of treatment are infinite, however; and we are right in calling a story original where the ideas are treated and combined in a novel and striking manner. The germinal idea of the story that came to Mr. Stevenson in a dream is that of the double, the *doppelgänger*, an idea which may have originated with the first dream of the first man. When our savage ancestor found that his body could be asleep and quiescent while his soul was abroad, he naturally conceived of an *alter ego*, which through some curious association of ideas he came in time to confuse with his shadow and his mirrored reflection—those mysterious *non-egos* which mocked and mimicked his more substantial self. Comparative mythologists are fond of tracing to this germ the popular superstition in ghosts. As a man's conscience developed, he also grew to recognize the existence of a higher and lower nature within himself. In the combination of all these ideas "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" became possible to the highly civilized, artistic thinker of to-day. But these ideas can be traced back through the successive stages of their evolution in myth and literature. The folk-lore of all nations recognizes the double, frequently refining it into an embodied conscience, which haunts and dogs the sinner, thus differentiating the higher and the lower self of man into separate identities. The Greek woman's appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is only another variation upon this thought, as are also the Biblical story of Nebuchadnezzar's insanity, which turned him into a beast, and the classical legend of men ensnared by the lecherous wiles of Circe, and transformed into swine. In folk-lore this germinal idea may be found in all that cycle of stories of which "Beauty and the Beast" is the type. In literature it has been treated with the most ingenious variety of detail, especially by the writers of the last century or so—by Fouquier in "Sintram and Companions," by Andersen in "The Shadow," by Mrs. Browning in "The Romaine of Margaret," by Gautier in "Le Chevalier Double," by E. E. Hale in "My Double and How He Undid Me," by Poe in "William Wilson." The last has been seized upon by most of Stevenson's detractors as the obvious original of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Yet "William Wilson" is itself a very close paraphrase of an old Spanish drama called "El Embozado, ó el Encapotado." It is extremely unlikely that Poe ever read this drama, but it is well nigh certain that he did come across the following passage in one of Byron's letters and did profit by it: "Shelley has been reading a strange drama entitled 'El Embozado.' It is so scarce that Washington Irving told me he had sought for it without success in several of the public libraries in Spain. The story is that a kiosk of Cipriano or Faust is through life thwarted in all his plans for the acquisition of wealth, honor, or happiness by a masked stranger, who stands in his way like some Alastor or evil spirit. He is at length in love; the day is fixed for his marriage, when the unknown contrived to sow dissension between him and his betrothed, and to break off the match. Infuriated by his wrongs, he breathes nothing but revenge; but all his endeavors to discover his mysterious foe prove abortive; at length his persecutor appears of his own accord. When about to fight, the Embozado unmasks, and discovers the phantasm of himself, saying, 'Are you satisfied?' The hero dies with horror." This reads almost like an abstract of "William Wilson." Yet we are none the less grateful to Poe for giving us that weird and ominous tale. An obvious point of departure between Stevenson's story and all the others we have mentioned, is that Mr. Hyde bears no outward resemblance to Dr. Jekyll, but is his exact opposite in appearance—a repulsive monster in whom are concentrated all the evil qualities of the individual who, in the attractive personality of Dr. Jekyll, retains merely his virtues. A hint of this idea had, indeed, found artistic expression in Hawthorne's "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret." In one of the preliminary studies to this work, found among Hawthorne's papers and appended to the last edition, the author's purpose in the spider, which is Grimshawe's famulus, is thus set forth: "The great spider shall be an emblem of the doctor himself; it shall be his craft and wickedness coming into this shape outside of him, and his demon; and I think a great deal may be made out of it." Much, indeed, might have been made out of it, had the great romancer lived to perfect this book.—Lippincott's.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Doctor Bradon, when he was rector of Eatham, in Kent, one day preached from the text "Who art thou?" Just at the moment he announced it, a military subaltern of the neighboring post was walking up the aisle, and, hearing the question, he stopped, saluted, and said, "I am, sir, an officer of the Seventeenth Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here."

He was an uncommonly beautiful Italian greyhound, and as he departed himself along the mall (says the *Boston Courier*) he stopped before the statue of John Glover, regarded it a moment with nose in the air, barked a couple of times, and then broke into the most doleful of howls. Whether this performance was an act of worship, a too vivid recalling of old ideas, the awakening of associations from a previous stage of existence, or something different from all these, it was impossible to tell; but one of the passers observed with much emphasis: "Good heavens! Have the Boston dogs got so æsthetic that they howl at the statues?"

Recently, at the South African diamond-fields, a Kaffir was suspected of being in possession of ucut diamonds, and was pursued by the officers of the law. When they came up with him he had just shot one of his oxen. Then they proceeded to search him. They ransacked his scanty clothing, they combed his woolly head, they tried all the usual processes, but never a diamond did they find, and finally they had to retire discomfited. Then the Kaffir proceeded to pick out from the dead ox's carcass all the diamonds with which his gun had been loaded, and which he had fired into the unfortunate beast when he saw the officers approaching.

On their arrival at New Zealand, a party of English people drank a toast to the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in this ceremony, replied: "No, I'm a teetotaler; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in." A friend disappeared, and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed it off at once, but immediately sputtered, "Ugh—ah—ob—this is—ob—what—what in *materia medica* is this?" "That!" exclaimed his friend, "why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."

Wilkie, the Scotch artist, lived in a very quiet street in London, with his widowed mother, who fell ill there. When she was lying at the point of death, Mulready, going to make one of his frequent visits of inquiry, was surprised on entering the street, where itinerant bands were not encouraged, to hear the distant sound of bagpipes, and he was astounded when the music proved to be in Wilkie's house. Wilkie led him to the parlor, where a Highlander was playing for dear life, and when the cessation of the din made speech possible, the anxious Scotchman said: "Well, ye see the mother is not so well to-day. She said she would like to hear the music again, for she is aye fond of the pipes."

Perbaps as ready a tact as was ever displayed in the pulpit was on the part of a minister who became the lifelong chaplain of Frederick the Great. The king chose to decide between a number of applicants by the way in which they should deliver an extempore sermon, the text to be handed them in a sealed envelope as they entered the pulpit. Sunday came, and after prayer one of the king's aides presented the minister with a sealed envelope. He opened it and found it blank. He held up one side and said: "My brethren, here is nothing." Then holding up the other side, he said: "And here is nothing, and out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a magnificent discourse on the power and wonders of creation. He obtained the appointment, and held it through his lifetime.

A priest was once condemned at Seville to capital punishment. That the public might be properly impressed, market day was selected for the purpose. To be degraded from his sacerdotal character he had to pass through the market-place, while the powers deemed inherent in the priesthood were still in his possession. Undegraded as yet, and unrepentant, he dealt a malicious blow at the people assembled to witness his degradation. Suddenly, in the market-place, he stretched out his arms, and pronounced with a loud voice the irrevocable sacramental words, "*Hoc est corpus*." All the contents of the vast mass were instantaneously transubstantiated. All the food in Seville was forthwith unavailable for any baser than eucharistic purposes, and Seville had to observe the vindictive priest's last day on earth as a very vigorous fast-day.

Fannie was the good and orderly child of the family, and Nan was the naughty one. Nan's bureau-drawers were never in order, and her clothes always unmade. Even her little sister groaned over her tendencies, and tried to counteract them by wise counsel. "Nan," said she, one morning, "where is the silk for mamma's tulle? I'll help you finish it if you'll tell me where the stuff is." "Oh, I've forgotten," said Nan, the careless, "in my upper drawer, maybe, or in the mending basket." "You won't get it done before Christmas," said the warning Fan, as she looked over her sister's tumbled possessions. "Yes, I shall; there's plenty of time," said Nan, taking a chocolate yes, and turning a page of her book. "Oh, Fan, what do you suppose we shall have for Christmas?" Fan was at that moment looking over a heap of tumbled clothes. She glanced up mischievously. "I'll tell you one thing you'll be sure to find in your stocking," said she. "What?" "A hole!"

That inveterate joker, Sothorn, had made an appointment with Toole to dine at a well-known restaurant; the hour of meeting was fixed, and Sothorn arrived somewhat before the appointed time. An old gentleman was dining at a table at some little distance from that prepared for the two actors. He was reading the paper, which he had comfortably arranged before him, as he was eating his dinner. Sothorn walked up to him, and striking him a smart blow between the shoulders, said: "Hullo, old fellow, who would have thought of your dining here? I thought you never—" The assaulted diner turned angrily round, when Sothorn exclaimed: "I beg you a thousand pardons, sir! I never thought you were an old friend of mine—a family man—whom I never expected to see here. I hope you will pardon me." The old gentleman growled a reply, and Sothorn returned to his table, where he was presently joined by Toole, to whom he said: "See that old boy? I'll bet you half a crown you don't know him and give him a slap on the back and pretend you have mistaken him for a friend." "Done," said Toole, and done it was immediately, with a result that must be imagined, for it was indescribable.

A Newfoundland dog named Don had been sent for eggs. As he was returning home, carrying his basket with a proud, dignified air, he met a dog against whom he evidently had an old grudge. He set his burden down carefully on the walk; then, giving a bark of challenge, started after his enemy on a dead run. A friend of his mistress, who witnessed this proceeding, picked up the basket and carried it to its proper destination. Meanwhile, Don, having vanquished his foe, returned to the spot where he had left his eggs. On discovering that they had disappeared, he ran around frantically, trying to find them. Finding his effort vain, he sat down and lifted up his voice in a howl of anguish, as visions of his mistress's whip, or at least the loss of his dinner, crossed his mind. Suddenly he started for home at a brisk trot. Sneaking out into the back-yard, he picked up an old, discarded basket that lay in one corner of the yard, and carried it in and deposited it at the feet of his mistress. He had been taught, when he goes to the grocery for any article they do not happen to have, to return and give a succession of sharp barks. This he proceeded to do, as if to say, "They were out of eggs to-day."

SOCIETY.

The Fair Dinner-Party.

A dinner-party was given by Mrs. Theresa Fair last Christmas night at her residence 1120 Pine Street. Covers were laid for fourteen at a handsomely appointed table, the decorations being typical of Christmas. A figure of Santa Claus, in garments of fur, drawing a sleigh-load of holly, rich with scarlet berries, occupied the center of the table. The chandelier was prettily trimmed with holly and hung with a chime of bells, and the favors were of scarlet silk ribbons, marked in gold with the name of the recipient and an appropriate sentiment with a miniature Santa Claus attached to the centre. A bounteous menu was provided, and several hours were delightfully passed at the table.

Those present were: Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Birdie Fair, Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., Mr. Charles L. Fair, Mr. John W. Mackay, Judge R. S. Messick, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. Richard V. Dey.

The Tatum Luncheon.

Mrs. H. L. Tatum gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Randolph Tatum, of Virginia, who is here on a visit. Pink and yellow prevailed throughout the decorations. Exquisite favors were given, consisting of quaint bon-bons of silk, and tiny baskets ornamented with Christmas bells. After discussing a dainty menu for several hours, the ladies withdrew to the parlors, where the remainder of the afternoon was passed in conversation.

Those present were: Mrs. Randolph Tatum, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. R. C. Poute, Mrs. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, Mrs. J. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. George Gibbs, and the hostess.

The German Club.

The third cotillion given by the members of the German Club took place last night, at Union Square Hall. It was largely attended, and proved very pleasant in every way. The hall was brightened by a decoration consisting of graceful streamers of colored bunting, bazing Japanese lanterns and balloons, and draperies of gold and white brocade. The toilets of the ladies were elegant, and several debutantes graced the assemblage. Ballenberg's band played round dances until eleven o'clock, when the cotillion was commenced. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, the leader, and Miss Alice Mullins as his partner, while Mr. W. R. Judson and Miss Jennie de la Montanya assisted them. The grand right and left was danced first, and then came the pretty "Rainbow" figure, wherein fancifully colored scarfs were used, and prismatic colors were thrown over the darkened hall, making a beautiful effect. A bounteous collation was served at midnight, and then followed three more figures: "Christmas Bells," "Rotating Spheres," and "Military Manoeuvres." The first one was especially attractive. The germ ended about half-past one o'clock, and the many present deemed it the most successful one of the season.

A Hop at the Bella Vista.

Mrs. Volney Spalding and the guests at the Hotel Bella Vista gave a pleasant hop there on Christmas Eve. The spacious dining-room was used for dancing, and the hall for promenading and the service of refreshments. The children of the guests held the floor until ten o'clock, and went through several pretty games and dances, after which the elder guests proceeded to make the evening enjoyable, and danced until midnight. A delicious supper was one of the pleasant features of the affair.

Among those present were: Mrs. Volney Spalding, Major and Mrs. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rail, Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Clement, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Waples, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Hatch, Miss Waples, Miss Williams, Miss Smith, Miss tenant T. B. Mott, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., Mr. Charles L. Fair, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Bond, and others.

A Christmas-Tree Party.

Christmas night was delightfully passed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1210 California Street, when they gave a reception to which about seventy-five friends were invited. At nine o'clock the guests were ushered into the library, where a tall and handsomely decorated Christmas tree, lighted with numerous colored tapers, occupied a position in front of the bay-window. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Santa Claus, Mr. George A. Knight was called upon to distribute the gifts, and he performed the appointed duty in a highly satisfactory and semi-humorous manner. The gifts—there were several for each guest—comprised pretty bonbonnières, miniature, and burlesque musical instruments, and many beautiful fancy articles. About midnight an elaborate supper was served. When the morning hours were well under way, dancing was commenced and continued until half-past three o'clock. During the evening the guests were entertained pleasantly by the singing of Miss Agnes Burgin, who was in excellent voice, and by well-executed selections on the piano and violin by Mr. S. Monroe Fabian and Mr. Henry Heyman.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. William Newson, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mrs. M. Deane, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Mollie Stege, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Kate Field, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Grace M. Spencer, Miss Adele Foster, Miss Katie Nolan, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Belle Cohn, Miss Maud Badlam, Miss Amy Waples, Miss May Norton, Miss L. Cooper, Miss Merquiere, Dr. M. Regensburger, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Charles Leonard, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, Mr. J. N. Featherston, Mr. George A. Knight, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., Mr. Charles L. Fair, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Arthur Palmer, Mr. John Deane, Mr. William Deane, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Mr. James C. Dunphy, Mr. A. Badlam, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. William Kruse, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and others.

Birmingham Card-Party.

Miss Charlotte Birmingham entertained a number of friends very pleasantly last Tuesday evening at a card-party which she gave at her home on Chestnut Street. Drive-whist was the game played, and eight tables were used. Mr. Charles H. Crocker acted as master of ceremonies, and when the game was completed, after six sets, some pretty prizes were distributed. Light refreshments were then served, after which the company was entertained with some difficult vocal solos, executed by Miss Johnson, of Oakland, and some vocal selections by Captain W. A. Burlesque auction followed, with Mr. J. Fred Burgin as auctioneer. Various articles, all comical surprises, were disposed of, with beans acting as current exchange. The party was a delightful one in every way, and ended soon after midnight.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Pray, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shamp, Captain and Mrs. Leal, Miss Charlotte Birmingham, Miss Lottie Ebbitts, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Anna Hobbs, Miss Tullia Z. Wilcox, Miss Ida Moody, Miss Joie McCabe, Miss Minnie Hoyt, Miss A. Johnson, Miss Jennie Finley, Miss A. Titus, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Mr. Robert Bolton, Mr. Fred S. Moody, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. G. Bray, Mr. W. Bray, Mr. Folsom, Mr. James, Mr. H. D'Urban, Mr. Selfridge, and others.

The Regensburger-Stege Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Thursday at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Stege, 1919 Webster Street, when her daughter, Miss Stege, was married to Mr. Martin Regensburger, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Regensburger. The parlors were illuminated with gas, and handsomely decorated with choice flowers. About thirty-five intimate friends and relatives were present at one o'clock, when Judge Hunt performed the wedding ceremony. Miss

Helen Rich and Master Charles de Young preceded the bridal party when they entered the parlors, and were followed by Miss Regensburger and Mr. A. Heyman, the bride-maid and best man, the groom and Mrs. Stege, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Regensburger, and the bride and Mr. M. H. de Young, who gave her away. Congratulations were in order after the ceremony, and then came a sumptuous breakfast followed by dancing. Dr. and Mrs. Regensburger received many costly presents from their friends. They departed for Del Monte in the afternoon, and will remain there a couple of weeks.

Movements and Whereabouts

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Anne and Jeannie Tallant went to Del Monte early in the week to remain a fortnight.

Miss Nettie Schmiedel has been paying a visit to Mrs. H. P. Bowie at San Mateo.

Mrs. A. V. Kautz, of Angel Island, and Miss Lillian Waters are visiting in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Charles L. Weller and Miss Laura Weller have gone to Southern California to remain about six weeks.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin and Miss May Ives are in New York city.

Mr. John Bermingham has gone East on a visit of several weeks duration.

Miss Tullia Z. Wilcox, who has been passing a few months pleasantly with Mrs. C. Tyler Lorg-street at Los Angeles, has returned to the city.

Miss Annie Bliss has postponed her European trip until spring.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker has returned to Sacramento after an extended visit at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tubbs, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hammond, of Boston, went to Del Monte last Saturday to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Frank D. Willey has returned home after a prolonged visit to the principal Eastern cities.

Mrs. James Mervyn Donahue intends remaining in the East and Europe for the next two years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Frank have returned from their European trip.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad are passing a week at Del Monte.

Miss Katie Nolan and Miss Annie Hope will soon leave for a visit to friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rail, of Carson City, are here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence and Miss Spence, of San José, are domiciled at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Nellie Joffie, Miss Minnie Moore, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Mr. Osgood Hooker are among those at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. A. A. Porter is enjoying a visit at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Prentiss are occupying apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will go to Del Monte to-day to pass the holidays.

Mr. William Lawlor has gone to San Diego to remain some time.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, Mrs. Volney Spalding, and Miss Belle Smith have gone to Del Monte to remain over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Richards, nee Bancroft, arrived here last Sunday from San Diego, and will remain at the Hotel Pleasanton during the winter.

Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer is passing the holidays with her sister, in Mobile, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder will pass the holidays at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. Albert E. Castle arrived here from San Diego last Saturday on a week's visit.

Mrs. Adam Grant went to Del Monte last Tuesday, to remain about a week.

Miss J. R. Shaffer will pass the winter at her home, 951 Chestnut Street, and not in the East as has been stated.

Mrs. Catherine Wood is in Washington, and will return to California after the holidays.

Dr. E. George will go to Los Angeles next Monday, to remain there permanently.

Miss Grace M. Spencer will return to San José to-day, after a very pleasant visit to Miss Alice Mullins.

Mr. C. F. Mullins will go to Reno, Nev., to-day, for a brief outing.

Miss Mattie Baker, of San José, is the guest of Miss Jennie de la Montanya.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour came up from San Mateo on Tuesday, and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin, wife of Colonel Irwin, U. S. A., arrived from the East last Thursday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Notes and Gossip

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, nee Jones, will hold a series of receptions in January, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Jones, on Pine Street.

The next german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be held at B'cai Brith Hall, next Friday evening. Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., will lead.

The second assembly will take place at Pioneer Hall on Wednesday evening, January 11th.

An elegant dinner-party was given last Saturday evening by Mrs. Evan J. Coleman at her home, 1750 Sacramento Street. Exquisite decorations and a perfect menu were the attractions for the fourteen guests.

The guests at the Hotel Pleasanton enjoyed a pleasant hop there last Monday evening, when dancing, interspersed with recitations by Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, occupied the time until early morning, with an intermission at midnight for supper.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Jr., gave an elaborate dinner-party last Saturday evening to twelve of their friends.

An elegant dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman on Christmas night, at their residence on Franklin Street.

Hops will be given to-night and Monday evening at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. William T. Wallace will give a reception at her residence, 799 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Wallace, on Thursday evening, January 12th.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Ottilia F. Mau, and Mr. Charles Julius Bandman, which will take place on Wednesday evening, January 11th, at the First Presbyterian Church.

A reception will follow at Mrs. Mao's residence, 2324 Pacific Avenue, from nine until twelve o'clock.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., who was, until recently, at Angel Island, is now stationed at Benicia Barracks, California.

Captain William E. Hoffman, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to San Diego.

Captain Samuel L. Woodward, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Dr. A. W. Anzal, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was at the Occidental Hotel several days this week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Brandt String Quartet.

The third chamber-music recital of this season given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet was held at Irving Hall last night, and attracted an appreciative audience. The annexed excellent programme was presented:

Quintet, E flat major, Op. 44, Robert Schumann, Miss Alice M. Bacon; Piano and String Quartet, (by request), I. Allegro brillante, II. In Modo d'una Marcia, III. Scherzo, Molto vivace, IV. Allegro, ma non troppo; Santa

Maria, Faure, Miss Roselyn M. Sargent; Giacomme, Vitali, Mr. Henry Siering; Quartet, C Major, Mozart, I. Adagio—Allegro, II. Andante cantabile, III. Menuetto, IV. Allegro molto; Forbidden Music, song by Casraldon, Miss Roselyn M. Sargent; Menuetto et Fugue, Beethoven.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his second concert of this season last Tuesday evening at Irving Hall, and the following programme was enjoyed by a large audience:

Sonata, Violin and Piano, Beethoven, Mr. Ernest Beckh and Mr. Abe Sundblad; Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Song, Leggiero, Ardit, Miss Josephine Burke; Piano Solos, (a) Impromptu, Schubert, (b) Study, C sharp minor, Chopin, (c) Study in Sixths, Chopin, Mr. Abe Sundblad; Violin Solo, Fantasia on Russian Airs, Wieniawski, Mr. Ernest Beckh, (pupil of Mr. Charles Goffrie); Piano Solos, (a) Etude, C major, Moszkowski, (b) Song without words, Tchaikowski, (c) Rigoletto, Liszt, Miss Julia Newman; Song, "In the Woods," Wekerling, Miss Josephine Burke; Piano Solos, (a) Ballade, Mansfeldt, (b) Crystalline Cascade, Mansfeldt, (c) Romance, Mansfeldt, (d) Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Violin Solo, II Tremolo, Beethoven-DeBeriot, Mr. Ernest Beckh; Wedding March and Fairy Dance, Liszt, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

Henry Heyman's Recital.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave his second chamber-music recital of this season last Wednesday evening at Pioneer Hall, which contained a large and fashionable audience. Mme. Louise Pyk, the dramatic soprano, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, gave their aid in the following excellent programme, which was highly appreciated by the auditors:

Quintet, Boccherini (first time); vocal, Mme. Louise Pyk; quartet, "Adante Cantabile" (first time); vocal, Mme. Louise Pyk, piano solo and string quintet, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr; vocal, Mme. Louise Pyk; sextet, J. adassch (serenade for flute and string quintet).

The Misses Lula, Pauline, and Elise Jorao, assisted by Miss Ella Lark-Aldini, and a string quartet, will give a concert next Friday night at Irving Hall. A varied and excellent programme has been prepared.

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Got Their Money.

Mention was made in a recent issue of the Times of the fact that Jim Baker and Sam McArthur had drawn \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. Last Thursday the money was received through the Missoula National Bank, and turned over to the lucky holders of the ticket. The boys did not know but that there might be a mistake somewhere, and were naturally restless until the money came, and was placed to their credit in the bank. The Louisiana State Lottery has stood the test of years, and is just as solid and reliable as any concern in the country. We believe the drawings are absolutely fair, and that the lottery is conducted as honestly and equitably as any other business. We are informed that three or four other minor prizes were secured by Missoula parties at the last drawing. Another tenth of the capital prize of \$15,000 was drawn by William Poole, of the town of Anaconda, in the adjoining county of Deer Lodge, and was collected through the Omaha National Bank, of Omaha, Nebraska. Messrs Baker and McArthur have secured a snug little sum, and by carefully investing their stake, they should be able to keep the wolf from the door during the balance of their lives.—Missoula (Mont.) Times, December 7, 1887.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending December 31, 1887, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum, on term deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, and payable on and after the 3rd day of January, 1888.

By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. For the half-year ending December 31st, 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending 31st, December 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.

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A LADY AND A TIGER.

"What! egg on toast again?" thundered Mr. Jenkins as he approached the breakfast-table. "We've had egg on toast every morning for a month, and I told you yesterday that if you had it again I'd go to a restaurant!" and with that Mr. Jenkins slammed out of the house, and headed for Delmonico's. By the time he got there, however, he had cooled down and was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and his conscience pricked him so for the way in which he had spoken to his wife that he didn't want any breakfast at all; however, it was too late to back-down now, so he fell to studying the bill-of-fare with a worried and perplexed expression on his face.

"Lemme see" ruminated Mr. Jenkins. "Maquerneau fraits sautés fines herbes; Perche au bleu; Eperlans frits. Humph! I don't know what any of those things are, and wouldn't want any of them if I did! Morue à la creme—dear me! 'morue' means 'dead' I believe! Don't want any of that, certainly! Escalope de Veau à la Mardchal; Poulet sauté à l'Africaine. Well! well! that must mean African parrots! I wonder what they'll be having next! Croquette de Pommes; Beefsteak aux truffes—beefsteak and mushrooms! And that means toadstools and the coroner! Bah! Carte de jour; Saucisson de Lyon—Oh, bother all these French messes! And why can't they talk United States, I'd like to know!" And with that Mr. Jenkins threw down the bill-of-fare, and began to cudgel his brains to find something suitable. Beefsteak and fried potatoes was the only thing he could think of, and that was altogether too formidable for his present appetite; so at last, with a sigh, he turned to the impatient waiter, and said meekly: "Give me a cup of coffee and—er—an egg on toast!"

When Mr. Jenkins returned home he begged his wife's pardon like a man, and nothing further was said on the matter at the time; but, that night, just as Mr. Jenkins was dropping off to sleep in a very contented frame of mind, his wife said in a whisper:

"John."
"Yes."
"Are you awake?"
"Yes."
"What did you have for breakfast this morning at the restaurant?"—Puck.

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NOTE.—Among the collection is the magnificent painting "Entering the Convent," which received a gold medal at Paris Salon. Harper's Bazar for October 22d; the Illustrated London News of October 1st, and No. 1592 of Le Monde Illustré, of Paris, gave a page engraving of this masterpiece.

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Drama and ballet do not work well together with the Kralifys. No one goes to see the play, and yet we find a most wonderful melodrama being enacted, as Shakespeare says.

Everyone goes to see the ballet, and there are but two *divertissements*—one of them neither pretty nor characteristic, and the other so miserably shrunken and cheated of its fair proportions that no one can recognize it for the porcelain wonder that sent all London to the Alhambra for many brilliant months.

Of course there is the well-named Antonietta Bella, a beautiful creature well worth going to look at for a few moments—as any beautiful woman is, in a theatre or out of it. She is not a great dancer, though she is a very graceful woman, for there is genius even in dancing, and Terpsichore has never tipped the pointed feet of the pretty Antonietta with her magic. But she is pleasant to watch in her brief *pas*, for she has a pretty way of the body quite peculiar to herself, which makes her look like a little blue spring flower nodding on a long stem.

As a matter of cold fact, blue spring flowers do not nod on long stems, but hide themselves in the lush, cool grass, and let you look for them. But Leloir and some of his copyists or *conféres* have made so many lovely women springing out of long-stemmed lily-chalices that the idea has become a fixed one, as such things will. And Antonietta Bella, having only a pleasant prettiness in her steps, could not do better, what with the characteristic sway of her pretty waist, than look as if she were drawn by Leloir.

Mlle. Francisca Paris does not look as if she were drawn by Leloir. She is a robust dancer of great skill, and executes, with the ease of very long habit, those *tours de force* which have crept so insidiously into the ballet that they have almost driven poetical dancing out. But the people like it, and when Mlle. Paris gives the great final twirl so many times around the circle that every one in the house is giddy and red in the face just with looking at her, they applaud her to the echo. This is endurance, not dancing; but as everything, even piano-playing is being reduced to an endurance basis, Mlle. Paris is a star in this line. This, though the feet and pretty face of a variety girl flashed from the colored lithographs on the dead walls, not long since, with the proud legend written across the top, "The Champion Endurance Dancer of the World."

There is one other eccentric dancer, Mlle. Cecilia Nicodé, who probably comes from the banks of the Danube, for she is a contortionist dancer like the wild-eyed Kralify who has joined the other division of the family and whose one brief dance always stirred the gallery to a perfect frenzy.

The *secundas*, excepting the Allen sisters, are prematurely promoted.

The Dresden ballet, even in its curtailed proportions, is extremely pretty. Some of the costumes are beautiful, especially those in the dark, bright, rich Dresden blue, with the characteristic handles, and abutments, and curves, and twirls that we find on our Dresden caskets.

Then there were the inevitable Louis Quatorze figures, the "dear little he and she" of Molière's hall in the ballad of the coquettes as they should be. For has not this courtier in bright raiment been standing time out of mind on the mantel-shelf coquetting with the pretty flower-girl on the other end, even while he sends a note and a posy through her to his real lady love?

No prettier idea than the Ceramic ballet ever animated the dance, but the dancing goes, by easy stages, from indifferent dancing on the part of the *secundas* to dire had on the part of the coryphées. Such an untrained, unbroken, graceless lot! Where are the famous drill and discipline of the Kralifys? Where that wonderful harmony that used to pervade the Kralify stage, when even the little children, who made the moving frieze in the high back-ground of "Excelsior," were exact to the flicker of an eyelash? Where is the magic, where the silent swiftness with which the great tableaux were wont to be produced?

In the grand Dresden finale, the pretty costumes sink into insignificance while some large and portly persons in scant apparel, and some small and scraggy ones, in violent contrast to them, laboriously drag some boxes on the stage, laboriously and ungracefully climb on them, and laboriously hold out some tin candlesticks hung with crystals.

Why a tin candlestick in a Dresden porcelain ballet?

When Paris was flocking to see "La Patrie," in the big theatre across the river, where the wonders of its mounting had full play, it was said to be the greatest melodrama of its time.

Even in its mangled form, one can well believe it. Sardou has chosen good, stout stuff, and a comparatively unexplored field for his play. The wonderful history of the Netherlands is, in the drama, almost virgin ground, and yet what could so tempt a playwright as the infinite romance arising out of this long clash of the races which never could coalesce?

One still finds many traces of the Spanish occupation all through Holland and what once was Flanders. Spanish names stand out oddly enough, now and then, on shining brass plates of the big Dutch doors, or swing on the signs in Brussels or Antwerp, and there are still many Spanish Jews in the money market. But one never catches sight of a pair of black Spanish eyes flashing from the heavy lowland face, or any physical sign to indicate the mingling of the races.

Yet there must have been many a love story during that long cycle of time between the Netherlands and their dark invaders, and Sardou has seized the idea in the most dramatic form.

He has given Ryssoor, one of the stern, dauntless, and most unyielding of the Flemish patriots, a

crafty, fiery, unsatisfied Spanish wife to do him treachery and wrong.

Patriotism seems to grow in the north of any country as richly as passion grows rank in the south, and there could not be a better twain mated for a play.

Then he has taken the cruel Spaniard, John, Duke of Alva, in the plenitude of his power, to cross their tangled lives. He is an imposing figure in a play, either in his famous white battle-armor or in unrelieved black in his cabinet, that dark and sinister chamber where, doubtless, the "Council of Blood" hatched their sanguinary plans. But Sardou has softened the cruel duke far more than history does. Sardou grows bloodthirsty as he grows older, for the Parisians are in full revolt against the Roman Scarpia in "La Tosca," as a monster of such hideous completeness that they will have none of him.

But he has given old John of Alva, one of the most bloodthirsty monsters in history, a soft and tender touch. He has given him one fair daughter, the which he loveth passing well, and the touch of her light, thin hand upon his sleeve moves him as nothing else in the world can. To give her prayers more power she is an invalid, a gentle suffering creature, with the infinite compassion of those who suffer much. She is never permitted to know of her father's cruelty, yet weeps, and laments, and dies with horror of the blood which he has caused to run in the streets of Brussels.

It is all very pretty, very touching, very melodramatic, very French. And one can imagine with what care such a play was cast in France. There are some wonderfully dramatic situations in it, and it is laid in a most picturesque time.

The veriest gamin that runs the streets of Brussels will point you with pride the three tall guild-houses that still stand in the market-square, with their odd gables leaning out of plumb, but kept in constant repair by careful hands. You may easily pick them out in the square-scene, which is very good, as is the great hall in the old Hôtel de Ville, and almost all the painted scenery, for the matter of that. There is room for great splendor in the mountings and fittings. These old Flemish interiors are much in vogue now, and rich Americans think nothing of buying the walls, and ceilings, and the great chimney-piece out of a house just as it stands, when they can find a veritable antique. But one sees nothing more in "Dolores" than some well-painted "flies."

The acting? Well, Newton Gotthold is a good actor, and makes an impressive figure as the Count Ryssoor, and Miss Eleanor Carey and Mr. John T. Malone started in to be very good melodramatic actors of a vivid type. But in the last act they did so rant and rear and tear, so gurgled and hubble and groan, so moan and shout and scream, so gasp and clutch and swallow, so hiccup and choke and splutter, that they rather upset all the good that had gone before. As for the rest of the acting, it was all the very frenzy of miscasting and inability, and the very ecstasy of madness.

The opera was pretty good. It had its disadvantages, for the prompter's voice was the loudest and most persistent on the stage. Furthermore, the great green prompt-box decked the middle of the stage as usual—for tradition's sake, perhaps—while the frantic prompter was himself both audible and visible at the wings. Its principal effect, therefore, was to make each singer who got carefully behind it look like a Jack-in-the-box.

The orchestra jogged along at a go-as-you-please rate, and as not two of the instruments were often playing the same har the effect was a trifle bewildering to the singers. Signor Goré almost lashed himself into apoplexy trying to whip them up, and we all feared that Signor Galassi, in the tender duet with his orphan child, would leap the footlights and, punch Signor Goré's head. He interpolated the very loudest and most emphatic Italian to hasten the tempo. But all to no avail. The unfortunate Goré was helpless in the hands of his raw orchestra, but did not shrivel under the persistent glare of Galassi.

But Galassi himself was in fine form as Rigoletto, and, a little thing like this didn't matter. His great voice rolled out, big and sweet as of yore. He enjoyed it very much himself, and so did we.

The Signora Repetto was a most agreeable surprise. It had been said truly enough that she had the operatic instinct, and no two women could be more different than the Repetto of the operatic and the Repetto of the concert stage.

Much of the disagreeable quality of her voice is forgiven in the warmth of operatic action, and she is really a most excellent Gilda.

That strong young Baldini will crack his fine throat one day if he continues to shout. His voice is rich and strong enough without any shouting, and it fits to the dashing music of the Duke very well. But he must forswear his *piano* effects, he has not learned how to give them, and his untutored voice makes a bad break every time.

Go back to your conversatory, Baldini, for a few months, and you have a fortune in your pocket; but don't sing *sotto voce* till then.

As for the chorus, cover it kindly with the mantle of silence. Words are inadequate.

And as for the scenery, there was not much attempt in that line. The principal point seemed to be to leave a great hole in the back of each set, through which the polar wind could come whistling as through a tunnel. And it came.

Still, Scalchi's great voice rang rich and beautiful through the quartet, and the quartet itself was beautifully sung, and we had it all over twice, every note of it. And people said, with chattering teeth, that fifteen minutes of Scalchi as Maddalena, and the quartet, were almost worth the dip we had had into that one of Dante's seven hells which terrifies some people the most.

Sardou always conceals his plays in the darkest mystery, seldom allowing even the name to be known a week before the first representation. But the name of "La Tosca," which was given to the world a fortnight ago, was known months back; and on the very morning of the premiere the *Gil Blas*, the most sensational of the Paris papers, managed by hook or crook to get hold of the plot and publish it. Such a proceeding was unheard of in France, and Sardou has sued the journal for a hundred thousand francs.

—NEW ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, WATER COLORS, Pastels, Oleographs, Music Stands, Easels, Fine Frames, and Odd Things to paint on, are the latest attraction at Sanborn, Vail & Co's., No. 87 Market Street, San Francisco; No. 39 Spring Street, Los Angeles; and No. 172 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Campanini company will give a concert this afternoon at the Grand Opera House, and a sacred concert on Sunday evening.

"A Trip to the Moon," with so many local gags and so few songs in it that Offenbach would not recognize his own work, will be continued at the Tivoli next week.

Dixey, who is really a very modest young man, but keenly sensitive to admiration and appreciation, has left San Francisco really grieved by the slowness of the flatter which he created.

The Carleton Company will follow James O'Neill at the Baldwin. Besides their old repertoire of light operas, they will play Alfred Collier's "Dorothy," which will be their opening attraction.

A photograph of the groups of generals in which are Grant, Logan, and McPherson is being given away as a souvenir to visitors to the Panorama of the Land and Naval Battles of Vicksburg.

We have now had opera with orchestra and chorus and without any principals; with scenery, orchestra, and chorus without any principals; with principals and orchestra, without any scenery or chorus; and finally with principals without scenery, chorus, or orchestra. Which do you prefer?

Flowers at the opera are now so thoroughly out of fashion that a modest bouquet in the time-honored paper-lace which stood upon Goré's piano throughout the whole of Tuesday evening was the cynosure of all eyes. When the little Torricelli did not get it, every one thought it must be for Scalchi. But Scalchi came and went, in a frock of flaming red and Garagantuan bustle, and still the bouquet was not handed up. Can it by any chance have been intended for a decoration?

Every one acknowledges, nowadays, that the "unities" of the classic drama are obsolete, and a great deal may be forgiven a playwright in his endeavors to provide a surprising and thrilling situation for a curtain. But the adaptor of O'Neill's "Monte Cristo" throws reason to the winds. Even the Count of Monte Cristo must be surprised when Mercedes is made to tell him that he is Albert de Morcerf's father, and the audience experiences a thrill chiefly superinduced by incredulity.

Innes's failure does not reflect very much credit upon the people of San Francisco. One of the most common complaints of cheap amusement-seekers is that there is nothing to do and nowhere to go. Yet here was good music, popular and classic, vocal and instrumental, given in good style in a room handsomely decorated and comfortably warmed, for twenty-five cents. Fashion was apathetic and did not go; but where were the masses who are always crying for cheap music and cheap recreation?

James O'Neill, as young as ever, as handsome as ever, and, perhaps, a shade better actor than before, is playing "Monte Cristo" to full houses at the Baldwin. The houses are not made up of the pink of fashion, but the silver dollars from the south side of Market Street sound just the same, as they rattle in the money-box. Meantime the pink of fashion is waiting anxiously for the time when O'Neill will think that he has made money enough to permit of his coming back into the fold. There are so few good actors that it is unfortunate that money-getting should keep him so long out of his orbit.

Garnier's train of San Francisco devotees will be grieved to know that he is not sharing with Sarah Bernhardt the triumphs of "La Tosca." He does not rank quite so high as a leading man in Paris as he did in San Francisco. Sarah's present leading man is a handsome and romantic young actor of a less classical type than Garnier, more of a *boulevardier* and more of an actor to their liking, for Garnier, by the French, is considered a trifle heavy. Still Sarah is not happy. She wants to play with Damala, while he still hates her. She thinks it would be a piquant sensation for Paris and for herself.

A somewhat unique and very interesting book, entitled "A Portfolio of Players," has recently been published under the editorial direction of Augustin Daly. It contains a series of photogravures—about twenty in number—the best examples of French and American art, comprising portraits, in character and otherwise, of the favorites of Daly's Theatre, and illustrating some of the best-remembered and most charming of the performances of Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Drew, and Mr. Fisher during their connection with Mr. Daly's company. Most of the photogravures are the work of French artists, having been executed in Paris, but some illustrating recent plays have been done in this country. Included in the collection is a copy of the picture so well known to American playgoers—and to European ones too—representing Mr. Daly reading a new play to his company, and all the best plays which have been produced at Daly's for the last nine years are brought to mind by the illustrations. The letterpress accompanying each picture is the work of William Winter, H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, Edward A. Dithmar, and Brander Matthews, all well-known writers on dramatic subjects. The book is printed on fine plate paper, manufactured expressly for it, and as only one hundred and ten copies are issued, of which several are intended for presentation, the work will undoubtedly become scarce very soon. Of the limited edition printed, twenty-five are proof copies.

"Papa," she said as the old man came in late, "young Mr. Sampson offered himself to me to-night and I refused him. And oh, papa, I am afraid his heart is broken." "He told me about it," said the old man. "Then you met him?" "Yes, he is down at the Eagle playing billiards."—*New York Sun*.

Cottony Cushion Seate.

At last the remedy for this pest has been found. About five weeks ago the orange orchard of Mr. Frank M. Pixley at Corte Madera (badly infested with cottony cushion scale) was treated with Ongerth's Liquid Tree Protector according to direction. The insects and all eggs are killed, the trees are now free from this pest and also from black smut, and show increased healthy growth. As Ongerth's Liquid Tree Protector does not contain any poisonous, caustic, or corrosive substance it can be handled without any danger.

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The Secret.

I have a faery: how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it! Show or wing it,
So it may outrun and outfly Mr.
Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free?
Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic that of the Master:
Set it to music; give it a tune—
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
Tune that the columbines dance to in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as—well, let me ponder—as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three.
—James Russell Lowell in the *January Atlantic*.

Pere Dagobert.

None of your meagre, fasting, wild-eyed, spare
Old friars was Father Dagobert!
He paced the streets of the *vieux carré*
In seventeen hundred and somewhat, gay,
Rubicund, jovial, round, and fat.
He wore a worldly three-cornered hat
On his shaven pate; he had silk hose
To his ample legs; and he tickled his nose
With soufflé from a gold *tabatière*.
He listened with courtly, high-bred air
To the soft-eyed *félicité* who came—
Kirtled lassie or powdered dame—
To kneel by the carved confessional,
And breathe in a whisper musical
The deadliest sins she could recall.
La Nouvelle Orléans' self was young
When the Père came over from France, a strong,
Handsome, rollicking Capuchin brother,
Poor as a mouse of the Church, his mother,
With a voice like an angel's, sweet and clear,
That saints and sinners rejoiced to hear.
The two to it had grown apace, and he
For the goodly half of the century
Had blessed its brides when the bans were said,
And christened its babies, and hurried its dead;
He had sipped the wine from his finest stores
As he played at chess with his Governors;
And wherever a feast was forward, there
Was a cover for Father Dagobert.
In the midst of its fields of indigo,
Where the sleek black negroes, row on row,
Dug and delved for the brotherhood,
The stately house of the Order stood;
And here at ease on their fief estate
The Père and his Capuchins slept and ate
And thrived and fattened for many a year,
Ungrudged by none of their royal cheer.

But over the wall of this paradise
One day the inquisitorial eyes
Of the Spanish Padre Cirilo
Gazed, horror-stricken!

"Your Grace must know,"
He wrote with haste to the Order's head,
"What shame by our Order here is spread;
An idle, battening set, they dwell—
Unmildful each of his cord and cell—
In a galleried convent, tall and fair,
Misgoverned by one named Dagobert
(A bibulous Frenchman, gross and fat,
Who wears a graceless three-cornered hat,
And takes his snuff from a jewelled box).
They have cunningly carved singing clocks
In their refectory; when they dine
They drink the best and the headiest wine;
They have silver spoons and forks—nay, more,
They have special spoons for the *café noir*—
That clears their brains when the feast is o'er.
"This Dagobert" (so the Padre said)
"Usurps the power of the Church's Head,
And cares not a fig what Rome has wrought!
The Santa Cruzada itself is naught;
And thirty years it hath been, in full,
Since Papal or Apostolic Bull
Hath reached his flock; but the people fare
Content to follow the singing Père;
For in truth he sings, and sings, alas!
With a seraph's tongue at the daily mass."
Further he told how this singing priest
Forgot the fast and shifted the feast
Of the Holy Church to his own good will,
With the people bloodily following still.
He hinted at comely quadrons a-stare
With hold black eyes at morning prayer
In the convent chapel, or strolling, gay,
Through the convent halls at close of day.
"And the rascals grow daily richer! Your Grace"
(He groaned) "must look to this godless place,
And humble the head of this naughty friar!"
His Grace was shocked. With a holy ire
He sped his edict across the sea.
But a wrathful Province heard the decree,
And Governor, Alcalde, citizen staid,
Kiffraff, soldier, matron, and maid,
All swore nor Church nor State should dare
To rob them of Father Dagobert!
So back to Spain the Padre went,
Humbled himself, and poitroit.
The Père, unruffled, pursued his way,
Disturbed nor vexed to his dying day;
And the friars rejoiced to their convent's core,
And slept and ate at their ease once more.

Down in the weed-grown Cemetery
Saint Louis reposes the worthy Père;
And they say, when the night is warm and sweet,
And stayed is the sound of passing feet,
That he clambers down from his snug retreat
In the crumbling vault, and up and down
The narrow walks, in his fice serge gown
And three-cornered hat, he makes his way,
And sings as he goes till the break of day;
And the powdered dames, in the old *régime*,
And the piquet courtiers, all agleam
With jewels and orders, come thronging out,
From tombs and vaults—a shadowy rout—
To sit atop of the mouldy stones
That cover the common plebeian bones,
And listen, all wrapped in a vapory mist;
While the hauds they have pressed, the lips they have kissed,
In the olden days, grow warm again,
And the eyes whereon rusty coins have lain
For a hundred years add more grow bright
With the deathless joys of a long-gone night.

—A hell in Doo Almonaster's tower
By the old Place d'Armes rings out the hour.
Short in his canticle stops the Père
To cross himself and mutter a prayer;
Then he climbs to his chilly resting-place
And pulls his cape up over his face,
And folds his hands in a patient way,
And rests himself through the livelong day.
The dames and courtiers slowly rise,
Brushing the dew from their softened eyes,
And courtesying grandly as they go,
They pass along in a stately row.
They pause at the doors of their family tombs—
Glancing askance at the inner glooms,
And lifting a finger with slow demur—
To say with that air of a *connoisseur*
That greeted a Manon, when she and they
Trod the stage of the *vieux carré*,
"Ma foi! 'tis a wondrous thing and rare,
The singing of Father Dagobert!"
—M. E. Davis in *January Harper's*.

A Mood.

A blight, a gloom, I know not what, has crept upon my
gladness—
Some vague, remote ancestral touch of sorrow, or of mad-
ness;

A fear that is not fear, a pain that has not pain's insistence;
A sense of longing, or of loss, in some foregone existence;
A subtle hurt that ever pen has writ nor tongue has
spoken—
Such hurt perchance as nature feels, when a blossomed
bough is broken.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the *Independent*.

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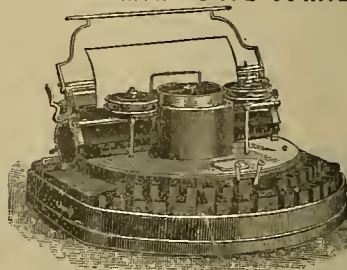
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